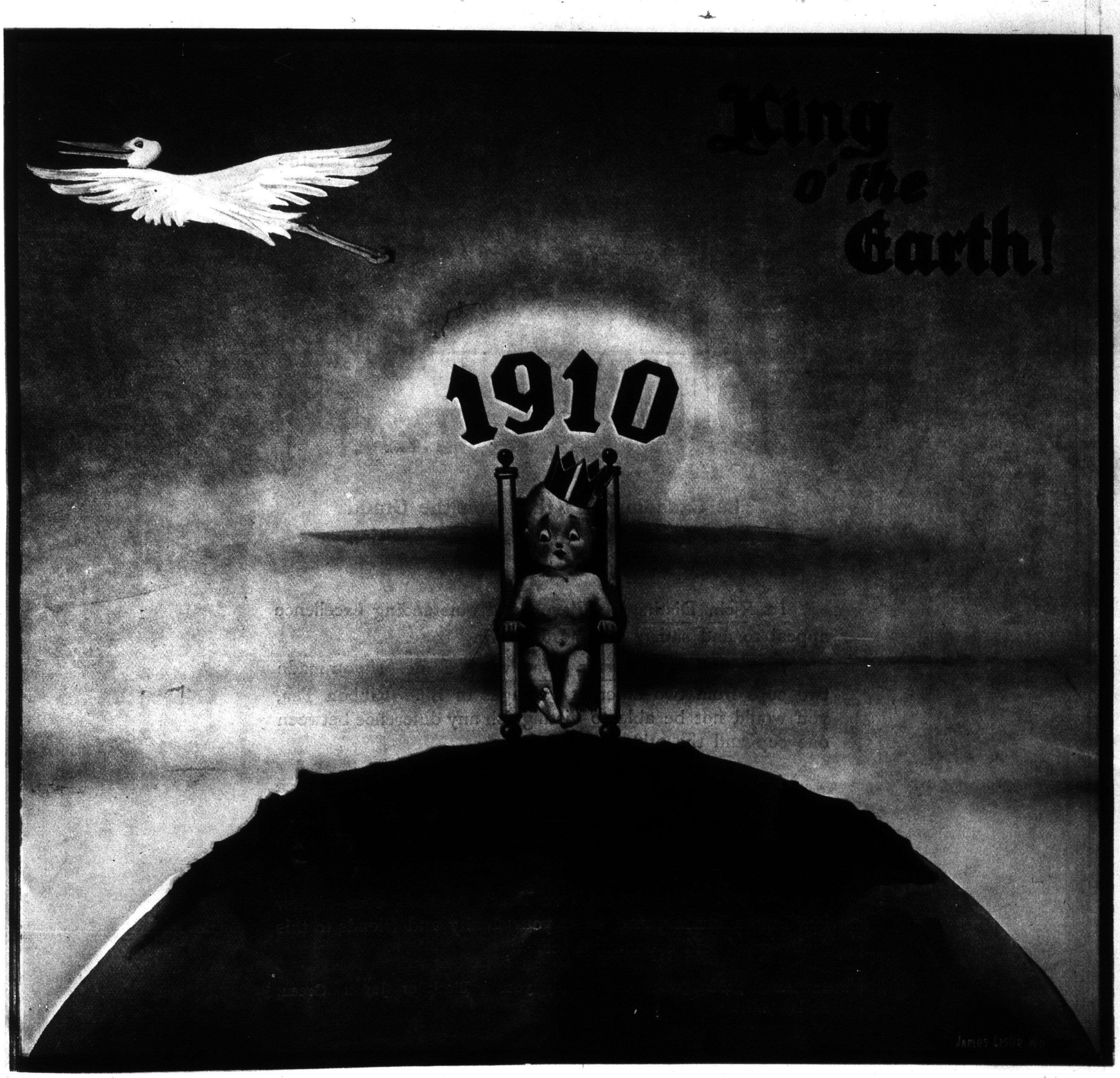
Complete N° Index Vol. II. 1910

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. JANUARY, 1910 PRICE TEN CENTS.



In this issue: LORD STRATHCONA'S NEW YEAR MESSAGE

Don't have to Apologize for your Tea

WHEN your friends gather round the table isn't it humiliating to have to offer excuses because the tea doesn't taste quite right—so hard to get a kind you like, and so on.

Nor is it much use to complain to the grocer, for the trouble lies further back.

Yet such embarrassment and apologies may be made forever a thing of the past by simply seeing that you always get

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Its Rich, Distinctive Flavor and outstanding excellence appeal to and satisfy the most exacting taste.

Best of all, it is Always Exactly the Same. If you made two cups from two different packages of Blue Ribbon Tea, you would not be able to distinguish any difference between one cup and the other.

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Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Costumiers.

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The Fashionable Paletot of the Season.

Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s famous EXHIBITION CLOTHS. This Paletot is made with fashionable roll collar, with black silk facing, has also panel back trimmed buttons, tab pockets, and gauntlet cuffs. Can be had with single or double-breasted front. Colors: Navy, Green, Brown, Mole, or Black in plain cloth. Colors in striped Cloth: Green, Navy, Brown, Peacock or Grey. A Great Bargain for **$3.65**; securely packed and sent carriage paid 77 cents extra. Stocked in all lengths and sizes.

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New Westminster, B.C.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Published Monthly

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1 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 or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for t another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses 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 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 Subscribers.

The year 1909 has now passed into history. It has been a good year for us because you have given the Western Home Monthly the most friendly welcome—because you have recognized its success by living up to its ideals. We hope that you will begin the New Year by sending the magazine to your friends. We want them all on our list of "constant readers," and we can promise that neither you nor they will be disappointed in what the twelve issues of 1910 will offer.

In saying good bye to the old year we feel thankful for all the good things it has brought us—for your cordial recognition of our effort to make the Western Mome Monthly helpful to you, for your quick response to every question asked or problem offered, for your letters of encouragement and praise. You have been good friends to us. In 1910 may your number double and your friendliness increase! A Happy New Year to you all!

The Western Home Monthly closes with this month the tenth year of its existence. From a very small volume it has increased to its present goodly proportions of 80 pages and over. Its constant aim has been to prove helpful and interesting to its readers and the fact that it is now a welcome monthly visitor to over 35,000 homes shows that the aim has not been missed. A wide range of interests is treated in every issue, arranged so as to prove of pleasure and profit to every member of the household.

The success of the Monthly was made possible by the devotion and recommendation of its subscribers which fact the publishers gratefully acknowledge. Believing that the Monthly is the best magazine value in the Dominion, the publishers make bold to further ask the co-operation of its readers to not only make it Canada's greatest magazine but the leading magazine of the Continent. All things are possible to the Canadian West and with the assistance of its readers there can hardly be a limit to the homes that the Monthly may reach during the next decade. Thousands tell us that they find the Monthly helpful and delightful, and we ask them to commence the New Year by passing on the good news and getting non-subscribers interested. A constant increase in our circulation will enable us to keep our subscription rate within the reach of all. Seventy-five cents will bring it to your friend for a year. See that your friend joins the army of our subscribers.

HOW A LARGE YANKEE DAILY SEES THE MONTHLY.

The St. Louis Republic says:—

"The Western Home Monthly, eighty-four pages of four columns each, and a colored cover comes to us from Winnipeg, Canada, and is a literary revelation. How a place of the size and population of Winnipeg supports such a periodical. is past solving by guess work; but it does, for the Monthly is in its tenth year of publication and contains a high grade of popular literature, well illustrated.

The November number contains many good contributions by leading writers; besides, there are a dozen good original departments all intensely interesting."

Now is the time to subscribe. Three years subscription $1.50. Address all correspondence, Home Publishing Co., Winnipeg.

CONTENTS.

Under the followng headings many matters are dealt with in the January number.

This issue will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive as all the departments are dealt with by specialists in their respective lines. The aim of the publishers will be to make every issue eclipse its predecessor in interest.

Editorial—"The Liquor Probem in the West"; Story Department, 12 pages; Answers to Correspondents; Correspondence; Temperance Talk; Sunday Reading; Woman's Quiet Hour; Music; General Information; The Philosopher; The Young Man and His Problem; What the World is Saying; What to Wear and How to Wear it; Original Plans; Fashions and Patterns; Work for Busy Fingers; Woman's Realm; About the Farm; The Home Doctor; Household Suggestions; Round the Evening Lamp; The Young People; The Children; The Home Beautiful; In Lighter Vein; Illustration.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

An Alberta Enthusiast.

Innisfail, Alta.,
Dec. 4th, 1909.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed please find renewal subscriptions to the three copies of the Monthly that have been coming to my address for the past two years. I may say that both myself and my friends (who walk a great distance every month to get the Monthly) are delighted with it and though far removed from the great centres of civilization we feel quite within the pale as long as the Monthly comes to us. A few more settlers have reached this locality recently and as they appear to be English-speaking I trust before long to introduce them to the Monthly and add them to your list.

Yours truly,
A. R. Peters.

A Word from a Great Advertising Agency.

"You most certainly must be pleasing your constituency or your circulation would not be increasing as it is, and we believe you are bringing results to your advertisers or they would not be staying with you and new ones constantly entering the field.

We may add that the November issue is a pleasant surprise and since its receipt we have had the opportunity of mentioning it to several advertisers as the best issue we have yet seen of the Western Home Monthly and a credit not only to the West, but to Canada as a whole."

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Brandon, Man.
Dec. 1st., 1909.

Gentlemen:—

I enclose $1.50 for three years' subscription to your valuable magazine. I have taken the Western Home Monthly ever since its first number came out in 1899 and it is truly remarkable the great headway it has made since that time. I have always found the stories bright and interesting and the articles helpful, being particularly impressed with The Young Man and His Problem, What the World is Saying, The Philosopher, What to Wear and When to Wear It, and the Fashions page. We subscribe to a large number of periodicals, but in point of excellence find that your magazine cannot be excelled.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, I remain,

yours truly,
(Mrs.) D. S. Windle.

Macey

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The Beautiful combined with the Practical finds Perfect Expression in the Harmonious Design and Hospitable Proportions of

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ACADIA BONELESS CODFISH

No bones or waste, nothing but pure Atlantic Codfish with a delicate sea-saltness.

IN 2 LB. BOXES AND 1 LB. TABLETS AT YOUR GROCERS.

Makes Kitchen Work Easy And Pays For Itself Too

Look at it in the Picture

Getting dinner—or any meal—takes only half as long when you have this Cabinet in your kitchen. Everything is so handy that cookery is a pleasure instead of drudgery. There's far less mess to clean up afterward—it's so easy to keep the kitchen tidy—and the cook saves so many steps. Compact, sensible, and work-saving.

Saves Room and Time

Take and try it in your kitchen,—see the work it does away with, the time it saves, the bother it puts an end to—see how sensibly planned, how excellently built, how well worth its small cost it actually is. Indeed, you will be well satisfied if you buy a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet. It is a most practical convenience.

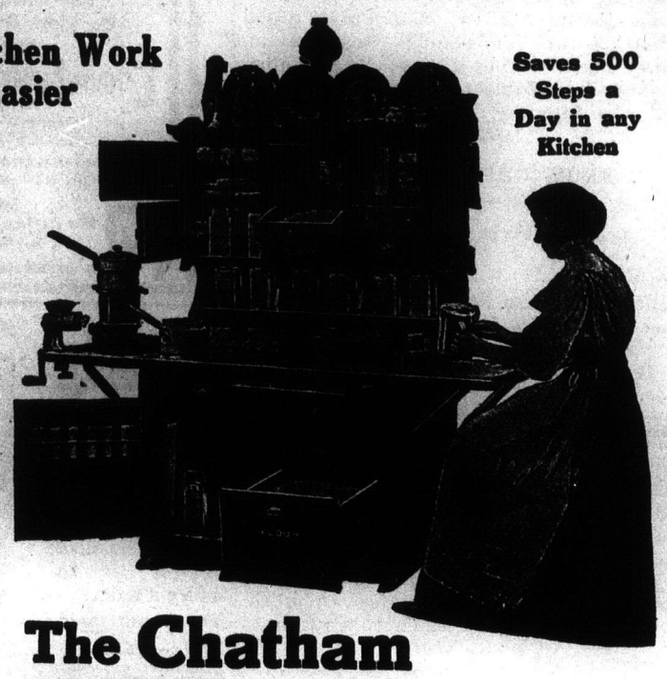
Make Yourself a Present of One, Madam!

Let Me Ship You One Right Away

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet will pay for itself speedily by preventing waste of foodstuffs—to say nothing of the vast deal of work it saves. After it has been a week in your kitchen you will wonder how you ever got on without it. This Cabinet actually is, and I GUARANTEE it to be, better, more compact and more labor-saving in design than any other made. It costs less. It is more complete, more convenient, built better—a great deal better. The wood-work is the finest selected Canadian chestnut, beautifully finished in rich, lustrous golden-brown. The bakeboards, drawers, flour-bin, are snow-white basswood—the shelves, hard, clean maple—knobs, handles, catches, heavy red copper—every part the best material money can buy.

Makes Kitchen Work Far Easier

The drop-leaves (they'll hold a heavy man's weight) just double the table top's area. Nothing is in the way,—nothing opens on the table's level. The whole top is polished metal,—sanitary, clean, waterproof. All the fronts of drawers, doors and bins overlap,—that makes them dust-proof, fly-proof, CLEAN. All the inside parts are finished satin-smooth,—not a crevice nor a seam to harbor dirt or insects. The flour-bin (that compartment lowest down) holds 75 pounds, has a curved solid-metal bottom, and glides in and out at a touch, on double roller ball-bearings. Every drawer shuts TIGHT, but never can stick. Every bin slides in and out EASILY. The whole Cabinet is mouse-proof.



Saves 500 Steps a Day in any Kitchen

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet

saves endless bother and clutter

It's Very Practical

It couldn't be made more complete. Large enclosed closets for heavy utensils; plenty of shelves; shelf rack; two big drawers—17½ ins. wide, 5 inches deep; three small drawers; three cupboards; two big bins—self-moving; the whole thing 6 feet high, and mounted on double-acting rotary castors—easy to move around. Top is made of extra-heavy, polished zinc that will wear for years and be easy to keep clean all the while. Six aluminized canisters supplied free with Cabinet.

MANSON CAMPBELL
President

Fully Guaranteed

There are no out-of-the-way cubby-holes around a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet; but there IS a handy, easy-to-get-at place for everything that is used in getting a meal ready,—flour, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, spices, package food supplies, knives, spoons, kettles, bread-pans, etc., etc. Let me send you a book that illustrates and describes the Cabinet; or send me your order for it upon our special terms and with my personal guarantee that you will be wholly satisfied with it.

If You Farm for Profit—you need one of my scales

My scales are the only Canadian scales that have made good with the Canadian farmer on a straight business basis.

Manson Campbell, President

I Will Make Price Right and Terms very easy—

You can't buy or sell right without a scale; and you can't find a scale that is equal to those I make.

MANSON CAMPBELL
President

EVERY Chatham Pitless Scale is sold with a Government Inspection Certificate that warrants its accuracy. There is no extra charge for this warranty, signed by a resident Government Inspector, who tests every scale we make before it leaves the factory.

This Scale is COMPLETE

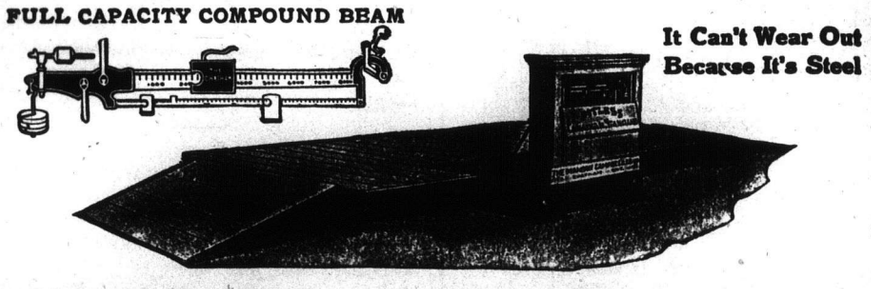
Any other scale comes to you as a few parts with a huge blue print, showing how you can build the rest of it; and you have to build it, too, before you do any weighing. This Chatham Pitless Scale is absolutely complete, built of heavy steel, staunchly bolted together, easily erected, ready for use in a few hours. It stands solidly on its broad steel feet, clear above ground, needing no fixed foundations. Move it readily anywhere. You cannot do that with a pit scale.

Can't Get Out of Order

No check rods, no frail parts to get out of order. Compound beam, finely finished, fully tested, shows full tare on lower section,—easily read, no chance of error. Poise on top beam runs on roller bearings; notches lock the beam by a touch at each 200 lbs. Odd weights shown by small poise on lower beam. Weighs with absolute, warranted accuracy up to FIVE FULL TONS—ten thousand pounds. Nothing about it to go wrong.

FULL CAPACITY COMPOUND BEAM

It Can't Wear Out Because It's Steel



CHATHAM 5-Ton Pitless Scale

Big Enough for Any Scale Use

The Chatham's Platform is 8 x 14 feet—ample room for big load of hay, six fat steers, twelve hogs, etc. Platform can't sag, won't wobble, won't get sprung. Whole outfit built so it will last a lifetime and be good every minute. Sold for a fair price, **very low for cash (credit in sections where we have agents)**, and fully warranted.

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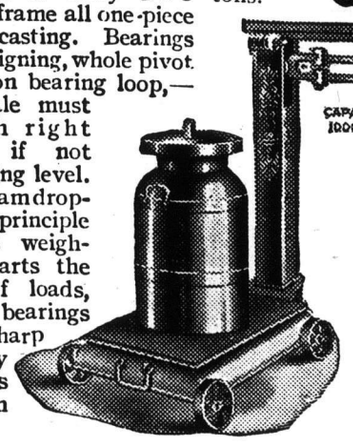
You ought to weigh all you buy, all you sell; ought to weigh your stock regularly; ought to keep track of your farm's yield—be a BUSINESS farmer. This scale makes it easy to do all this, and thus save its cost to you over and over—because you can't cheat yourself, nor can you be cheated with this on your farm.

CHATHAM PORTABLE BARN SCALE is the handiest truck scale built,—compact, easily moved, readily turned short (front wheels and pole are swivelled). Certified by attached Government Inspection Certificate to be absolutely accurate and well-made. Will weigh up to 2,000 lbs. with positive certainty. The Chatham levers are solid castings, extra staunch, can't spring a bit, strong enough to carry TWO tons. Main frame all one-piece solid casting. Bearings self-aligning, whole pivot rests on bearing loop,—so scale must weigh right even if not standing level. Chatham drop-lever principle spares weighing parts the jar of loads, thus bearings stay sharp fifty years or even more.

The Scale Every Farm Needs

Weighs Up To 2,000 Lbs. Accurately

Will Last a Long Lifetime



The CHATHAM Portable Platform Scale

Very handy on any farm, specially so on dairy farm. Weighs accurately to 1,000 lbs. Has Double Brass Beam,—no extra charge for this. Strongly built, finely finished, Government inspection warrant attached to each scale. Freight prepaid.

Send for Description, Prices, Etc., of All Our Scales

Lowest Priced 1,000 lb. Scale in the World

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Vol. XI. No. 1. JANUARY, 1910.

The Curse of the Ages.

It has been said that every man should go through the world with both ears open—one to catch the sounds of joy, the other to hear the sounds of woe. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the Last West must surely be attentive if they are to enjoy all the music that the prairies and the mountains provide. From the unbroken regions come the whispering of the reeds, the noisy but musical call of the myriad wild fowl, the ceaseless chatter of the woodland songsters; and from the forests comes the majestic murmur of the pines, the roar of the mighty cataracts and the ripple of the singing brooks. And where man has placed his habitation new voices take up the theme of praise. The waving fields of grain whisper their adoration to the rising sun, and the cattle on a thousand hills join in the proclamation that "All is good." Above all, where men and women congregate there is heard the sweet music of speech—the sobered tones of age, the lusty accents of youth and the innocent prattle of childhood. The ear of man is charmed with the wealth of sound. Nature and art, country and town, fireside and market-place vie with each other in the effort to make all life rich in its harmonies. He who wishes may listen, and if his heart so impel him he may join in the ceaseless anthem of praise.

Sounds of Woe.

Yet as one turns his head he can hear other sounds,—sighs and groans, and bitter curses. Above the cries of physical suffering caused by pain and hunger and disease, are heard the half-articulate moanings of those who have secret burdens to bear —whose hearts are breaking because hope has died, or because faith and love have ceased to be verities. These minor chords of woe! After all we find them dominant at times and we endeavor to console ourselves with the reflection that it is well they should be so. No life is perfect without sorrow. The capacity to enjoy is measured ever by capacity to suffer.

The Cry of the City.

Have you listened to the sounds of woe in a great city? How varied! How ceaseless!—Children weeping ere the sorrow comes with years, youths and maidens in their revelry converting peace and rest into discord and unseemly commotion, mothers moaning as they face the cold and hunger and the loveless future; yes, and worse than all, the incoherent mutterings of those whose rolling eyes and uncertain ways pronounce them to have lost their reason. It is not pleasant music this, that is given out by suffering humanity. Discord and broken melodies are never any too pleasant. Yet these unwelcome strains will go on forever unless the hearts of men can be brought into unison. And this unison will not be possible so long as in our fair land that greatest damning power among the sons of men is permitted to exert itself—the damning power of **drink.**

The Toll of Misery.

Our asylums and reformatories are peopled by its victims; our jails and prisons are crowded with its slaves; the haunts of vice and crime are all too familiar with its votaries; the calendar of crimes is a record of its ghastly triumphs—not a family but has some tale of horror to relate, not a field of activity but can illustrate the effect of its ravages. It is the mother of rapine and murder and lust; it is the partner of vice and hatred and crime. It spares neither rich nor poor, it respects not age, nor sex, nor condition. It is the arch-enemy of peace and happiness and prosperity; it is the one great stimulant to all that is bestial and low and degrading. Beauty of form and beauty of character disappear in its presence; under its influence, man who was made a little lower than the angels sinks until he is lower than the brute.

Yet we permit the traffic to go on. We sacrifice all that is purest and best in thought and feeling, all that is sweetest and best in companionship, all that is most comely and graceful in person, to this is a Latin inscription which bears the beautiful interpretation, "If you would see my monument, look monster whose appetite is never satisfied, and whose power for evil has no limit. The story of its work is too horrible to be repeated. The pictures of blighted homes, of ruined hopes of hopeless agony are too awful to be depicted. Nor do they require to be pictured to those who can look around. On the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's, there around," In a malign satanic way, this great evil of drink can point to decrepitude, and sin and misery on every hand and say "If you would see my work, just look around."

THE OLD YEAR.

Shall we let the Old Year go
  Without a tear, without a sigh,
Like a beggar in the snow
  We would shun and hasten by?
Are we blind we do not see
He was our good company
  When the days were young, not old
    And cold?

Ought we rather not to stay
  Half-regretful by his side;
Clasp his hand while yet we may,
  Ere swept onward by that tide
Which heeds not a broken heart,
Rudely forces friends apart;
  Listening not while they in vain
    Complain?

Shall we pass our old friend o'er
  For this young and stranger guide,
Knowing not what is in store
  While he sojourns at our side?
Heeding not that he may show
But the paths to want and woe,
  Set for us, all unaware,
    Death's snare?

Should we rather not recall
  Those dear days which now are dead;
Love and laughter, hope and all
  Those bright paths which ever led
To the fields of light and sun,
To some hearts desire won?
  They are gone wtih the dear
    Old Year.

Then my grateful thanks to thee,
  As thou diest now, Old Year,
Sad at heart because I see
  Thy last day is drawing near
True to me thou wast always
In the dear departed days,
  So here's peace in this the end,
    Old friend.

Orchard Fearon.

The Cure.

What are we to do with an evil of this kind? Need there be a moment's indecision? Why should we voluntarily harbor in our midst an enemy that robs us of wealth and honor and self-respect? Just nineteen hundred years ago the sons of men wild in their rage and envy, chose Barabbas and rejected the Annointed One. Can we not after so many years, when we have learned the wisdom of His teaching, reverse the cry of that day and pointing not to Him but to the vile product of Satanic invention cry, Away with it! Away with it!

There is nothing else to do. We owe it to ourselves and to our children, we owe it to truth and honor and prosperity, to cast out this modern Ishmael. The son of the bondwoman can have no partnership with the son of the promise. Why should we delay? Is it a matter of money? Then reckon how much we are adding to our riches each week by pouring down our throats three million dollars. Where is the return? Tell us again, where is the return? Truly in all commerce we expect something. Even in the Congo district the brutal agent of a brutal king gives something for the labor of those whom he has coerced into unwilling subjection, but King Alcohol robs us of health and wealth, and honor, peace and purity, and gives less than nothing in return.

The Opposition.

What is in the way of suppression of the traffic? In the last analysis we find that it is the organized opposition to those who are making money out of the trade. Let us then face the problem as we face all others that have a national bearing. No man in a community of men can claim unrestricted freedom. His action does not pertain to himself alone, but to everyone in the society of which he is a member. Since the trade in drink is a menace to national safety, the cry of private interest and vested rights must not be allowed to prevail.

Local option? Yes, but only as a weak preparation for that final action which will render the manufacture of the cursed stuff an impossibility, and its distribution a crime. All temporizing expedients are comparativey useless. All compromises only aggravate evil conditions. We have reached the time for heroic action. On physical, financial and moral grounds there is every reason for the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law that will apply to the whole of Canada. We are ready for it, and if we can rise above party littleness we shall have it. And as we rise to our privilege we shall perhaps hear those words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these disciples ye have done it unto me."

The One and the Many.

Yet it will be said that to prohibit the manufacture and the sale of liquor is to interfere with individual liberty. Men should be allowed to indulge themselves if they please. No argument is so shallow as this. Man may have the fullest liberty provided it does not interfere with the liberty of others. When a man does that which interferes with the happiness of his wife, the permanent welfare of his children, and the peace of society, surely it is time that the community asserted that the will of the many must prevail over the wish of the individual.

The Green Dressing Gown.

By FINCH MASON.

I HAVE come across a good many charming old ladies in my time, but never, no never, have I ever met one who, in racing parlance, could give so much weight away to the rest of her sex as my paternal grandmother, who not only in my own estimation was the very dearest old soul that ever drew breath, but—and it does my heart good to record it—was beloved by every one—man, woman, and child—she came into contact with. I say, was advisedly, for, to my sorrow, she has been dead now these five years.

When a boy at school I never missed a holiday without paying her a visit at the old Manor House, and the pleasurable anticipation with which I looked forward to these visits no word of mine can express. More than that, the older I got, the more I enjoyed them.

The Manor House is mine now, and I make it my home, when I am at home; but somehow, fond though I am of the place, it never seems quite the same, deprived as it is of the presence of the white-haired chatelaine who became it so well. The old butler still remains, and he and I occasionally try and talk over old times, but it is but a poor attempt as a rule.

"My dear old mistress," he begins,—and then the poor old man breaks down and leaves the room abruptly; and I—well, I make a fool of myself, and am not ashamed to own it. There was one particular room in the Manor House which always had a particular charm for me, and that was the one known to me from early boyhood as "grandpapa's room," and since I arrived at man's estate as my grandfather's room.

After his death his widow would not allow a thing in it to be touched. Everything was in its place just as he left it; and there she would sit for hours thinking of her "man," as she always called the husband who was as devoted to her in his lifetime as she was to him.

Notwithstanding its heavy old-fashioned furniture, it was the cheeriest and brightest of rooms, with its French windows opening on to the mistress's rose garden, with a view of the park and the country beyond, which would have gladdened the heart of a landscape painter. But its special charm for me was the decidedly sporting tone that prevailed.

Two of its sides were given up to bookshelves, which, with the exception of a hundred volumes or so of the "Annual Register," were entirely devoted to books of sport of every kind.

Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait in oil of Sir Harry, the winner of the Chester Cup, and the best racehorse my grandfather ever owned; over that again a fox's mask and a couple of brushes to match; while scattered about the room in rich profusion were other paintings, by Herring and Ferneley, of favorite racehorses and hunters; sundry shooting bits by Cooper, and numerous smaller fry in the shape of highly colored prints after Alken and others. A capacious gun cupboard occupied one recess, and an old-fashioned fold-up bedstead, to which my grandfather was in the habit of taking himself off when laid low by the periodical attacks of gout he was subject to, another. Last, but not least, there hung on a hook on the door a bright green pink-flowered silk dressing gown. An ordinary garment enough, but one which for years had a peculiar fascination for me, for the reason that I felt there was a history of some sort attached to it. I never remember my grandmother angry with me but once, and that was one wet day during my periodical visits in the Eton holidays, when, having nothing better to do, it occurred to me to "dress up," as I called it, in grandpapa's dressing gown, and, having done so, away I danced to the drawing-room in high glee to show myself off.

To my intense astonishment, instead of being amused, as I had fully expected she would have been, my grandmother was downright angry. Divesting me of the sacred garment on the spot, she made me promise there and then—the tears were in her eyes as she did so, I noticed—never to lay my sacrilegious hands upon it again.

Many a time after this did I endeavor to extract from my grandmother the mystery in which I felt sure the green dressing gown was enshrouded, but I was invariably met with the same answer.

"Not now, my dear; not now. Wait until you are a man, and then I'll tell you all about it."

And the dear old lady kept her word to the letter. I spoke no more of holidays now, for I had not only left Eton, but said "good bye" to Oxford as well when I once more arrived at the Manor House to spend my twenty-first birthday, in accordance with a long-standing agreement with my grandmother. And in keeping my promise I may mention that I made a small sacrifice, inasmuch that I had received a most pressing invitation to make one of a house party to attend the Chester races, which were on that very week, the time-honored Chester Cup, now no longer the important event in the racing world it was in former years, being run, oddly enough as it turned out, on my birthday.

I had never been to Chester, and in a way I was disappointed. But my dear grandmother's happiness at "having me all to myself," as she said, more than made up for it. An additional salve too arrived in the shape of a telegram during the afternoon, informing me that the horse I had backed had won; so that it was in a very contented frame of mind that I sat down to dinner that night, tete-a-tete with the best loved relative, barring my mother, I had in the world.

"And now, my dear," said my grandmother as she rose to leave the room, "when you have finished your wine, join me in your grandfather's room, and I'll keep my promise of years ago to you, and tell you the story of the green dressing gown."

It may readily be imagined that my grandmother's excellent claret and still more excellent port had little or no attraction for me that night, so great was my anxiety to get at the bottom of the mystery; and my aged relative, I fear, had hardly time to settle herself in her easy chair before I joined her. Her dear old face brightened up as I entered.

"I thought you wouldn't be long, my dear," she said, adding: "And now, sit down opposite me in my dear old man's own particular chair, light a cigar, then listen to me whilst I tell my tale; I should say, make my confession." Like a good boy, I did as I was told, and as soon as she saw my cigar was well under way my grandmother commenced as follows:—

"You know, my dear, by hearsay at least, for you were only a baby when he died, what a keen sportsman your grandfather was. Hunting, shooting, fishing,—he was an adept at them all. The Turf too he had been fond of all his life. But it was not until his hereditary enemy the gout laid such a heavy hand upon him, putting a stop in a great measure to an active participation in all the amusements which I have mentioned, that he embarked upon it in earnest.

"You see, my dear," explained my grandmother, "you can't do your shooting or fishing from a carriage very well, though you can your hunting after a fashion, that is to say if pounding along a road and looking on at hounds running in the distance, with every chance of your heading the fox into the bargain, is good enough.

"But that sort of thing didn't suit your grandfather at all. He was one of those sort of men who if he couldn't do a thing thoroughly, would let it alone. Consequently he gave up—and, ah me! how reluctantly!—all his favorite field sports one by one, and went in for racing—the only amusement, as he said, which was left to him—heart and soul. In a very short time indeed he was thoroughly infatuated with it; and I am afraid," sighed my grandmother, shaking her head with a self-reproaching air, "that I was as bad as he was."

"Oh, if my dear old man could have only won the Derby," she exclaimed, "what a happy day it would have been for both of us!"

"But we never had the good fortune," she went on. Everything we bred, promising though many of them looked when sent to the trainer, turned out moderate to a degree, to the great detriment of your grandfather's pocket as you may imagine; and it was not until he claimed Sir Harry there" (pointing to the portrait over the mantelpiece) "out of a small selling race at Newmarket, that the luck began to change. Dear Sir Harry! How few people—not even the cleverest—ever imagined that the despised selling plater, hitherto trained for short-distance races, very few of which he succeeded in winning, and those only in indifferent company, would turn out to be one of the best stayers in England, and a Cup horse of the first quality. How proud we were of him, and best of all, my dear, how fond the general public were of him. The scene when he won the Northumberland Plate I shall never forget to my dying day. How the rough pitmen cheered as your grandfather led the winner back to scale!

"'Three cheers for t' best horse i' t' coontry!' shouted one grimy giant.

"'Three more for t' mon that owns him!' bellowed another.

"And then when your grandfather returned to the carriage, after the welcome 'All right,' had been announced by the clerk of the scales, the crowd started cheering me. As for Sir Harry, the only wonder is that he had any hairs left in his tail, poor dear! such a quantity were pulled out as souvenirs of the occasion by his countless ad-

mirers on the course. I am sure I am not exaggerating in saying that he was the most popular horse of his time; and now, before his final retirement from the Turf, he was to be asked to perform a task which, if brought to a successful conclusion, would, by putting all his previous performances in the shade, add undying lustre to his name.

"In plain English, my husband had accepted with him in the Chester Cup, for which the handicapper had awarded him the heaviest weight it was in his power to give. That official meant it as a compliment, no doubt; in fact, considering Sir Harry's previous performances, I don't very well see how he could, in fairness to the other horses in the race, have been more lenient; but to us, who were so fond of him, it seemed rather hard on the old horse for all that.

"The other patrons of the stable, amongst whom were one or two of the very shrewdest men on the Turf, gave it as their opinion that Sir Harry was handicapped clean out of the race, and strongly advised my husband to scratch him. Your grandfather, however, declared openly that he feared nothing in the race, and that unless Sir Harry succumbed in any exigencies of training, he would not only run for the Chester Cup, but was certain to win it into the bargain.

"The trainer, too, wouldn't hear of defeat. I really believe had any one suggested such an idea to any of employees of the stable, there would have been murder. The British public, I need scarcely say, declined to hear a word against their idol, and declared 'on' to a man. Some of the list men, people said, would be utterly ruined if Sir Harry won. Davis, the biggest of them all, showed what he thought of the horse's chance by laying my husband fifty thousand to a thousand in one bet, to say nothing of a host of fancy wagers—Sir Harry against other horses in the race, in their places. Weight of money—public money—at last told its tale, and, extravagant as it may seem, a fortnight before the race found Sir Harry firmly established favorite for the Chester Cup.

"Indeed it was an exciting time. And alas! it proved too much so for your poor grandfather. whose frame, enfeebled as it was by repeated attacks of gout, was unable to stand the severe strain suddenly put upon it. In fact, he completely broke down, both physically and mentally, and it seemed every day more doubtful whether he would live over the race. The Press, of course, got hold of it, and emissaries were actually sent down from London to make inquiries. In fact, my poor husband was touted far more systematically than his horse. Bets were even made, I was informed—nay, saw recorded in the papers, with my own eyes—that the owner of the favorite would die before the Chester Cup was run, and how angry it made me I cannot tell you.

"When we wheeled my poor dear in his invalid chair, clad in the green dressing-gown you see hanging there out of this very window, into the rose garden beyond, where he would lie sunning himself for hours, we could see men dodging about behind the trees in the park beyond, taking in every movement with their race-glasses. I need scarcely say that Sir Harry suffered in the betting in consequence, though not to the extent one might have imagined.

"'The Squire wanted rousing,' the doctor said, and he, poor man, was doing his best you may be sure, for, like the rest of us, he was a firm believer in Sir Harry, and had backed him at the long odds accordingly.

"'If you could get some friend of a lively temperament down to keep your husband company and cheer him up and distract his thoughts generally, it would do him more good, my dear madam than all the doctors in England!'

"Thus spoke the doctor, and taking his advice I wrote off that very day to Mr. Charles Merridew, one of my husband's most valued friends, and, as you know, the most eminent comedian of his day, explaining the circumstances of the case and begging him if it were possible to come down to us at the Manor House at once.

"God bless him! At a quarter to four o'clock the very next afternoon, a post-chaise with four horses attached was to be seen tearing along the carriage drive at a gallop, and the next instant Charlie Merridew was shaking me by the hand—both hands—and asking me a thousand questions all at once in the impulsive manner that was part and parcel of himself.

"'My dear old friend not live over the Chester Cup day,' he exclaimed. 'Nonsense, nonsense! He must live—he shall live, my dear Mrs. Standish, not only over Sir Harry's Chester Cup, but many more in the time to come, or my name isn't Merridew. Besides, haven't I backed Sir Harry to win me ten thousand! Why I shall be ruined if anything happens to prevent his running.

"'The gentlemen of the Press bothering you, are they? I'll bother them a bit before I've done with them.

"'What would they say I wonder? What will they say, when they see before we are twenty-four hours older—the owner of the favorite for the Chester Cup dancing the sailor's hornpipe on his own lawn attired in the green dressing gown he begged of me years ago?

"'You remember—wore it when I played Beau Lollington in The Fop—ran for five hundred nights—gave it to dear old Ned after I had taken it off for the last time—had to play the part again soon afterwards—obliged to buy another—a gray one this time—still harping on the parrot you perceive — not the same thing though—never liked it so much as my old green one. Moral: never lose sight of an old friend if you can possibly avoid it—Couldn't help it though in this case, could I, Mrs. Standish? eh?'

"Then I led the great actor to my husband, the quick glance he threw at me, as he clasped his old ally by the hand, telling me plainer than words how shocked he was at the change which had taken place since they had last met. The next instant and he was seated by his side, running on in his usual airy and volatile manner, letting off jokes and telling stories by the score and waking up the drowsy rose-garden with that wonderful laugh of his, so familiar to playgoers. High spirits are infectious, and my husband, ill as he was, at once fell a victim and brightened up so all of a sudden, as to make me regret that I had not begged his staunch friend to run down and see us before. Joined by the doctor, who was delighted by the success of his prescription, we were quite a merry party at dinner that night, and did not forget, you may depend, to ,drink Sir Harry's health, proposed by our visitor in a humorous speech. Finally we all went to bed in the best of spirits.

"On rising the next morning, my maid, busy brushing my hair, remarked how glad she was to see master 'so much better this morning.'

"'He's up and about amongst the roses,' she added, 'just as he used to before was took so bad.'

"About and amongst the roses, Jane!' I exclaimed in astonishment. 'What do you mean?'

"'What I say ma'am,' replied Jane. 'Look out of the window, and you'll see for yourself, ma'am.'

"I flew to the window, and, sure enough, there was to all intents and purposes my husband, who I imagined lying helpless in bed, trotting about in his green dressing-gown, a pair of scissors in one hand and a basket in the other, cutting off a rose here, a dead leaf there, and humming a little song to himself all the time in the cheeriest manner imaginable. Looking up from his occupation for a second he caught sight of my astonished face at the open window.

"'Breakfast, my dear; breakfast!' he called out, kissing his hand as he spoke.

"A horrible thought struck me that he must have suddenly gone out of his mind, and hastily donning a wrapper, I tore down stairs and out of doors.

"'My dear Ned,' I began.

"'Ha, ha, ha! I always said I was the best "make-up" in England, and now I'm sure of it,' exclaimed Charles Merridew, for he it was, in high glee, executing as he spoke a few steps of the sailors' hornpipe.

"'Don't say a word,' he whispered; 'we've got at least half a dozen race-glasses levelled at us at the present moment, and the sporting papers will be full of it tomorrow morning, and this is what they'll say: "We are glad to be in a position to state for a fact that the popular owner of Sir Harry has so far recovered from his recent severe indisposition that there is every probability of his being present in person on Wednesday next to see his horse run for the Chester Cup." Sir Harry will be favorite again before the day's out, see if he isn't!—I know—ha, ha. ha!'

"It was indeed a good 'make up.'

"Mr. Merridew and my husband were both about the same height and build, and there was great similarity with regard to that prominent feature, the nose, both being of the Roman pattern. On the other hand the former possessed a luxuriant head of hair, and was clean shaven, whilst your grandfather was very bald, and wore bushy whiskers meeting nearly under his chin. Here the actor's art came in with the happy result that I told you; so happy indeed that at a little distance no one could have detected the deception.

"Well, my dear, the Chester Cup day arrived at last, the brightest May day you can possibly imagine. The doctor had been to see his patient, had remained to luncheon, and gone off chuckling; partly at the success of his treatment, and partly no doubt at the prospect of Sir Harry winning him a comfortable sum of money; whilst I retired to my own room to write a few letters by way of distracting my thoughts. So engrossed was I that I took no account of the time, until looking up to the clock I was astonished to find that it was five and thirty minutes past three, and the time appointed for the Chester Cup to be run was half-past the hour.

"'They may be running now, for all I know,' I thought to myself; 'at all evens they are at the post;' and I was just preparing to leave the room and join my husband and his friend, when a hasty tap at the door was heard, and in response to my invitation in walked Charles Merridew, his face as white as a sheet, and greatly agitated. I guessed the truth at once.

"My dear husband was dead!

"He was apparently asleep, and his friend, unwilling to disturb him, was quietly reading at his side, when he suddenly started up into a sitting posture with a strange wild look in his eyes which the actor had never seen before. 'Sir Harry wins!' he screamed. 'Sir Harry——' The sentence was never finished. The lips were suddenly tinged with froth and blood; a slight gurgle in the throat; and your grandfather fell back dead in the arms of the true friend whom he liked so well.

"Then the actor went on: 'The Chester Cup was put down for half-past three; poor Ned died at precisely twenty-five minutes past—if known Sir Harry will be disqualified; thousands of poor people all over the country lose their money—ruined. Must not be—off among the roses again—green dressing-gown—not a moment to be lost. You stay here and call a servant as witness in case any questions are asked afterwards.'

"In three minutes' time the actor was to be seen fussing about once more in the rose garden. He even spoke to an undergardener. I rang the bell, and the buttler appeared.

"'Oh, take these letters please, Wckham, and ask your master if he has any for the post; you'll find him amongst his roses. Oh, and, Wickham, what is the right time, please."

"'The time is just a quarter to four, ma'am,' replied Wickham, consulting his warming pan of a watch. 'Chester Cup's all over by this time, ma'am,' added Wickham with a smirk as he left the room.

"I looked out of the window with a beating heart, and saw Wickham go out to his master (as he thought) with my message and return when he had received his answer in the negative to the house.

"Then I went out, and kind Charles Merridew, giving me an arm, led me gently into the presence of the dead.

"Hastily removing his wig and whiskers and doffing the green dressing-gown, he was quickly himself again, and then we rang for assistance, and a groom was at once despatched for the doctor.

"Late that night a mounted messenger arrived with a letter for my husband, sent off by his trainer immediately after the race, to inform him that Sir Harry after a desperate finish, had got up in the very last stride and won the Chester Cup by a head.

"I felt horribly guilty when I heard the news. 'Would you have felt guilty had you been in my place, my dear?' inquired my grandmother, naively turning to me.

"'Well, upon my word, grandmamma,' I replied, 'I don't think I should. Sir Harry was, there is no doubt, a very great public favorite, and a large number of poor people profited and were made happy by his victory, which they certainly would not have been had he been disqualified, and the second—an outsider, wasn't he?—awarded the race. Oh, there were what the French call extenuating circumstances'—and, yes, I think, dear grandmamma, I should certainly have done the same thing had I been in your place.'

"That is exactly what Mr. Merridew observed at the time, my dear," said my grandmother, looking pleased.

"And now," she went on, "you have listened to my confession, I am sure you will be glad to hear that we did nothing wrong or underhanded after all. For it turned out that we made a mistake as to the hour the Chester Cup was to be run. We thought it was 3.30, whereas it was 3 o'clock. The horses were sent on their journey precisely at thirteen minutes past three; your poor grandfather died at twenty-five minutes past: so that the race was over just in time to save the disqualification of Sir Harry. There, my dear," said my grandmother, "that's my story; and I hope in the years to come, when I am dead and gone and you take up your abode in the Old Manor House, you will occasionally give a passing thought to your designing old grandmother and Sir Harry there, and, above all the green dressing gown.

A Wish.

I see the boy who graduates
  Stand up before the crowd;
His collar's very, very tall,
  His tie is very loud;
He sees his parents sitting there,
  As proud as they can be—
And there's another, too—his breast
  Is filled with ecstasy.

I see him raise his good right hand
  And wave it in the air;
I hear the big, uncommon words
  Roll from his lips, up there;
He draws himself up proudly, and
  His face with pleasure glows—
I wish that I knew half as much
  As this boy thinks he knows.

—S. E. Kiser.

Brave Tommy.

This is the story of a hero, not the kind of a hero we are accustomed to read about, but nevertheless a hero in real life. His name is Tommy. One day Tommy's great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still for a moment, and then turned around to come hime, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy!" said I, "are you not sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you can't play any mo-ore!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table, for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

If there were more heroes like Tommy three would be less real trouble in the world.

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DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Uncle Pete's Possum.

ANY one may be lost in New York.

A step from accustomed haunts and a person is seen no more, thought of never again.

When Mrs. General Hugh Jones ap Jones closed the outer door of the office of the Polypolitan, the great magazine upon which she had held a humble position for thirteen years, she was as lost to her old associates and co-workers as if she had been swallowed up in the sands of the dessert or in the waves of the sea.

All those years of labor her meager salary had but met her meager expenses. She must now begin the search for work, so difficult for the despairing heart and shabby-genteel person to bring to successful issue.

Any one may be found in New York. At the most unexpected moment the friend not seen in many years may suddenly accost one.

Some six months after losing her position on the Polypolitan, Mrs. Jones was on Twenty-third Street nearing Sixth Avenue, where the crowd is thickest and where the lavender perfumes are sweetest as the street vendors sift the odorous seed through brown fingers to attract attention of probable buyers. Mrs. Jones was suddenly confronted by a little old bent negro with a board on his back.

That board bore the letterings urging all to go to Marion's for a table d'hote dinner at twenty-five cents.

"Mistis!" ejaculated the old negro. "Oh, my Mistis!" with fuller assurance.

"Why, Pete!" Out went the little gloved hand with reblackened glove tips.

There was in that offer of the mistress's hand all the almost regal patronage that is the heritage of the Southern slave holder; none other can accquire it, none having had can lose it.

"I fear, Pete, that times are hard with you," suggested the mistress, glancing at the board projecting above the old man's head.

"Not so hard, Mistis, not so hard. I does dis mostly for exercise." Pete had noted at a glance that these shabby blacks were not as was the garb wont to adorn the former mistress of Fairmont Hall. He did not wish to burden her with relations of troubles that were his own.

"Whar you livin', Mistis?"

"Quite near here, Pete. I have a nice, sunny room."

There is usually sun through a skylight.

"Can I come dar and talk 'bout de good ole times when I gets through wid dis job?" pleaded the old man.

This was the beginning of many interviews.

A little inquiry among the servants of the rooming house informed Pete of his old mistress's way of living—of the six-by-eight skylight room four flights up, of the meager meals cooked over ...e gas ring, of the weary all-day journeys to sell for small pay papers written deep in the night.

He saw how as weeks dragged on, the fine profile grew clearer and sharper.

He realized also that the little old aristocrat was utterly alone, more alone amid the million souls of the city than Crusoe on his island, for there Mother Nature stretched enfolding arms and here city walls repelled.

If Pete had known of that classic, he might have come to liken himself to Man Friday. But he did not know the story, and just now his old brain was busy trying to devise ways and means of bringing a bit of luxury into the starved life once ministered to so lavishly.

The push-cart of an Italian suddenly gave him the long-sought idea. The cart was heaped with luscious rose-gold pears, reminding Pete of the fruitage of Fairmont orchard. Cards bearing the legends "3 for 10" and "16 for 25" stuck like standards in the assorted heap.

A dozen pears cost all Pete's earnings for the day. The old negro's rearing among the most punctilious people of earth had given him some appreciation of the instincts and scrupulosity of the class. He realized that to render a gift to a superior acceptable it must not smack of lucre. It must seem to grow a part of Nature, as a bird's nest or a bunch of pine cones.

He bethought himself of an old bow-basket made of white-oak splints by his own hands away down in old Virginia. The basket was at his poor lodgings twenty blocks away. But away he trudged, drew the old basket from his carpet sack, and, begging some half withered ferns from a florist, he gave his pears quite a home-grown appearance.

Nor did his inventiveness stop there. He acquired, in imagination, a little farm in Jersey whence he came daily to the city on errands of business or pleasure.

The Jersey farm proved a master stroke, for now at least once a week he brought to his old mistress some growth from that wonderfully productive little farm.

"I wish I could see your little farm," Mrs Jones had said one day, and Pete's knees shook with fright at the thought. "But I could not spare the time, or"—Mrs. Jones stopped as the word "fare" was on her lips. Only by its fruits was she to know the little Jersey farm.

When Pete recovered from his fright lest his mistress discover the deception he practiced, he asked a question he had long desired to voice: "Mistis, don't you never study 'bout gwine home?"

"Think of it! Pete, I think of nothing else."

"Den, Mistis, why'n you go?"

"I can never hope to make the money." Then, more to herself than to the old servant of her days of luxury, she recited something of her struggles.

She made just enough week by week, with utmost output of brain, will, body, to pay for the skylight room and meager subsistence.

"Why'n de chillen send you de money?" Pete's soft question scarcely interrupted the self-communing monologue.

"They haven't it. My daughters are both widows. There is food in plenty there, as on your Jersey farm, you know——"

Yes, Pete knew.

"But never a cent of money to spare. Ah! if I could only get there—there is home and space"—she threw up her old arms—"space—they do not know, they must not know. There are grandchildren, you know, Pete, and they have many needs—"

"Hit take a heap er money to git to ole Ferginny?"

"More than I shall ever see again at one time."

Pete went soon after this to the old Dominion dock. He learned that to go to Fairmont Landing in Virginia would cost fifteen dollars—an impossible sum to one whose earnings were but a few pennies a day.

There were but two days to Christmas when Pete was sent on an errand far out in the Bronx.

His errand accomplished, he sat down against a fence decorated with the legend, "Post No Bills," to enjoy the open. Behind him all the city pulsed with glad preparations for the joyous season.

The winter had been wondrously mild. Pete knew, however, that the good days could not last. He knew that when the long-delayed bitter white winter set in there would be an awful, still cold in the skylight room. He knew that the crevices of the stone buildings which were his only lodgings now would be deep in drifted snow.

He had for a long time been able to pay for a bed only once in a while. His carpet-sack was now empty; all his poor belongings had gone into pawn. Yet he still managed to carry each week to his mistress the fruits of the Jersey farm.

As he sat now where the winter snow fell on him, he revolved over and over the question that absorbed all his thoughts: How could old Mistis get back to Virginia?

As he sat and pondered, suddenly—

his eye fell on something—a thing shivering against a boulder in the unfenced lot across the way. It was a small creature. Its bright eye looked out with the primitive questioning of woodland denizens. Its every hair stood on end. Its sharp, twitching nose expressed the painful shyness of wild things brought suddenly to confront civilization. It was—Pete could scarcely believe his eyes—it was—a possum!

Since many years sight of that delight of the darkey had not gladdened Pete's eyes. The old negro looked with an eager questioning at the small creature, which returned his look in kind.

"I wonder," queried Pete in a very anxiety of desire, "ef you is a sho' 'nough possom. Ef you ain't you look mighty lak you is."

The opossum twitched his nose closer to earth.

"You actin' shame' lak a 'possom, too. But den I dunno. Dis heah New York hit's a cu'us place for folks and critters," Pete soliloquized, as he gazed across at the coveted creature. "I made me fifty cents once movin' boxes full of animals at dat Hippydrum (and dey beats de drum dar too). But I ain't wait to get dat fifty cents, 'caze time I get done my job and was dodgin' 'bout 'caze of so many animals and cur'us critters, dar come up on me, right on me, a lion. And dat lion he speak to me as nachel as a man. Nothin' ain't skeer me since den, not much. Sez dat lion, sez he, 'Hello, old man.' Sez I, sorter sidesteppin', 'caze a lion is a lion any way yer face him and any way yer place him—sez I, 'Mighty well, Bre'r Lion, mighty well, but some bony, long of low feedin'.' Den dat lion he sat right down on his behin' legs, he did, and put his head in his befo' paws and laughed, he did, des same as a nachel man. Sez dat lion, sez he, "Come back, ole man.' Sez I, 'Bre'r Lion, my job's done now and my folks 'spectin' me home' (de which I ain't got no folks and no home, but I don't sesso den). Sez I, 'Far'well, Bre'r Lion, I wish you mighty well. I hopes your constitution expostulates suffocatingly, and I hopes your folks ekally healthable,' sez I, and I pulls my forelock to dat lion same as he was white folks. Dat lion he sez, 'Heah come my folks now.' Bless de gracious! I look, and heah come some several forty-'leven lions, mos' ob 'em walking on dey behin' legs, too. Den I never tarried no mo'. I was clean gone 'fo' you could say de name er Jock Robinson, and de las' look back I tuck dat lion yet sittin' dar on his behin' legs laughin' fo' to kill."

At the sound of Pete's voice purring along in monologue, the opossum cowered closer to the rock in overwhelming shyness. Pete looked at it in increasing desire.

"Honey," he ejaculated, "you look lonesome, and I feels lonesome." With that he crept across, holding the opossum's eye with his, and murmuring: "You look mighty lak a possum. You gittin' shameder and shameder. 'Shame' to run, 'shame' to walk. Dar! He gone ter laughin' lak rale ole Bre'r Possum. Huh—dar. I got him! Heah you is now quoiled up in a knot, yo' teef grinnin' now, and yo sides shakin' laughin'. Maybe perhaps he gwine speak now lak dat lion. Fat! So fat! Good thing I got dis cyarpet-sack. He ain't spoke yet. But den he mought. Sah, Bre'r Possum, 'scuse me, sah, but I hat'ter put you in dis bag. I kin tote you better dat way. He ain't say nothin' yet, but dat ain't no sign he ain't gwine to."

Pete's prize was heavy, and he knew, even though his feet were inured to long distances, that he could not afoot reach the lower part of the city with the burden. Seated on the car, schemes began to revolve in his brain. He held a prize he deemed priceless. Yet it had a price. At last he held something of real cash value. If he could sell it! If he could eat it!

The poor, half starved negro's mouth watered as he felt the lucious fatness trembling under his arm.

Yet if he could sell it for five dollars, if he could find another — his brain whirled with the thought — he might, after all, get the coveted fifteen dollars which would put his old mistress again on Virginia soil.

Once there she might send for him, and there were grandchildren there—boys to be taught to fish and swim and hunt. He would find a purchaser for his treasure, and make a beginning toward those delectable possibilities.

The old darkey rode even to Wall Street, revolving these projects in his mind.

Walking up that narrow way, where every building sheltered the equivalent of many millions, the old man was sick at heart for just three five-dollar bills which would bring life and happiness to another. But he was cheered somewhat as he felt the weight of his precious burden. Where the crowd was thin Pete stopped. "I b'leeve I des look at him." Suiting the action to the word, he carefully opened the bag and peeped in. "Dar, done drop laughin' ag'in."

"A possum!" exclaimed a voice at his ear—a soft Southern voice. The voice betrayed the delight that the young Southern lawyer felt at finding an opossum on Wall Street. He was just arranging to entertain a party of friends at his apartment on Christmas Eve, and this opossum was the very thing to give the perfecting touch to his preparations. Five dollars? Good. The old negro had a good face. He was surely trustworthy. Here was the address. These directions to the negro cook, whom Pete would find in the apartments. Here was five dollars; here car-fare.

With five dollars in pocket and the opossum still in the bag, Pete turned back to Broadway.

Could mortal man have resisted such temptation? Pete came into Broadway near where he knew was the office of a Southerner noted for his wealth, good fellowship, and hospitality. Why not make another five—and now?

Entrance to the office was gained. Who could refuse admittance to a negro and a possum with tomorrow Christmas Eve!

The trade was made, but no five dollars was immediately forthcoming. Pete must go to the home of the purchaser, deliver the opossum and a note which would bring the price.

When Pete reached the house, the afternoon sun glittered on the well-appointed equipage into which the Good Fellow's wife was stepping.

How she laughed when she saw the old darkey and his possum!

James must go in for the maid to come for special directions to the cook concerning the keeping of Bre'r Possum till his death hour. Here the five dollars.

She was about to drive on when the decrepit appearance of the old negro attracted her attention. Probably, she thought, he was selling for another, and but little or none of the price came home to him.

"Stop! here, old man," she called, "here's lagniappe. You know what that is?"

"La, yas, mistis; thanky, ma'am," shutting his hand over the coin.

In another instant the equipage had whirled around the corner and was lost in the concourse of vehicles on Fifth Avenue.

In that instant Pete was scheming again. With a businesslike jerk he shouldered his bag with the opossum in it and started past the house, going westward.

"Come, stop! rascals! Bring ce-ce-ce-bete-la! Police, I will call!" cried the maid.

"Ma'am," Pete bowed very low, "butcher, ma'am. Madam she say, when she call me to de kerridge, lak you see she do, ma'am, she tell me, 'Take him to de butcher; when he kilt and clean bring him fer to put on ice!" With this he opened his palm and showed the extra coin presumably given for the extra task.

"Oh! oui, oui," consented the maid, mollified by so many respectful salaams and ma'ams.

Hurrying west, Pete sped down Broadway to Times Square, where he offered his opossum to the proprietor of one of the several restaurants thereabout. The five dollars came readily, and this time Pete was left with empty bag.

A policeman who, with the gathering crowd, looked at the little animal, expressed the opinion that the creature had escaped or been stolen from the Bronx Zoo; it was best not to kill it until inquiries were made and satisfactorily answered.

Pete, with the cunning and dexterity of his race, had slipped away, and was already speeding toward the Old Dominion wharf.

Before the ticket window there he

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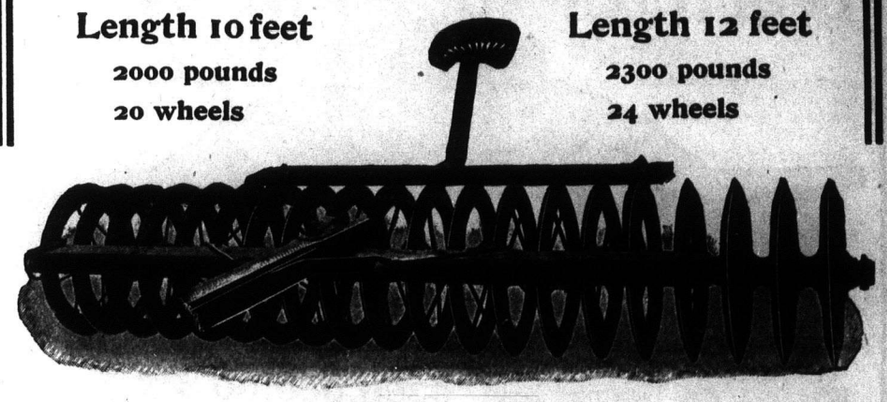

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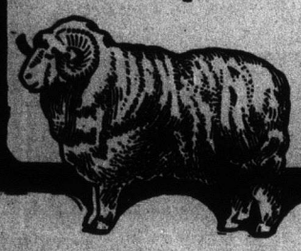

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asked for a "ticket clean to Ferginny, to Fairmont Landin', sah. A lady's ticket. Colored lady? Naw sah, naw sah! A rale lady, what is a lady! My ole Mistis, sah. Mrs. Gen'al Jones ap Jones, sah—"

A touch on Pete's shoulder: "Old man, where's my possum?"

It was the young lawyer who had trusted Pete for his good face. Was victory now to slip from the feeble old hands?

"De ticket, Marse," stammered the old man; "it was des for the ticket."

The young man had a good face. Pete in his turn trusted a good face, and told it all—all the story of the skylight room, the cooking on the gas ring, the fruits of the Jersey farm that was not, even to the finding of the opossum and its several sales.

"I des studied dat I'd take Mistis de ticket, and she never would know how I git it, and let her git home for Christmas dinner. Dey young mistresses dey is ma'y'd and widders now, and dar's grandchillen too, an' I studied as I'd get Mistis to dem all for de Christmas dinner."

"What were you going to do then?"

"Who—me? La, Marse, I gwine to stay heah till Mistis send fer me, ef she kin send fer me." The old man's eyes watered with the negro's infrequent tears when he thought of how little prospect there was that Mistress would ever be able to send for him.

"Take your mistress the ticket," said the young man. "I knew General Jones. My father was his aide. There'll be a carriage sent to bring Mrs. Jones here tomorrow in time for her to take the boat. You bring your baggage and be here too."

"Baggage? Marse, I got no baggage but dis switchel," showing the limp carpetbag.

Christmas Eve and Mrs. General Jones ap Jones alighted from the carriage; she carried a bouquet of roses sent her by the son of one of her late husband's staff officers. On deck she found herself surrounded by fruits and flowers, gifts from the several survivors of Jones' Brigade now living in New York. They had but just now heard of the residence in the city of General Jones's widow. The young lawyer was there to say, at once, a word of greeting and of farewell. Also the Good Fellow and his jolly wife. When the wife had heard over the telephone of a certain story of an opossum, she recalled the fact that she was third cousin, one degree removed, of Mrs. Jones's stepsister and therefore accounted "kin." The Good Fellow felt his sides incline to shake with laughter like Bre'r Possum's whenever he thought of how his wife had failed to bag the game. And he felt his eyes grow humid when he looked at the erect, proud little figure of Mrs. Jones now so graciously receiving the belated homage of many, and when he recalled the story, as related by the young lawyer, of her wearisome struggle and of the faithful loyalty of an old slave.

With that elasticity of the Southern temperament, Mrs. Jones was basking in present pleasure and joyous anticipation, already the keen edge gone off the remembrance of her hardships.

With a ticket for himself slipped into his hand by the young lawyer, Pete kept well in the background.

Before New Year's Day Curator and keepers of the Brinx Zoo were rejoicing at the recovery of their fine specimen of Didelphys Virginiana, brought about by the exertions of a Broadway policeman. But all the squad could find no trace of a decrepit old negro who had sold the specimen to the proprietor of a popular restaurant.

That old negro was just then somewhere down in Virginia teaching a little boy how to make of a turkey bone a whistle that would, he declared, "des natchally draw a wild turkey fum de woods right up to de gun of de man dat whistled right in it."

"Uncle Pete," asked the little boy, "will you take us boys on a possum hunt tonight?"

"Um. Now you got me," said the old darkey. "Right dar you got me in a tight place. I dunno 'bout dat, honey. Possum is a mighty 'ticular critter. I dunno as I feel right ready—just yet—fer ter hunt Br'er Possum with de gun and de dogs. Not yit, I ain't ready. Not just yit."

The Hatred of Nicholas Hallard.

By ADELINE SARGEANT.

THE "Fleetwood Arms" was a country inn which had once been well known for its prosperity and air of homely comfort; but it was a patent fact that of late it had been going down in the world. It stood at the end of a narrow lane which branched off from the main road, and this was the reason of its declining success. For though it was still frequented by those who had known it of old—by country laborers, commercial travellers, even by gentlemen farmers and their like—cyclists, motorists, and even the ordinary pedestrian who did not know the country very well, would pass it by without a glance, especially as the lane between it and the high road was often deep in mire. The old red-brick building passed for a farmhouse, rather than a respectable inn. A mile or two further ahead, on the high road, there was a Cyclists' Rest, while still further lay the country town of Burley, which boasted of at least one hotel, and innumerable public houses.

It is to be feared, also, that the modern traveller prefers modern furniture and electric light to the old-world appurtenances of the "Fleetwood Arms." Everything in the old house was certainly spotlessly clean, and the oak furniture was polished until it shone like a mirror; nevertheless, there were signs of decay about the place, for things that were broken were not always repaired, and it was rumored that the roof was in need of mending, and that the stables and outhouses were growing mouldy from want of use.

Amidst the desolation of declining prosperity there was still one ray of sunshine in the inn, and this lay in the presence of Margaret Elwyn, who had lived there ever since she was a child of eight, and she was now just over twenty-three. She was a distant relation of the late proprietor of the house, and had been almost like a daughter to his wife, Mrs. Hallard, who was left a widow when Margaret was twelve years old, and had much ado to keep things going and make ends meet. But the widow always comforted herself with the thought that her son Nicholas, who was thirteen when his father died, would build up the prosperity of the house once more, when he attained to years of discretion. But eleven years had come and gone, and affairs had grown from bad to worse. Nicholas was a fairly good man of business, but he was not a good innkeeper, seeing that he was inclined to be sullen, morose, and overbearing, his presence did not tend to make the guests comfortable, and, in homely words, they very greatly preferred "his room to his company." Even old customers were driven away by his want of courtesy and conviviality. Old Mrs. Hallard looked on despairingly, and did her best to remedy matters by her kindly cheeriness; but as her health declined, and her days advanced, this became clouded over, so that all the brightness that the house afforded came from the girl Margaret, who had grown up with a really beautiful face, a strong yet graceful figure, and a gay voice, with which she carolled about the dark passages like a lark. "The old inn would be nothing without Margaret," the guests used to murmur sometimes; and it was certainly she who proved the centre of attraction to young and old. As long as Margaret remained at the "Fleetwood

Arms" it would be visited by stalwart young fellows from all the country side, who wanted to get a word with her; while the older men liked to be served by a pretty girl who had a laugh and a jest for them when they were merry, or a word of consolation when they were sad.

All things come to an end, and with the death of Mrs. Hallard, Margaret began to think that it would be well for her to make a change.

* * *

"If you go," said Nicholas, slowly, "it will be the end of the old house, for good and all."

"Oh, no, it won't, Nicholas," said Margaret, almost pleadingly. "You will get a good housekeeper, and perhaps a fresh servant—that girl Sally is no good at all—and there would be just as many customers as ever."

"And how many are there?" said Nicholas, sourly. He was seated at the centre table of the bar-parlor, where Margaret was looking after his wants, just as if he had been one of the guests himself. There was some excuse for this, seeing that he had been out all day and had come in soaked to the skin with rain. Possibly the bad weather—or some ill-success in his business affairs—had affected his temper, for his dark face wore an expression which was singularly gloomy and unpleasant. He was a tall man with broad shoulders, but a somewhat ungainly figure—loose-jointed and awkward in movement. His face would not have been bad-looking but for the sullen discontent with which his brow was usually disfigured. But the brow was narrow, the dark eyes small and rather deep set, and the thin lips, though half concealed by a growth of black beard and moustache, were anything but amiable.

"The old chaps that used to come in my father's time are dropping off, one by one, like dead leaves from a tree, and as for the farmers' sons and clerks from Burley, well, we all know what they come for. And a precious lot we shall see of them when you're gone."

"Oh, don't say that, Nicholas," said the girl, looking down with a troubled face. "It sounds, somehow, as if I were trying to get them here for my own sake, and you know very well I should not care if I never saw one of them again."

"There's no denying it but that you're a good looking girl, and they come to look at you. I should be glad enough to see the last of them if I hadn't to make a living; but, of course, if you take yourself off, there will be very little of a living to be got, and I may as well sell the business for what it will fetch, and go to Klondyke or South Africa."

Margaret stopped short and stared at him, her blue eyes full of wonderment, and her fair cheek growing a trifle paler. "But you would never do that, Nicholas? Why, your people have had this house for nigh upon two hundred years."

"There won't be much left of it in a year or two longer then," said Nicholas gruffly. "It's mouldering away before your eyes. It would not sell for much. The price would not cover the expenses of the last two or three years, not to speak of the fire insurance. I can't tell why my father insured it for such a lot of money; the place isn't worth it."

"Your mother always said that he loved the old inn," said Margaret, softly, "and I don't wonder at it, I'm sure. Of course, it's dark, and it's old fashioned; but I like the oak beams and the settles and carved chests much better than the smart, new furniture at the hotel in Burley."

"Why don't you stay here, then?"

Margaret's face flushed, and she turned it away while she took a plate from the fender. "Well, Nicholas," she said, "to put it plain, Mrs. Thistleton has been here, talking to me, and she says that I oughtn't to stay unless you will get an older housekeeper as well. I know you can't afford to do that, so I think the best thing will be for me to take myself off and get a place. I shouldn't like to do anything that would make folks think ill of me."

"I have asked you before," said Nicholas, his black eyes flaming, "and I ask you again, why won't you stay with me as my wife, and mistress of the place that you are so fond of? That would satisfy Mrs. Thistleton or any other busy-body." "You are very kind, Nicholas," said the girl, "and if I could marry you I would; but I can't."

"And why can't you, I should like to know"

"That is no business of yours. I have said 'No' to you half a dozen times, and I shall say it to the end of my life."

"That is no answer," said Nicholas. "It is because you have got somebody else in your eye. I know that. I suppose it is Harry Medlicott."

Margaret's eyes fell, and the color once more rose in her cheeks; but she changed his plate, and brought his cheese and bread without remark. His lean, sinewy hand came down upon her wrist at the last moment, and held it tight.

"Speak the truth," he said. "Is it Harry Medlicott, or is it not?"

"Well, since you ask me straight out, I don't mind telling you," said Margaret, "that it is."

"But he has not been home for eighteen months," said Nicholas, in a choked voice.

"No, but he asked me before he went, and he writes to me."

"Does he tell you how many sweethearts he has in the ports he goes to?" Nicholas sneered. "You can't trust a sailor. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and no dependence can be placed on any one of them."

"I can depend upon Harry," said Margaret, almost sharply.

"Ah, you are like all women," said Nicholas, with a sort or snarl. He released her hand, and pushed his plate away. "You love to be wheedled and taken in by the first man with bright eyes and curly hair that speaks to you; but I am your cousin, if I am nothing else, and I shall settle with Harry Medlicott when he comes home again. You may be glad enough to take up with Nicholas Hallard yet."

"Even if Harry stayed away from me forever," said Margaret, with spirit, I don't see how it would make me love you any better, Nicholas. We have always been very good friends; but I do wish you would learn, once and for all, that I don't want to be anything else."

"It is all or nothing with me," said Nicholas, pushing back his chair, "and if you won't have my love, you will have my hate, and then, perhaps, you will wish that you had spoken differently."

Mrs. Thistleton had recommended Margaret to a friend of hers at Burley, and the girl had almost made up her mind to take the place that had been thus found for her; but she was a little undecided about the day of her departure from the inn, and wondered whether she ought not to stay at least until Christmas was well over, so that she might help with the guests, of whom at that time there were usually a goodly number.

But when she hinted this to Nicholas, she found, to her surprise, that he was not very anxious for her to stay over Christmas, seeing that she did not intend to remain in perpetuity. "If you go at all," he said to her, "it's no particular matter to me when you go. As good one day as another."

"But have you got a housekeeper?" asked Margaret, anxiously.

"No; and don't want one. I shall shut up the place when you are gone."

"Oh, no, Nicholas."

"I tell you I shall. I shall sell the old place for what it will fetch, and start off to make my fortune somewhere else if I can. I am not going to be saddled with it much longer." And then he walked off, muttering something about stock and prices and insurance, which she did not understand.

She was forced, therefore, to choose a day for herself; and on inquiry she found that she could go to her new situation almost as soon as she

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chose. She packed up her boxes, not without an ill-natured sneer from Nicholas, who told her that she "went out richer than she came," and arranged that they should go by carrier's cart from the "Fleetwood Arms" to Burley, upon a certain day. But before she absolutely left the place she had arranged to sleep two nights at the house of Jane Carfax, an old friend of hers who lived in the little hamlet of Fleetwood, and who treated Margaret almost as if she were a kinswoman of her own. She was rather startled to find that Nicholas had dismissed Sally the maid the day before.

"But you will be left without a servant in the house, Nicholas," she said.

"I don't want womenfolk," he answered her, morosely. "There is Bill Barley can come in and clean up, and I shall cook my own food. As I told you before, I am going to sell the whole place as soon as I can find anyone to take it off my hands. I am closing tonight."

"I am very sorry," said Margaret, almost under her breath; but Nicholas' look of sour incredulity made her resolve to say no more. "Good-bye, Nicholas," she said, turning towards him as she left the house with some of her smaller possessions gathered in one hand. "You will shake hands with me before I go?"

"No," he said, stepping back and putting his hands in his pockets. "I won't; but I'll take a kiss, if you like to give me one."

Margaret hesitated. She had given him a kiss many times before, in the days when they had looked upon each other as brother and sister; but she was little inclined to show such familiarity now. Still, she was leaving, and it was for the last time, and she had loved his father and mother well, so, after a moment's hesitation, she said: "I will kiss you good-bye if you like, Nicholas," and turned her face upwards for the parting salute.

But she was sorry afterwards that she had done so, for Nicholas threw his arms around her, and kissed her repeatedly, then almost threw her from him, and, turning away, said in a harsh voice: "Go, go, I tell you. I have seen the last of you in this house. It will be a very different place when we meet again."

She could not tell what he meant, and she was only anxious to get away. She actually ran from the old house where she had once been so happy and was glad when she left it far behind her, and felt convinced that Nicholas was not following her. The clasp of his arms and the touch of his lips on her cheek seemed to her like some terrible nightmare, and she shuddered at the very thought of ever entering her old home again.

As soon as Margaret had left the house, Nicholas closed the door and locked it. She had gone out from a side entrance, from which a passage led to the bar-parlor and private sitting-room. Nicholas proceeded to lock all the doors which communicated with the bar-parlor, so that, although the inn door itself stood open with an inviting air, there was no possibility that any unwary visitor should stray beyond the precincts of the bar itself. He had sent Sally away, and had dismissed one or two men who generally hung about the back premises, although this fact Margaret did not know. And he had given out that he should close the house that evening, and never open it again. As he expected, this announcement brought a number of old customers that afternoon and evening. But very few of them stayed long, seeing that there was nothing in the landlord's surly face to induce them to remain, and the sweet-voiced Margaret was absent. As the afternoon went their numbers grew very thin, and Nicholas had leisure time to employ himself in a rather odd piece of work, for he was bringing in from the back premises a number of kegs and casks, which he deposited in the sitting-room, and in various other portions of the house. He gave scant attention to the old laborers who came in during the afternoon, leaving them to be served by the potman, who was also under notice, and was to go back to his family that night.

"But what are you going to do with yourself, Nicholas?" one of the men asked him. "You bean't going to live here all by yerself, be 'e?"

"No fear," said Nicholas. "I am going up to London, either by the night train, or early tomorrow morning. The lawyers in Burley will look after the house for me until it is sold."

"Have 'e heerd of a customer for it? asked the old man.

"Yes, and a very good one," said Nicholas, drily. "Oh, I am not going to sell it at a loss, you needn't fear that."

He was glad when they were all gone and he could return to his work, though it was of a curious kind. He was heaping shavings and flimsy rags into some of the rooms and after a time he began to soak them with petroleum, of which he seemed to have laid in a stock; but he shut the front door when he ventured on this piece of work. A knock aroused him, and made him swear irritably to himself.

"Close on eleven o'clock. I shan't open," he said. But the knock was repeated, together with a loud shout, suggestive of nautical ideas.

"Ship ahoy! Heave-ho, Nick! Are you there, old chap?" Nicholas stood for a moment, silent and trembling, with the great drops of perspiration standing upon his brow.

"It's Harry Medlicott," he muttered to himself. "I know his voice." Then he went down, carefully locking the doors behind him as he went. It was a dark, rainy night, and there stood Medlicott himself, in nondescript and somewhat ragged attire, but with a face as bright and jovial as ever.

"Nick himself, I declare!" he ejaculated. "How goes it, old boy? I am a shipwrecked man, landed without any of my things or a penny in my pocket. Come, you might put me up for a night, so that I can make myself look a bit more respectable before I go down to the village."

"We are closing" said Nicholas, heavily. "I am selling the business. The place is shut up."

"But you can find a corner for me, can't you?" said Harry. Then his face changed a little. "Is anything wrong? How's Mrs. Hallard—and Margaret?"

"My mother's dead," said Nicholas, rather grimly. "Margaret's gone away." His eyes glittered curiously as he held the candle aloft, and Harry, although a simple soul, wondered at the peculiar light in those dark orbs. "Come in," said Nicholas, suddenly changing his tone. "There's no place in the sitting-rooms. They're all full with rubbish and packages; but if you will come straight upstairs, I will put you in my own room—my own bed, if you like, for the matter of that, and fetch you some supper from the larder. Will that do?' '

"Splendidly," said Harry, slapping him on the shoulder. "I wondered how you would receive an old friend if he came back to you in rags, Nick. Well, I will remember all my life that you have done me this good turn."

But he did not see the pale and evil look which flitted over the face of Nicholas Hallard as these words were said.

"Come upstairs," said Nicholas, smoothly. "I will show you the way. My room's quite near the top of the house; but there is a good fire, and I was going to have a meal there myself. I will fetch up the ham and the cold beef, and I daresay you would like a bottle of beer, or something stronger, maybe."

So they supped together, merrily enough, until at last Harry, professing himself tired out, flung himself upon the bed to sleep, and Nicholas began to remove the plates and dishes from the room. Before he had finished this operation Harry was fast asleep. Nicholas came and looked at him as he lay."

"I couldn't have planned it better," he said to himself. "Nothing short of an earthquake would wake him after what I put in his beer. Sleep soundly my fine fellow. You will never wake again." And with these words he turned on his heel and left the room, locking the door securely behind him. Then he went downstairs, and resumed the work upon which he had been engaged before the arrival of Harry Medlicott.

* * *

"Fire! Fire! The old inn's alight!" was the cry that echoed through the long village street in the early hours of the Sunday morning, and it was these words which roused Margaret from sleep in the room where she lay with her friend, Jane Carfax. In a very few minutes they arose and had donned their clothes and were out in the open air forming part of the crowd of villagers who had been awakened from their slumbers by the alarming cry of "Fire!" The "Fleetwood Arms" stood at some distance from the village itself, and in rather a lonely spot. It might have been burning for hours before anyone discovered that it was on fire; and, although the river ran close by, there were no fire engines or appliances of any kind to enable people to make any but futile efforts to extinguish the flames.

"Where's Nicholas?" somebody cried out. "Was Nicholas inside?" No, for there was Nicholas himself, wringing his hands and looking up with an expression of despair at the cracking windows and wreaths of smoke and flame.

"It's ruin, ruin, I tell you it is," he cried aloud. I had only time to get out of the house safe, and I have left everything behind."

"What a mercy that you were out of the house," said Jane, in a low tone to her friend. "I suppose nobody else was left?"

"Nobody, I think," said Margaret. "Ah! the dear old inn that I was so fond of. We shall never see it again."

Suddenly a cry went up. "There's a face at one of the windows! See! at the very top there's someone shouting, and trying to get out!" And then there was a lower cry, which was almost like a sob: "It's Harry Medlicott, or his ghost!"

Nicholas stopped wringing his hands and stared upwards; but he did not speak a word. His face was blanched to a hue as ghastly as that of the dead. "He cannot escape," he muttered to himself. "Surely he cannot escape."

There seemed, indeed, no hope for the young man. For the windows beneath him were belching forth great volumes of fire, and from the glow in the room behind him it was plain that the flames had already reached that storey. But even while they looked—all, indeed, except Margaret, who had fallen to the ground in something like a swoon of agony and fear—they saw the young man perform a feat of agility and daring such as they had not ventured to anticipate. He opened the window, and stood upon the sill; then stepping forth, placed his foot warily upon a narrow parapet which ran round that storey of the building. With slow, stealthy steps he made his way along the wall. His training as a sailor made him tread securely where others would not have found a foothold, until he came to the angle of the house where the parapet ended, and it seemed as though he could go no further. To drop would be mere suicide, and the clouds of smoke were becoming so dense that, for a moment or two, his figure was completely concealed. Then a sudden shout went up from the crowd — a shoult of exultation and amaze. He had found, it seemed, an old water-pipe, which ran down the side of the wall at that angle—evidently he had remembered it from the days of his boyhood—and, although he ran a considerable risk, seeing that the metal was dangerously sc t from the heat of the flames, he managed to slide down it as only a sailor or an athlete could do. The last final leap into safety was an easy one, and he found himself unhurt in the centre of the crowd, while a prayer of thanksgiving went up from the hearts of almost all who watched.

But not from the heart of Nicholas Hallard, who stole away in the dark-

ness, with a shuddering fear of what might next befall.

"He locked me in," said Harry, looking round for him. "Did he tell you that no one was in the house? He lied. He knew that I was there. Surely he must be mad!" And, as he turned a seeking eye around, he discovered Margaret, who had just risen to her feet, and he sprang towards her, forgetting all questions, past danger, and possible treachery.

"Margaret, my Margaret!" he cried. "I have come back poor and homeless—have you forgotten me?"

"How could I forget you?" she said. "And what is it to me if you are homeless and penniless? You are safe, thank God; and, oh! Harry, Harry, you must never leave me again!"

Practically he never did. He gave up the sea after this last experience, and settled down in his native place with Margaret for his wife, and his father's business as a means of livelihood. A careful search of the ruins of the old inn revealed the means which had been used to make it burn, and it was plain, therefore, that Nicholas Hallard, even if he had claimed the insurance, would never have received a penny of it; but Nicholas was nowhere to be found. With Harry's appearance, he knew that it was useless to try and conceal his guilt, and he had stolen away, under cover of the darkness, either to seek his fortune in another land, or to die miserably of hunger and destitution, as an outcast, ashamed to show his face. But Harry and Margaret lived and flourished, and in the fulness of time were able to purchase the land upon which the inn had once stood, and build for themselves a little cottage, which, in common with their neighbors, they usually designated the "Fleetwood Arms."

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The other chubby and short—
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
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For me to grow north and south, like Tom,
Or like Willie, from east to west?"

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Well dear, I shouldn't mind it,
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
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It put in flight the cheery words,
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And clouds upon a shining sky
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
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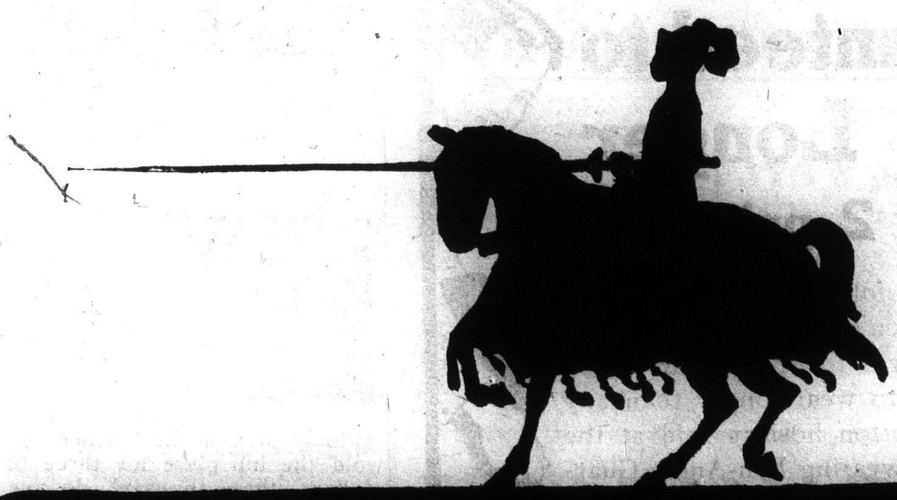
It is as bad for a man to think that he can know nothing as to think he knows it all.—Henry George.

In the past Art was an integral part of life; now it is an extra, and charged for accordingly.—Herkomer.

To change and change is life, to move and never rest;—
Nor what we are, but what we hope is best.
—Russell Lowell.



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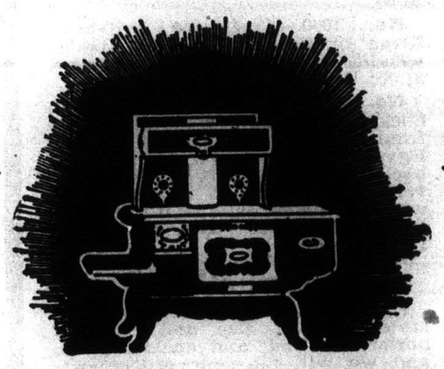

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The reason why they will wear longer is because of the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

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The Rebellion of M'lindy Ann.

By JULIAN BISHOP.

I.

WHEN Eli Barrows was fairly set in at his work, he was an adept at hectoring; and it was his pleasure to hector on this occasion.

"Yes," he declared loftily to M'lindy Ann as he hitched up; "I've sold the hill place for three thousan' dollars—three thousan'—do ye take that in? I've got the whole pile in my satchel in there, an' I'm goin' to ketch the eight o'clock train for the city an' put it in bank. No, you can't go along. It's just a matter of business, anyway? I reckon I know how this money's come—by good, hard licks—an' I've been a good part of my life makin' it, so it stan's to reason I'd know how to take keer of it."

"I've worked pretty hard for it, myself," said Mrs. Barrows, meekly. She was a little woman with iron-gray hair, and her voice was soft and plaintive.

Eli laughed, throwing back his head.

"Well, I call that good!" he said jeeringly. "What does any woman know? Always in the house, havin' an easy time, while men's out in the weather, tolin' for all they're worth. I b'lieve you'd complain if you was in Paradise, M'lindy Ann. You don't know when you're well off—a good home, an' little to do, an' a chance to go to church every other Sunday, besides the political speakin's!"

M'lindy Ann did not reply. She turned resignedly, went into the house, and devoted herself to the "little to do" which Eli had mentioned. The broom was going swiftly and steadily when her lord came in and took up the leather satchel from the table.

"I'll be home in the mornin' on that early train," he said condescendingly, for he was always ready to forgive M'lindy Ann for her shortcomings, and took credit to himself thereior, as being "easy to get along with." "You can wait breakfast—I'll be pretty hungry, I reckon."

"Buy a roun'-trip ticket, Eli," suggested M'lindy Ann mildly. But there could not have been any ulterior motive in her suggestion, for she added under his frowning glance: "They're cheaper in the long run, ye know."

"You talk like you travelled for a livin'" muttered Eli as he went out to the buggy; and the broom swept steadily on, through one room and into another.

One could live with M'lindy Ann in comparative comfort. She never talked back.

"I wisht ye had some new clothes, Eli," she called after him as he sat in the buggy, his knotted hands with the reins in them resting on the knees of his baggy old trousers.

"If my clothes suits me, there ain't nobody else got anything to do with 'em," he proclaimed testily. "If anybody wants to laugh at my clothes, let 'em laugh. They'd laugh on the other side o' their mouths if they knowed I had three thousan' dollars in that little ol' grip!"

And Eli drove away, well satisfied with himself. Reaching town, he stabled his horse near the station and bought a round-trip ticket. He was going to do that anyhow, of course. M'lindy's suggestion had nothing to do with it. Women were always giving advice where it wasn't really needed.

Eli's trip to the city was not dull or monotonous in the least. It chanced that the car was somewhat crowded, and a gentleman asked permission to share his seat. He was a well-dressed gentleman with kid gloves, yet he did not hesitate to speak pleasantly to a homely old farmer like Eli Barrows, commenting on the perfect winter weather, and asking after the last summer's crops with the greatest interest. It turned out that he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, on a little tour for health and pleasure, and Eli cheerfully gave him a great deal of information concerning the country in which he lived.

"You know, I always feel at home among the farmers," said the gentleman from Missouri. "Of course a large number of my constituents are farmers, and whenever I can get away I go down among them for an outing. Such good country fare as they give me! Such fried chicken—such butter and milk—there's nothing at the Waldorf-Astoria can compare with it!"

"I wish't ye'd call in on me as you're goin' back," said Eli, warmed to the heart. "We've got a pretty prosperous place—I'm jes' takin' three thousan' up to the city now, to put it in bank."

The member of the Missouri Legislature looked alarmed.

"Hush! Don't tell that to every one," he whispered. "Have you friends in the city? Do you know where you are going to put up?"

"I don't know yet," said Eli, visibly swelling; "but I reckon I'll strike one of the big hotels for dinner—somethin' along about forty or fifty cents—I don't mind expenses, this trip. An' there can't no confidence man git the better o' me. I read the papers, I do—an' the first one that comes up an' calls me his long-lost uncle is goin' to get pasted over the head with this here umbreller!"

"But sometimes there are several of them, working together," said the gentleman from Missouri with deep concern. "Let's see—a friend of mine gave me the address of a place he always goes to—if I haven't lost it—ah, here it is! He says it is a very plain place, but the meals are fine. Suppose we both go there; and I'll keep you in sight after dinner till you get your money banked. Really, Mr. Barrows, after the interesting conversation we have had this morning, I shall not feel safe until you get that money into the bank."

And they reached the city, and Eli Barrows, smiling and grip-laden, went off in a cab with the member of the Missouri Legislature, and was lost in the crowd.

II.

M'Lindy Ann had heard the distant rumble of the early-morning train as it crossed the valley at the back of the field and sped away to the little town, two miles further on. Breakfast was ready, and she was keeping it warm on the back of the stove.

The entire house was speckless and in its best Sunday clothes; and, strange to relate, so was M'lindy Ann. Her worn black dress was brushed to the last degree, and showed its threadbareness forlornly. Her shabby old bonnet was waiting her pleasure on the bedroom mantel; her rusty black cape hung over a chair, ready for use at a moment's notice.

She was at the door, watching the bend of the road. Her face was colorless, even to the lips. Unconsciously her fingers plucked and twisted the ends of the ribbon bow at her throat into little black spirals. M'lindy Ann was plainly much disturbed.

When a little cloud of dust came crawling around the bend of the road, M'lindy Ann bestirred herself and set the breakfast on the table. Everything was ready when Eli stepped in at the door, and M'lindy Ann looked up, pretending not to notice that he was trembling from head to foot, and that he leaned against the door for support. What she really did notice was the other fact that his clothes were muddy, that his coat was torn, and that his hat had been crushed almost beyond recognition.

M'lindy Ann hastily set a dish down on the table.

"I see how it is," she said. "You've been run over by one o' them street cars, Eli. Which one o' your bones is broke?"

Eli burst into futile tears, and sank into a chair.

"It's worse'n that, M'lindy Ann!" he sobbed, with his arms on the table among the dishes and his head on his arms. "I've been robbed and drugged. I've lost the whole pile—an' it's my own tarnation fault! I was too pesky int'mate with a stranger—but he said he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, an' how was I to s'pose he was lyin'? An' the game they showed me—I could 'a' beat it with one han' tied behin' me. I seen my way clear to makin' another thousan' or so, to put in the bank along with the other; but they must 'a' put somethin' in the beer—I didn't drink more'n half a teacupful, M'lindy Ann—an' I couldn't move hand or foot when they went into the satchel an' took the whole pile. An' then they come back an' kicked me all around', an' tramped on my hat; an' when I woke up I was jes' in time to ketch the train back. I'm ruined, M'lindy Ann! The money I've worked so hard fur all my life——"

"I've worked pretty hard for it myself," said M'lindy Ann drily.

She had made the same remark the morning before, but now there was a new quality in it. Eli groaned.

"If I had it back ag'in I'd give ye half of it, M'lindy," he said sadly. "Ye ain't worked as hard as what I have, but maybe you're entitled to half—fur ye've kep' the house mighty nice; but it's all gone! What's the matter, M'lindy Ann? Where ye goin'? What ye all dressed up fur at this time o' day?"

"As soon as breakfast's over, I'm goin' to start for the city," said M'lindy Ann, who was quietly drinking her coffee. She had laid her bonnet on a chair with the cape; and beside it was a bundle wrapped in paper.

"Goin' to the city?" gasped Eli in deep amazement.

"Yes—I'm goin' to the city to put some money in the bank," said M'lindy Ann, eating serenely, the while she kept a pair of dark eyes fastened on Eli's astounded visage. "I'm goin' to take three thousan' dollars with me—the three thousan' that I saved by takin' it out of your grip when you was goin' off, so bumptious and so pleased with yourself!"

Eli's jaws dropped apart, and his hands hung limp at his sides. When he recovered himself, a small, iron-gray woman was tying her bonnet strings in a neat bow under a determied chin, looking him calmly in the eyes the while.

"M'lindy Ann, you've got that money?" he cried in broken speech. "You'd taken it out before I lef' home? The man—the man from Missouri didn't get it?"

"Eli Barrows, you went up to the city with a piece of wood in your satchel, wrapped up in newspaper," said M'lindy, hooking the old black cape under her chin. "I hope the man from Missouri felt that it done him good. Take keer of the place, Eli. See that the chickens has fresh water, an' don't forgit to wind the clock, an' be shore to put the cat out of the house every night. I'd tell you to wash the dishes every day, but I know good an' well you won't do it. This day week you can meet me at the train. You might as well drive down to the depot now, so's you can bring the team back."

Eli's jaws made connection slowly.

"M'lindy Ann," he said meekly, "hadn't I better go along with ye? We could get 'Liza Briggs to mind the place; an' now that I know the ropes——"

"You stay right here," said M'lindy Ann composedly. "I don't want nothin' to do with none o' the ropes you learned while you was in the city!"

And with this parting thrust a very small and very erect woman walked out to the buggy, followed by a tall and abject-looking man.

"'Tain't right for a lone woman to go off on the train with all that money," he said as they drove up beside the little red station. "No tellin' what'll become of ye, M'lindy Ann."

"There won't nothin' become of me,' said M'lindy Ann composedly. "You have the buggy here to meet the evenin' train one week from today—an' you look after the house. There ain't much to do, you know. You tol' me yestidday that my work didn't amount to nothin'.'

After which M'lindy Ann, the hectored and brow-beaten, disappeared into an unknown world.

III.

Perhaps there may have been years that were as long as the week of M'lindy's absence, but Eli had never experienced them. The work put new cricks into his back and unexpected blisters on his hands; and he had no sooner completed a meal and got things "straightened up" that he had to begin on another, and get them unstraightened again.

The same thing was to do over and over and over, not only every day, but three times a day. He looked at the soiled dishes with loathing, and swept in the middle of the floor, shunning the corners faithlessly. He milked and churned the first day, but after that he merely milked, considering that butter was too dearly bought. After all, it did seem that M'lindy Anns' work was not the easiest in the world, though it had this saving grace—she was used to it. No doubt when one got used to it everything was very smooth sailing.

At last he sat in the old buggy, and saw M'lindy Ann step from the train and walk toward him with the light step of a girl.

"Well, how's everything?" she asked in a clear voice that he did not know. "The whole house is in a mess, I s'pose? Well, never mind—I'll soon get everything cleaned up!"

And he drove briskly home, waiting for her to begin until she was seated in the kitchen, with the lamplight showing a new expression in her epes.

"Well, M'lindy Ann," said Eli, mildly, "how'd ye come on in the city?"

He had purposely made the speech noncommittal. He was ready, if she acknowledged defeat, to jeer at her and sneer at her forever and a day; but he would not begin until he had heard her story. He was not quite sure of M'lindy Ann. He had lived with her twenty years, but it took more than that to learn all about M'lindy Ann.

She turned up her dress skirt so that the fire would not "draw" it, and began taking things out of her satchel—the same satchel which had journeyed with Eli while he was learning the ropes.

"Well," she said deliberately, "the money's in bank—half in the First National an' half in the Germania. I divided it, so's in case one o 'em broke. I've got two bank-books and two check-books—there they are. Every check of that money'll have to be signed by me—but, of course, I won't be mean about it, Eli. I consider that half of it's yours, anyhow."

Eli winced and smiled in sickly fashion, but M'lindy Ann only cast a fleeting glance at him.

"I made another deposit of four hundred and fifty dollars in the People's Bank," she went on calmly. "That's money I raised for the new church while I was in the city."

"M'lindy Ann!" gasped the astounded Eli.

"Yes," she answered, as if he had asked a question. "I thought I might as well make use of my time while I was there—so I went aroun' among the big men an' tol' 'em who I was, an' what we needed—an' I got the money without any trouble. One o' the big lumber men there has promised two hundred dollars' worth o' lumber, an' another is goin' to give the seats for the church—them patent things, fine as a fiddle. I made 'em put it down in black an' white, for I didnt' want 'em crawlin' out of it when I'd got away. With what we've

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got on han', that gives us our church without a dollar of debt."

"Great Sam!" murmured Eli under his breath.

She saw him give his arm a furtive pinch, which seemed to be sufficiently convincing.

"I stopped with cousin Laura's folks, an' they was mighty glad to see me,' continued M'lindy Ann, with the light of pleasant memories on her face. "They wanted me to stay a month, but I'd said I'd come home today, so I come. But they took me to their church last Sunday, mornin' an' night, an' it was the greatest place to rest I ever saw. We set down to pray, and leant our heads on the back of the seat in front, an' they had people hired to sing for 'em, so there war'nt a thing to do. It rested me up a whole lot. The Monday I hunted up Sam Howard an' collected that hundred an' fifty dollars he's been owin' us ever since the woods burned down."

Eli's eyes glistened, but the words he tried to say stuck somewhere in their passage.

"An' then I went out an' bought a lot o' things I'd been wantin' all my life," said M'lindy Ann, looking him in the face.

A dark flush suddenly spread over the sickly pallor of Eli's countenance.

"M'lindy Ann! Have you went an' been extravagant with that money?" he demanded severely.

M'lindy Ann leaned back and rocked in the crazy old kitchen chair.

"Yes, I have," she said calmly. "I heard you tell Si Groves, not more 'n a month ago, that you'd give that money to anybody that could collect it, for you'd been tryin' for ten years an' you couldn't. Well, I went an' collected it, an' I spent it as I pleased. I bought me a silk waist of a kind o' reddish color—ready made, at that—an' a bonnet with a feather on it, an' a flower about the shade o' the waist, an' a skirt with a train to it, an' a new cloak, an' some shoes that wasn't bargins. An' I got a new umbrella, an' some gloves—I ain't had none sence I was first married; an' a sewin' machine—the old one's that limber in the joints that it travels all over the floor when I'm sewin' — an' I bought you a whole suit o' clothes, from head to foot. Maybe if you'd had 'em when you went to the city the cows wouldn't 'a' et ye, like they did."

M'lindy Ann arose and gathered up the papers. Eli was about to say something, but she incidentally held up an old leather grip before his eyes, turning it upside down and shaking it to see if it was quite empty. He stood still for a long moment; and when he spoke his voice was a new voice.

"I'm sorry the house is in such a fix, M'lindy Ann," he said. "How on earth ye manage to keep it clean is more'n I can see. You must have to work pretty hard."

And then M'lindy Ann turned and looked up at him with something gleaming pleasantly in her eyes.

"We've both worked hard, Eli," she said. "Home's a pretty good place, after all them roarin' streets. I've never been so proud of anything as I'm goin' to be of that new church—an' us settin' there in our new clothes! It was awful nice of you to let me go to the city, Eli!"

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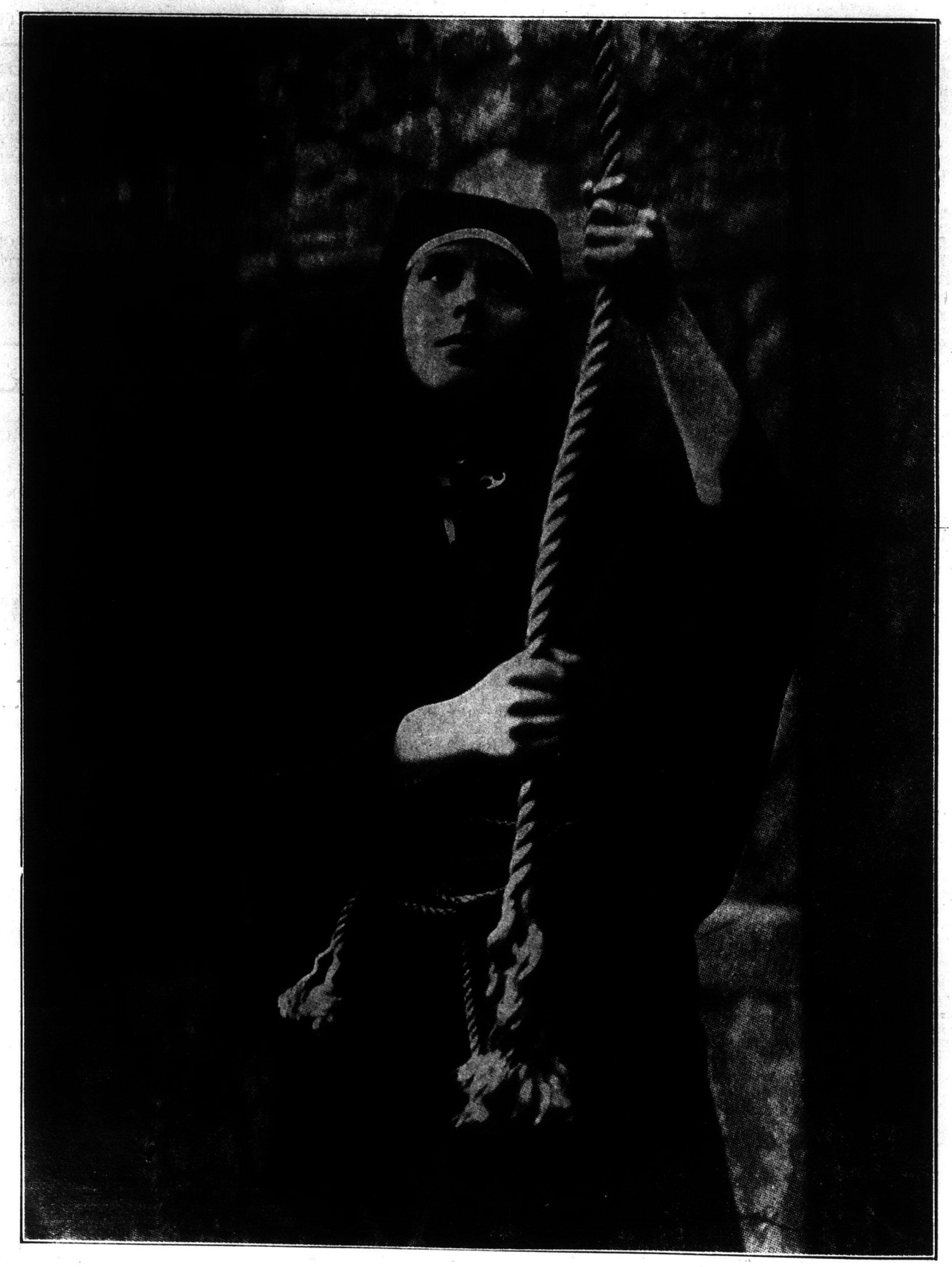

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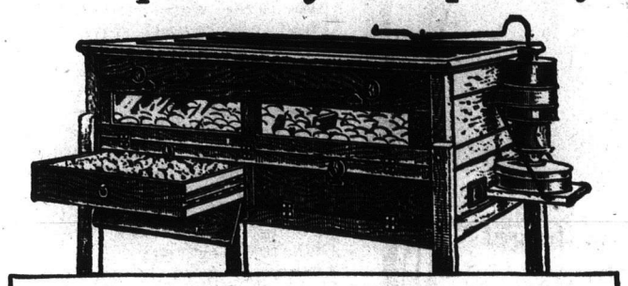

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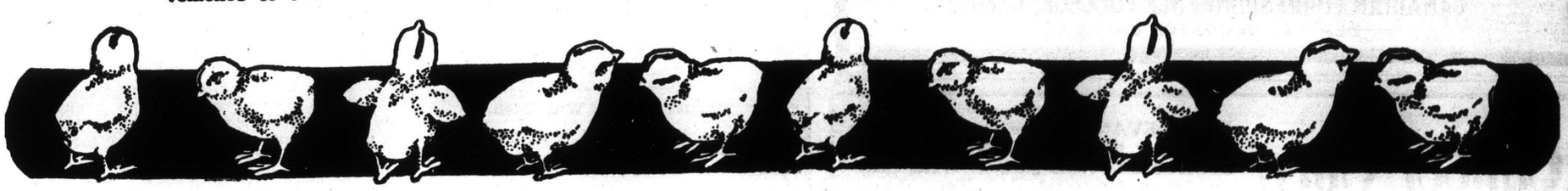

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Correspondence.

Wants to Hear from A Swede.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 9, 1909.

Editor.—I have never missed a copy of the magazine since first issued and have derived much benefit and pleasure from the perusal of it. I particularly enjoy this column, but I must say some of these parlor ornaments, if they are in earnest, had better never marry a poor man, for I am sure that they would be a hindrance to him and make both lives miserable. A woman who would not milk or do a few light chores in emergency, I do not think has the right to marry any man, be he rich or poor. For, if she had the proper spirit, she would have enough compassion on the poor brute animals to see they were attended to even if she had not enough love for her husband to do it. Of course, I mean in special cases, for any man who expects a woman to do chores as a rule had better stay single as he is very selfish and if he does not love a woman enough to save her all he can he certainly is not doing his duty and deserves no sympathy if his married life is unhappy. But I think most of the girls are so young that they do not realize what they say. For the very essence of love is the joy and pleasure one derives through helping and encouraging the one we love, and I am certain that if these girls who make such a fuss about a little extra work at times, ever truly loved a man they will find themselves doing many things which they, in their philosophy, never thought of doing. You cannot get beyond your natures and women are endowed with such instincts that they are almost unconsciously sacrificing own desires, assisting and encouraging the man they love. Indeed, it seems to me that it is beyond the comprehension of men to realize the depth and breadth of a true woman's love. Now, I am very lonely and would like to correspond with some ladies who have passed beyond the foolish era of their lives and have reached the saner ground of common sense. I mean neat, earnest women over 25 years of age. I don't care how she looks for it is the heart I am after, for after all, it is the heart which causes good or evil, happiness or misery. As for myself, I am a widower, 32 years of age, good natured, good looking (some say), and of a tender, sympathetic nature. I will answer all who favor me by writing. I have a homestead near the city. I would like to hear from a Swedish lady. My address is with the editor and I expect one of you will write me (at least) if this ever meets your eyes.

"In Earnest."

From a Farmer's Daughter.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 26, 1909.

Editor.—It's raining today and I can't do anything out of doors, and as I have all the work done inside and being such an interested reader of the W. H. M. I thought I would call in to see the boys and girls. Some of the letters are very sensible and I agree with them in every way, but I laugh at you boys, bachelors over 20 and being too shy to write first! What about the girls? I'm sure they are not supposed to write first, are they? Isn't that right, girls? I'm sure they are equally as shy. "Laughing Water" wrote a very nice letter in the April number which exactly spoke for me. Well, I must hurry up and describe myself. I am a Canadian by birth and will be 21 years this fall. I have dark brown hair and bluish grey eyes, weigh about 138 pounds, am 5 feet - inches in height and my waist measure is 25 inches. I think this is enough to put you in mind of how I may look. I like music, dancing and all kinds of fun. I can play the violin a little and ride horseback like wind. I live on a farm with only my parents now, as my brother who was home left some time ago and is seeking fortune for himself. I must close and leave room for some one else so thank you very much, dear Editor, for space in your valuable paper as I am a subscriber myself. I think it is the most interesting paper I've ever read. Hoping this will escape the waste basket this time at least, I will sign myself,

"Prairie Belle."

Manuel on the War Path.

Michel, B. C., Oct. 24, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been a most interested reader of the W. H. M. for some time (a silent reader if you like) I have read the various letters that have been published and think there is nothing more instructive than hearing what other people think. I have now been in this country for a period of over six years and have always "made good." I am perfectly satisfied, for when one gets hold of an English paper and reads accounts of the labor market there, one ought to be. I think there is nothing like living amongst the mountains. There is nothing like adapting yourself to your surroundings. Coming to this country was a great change for me as I was brought up in the largest city in the north of England. I followed the profession of organist for 12 years but a career of that sort was not active enough for me so I got my pennies together and sailed away. I am now amongst the coal mines. I have never tried my hand at ranching so I don't know what it is like. I am 33, widower, 5 feet 8 inches, weigh 170 pounds, dark blue eyes, healthy, temperate but love a smoke and a good book; no encumbrance. Perhaps amongst your readers there is someone who is not afraid to try again. I prefer a widow between 30 and 40. I expect this will find its way into the waste basket anyway. I will look out for it, as this is my first attempt at anything like this. My name you will find with the editor. Wishing your paper continual success,

"Manuel."

Religion is Unnecessary.

Alta., Oct. 21, 1909.

Editor.—Being a reader of your excellent magazine I have lately taken a great interest in the matrimonial letters published therein. I am an indulgent reader of the aforesaid letters and think it a great scheme of bringing into contact and sometimes uniting two hearts which under other circumstances would never have been known. I often, when in a reverie, surmise what a splendid thing it must be for two creatures to be living in harmony; yet here are quite a lot of the male sex out in this great West longing and patiently waiting for a smile from some sweet maid who will make life worth living and a pleasure. The object of this letter is to see whether there is really a chance of getting a friend or perhaps a partner in this civilized world of the twentieth century. Since I became man's age and before I can safely say I never recognized or had the inclination to become enwrapped in cupid. But this last while back since I came west I have thought about it seriously and am at last determined to establish a home, so if there is any young lady thinking of the same prinicple, I should like to open up correspondence with her. Two things I noticed published in several letters belonging to the matrimonial line are the distinction of religion and money. Take the first mentioned, for instance. When God created man and then woman for his companion He never said to them anything regarding religion. Religion is unnecessary. Then this money question is too often connected with that little word love. You cannot buy love. If such is the case it is only phantom and cannot be compared with love that is given when he or she finds their ideal. As for the tobacco habit, I am glad to say I don't indulge in the fragrant weed but that does not make me condemn it for I have known men to find relief in the pipe when all other things have failed absolutely. Should this letter meet approval and be successful in introducing a lady friend, I will hold you in high esteem for playing a prominent part by assisting me to fulfill my aspirations which would never be complete without a wife.

"Fairplay Scot."

Has Fallen in Love with Laughing Water.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 13, 1909.

Editor.—Having been an interested reader of your esteemed paper for a year, I thought I would join the ranks of correspondence of which I am very much interested. There are some pretty good letters in your columns. I like "Laughing Water's" letter in your April number, and would like to correspond with her if she would write first, of if any of the girls under 23 care to write me I would be much pleased to hear from any one and would answer all letters promptly. I am a bachelor and find it a lonely life, so would like to get all the correspondents I can for pastime only. I would not care to correspond with anyone for the sole purpose of matrimony, although I think a happy marriage might result by acquaintance gained through correspondence followed by personal acquaintanceship. The girl I marry must be a

good cook and housekeeper as well as a good musician. My advice to the girls is to learn to be good cooks for I think that one important point to be a good cook and housekeeper, but I do not see it is any benefit to them to learn to dance or to milk cows or feed pigs, etc. I see some of the young men like to get a kind of chore boy of a wife, but to my mind if a woman keeps the housework done she is doing her share, and perhaps more. I am pleased to see that so many of the girls are against tobacco and strong drink, but think they should be firmer against bad language. As I wish to get this letter in print I guess I had better ring off. I belong to the Methodist church and am trying to be a Christian. I am farming at present on a homestead. Now, if any one wishes to learn more of me they should write and I will gladly answer all letters as best I can although I am not an expert at writing. My address will be with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. every success I will sign myself

"Blue Jacket."

Criticizes "Royal Arch Purple."

Viscount, Sask., Oct. 22, 1909.

Editor.—I have just become a subscriber of your most interesting paper although I have been a constant reader for some time back and take a double interest in your correspondence pages.

I would like to say a little about "Royal Arch Purple's" letter dated April 15th. As your heading states, he certainly fancies himself. Now Mr. "Royal Arch Purple," first you say you cannot understand why your first letter was not printed. Well, I guess if you were in a position like our editor and bored nearly to death with a lot of letters from lonely bachelors, lovesick maidens and a small amount of space, I think this would come under your comprehension. Secondly, you state that you will be willing to do your duty provided your wife does hers. Tnen you state you would have one "expound God's name with vigor and without fear." You think one ought to do one's duty towards God in spite of public opinion, and yet his duty towards his wife only nder certain circumstances. Now, my d ar sir, at your age (you say you are 30) you ought to know you cannot do your duty towards God without doing it toward your neighbor. Clashing the two things together, I'm afraid you are just a trifle inconsistent. Thirdly, you say you'll be boss. Did it ever occur to you that there may be some one in this country just a little bit more gifted with common sense than you are? Put yourself in your wife's place and see if you wouldn't like to have a little bit of say. You see, Mr. "Purple," if you start that game your wife's ideas (which you overpower with your, ah! superior knowledge of thin s) never come into action and she will soon lose all interest in your farm, your self and her surroundings and just leke out a miserable sort of life that is no more or less than existence. Now, let me tel' you if there is a boss needed between husband and wife there's "bound to be a row." Surely the old saying "two heads are better than one" still holds true. And besides, my religious friend, your wife, you must remember, is one of God's creatures as much as you ar and has a perfect right to have some say as to how her life is to be run; remember

"And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

Now, lastly, you remark that you wi l always tell anyone to their face what you think of them. Well, I'll admit that's straight forward anyhow, but are you sure you do nct become a nuisance in doing so?

Remember this is a free country (very free) and there are very few with very much concern what your or any one else's individual opinion is. Of course, in a case like this where one writes a letter to a column that invites discussion, one must not feel too bad if the opinions do not meet unanimous approval, but in private life if you don't like the manners or ways of anyone, take the advice of one who would see you improve and leave them alone.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would like you to get me a few correspondents of the fairer sex. By the letters I have read I take it for granted that it is customary to give a description of one's self. Well, I am average height, weight and build, very fair, a bachelor and in fact very average in most things. As regards my looks, well "self-praise is no honor." My nationality can easily be distinguished by my signature. I heartily thank you in anticipation of seeing this in print at an early date and with abundant success to the W. H. M. Hoping too much of your space and time have not been taken up by the ravings of "The Dougal Crater."

Correspondents for Pastime Only.

Edmonton, Alta., Oct. 20, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for nearly a year, though I am not a subscriber (but soon will be) and am very much amused by the correspondence column. The letters are very interesting and so amusing, they catch me just right.

I see it's the custom to describe one's self, so here is mine. I am 5 feet 9 inches in height, fair complexion, dark hair, blue eyes, age 18, weight 152 pounds, and do not use tobacco in any form or indulge in any drink stronger than tea or cocoa. Am fond of sports and girls. Am somewhat musical and can play the piano and two or three other instruments a little. My object in writing is to get up correspondence with some of the jolly girls between 18 and 23 just for pastime. I am strictly out of the matrimonial list, as I intend to wait a few years and take chances. I was interested in "Pin. Tassel" and "Lily of the Valley" letters in the April number and would like to correspond with them if they would write first. Thanking you in advance for the space in your valuable paper and wishing the W. H. M. the success it surely deserves. My address is with the editor.

"Rattle Snake Pete."

A Study in English.

Elbow, Sask., Oct. 29, 1909.

Editor.—I haf bin a constant reeder of de W. M. M. for seferal yeers though not a supscripshun until dis last yeer in order to git your valuable monthly magazine moor regulator. I neffer been riting mit the correspondence column, though I haf aldetimes enjoiment reeding it, as some of de letters are interesting vile others are to. I aldetime like to rite a letter so some of dem loaflie gales vud rite mit me, put I vus so pashful. Put at last I vil put on my dignitude und try und say sonding and if dem gales gif me sum curachment I vil say sonding more. I see sum of dem bois vot rite letters don't like red-heded gales. Vel, gales, I don't kare for dot, for I think that is vare dose bois mis it; if dem bois had to make so much trips in de time of de day vot lucks like a drofe of black cats dey vould pe glat ven dey got somting red mit dem. I del you, bois, you mis it. Vel mape you like no vot I luck like. I vay fife feat und ate einches under ashur von hundred und sefentiate pounts, my ise luck like hazelnuts und my hare is kut vafy und lucks like at nite ven de mune don't shine. I can play de fidel und sing und play de gitar to. I vil shust gif you a shveet refrane vot gose like dis ven I don't forget:

I vish I vus von elefant,
How happy I vud pe,
I vud lock mine shveethart in mine trunk,
Und aldetimes cary de kee.

Is dot not shveet, gales? Now, you may all tink I vus krasy? Vel mape I am, I alvase shleep under von krasy quilt, ven I don't shleep sum uder plases. I vil now gvit riting und saying nuding und lefe de flore for anoder limiticasilom. Vishing de Western Home Monthly every succesful,

"De Duch Warbler."

Thinks Lady Should Swear First.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 15, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the correspondence columns for a long time and some of the letters amuse me very much. Now, girls, I think some of you are a little hard on the boys. I don't see any harm in a boy smoking or chewing but no real gentleman would swear before a lady. Well, I guess some of you will want to know what I'm like. I am 5 feet tall and have dark brown curly hair, violet blue eyes, and am 17 years old; am a store clerk by trade. Now, any one wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the editor and be answered with pleasure. I may add I am not on the matrimonial list, as I think I am a little young yet. I never lived on a farm in my life. I don't think I would like to. Well, I guess I will close now, wishing your paper every success.

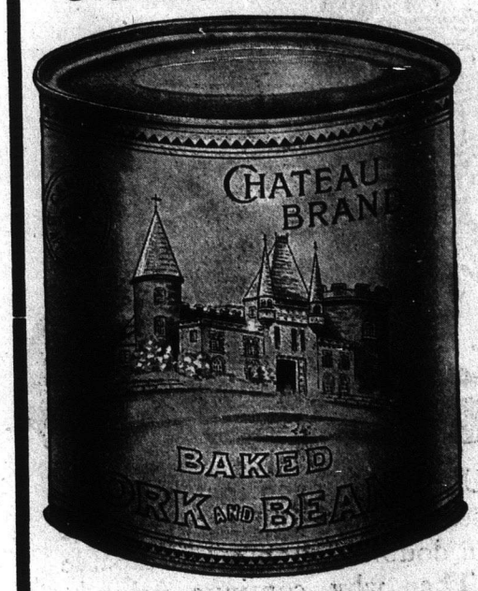
"Kismet."

Another Would-Be Benedict.

Three Hills, Alta., Oct. 12, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a subscriber of your paper for the past three years and prize it very highly. I would like to get some good woman to read it

Clark's Chateau Brand Baked Beans



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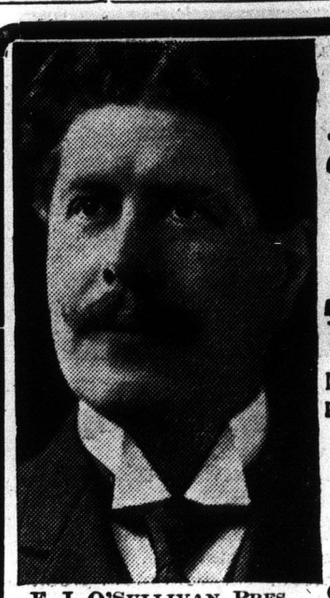

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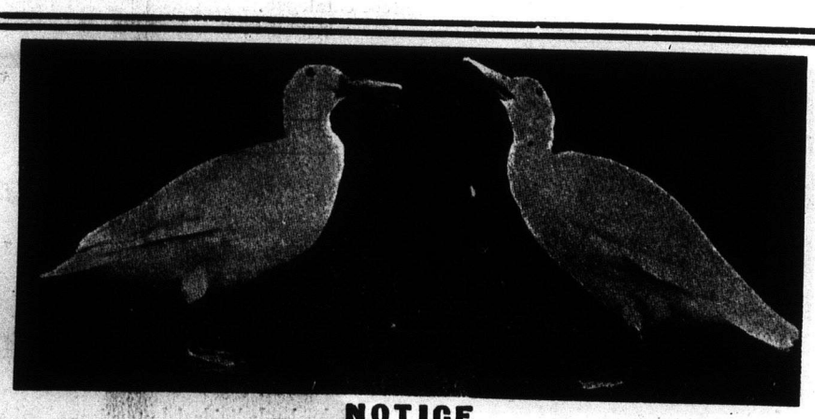

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with me. One who is willing to help make a home for both of us. I have a half section here, a good enough place to stay if one is not too hard to suit, but I want a home and can't make it all alone, so I am looking around to find some good home-loving woman who wants what I want and is willing to help make such a place, and I will lend a hand in the work. I would not lay down any rule to go by nor would I ask her to go into the field to work. It's a home I want and any sensible woman knows what that means. A home is the most sacred spot on earth and when a man unhooks from his plow and the cares of the day he wants a home to go to where sunshine, happiness and contentment reign, where one can talk and laugh and sing. Thanking you in advance for a space in your valuable paper.

"Three Hills."

Easterners are Welcome.

Ontario, Oct. 20, 1909.

Editor.—Do you allow an Eastern Ontario lad to write in your columns along with the jolly crowd to the west of me? If so, I would like to join in with the Westerners now as I expect to be one of them this next fall. Your very excellent and interesting monthly has been coming to the house for several months now, and there is paper more looked forward for than it. I have read some of the letters found in its pages and I owe the pleasure of much spare time to the writers of these letters and to the kindness of the editor in publishing them.

"I don't know why, but I seemed to agree with "California Cowboy Girl" in everything she wrote in her letter published in July number, but especially in that we should not try to give a description of ourselves as we never see ourselves as others see us. But as others describe themselves I will try and give you some idea of my own opinion of myself. I am the man of the hamlet (being the only person living here), I am my own boss and always will be (unless I get married). I am a young man (with an old head), know how to boil water and light a fire. Why do I wan't to get married? Oh, I can't give you a description of myself except that I have light hair parted at the back and pulled down in front; I have the cutest blue eyes, you ought to see them. I'm training them now, they catch nearly every sweet-faced girl's eye. I intend to go to your wild and woolly West this next fall and would like to correspond with some one about the country before I go.

If any of you girls with a sweet smile and coaxing look would like to write to a professional tease, you can get my address from the editor. I will reply to any letters, postcards or photos with much pleasure. Who is that mischievous little honey-bunch that said she'd like to pack her slippers in my trunk? Trusting that this letter will miss the waste basket I will close, kindly asking you to forward the enclosed letter to "California Cowboy Girl."

"A Fusser."

A Lonely Hooligan.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 4, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been taking the W.H.M. for the past 8 months I find it a very interesting magazine. There are a great many interesting stories to read and the correspondence column is one of the most interesting features. As I am a lonely bachelor I find it quite interesting in my spare moments on a long winter evening. I think it a fine way to get acquainted with other parts of Canada and that the young people write interesting letters. After I began to get the W.H.M. I got some of the back numbers from a friend and I saw some letters that were all right. "Dotty Dimples for one and "Daisy Bell" from Beaver Lake for another. I would be pleased to correspond with a few young ladies. Please forward enclosed letter to "Tris" in July number. Wishing the W. H. M. every success; my address will be with the editor

"Happy Hooligan."

Another Eastern Lassie.

Ontario, Oct. 12, 1909.

Editor.—Being a reader of your valuable magazine I thought I would write and ask permission to join the correspondence columns as I enjoy reading it very much. I must be in fashion so I will try and describe myself. I am 17 years of age, 5 feet 1 inch tall, fair with light hair and blue eyes. Now, if any of the young ladies or gentlemen care to correspond or exchange postcards with me I would be pleased to answer all letters or postcards. My address is with the editor. I would like to correspond with some nice young gentleman about my own age. "Pretty Little Indian Napanee."

From a Married Lady.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 18, 1909.

Editor.—I have long been an interested reader of your correspondence columns and think for a lonely person like myself that it is a good way to pass the time by corresponding and getting acquainted with those whom we are not likely to meet in an ordinary way. I don't know if it is the usual thing for a married woman to write, but I live in such a lonely spot I should think it a great favor to have a few of the boys and girls write to me. I would also exchange postcards with anyone as I am fond of collecting pretty cards. I have been married quite a long while and am very happy. I came out from England four years ago and like this country rather well. I have one little boy four years old; he is great company when my husband is away from home all day. Now, girls, don't be too hard on the fellows if you get the right one. I am sure you will not object to him smoking and as long as he does not abuse the liquor, a little will not hurt once in awhile. I do not think a man who has any respect for himself or a woman would use profane language in front of a lady. Chewing tobacco is a very dirty habit, but not much worse than chewing gum. I am fond of music and dancing and can sing to amuse myself, and others too sometimes. I like all outdoor sports as I think they are healthy. I am medium height, fair complexion and blue eyes; not yet 30 years old but past 20. This being my first attempt at writing to your columns I hope it will escape the waste basket. If so, anyone who wishes to learn more about me will find my address with the editor.

"Not a Merry Widow."

Bright Alfretta Writes from the East.

Granton, Oct. 17, 1909.

I have been an interested reader of your delightful magazine for some time and especially enjoy the correspondence columns. I have been thinking of writing for some time but am very shy but am making a trial this evening.

As it is customary to give a description of one's self, here is mine. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, blue eyes and brown hair and am in my teens. I live on a farm and like it very well but I think I will go to business college. I can milk, drive horses and ride them. I am very fond of outdoor sports. I can play the organ and piano and can also sing. I despise anyone who drinks and do not like tobacco chewers, but do not mind smokers. I think it would be nice corresponding with the Western boys and girls and would be glad to hear fro any of them, especially "A Prairie Kid" in August number and "A Lone Star" in March number. My address is with the editor.

"Bright Alfretta."

Agrees with California Cowboy Girl.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 27, 1909.

Editor.—For the past two years I have greatly enjoyed reading the W. H. M. for which I subscribed some three months ago. By no means are the correspondence columns the only interesting part of your valuable paper and there is no part or it that is not well worth reading. Of course, the correspondence is lots of fun and some of the letters are very sensible and interesting. I think "Ivanhoe," "Rugby," and 'Saskatoon Turnip," all of the July number, wrote fine letters. The girls are getting more sensible, too, and some of them write jolly letters. Say, boys, what's the matter with "California Cowboy Girl?" I'll bet she's aces, all right. What does it matter what color her eyes are, how short or tall she is, etc.? These are mere trifles. What is talent, beauty, wit or grace compared with purity, truth and love? These former little details may count for a while, but how long will they last? There are dozens of far more important things that most of us are very apt to entirely overlook. Perhaps I am mistaken, as my experience with the fair sex has been somewhat limited. Of course, we must not be too hard to please. Most of the girls are all right, and that's pretty good.

I am a bachelor, although I have only had one year's experience which is, in my estimation, quite sufficient. I am 23 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 140 pounds. Of course, my hair is curly, my eyes are blue. I never drink, smoke, swear or chew; in fact, I never do anything I don't have to do except sleep. I never would, never under any circumstances, speak an unkind word to a lady. I might also add that I was born in (what is now) Saskatchewan. Still I am not an Indian, or even a halfbreed. Now, I must close, hoping you will not think this too lengthy to publish, Mr. Editor. Best wishes to the W. H. M. nd readers.

"Assiniboia."

A Lonely Scot.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 17, 1909.

Editor.—Being a subscriber, I would like your aid in finding some lady correspondents. I appreciate your correspondence as a pastime, also as a means to an end. Would like lady correspondents between the ages of 20 and 30 years, of good character, healthy, cheerful disposition, and if by chance they can play the organ and sing a little so much the better. As to myself, I am a Scot, 30 years old, healthy and robust, mechanic by trade and have travelled a deal by sea but am now farming here and likely to make a success of it. I will glady answer all correspondence promptly and to the best of my ability. Hoping to see this in print, I thank you in anticipation. "Auld Reekie."

Who Wants to be An Old Man's Darling?

Alberta, Oct. 10, 1909.

Editor.—We have taken the W. H. M. for about fifteen years and I have always been a faithful reader of it, especially the correspondence page, and for the first time will make an attempt to write. I am a farmer and am worth my weight in gold over and over. I am 6 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 168 pounds and am 68 years old, and have grey eyes and light hair, which I keep closely cropped. My nose is slightly crooked which was done by an accident but doesn't spoil by looks much. I wear no whiskers or mustache on my face except a goatee. My hands and feet are not too small by any means. I have gloves and shoes made to order. One of my legs is shorter than the other but can not be noticed I would like to correspond with some young, beautiful lady, as I believe in a lady being an old man's darling rather than a young man's slave. "California Cowboy Girl" is one whom I should like to correspond with if she will write first. No girl that I get will have to do any chores out of doors and not much work in the house as I have many servants. If any girl wishes to write she will find my name and address with the editor. Wishing your paper every success and that my letter will be in print,

"Shorty Doolittle."

Another Point of View.

Three Hills, Alta., Oct. 20, 1909.

Editor.—I wrote to the correspondence columns of your valuable paper some time ago but as I am much interested in it and take great pleasure in reading the any different letters, I thought I would write again. I am suprised to see how many children, little boys and girls, are reading these columns and asking for correspondence and some of these little girls go so far as to ask certain boys to correspond with them and no doubt but some of this childish correspondence will act as a magnet on their tender minds in such a way that will sooner or later bring these youthful writers together and a premature and an unhappy union will result and they are made to feel the responsibility of this double life when they should be still under the careful training of their teacher or parents. While I would not censure these boys and girls (for it would do no good), I think the parents are to blame and they should be admonished to pay at least as much attention to their children's doings as they do to their heards and flocks, and they would profit far more thereby. I like these correspondence columns, and for those of the proper age it's all right here in the West, for it's the young and middle aged men who come to this far west and they come alone, preferring to endure the hardships alone and to forge out a home for themselves, not dreaming of the hardships they will have to undergo. But they are here, and if they were not of the right stuff they would not be here for it is only the industrious who try to better themselves, so they keep working away and by and by they have their shack and barns up and a goodly mount of their land in crop, and the stock begins to increase around them and ere they know it they are pretty well situated, and it's then they begin to think of having someone to finish up the work they have begun. But how are they going to get it? They can till the soil, raise the stock and build the barns and house, but they cannot make the home. And the women are not here and they won't be here until the railroads and towns come along and they don't want to wait, so their only star is the W. H. M. and its correspondence column, which has been so kindly and graciously offered them and in which they will find all ages and colors, shapes and sizes, dispositions and culture. Bright minds and slow minds, willing hands and lazy hands, loving hearts and cold hearts, home makers and home destroyhearts, home makers and home destroyers, and with all this great concourse of the feminine army before them I venture to say that if they will write a letter to one of these fair ones and put therein the fullness of the love of their hearts that cupid will find a place to drive his arrow that will bear fruit to the mutual good of both just as surely as if they both had met in the drawing room and been introduced by that greatest of all hosts, the matchmaker, or had met sliding down the stairs just as we used to do years ago. So, Mr. Editor, I enclose herein a request for correspondence with some lady whose age is 40 years or under who would like to share my home on a farm. My address is with the editor. "St. Nick."

Dude is not Good Looking.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 2nd, 1909.

Sir:—Your paper is a monthly visitor at our house, and there is always a rush and scramble between my chum and I to see who will get the paper first. I am another who agress with a Guest, when he says that one can get a spiritual physical and moral idea of a person from his letters. Now I think some of the letters are beneficial. For does it not widen out your mind to think of somebody eles's ideas. Then again some of the girls and boys seem to write with the one idea and that of matrimony. How can anybody think of getting married through correspondence only, is more than I can imagine. Do not judge too harshly of me, for I'm not really "an old maid," but one of the poor school ma'ams. I am about five feet and eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds. Have dark wavy hair, and blue eyes. I am decidedly not good looking. I am between the ages of 10 and 20. Well as this is my first letter I will not make it too long. Wishing the Editor every success.

"Dude."

P.S.—My address is with the Editor.

Hits the Nail on the Head.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 2nd, 1909.

Sir:—As I am very much interested in the letters of the W.H.M. I though I would write. I think some letters are very sensible, while others are extremely foolish. I do not believe in writing to young men with a view to matrimony, but would correspond for fun. Those fellows who write and say they are so handsome and good. "Do not smoke, chew or drink." Now I believe that they are the very worst kind. I'm not looking for an angel. in fact I'm not looking for one at all at the present time. I'm a farmer's daughter and live on the farm. There are a number of bachelors around here "such as they are." You can always tell a bachelor by looking at him for they all look like "hard tack and coffee." I am five feet three inches in heigh, weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds. Have fair hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes. They all tell me I'm cute looking and I'm just as cute as I look. I hope I have not taken up too much room of your valuable paper, and that this will escape the dreaded waste paper basket. Best wishes to the Editor and success to the W.HM.. Anybody wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the Editor.

"Cutie."

Bluenose No 2.

Alberta, Nov. 23rd 1909.

Sir:—Will you kindly allow me a short space in your correspondence column? I am a subscriber to your paper and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence column. I suppose I should follow the crowd and give a description of myself. I am 17 year old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, have dark hair. With regards to my looks I have not formed an opinion of them yet. but I might say I would pass in a crowd providing there be a "push" behind. I noticed a letter in one of the back numbers signed "Nova Scotian." I also am a "Bluenose" but have been in "Sunny Alberta" two years and much prefer it to the East. I would be pleased to hear from any of the readers of either sex, should anyone wish to correspond with me they will find my address with the Editor. And now Mr. Editor I will not impose further on your time and good nature but before closing will ask you to be so kind as to forward the enclosed letter to "Rollicking Rolly." (July number). Wishing you and your valuable paper every success.

"A Bluenose."

A Good Young Man.

Ontario, Nov. 23rd 1909.

Sir:—I have been a subscriber to the W. H.M. for some time and think it is fine. The letters in the correspondence columns are very interesting. As the rest give a description of themselves I will do the same. I am five feet eight inches tall, have dark hair and brown eyes. I am very fond of music. Anyone who likes to write to me will find my address with the Editor. Wishing the paper every success. I will bid you good-bye. "A Woodsman."

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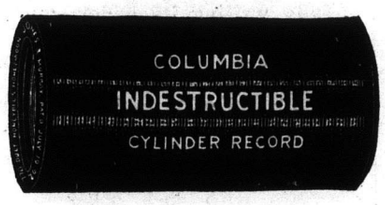

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Cecil Rhodes and his Scholars as Factors in International Conciliation.

By F. WYLIE JONES, Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees.

Cecil Rhodes was still a young man—not more than 24—when, in a paper of which Mr. Stead has given us the substance in his little book "The Last Will and Testament of Cecil J. Rhodes," he attempted to formulate the ideal which should govern his life.

"Service of my country," "betterment of the human race," "furtherance of the British Empire," "the end of all wars"—these are some of the phrases that catch the eye in this early document.

And in a Will which he drafted about the same time, and of which also Mr. Stead has given us some account, we find the same note—"extension of British rule," "restoration of Anglo-Saxon unity," "the foundation of so great a Power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity."

These are the ideals for which, while little more than an undergraduate, Cecil Rhodes had determined that he would live and work: and they do not differ in essentials from the ideals which speak to us from the documents which, much later in life, his maturer soul found expression, the Will which established the Scholarships. A difference there is; but not one that touches the fundamental spirit of the thing. Something of the local character has disappeared: a larger experience has modified the predominantly British tone of the first expression: but in essence the ideal remains the same—the good of his country and the good of humanity.

It was characteristic of his genius, and is some explanation of his career, that the two should present themselves to him as no more than different aspects of the same ideal. For his was essentially a concrete mind. Dreamer in a sense he was: for he possessed in rare abundance the imaginative stuff of which poets, discoverers, philosophers are made. But behind his dreaming, or within it, moved the force which turns men's dreaming into action. We may call that, if we will, a quality of character rather than of mind. But we know in the end that these distinctions are provisional only, and academic, and that, in the chemistry of the living soul, mind and character somehow fuse, and make an individual. And of Cecil Rhodes' personality it is no contradiction, but the barest truth, to say that it was at once imaginative and practical: and that in consequence his thinking, however wide in reach, remained to the last concrete. There have been philosophies which have taught, in one form or another, that the more immediate good bars the way to the more ultimate—that the part is the worst enemy of the whole. But so abstract and timid a philisophy was little congenial to the mind of Cecil Rhodes. For him there was no whole except in the parts, and no ideal which did not realize itself in something near and personal.

If we apply this to our present interest, we may certainly say that for him Internationalism was not an ideal to be reached through the denial of Nationalism. "Pro patria per orbis concordiam." It is a notable and a pregnant motto that the Association for promoting International Conciliation has chosen: it is one, moreover, within which the thought of Cecil Rhodes would have moved freely. Only, he would, I think, have insisted that we must be clear as to its emphasis and significance; that we must not interpret it as suggesting that the true nationalism is internationalism: he would have insisted that the approach must be the other way, through the nation to the brotherhood of man: ita pro patria ut pro orbis concordia. In his mind the service of humanity and the service of country ran together as a comon fount or inspiration, and we should be untrue to his thoughts if we attempted to divide them. They are the two forms under which at different moments, or rather from different angles, he envisaged, with quite remarkable consistency, the thing most worth living for, the end of his own personal endeavor.

And he had a very definite and characteristic conception of the means through which he could best further this end. He would do what lay in his power to extend the area within which a special type of character prevailed. Character was to be the instrument; for character determines the way in which men approach the problems of society and government, and in the end dictates the solution at which they arrive.

And, inevitably, the type of character which he wished to perpetuate was the type he knew as British—or rather, as he later came to think of it, as Anglo-Saxon. For that type stood, in his belief, for the principles upon which the well-being of nations depends, the principles of justice, liberty, and peace.

Yes, Peace. Not only does the document in which, as early as 1877, he outlined his ideal, connect the extension of British rule with "the end of all wars," but the Will of the same year, to which I have already alluded, gives the supreme object to which he would desire his wealth to be devoted as "the foundation of so great a Power as to hereafter render wars impossible." And to this end he suggests the formation of a secret society after the Jesuit model, co-extensive with the British Empire, preaching imperial ideas, and effecting its objects through the control of education.

Fourteen years later, in 1891, he sent to Mr. Stead a letter in which he formulates, roughly but unmistakably, what we may well call his creed. The centre of that creed is once more a secret society, and the sum and end of it all is the peace of the world, with a single language universal and triumphant.

Eight years later he drew up his last Will, the Will which founds the Scholarships.

The main provisions of that Will are so well known that I need not here do more than briefly recapitulate them. The bulk of his wealth Mr. Rhodes left to seven trustees, directing them to establish scholarships, tenable for three years, at the University of Oxford, for which should be eligible:

(1) Colonists from different parts of the British Empire.

(2) Students from the United States of America.

(3) Germans.

Colonists are to be brought to Oxford "for instilling into their minds the advantage to the Colonies as well as to the United Kingdom of the retention of the unity of the Empire." Americans are to be included in the scheme in order "to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, and to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, and to encourage in the students of the United States of North America who will benefit from the scholarships ..... an attachment to the country from which they have sprung, but without, I hope, withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth." And, finally, fifteen scholarships are assigned, by codicil, to Germany, because "an understanding between the three great powers will render war impossible, and educational relations are the strongest ties."

If we compare this Will with the documents in which Mr. Rhodes gave earlier expression to his beliefs and aspirations, we readily feel that his thought has grown and expanded, even while remaining at bottom the same. It has not altered in fundamentals, for the same ideals are there, dominating the whole; peace triumphant over war; education making for the union of the peoples; international sympathy developing, not in spite of, but through, national loyalty. But the form which the ideal takes has undergone some change. In the first place, it is now less a question of "British rule" than of "Anglo-Saxon union." The ideal now is one of confederation, not of "absorption within the British Empire." In the second place, Germany for the first time comes within the scheme. The occasion for this addition may have been accidental, the recognition, so he tells us in the codicil, of English as a compulsory subject in the German schools; but the real cause must be looked for in something deeper, in some underlying sense of the ultimate affinities of the German-speaking and the English-speaking peoples—of a common, or at least of a similar, ideal working itself out in in the character and history of the three great branches of the Teutonic family.

It may be that Germany never entered so completely into the heart of Mr. Rhodes' dream as did the United States of America: that his dream remained, as a dream, essentially Anglo-Saxon in character. But dreams have in the end to compromise with facts; and Mr. Rhodes at grip with facts, came, apparently, to feel that the destiny of the German race was sufficiently allied to that of the English-speaking peoples to make co-operation between the two for a common end a genuine possibility. Perhaps also he may have come to regard his original vision of the world dominated by one people and attaining to peace in that way, as, if not fanciful, at least remote; to remind himself that it might be worth while to do something in the meantime to forward the great ideal of justice, liberty and peace, by promoting the co-operation of peoples the similarity of whose history, traditions and ideals might justify the experiment.

And if the extension of the scholarships to Germany sacrificed something of his original dream, the sacrifice brings its own compensation. For it plants the scheme more broadly on the roots of things; it brings us one stage nearer recognition of the fact that the peace of the world is destined to come not sooner merely, but more wholesomely even, and more irrevocably, through the concerted action of different peoples, whose differences have been merged in a common hunger for justice and peace, than through the predominance in the world of any one Power. It may be that the fifteen German scholarships make no great show beside the ninety-six American and sixty (or, as they now are, seventy-eight) Colonial. But they have, I think, a significance of their own, of which number is no measure.

So much for the ideals and aspirations of Cecil Rhodes, as they shaped themselves in his brain, and developed, and came in the end to express themselves in the establishment of the scholarships. He must be cold whose blood moves no faster for the splendour of this idea.

I turn to Cecil Rhodes' scholars, to that body of men through whom his ideals to secure to themselves a place and an influence in the world. Who so obvious as they to preach the gospel of international conciliation? It might almost be said that a scholar whose spirit does not answer to the call of the motto "Pro patria pro orbis concordiam" is a failure for Cecil Rhodes: a failure for his idealism, and for the efforts which he has very visibly made to translate that idealism into the language of practical life. This does not mean, of course, that a Rhodes Scholar commits himself to any particular belief or doctrine. Election to a scholarship is not initiation into a society admission to which is conditional on the profession of a certain creed. All that Mr. Rhodes demands is that in the selection of his scholars weight be attached to such qualities of mind and character as are likely, in his view, when brought under appropriate influences, to develop a special attitude towards life, in particular a special attitude with regard to social service and the mutual relations of peoples.

But the influence of circumstances on disposition, however ultimately inevitable, is yet not for us calculable beyond the chance of disappointment: and it may be that, in one case or another, the direct contact with the life and thought of other peoples, of which these scholarships are the opportunity, will not issue in widened sympathies, will not generate a zeal for the service of man, will not bring any nearer to us the peace of nations. Well, we can do no more in that case than record a failure—a failure, that is, of Mr. Rhodes' idea, and of the influences upon which he relied. For a Rhodes scholar who is not willing, on his way through the world, to do his share in the work of reconciling devotion to country with loyalty to the cause of peace is in one sense untrue to the Rhodes ideal: untrue, that is, not in the sense that he is false to any professions of his own—for he has made none—but in the sense, simply, that he was meant (may we not say?), in the great hope of Mr. Rhodes, to grow to a certain attitude or outlook on things, and has not done so.

We have seen that it was an idea constantly present to Mr. Rhodes that he might found a society copied from the Society of Jesus—"a secret society," he writes in 1891, "gradually absorbing the wealth of the world, to be devoted to this object," viz.: "to securing the peace of the world for all eternity." His idea may not have been destined to realize itself in just the form of which he dreamed. That after all is a small matter. The bigger a man's idea, the less can he tell what time may make of it. That is the penalty he must pay for the privilege of giving birth to something which has life in it.

But it may well be that in the process of the years the Rhodes society shall yet appear: not, in the event, as a secret society, nor composed of millionaires, nor expressing itself necessarily in any definite organization, but for all that a very real and living "society," a fellowship of men who have a common experience and are inspired by a common hope, of men who in partaking of the Rhodes benefaction have entered also into the inheritance of the Rhodes ideals; a fellowship, in one word, of his Scholars.

It is pertinent to ask how Mr. Rhodes hoped to produce through the scholarships the results at which he aimed. Well: that is all part of the idealism of the man, part of his gorgeous optimism. In the hasty judgment of the world, ignorant of much which could only become matter of public knowledge after his death, Mr. Rhodes' name stood for cynicism, perhaps for materialism. Those who knew the real man protested, for the most part in vain, that no judgment could more cruelly misjudge: and history is already writing its endorsement of the judgment of his friends.

Assuredly, no cynic ever took his dreams as seriously as Cecil Rhodes took his. Nor would cynicism ever have suggested to him that in bringing together in Oxford year after year some 200 young men, that they might associate with each other and with others of their kind, and be brought within the reach of certain influences and traditions, he was putting his hand to a work that should contribute to the peace and happiness of the world. Yet that is, in all literalness, what Cecil Rhodes believed, with a simplicity of conviction which might have been comic if it had not succeeded in

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being magnificent. He believed that it is in the long run ignorance alone that divides: that knowledge undermines race prejudice, and weakens, if it cannot wholly dissipate, the hatred of nations. And it is just of mutual knowledge that a Rhodes scholarship is the almost unique opportunity. It gives a man, at an important moment of his life, three years of contact with new institutions, new types of character, new ways of looking at things. It gives him, quite apart from the time he spends at Oxford, opportunities of learning something of the literature and the life of European peoples; or perhaps, not to be immodest in our pretensions, we had better say, of some one European people. It gives him, indeed, more than that. For it is the opportunity at once of travel and of something more. Travel is much in education, but not the whole. And certainly from the point of view of the sympathetic understanding of our neighbors, the knowledge which travel gives is at the best incomplete. Illuminating it may be, but its light is still upon the surface. We need to supplement it with something more intimate and penetrating; something which only friendship can give. Travel widens the outlook and brushes away the insularity that blurs the vision of so many, even of those whose homes are not on islands; but its work is preparatory and cathartic; and when prejudices are cleared away, it still remains for insight and understanding to come in and occupy their place. But the surest way to insight , perhaps even the only sure way, is through friendships. And a Rhodes Scholar who spends three years in the rare intimacy which Oxford College life encourages can hardly fail to form just such friendships—friendships that count because they open the way to understanding.

It will indeed be strangely disappointing if a Rhodes scholarship does not make at least for sanity of judgment and breadth of sympathy.

We have heard something of the risk of "denationalizing" a college boy by sending him for three years to Europe. Now a Rhodes Scholarship, like other good things, admits of abuse; carries, in that sense, its own risks. But the particular risk suggested, viz.: that a man may find himself on his return unfitted for taking his place promptly and effectively in the life for which he has nominally been preparing, is, surely, so small that we can afford to disregard it. It may be an argument against sending to Oxford a man who has had no experience of college life at home. But if men are selected for the scholarships who have already found their manhood, and realized their citizenship, in their own country, the experience they gain elsewhere should fall into place, and, so far from disturbing them, should only fit them the better for efficient membership of the society within which their life's work lies.

It has seemed natural here to speak mainly of what the Rhodes Scholar may get from his scholarship. But that is far from being the only side to it. He gives as well as gets. The influence, however, of individuals upon the tone of a society is as subtle as it is leisurely; and there is so much of hazard in any premature attempt to connect results with conditions that one shrinks from dogmatism. I will therefore content myself with saying that I believe the great majority of those who know the younger Oxford of today would agree, both that it has become in these recent years more catholic in its sympathies and broader in its outlook, and that the contribution of the Rhodes Scholars to that result has been material if unobtrusive. This aspect of the question, however, is away from my present purpose, which has been partly to ascertain whether the principles of international conciliation are at one with the ideas which inspired Mr. Rhodes, and partly to consider how far the actual conditions under which the Rhodes scholarships are held justify us in hoping that those who may have enjoyed them will be among the men whose lives are found, in the issue, to have done something, however modest, for the advancement of the cause of Justice and Peace in the world.

For my own part—if I may be allowed to close with a personal expression of belief—the consideration of these questions leaves me with the conviction that always among the forces making for the harmony of peoples ought to be found, and will be found, the Cecil Rhodes Foundation.

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PROBLEM IN BEHAVIOR.

The problem for this month is as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, age 50 and 48, live on a farm of 160 acres. They owe $1,000 on a mortgage. They are in need of farm implements to the extent of $250. With hard work they manage to save $500 a year. They have two girls age 12 and 14, both fond of music. Should they spend part of their earnings in providing music lessons for their children? This would of course necessitate the purchase of an organ.—Proposed by Mrs. Clow, Erin.

NOVEMBER PROBLEM.

The November problem brought a great many solutions and it was difficult to award the prize. However, the editor has awarded the palm to Miss Mary L. Stevens, 370 Slater Street, Ottawa. Both question and answers are given below:

Question.

Mrs. Hall hears on Wednesday that an acquaintance of hers, Miss Brown, is to be married the next day, Thursday. She sends her a few lines of good wishes to reach her on her wedding day. On Thursday morning Mrs. Hall receives a note from Miss Brown saying that even although she is exceedingly busy, she must write and thank her for the lovely present, which is just what she wanted, and which she has not got. Mrs. Hall has sent no present, and did not intend doing so. What should Mrs. Hall do.

Answer.

This is certainly a very embarrassing situation for both Mrs. Hall and Miss Brown. If Miss Brown has received a gift which she believes came from Mrs. Hall, then is Mrs. Hall in duty bound to the donor of the present and also to herself to put Miss Brown right in the matter. Miss Brown being but an acquaintance it would not be well for Mrs. Hall to exceed the demands of etiquette by sending a present even though she may feel forced to do so by circumstances or coercion. Mrs. Hall should seek a personal interview if possible, and if not, she should write a kind, straightforward letter, advising her of the mistake and expressing her very best wishes. Such conduct would display honesty to herself, to the sender of the present, and to Miss Brown. If Miss Brown does not appreciate such action and feels hurt, then

No grief should throb the heart,
No tears be shed.
For friendship that is bought
'Twere better dead.

Other good answers are as follows:—

1.—Mrs. Hall should send Miss Brown a small present, with a note of explanation, otherwise, her conscience will never rest easy. Miss Brown has probably made the mistake of confusing someone's present, thinking it was sent by Mrs. Hall, a natural result of the "topsy-turvy" state of affairs owing to preparations for her marriage. Another explanation might be—that Miss Brown thinks more highly of a few lines of kindly wishes than an expensive present, carelessly sent, more as a duty to be got rid of, than from any real feeling of esteem or affection for a bride.

2.—"Mrs. Hall should write at once to Miss Brown to say that she sent a note of good wishes, but did not send any gift. She should express a hope that Miss Brown has already identified the giver, and should conclude a friendly note by a renewed expression of good wishes."

3.—"Mrs. Hall, having done all she intended, should take no further action in the matter. On receipt of her note on Thursday morning, Miss Brown would most likely find that she had made a stupid mistake—pardonable, perhaps, on the ground of excitement; but for either party to make any attempts at explanation would only be to render confusion worse confounded."

4.—"Mrs. Hall should take an early opportunity of calling on her friend (formerly Miss Brown) after she is settled in her own house, and then she should explain pleasantly that Miss Brown had been giving thanks where thanks were not due, and ask her if she has discovered the real donor of the beautiful gift."

5.—It seems to me that if Mrs. Hall wishes to cultivate the friendship of Miss Brown and spare her feelings, she is "stuck" for a present. But how to send it and smooth out the affair, that is the question. Perhaps the present accompanied by the following letter would clear up the atmosphere and make everybody happy.

My Dear Miss Brown:—

You will understand how surprised I was to receive your letter of thanks when I inform you that I did not send the present to which you referred.

You have evidently mistaken some other gift for mine. Although I have a gift ready for you I did not intend to send it before your return from your honeymoon. As this is the day on which you cease to be "Miss Brown" my present, which accompanies this letter, will be waiting for you on your return. I only hope, Miss Brown, that you will appreciate it as much as the one in mistake, for it carries with it my sincere regards and very best wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. Hall.

A RUNNING RECORD.

Give world's record for a running horse. J. H. Tolman, Alta.

Held by Caimon. Time 1.33 1-5—England.

A FRECKLE CURE.

I have heard that Othine—double strength—2½ oz. will remove freckles. Please tell me how to make it into a cold cream, if it will not be injurious to the skin.

N. C., Winnipeg.

There is no drug or mixture of this name usually held by druggists. It is evidently some American patent composition. Therefore beware!

MISS OR MADAM.

Should I begin a business letter to an unmarried woman with "Dear Miss"? or is "Dear Madam" correct for either a married or single woman?

"Dear Madam" is correct, whether the woman addressed be married or single. "Dear Miss" is not in good taste unless the name follows,—as, "Dear Miss Smith."

DISINFECTING BOOKS.

Two handsome books were accidentally left in the room where one of my children was ill with scarlet fever. Must they be destroyed if there is any way of disinfecting them?—Worried Mother.

If you have an atomizer half fill it with a forty per cent. solution of formaldehyde. Stand the books upright on the end wide open with the leaves separated as much as possible, and spray thoroughly with formaldehyde. If the binding is very delicate and likely to be injured by the moisture procure a tight tin box, large enough to hold the book and a saucer filled with the formaldehyde. Stand the book upright as described and close the box, leaving it for an hour at least. It is said that one cubic centimetre of formaldehyde to three hundred cubic centimetres of space will thoroughly disinfect any book in fifteen minutes. The best advice of all, however, is to destroy the books.

ANSWERS WANTED.

Which of our readers can furnish the following to correspondents?

(a) The Poem—"Pat McCarty's Dance."

(b) The poem and music beginning with the words "They tell me papa, that to-night, you wed another bride."

BRIDGE LENGTHS.

Kindly give length of Victorian Bridge, at Montreal, and C. P. R. Bridge at Lethbridge.—W. F., Cowley, Alta.

Length of Victorian Bridge at Montreal is just a fraction under one and a half miles from shore to shore. C.P.R. Bridge, Lethbridge, is 1 mile 47 feet.

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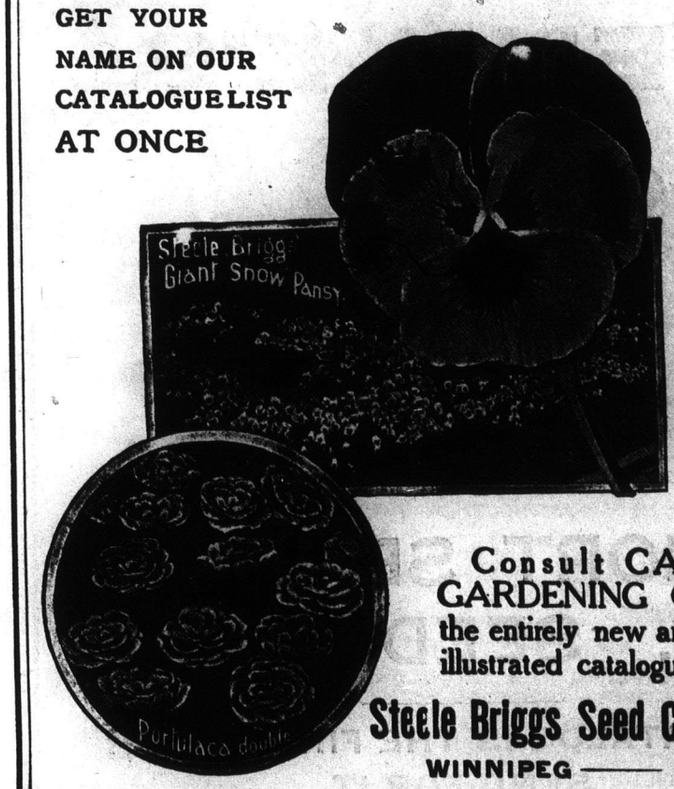

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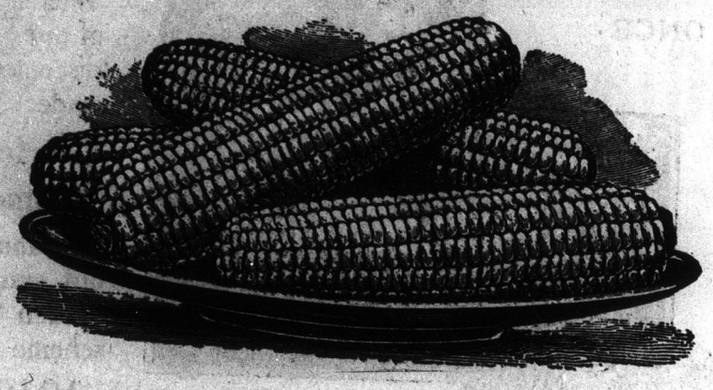

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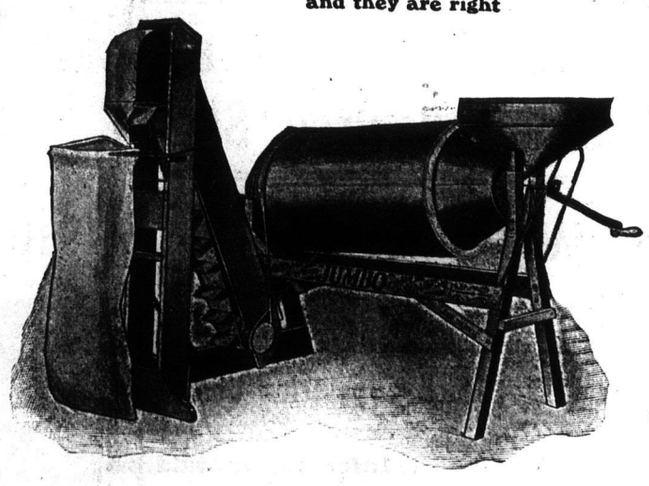

Capacity 100 Bushels per hour.

Sold on an absolute guarantee.

This cut shows The "Jumbo" with Bagger Attachment

DON'T BUY any kind of a grain cleaner until you know and understand the "JUMBO" WAY.

Write to-day for catalogue with illustrations and explanatory literature.

The Beeman Mfg. Co., Ltd. 217 Nanton Block Winnipeg Man.

In the Business World.

We are informed that the three winners of the shorthand contest recently held at the Business Exhibition at Olympia, each writing 220 words a minute, are all users of the "Swan" fountain pen.

The Perfect Manufacturing Co., of Guelph, Ont., are introducing to the Western Home Monthly, their Perfect Vacuum Cleaner, in this issue, and its claims for superiority seem to be exceptionally well supported. It is already in extensive use and gaining much popularity all over.

The Perfect Vacuum Cleaner does just as efficient and thorough work as the most expensive vacuum cleaner made. It cleans carpets, rugs, floor coverings of all kinds, upholstered furniture, bedding; inaccessible places such as corners, cracks etc., and removes dirt and dust in one operation. The dirt is drawn up and retained in a bag in the machine, to be disposed of later in the furnace or elsewhere. Housewives everywhere have stated their liking for this cleaner and say they would not be without it and in many cases have expressed their preference for the Perfect over larger and more expensive machines. It can be operated by hand, water or electric power. It is simplicity itself. There is nothing about it to get out of order. It is a Canadian manufacture.

A FASCINATING HORSE STORY.

Prof. James Beery, of Pleasant Hill, Ohio, renowned as the world's master horseman, is issuing a very interesting book entitled, "The Story of Kate and Queen."

This story is written as though told by the horses themselves and rivals the famous book, "Black Beauty," which many of our readers have doubtless read. The story deals with the life history of two horses—one of which became an outlaw and the other the family driver. The book is full of interest and explains why some horses develop into man-killers and others into gentle, tractable animals.

The retail price of this book is 50c. But we have arranged with the publisher to send a copy free to every reader of this paper. If you will write Mr. Beery direct, at Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and tell him you are a subscriber of this paper, and send two 2c. stamps, to pay cost of postage and packing, Mr. Beery will be glad to send you the book by return mail without extra charge.

MANITOBA WINTER FAIR.

One of the features of the Manitoba Winter Fair and Fat Stock Show which accounts for a great deal of the interest with which it is regarded by the farmers of the Western province is the relation which it bears to the fat stock industries of the three prairie provinces.

Hardly a meeting of any farmers' organization takes place these days without a discussion of this all important subject taking place. Strong charges have been made against the powers who are supposed to control the beef industry in Winnipeg, with what amount of justice it is not within our province to discuss, but one thing is certain and that is that a good deal has yet to be learned in Manitoba and Saskatchewan about the feeding of cattle for export purposes and there is no more valuable medium by which this can be effected than by the Manitoba Winter Fair. The last fair was the means of introducing an exhibit of prime fat cattle which was an education in itself and there is every ndication that there will be a much larger exhibit at the fair which takes place in Brandon March 5th to 11th. Elaborate preparations are being made to house a record number of entries and in anticipation of a big crowd of people special arrangements will be made to make their stay in the city during the week of the fair comfortable. An orchestra will be in attendance each night of the show and special stock parades and competitions of different kinds will be provided each evening.

Prize list and information will be given upon application to Charles Fraser, secretary, Brandon.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CONDENSED MILK.

The Truro Brands Rank Highest by Government Report.

The convenience and economy of condensed milk and cream are so generally recognized, that it seems superfluous to mention the uses to which these kitchen neccessities are daily put.

When it comes to buying a can of condensed milk or cream, however, the housewife is often perplexed to know which brand is the purest and richest. The opinion of the government experts, whose duty it is to analyze the various brands on the Canadian market, is perhaps the best authority because it is unbiased.

In the Inland Revenue Bulletin No. 144, published by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, first place is given to "Reindeer" condensed milk and "Jersey" sterilized cream. This means, that these brands rank highest in richness and quality. The Truro Condensed Milk Co., Limited, have always made quality their first and only consideration. Special attention is given to the physical condition of the cows—the pastures and water supply, the cleanliness of the stables, the milking, the way the milk is cooled, how it is transported to the factories, and the various processes necessary to convert the raw milk into "Reindeer" condensed milk and "Jersey" sterilized cream.

For more than 25 years the Truro brands have maintained their uniform purity and richness. Those of our readers who use condensed milk and cream, will do well to insist on having "Reindeer" and "Jersey" brands which the government analyst has pronounced the best.

THE FARMER'S REAL FRIEND.

Is it Samuel L. Allen who makes those wonderful farm and garden implements that save so much time and labor?

You don't say so! Why, he used to be my neighbor out there in the country. I remember well when he worked the adjoining farm to mine—and a thrifty farmer he was, too. I'm not really surprised to hear he has gotten on so well, for he deserves it, I know.

But you say he makes implements for over two million farmers and gardeners, and has a big manufactory in Philadelphia working to its full capacity? That is fine.

Why bless you, I've used these Planet Jr. labor-saving tools, as they are called, for years. In fact you couldn't get me to use anything else. But I never dreamed they were the invention of my old neighbor, Samuel Allen. I might have known it, though, if I had only stoppd to think.

I remember how he used to be always making experiments with his own inventions in his garden. He never seemed satisfied to plod along with the hard-working implements that we had in those days. That accounts for his success. He had an idea, and stuck to it until he had something of lasting benefit to farmers and gardeners everywhere. And they evidently know a good thing when they see it. I've wheeled that No. 25 Planet Jr. Hill and Drill Seeder, Double-wheeled Hoe Cultivator and Plow for some time and couldn't get along without it. It combines almost every useful garden tool in one strong, light, easy-running, simply adjusted implement. It opens the furrow, sows the seed in drills or hills 4, 6, 8, 12 or 24 inches apart, covers, rolls down, and marks out the next row. And it works to perfection as a wheel-hoe, cultivator, and plow. This is only one of the many labor-saving implements that are the product of Samuel Allen's thought, is it? We owe him a debt of gratitude for revolutionizing farming methods and taking away the drudgery.

I wouldn't like to call any farmer or gardener a back number who hasn't at least one of these implements on his farm, but I certainly think he is neglecting his own interests if he isn't progressive enough to send for the illustrated 56-page catalogue of 1910 Planet Jr. implements issued by S. L. Allen & Co., Box 1107H, Philadelphia, which they send free upon request.

America's Heads and Horns.

IT is something over twelve months ago that Dr. W. Hornaday first mooted the idea for forming in America a national collection of heads and horns. The best and rarest specimens procurable were to be collected, formed into recognized groups, and become the property of the nation. He gave an impetus to the movement by presenting his own private collection of over a hundred rare specimens as a nucleus. Since then trophies have been received from all over the globe—from all parts of the United States, from Canada, from England, and even from faraway China, so that the collection today totals ver three hundred valuable, and in some instances extremely rare, specimens.

It was a very poor display of such trophies in the American museums that led the sportsmen across the Atlantic to form a national collection. America is noted for its big game, and some of the finest sport today is obtainable on that great continent. Yet, when it comes to a display of heads and horns, it is in the European museums that the most representative collections are to be found. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any museum could make such a showing in this line as our own Natural History Museum at South Kensington. And there can be no doubt that the reason why this country is an easy first in this matter is because South Kensington has been the goal to which British sportsmen have forwarded their trophies from all parts of the world for many years past.

A fine head of the Rocky Mountain sheep, taken near Banff, Alberta. Presented by Dr. Hornaday.

A sporting officer on the frontier of our great Indian Empire brings down a rare sheep. Not infrequently he at once forwards it to the museum at South Kensington, knowing that there it will be exhibited for all time, and form a part of the national collection. A lieutenant leaves his ship on the China station for a week's sport in the interior, and bags a number of rare deer. It is more than likely that the best specimens will be shipped at once to London as a gift to the museum there. An officer doing duty in the extreme south of Uganda visits the great hunting grounds of Central Africa, and brings down some rare specimens of antelope and so forth. He may send a few to adorn his home in the old country, but he rarely forgets the national collection at South Kensington. And for years this has been going on, with the inevitable result of placing our great natural history museum in the position it now occupies at the head of similar museums of the world.

At the same time, the American collection, even as it stands today, is by no means to be despised. Since the inception of the scheme it has snapped up some very valuable private collections. The promoters know what they want, have kept their eyes open, and often scored over their competitors. The purchase of the famous Reed collection is a case in point. But before going any further it should be stated, perhaps, that the three most influential sporting clubs of the American continent may be said to be behind the movement—the Camp-Fire Club, the Boone and Crocket Club, and the Lewis and Clark Club. Dr. Hornaday's first move, after his scheme had been approved, was to send out circulars to all the sportsmen and travellers of America, and those likely to be interested in the matter, calling attention to the project, and thereby giving them an opportunity of achieving, as it were, niches in the Temple of Nimrod. It matters not whether the gifts are the result of personal prowess or of

A black mountain sheep trophy from the Stickine River, British Columbia.

funds contributed to the committee and expended by it on some desired prize. In either case the credit for the exhibit will very naturally be given to the donor.

As Dr. Hornaday pointed out to the writer, it is not often now that the casual hunter, limited in the time he can give to sport, is fortunate enough to bring down game worthy to hang in a national collection. Such trophies fall to the native of the wilds and the patient gunner who spends all his days on the trail. A number of sportsmen have, on this account, endeavored to make the collection a creditable one by subscribing to the purchase fund. The New York Zoological Society has undertaken to care and house the horns. At present they occupy the available space in the lion house in their famous park, but this summer they will be removed into the new administrative building, and, later on, if the collection warrants it, a separate building will be provided for it.

When the horns are placed in the two large picture galleries of the administrative building they will be arranged in two series—zoological and geographical. The first will be grouped in accordance

The fine bull musk ox head presented by Mr. Warburton Pike, of Victoria, British Columbia.

with the system of Nature, to show evolution and relationships. Thus immense interest will attach to certain groups, such as, for instance, the Cervidate (antlered ruminants), when it is possible for the eye to comprehend at one sweep the long line of forms related to the Altia wapiti. Imagine, also, the distribution of the genus ovis (mountain sheep) from Western Mongolia southward to India, westward to Sardinia and Morocco, and northeastward by the Grand Loop to Kamtchatka, Alaska, and Mexico. Then a second series will display the ungulate resources of the Continents. It will be made of great zoo-

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"METALLIC"

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last a lifetime.

You can apply them to old rooms without any trouble—simply nail on over the plaster. Just wipe them with a damp cloth now and again and they can be kept as fresh and clean as new. When you want to change the color design, simply paint over with the desired tints.

Particularly in your kitchen and pantry "Metallic" is invaluable as it is proof against mice and other vermin, and prevents any dust or bits of plaster falling.

Then for the bathroom, where a waterproof wall decoration is absolutely necessary, "Metallic" should be used. Splash as you like you cannot harm this decoration—it is waterproof.

"Metallic" is very artistic—you have hundreds of varied designs to select from—heavy beam effects, fancy scroll and panel patterns—designs to suit every room.

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For the roof, "Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are superior — make an absolutely weatherproof and fireproof roof.

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The special patented design of the "Eastlake," the telescopic sidelock and gutter and the countersunk cleat, make it the easiest and quickest to lay, and permanent—roofs covered with "Eastlakes" 25 years ago are in perfect condition to-day.

As a siding for the house "Metallic" is artistic in appearance, warm in winter and cool in summer. Our "Metallic" Rock Faced Siding in either brick or stone design will give your house the appearance of a genuine brick or stone residence—a handsome fireproof home at a very small cost.

You will find many interesting suggestions on improving the home in our free illustrated booklets—"Interior Decoration in Metal" and "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Send us a postcard with your address and we will mail them to you.

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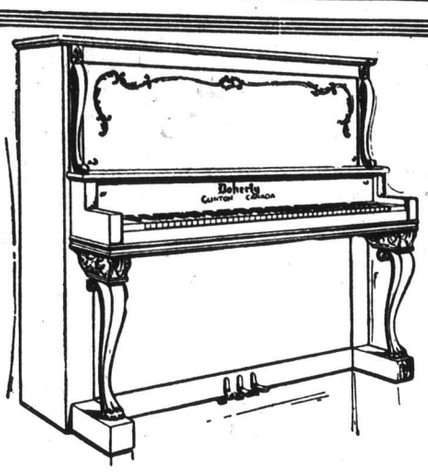

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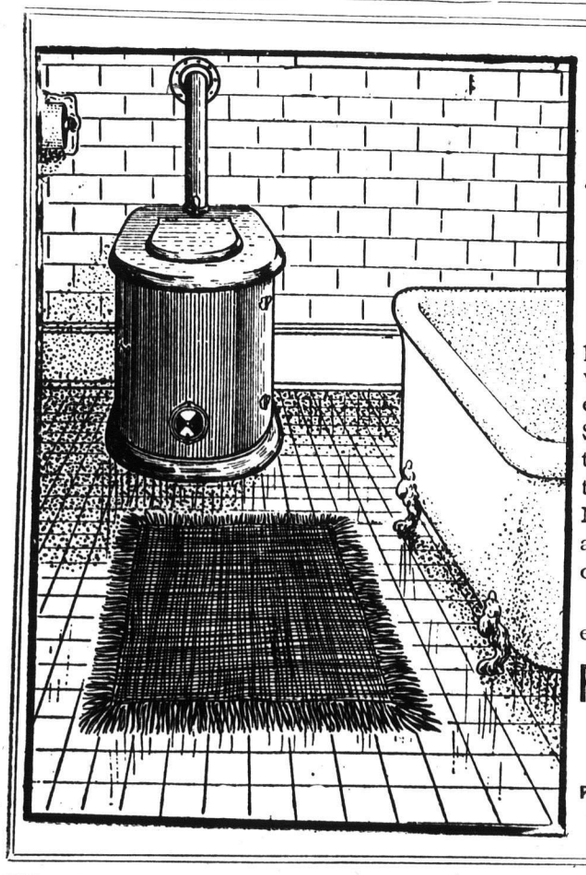

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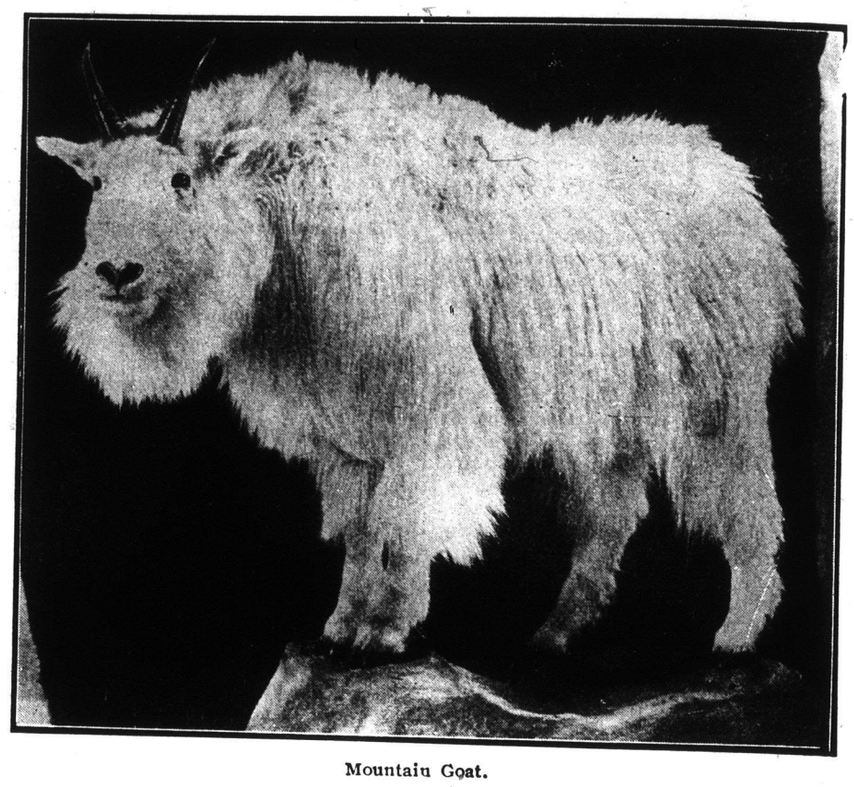


Mountain Goat.

logical value by maps illustrating the geographical distribution of families, of genera, and of species. Then there will be photographs of the horned kinds in their native haunts and in captivity.

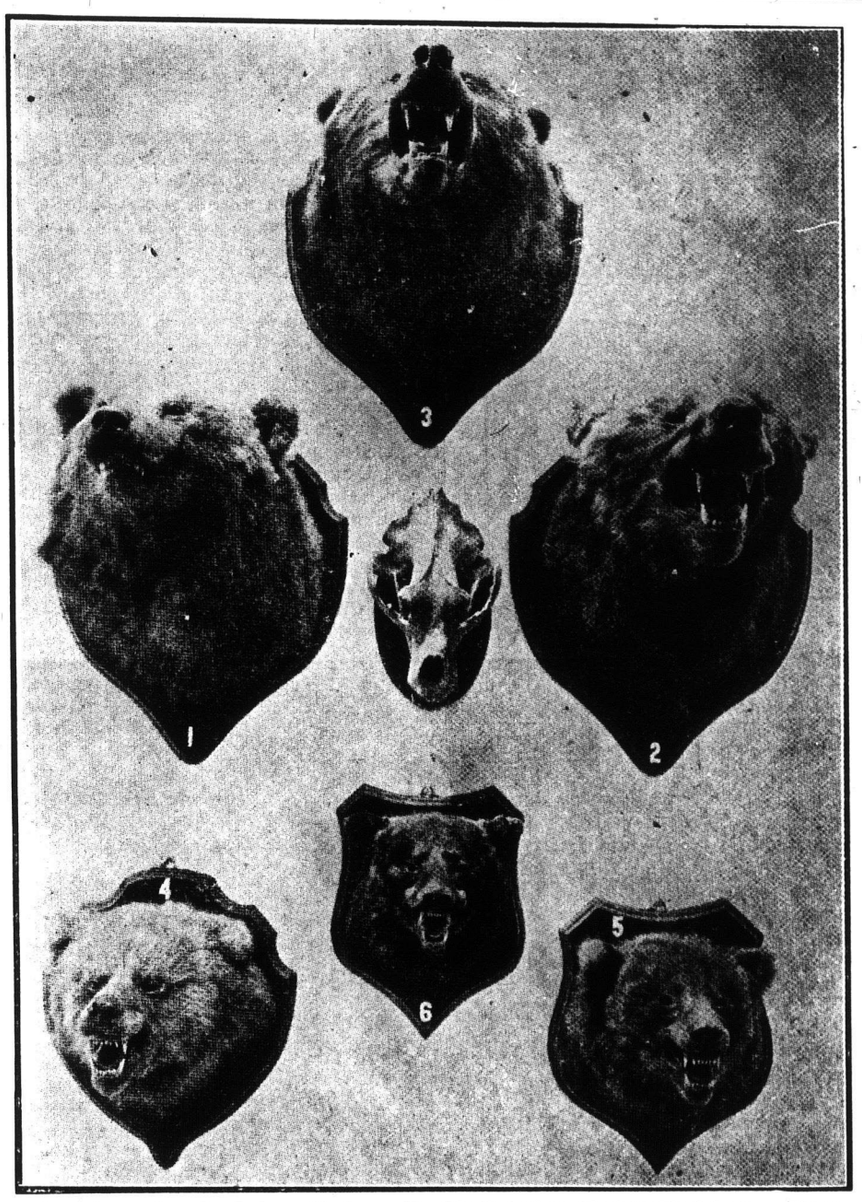
It is impossible in a short article of this description to refer to any but a few of the more noteworthy specimens. Here, again, the writer is set a difficult task, as who shall say whether the collection's finest pair of moose antlers, or its unique specimen of the Siberian argali horns, or its giant elephant tusks should take first place. The latter, it may be added, are said to be the largest known. The left tusk measures on the curve 11 ft. 5½ ins., and the other 11 ft., the net weight of the two being 293 lbs. In Dr. Hornaday's gift were included two remarkable heads, a Rocky Mountain big horn, nearly extinct as a species, obtained in British Columbia five years ago, and a white mountain goat. From the point of view of the hunter these two mounted heads stand for memorials of some gunner's distinguished prowess. To bring down, in particular, the fleet mountain sheep, frequenter of crags and vaulter of abysses, is a triumph for any sportsman. The most wonderful horns in the sheep collection are those from the great Siberian argali, largest of all mountain sheep. These horns lack only a fraction of an inch to be five feet in length on the curve, and the circumference of their base is twenty inches. They were obtained for Dr. Hornaday in the Altia Mountains, in Mongolia, by the agents of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, during the expedition he sent out to secure specimens of the Prjevalski horse.

The 133 species of the antelope are represented in the collection by fifty-three specimens. With some of these it is hard to determine whether they were made for weapons or for decorations. Some marvellous shapes of utmost grace are represented—pronged, ringed, crimpled, smooth, and "keeled," forming delicate circles or slender V's, or spreading in ever-opening curves. There is a carefully prepared series of twelve pairs of American bison horns, which represent as many life periods in the career of the male bison, from its start as a yearling to its finish as a "stub horn." The entire set has been gathered from wild animals, and it is hardly likely that it could be duplicated at this day. Buffaloes from India and farther east are also shown, as well as Cape Buffaloes and other buffaloes from Africa.

Bison.

Of the fine collection of deer heads which have been gathered together one of the most prized from a zoological point of view is the set of antlers from Pere David's deer. This species of animal once lived in China, but is now found only in zoological gardens. Its total census amounts to about twenty-eight living representatives. Before the Boxer war a herd of two hundred was kept in the Imperial park, near Pekin, but during the war they were destroyed. Only eleven pairs of David deer antlers are on record, and among these that in the national collection takes rank as third in excellence. Another very rare pair of antlers is that of the Schomburg deer, a native of Northern Siam. This particular set of horns is second best amongst a total of eight specimens in existence.

The collection had not been in existence many months before it was enriched by the addition of those magnificent and splendid trophies secured by Mr. A. S. Reed, an English sportsman, during an extensive series of hunting adventures in the wild Northwest, and which for three years has been on exhibition at the Union Club in Victoria, British Columbia. It included heads of the giant moose, caribou, Alaskan brown bear, white mountain sheep, and walrus. Owing to the disappearance of the big game of Alaska, it is doubtful whether it would be possible now to bring together a similar collection of such fine specimens. The Reed trophies were well known among the sportsmen of Europe. The reason why the owner desired to part with them was because he has taken up his residence in this country. When he left Victoria and finally settled in England he gave instructions for his collection to be sold, and fixed the price at £2,000. It went begging for some time, when it was finally secured for America's national collection for £1,000 through the generosity of Mr. Emerson McMillin, a member of the Camp Fire Club. This was the sum offered for the heads and horns, there being a great number of very large skin rugs in the collection. When Mr. Reed received this offer he replied that he would not like to divide the collection in any way, and, in view of the important object for which the collection was desired, decided to let them go for £1,000—a truly sportsmanlike transaction. The purchase was made barely in time to forestall its sale abroad. Mr. Paul Niedieck, a famous German sportsman, was even on his way to Victoria with a view to purchasing the trophies. He has since declared that he would willingly have given £2,000 for the lot.



Some brown bear heads from Alaska. No. 6 is that of an Alaskan black bear. These heads were in the Reed collection, which now has been taken over by the national collection.

There are no less than six magnificent moose heads in the Reed collection. This animal carries the largest head weapon of any animal extant. It is truly the colossus of the north, though it is sad to relate that in certain districts of the North American Continent, where it formerly roamed in large numbers, it is now practically extinct. This is a pity, for the moose is a wonderful creature. Professor Osborne has said that "Nature has been a million years in developing this remarkable animal." One of the set of antlers in the collection boasts of a spread of 6 ft. 4 ins., only 2½ ins. less than the world's record; while the palmation is enormous, excelling anything of the sort ever seen before. There are no less than forty-two points on this pair of antlers. There are also six mounted heads of the caribou, ten white mountain sheep heads, and six bear heads. Among the caribou is a specimen of the Osborn species, killed in the Cassiar Mountains of North British Columbia in 1896. In size, in massiveness, length of tines, and general ensemble it is certainly one of the finest heads in existence. It boasts of forty-four points. This particular species are declared to be the largest and handsomest of the caribou.

It was on the Kenai Peninsula in November and December, 1900, that Mr. Reed secured his sheep heads. Inasmuch as shooting white sheep on the Peninsula is now prohibited, these trophies may be rightly regarded as prized ones. The length of the outer curve of their horns runs from 34¼ ins. up to 38¾ ins. Another feature about them is this: A good many of the white mountain sheep now in the halls of sports-

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I.—Our Sterling Heater Burns STRAW. You don't need to go ten or twenty miles for a load of wood. Your fuel is at home.

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III. — The Fuel COSTS YOU NOTHING. Straw is all you burn. Count up the saving to you: ten, twenty, thirty dollars per year.

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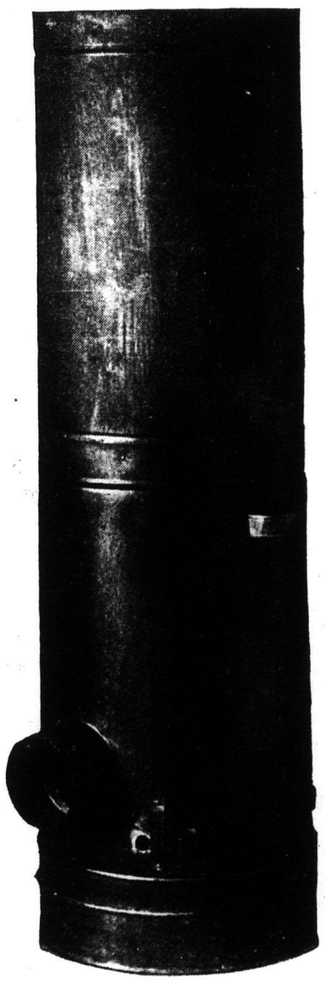
Send all Remittances by Express or P. O. Money Order,

THE STERLING STRAW HEATER



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NO FUEL BILL

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Wolseley, Sask., Nov. 19, 1909.

The Sterling Straw Stove Co.,
Somerset Block, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—
I used your Straw Stove last winter and found it would do all that is required of it. I had a good coal cook stove, but it would not heat my house. After putting in a Straw Stove I had no more trouble. I only used the coal stove for cooking and then let it go out; and used the Straw Stove altogether for heating. By filling the cylinder night and morning, which took me from five to ten minutes I had a steady heat night and day at a cost of getting a load or two of straw during the winter.

Yours truly,
(Signed) GEO. C. CARRUTHERS.

Wolseley, Sask., Nov. 19, 1909.

The Sterling Straw Stove Co.,
Somerset Block, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:
I purchased one of your Sterling Heaters last fall and found that it proved a success. Our kitchen was always cold before I got one of your heaters, especially in the morning, but after I got one of your heaters it seemed a new kitchen. My expense was nothing with it, whereas if I had burned coal in a stove all winter it would have taken three tons of coal and a cord of wood.

My advice is for everybody to get a Sterling Heater for the winter months.

Yours truly
(Signed) PEARD M. COLE.

Wolseley, Sask., Nov. 19, 1909.

The Sterling Straw Stove Co.,
Somerset Block, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:
I used your Sterling Straw Heater in my shop last winter. I have a large and very cold building, and finding a coal stove insufficient, supplemented it with your stove for the very cold weather.

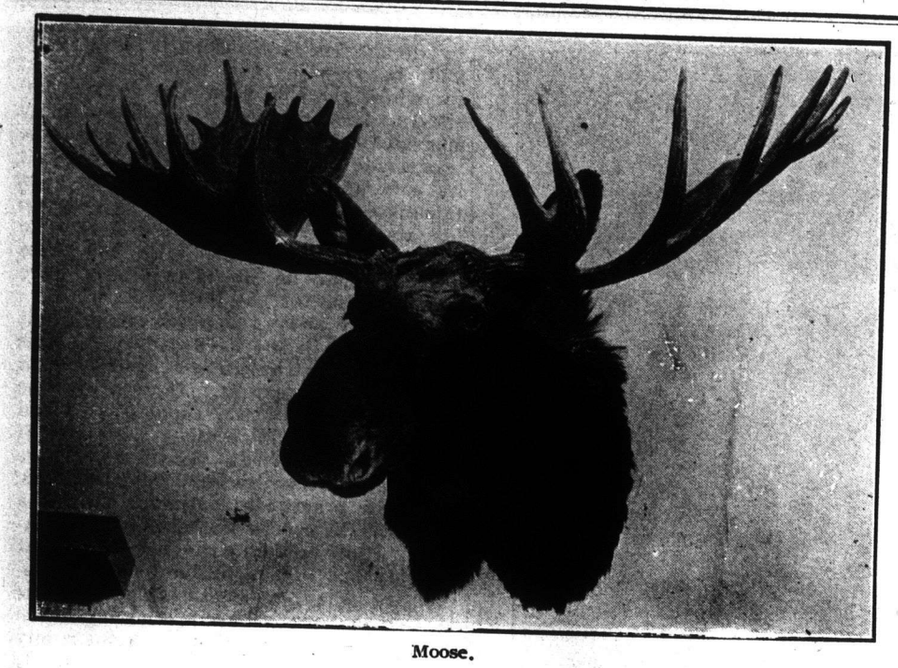
Finding it a better heater than the coal stove, I used it entirely the balance of the winter and found it gave better and evener heat, with no attention for twelve hours at a stretch. My fuel bill was $1.25 for a load of straw and $22.50 for coal. Saved the price of the stove in three weeks.

Yours truly,
(Signed) W. H. WOOLLATT

NO FUEL BILL

THE STERLING STRAW STOVE COMPANY

413 SOMERSET BLOCK **WINNIPEG, MAOITOBA**

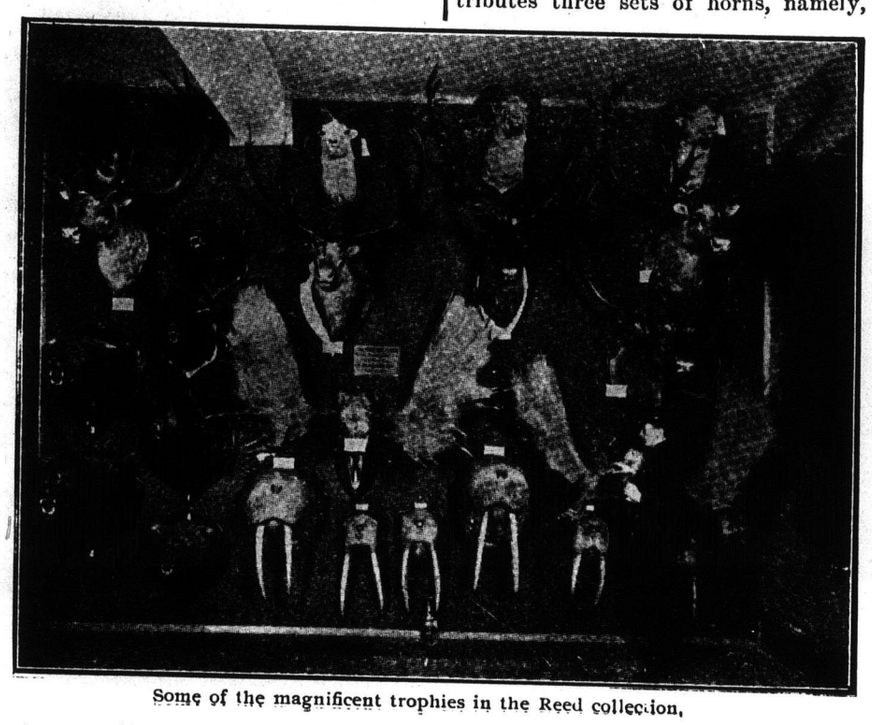


Moose.

men and in museums generally have been collected together either in the summer or early autumn, when the new pelage is short and scanty, and sometimes stained with earth. In the winter-killed sheep specimens of Mr. Reed the pelage is of maximum length. Indeed, on some of them it is so long as to almost mask the form and proportions of the head and face.

Of the six bear heads, five are of Alaskan brown bear of various ages and sizes, and one is of a large black bear. All were killed on the western slope of the Alaskan Peninsula in April and May, 1901. Three of the "big brown bear" heads are very large, said to be the finest examples of their kind in existence. The two fine heads of the Pacific walrus also deserve a mention. They are very large, but the tusks are certainly not of unusual size. The Pacific walrus is a far larger animal than its Atlantic relative, and its form is much more remarkable. Its most astonishing feature is the great height and enormous neck of the adult male, which really is most incredible until seen. Those under notice have a circumference at back of head of 53 ins. and 60 ins. respectively, and a circumference of muzzle of 45¾ ins. and 46 ins. respectively.

Many notable sportsmen have contributed interesting and valuable trophies. Mr. Warburton Pike, an English sportsman, has sent a mounted head of that wonderful creature, the barren grounds musk ox. It was in 1889 that Mr. Pike penetrated the barren grounds north of Great Slave Lake to the home of the musk ox. He is said to be the first



Some of the magnificent trophies in the Reed collection.

sportsman who ever saw the barren ground musk ox at home, the first to describe the animal on its native heath, and map the lake region north-eastward of the Great Slave Lake. The terrible hardships endured by the daring explorer during his winter trip to the barren grounds, combined with a wealth of valuable observations, are recorded in his book, "The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada." Mr. Pike and his party secured several of these now rare and prized heads, but had to abandon many of them as they fled southward to escape death from freezing and starvation.

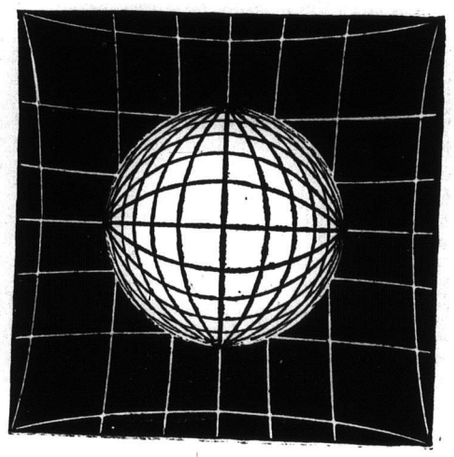
Then from Mr. George R. L. Harrison, Jun., of Philadelphia, well known to sportsmen in this country, and who has made two trips to the big game regions of East Africa in quest of sport, some twenty African trophies have been received, including species of the gazelle, a white-eared cob, a Coke hartebeest, and a magnificent specimen of the common waterbuck. In a like manner a fine collection of African horns, skulls, and head skins has been presented by Mr. John W. Norton, another well-known sportsman and a successful hunter of big game in Africa. His collection includes such rare heads as a greater kudu, an eland, a big roan antelope, and a Crawshay waterbuck. From China an entire skin, skull, and horns of the takin, half goat and half antelope, and larger than a mule deer, has been received from the Hon. Mason Mitchell, certainly a rare and interesting species. Mr. William Jamrach, of London, contributes three sets of horns, namely, a wild yak, Tibetan argali, and a Tibetan antelope. The fact is, it would be impossible to mention the whole of the valuable gifts which have been contributed by leading sportsmen throughout the world. Almost weekly new trophies come to hand. For instance, as I write, Dr. Hornaday has received advices that Messrs. Newlands, Tarleton & Company, of Nairobi, are sending some fine gifts of valuable trophies; and that Mr. Percy Radclyffe, cousin of Captain C. E. Radclyffe, has just shipped from Kashmir a 60-inch Ovis poli (mountain sheep); while the collection of trophies, principally from Somaliland and India, belonging to Mr. A. Donaldson Smith, has just been secured. Indeed, America's aim to possess a collection of heads and horns worthy of a great nation certainly looks like becoming an accomplished fact.

A Happy Family.

An Optical Illusion.

In a stereoscopic view two photographs, taken from two points not very far distant from one another, give the effect of relief when viewed through the instrument. It is commonly believed that this fact proves the necessity of binocular vision to obtain a relief effect. The following experiment shows that the same perception can be had with the use of one eye only and with a flat drawing, if the eye is deceived by some artifice which it is not educated to recognize as such.

Take a piece of pasteboard, and with a pin make a hole in it. Bring the pinhole quite close to the eye, and through it look at the accompanying figure. The figure should be in full light and at a distance from the pinhole not over one inch. Under ordinary circumstances, every line would be blurred with the figure so uncomfortably near the eye;



but the pinhole acts as a diaphragm, which decreases several of the defects of a short-focus lens, and the figure will remain distinct—not only distinct, but also changed in appearance. The central white disc will seem to bulge out of the black field as if it were a convex hemisphere. The perception of relief in that case is immediate, and as strong as it could be obtained with the stereoscope.

The illusion is partly the result of the abnormal curvature of the focal surface, the crystalline lens of the eye acting as a very short-focus lens in such a case. The lines drawn on the white disc and on the black field help to deceive the eye. Their crowding together near the edges of the disc causes them to resemble great circles drawn upon a sphere. Moreover, the eye is not free from distortion. If a few parallel lines running close together are looked at through a pinhole at a very small distance, they appear as if they were bent inward on the margin of the image. On the white disc the lines have been curved the way distortion would bend straight lines if they were brought close to the eye. On the black field white lines have been drawn so as to appear nearly straight in spite of the barrel-shaped distortion, which is the result of the position of the diaphragm before the eye when the crystalline lens assumes its greater convexity. The fact that the lines on the disc seem to be strongly distorted, while those on the field do not, probably causes the eye to underestimate the distance of the disc and to overestimate that of the field.

At any rate, the illusion is much less striking if the lines be omitted.

And if it be made with a black disc on a white field, every other feature of the experiment remaining unchanged, it again becomes evident that the effect of relief is not so easily perceived. Irradiation, which causes a luminous object to appear larger and nearer than a dark one, has a share in the production of the illusion.

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Take Your Time!

Let The Days Pass

one by one and make up your mind slowly, day by day. Take your time in deciding. Every day will mean something, will tell its story to you, but take your time. Note results each day, but wait until you are SURE. You will not be rushed, hurried or worried. We want you to take fully thirty days time to judge it, to know for yourself. If you want more time, take it. TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED. Be quick in sending for it--be slow in paying for it. Take time to FIRST MAKE SURE. When you are sure, PAY FOR IT. If you are not sure, DON'T PAY A PENNY. We want to send you a full-sized dollar package of Vitæ-Ore entirely on trial, want you to have fully thirty days to watch its results, to note its action in your system, to see how it benefits your health, to see how it cures sickness and disease, to learn WHAT VITAE-ORE WILL DO FOR YOU. We mean just what we say--it is all left to your decision--take plenty of time to decide. We know V.-O.--we take all the risk.

Proven By Time.

An Open Letter From Theo. Noel.

Over a quarter of a century has come and gone since I first offered the original Vitæ-Ore to America's sick, and my faith in its powers to heal and cure various diseased conditions of the human body grows stronger every day. **I believe in Vitæ-Ore because I know.** Any man who would sit in my office for one day and read the letters which come to my Company, telling what Vitæ-Ore has done for men and women sufferers in all parts of the country, could not do otherwise than believe in it and be satisfied of the good work it is doing, and I have read such letters at my desk for many years.

When I first offered Vitæ-Ore to the world I believed in it and its powers, **else I would not have offered it.** I thought I would do some good in the world while making a competency for myself. I was a middle-aged man, beyond the wild theories and enthusiasms of youth, and **knew the properties** of what I was offering. But in my fondest hopes I did not anticipate the future that lay in store for Vitæ-Ore, the world-girdling influence which it would yield, the **thousands, yea, millions of sick people whom it would cause to be benefited.**

And now, at the ripe age of seventy years, as I look backward over the past and see the present Vitæ-Ore business, with its sales of hundreds of thousands of packages yearly, I find therein proof that my first belief in Vitæ-Ore was right, that my confidence in it was justified, that the verdict of the people and the passage of time have proven my claims true. Vitæ-Ore has succeeded because it has done the work that it was advertised to do, because it has brought satisfaction to those who have used it. Its remarkable achievements of the past are the best pledge of its usefulness in the future.

I say to the sick, **give Vitæ-Ore a thorough trial and see what it will do for you.** Follow the example of the thousands who have used Vitæ-Ore with profit to their health. I give this word to all sufferers, no matter what the ailment, for while Vitæ-Ore cannot cure genuinely incurable cases or cases in which operations may be necessary, there are but few cases in which it cannot be of some benefit, owing to the almost inevitable constitutional improvement which follows its steady use. The letters in this page, which I ask the sick to read, **tell their own story in a way no man can question or doubt.** They are but a few of the thousands I have seen and read during the past twenty-five years. I personally vouch for the genuineness of each and every letter contained in this page and ask all who seek health to follow the road plainly pointed out to them by thousands of grateful former sufferers.

Theo Noel

Use Vitae-Ore For

Rheumatism and Lumbago, Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, La Grippe, Anæmia, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Bowel Troubles, Impure Blood and All Worn-Out, Debilitated Conditions.

COUPON

Theo. Noel Co., Vitae-Ore Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

I have read your large advertisement in the

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitæ-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Street or Rural Route _____

How Can You Refuse It?

Vitæ-Ore is offered to you freely, unreservedly, just on YOUR WORD that you want it, YOUR PROMISE that you will use it. That is all! What is your excuse if you do not send for it? You need the HEALTH it offers; you NEED IT to help you get the strength, vigor, and comfort in body and mind THAT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE. Give Vitæ-Ore a chance to prove it is just what you have long been wanting; just what you NOW ARE SEEKING--a means to perfect, absolute, permanent health, Vitæ-Ore holds out to you the helping hand that has lifted thousands up to strong, virile, vigorous, happy, disease-free manhood and womanhood--what is your excuse if you do not grasp it? You want health, your family wants you to have it; Theo. Noel, the founder of Vitæ-Ore, whose open letter is on this page, wants you to have it, all of your neighbors, your friends and associates, all want you to have HEALTH. Vitæ-Ore offers a chance for all this to you. When it does its work it is as though Health were placed upon a platter and brought to your table. The Theo. Noel Company is the waiter, awaiting your call, ready, willing and anxious to serve it to you. There need be no tip, no fee, not a penny unless you are satisfied with the service. You have but to ask, but to say the word, but to crook your finger, and you will be helped to your share. Read our trial offer and send today!

Read This Trial Offer

Just Say The Word and we will send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for one month's continuous use. We want to send it on thirty days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it without any risk, just want the word from you telling us to send it to you. We are glad to send it to you in this way, for this is the way we sell Vitæ-Ore to the sick. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny. All we ask is that you use Vitæ-Ore for thirty days, see what it does for you and pay us $1.00 for it if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you positive, actual, visible good—benefit that you know and can feel. Otherwise we ask nothing, we want nothing and you pay nothing. Can you not spare a few moments to write OUR name and address on an envelope and YOUR name and address in the coupon, so we will know you want to try Vitæ-Ore? Cannot you spare a few moments each day for thirty days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you spare this little time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness. You are to be the judge. We are perfectly willing to trust to your decision, to let everything rest with your honor and judgement, as to whether Vitæ-Ore has earned its pay. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, read how it brings a healing mineral spring to your door and send today for a $1.00 package on trial.

A MINERAL SPRING At Your Door

Since the beginning of time mineral springs have been utilized for their healing and restorative powers. The ancients knew their value and had favorite springs, to which they resorted when feeble in health. Although in our artificial civilization, man has gotten far away from nature and natural modes of healing, the medicinal value of mineral waters has always been recognized and they are depended upon as curatives when other means fail. Doctors do not deny their value, but voluntarily acknowledge it when their prescriptions fail to benefit, by sending patients to mineral springs. The curative forces found in mineral waters come from the natural mineral deposits through which the waters force their way and the mineral from such deposits, if oxidized by exposure to the air, would no doubt become soluble in water and make mineral waters of great power. The name Vitæ-Ore means "Life Mineral" and the original Vitæ-Ore, founded by Theo. Noel and first offered by him to the sick in the year 1880, came from a natural mineral deposit, possessing, when mixed with water, curative virtues of a high order. Vitæ-Ore in its improved form is a combination of substances from which many world-noted mineral springs derive medicinal power and healing virtues. It consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. Each teaspoonful of the liquid made from Vitæ-Ore, drunk in a half glass of ordinary drinking-water, makes a mineral water equaling in medicinal strength and healing value, many glasses of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs. Vitæ-Ore is a mineral spring, condensed and concentrated, brought right to your door.

Hamilton Grocer In Good Health at 70 Years.

HAMILTON, ONT.—I wish to write my experience with Vitæ-Ore, hoping that it may be the means of benefit to some one who has been suffering from that terrible disease, Kidney Complaint. I had suffered from diseased Kidneys for two years, had doctored with Homeopath and Allopath doctors with no help whatever from the first kind, and but very little from the second. **It had cost me very nearly $100.00** for medical attention. This amount does not include what I paid out for patent medicines and other incidental expenses, which easily amounted to $125. I have always been in good health prior to this Kidney disease; my weight being 136 to 140 pounds. On the day I sent for the trial package of Vitæ-Ore, **I weighed only 118 pounds, with pale, emaciated face, scrawny fingers, and impoverished blood.** I gained eighteen pounds in two months, from using Vitæ-Ore. I am now over seventy years old and know **I am thoroughly cured of diseased kidneys.** I give all the credit of my cure to Vitæ-Ore.

DANIEL B. SMITH, 141 Rebecca St.

All Said He Could Not Live.

HEBRON, N. B.—Five years ago Vitæ-Ore did for me what three of our best doctors and many medicines could not. I took sick with **Kidney, Liver and Stomach trouble** and was in bed for four weeks; during that time I could not eat anything but crackers and a little porridge. I also had **Rheumatism,** which set in between my shoulders and completely discouraged me. The three doctors I had did me no good, nor did the advertised medicines, of which I used a number, and I never expected to do any work again. **Neighbors and friends said that I could not live.** Thanks to Vitæ-Ore, I fooled all and surprised myself. After a few weeks' use **I was able to do a good day's work** and have ever since been able to run my farm and work in the lumber woods.

KINNEAR HOAR.

No Sickness In Six Years.

BELCOURT, MAN.—**It is now six years** since I stopped using Vitæ-Ore and I have been well ever since. Vitæ-Ore also proved of great benefit to my daughter, who suffered with Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble. Since using it she has been **healthier than ever before in her life.**

MRS. JAS. PATON.

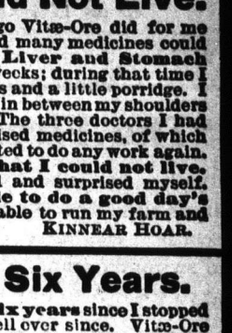
Cured Eleven Years Ago.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—I had **Rheumatism and Dyspepsia** very bad for three years and a friend of mine recommended Vitæ-Ore as being good for my complaint. I used two packages, which cured me completely. **This was eleven years ago and the trouble never returned.**

W. T. YULL.

Health Completely Broken.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.—I shall feel grateful every day of my life for the great benefit which I and my family have derived from the use of Vitæ-Ore. For twelve years I suffered from a complication of troubles caused by overwork. My health was completely broken and my **blood was in a severely anæmic condition.** I suffered each year from LaGrippe during the cold, damp seasons. I consulted a good physician who said that what I needed was at least **three years' rest,** but with three little children and a home to take care of, that of course, was out of the question, so I resorted to the use of medicines. Besides my other trouble, **I also suffered from Piles,** and my doctors told me that this condition could not be cured. I tried numerous advertised patent medicines, as well as a great deal of doctor's medicine, but what little relief I secured was only temporary, and after a while I got so used to drugging that I received no benefit whatever, no matter what remedy I used. **Vitæ-Ore completely cured me,** now six years ago. I am well and strong and have not had the LaGrippe at any time since. We find it also an invaluable home remedy, very helpful for the children, excellent to prevent blood poisoning, boils, etc., and a quick healer for coughs, burns and bruises.



MRS. M. F. CALLBECK.

You Pay For Only What Has Been Done.

You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it--No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body. Send the coupon for a trial package today. SENT PREPAID AND FREE OF ALL DUTY. ADDRESS

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complete with twelve large selections of your own choice—six 10-inch double records.

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Joyous New Year, Get a
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The superb art of Caruso, Melba, Scotti, the famous marches of Sousa, Pryor, the humor of Lauder, and the world's best funmakers at your command. Every number by request. Encore when you please. Have your

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Will buy the new style Edison Phonograph

"The Fireside"

will play the new Amberol Four-Minute, and the Standard Edison Records. Has nice colored horn and swinging crane. It is a beauty and to see it is to buy it.

We Trust You

The C. G. & S. Educational plan enables you to buy these instruments now. Have delivery made at once, and pay at your convenience.

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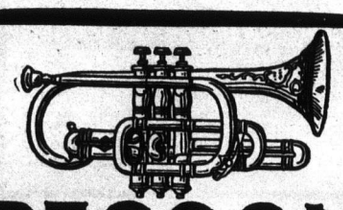

BESSON
BAND INSTRUMENTS
"STANDARD OF THE WORLD"
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ORME & SON, LIMITED, OTTAWA

Aunt Jerusha's Will.

Aunt Jerusha Wilkins had never married, but on one occasion she had come very near it. At the age of thirty she had become engaged to an old bachelor who had seen her home from church several times and had "sat up" with her evenings. She had also accompanied him to a camp meeting and a circus, and in all probability a marriage would have resulted had they not fallen into dispute over some trifling matter. Both were "sot" in their opinions, and after some heated arguments the bachelor withdrew his suit for her heart and left the maiden all forlorn.

She had always been considered a burden by her brother and his wife with whom she lived. The truth of the matter is, she had worked about twice as hard as any hired hand for her board and clothes, and she was still at it when she reached the age of fifty. From the earliest period of her spinsterhood she had been called "aunt" as a term of derision, and as she was very irascible and sour tempered, her life had contained but few sunny days. At fifty she could see nothing before her but continued drudgery for the rest of her days, when a most unexpected event occurred.

Aunt Jerusha received a letter from a lawyer in a distant part of the country, informing her that her old suitor of twenty years before, had recently died and left her $50 000 by will. The news of Aunt Jerusha's windfall threw the little village of La Center into an agitation that didn't quiet down for months.

Of course nine-tenths of the people, including her brother Joe and his wife, hoped it wasn't true, but the lawyer quickly proved up her claim and in a short time handed her over the cash; and then the same nine-tenths of the people made a lightning change. From being the household drudge and referred to as a "poor relation," Aunt Jerusha was exalted to the post of honored guest of the family.

That $50,000 looked bigger to the villagers of La Center than the dome of the county court house, and they thought it was an astounding and preposterous thing that such an immense fortune should come to a little old woman who wouldn't know what to do with it.

By the end of one week everybody who knew the old maid had called to congratulate and advise her, and inside of another at least a score of people who had never spoken a word to her, called to borrow or interest her in various plans and schemes.

She was sought after day and night by people itching to get their fingers on a portion of that money. Brother Joe wanted to build a new barn and buy four more cows, his wife had set her heart on a sealskin cloak and the Rev. Eliphalet Johnson had been hoping for years to raise enough money to build a Baptist church.

In spite of all the fuss that was being made over her, Aunt Jerusha did not lose her head. The first thing she did was to buy herself a new alpaca dress and a bonnet not more than three years out of style, and set up housekeeping for herself. She resolutely refused to either give away or loan a dollar, but after awhile she made an announcement.

As the money had come to her by will, she had resolved that it should go to others in the same way. The doctors had told her that overwork had so weakened her heart that she was likely to drop dead any moment, and she could not expect to live over four or five years at the longest. Brother Joe and his wife and the Baptist church and all the others must therefore wait for her demise before they could hope to enjoy any part of that much coveted $50,000.

This resolution of Aunt Jerusha's was looked upon as a mean, ungrateful trick by some, and there were many whispered criticisms among the townspeople, but the old lady was obdurate and there was nothing else to do but wait.

Fifty thousand dollars is a sum to bow down to, and the people of La Center did bow down. Aunt Jerusha was flattered, petted and cajoled by everybody. She was no longer referred to as "Aunt" Jerusha, but thenceforth she was known as "the rich Miss Jerusha Wilkins."

Two or three spruce looking old widowers came "spooking around" to talk marriage; also several promoters came from a distance to offer her ground floor shares in gold mines and oil wells. All these she quickly sent about their business in a manner that left no doubt as to her capability of managing her own affairs.

She had the best pew when she went to church, and the politest attention when she called at the post-office or the village store, for everybody had made up their minds to be remembered in her last will.

Aunt Jerusha lived in clover, figuratively speaking, for five years before she died. The term "clover" should be interpreted to mean that so many pies, custards, glasses of jelly, jars of preserves, baskets of fruit, eggs, and spring chickens were sent in to her by kind neighbors that she managed to live sumptuously without buying much; and the women were so kind and thoughtful about the dressmaking that her clothes really cost her next to nothing.

At her death the town turned out en masse, making hers the largest funeral ever known in Jackson county. The woman had made her will and was dead, but it seemed as if some of the people expected she had made some provision in her will for all who attended the funeral. There was weeping at the house; there was weeping at the church, and there was weeping at the grave—in fact, there was somewhat of a rivalry among certain of the women as to who should weep the hardest.

The funeral procession moved at a slow and dignified pace, and after the mortal remains of the much lamented woman had been consigned to their last resting place and the doxology had been sung, the mourners solemnly and with no undue haste, returned to their homes.

The executors named did not live in La Center but they appeared in due time to make known the provisions of Aunt Jerusha's last will and testament.

"Firstly," read the document so long waited for, "I give and bequeath to my brother, Joseph, the sum of one thousand dollars, but as I drudged for his family eighteen years without pay, I direct my executors to put in a claim for fifteen hundred dollars as an offset.

"To Mollie Wilkins, wife of Joseph Wilkins, who hardly ever gave me a kind word until I got my money, I give and bequeath my three best dresses, minus the sleeves and buttons.

"To Thomas Jenkins, the champion loafer and whiskey guzzler of La Center, whose wife is obliged to take in washing to support herself and family, I give and bequeath one thousand dollars on condition that he stops drinking for one year and works three days a week for the same length of time, his earnings to be given to his wife.

"To Mary Jane Trollop, who is generally so busy gadding about from house to house swapping scandal that she hasn't time to keep the buttons sewed on her chidren's clothes and their stockings mended, I give and bequeath the sum of ten dollars with which to buy one gross of assorted buttons and six dozen pairs of stockings and to hire some competent woman to repair her said children's garments.

"To Rev. Eliphalet Johnson, I leave the sum of five thousand dollars with which to build a new Baptist church, but I direct that before

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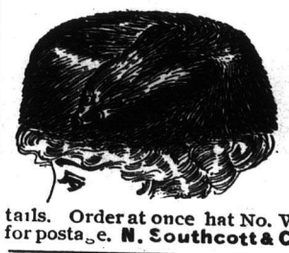

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Information About Trees.

About all the trees, fruits shrubs and plants that are adapted to outdoor cultivation in the Prairie Provinces are described in the catalog of the Buchanan Nursery Co., St, Charles, Manitoba. This booklet will be sent free to any one on application. If interested, write for it.

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Save your loved one from the terrible consequences of the drink curse.

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coming into possession of it, he shall preach ten sermons, during which no one shall fall asleep, and that he will never attempt to sing in public again."

There were about fifty bequests in all and it must have taken Aunt Jerusha a year to figure them out to her satisfaction. She had eighteen relatives, none of whom had shown her any consideration in the days of her loneliness and poverty, and while she had left a bequest to each and every one, it was under such conditions that none could accept. Every woman in the village who had ever rubbed her fur the wrong way was duly remembered, but little good did it do them.

The only bequest in the whole fifty without a proviso read:

"To Sam Williams, the blacksmith, who once helped me over a mudhole without asking why I never got married or who didn't recommend a cure for wrinkles. I bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars; and may he live to enjoy it."

The residue of her estate, which was really all but the $5,000 named above, was bequeathed to a home for old women; and then the smile on Aunt Jerusha's face as she lay in her coffin, was understood.

Before the reading of the will it was whispered about in awed tones that she had been talking with the angels. After the reading it was announced very distinctly by the same voices that it wasn't the angels she had been talking to, but a personage who is popularly supposed to be equipped with horns, hoofs and a tail.

LONDON HOSPITALS.

"Forty years ago the seven great hospitals of London spent annually about $40,000 for alcoholic liquors, and about $15,000 for milk. Now alcohol and milk have changed places and the larger sum is expended for milk and the smaller for alcohol. In the Infirmary at Salisbury twenty-five years ago $1,500 was spent annually on alcoholic liquors. Last year the cost was only $35. These changes are due to increased knowledge of the nature and effects of alcohol.

"The change in the attitude of the medical profession towards alcohol began with surgery, and the credit is really due to Lord Lister. Antiseptic surgery rendered alcohol unnecessary.

"As regards post-operative conditions during the last twenty years we have had a whole armamentarium of drugs which serve our purposes far better in getting rid of shock than alcohol which has a long-continued depressing effect. Therefore, it is not surprising that on the surgical side of the medical profession alcohol has practically disappeared."

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TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"I sent these ear-muffs Aunt Susan knit for me down to Millissy Smead fer her birthday, an now she sends 'em back, kinder cross like, an' says 'setch things ain't proper for ordinary ears.' If she sees anything improper about *them*, she's too all-fired modest fer *me* to spark up to."

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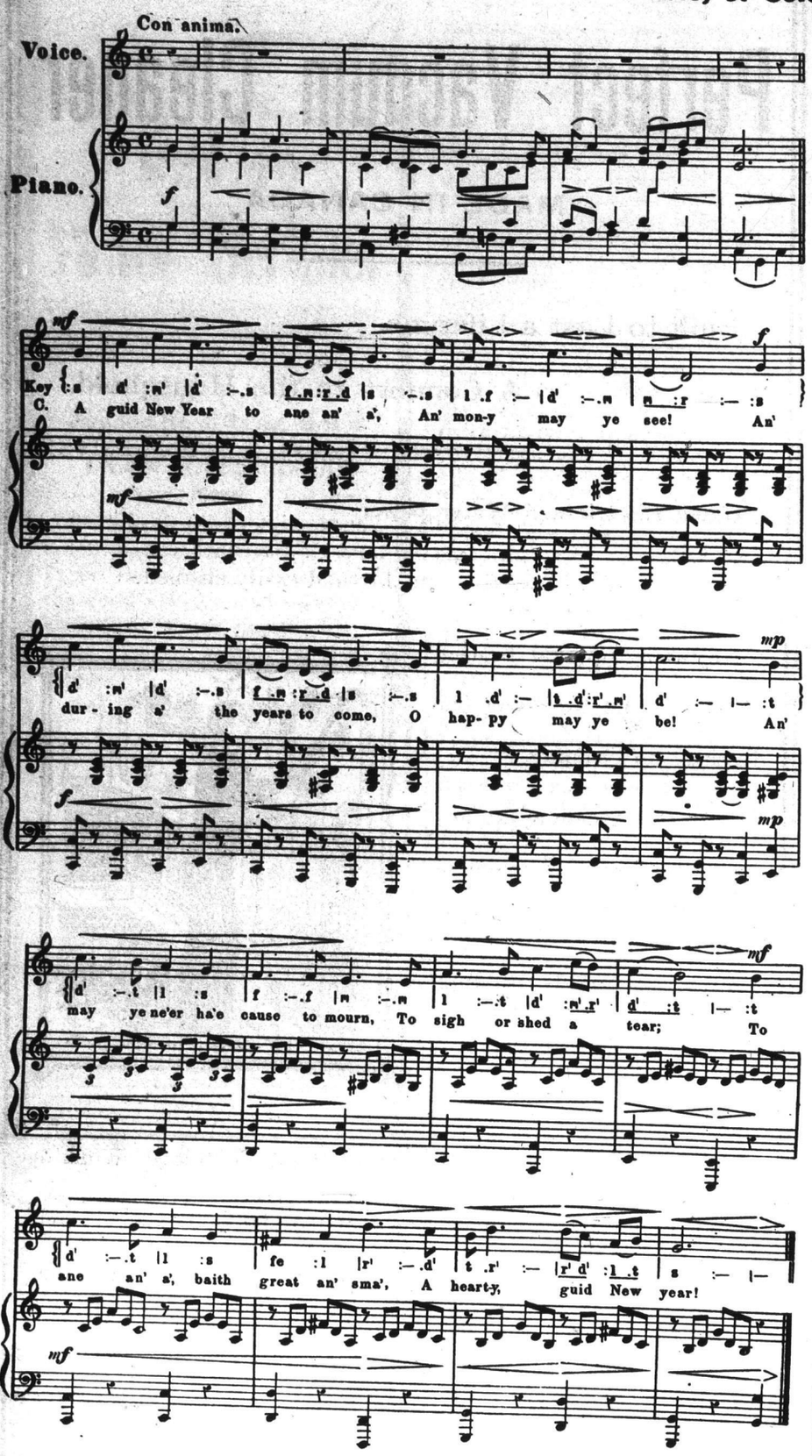

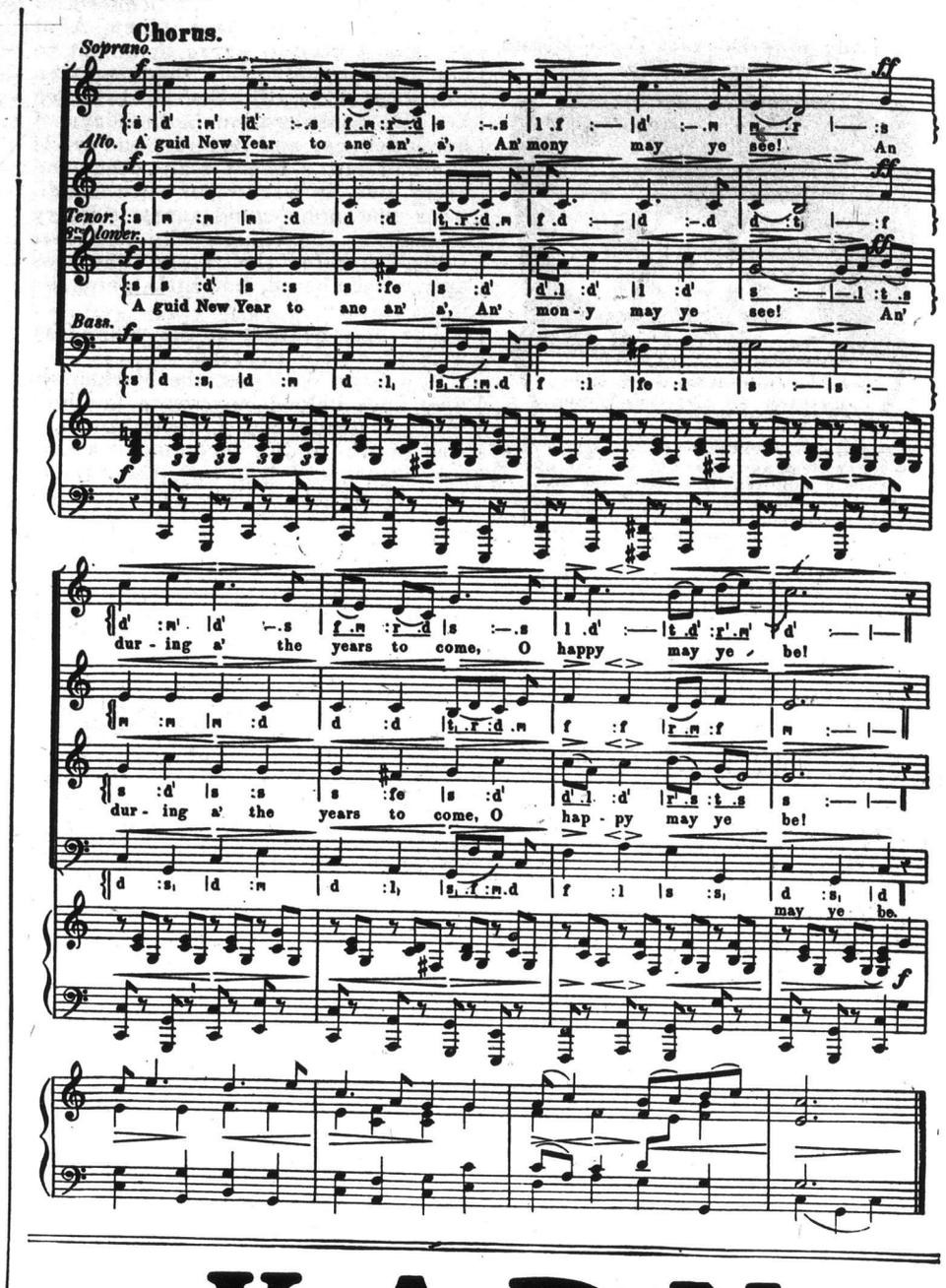

2

O Time flies fast, he winna wait.
My friend, for you or me;
He works his wonders day by day.
And onward still doth flee.
O wha can tell when ilka ane,
I see sae happy here,
Will meet again an' merry be,
Anither guid New Year?
A guid New Year, &c

3

We twa hae baith been happy lang,
We ran about the braes;
In yon wee cot beneath the tree
We spent our early days.
We ran about the burnie's side,—
The spot will aye be dear;
An' those that used to meet us there
We'll think on mony a year.
A guid New Year, &c.

4

Now let us hope our years may be,
As guid as they hae been;
And trust we ne'er again may see
The sorrows we hae seen.
And let us wish that ane an' a',
Our friends baith far an' near,
May aye enjoy in times to come
A hearty, guid New Year.
A guid New Year, &c.

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Music and the Drama.

The rotations of the wheel of "seasons" and "tides" in our religious life, are fast becoming mechanical and meaningless—and useless.

Ages ago, when the world had time to worship, and rejoice in the birth of the Saviour, the Christmastide—a time that was of charity, music, and piety—lasted for a whole week. But who could imagine our modern-day Winnipeg with its stores, banks, real estate, law offices, etc., closed for a whole week in mutual agreement, celebrating the advent of the Saviour of the World! That, indeed, is a hard task for the imagination; but it is a far harder task to imagine our churches wide open during a whole week, crowded with people engaged in devotional exercise of prayer and praise, and the rich sharing their wealth with the poor.

Granting that such would be extreme conditions in these days, it is to be regretted that nearly all our churches never open their doors for even one short hour on the real Christmas day, and that many of our stores and offices are doing their usual business.

The custom in these days is to make either the Saturday before or the Sunday after the real Christmas day do double duty both as a Christmas and a Lord's day. If this is carried on much longer the 25th of December will have no more significance than any other secular date on the calender—except as an excuse for gorging, drinkinfi, horse-racing, fighting (human fighting, in these days), all sorts of "sports" and general debauchery.

The Christmas of holy rejoicing and praise-giving has almost already vanished from our life.

In the face of these facts how ridiculous—how atrocious it is that the Christmas musical offerings in our churches should be squeezed into the ordinary services of a Sunday.

It would be very noble of our choir leaders were they to arrange an annual musical festival on Christmas day, and unite, every church of each denomination, or better still, all the denominations together—it would be very noble of them could they but arrange annually for such a musical feast.

The fact that secular musical societies are the sole promoters of oratorio music, i.e., in its entirety, in this city, does not redound much to the credit of our churches and to our church piety. The oratorio rightfully belongs to the sanctuary, and it should not be pressed into the degrading slavery of secular ends.

We need raise the tone of Christmas in our city and maintain that tone at its sublimest point, if it is worth while keeping Christmas day at all. We now pack the remnants of its holy and sacred functions into the ordinary Sabbath, for the sake of being free on the 25th of December to indulge in the most materialistic functions that this world can entice us to participate in.

Music is our only hope—music of the pious master—and the only means by which can be effected the desired improvement in psychological evolution of the human mind, and in the awakening of that something in us which baffles the understanding, and which elevates our standard of life.

The forces of degeneration are far more powerful than those of improvement when applied to the human race, and there is no standstill state. Therefore the danger is that if no ennobling and refining forces are supplied to modify the methods that are now employed in the celebration of Christmas—well, we had better draw the veil over that beautiful and momentous scene in Bethlehem, and forget it forever.

I was at a concert the other evening when every number was encored. The performers, of course, always like to be applauded, in fact some of them live only for applause, but it is hardly fair to make them give two concerts instead of one, for that is what it amounts to.

Audiences are often very thoughtless in demanding too many encores, and sometimes the artists let them know that their efforts are not appreciated. This will be seen from the following extracts from "Musical Canada" for this month:

M. de Pachmann, one of the greatest interpreters of Chopin, gave a recital at the Queen's Hall recently, charming a large audience by his wonderfully expressive playing and by the equally expressive gestures and remarks in which he indulges during his performances. An amusing incident occurred after his rendering of Schumann's Sonata in G. When he returned to the platform in response to a persistent demand for an encore, he began Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet" at a rapid tempo, breaking off at the eighteenth bar with the words "It is enough!" This seems to be an effective, if slightly undignified, way of reproving the encore fiend who is always so much in evidence at the recitals of a popular artist.

A somewhat similar incident occurred lately at Plymouth at a concert at which Caruso was singing. The great tenor, of course, scored a great success, but he could not content his hearers who persisted in demanding more. After granting several encores he declined to do more; but the audience remained unsatisfied and continued to applaud. After coming on the platform several times, Caruso at last appeared with his hat and overcoat, and when the audience had become silent, he said in his best Italian-English: "It is finished; I am tired, I want my supper!"

The secret of many a lawyer's success is strikingly divulged in Charles Klein's great masterpiece of modern topical playwriting, "The Third Degree," which comes to Winnipeg during January.

Richard Brewster, the celebrated exponent of international law in "The Third Degree" says to the wife of his best paying client: "The painful part of our profession is that the client's weakness is the lawyer's strength. When men hate each other and rob each other we lawyers don't pacify them. We dare not. We encourage them; we pit them against each other for profit. If we didn't they'd go to some lawyer who did. When a man wants to do the wrong thing, he's always willing to pay a lawyer a good price to advise him to do it."

Promising young attorneys will find a great deal of sound philosophical wisdom in "The Third Degree," and incidentally prospective legal contestants will glean much wholesome advice, which, if sought direct of any recognized and reputable authority, would cost a pretty penny. In explanation of this splendid and clear insight into the methods of barristers by the playwright, it may be stated that Charles Klein is a lawyer of ability, having studied law at Lincolns Inn, London, England, and admitted to the English bar.

We remember that blissful, self-contained creature with long hair and neckwear, and short cash and brains with his apings of Coquelin and Booth—but he has dropped behind in the modern race, to accept the "ten-and-cakes" of the medicine show under canvas. It seems to us that Shakespeare's recurring pictures of the actor in Elizabethan times has lost its accuracy and modern fitness only within the past fifteen years. That awesome regard of our parents which exalted the mummer to the status of mystic priest has been rudely forfeited by a less imaginative, less credulous and bolder generation.

What, after all, was the old-time actor's sanctuary which the public's misconceptions granted him but a board-fence protection for much ignorance, idle pretensions, incompetence and conceit? "Making a living" is not exactly a soothing slogan for our lady of profoundly artistic temperament. Very naturally it riles professional pride, for it makes her half-sister to the plumber or cabinet-maker, and full cousin to the down-trodden carrier of hods.

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15. Bachelor's Regret
16. Can't You Tell How Much I Love You
17. Nancy
18. Suppose I Said I Love You
19. There's always a Drop in the Bottle
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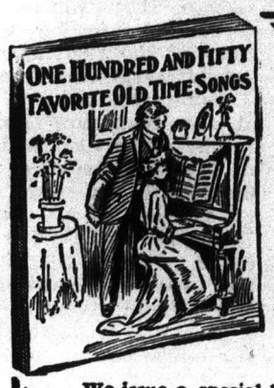

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

The British Election System and Ours.

In one respect, at least, the British system of holding general elections is behind the system we have in Canada. In Great Britain the work of the electors in marking their ballots is strung out over twelve days. With us it is all over in one day, and it is known before people go to bed whether the government is thrown out or given a continued lease of office.

A Canadian Province Yet to Be.

It is pleasing news that Newfoundland is now enjoying a time of unusual prosperity. Our fellow-citizens of the Empire—we cannot yet speak of them as fellow-Canadians—living in that great island which stands sentinel in the mouth of one of the greatest of our country's many great rivers, can stand a period of good times, for they have had more than their share of bad times. The fishing has been exceptionally good during the past season, and much progress has been made in the mining of iron and copper. Mining is a comparatively new industry in Newfoundland, and one seemingly which is capable of great expansion. And all this industrial activity has been accompanied by a remarkable activity in railway building, which is the great developer of any country that has anything to develop. In due time Newfoundland will come tapping at the door of Canada, and will be welcomed into the Dominion.

Our Railway Mileage.

The death of James Rankin, who helped to build the first locomotive on the Grand Trunk, recalls the tremendous advance which Canadian railways have made within the space of a single lifetime. In 1836 there were but sixteen miles of steel in Canada. In 1867, when the Dominion was formed, the total trackage was 2,278 miles. To-day there are in Western Canada, to say nothing of the rest of the Dominion, no less than 11,472 miles of railway, of which the C. P. R. has 6,097 miles, having laid 404 miles during 1908, the Canadian Northern 3,500 miles, having laid 250 miles during 1908, the Grand Trunk Pacific 1,385 miles, having laid 403 miles during 1908, and the Great Northern 490 miles. The total mileage of railways with which the whole Dominion enters upon the new year is close upon 28,000. Canada thus leads the world, with one mile of railway to every 300 people. In the United States there are 381 people to every mile of railway.

A Great Change For the Better.

The entirely true statement made recently by the Secretary of State at Ottawa, that alcoholism is not at all a prevalent vice in Canada to anything like the same extent as in European countries, calls attention anew to the change which has taken place in the last few years in the attitude of employers toward the liquor habit. Time was when a proclivity towards "the social glass" was regarded rather as a qualification than otherwise in some branches of trade. Commercial travellers were supposed to sell more goods on the strength of it; promoters to sell more stock. Intoxicating beverages were regarded as part and parcel of private hospitality. The clergy themselves were in some cases, not so long ago, welcomed with something stronger than would now be offered. The habit of getting politely drunk was tolerated—treated as a matter of course. Now all these things are changed, and while there are still appalling numbers of patients in the alcoholic wards of city hospitals, over-indulgence in liquor is being educated out of the people. Everywhere there is an increasing disapprobation of it, and as the Secretary of State pointed out in the Dominion Parliament just before the adjournment for the Christmas holidays, the railroad companies and other business concerns, large and small, are insisting upon sobriety on the part of their employees. But much remains yet to be done before our country is rid of the evil of intemperance.

"Unexplored Territory."

In the old geographies the most fascinating maps were those which contained huge expanses marked "Unexplored Territory". There were many such areas in the world in those days. What did not those words, "Unexplored Territory" mean to the dreaming schoolboy! What days and nights of adventure! What discoveries of lake, and river, and mountain range! What encounters with wild animals and almost equally wild races of mankind! But time has changed much of this. The Cape to Cairo locomotive shrieks through the Zambesi jungle and skirts lakes known hitherto only to the natives. The sound of the threshing machine is heard far up towards Hudson's Bay. But while few countries are left for the explorer to make known to the world at large, there is still "Unexplored Territory" on our own continent, and nearby at that as distances go in these days, for few white men have penetrated beyond the coast of Labrador, one of the earliest discovered seaboards of North America. Inland from that coast stretches a vast country of which little is known. A few rivers have been traced far enough to prove their immense length, wonderful lakes have been surveyed, and tremendous cataracts discovered. Geologists have made finds which show that there is untold mineral wealth there, the forests seem illimitable—and yet the country is practically unexplored. These facts are all set forth in detail by Dr. Grenfell, the missionary, in a book he has just written, which leaves upon the mind of the reader a strong impression that Labrador is one of the regions that promises to be the most valuable for discovery and exploitation of the few which yet remain untouched by human enterprise.

Great Rivers—Fertile Valleys.

The newest new newspaper to arrive on the Philosopher's desk from far northern British Columbia is the Fort George Tribune, which has been started by the redoubtable John Houston, who last year founded the Prince Rupert Empire. He has moved again to cast in his fortunes with Fort George, that "hundred-years-old metropolis," as he terms it, referring to its importance in the old days of the fur-traders, but which as yet contains only twenty white people. In the first issue of the Tribune the vicinity of Fort George is described. A Mr. Blakemore had just returned from a trip to the sources of Bear River. He found the valley of the Bear teeming with moose. On his way he discovered coal beds with thirty feet of coal in an exposure of 150 feet. On arriving at the Fraser River he floated down that great stream in his canoe. It was the 28th of October, and fine summer weather prevailed. He was overtaken in his trip by the steamer Nechaco, which was returning from a voyage up the Fraser above Giscombe Rapids. 205 miles farther up stream than Fort George. He could have gone 110 miles farther up stream to Tete Jaune Cache, within sixty miles of the Yellowhead Pass. The country from there is a fertile valley, where railway construction will be as easy, by all accounts, as on the prairies. Captain Bonser, of the Nechaco, has navigated his steamer up the river of that name to Fraser Lake, 120 miles from Fort George. The conclusion is that there are 500 miles of steamboat waterways within 125 miles of Fort George, and probably 10,000,000 acres suitable for mixed farming in the same area. Two or three portages on the Fraser would establish moderately easy communication with Lytton, on the main line of the C. P. R. These facts are a revelation of the new empire being opened up by the G. T. P. in northern British Columbia.

CONGRATULATIONS

THE Western Home Monthly is for the people and for all the people. We therefore rejoice that the people are coming into their own.

In the mother-land the toilers and the workers are saying: "We shall be free—free from the weight of hereditary privilege, free from the intolerable burden of social inequality."

In our own Western Canada, the tillers of the soil, the men upon whom depend the stability and progress of the nation have said: "We, too, shall be free—free from the tyrannous exactions of unnecessary marauders, free from the power of designing politicians and heartless corporations. We are the real rulers of the land. Governments shall not dictate to us, but we to them."

And so it has come about that already two governments have acceded to the requests of the producers. They have recognised that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

It only remains for legislation to be enacted which will make it forever impossible for hard-working men to suffer injustice from governments, from corporate bodies, from mischievous combinations, or from members of their own ranks whose cupidity exceeds their usefulness.

Farmers of the West, we congratulate you! You have fought a good fight. See to it that you all keep the faith.

As for the Home Monthly, it will continue to act the watch-dog. If the wolves are outside the fold they shall be run to earth, but if within the fold they shall be torn limb from limb. In matters of this kind the only consideration is the permanent welfare of all the people.

The Hudson Bay Route.

During the session of the Dominion Parliament which began in November no document of greater public importance was submitted by the Government than the report embodying the complete surveys of the available routes to Hudson Bay. The great inland sea of this continent was until a few years ago associated in remoteness with the Northwest Passage and the polar regions. There was the same prevailing ignorance about the northern waters as there was concerning the northern lands of the continent. It is now realized that Hudson Bay will afford the best grain route to Europe and the best route for the varied supplies needed by Western Canada. It is a notable fact that despite the great transportation development of the past quarter of a century, linking Eastern and Western Canada, the Hudson Bay Company still finds its original route preferable for much of its traffic both ways between this country and England. It is known that the fisheries of Hudson Bay are among the richest in the world, and that the opening of railway communication will develop extensive fishing industries which will improve the food supply of this and the neighboring country. The most important question dealt with in the report laid on the table of the House at Ottawa is, of course, the availability of the route for marketing the grain of this country. The surveys indicate that the Port Nelson route is preferable to the more northerly course by Fort Churchill. The cost of the former route from railway connection with the existing railway system of Western Canada to tide water is estimated at $16,426,000, and by the Fort Churchill route $19,108,000. These figures include harbor terminals, that is elevators and harbor equipment, etc., as well as railway construction. The Port Nelson route has the advantage of being only 410 miles in length, as compared with 477 miles to Fort Churchill. All the investigations that have been made bear out the availability of the Hudson Bay outlet for the grain of this country, and the people of Western Canada look to see the great national work of developing that outlet proceeded with without any avoidable delay.

King Leopold and the Congo.

The event of the past month which has claimed the lion's share of the world's attention was the death of King Leopold of Belgium, whose passing from the world was, after all, a matter of but little more importance than that of any other public man who has passed the allotted three score years and ten. There were not, and are not, any political complications in Belgium to occasion uncertainty or unrest, and the change in the wearer of the crown will mean nothing politically to the Belgians. It is to be believed that they are glad to be rid of so dissolute a king, whose behavior as husband and father was so scandalous. He was a man of most extraordinary ability—in the way of accumulating enormous riches for himself. In his eagerness to amass millions he neglected great opportunities to do something which the Recording Angel might have written to the credit side of his account. The Congo country and its inhabitants were entrusted to his charge by the European powers, because it was believed he would rightly discharge that trust. A mistake more tragic was never made. The horrors and atrocities for which Leopold was responsible in the Congo all the world now knows something of. Only a few days before Leopold's death Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was cheered to the echo by a great public meeting in London, while he described "the crime of the Congo," calling it "not only a crime, but the greatest crime ever committed in the history of the world," and telling of the immense numbers of human beings who had given up their lives under cruel treatment and of the vast areas that had been plundered and devastated in order that "the unscrupulous, astute, perverse Leopold" might wring his $180,000,000 from the Congo, which in extent is somewhat larger than Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Italy, Switzerland and Portugal combined. It was stated in the cable dispatches that King Leopold's last illness was partly caused by worry over the denunciations of his course in regard to the Congo. If this is true, it stands as a further illustration that a man will sometimes worry about criticisms of his conduct, who did not worry at all about the brutality and crime of which he has been guilty and which have brought just criticism about him.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Mail Order Department, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

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ECONOMICAL SHOPPING.

The advantages of the new era in shopping—The Mail Order Method—are best illustrated in the perfect system of the Hudson's Bay Company. Letter orders receive the most prompt and careful attention. We guarantee absolute satisfaction and any unsuitable go ds on receipt may be returned to us for exchange, the Company paying all transportation charges.

This page will give you a little idea of the splendid opportunities offered in the Company's big Ca alogue (mailed free on request). Remember our reputation for quality—the same old reliable quality of the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket, The Fitwell Boot, for men and women, Hudson's Bay Quality Cheese, Imperial Mixture Tobacco, etc., etc., etc., stands behind all merchandise sold through the Hudson's Bay Catalogue.

If you have not dealt with us by Mail, we respectfully solicit a trial order.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

J25—Bon Ton Corset.—One of the smartest and most-wanted styles. An exceptionally fine model for the full figure, making a perfect fitting and comfortable corset. Medium low bust and princess hip. Made in white only; exactly as per cut. All sizes 18 to 30. A high grade Bon Ton Corse . Regular price $5.00. Special price January and February **$2.50**

J26 Waist $1.98

J27 $1.98

J26—Waist—a most attractive lingerie waist, made from imported Swiss lawn exactly as per cut to right. Panel front edged with valenciennes forming very pretty yoke, tiny pintucking forming fullness; back trimmed to correspond; sleeve trimmed with insertion and edged with lace. In white only. Sizes 34 to 42. Regular $2.65. Special Sale Price, January and February.... **$1.98**

J 28—Ladies' Skirt—Ladies' all wool English Panama skirt. Made in nine gore flare; panel front trimmed with fine quality black satin down both sides of front gore; finished with clusters of covered buttons and loops of silk soutache braid. Perfectly tailored throughout. Steam shrunk and pressed. Seams all bound to prevent fraying; two loops for hanging garment when not in use. A dressy model and a most serviceable skirt. Navy only. Special Price **$4.75**

J 33 $2.15

J 27—Waist—All wool French cashmere tailored waist. Made from all wool imported material. Box pleat down front, epaulette effect over shoulder, trimmed with self covered buttons. Soft collar edged with tiny pleated frill, turned back cuffs; fastens in front. Colors black, brown, navy, red. Sizes 34 to 42. Regular price $2.75. Special price, January and February **$1.98**

20% DISCOUNT ON ALL FURS

During JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1910.

We offer our entire stock of LADIES AND GENTS FURS at a Special Discount, during January and February.

Write for Special Fur Catalogue, Twenty per cent Discount on Everything.

The discount is allowed on everything listed. At regular prices our values are unequalled. The discount is a direct saving to you. At this price it will pay you handsomely to buy your Furs right now, even if not wanted until next season.

J29—Ladies' Night Gown—As cut above. Best quality flannelette in pink and blue stripes. Sizes 58 and 60. Regular price $1.50. Special Clearing Sale, January and February **$1.29**

J30—Ladies' All Wool Golf Coat—Made with pockets and cuffs. Fine quality of pure Botany wool. Fits the figure without impeding the freedom of the arms. In navy and khaki. Regular price, $3.75 Special clearing price **$2.98**

J31 Children's All Wool Norfolk Coat
—1 to 6 yrs Special price **$1.00**
7 to 14 yrs Special price **$1.29**

Home Repairing Outfit.

"The Western Farmer's Friend." This outfit contains 4 lasts, 1 sand, 1 hammer, 3 awls, 1 knife, cement, bristles, wax, thread, 4 packages nails, heel plates, needles, harness and saw clamp, rivets punch, solder, soldering iron, resin and complete directions. Packed in a box, weighs 14 lbs. Regular price $1.50. Special Sale Price.. **$1.35**

GROCERY SPECIAL

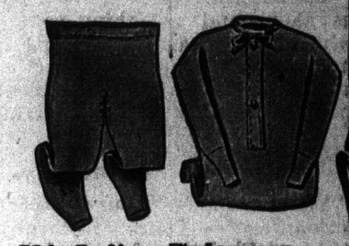
The Best Offer Ever Given for **$10.00**

With each purchase of the following $10.00 Special, we give free 18 lbs. of the best pure Granulated Sugar.

Special $10.00 List

3 lb. tin Tetley's Tea (Sunflower)
7 lb. box fancy Valencia Raisins
3 three-lb. tins Tomatoes
7 lbs. pure Strawberry Jam
3 two-lb. tins heavy Syrup Strawberries
3 two-lb. tins Kent Corn
3 two-lb. tins Kent Refugee Beans
3 three-lb. tins Delhi Peaches
6 two-and-a-ha f-lb. tins Globe Pears
3 two-lb. tins Delhi Red Raspberries
2 one-gallon tins best Apples
1 gallon best sweet mixed Pickles
1 gallon Tomato Catsup
3 tins Horseshoe Salmon
1 one-lb tin pure Baking Powder
2 ozs. pure Extract of Lemon
5 lbs. best Japan Rice
1 jar best Cream Cheese.
1 g ass jar pure Honey
With each $10 00 offer as above we supply **FREE** 18 lbs. best Granulated Sugar.

J33—Ladies' Kimono.—Ladies' Flannel Velour Kimono in grey, fawn, navy, pink and red. Sizes 34 to 44. Regular $2.75. Special price..... **$2.15**



J34—Ladies Underwear—Best quality wool, sizes 34 to 40 Vest, each Drawers, **$1.49**

J35—Children's Overalls—Black wool, with feet; drawn cord round waist. Reg. 65c. and 75c. Special..... **32c.**

J32—Children's All Wool Toques—Reg. 45c. Special price..... **32c.**

J38—Children's English Flannelette Night Gowns—made from fine quality imported flandelette. Made with yoke, neck and sleeves prettily trimmed with silk embroidery. White only.

Age yrs.	Reg price	Spl. price
2	60c.	48c.
3	65c.	55c.
4	70c.	59c.
5	75c.	62c.
6	80c.	65c.
7	85c.	70c.
8	85c.	70c.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE

J36—Children's Sleepers—Children's flannelette Sleeper. One of the most popular garment devised. Made from soft English striped flannelette. Colors pink and blue contrasting shades. Age 1, 3 and 5 years. Regular 50c. and 65c. per complete garment. Special Sale price each .... **42c.**

J37—Children's Bath Robes and Kimonas.—Made in two styles for boys or girls. The Kimona has band of sateen down front and round collar and sleeves, with ribbon bow at neck and is especially adapted for girls. Both are made of soft eiderdown flannel in pink or blue. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Special **$1.50**

J39—Children's White Bearskin Coats.—These are good roomy garments made with large cape collar fastened on to neck, wide ribbon tie; lined throughout with heavy cream flannelette. Superior quality all through. This is a useful and necessary garment for children.

Sizes inch	Reg. price	Spl price
20	$2.75	$2.00
22	$2.75	$2 00
24	$3.00	$2.25
26	$3.75	$2.75

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY - - Mail Order Department - - WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

One Man Power.

We are living in a universe where nothing runs itself. A successful peanut stand demands the attention of a presiding genius. Wherever you find success you will find brains if you look deep enough. Where things run smoothly somebody is supplying the oil. I believe in a committee if it is manned by a good chairman. I find that the greatest power in the world is the "one-man-power". The best thing a great man ever did was to discover and train his own successor. The world will never get beyond the point where it will appreciate the power of pronounced personality.

"In the old castle at Warwick you will see the dinted helmet and breast-plate of Oliver Cromwell. It is but a useless relic and only the fussy caretaker keeps it from the gnawing tooth of time. But once the good round head of Oliver was under that helmet and his stout heart beat under that breast-plate. Then there was power in them, and thundering down at Dunbar to the shout, "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered," they were invincible."

A New Race.

The world is producing a new race. The telephone, telegraph, steam engine, locomotive, electrical car and a hundred other inventions of the brain of man are bringing the ends of the world together—and producing a new type of man. In every city there may be found men of every shade of complexion—red men, brown men, black men, yellow men and white men and these working together must produce a new man with a broad brain and, let us hope, a white soul. Newell Dwight Hillis hints at this in the following suggestive paragraph:

"This problem of our newcomers forces itself upon our thought the moment we step upon the street. A Russian conductor takes our fare, an Italian boy blacks our shoes, a West Indian cares for the furnace, a Greek sells the fruit; you buy your luncheon at a German restaurant, dine in a French cafe; watch an Irish society parading through the streets; send your clothes to a Jewish tailor; an Armenian beats your carpets; the dentist is an Englishman, the banker a Scotchman, the reporter a Welshman."

Truth and Right.

Young man, there are only two things with which you need concern yourself—method and motive. Method means success, motive means character. To think right and to act right is the sum total of life's necessities. And motive is more than method. Think your thought and then test it by the law of every realm and if it is right logically, right socially, right politically, and right spiritually—then you can bank upon it. Righteousness is never out of fashion with God. Righteousness looks well on the page of history. Righteousness works well into the warp and woof of poetry and painting, song and story. Be right!

"Lord Bacon said: 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see ships tossing far away on the sea; it is a pleasure to stand in the castle window and look down upon the battle and the adventures thereof; but no pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage ground of truth.'"

Sincerity.

"Yours truly"—"Yours respectfully"—"Yours affectionately"—"Yours faithfully"—"Yours in the bonds of Christian fellowship"—but I have one expression which I prefer to them all, namely—"Yours sincerely." Sincerity is a quality which wears. Some men are "brainy", some "sharp", some "brilliant" and some "shrewd" but I prefer the man who is sincere. I will not match cunning against cunning, I will simply try and be sincere—as sincere as a child, as sincere as a flower of the field, as sincere as the eternal light of a star, as sincere as a ray of sunlight.

Phillip Brooks once said to a friend with great solemnity, "How wretched I should be if I felt that I was carrying about with me any secret which I should not be willing that all the world should know!"

Your Hand.

That plump hand means good nature. That long hand means analysis and inspection. That small hand means economy and thrift. That hand with well formed and tapering fingers means a love for art and beauty. That square hand means "horse sense" and a genius for business. But a hand with a soul behind it—any hand—square, round, long, short or tapering, means the exercise of an influence which will win friends and hold them. Says Helen Keller in "The World I Live In":—

"A loving hand I never forget. I remember in my fingers the large hands of Bishop Brooks, brimful of tenderness and a strong man's joy. If you were deaf and blind and could have held Mr. Jefferson's hand, you would have seen in it a face and heard a kind voice unlike any other you have known. Mark Twain's hand is full of whimsies and the drollest humors, and while you hold it the drollery changes to sympathy and championship.'

Tact.

You can say almost anything to anybody if you know how to say it. Just imagine, for a moment, that every other person in the world is as sensitive as you are, and speak accordingly; mix praise with criticism. When you inform a man that he has a mole on his physiognomy, fail not to remind him that Oliver Cromwell was blessed with just such a beauty spot. And when you find it necessary to point out the wrinkles on the brow of your friend, let him know that the deep furrows on the face of Abraham Lincoln reminded one of the tracks sweeping, here and there, on the map of a railroad timetable.

"An Egyptian king dreamed that all his teeth had fallen out. He sent for a soothsayer to give an interpretation of the dream. The man assumed a sad countenance, and assured his majesty that the vision meant nothing less than the mournful fact that all his relatives would die before him, and that he would be left to lament their loss. The King was very angry, and commanded that the unhappy soothsayer should be whipped.

"The next prophet that was summoned to his majesty's presence wore a glad face. 'Your dream, sire,' he said, 'thank the gods! They promise you length of days. You will live longer than any of your relatives.'"

Sweet Reasonableness.

There are two ends to a ladder. There are two sides to a shield. There are two faces for a coin. There are two accounts in book-keeping. There are two laws of gravitation (one up and the other down) and there are two sides to a story, and as the famous pulpit orator has informed you—"two sides to a subject"; seek to know both sides. As Spurgeon said concerning literature, heterodox and orthodox, "I read both sides."

Remember Cromwell's exhortation to the Scotch divines in the seventeenth century, "I beseech you, by the mercies of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

The only "accident policy" which will guarantee a man against the mistakes which result from a narrow interpretation of life is to be thoroughly posted on all sides of a subject.

Keep Things Moving.

The artist who arranges and re-arranges the goods in the windows of yonder departmental store has a great genius for "re-adjustment". He loves a change, and humanity admires his changeable spirit. The eye is ever hungry for a new view of created things. I have no doubt that the Almigny had this in mind when He arranged for a perpetual change in the weather and built the clouds with a genius for floating. Let the young preacher who always preaches for forty minutes, "cut it down" to a twenty-minutes' discourse. It will cause the congregation to be inspired with the belief that he can work miracles in the realm homiletical.

Chas. M. Alexander, the great singer, remarked recently: "I remember one hot summer Sunday afternoon at the Bible Conference at Northfield. It was my first experience as leader of a song service there. The atmosphere was sultry, and the people almost half asleep—not an encouraging situation. When we started it seemed to me that a state of deadness settled down on the audience—a state that it seemed impossible to break. The thought came to me that something must be done, and done quickly. The piano was on the floor below me, with its back to the platform, and the sound was muffled and only half-filled the room. In the middle of a song I stopped everybody and called for fourteen men to come to the front and lift the piano to the platform. Everybody woke up. The men quickly volunteered, and, almost in the time it takes to tell this, the piano was on the platform. From that time there was an 'at home' atmosphere and it was easy to get the people to sing."

Father's Advice.

The sooner you begin to think for yourself the better. Your preacher can advise you with reference to the interests of your soul. Your lawyer will give you certain points by which you may safeguard your property. Your doctor, if consulted early enough, will furnish you with indispensable information concerning the care of your health. Your real estate agent will doubtless inform you with reference to the best opportunity to get in on the "ground floor", but after all these men ought to be regarded as "emergency men". There is a sense, and a proper sense, in which you ought to be your own doctor, lawyer, preacher, and agent. When the students in a military academy mutinied, five boys received the following telegrams from their fathers:

One father wired his son, "I expect you to obey." Another said, "If you are expelled from school, you needn't come home." Still another, "I'll send you to an insane asylum if you are sent home." Another said, "I'll cut you off without a shilling if you disgrace the family." But the best message was couched in these laconic words: "Steady, my boy, steady! Father."

In Days Of Yore.

Those were great days when you lived in Ontario. You did things in a wonderful fashion then. When you tell about it you grow wonderfully eloquent. It seems more wonderful every time you tell about it. "The good old days in Ontario." But we are living in Manitoba and this is January the first, Nineteen hundred and ten. There has never been a better day in the history of the world, and we believe that Western Canada is God's Garden for the achievement of modern history. We are making history and we are making men. "The Interior" remarks.—

"The man who will be wise for effective service in higher life must learn what the great apostle had well learned—to forget "the things which are behind." "The pies that mother used to make" are no more mythical than the "crowded" prayer meetings that father used to lead, and Mr. Mooay once said that the men who did him the least good in his evangelistic campaigns were those who were always contrasting the after-meetings of the seventies with "the great revival" of 1858.

Meeting Greeting.

How many people do you meet in a day? As a house keeper you may meet ten. As a professional man you may meet fifty. As a clerk behind the counter you may meet a hundred. As a paying teller in a bank you may meet five hundred. The more you meet the greater is the temptation to be cold, precise and business-like, with just an extra smile for some certain individuals, more prominent in the community than others. But what an opportunity for the "square deal" in the common courtesies of life. When Savonarola referred to his conversion, he said: "A word did it."

Mark Antony.

Rein in your forces. Control your feelings. Master your appetites. Govern your passions and get the upper hand of your temper. Be sovereign in the realm of self-control. Know yourself. Talk with yourself. Reason with yourself. Take yourself into your own confidence. Pat yourself on the shoulder occasionally. Scold yourself when you need it. Compel your soul to laugh in the hours of your gloom. Be master of your fate and captain of your own soul. Frederick F. Shannon in his sermon on "The New Man," says:—

"Nero shod his mules with silver. He also built a golden house for his body. But his soul lived in a mud hut, because he was more cunning in deviltry than his silver-shod mules. Antony rode through the streets of Rome in a chariot drawn by lions. But the wild beasts were not so ferocious as the lion-like lusts which slew him."

Fight On.

It's a long lane which has no turning. It's a long night which has no dawning. It's a long day which has no twilight. Hold on! Plod on! Trudge on! Fight on! The tide will surely turn. The sun will pierce the gloom. The moon will pass beyond the cloud. The storm will wear itself out. The long heat of summer will not last forever. So fight on!—New circumstances will favor you. New friends will fight for you. New opportunities will open for you. New pathways will be revealed to you. So fight on, brave soul, fight on! As one writer has well said:—

"An admirable reflection for the victim of moods, as for many another, is the old saying in which Abraham Lincoln is said to have taken peculiar comfort, namely, 'This also will pass.'"

Mr. Editor: That was a splendid article in your last issue by Hon. W. A. Weir, of Quebec. What a comprehensive view of the proportions and possibilities of the Dominion of Canada! What a marvelous vision of the character and destiny of our boundless western country. That article ought to be delivered in the form of an address before our Canadian Clubs. The Anglo-Saxon race will one day rule the world. Its home and throne will be the continent of North America.—It's last chapter of achievement will be wrought out in the Dominion of Canada.

I commend to our young men these words by Mr. Weir:—"The East and West of Canada are now indissolubly bound together in the working out of the destiny of Canada—that destiny may be bright and illustrious, or commonplace and trite, as we choose to make it."

The Edison!

The Latest Style EDISON Phonograph in Our New Outfit No. 10—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph—shipped

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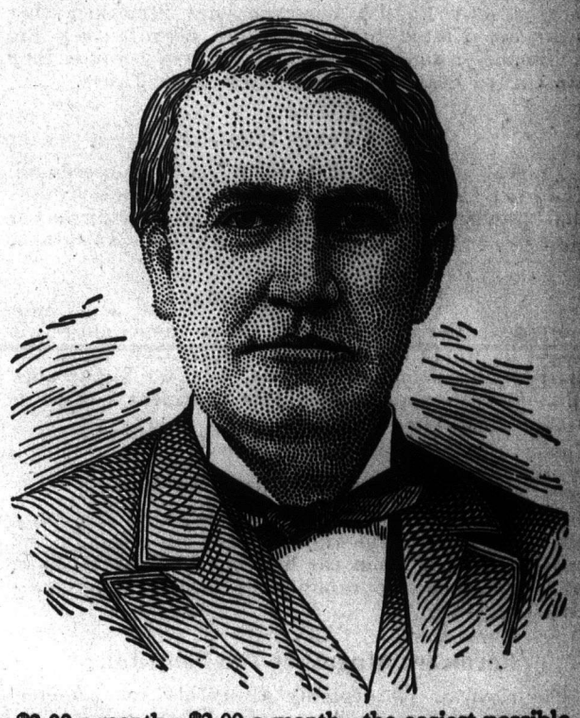
Yes, free. I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

Read the Offer:

I will ship you free this grand No. 10 outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Moulded and Amberol records. You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.



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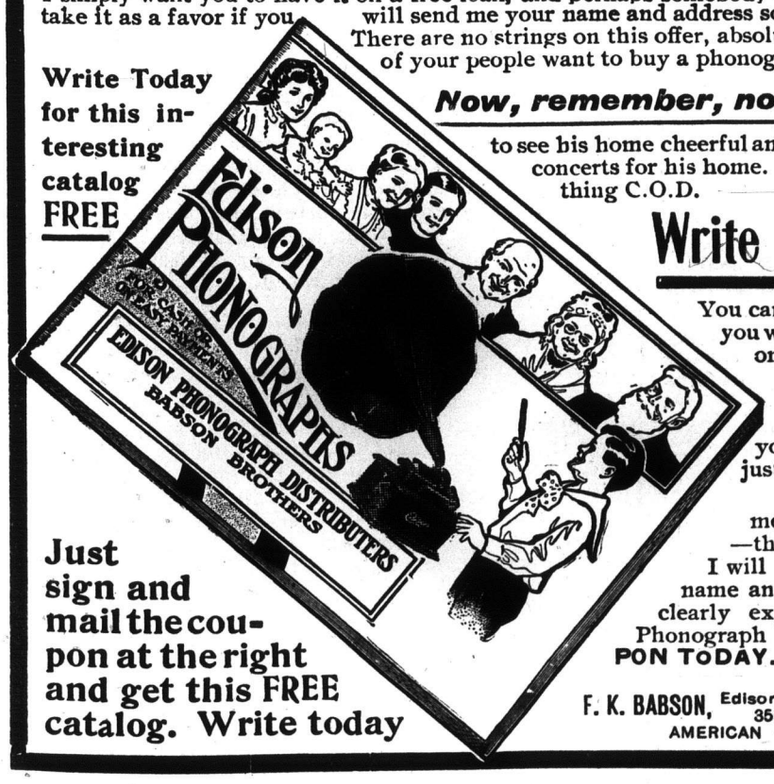
The Phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. **Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph** of our outfit No. 10, 1910 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 10. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. **We want to convince you;** we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

My Reason

I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 10. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only $2.00 a month—$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. **Perhaps you, yourself, would want a Phonograph,** and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on a free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money, I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for $2.00 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember the loan is **absolutely free** from us, and we do not even charge you anything C.O.D.

Write Today for this interesting catalog FREE



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What the World is Saying.

Making it Hot for Chile.

Uncle Sam has handed Chile a chill, in the shape of a demand for $1,000,000. Now, will Chile get saucy?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Cement Millionaire.

A gentleman in Owen Sound gets a million dollars for his cement holdings. There's nothing like having your wealth in concrete form.—Toronto Star.

Queen Wilhelmina's Invention.

The Queen of Holland has invented an improved baby carriage. Over in Holland the best people continue to regard it as worth while to raise babies.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Canada's Development Only Beginning

Canada's vast potential wealth is even now only just beginning to be appreciated. Every day or two adds to discovery or some invention adds to the possibility of use.—London Times.

The Question Has an Answer.

The "Why Go to Canada?" campaign in the United States will not worry this country a little bit. The question will bring out the answer, and the answer is convincing.—Regina Leader.

A Chicago Opinion.

The British House of Lords is possibly as far out of touch with the spirit of the people it is supposed to represent as is the American Senate.—Chicago News.

Two Kinds of Senators.

A shrewd English observer once remarked that some are United States senators because they are millionaires, and some are millionaires because they are United States senators.—New York Times.

A Tariff Item.

France has raised the tariff on cottonseed oil. That will be a severe blow to Texas, which uses that product in the manufacture of pure imported olive oil, with an Italian label.—St. John Telegraph.

British Sea Supremacy.

Even if Canada were an independent nation it would be worth a considerable expenditure to ensure British supremacy on the sea, and no disturbance of conditions under which this continent has prospered.—Brockville Recorder.

From Flail to Threshing Machine.

The inventor of the threshing machine died only a few days ago. The thought that we are only one life-time distant from the flail is calculated to make us reflect upon the rapidity of modern progress.—Kingston Whig.

Revolvers Atogether Too Plentiful.

The revolver is becoming altogether too common as an agent of death in Canada. There is a clause in the criminal code which forbids the sale of these weapons without registration of the buyer's name, but it is absolutely a dead letter.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

How Statesmen Wear Their Hair.

The Vancouver Saturday Sunset railed at Premier McBride because of his long curly hair. There is no point to the argument in this country. Sir John Macdonald has long curly hair. So has Sir Wilfrid Laurier. So has Mr. Borden. Furthermore, both Laurier and Borden part their hair in the middle.—London Advertiser.

The Genial and Balmy Chinook.

It's bracing but invigorating, you know, but when you remember that the C. N. R. is going to continue grading the line from Vegreville into Calgary during the months between now and the spring time, gentle Annie, you will easily comprehend that the chinook is looked upon to get in its genial work in the interval.—Calgary News.

Manufacturers Coming West.

The Winnipeg Development Bureau reports that both British and American manufacturers are looking over the western field and considering the purchase of sites for factories. The West needs more manufacturing industries, and it is going to get them. The establishment of such industries between the Great Lakes and the Rockies will bring the prairie country into closer touch and sympathy with Eastern Canada, so far as the tariff question and other national problems are concerned.—Toronto News.

The Old-fashioned Spanking.

A number of Bridgeburg youths were yesterday sent to jail for short terms for stealing from cars. Their counsel suggested the alternative of a sound whipping. We are inclined to think that sometimes a good strapping by a parent, under official supervision, would be far better for a boy than a term in prison.—Hamilton Times.

Friendly, but Firm.

Lord Dundonald hopes that all the over-populated cities and counties of England will purchase Canadian estates, to which they can ship their unemployed under contract to stay there a specified time and learn to be useful. It is in the enforcement of the last clause that Canada will have to be friendly, but firm.—Montreal Star.

Canada's Far East is Prosperous. Too.

The individual or newspaper that undertakes to discover evidences of decadence in Nova Scotia is to be pitied. Prosperity is written large over the face of the land. The prospects for development and progress in all fields of enterprise were never more promising.—Halifax Chronicle.

It Was a Great Year.

The Canadian farmer has had a great year. Agricultural exports were $16,000,000 greater in the fiscal year 1909 than in 1908. Here are the figures: Animal produce—1908, $53,113,403; 1909, $53,944,809. Agricultural Products, 1908, $58,061,903; 1909, $74,113,017. Totals 1908, $111,175,306; 1909, $127,077,826.—London Free Press.

Wheat-eaters and Rice-eaters.

A statistician has made the discovery that almost exactly half the people in the world who eat cereal food consume rice, while half live on wheat and other grain. The average wheat crop of the world is almost exactly the same weight as the average rice crop. Those who eat wheat are stronger and do more work, but they do not work for the same price.—London Statist.

Land Speculation in Western States.

The West seems to be getting up to its neck again in a great land speculation. On the main street of Lincoln, Neb., it is said by way of illustration, there are 22 land brokerage offices alvertising—and selling—lands all over that section, from the Rio Grande to the Canadian boundary and beyond.—Boston Herald.

Who Wouldn't be a Dominion Senator?

One thing sure, a Canadian Senator leads a happier life than an English Lord. Just think, although the Canadian House of Commons is still busily at work and will be for a couple of weeks, yet, before the Christmas holidays commence, the Senate has already adjourned until January 12th. $2,500 per year per member, too.—Fort William Herald.

An Irish Town for sale.

Great interest has been evinced in the sale by public auction of what is practically the whole town of Dungannon, the property of the Earl of Ranfurley, and historic as the birthplace of the Irish volunteer movement of more than a century ago. The sale will include not only Dungannon, with its population of 3,700, but several villages and townlands in the vicinity.—London Daily Mail.

Canada's Highest Product.

May it not be said that Canada can produce nothing higher than stalwart manhood? Can anything be of greater value to the country than the production of men who shall be truly men, standing strong in their own conviction of right and daring to be true to those ideals that make for nobility of life and the uplift of the race? If it be true that man is the last product of evolution and the expression in highest terms of the divine energy that created and creates the universe. It is equally evident that the noblest creation of any country is the nobility of the life of her citizenship.—Ottawa Citizen.

In the House of Talk at Ottawa.

Some of those old-time parliamentarians up in the House of Commons who deliver cacophonous voiced dithyrambics on any and every subject bear a strong family resemblance to Gratiano. Shakespeare, as usual, perfectly covers the situation when in the Merchant of Venice he tells how "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hidden in two bushels of chaff; you seek all day ere you shall find them; and then when you have found them they are not worth the search."—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A Medical Verdict.

No man who is ess than thirty years old should touch a drink that contains alcohol. It interferes with his growth. In fact, no man should drink to amount to anything until all his children are born. Experience seems to show that children who are born after either of their parents has habitually drunk to excess are born with bodies that do not contain a normal amount of vitality.—New York Medical Journal.

Invaders Who Bring Wealth With Them.

The fact that the wealth which American settlers carried into Canada this year is estimated by the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States at $60,000,000 is making our American neighbors sit up and think. As a result we may expect that efforts will be put forth more vigorously hereafter to stem the tide of American immigration into this country. The "exodus" is on their side, not ours, now.—Edmonton Journal.

In Regard to Governments.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the people who are engaged in running the Government are necessarily the ablest men because their positions make them prominent. As a general rule our Presidents, our Senators, our Cabinet officers and our Congressmen are men of mediocre ability. A large part of them would not suceed very well at anything else. A business, if it is not run according to economic laws, soon winds up and is put in the hands of a receiver. This never happens to a government. It worries along, the people who are running it sometimes being punished for their faults and sometimes not.—New York World.

The German Emperor and Eighth Sons.

The German Minister of the Interior has addressed to the heads of the various Governments within the Empire a circular recalling the information that the Kaiser from his private purse makes a grant of about £3 on the birth of an eighth son in any family, the father and mother being the same throughout. The Kaiser also promises to stand as godfather to the lucky eighth son, notwithstanding the fact that on the occasion of the christening of the seventh son a prince of the local reigning house has stood in the same position. Such is the Kaiser's plan for keeping up the birth rate.—London Daily Telegraph.

King Edward and the Lloyd-George Budget.

Some people have it that the King is using his influence in favor of the Lloyd-George Budget. It is doubtful if the authors of such a report know the King. He may have his views on the bill, and he should have; for his office makes his interest in Parliament's work in its way greater than that of any other Englishman. His office also makes him know, however, that he cannot afford to show personal favor on a political project which men who may be his advisers tomorrow regard as dangerous. And the King is big enough to learn all that his office can teach.—Montreal Gazette.

Reads Like a Romance.

The farming career of E. A. Guillemin, of Forget, Saskatchewan, reads like a romance, and shows the possibilities of individual energy and ability in the West. Starting with a money capital of $2.10 in 1891, Mr. Guillemin began farming on a quarter section which he homesteaded by borrowing enough money to make up his $10 fee. This year Mr. Guillemin harvested 50,000 bushels of wheat—besides other grains—and is farming 43 quarter sections of land. From his start with small beginnings, the Saskatchewan farmer sold land enough at a recent sale to give him a comfortable fortune, and his 1909 crop will yield him an income larger than that of many a millionaire. Why should not our American cousins, with their keen nose for No. 1. flock to our great West?—Edmonton Bulletin.

War's Terrible Side.

"If people could only see the inside of a field hospital as I have," says Goldwin Smith, "they would be more careful." Just so. But in the literature extolling the pomp and the glory of war, but little is heard of the field hospital. And yet the field hospital is one of the terrible realities of war. If the spirit of patriotism is to be nourished by war literature, let us have the whole of it. It is said that the bones of the Russian soldiers who fell pitifully but bravely in the recent war with Japan are now used in great quantities to make animal charcoal for the powder mills of Japan. The bones bring as high as half a dollar for 140 pounds, and are used to form the basis of a new explosive, capable of supplying other bones, when the present supply runs out, or before. There's glory for you.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

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No. h10. **Famous Comic Recitations.** This book contains one hundred and ten of the very best humorous recitations, embracing recitations in the Negro, Yankee, Irish and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character.

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No. h12. **The Minstrel Show; or Burnt Cork Comicalities,** contains Comic Songs, End Men's Jokes and Stories, Conundrums, Dialogues, Stump Speeches, Burlesque Lectures and Monologues, Sketches, Interludes, Farces, Afterpieces, Negro Songs and Dances, etc.

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No. h39. **Tales of Adventure.** By An Old Hunter. A large collection of thrilling tales of adventure. Some of the titles are as follows: "My First Kangaroo Hunt," "An Adventure with Tigers," "Fight with a Wild Boar," "A Night with the Wolves," "A Lion Hunt in Africa," "Adventure with a Grizzly," etc.

No. h41. **Famous Dialect Recitations.** A large collection of humorous and other recitations in the Irish, Dutch, Negro and Yankee dialect, both in prose and verse. A compilation of some of the most popular recitations, both old and new ever written.

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The re-organization of the Beeman Manufacturing Co., Ltd., with added capital, greater manufacturing capacity and a change in management, places this company in a position that is second to no manufacturer in the West. This company manufactures the famous "Jumbo" Grain Cleaner, also the ever reliable Beeman Pickler and many other western agricultural necessities.

The added capital will allow the company to enlarge their territory and the extension of the plant will enable them to manufacture a sufficient number of machines to supply the steadily increasing demand.

The "Jumbo" method of grain cleaning is becoming more and more popular every day, in fact almost every wide awake grain grower in the West is seeking information regarding its wonderful capacity and reliable work.

A new catalogue is now on the press and will be ready for distribution to all who request it, in a very few days. The information contained in this booklet is very interestingly written and with the plain, simple and truthful way in which the Jumbo methods are explained, it will be found of very important interest to every farmer who desires cleaner grain and cleaner crops.

The management of the Beeman Manufacturing Co., Ltd., consists of the following well-known Winnipeg business men: G. C. Beeman, president; H. P. Naylor, vice-president; H. T. Cherry, secretary-treasurer; J. W. Higgins, director.

MORE POLE-EMICS.

Who exposed Cook?
I did, said Loose;
He's no sort of use;
I exposed Cook.

Who exposed Cook?
I did, said Dunkle;
You can't fool your uncle;
I exposed Cook.

—Herbert Cope, Carberry.

TAKING THE BLOOM OFF.

In an article in the current North American Review "Mark Twain" tells the following story—"Once I was received in private audience by an emperor. Last week I was telling a jealous person about it, and I could see him wince under it, see it bite, see him suffer. I revealed the whole episode to him with considerable elaboration and nice attention to detail. When I was through he asked me what impressed me most. I said—'His Majesty's delicacy. They told me to be sure and back out from the presence and find the door-knob the best I could—it was not allowable to face around. Now the Emperor knew it would be a difficult ordeal for me, because of lack of practice, and so, when it was time to part, he turned, with exceeding delicacy, and pretended to fumble with things on his desk, so that I could get out in my own way without him seeing me.' It went home! It was vitriol! I saw the envy and disgruntlement rise in the man's face; he couldn't keep it down. I saw him trying to fix up something in his mind to take the bloom off that distinction. I enjoyed that, for I judge that he had his work cut out for him. He struggled along inwardly for quite a while, then he said, with the manner of a person who has to say something and hasn't anything relevant to say—'You said he had a handful of special-brand cigars lying on the table?' 'Yes; I never saw anything to match them.' I had him again. He had to fumble around in his mind as much as another minute before he could play; then he said in as mean a way as I ever heard a person say anything—'He could have been counting the cigars, you know.''

A GOOD ANCESTRY

She: "How far can your ancestry be traced?"

He: "Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a country bank, they traced him as far as China, but he got away."

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Styles for all uses—lawns, parks, farms, railways. All heights. Cost less to erect and give better service. Let me quote you 1910 prices and send you Free Illustrated Booklet. Please ask for it now.

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Horses, Dogs, Cats, Deer, etc., also Birds and Fowl, all in beautiful colors. An instructive series in life-like reproduction of these animals in exact colors from life. Assorted. Just what you want. All in the best possible taste. **Get them for yourself and for your young folks.**

20 cards for **30c.**, 50 cards for **60c.**

Manitoba Post Card Co. **Winnipeg.**

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The Regina Weekly Leader
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FOR A WHOLE YEAR

$3.00 worth of the Best Literature in the Dominion for $1.00

DON'T DELAY—send this with your subscription ***TO-DAY.***

Publishers, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed please find $1.00, for which send me The Western Home Monthly, The Weekly Leader and The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer for the year 1910.

Yours truly.....

Address.....

Please write very plainly. .....

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TO GET HIGHEST PRICES, PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION AND BETTER SATISFACTION CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO

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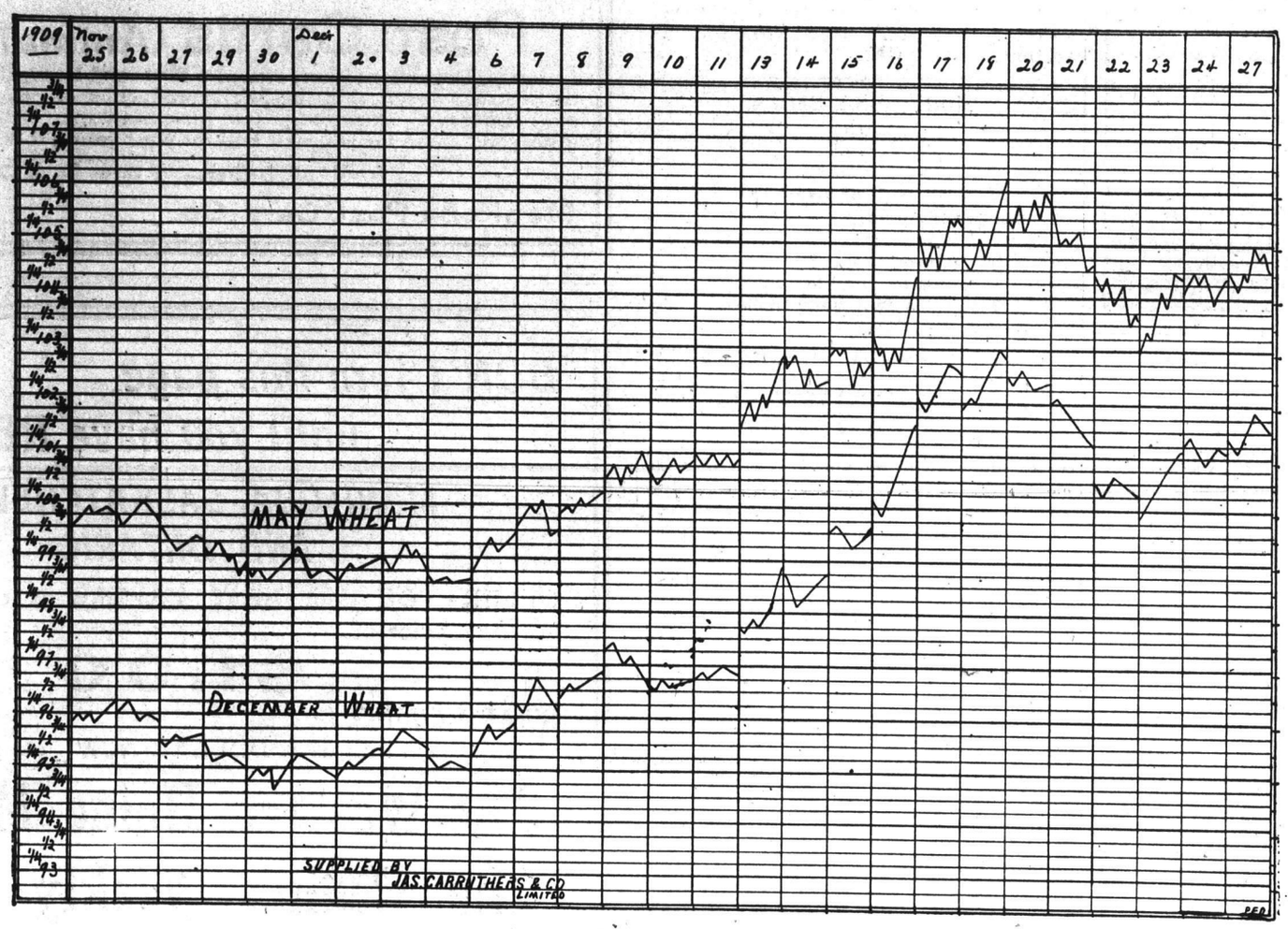
714 GRAIN EXCHANGE **WINNIPEG**

COMMISSION RATES—Wheat, Flax and Barley ½c. per bushel; Oats ¼c. per bushel

Comparative Chart of Winnipeg Wheat Prices

Supplied by Jas. Carruthers & Co., Ltd., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.



FARMERS OF WESTERN CANADA

The new season's crop is on the eve of moving to market.

You want to get all you can realize out of your grain, but the only way to do so is by shipping it in carloads to Fort William or Port Arthur and having it looked after and sold for your account by a first class grain commission house, acting as your agent.

We are an old-established, independent and reliable commission firm, well-known over all Canada, and we possess unsurpassed facilities for so handling Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax for farmers who rise to the ambition of shipping their own grain, and we are prepared to handle to the best advantage for our customers all grain entrusted to us. We make liberal advances against railroad car shipping bills immediately we receive the same, and make prompt returns after sales are made. We are not track buyers, and do not buy your grain on our own account, and we always furnish our customers with the name and address of the buyer we sell to.

Owing to the influence of the elevator interests in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the commission rates for handling grain have recently been suspended, but an independent commission firm, which does not buy grain at a handsome margin of profit, must make some definite charge for the services it renders, We, therefore, propose to charge 1c. per bush. on Wheat and Flax, ¾c. per bush. on Barley and ½c. per bush. on Oats.

We solicit a continuance and increase in the patronage we have for many years received, and we invite you to write us for market prospects, shipping instructions, and our "Way of doing business," and you will be sure to gain advantage and satisfaction thereby.

700-703D GRAIN EXCHANGE **Thompson, Sons & Co.,** **WINNIPEG, CANADA.**

Kingston Toronto Fort William Winnipeg Calgary

JAS. RICHARDSON & SONS

GRAIN EXPORTERS

You will get the highest values on your Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax, Etc., when you get quotations from us. Wire us for prices when you have your cars loaded. For further information and shipping instructions write

JAS. RICHARDSON & SONS

Grain Exchange Winnipeg, Man.

PUT YOUR NAME

ON OUR LIST OF CUSTOMERS, AND PROFIT AS OTHERS HAVE DONE, BY OUR EXPERIENCE IN SELLING CONSIGNMENTS OF GRAIN. WE GET TOP PRICES.

CONTINENTAL GRAIN COY.

223 GRAIN EXCHANGE WINNIPEG

DONALD MORRISON & CO.,

GRAIN COMMISSION--WHEAT, OATS, FLAX, BARLEY

GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

We solicit your Grain Shipments. Prompt reliable work. Over 25 years experience in this line. Write us for Information.

References—Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank, and Commercial Agencies

CAR-LOAD SHIPPERS

Consign Your Grain to

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

ADVISE:—

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., WINNIPEG

Special attention given to grading. Prompt returns. Original outturns sent with statement. Liberal advances. Write us for shipping bills.

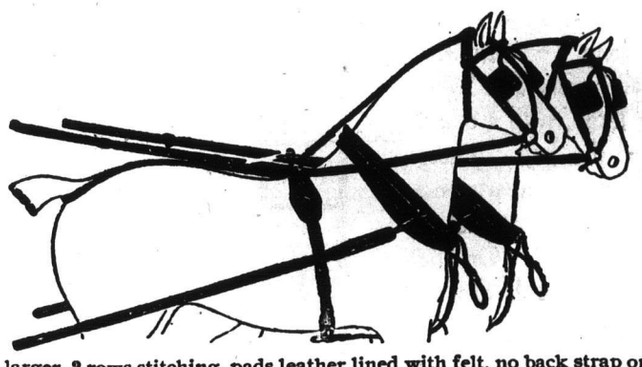
GRAIN GROWERS—SHIP YOUR GRAIN

Advise S. SPINK

The pioneer Grain Commission Merchant, and have grading Checked as Cars pass Winnipeg. Our Commission is ½c. per bushel.

206 Grain Exchange Winnipeg

References—Union Bank of Canada, Royal Bank of Canada.



Farm Harness

$21.85

This harness is splendid value. The trimmings are X. C. plate, martingales 1½-in., bellybands folded, bridles ¾-in., flat stays and check over harness, line 1-in. 18-ft. long, hames No. 3, varnish over top clip, staple or bolt with 1¼-in. tugs, traces 1½-in. 3 ply or larger, 2 rows stitching, pads leather lined with felt, no back strap or crupper, pole straps 1½-in., collars split rim and back with sheepskin face. Price without collars $21.85, with collars $24.80. You should have our No. 7 catalogue of harness and hardware. It is free.

Macdonald Fleming Co. Mail - Order House

263 Portage Avenue Winnipeg, Manitoba

WATCH THIS SPACE

RECOMMEND THE FOLLOWING AS GOOD AND SAFE INVESTMENTS:

FORT ROUGE DISTRICT, WINNIPEG—**3 lots** on Arnold Avenue, block 24, 25 foot each frontage by 103 feet to lane, **$375** the three cash, Torrens Title. **5 lots** on Carlow Avenue, block 60, 25 foot each frontage by 100 feet to lane, **$900** the five, third cash, balance 12 and 18 months at 6%.

The above lots are about three quarters of a mile South of Crescentwood.

MORLEY AVENUE EAST, close to Pembina Street Car Line and C.N.R. Shops—**Newly built solid brick, two storey, fully modern house,** seven rooms, on 30 foot lot, 3 bedrooms and bathroom upstairs, full basement, hot air furnace and soft water cistern, electric wired throughout—**$4000,** one-fifth cash ($800), balance arranged to suit; would rent for $30 per month.

Money to loan on improved farm lands.

J. W. SHERWIN, Estate Agent and Notary Public

217 Kennedy Block, Opposite Eaton's (Established 1903) Winnipeg, Manitoba

An IRISH MUNCHAUSEN.

A Chicago restaurant boasts of an Irish Munchausen who acts in the humble capacity of waiter and adds much to the entertainment of customers. Some of these gentlemen had been spinning some good yarns one evening. One of them on being served with a small lobster, asked—"Do you call that a lobster, Mike?" "Faix, I do believe they do be callin' thim lobsters here, surr! We call 'em crabs at home!" "Oh," said the diner, 'you have lobsters in Ireland?" "Is it lobsters? Begorra, the creeks is full of 'em! Many a toime have I seen 'em when I've leaped over the strames!" "How large do lobsters grow in Ireland?" "Well," said Mike, thoughtfully, "to spake widin bounds, surr, I'd say a matter of five or six feet." "What! Five or six feet? How do they turn round in those creeks?" "Bedad, surr, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide!" said the unabashed Mike. "But," said the persistent inquirer, "you said you had seen 'em when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea?" "'Deed I did, surr! We are powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the say, surr, I've seen it red with 'em!" "But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled." "Don't I know that?" said Mike reproachfully. "But there are hot springs in the ould counthry, an' they shwim troo 'em and come out rady for ye to crack open and ate!"—and Mike walked calmly off to wait upon the next guest.

UNANSWERABLE

An Irishman was charged with a petty offence.

"Have you anyone in court who will vouch for your good character?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sorr; there is the Chief Constable yonder," answered Pat.

The Chief Constable was amazed.

"Why, your honor, I don't even know the man," protested he.

"Now, sorr,' broke in Pat, "I have lived in the borough for nearly twenty years, and if the Chief Constable doesn't know me yet, isn't that a character for yez?"

This Beautiful Bracelet Free

This heavy gold-plated adjustable bracelet with embossed pattern. Can be adjusted to any size required and is made in fine roll plate finish. We give in positively free for selling 20 packages of high-grade post-cards at 10c. per package. Post cards are all printed id colors and gold. Each package contains 6 cards. Write us today for post cards and when sold send us $2 and we will send the Bracelet.

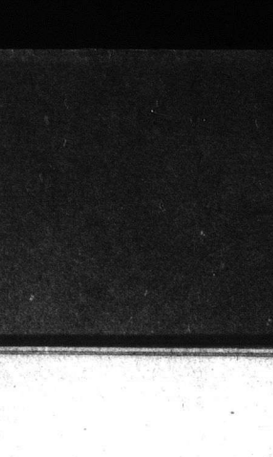
THE WESTERN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. F, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Sunlight at Night

PRODUCED BY

ALADDIN the Wonderful Lamp and SUNBEAM BURNERS, for Ordinary Lamps from

Common Coal Oil



They make and burn their own gas under mantle. The cheapest artificial light in existence, no better light obtainable at any cost. Odorless, noiseless, clean, simple and safe. Lamp pays for itself in a few months in saving oil. An ideal light for store, office, or house. Write for Free Lamp introductory offer.

The Mantle Lamp Co. of America

Dept. H. 141 Bannatyne Ave. Winnipeg

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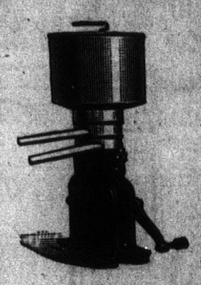


$18.00

FOR THIS HIGH-GRADE

DOMO Cream Separator

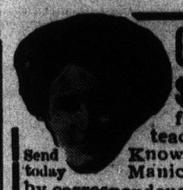
Direct. Why pay $25 to $50 more to an Agent?

SPECIAL 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Free Catalogue gives particulars of special trial offer, testimonials, description and low prices of 5 sizes.

Hamiltons'

Department D. WINNIPEG



GIRLS—WOMEN

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INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY CULTURE

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Finest Stock of

Music Instruments in the West. Write us.

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The Glad Hand

With an Unprecedented

New Year's Bounty

We are clearing a manufacturer's stock of strong, untearable, wear-resisting twilled cotton cleaning Gloves. Best and cheapest hand-protectors made. Absolutely necessary in a thousand and one indoor and out-door occupations. Soft, warm and downy inside. Mailed to any P. O. in Canada, **30 cents** per pair as illustrated. Two pairs, plain, without gauntlet, for 35 cents. Ladies' Gloves, with fine knitted woollen cuff extra, 25 cents per pair. Send your size AT ONCE BEFORE THEY ARE SOLD OUT. WORTH DOUBLE.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED

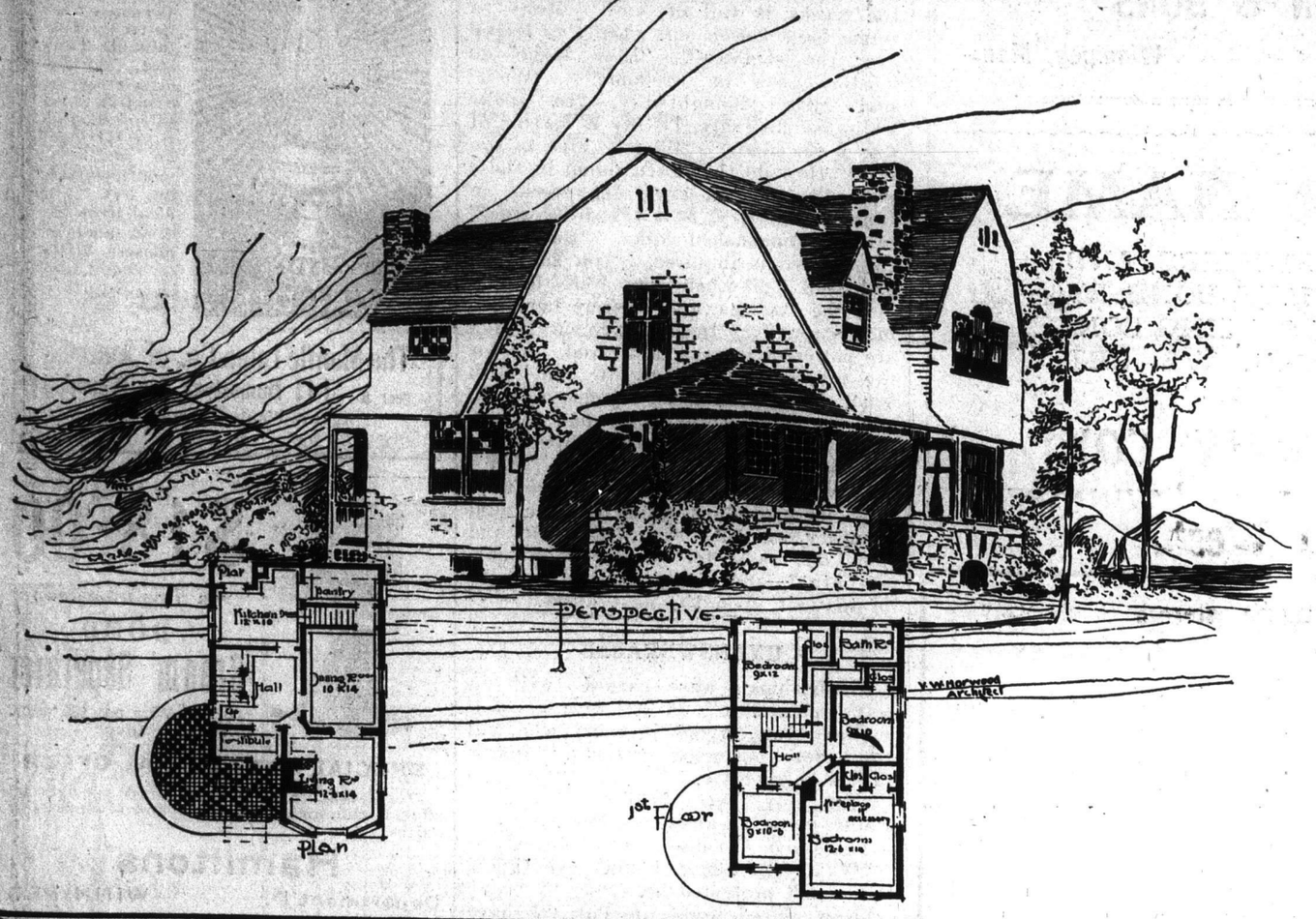
ADDRESS **WHAT YOU WANT, LTD.**

106 Hammond Block Winnipeg

Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.

A type of house well suited for a suburban residence as the color scheme can be varied in many ways. The whole building might be shingles on a stone basement or clapboards on lower part, or brick with shingle work above. The stone veranda is a feature which should appeal in its picturesque properties and with a floor of Welsh 6 inch square tile set in cement would make a very artistic adjunct to the house. The plan could be made larger if wished without altering the design. The bathroom should be put in even in the country as the facilities for getting water from a well and cistern and having it under pressure is so simple that every well ordered house should have a water and sewage system. The drains to run to a cess pool. Country houses are very different to what they were ten years ago. Then it was an immense undertaking to provide for water drainage and light. Now we can get electric light from storage batteries purchsed at a nominal price. Heat either hot water or hot air. Water from a private pressure system, and all this at a nominal cost, and after once installed the cost of maintaining it is practically nothing. This house should have a large lot to show to best advantage.



GOOD-BYE TO SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A Well Known Lady Will Send Free to Any Sufferer the Secret Which Cured Her

From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unwelcome growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams, and other rub-on preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle without being rid of my blemish. I spent hundreds of dollars in vain, until a friend recommended a simple preparation which succeeded where all else failed, in giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair. I will send full particulars, free, to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results privately at home. All I ask is a 2c stamp for reply. Address, MRS. CAROLINE OSGOOD, 991C CUSTOM HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

V. W. HORWOOD,

ARCHITCT.

TAYLOR BLOCK:

177 McDERMOT AVE., E.

WINNIPEG.

PRIZES FOR SUGGESTIONS

A Word to Competitors.

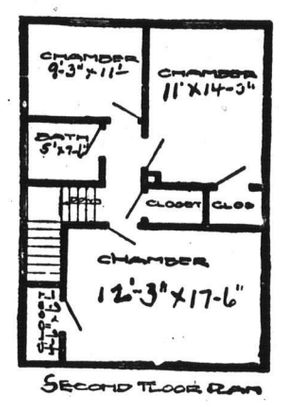
The number of letters received is so much greater than we anticipated, that it will be impossible to announce results before February Number.

$632.00

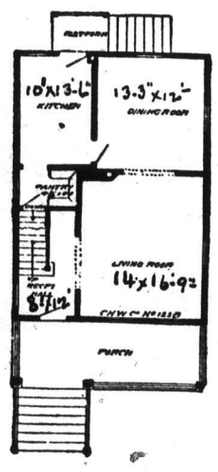
BUYS THE MATERIAL NEEDED TO BUILD THIS HOME

With protection from fire for three years free. We will loan you the money to build. Price includes blue prints, architect's specifications, full details, working plans and itemized list of material, with an insurance policy for three years free.

22-ft. wide by 30-ft. long, 14-ft. studs; a comfortable storey and a half house. The living room and dining room are large, with a cased opening between them and the hall. These rooms are practically thrown into one apartment, making a large living room, an effect that is much in demand at the present time. On the second floor there are three good bedrooms and a bathroom with plenty of closet space.



We save you big money on Lumber and Building Material. The Lake Lumber Company, Limited, is the largest concern devoted to the sale of lumber and building material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you with everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry material. Write for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, which are so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.



OUR GUARANTEE

We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return the money.

We recognise the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "make good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this.

Send us this Coupon to-day WHM.

LAKE LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED

I am intercsted in .....

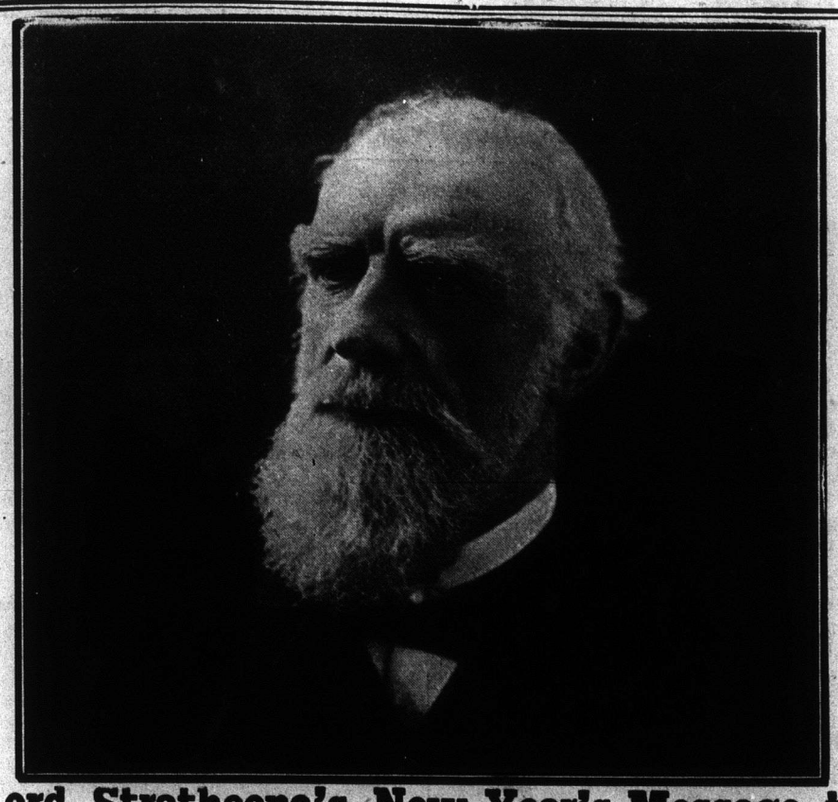
Mark X here if application blank for loan is wanted.

Name .....

Town .....

LAKE LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED

WINNIPEG MANITOBA



Lord Strathcona's New Year's Message to the Canadian West.

Specially Written by His Lordship for the "Western Home Monthly."

The Editor has asked me to write a short article for the New Year Number of the "Western Home Monthly." I accept the invitation with a great deal of pleasure. It gives me an opportunity, which I value very much, of conveying to my many friends in the West the most cordial Seasonable Greetings, and of expressing a sincere wish that the New Year may be a prosperous and happy one for Western Canada and other parts of the great Dominion.

The memories of my recent visit to the West are fresh and vivid. It will not be possible to readily forget either the impressions made upon me by the country through which I passed, or the warm and far too flattering welcome I received everywhere. I thought I had a fair idea of the progress that has been made since my previous visit, but the reality proved to be much greater than my imagination. No matter what one may have thought many years ago of the possibilities and potentialities of the West, views of the kind are strengthened a hundredfold by what can be seen to-day.

I wish many hundreds of the men of light and leading in the United Kingdom could be induced to go and see the land of promise for themselves; and I mean to do my best to impress upon them the desirability of doing so. One hesitates to give expression to half of what one believes on this fascinating subject. When the rapid progress of the United States in less than half a century, in spite of the difficulties of transportation, is considered, surely the increase in population in the Canadian West in a far shorter period may be expected to be at least on as large a scale, if not larger. This is not an unnaturally optimistic view, having regard to the facilities that now exist for reaching the country, and for sending to market the produce that is sure to be raised there, as compared with those in existence when the Prairies to the South were opened up.

It must be remembered also when pondering on the matter, that the resources of the West—and in the West I of course include British Columbia—are exceptionally bountiful. Agriculture, Dairying, Stock Raising and Fruit Farming employ tens of thousands of families. As to fruit, I received some samples of apples a few days ago grown on the Prairies of Southern Manitoba, which will compare favorably with those raised either in the East or in British Columbia. Then there are Minerals of all kinds, Forests, abundant Fisheries; to crown it all, a network of Railways affords access for all its natural products and manufactures to the local markets, and those of the world are open to them by the Atlantic and Pacific. In these circumstances, enthusiasm about the future of this great Country is not only pardonable, but cannot be helped; and when one begins to think in figures, either of population, of production, or of trade, the estimates are apt to become bewildering on account of their very vastness.

The people inhabiting Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia have a great heritage, and at the same time a great responsibility. I have no doubt whatever that they will prove equal to the occasion. It rests with them to see that the reputation of the British Empire in the observance of law, order, justice, good government, and careful finance, is fully maintained. They must not forget that while belonging to particular Provinces of the Dominion, they are also Canadians in the wider sense and citizens of the great Empire, and that they must look forward to sharing its burdens as well as its joys. And further it is beholden to them to hand down intact to those who will follow them the priceless heritage to which they themselves succeeded. So long as our race, both in the United Kingdom and in the Dominions beyond the Seas, retains its pride in its history and traditions and its determination to maintain its predominance of many centuries, all will go well, and the British Empire will continue to flourish and prosper.

In making these few remarks about the West, it must not be thought for a moment that I am unmindful of the attractions of the Eastern parts of the Dominion. They can show a record of progress and prosperity in the past of which they are justifiably proud; and they believe the future has a prospect for them as bright as any that the West can expect. There will be rivalry between the East and the West, that is certain, but it will be of a friendly and family character, and will form the foundation on which will be built a strong, happy, prosperous, united and contented Canada.

December, 1909.

Because they are clad on roof and sides with the

Corrugated Iron, Steel Shingles Sidings, Etc.

Cost you less than lumber and saves your Crops, Implements, Stock, Etc., from Destruction

Write **DUNN BROS.** WINNIPEG & REGINA for Catalogue and Price List

"Galt" Shingles

You will Save Worry and Expense during 1910

If you ask your dealer for, and insist on getting

LOOK for the LABEL with the LION on it.

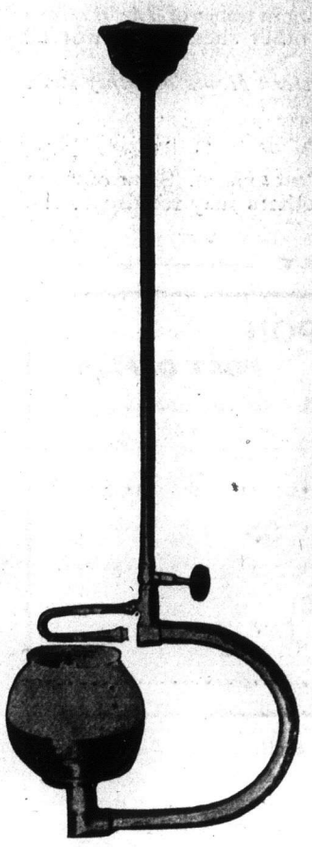
King of the Road :: Overalls ::

Not necessary to take our word alone for it. Try a pair for yourself. Every garment is guaranteed, so you take no risk.

If your dealer doesn't carry them, write to

R. J. Whitla & Co., Limited, Winnipeg

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS



Free Light for Houses, Stores and Churches.

Three to five hundred candle power, according to space to be lighted.

Farm houses made brighter than city houses at a saving of 80%. You will save the cost of the lamp in a short time.

The tank is placed outside the building and the lamp is fed by means of hollow wire ⅛ in. diameter.

We will ship lamp with globe, mantle, lighter, tank, pump, pressure gauge, with ten feet of wire, so that it can be assembled within five minutes after the outfit arrives, for the sum of **$12.00**

Extra lamps $5.00 each. Wire 5c. per foot, and Tees 25c. each. We carry a full line of mantles, glass ware, etc., for all other makes of lamps at greatly reduced prices.

Liberal discount to agents ordering in quantities.

Goods shipped C.O.D. **Manufactured by**

Cummings Brass Co.

Manufacturers of Brass, Iron and Wire in all its various finishes

Winnipeg Man.

$1,000 given away FREE to our Readers

We have succeeded in evolving a new sort of Competition which we are absolutely certain will prove a pleasant and popular pastime for readers during the long evenings. It embodies all the elements that make for success, and we are sure that it will prove the most popular competition ever inaugurated by any periodical in Canada.

The charm of the idea is its simplicity

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Every month during the winter we will, in a disguised form, print the names of a number of Canadian post offices, and competitors will be required to find out the correct answers. To make our meaning clearer we will give two examples:—

(1) A Girl's Name—a small pointed Piece of Wood.
The solution of this is ***"Winni(e)-peg."***

(2) King Edward's Father.
The post office represented by this is naturally
"Prince Albert."

CONDITIONS

There are absolutely no conditions regarding the eligibility of competitors. We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to come in and win. There is no entrance fee. Remember that **YOU** stand just as much chance of winning the $500 prize as anyone else. If you cannot solve all the names, don't be discouraged. Try again and bear in mind the fact that we are giving nearly sixty prizes, any one of which is worth getting. We feel sure that our readers will find this competition most fascinating. It is perfectly simple, and success should reward the efforts of those who will take a little time and trouble once a month.

PRIZES

To the persons sending in the largest number of correct answers we will award:—

1st Prize, goods to value of			**$500.00**
2nd Prize	,,	,,	**$250.00**
3rd Prize	,,	,,	**$100.00**
4th Prize	,,	,,	**$50.00**
5th Prize	,,	,,	**$25.00**
6th Prize	,,	,,	**$10.00**

And a handsomely bound Book to each of the next 50 as Consolation Prizes.

Winners will be entitled to select their own prizes from any firm advertising in *The Western Home Monthly*. We think this will be more popular than if we chose the prizes ourselves, as **you** are the best judge of what is most wanted in your home.

A different coupon will appear in each issue until the close of the contest.

Every name represents that of a Post Office in the Dominion of Canada.

No employee of *The Western Home Monthly* will be allowed to compete.

The competition is so simple that it does not require any explanations. We think we have given full particulars, but if there is any point on which further information is required, write us and enclose stamp for reply.

All answers must be made on blanks appearing in issues of *The Western Home Monthly*. Answers received on any other sheets **will not** be accepted.

The decision of the management of *The Western Home Monthly* shall in all cases be final.

The Third List of Names

We append a list of well-known Canadian Post Offices. Some of them you may be able to solve at a glance, while others may require a little thought. Get your friends to help you!

CUT THIS OUT

JANUARY COUPON

	POST OFFICE
15. The Premier of Saskatchewan	.....
16. To imbibe—a liquid . .	.....
17. Lofty—a large stream . .	.....
18. The Emperor of Germany .	.....
19. A famous Irish lake . .	.....
20. A large animal—a part of the face	.....
21. To get a move on . . .	.....

A slight misprint occurred last month in a few copies and in No. 1 the word **preposition** was spelt as **proposition.**

Important Notice. Fill in the answers in the spaces provided, cut out Coupon **and retain it. Do not send it to us now.** We shall tell you when Coupons are to be sent in, and how they are to be addressed. THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

Women's Quiet Hour.

Thoughts for the New Year

"So may the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. So may each year be happier than the last."—Charles Dickens.

* * * * *

"There's a little word below, with letters three,
Which if you only grasp its potency
Will send you higher
Towards the goal where you aspire,
Which, without its precious aid you'll never see—
Now!
Success attends the man who views it right.
Its back and forward meaning differ quite;
For this is how it reads
To the man of ready deeds,
Who spells it backward from Achievement's height:
Won!"

* * * * *

"Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you."—M. B. Whitman.

* * * * *

"So long as we love we serve; So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * * * *

"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars."—Harry Van Dyke.

* * * * *

"To keep my health; to do my work; To live!
To see to it I grow and gain and give;
Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,
But always pushing onward to the light,
Always and always facing to the right."—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

"The white wings of the Holy Ghost brood seen or unseen o'er the heads of all."—Whittier.

* * * * *

"Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be strong women. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks."—Phillips Brooks.

* * * * *

"Die when I may I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow."—Abraham Lincoln.

* * * * *

"There is an ideal abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself, but my duty to my neighbor is more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * * * *

"Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can as long as ever you can."—John Wesley.

* * * * *

"Home is a world of love shut in, a world of strife shut out."

* * * * *

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut out from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"—
Oliver Wendell Homes

* * * * *

The future of the Canadian West, for good or ill, is very largely in the hands of the women and if the hands of the

For the benefit of new subscribers we append the coupons which have appeared during the last months.

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DECEMBER COUPON

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9. A British Naval Hero . .	.....
10. The Premier of Manitoba .	.....
11. A Projectile—an Opening in the Head	.....
12. The late Queen Victoria's Husband	.....
13. Transparent—a Liquid . .	.....
14. An Organ of the Body—a Joint of the Body . .	.....

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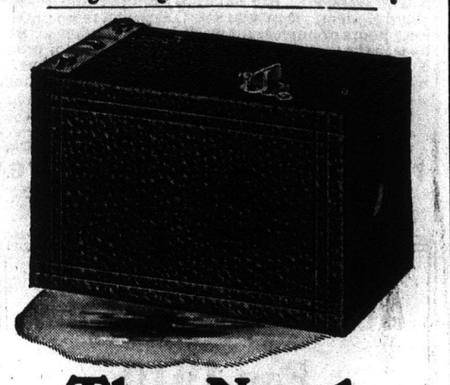

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The Brownie cameras all load in daylight with Kodak film cartridges, have effective lenses and shutters and are capable of really high-grade work. They are made in both the box and folding form at prices ranging from $1.00 to $12.00.

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CROVES & LINDLEY,
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women slacken at the daily task of home building the whole nation will suffer.—The Editor Woman.

Western Women Authors

A new name has been added to the list of western women who have written successful books, that of Valance Patriarche, Author of "Tag or Chien Boule Dog." Mrs. Patriarche has been a resident of Winnipeg for over seven years and while her book does not deal with any phase of western life it gives some interesting glimpses of life in old Quebec, at the same time that it tells a most amusing story of a honeymoon couple, a little French lad, a bull dog and the adventures and misadventures of their travels together. Mrs Patriarche has been a writer of short stories and sketches since she was sixteen but "Chien Boule Dog" is her first book, and it is already a success though it has only been off the presses a matter of weeks.

Nellie L. McClung has a very bright little story in the Christmas number of the Toronto Globe. It is called the First, the Fourth and the Twelfth of July. Under the guise of much humor there is a much needed lesson on the need of forgetting differences of nationality and creed and concentrating celebrations on Dominion Day. When those of all races and creeds, who have come to find homes in the great west, can, without violation of past beliefs or traditions, join heartily in celebrating the birthday of the great new and strong young nation that is being slowly but surely welded together in this half of the North American Continent.

It is a matter of regret that so far I have not been able to spare time to read carefully "The New North" by Agnes Deans Cameron, another western writer, as I am sure readers of the Western Home Monthly will be interested in that book. By February, however, perhaps I may have achieved it. The fact that it deals at first hand with the life of women who have pioneered in the far north should make it especially attractive to the women of the middle west.

The present season has been very prolific in new books, but the last of those books that one longs to possess for the favorite bookshelf, is after all a very brief one. In moments when I have time to read for the pure pleasure of reading I find myself going back to Dickens, dipping into Lorna Doone, re-reading passages from John Halifax, Gentleman, and The Autocrat of the Breakfast table. Among the newer books that should be read for the pleasure of dwelling on pure and vigorous English is "Masterman and Son" by W. J. Dawson, D.D., the Author of "Makers of Modern Fiction" etc. By the way it deals with life in British Columbia to some extent and is more accurate than usual for an author who has been only a casual traveller in this part of the great Dominion.

Domestic Science

Among the news of the month of especial interest to western women is the appointment of a teacher of Domestic Science for the Manitoba Agricultural College. The faculty is deserving of much credit in going bravely on with the preparations to open this course for women in 1910 in the face of the loss of the splendid Dairy Building in which a very large part of the equipment was to have been placed and in which a part of it, at least, had already been installed. By the time of the Annual Agricultural Meetings in February it is expected that the complete programme of what is to be done in connection with the Domestic Science Course will be ready for announcement.

Poultry

It is always with some diffidence that I mention this subject, as this is one branch of domestic livestock about which I know absolutely nothing except how to eat them, but several of the women who are making a success of poultry raising have asked me to again bring before the women of the West the opening which there is for them in this industry. The only way in which I can intelligently do this is to give some facts from the consumers' end and leave my readers to draw their own deductions. Newlaid eggs, that is eggs not more than three or four days old, have been selling in Winnipeg for several weeks for 60c a dozen and the farmers bringing these eggs to market have received 55c per dozen, for I have seen the money paid over to them myself. Not only does this high price maintain but it has been utterly impossible to meet the demand. This end I know from personal experience having spent three days in the search for two dozen of such eggs. I do not know how much it costs in labor and money to produce newlaid eggs in December and January, but I do know that not once during my 27 years of residence in Winnipeg has the supply of newlaid eggs been equal to the demand during these months. I have never been able to buy them for less than 50 cents per dozen and I have paid as high as 75 cents. So much for the egg situation. Poultry of all kinds has been very scarce for the Christmas trade and prices have ruled high. Turkeys have retailed at 25 to 27 cents, chickens at 16 to 18 cents, and ducks and geese at 18 to 19 cents, and dealers report stocks of frozen birds from Ontario as very closely cleaned up, and with little to carry Winnipeg through the balance of the winter. Wholesale dealers have been paying, through fall, for live birds, F.O.B. Winnipeg 15 to 18 cents for turkey, 12 to 14 cents for chicken, 8 to 9 for boiling fowl and 10 to 12 for ducks and geese. I do not know how these prices will pay the producer, but I know a friend of mine who told me there was excellent money in spring chicken at 10 cents per pound live weight at his own station and the freight would not, I imagine, average more than 1½c per pound. This man sold 500 chickens last fall and averaged 10 cents per pound for them. As I said, in the beginning, I have no practical experience to offer along lines of poultry raising; I can only state the facts from a consumers' standpoint and leave my readers to judge for themselves, whether or not there is any money in this game for them. I can, if any one cares to write to me, give the names of reliable wholesale firms and also of grocers and butchers doing a fancy family trade who would like to deal directly with the producer.

BEST MANNER OF POLISHING HARDWOOD FLOORS.

The question of the hardwood floor and how to keep it in proper condition is one that frequently confronts the housekeeper and is one that is often difficult to answer. So many preparations are put on the market for polishing and waxing that one is constantly perplexed as to what is the best and the one that will do the work most effectually. After many trials nearly all will be found to be worthless, and one is usually forced to call in the services of an expert to solve the difficulty. A simple home treatment for both waxing and polishing is here given. It is easy to do, has never been known to fail, and will give a better surface to any floor than one many times gets from a professional.

Take a large square of beeswax and melt it slowly into a bowl, always an earthenware one. This should be done by heating an iron very hot, placing it in an upright position and holding the wax near it. As it drips into the bowl add to it naphtha, pouring in a little at a time and stirring it constantly. Gradually the preparation will take on the consistency of cream, and when it is quite thick it will be ready for use.

Apply the mixture with a soft cloth fastened over a floor brush, and rub well all the surface. It will remove whatever substance there may be adhering to the floor in the way of dust or dirt, and at the same time it will give a beautiful and bright polish. If this is don eonce each week, and every particle of floor surface is gone thoroughly over, they will soon take on a splendid finish, quite equal to any that can be given them. This is the only treatment that does not require a great deal of work and much heavy rubbing—certainly a recommendation in these labor saving days.

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Generous Offer of a Free Book to all Deaf People Who Wish to Hear

Deaf people everywhere will rejoice with all their hearts over the reliable new cure for Deafness that is restoring hearing in so many cases once thought hopeless. In order that everyone may learn of this cure—by all odds the best yet known for deafness—the finder of this successful new method has written a very interesting and helpful book which he will send absolutely free of charge to any person who suffers from Deafness. It show in the plainest manner the causes of Deafness and Head Noises, and points out the way to regain clear and distinct hearing. Careful drawings of the ear and its complicated passages, made by the best artists, illustrate the book.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, author of this desirable work, has for twenty-five years been making a thorough investigation of Deafness and Head Noises, and his successful new cure for Deafness is the reward for all his patient study. Now he wishes every one who suffers from Deafness in any degree to learn how science can conquer this cruel affliction.

Don't neglect your Deafness any longer! Send for this book today and learn how hearing is being restored, quickly and permently. Many who once believed their Deafness incurable have already gained perfect hearing by following the advice given in its pages. Write your name and address on the dotted lines, cut out the free book coupon and mail it to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.**

FREE BOOK COUPON *Deafness Specialist Sproule, please send me your new free book on the cure of Deafness and Head Noises.*

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Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 9448 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge.

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What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Whitewear Sales

With the month of January all over Canada will begin the regular sales of whitewear, and there are reasons why these should prove of particular interest this year. The brides-to-be of next Easter and June will do well to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest some of the following notes.

Raw cotton is dear; there has been a shortage of crop and in addition there has been heavy speculation and the price of the raw material has been unduly advanced and it will be a long time before the next crop can come on the market. It is certain, therefore, that the whitewear that will be sold this January has been made from cotton that cost less than the whitewear that will be offered in January 1911. So far as I can learn there is no intention of advancing prices very much this season, though there is no doubt that some lines will be higher than they were in January last year. However, the difference in price will not be very marked. There is just the possibility that there may be a difference in quality at the price and this is a matter that should lead housewives and prospective brides to confine their purchases to the brand put out by well known houses only, as in that case they are not likely to suffer in either quality or price.

Styles

There is not much new in either material or design in the goods that will be offered; nainsook and longcloth continue to lead and much of the material used is very sheer. The combination of corset cover, drawers and short petticoat seems to be increasingly popular, though all three pieces are shown separately in many excellent brands. Petticoats are fuller than they were last year round the bottom but are quite as tight round waist and hips and there is no fulness at all in many of the garments shown.

Very fine Swiss embroidery seems to lead, though there is much lace also, and not a few of the finest of handmade garments are trimmed exclusively with fine tucks with never a frill in sight.

Hand Sewing

While good machine work is always popular, there is no doubt that with women who love dainty things there is a growing demand for good handmade garments; of these the very best came from France, where there are whole families who make exclusively for one Parisian house. For example, one family will for several generations have made nothing but nightdresses, another nothing but drawers or petticoats, and so on. It is almost marvelous the low price at which these garments are sold when the quality of the work is considered. It is a temptation to buy rather than to make them, but I do think that the girl who can sew well with her hands should have some of her own work in her trousseau. I am sure it will give her a greater feeling of self-respect to look at neatly made and dainty garments and it is surprising what can be accomplished if you always have something on hand and put in a few stitches in all your idle moments.

Long Sleeves

Many nightgowns will be shown in the January sales with the three quarter sleeves but the very latest designs from the manufacturers have the long sleeve and they are nearly all on the bishop's lines. There are fewer low necks also. The high necked and long sleeved garment is certainly more suitable for the west where we have few really hot nights even in the most fervid summer.

Linen

Fine sheer linen is being used very much for corset covers where they are made separate from the drawers or skirts and the effect is good, they are cool, do not crumple so easily as the cotton and hold their shape better. The general decoration for these is either hand embroidery or fine torchon lace.

Linen Blouses

Linen is in high favor for blouses also, especially for the plainer or more tailored effects. Groups of tucks decorate the body and the sleeves are plain bishop sleeves, fairly full and have the laundried cuff. I would like to draw attention to the fact that sheer linens are really much better value for blouses than the heavier makes as they do not crumple or show soil as readily as the heavier and coarser weaves.

While speaking of blouses, I might add a word of caution to girls who may be tempted to buy last summer blouses that are offering at very low figures in many of the smaller towns. In very plain blouses you would probably be all right but in fancy blouses there will be most radical change from last year's styles and they are in the effect of drapes over the shoulders, etc., that would be very hard to adapt to last year's garments.

Manufacturers seem to intimate that the three quarter sleeve will be in evidence in the midsummer blouses, but there is certainly no sign of it now as all the early offerings have long sleeves right to the wrist and some of them a little over the hand.

There is some indication that there will be a return to the Russian blouse for spring and though these are not shown in the cotton goods for early spring, it is quite likely that it will be offered later on.

Spring Dresses

It is a little early to talk about them in January, but there are certain points that should not be overlooked. There is going to be a very radical change in styles this spring and for street wear there will be a sharp return to the pleated skirt and separate blouse, while dressy dresses will be very much draped and there will be a determined effort to introduce the train for dresses for afternoon functions of even a simple character. The plain Princess with the kilt will not be so popular for spring so that it is not well to make good material up in this style or to buy any ready made garment on these lines that you cannot wear out before the early summer.

These hints should prove useful to the women who try to get their spring sewing well forward during January and February.

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You can now learn the very latest and most scientific method of Beauty Culture right in your own home. Every branch **thoroughly** covered; including Facial Massage, Hairdressing, Manicuring, Shampooing, Skin and Scalp Treatment, Bust Development, Chiropody, etc., and all the secret formulas for making the famous creams, powders, tonics, flesh foods, etc., used by the most famous Beauty Culturists of the world. **Quickly, easily learned;** very low cost. **Success absolutely guaranteed** or no tuition. You can work wonders in your own appearance in an astonishingly short time. Many of the women whose beauty you yourself have envied, owe their entire social success to Mme. Boyd's teachings.

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The Month's Bright Sayings.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon: Home life is at the root of the nation's well-being.

Kate Douglas Wiggin: Temper is a good, honest fault, once you get it in hand.

Rev. Dr. Bland: All sorts of new things are true, but all sorts of true things are old.

Agnes Deans Cameron: Real help is a rather rare commodity, in comparison with the amount of sympathy and advice which are not really helpful.

Rev. Dr. Aked: Weeping is inborn in one, as part of original sin; laughter is a sign of dawning intelligence.

Baron Komatsubara: Japan's victories were won by her men, not by armor plates, things weak in comparison with patriotic manhood.

Bishop Ingram, of London, Eng: I do not care how much wages are raised—if we are going to drink away £161,000,000 a year men will be poor all their lives.

Wilbur Wright: Our grandchildren will extract the keenest enjoyment from the contemplation in their museums of the present-day flying machines.

Sir Oliver Lodge: The work of predicting that a comet would appear in a particular time is one of the great achievements of the human race.

Lord Strathcona: There was never a better bargain than Canada made when the Dominion Government in 1870 purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company for £300,000 the vast area of Rupert's Land, which the world knows now as Western Canada.

Duke of Devonshire: Gloomy views of British farming prospects are sometimes taken; but they are mainly the views taken by persons gathered inside towns.

William Jennings Bryan: After all, the geniuses and the dunces are a very small proportion of the population; the great mass of the people of such countries as the United States and Canada possess a high level of sound common sense and practical wisdom, which is the thing of most importance in human affairs.

Sir Thos. G. Shaughnessy: I see in the future of Canada a great nation—a powerful influence in the councils of the British people—unfailing in her devotion and fealty to the Empire—a nation self-reliant and self-confident—a nation honored and respected by her fellow-dominions—a potent factor in Imperial affairs.

Wm. Mackenzie: I have helped my father burn more fine timber within eighty miles of this office in Toronto than would make a fortune in these days. What else was my father to do? He had to grow something to eat. We could not eat logs. It cost too much to get them to market, so, to clear the ground, we had to burn them.

George W. Vanderbilt: If I see horses approaching me, with a cruel, tight bearing-rein, their heads hauled up to an unnatural height, I expect to find, and generally do, a very third-class looking coachman on the box, with a very fourth-class looking carriage, which is generally occupied by people of a vulgar type.

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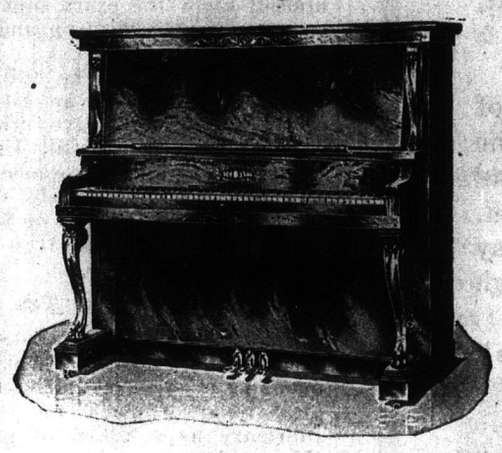

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100—$575 Pianos in Club "A" for $448—You save $127.
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100—$375 Pianos in Club "D" for $298—You save $77.
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REMEMBER: Only 500 Pianos will be sold on the "Club" plan, and ONLY 100 Pianos in each "Club." Just as soon as enough members have joined to complete each "Club," then that "Club" will be closed.

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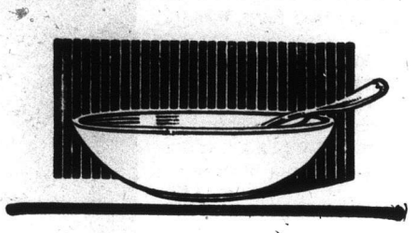

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But—the best breakfast food in the world is "Zephyr Cream" Soda Biscuits crushed in cream or fresh, sweet milk.

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have more original goodness than all other sodas manufactured on this continent. More than that, the original goodness of Christie's Biscuits *is* lasting. The flavor does not vary.

All big biscuit makers buy a good brand of flour. We buy all good brands. Then we blend the best brands, sift and test the blend until we find a dough that will sustain the Christie reputation.

Expensive! Yes—but we know no other way of starting to make biscuits up to our own high standards.

Every ingredient entering into our "bakes" is the purest and best we can buy.

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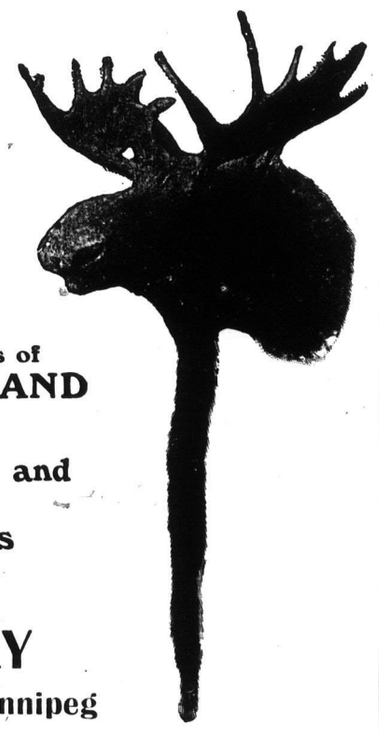

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RAW FURS, HIDES AND GAME HEADS

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E. W. DARBEY

237 Main Street Winnipeg

Official Taxidermist to Manitoba Government

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MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY HERE!

Rich Men as Public Benefactors.

At a moment when everyone is talking of the riches of the few and the burdens of the many, and the Budget proposals to increase the taxation of the wealthy, it may interest our readers to learn of the benefits which have been conferred upon the public by some of those whose fortunes have been built up by the industry of the masses.

Take Lord Iveagh, for instance, the head of the great brewing business of Guiness's. Altogther he has given away for charitable purposes about two millions sterling. He has tackled the problem of proper housing for the poor, by giving vast sums both to London and Dublin. In the latter city he has cleared more than one of its worst slums, and formed parks surrounded by model dwellings.

Magnificent Gifts.

Then he has given much money to further the work of hospitals and scientific research, an example followed by Sir Ernest Cassel, who gave $200,000 for the investigation of eye diseases in Egypt and $100,000 to the Midhurst Sanatorium for Consumptives. Amongst other gifts, Sir Thomas Lipton placed $500,000 at the disposal of Queen Alexandra for the establishment of the Alexandra Trust for supplying working people with cheap dinners, while it is probable that Lord Strathcona does not himself know the exact sum he has given away during his long and benevolent life.

Twenty years ago he built the Royal Victoria Hospital at an estimated cost of $2,500,000, and gave other gifts of $2,500,000 to the McGill University of Montreal; while the women of Canada owe him an eternal debt of gratitude for the magnificent gift of $1,000,000 towards an institute for their better education.

Ten Millions in Ten Years.

His cousin, Lord Mount Stephen, has been equally liberal. $500,000 for the unemployed; $100,000 for the King's Hospital Fund; $125,000 for the Aberdeen Infirmary as a token of gratitude for their treament of him when, as a boy, he broke his arm—these are amongst the gifts of the peasant boy of Banffshire who became peer and millionaire.

And, talking of the generosity of Scottish millionaires, one must not fail to mention, of course, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who, within ten years, has returned to the people approximately $50,000,000 out of the fortune which he possessed when he retired from business in 1899; and he contemplates distributing the greater part of his fortune of $300,000,000.

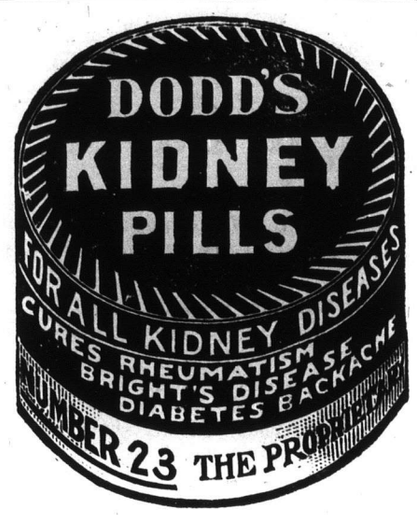
Generous American Millionaires.

Referring to the men who have made millions in the States, it might be mentioned that Mr. Rockefeller, two years ago, gave the General Education Board of America $32,000,000 for the purpose of assisting the work of the Board throughout the country. This brought Mr. Rockefeller's gifts for education up to the amazing total of $75,000,000.

American millionaires, however, have usually exhibited great generosity. George Peabody, for instance, the American banker, whose home for many years was in Londo took from his fortune of millions a great amount of money to be expended on the general education and welfare of the United States, and in addition gave $2,500,000 to ameliorate the condition of the London poor. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan provided New York with a lying-in hospital at a cost of $2,500,000, while one of the finest universities in America—the Leland Stanford College—was built and endowed at a cost of $20,000,000 left for the purpose by Leland Stanford.

Getting Rid of the Sage Millions.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given $10,000,000 for the Sage Endowment Fund, a work which resembles in its fundamental character the gift of Andrew Carnegie for the National University, a university whose sole work is research and the advance of scientific knowledge. Mrs. Sage has also endowed the Seamen's Home in New York, and has made various smaller benefactions, so that the aggregate return to the people from Mr. Sage's fortune is already approximately $15,000,000.



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REG. TRADE MARK

The most perfect and superior remedy or method known, with greater power to penetrate, absorb and cure than anything discovered in veterinary medical science or practice. Besides being the most humane, "Save-the-Horse" is the most unfailing of all known methods. It is effective without fevering up the leg, making a blister, or leaving a particle of after effect.

Armstrong, Mo. — Enclosed $5. Please send me bottle of "Save-the-Horse." I used your medicine on three different cases with the results hoped for. I gladly recommend it. Ship at once and oblige. Yours truly, GEORGE W. LENOIR, Route 2.

Atlin, B. C.— Last year, with one-half bottle only of "Save-the-Horse" Spavin Cure, a customer of mine treated a sprained tendon of four years' standing—the horse had practically become useless. Many other remedies had been applied without results. "Save-the-Horse" effected a complete cure.

Yours truly, C. R. BOURNE, Drugs and Stationery.

$5.00 a bottle, with signed guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. **Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone** (except low), **Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons & all Lameness.** No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Exp. paid,* **TROY CHEMICAL CO. 148 Van Horn St., Toronto, Ont., an** Binghampton, N.Y.

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20 SPARKLING Post Cards, with YOUR Initials in Gold. 50c. per 100 post free. **Union Art Co., D.W. 81 Pine St, New York,** **10c**

Fashions and Patterns.

¶ The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. ¶

PRETTY MIDWINTER FROCKS

Frocks of the midseason are exceedingly attractive. Many of those worn by the older girls are made in cuirass style while for the younger contingent what is known as the college blouse is a favorite. The two illustrated are typical. The one to the left is made of charmeuse combined with chiffon and trimmed with applique. The same model could be used for a simpler frock, however, for it is just as appropriate for a light weight serge as for the silk. It is pretty for combinations, too, and the cuirass could be made of heavier material with the skirt of lighter.

For a girl of sixteen years of age will be required 4 yards of charmeuse and 4½ yards of chiffon to make as illustrated; or, 7¾ yards 24 or 27, 6 yards 32, 4 yards 44 inches wide for cuirass and skirt if made of one material. The pattern 6491 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The younger girl's dress combines plain broadcloth with plaid material and is both serviceable and smart. It can be utilized for one material throughout or for various combinations. The straight plaited skirt is joined to a smoothly fitted yoke and the blouse is closed at the left shoulder and under-arm seam.

For the twelve year size will be required, for the blouse 2 yards of material 24 or 27, 1¾ yards 32 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt and trimming 3½ yards 24 or 27, 3⅛ yards 32 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6501 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

A FASHIONABLE FROCK.

6517.—Sizes 6 to 12 years.

Frocks that are made with such loose blouses as this one are among the most fashionable of the season. They are to be noted made from serge and from broadcloth and all similar materials and this one combines broadcloth with yoke of silk and trimming of braid. The straight plaited skirt is attached to a body lining in which the sleeves are inserted and the loose blouse is held in position by the straps that are button-

Design By May Manton.
6517 Girl's Costume.

Two Patterns.
6491.—Sizes 14 and 16 years. 6501.—Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

If you had confidence in some man to select a piano for you would you buy your piano by mail?

I have figured for some time how I could make a satisfactory offer to those who cannot come to the city to select their piano and I am now in a position to make a proposition that should appeal to all.

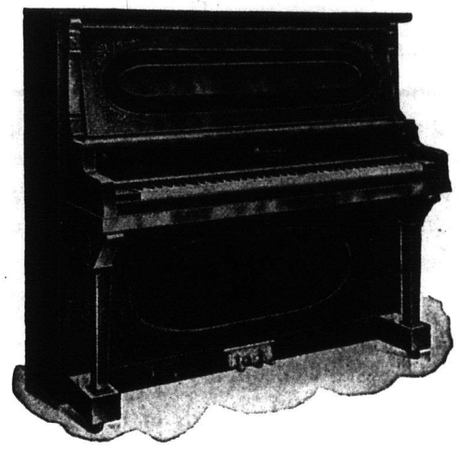
Is there anyone more qualified to judge an article than the man who makes it? Is there any place that a choice can be made from a number of that article more satisfactorily than the place in which it is made?

Knowing Mr. Harry Durke, the proprietor of The Mendelssohn Piano Co., to be a piano maker of ability, and one who is interested in every piano that leaves his factory I wrote asking if he would consent to personally select pianos for our mail order customers and received the following reply:

"Lindsay Piano Co., Ltd, Winnipeg
Gentlemen,
We are in receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., and our Mr. Durke will be pleased to personally select all pianos ordered to be shipped direct under your mail order offer. We have a number of style E pianos under way at present, and will take special care in finishing these instruments in anticipation of several orders next month. We feel sure a number of your good people in the West will take advantage of your very liberal offer.
Yours very truly,
MENDELSSOHN PIANO COMPANY.

You will notice the style E piano is mentioned. This is the style which, by record of sale, has proven to be the most popular with our customers.

With the assurance that Mr. Durke will select each instrument personally, I am confident that I can supply you with a piano that will give you perfect satisfaction and I make you the following offer knowing that I have the ability to fulfil every part of it.



Mendelssohn
Style E
Mahogany and Walnut
4 ft. 6 in. high
5 ft. 1½ in. wide
2 ft. 3 in. deep

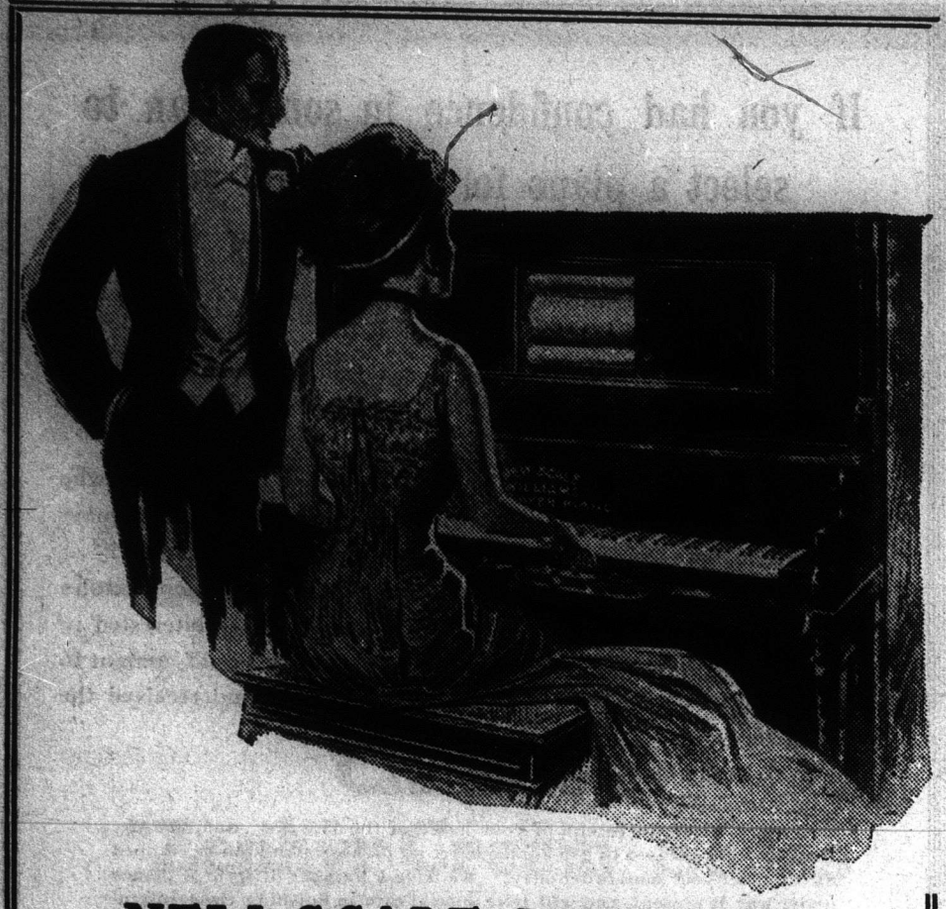
I will have a piano of this style, especially selected for you by Mr. Durke of The Mendelssohn Piano Co. shipped direct from the factory delivered free at your station for $300 ($50 less than the regular selling price). You pay on arrival $15 cash, and $10 per month until paid in full, or I will arrange terms to suit you, covering a similar period.

If the piano is not perfectly satisfactory to you on arrival, you can ship it to Winnipeg at our expense and it will cost you nothing.

I can make you this exceptional offer because I have confidence in Mr. Durke's ability and desire to send you a perfect piano, and because if you buy by mail I save the salesman's salary and expense. Will you write me about it.

NORMAN J. LINDSAY,
President Lindsay Piano Company, Ltd.

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS
Lindsay's
284 PORTAGE AVE WINNIPEG



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THE GREATEST OF ALL INSTRUMENTS

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Think of the educational advantages in being able to pleasurably familiarize yourself with all classes of music from the latest opera or the dear old hymn tunes to the heavy classical works of the great masters.

The touch is as delicate and firm as the hands of the highly-trained artist.

You couldn't possibly make a better move than by giving yourself and family the benefits and advantages to be derived by buying a New Scale Williams Player Piano.

Write for catalogue and particulars of our educational plan of payments.

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COFFEELINE. Twenty-five cents buys formula complete for making and using. A tablespoonful makes a cup of strong, fragrant coffee at less than half the usual cost. Guaranteed pure and wholesome. Address — Box 1002, Brandon, Man.

Proven By Time.

Don't fail to read the large Vitæ-Ore announcement and thirty-day-trial offer on page 29 of this issue. Vitæ-Ore is proven by time by over twenty-five years of successful cures. It has succeeded because of the work it has done. You can test it without a penny payment and you ought to do it.

MUSIC !! The best house in Canada for **Everything in Music** is that of **Semple and Barrowclough,**

ed into place. The model is a favorite one and is utilized for many occasions and consequently is adapted both to the dark colored, serviceable materials of school wear and to the lighter colored fabrics of the afternoon. Made from rose-colored broadcloth with a yoke of tucked messaline, the frock would be exceedingly dressy in effect, and it can be treated in that way quite as successfully as in the one illustrated.

For the ten year size will be required 6⅜ yards of material 24 or 27, 4⅜ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, ¼ yard of silk, 8 yards of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6517, sizes 6 to 12 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A GRACEFUL EVENING WRAP.

Evening wraps that are made in cape style are among the smartest of all things just now and this one includes a pointed yoke that is novel and attractive. In this case cloth is the material for the wrap and the yoke is

Two Patterns.
Hood—6493.—One side.
Cape—6503.—Sizes 34, 38, 40.

braided with soutache, but two materials are frequently combined and the yoke can be of velvet or of moire velours while the cape itself is of cloth or satin or velvet or any preferred material. The accompanying hood is practical and becoming and will be found as well adapted to motoring as to evening wear. It is appropriate for chiffon, crepe de Chine and other thin materials of a similar sort. The cape-like portions can be brought round and knotted at the front or allowed to hang from the shoulders as preferred.

For the hood will be required 3⅜ yards of material 18, 1¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 3½ yards of ribbon 5 inches wide for rosettes; for the cape 6½ yards 27, 3 yards 44 inches or 52 inches wide.

The hood pattern 6493 is cut in one size only; the cape pattern 6503 is cut in three sizes—small, 32 or 34; medium, 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 inches bust

A SIMPLE GOWN OF CASHMERE.

Cashmere is being much utilized for afternoon gowns this winter and is always pretty and attractive. This one is trimmed with bands of silk and made with vest or chemisette of tucked chiffon in matching color. The skirt is one of the pretty ones lapped in envelope style and the blouse is distinctly novel. The blouse can be made of one material throughout if liked, but the vest or chemisette portion of contrasting material gives a somewhat more dressy effect. The sleeves are gathered into prettily shaped cuffs. In addition to serving for the gown the blouse will be found an excellent one to be made of contrasting material and worn with the coat suit.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 24 or 27, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; for the skirt 7 yards 24, 6¾ yards 27 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide; for trimming the entire gown will be needed 2 yards of silk.

The blouse pattern 6488 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6305 is cut

Two Patterns.
Blouse—6488.—Sizes 32-40.
Skirt—6305.—Sizes 22-30.

in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

A DAINTY GIRLISH FROCK.

6518.—Sizes 14 and 16 years.

Girls are wearing exceedingly charming dresses this winter made simply and of soft thin materials. This one shows the pretty three-quarter sleeves and is made with an unlined yoke of lace, but if the dress were wanted for evening parties the yoke could be omitted and the sleeves made shorter while if something still plainer were wanted the sleeves could be extended to the wrists. Embroidered voile with band of satin at the lower edge makes the dress illustrated, but chiffon is being much used for evening wear, plain silk voiles are always pretty and charming nets are ex-

is thin enough to be shirred is appropriate, there is a generous variety offered. For the frock of the daytime wear all the chiffon wool materials are pretty and for evening crepe de Chine and messaline must be added to those already mentionel. The skirt can be trimmed or left plain as liked and the girdle can be used or omitted as preferred. The full blouse portion is arranged over a fitted lining and the shirred yoke also is arranged over a foundation, so that all the fulness is held perfectly in place.

Design By May Manton.
6518 Misses' Shirred Dress.

For the sixteen year size will be required 10¼ yards of material 21 or 24, 6¼ yards 32 or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard of all-over lace for the yoke, 1½ yards of silk for the band at the lower edge. A May Manton pattern, No. 6518, sizes 14 and 16 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

THE FUN OF DOING WELL.

It is related of the late Lord Napier that once he played a trick on some young officers to find out the right man for a certain post. The story is that he had three ambitious officers to choose from, all of whom would like to be colonels at once. Lord Napier sent for these young men, and in due order detailed them to some ordinary routine work to be done. They went to their work without suspecting that the general wished to test them and was having them watched for that purpose. The first two, whom I will call A and B considered the duties very much beneath them, and discharged them in a very careless and perfunctory manner, while complaining of the affront which they had received in being asked to discharge those duties. The third young officer was prompt, energetic and thorough, and acquitted himself with credit.

"How is it," demanded Lord Napier, "that you thought such matters worthy of so much care?" The young fellow flushed. He thought the general believed that he was an officer who had wasted too much energy on matters of no great moment.

"Beg pardon, general," he answered, "but it was just the fun of seeing how well I could do them."

The grim old general's face relaxed into a pleasant smile, and he said: "You are promoted to a captaincy. Go and see how much fun you can get in doing your best in that position."

"LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE."

"Look not upon the wine!" Its bubbles laugh
And dance with fiendish joy,
To see the poisoning draught the victims quaff,
That will the soul destroy.

"Look not upon the wine!" or any drink
That alcohol contains;
From all that doth intoxicate, O, shrink!
For purity it stains.

"Look not upon the wine!" 'twill mock thy woe
Before so very long;
Beneath thy foot crush down this subtle foe,
Whose deadly power is strong.

"Look not upon the wine!" it is a cheat
That robs thy heart of joy,
Home, friends and all that makes this life complete
Its poison can destroy.

"Look not upon the wine!" stand like a rock
When offered is the bowl,
And nerve thine appetite to bear the shock,
Thus save thy precious soul!

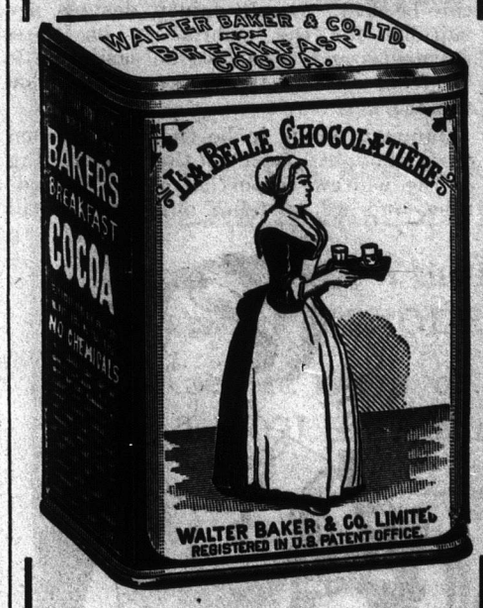
"Look not upon the wine" what says the Book
That's written for our guide?
"Wine is a mocker," on it never look,
And wait, there's more beside.

"Look not upon the wine!" its bite at last
Is like an "adder's sting."
Surely it binds its slaves forever fast,
Of tyrants it is king.

"Look not upon the wine!" If thou wilt ask
Strength shall be given thee;
To fight alone is not an easy task,
But God can make thee free.

—Frances.

THE FINEST QUALITY
Baker's
Breakfast Cocoa



The half pound can contains eight ounces of pure cocoa, of the finest quality, most delicious flavor, and possessing all the strength of the best cocoa beans, most carefully blended.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
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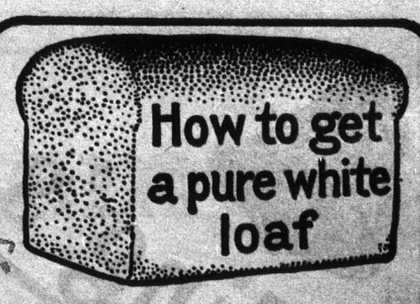
DORCHESTER - - MASS.
Branch House: 86 St. Peter St., Montreal



THE object of all expert bakers and cooks is to make a pure white loaf
And this object is attained by the use of

PURITY FLOUR

Purity is a hard-wheat flour of decidedly superior whiteness. It bakes into a pure white loaf. So, you see, to get the really beautiful white loaf you must use PURITY hard-wheat flour.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY — Purity — MANITOBA HARD WHEAT

"More Bread and better bread."

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Mail Order House **BANFIELD'S** Mail Order House
492 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG

Our Great JANUARY MAIL-ORDER CLEARING SALE offers the greatest values ever put before Western Mail-Order Buyers. If you do not find what you want in this ad., write to-day for special bargain lists.

Wicker Rockers.

In artistic designs, very strongly made, best material used. In natural and brown colors. Our January Bargain Price..... $3.85

Morris Chairs.

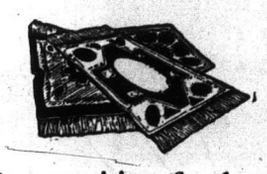
In leather and velour coverings, beautiful massive designs in natural and early English quarter cut oak.

Write for Special List and Prices.

Lace Curtain Bargains.

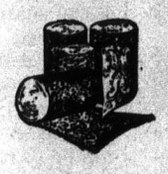
Our curtain and drapery departments includes the largest assortment West of Montreal, for anything you want. Write for samples and prices.
Lace curtains at $1.00 to $15.00 per pair.

Beautiful Warwick Rugs.



In exquisite floral and oriental designs, excellent qualities. Regular $4.00. January Bargain Price..... $2.50

Beautiful and Durable Carpets.

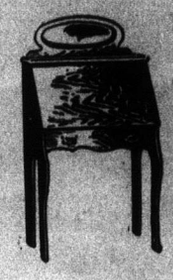


Our stock is the largest in Canada and qualities the best in the world. Write for samples and prices.

Mahogany Finished Parlor Tables.

In excellent designs, beautifully polished and finished throughout in quarter cut oak and mahogany. January Bargain Price $3.65

Writing Desks.



In golden or early English quarter cut oak, excellent designs and elegantly finished throughout. January Bargain Price $12.00

Stoves. Stoves.

Write to-day for our special January Stove Bargain List.

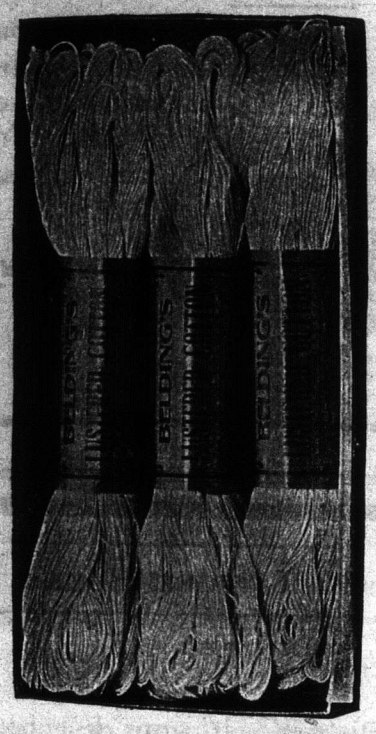
Linoleums.

The biggest shipment ever received in the West. Bought direct from Scotland's greatest manufacturer. Our prices are positively the lowest. Get samples and prices.

J. A. BANFIELD
492 Main St. Winnipeg

Belding's Lustred Cotton

Extra brilliant lustre, beautiful soft round thread, pure white,
The newest and best Embroidery Cotton in the market.
Sizes: A. Extra Coarse, B. Coarse, C. Med., D. Fine, E. Extra Fine, F. Extra Fine
If dealer has none write us.



Belding's Padding Cotton
A beautiful soft round cotton, for raised emb. work, now very popular.

Stamped Linen Catalogue
Showing designs in emb. work for home decoration, Lingerie work, Hats, Costumes, &c. Copy mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

BELDING'S SPOOL SILKS
Unequalled by their exceptional strength, lustre and smoothness.

Premiums: For saving Belding's Spools ask your dealer for circular, how you can obtain gratis, a Beautiful Table, Skirt Hemmer, Shears, &c., or write us direct.

SPECIAL— If you cannot get any of these articles on this page from your dealer write to us direct.

Belding, Paul & Co. Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Hand Embroidered Lingerie.

There are a wide choice of materials to select from for embroidered lingerie such as fine linens, linen cambrics, and soft specially finished cotton lawns are all suitable, and complete matched sets consisting of nightdresses, chemises or corset covers, princess combinations, etc., can be had. Small dainty designs are suitable for the embroidery on these garments, and these can be easily made up from any of the paper patterns on the market.

January seems to be the month when one's thoughts turn to the replenishing of the whitewear portion of one's wardrobe, and we are sure our readers will

Nightdress.
Design 5202.
Stamped on linen, $2.50; stamped on Lonsdale, $1.50.

be interested in seeing that we have anticipated their wants by showing some of the newest ideas and designs for embroidered lingerie.

Hand embroidery is the most fashionable decoration for lingerie, and the reason for this is not hard to find as all the French models are embroidered by hand, and the time which used to be spent on making decorative articles for the home is now devoted to the making of dainty under-garments.

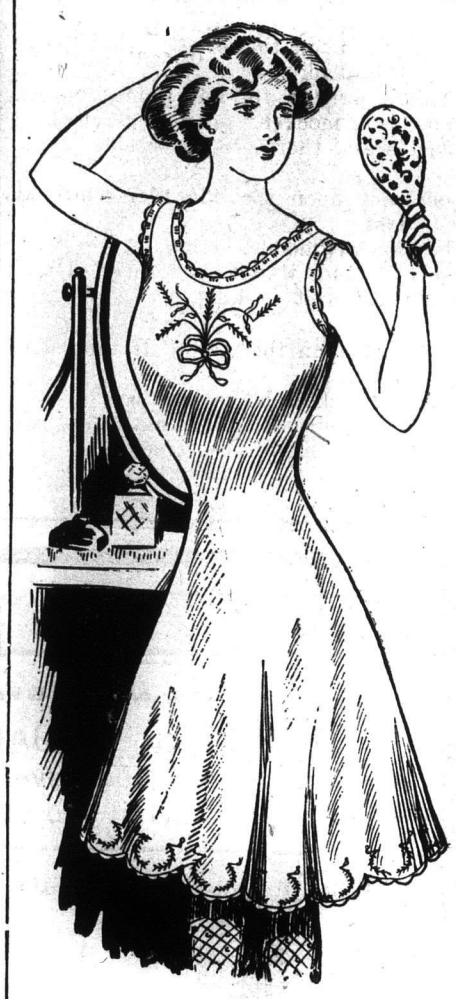
Fine soft materials, daintily hand-sewn seams, and a simple, graceful embroidered design will produce a garment which would be expensive to purchase, and anyone willing to devote a little time and patience can be the happy possessor of a complete set of dainty under-garments.

The French embroidery which with sometimes a touch of eyeleting is used on these garments, is generally known, and the beauty of the finished embroidery depends upon the careful padding of the design. This must be smoothly and evenly placed in the reverse direction to the over-and-over, or satin stitch, which forms the surface. The scallop or buttonhole which edges so many of these garments must also be carefully padded, and closely worked that it may not fray. Soft lustered cotton which works smoothly and retains its gloss through repeated washings is recommended for French embroidery. Nos. "D", "E" and "F" are all suitable, the former being the coarsest and well adapted for buttonholing the edges.

Design No. 5202 shows a one-piece for slip-over nightdress which is very easily made, the fullest is gathered into a few pin tucks on either shoulder.

Design No. 5200 is a one-piece for slip-over corset cover embroidered with a graceful bow-knot and daisy design.

Design No. 5201 is embroidered on one of the princess under garments which are so fashionable at present to wear under the princess gowns.



Design 5201.
Princess Combination.
Stamped on linen, $1.75, stamped on Lonsdale, $1.00.

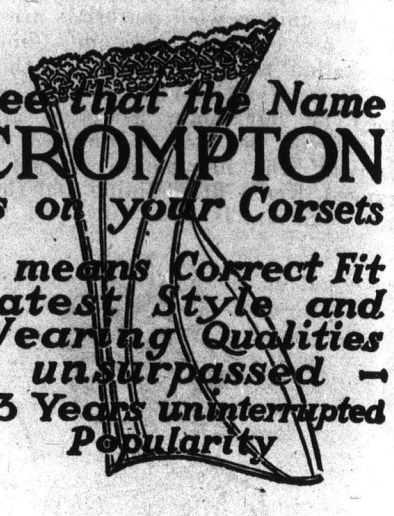
Design 5200.
Corset Cover.
Stamped on linen, 75 cents; stamped on Lonsdale, 50 cents.

Orders for any of the articles described above can be sent to the publishers of the Western Home Monthly who will forward them to the manufacturers.

NO USE AS MEDICINE.

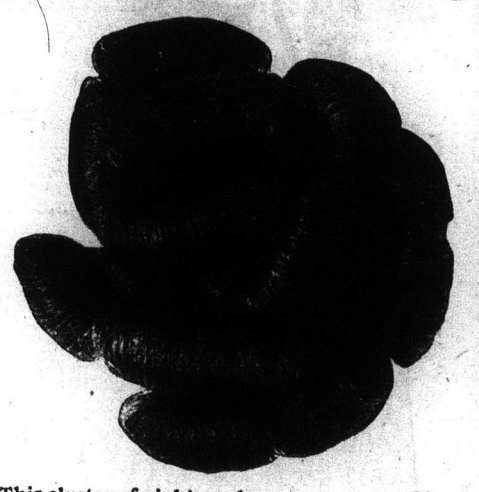
Sir Victor Horsley, of London, at the meeting of the British Medical Association last August in Toronto, said: "You are probably aware of the attitude of the medical profession towards alcohol on this side of the water. Only a fortnight ago your French-speaking medical practitioners passed a very strong resolution on the subjce, and you know that inquiry among the profession in Toronto resulted in the same conclusion; namely, that the medical profession, as a whole, has a hostile rather than a friendly feeling towards the drug which we call alcohol.

"Here I would like to say that the profession at home has the same hostile attitude on the whole towards alcohol that you have merely as a beverage, but I mean that they have found what alcohol's real value is as a drug. My opinion at any rate is that it is practically nil.



See that the Name CROMPTON Is on your Corsets
It means Correct Fit Latest Style and Wearing Qualities unsurpassed — 33 Years uninterrupted Popularity

BEAUTIFUL HAIR GOODS

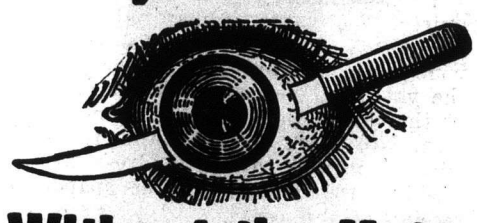


This cluster of eight curls sent to any address for **$2.00.** Any color matched.

SWITCHES—A beautiful switch, 16 inches long' made of finest quality hair (any color) sent post paid for **$1.25.**
Send for our book on the "Care of the Hair." It's Free.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN
New York Hair Store
276 Portage Ave. - - Winnipeg
Also at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Eyes Cured



Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cure of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases.—Send Your Name and Address with Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under strain find with this magic lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble write me today. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many well proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this magic eye lotion. Address with full description of your trouble and two cent stamp, H. T. Schlegel Co., 3789 Home Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

Get Well and Strong.

if you are not feeling right, if there is anything the matter with your blood, your stomach, your nerves, liver, kidneys, appetite or digestion, you ought to send for a package of Vitae-Ore right away. You can get a dollar package on thirty days' trial, without a penny in advance. Read the large advertisement on page 29.

MUSIC !! The best house in Canada for **Everything in Music** is that of **Semple and Barrowclough,** Winnipeg.—Write them.

Woman's Realm.

THE HEART'S THEOLOGY.

With broad'ning minds, the narrow dogmas die,
The world, maturing, sheds old hopes and fears;
And yet, my wife, your true and tender eye
Refutes some newer doubts of newer years.
What though I pay no pew rent, and, perchance,
May hold that creeds, chameleon-like, must take
Their color from the Age's circumstance!
Yet,—you have founded Faith no man can shake.

You cast your lot with mine for ill or good,
And more of ill than good, God knows, has been;
You, faithful, patient, murmuring not, withstood,
Snow-pure and steadfast, patient and serene,
The errors that within the blood will live,
The vows forgotten,—anger, wrong, and guile,—
You, angel-like, were ready to forgive:
Through wifely tears there shone a wifely smile.

At length I said: "The Power who gave her me,
And gave her, too, the spirit that endures,—
Can He less loving than her dear self be,
Though theologic fog His love obscures?"
My soul and heart cried, "Nay!" and so were naught
The teachings of the moles who, blind, cry, "God
Is but blind teaching, and by blind men taught,
And life begins and ends with just—a sod."

Ah, watch! The tender, sun-kissed hyacinth
Dies,—so it seems. But, lo! a miracle!
The Spring! and on an emeraldine plinth
Is built again the perfumed pinnacle!
So 'twas I said: "This pure, this perfect flower,
Of wifehood, when the winter touch of Death
Shrivels its petals,—shall no sun endower,
No unknown sun revive its breath?

Will He, who hue and life and vigor gave,
Who saw the storms it bore, the blasts that bent,
Be willing that it sleep within a grave,
Forgotten, nay, begot, without intent?
Must all the joy it brought, its lessoned life,
Meet no reward when it is placed in dust?—
Then from my heart's persistent, questioning strife,
There came the answer: "Peace, for live it must.

"Is she, to Him, less than the passing bloom
That dies but to revive itself anew?
Oh, one of troubled soul! your earthly doom
Is but a rest to fuller strength endue."
And so, content, dear heart, I calmly wait,
For you have solved these vagrant mysteries
By your own blameless life. When he
Swings open wide, I know that Death's broad gate
Who sees
What all men do, will guide my erring feet,—
The earth's reek cleansed from me. There, unknown
Are pangs of parting. You will know, my sweet,
How that you were my all-in-all alone.
The drear, dead, sinful past will be a wraith;
The future,—ah, what future may not be!
We, with clasped hands,—it is my perfect faith,—
Shall gaze down vistas of eternity!

Herbert M. Lome.

A FEW POINTS ABOUT THE HANDS AND HAIR.

When the nails are fragile a little wax and alum rubbed upon them will strengthen them. If brittle a little almond oil or cold cream will be found beneficial.

White spots upon the finger-nails are caused by the bruising of the carium under the nail. To remove these spots use a mixture of refined pitch and a little myrrh upon them at night, wiping it off the next morning with olive-oil.

When about to manicure the hands, dip the fingers into warm soapy water and hold them there for a minute or two in order to soften the nails and the scarf skin about them.

The scarf skin should be gently pushed back from the nails before they are polished. It should never, unless absolutely necessary, be cut with the scissors.

Agnails, improperly called hangnails, may be prevented by proper attention to the scarf skin which surrounds the nails.

For manicuring only a pair of curved nail scissors, a nail-file, an orange stick, a chamois polisher, a bottle of vaseline and a box of rose salve or nail powder are necessary.

Before clipping the hair it is a good plan to braid it loosely, and then, taking the braid in the fingers, lightly rub the hairs the wrong way. Then it may be seen if any of the ends are split; if they are, they should be clipped off.

The only virtue in going by the new moon when clipping the hair is that it tends to regularity.

If after the most scrupulous care the hair shows any signs of dandruff or any other disorder, a scientific skin specialist should be consulted.

Nothing will benefit the condition of a scalp which is prone to dandruff more than systematic massage, which starts and keeps in order the circulation and sets the wheels of nutrition running.

Singeing the hair is based on the fallacy that the hair is a hollow tube and "bleeds" when it is cut. All I can say is that the merest tyro in the study of the hair knows that it is a solid shaft and contains no fluid which could exude when it is cut. In spite of assertions to the contrary, the hair does not grow more rapidly when it is singed.

At night the hair should be loosely braided and allowed to hang.

THE BRIDE'S LINEN CUPBOARD.

In the good old days it was considered part of the bride's duty to provide the house-linen. Today this is not regarded as necessary; but, whoever provides it, it is a matter requiring care and forethought.

Here is a simple list, suitable for a couple starting up in a small way, which may prove useful to many readers.

Four damask tablecloths to fit dining-table; twelve dinner napkins; two kitchen tablecloths; three afternoon tea-cloths; three pair of full-size sheets, and six large pillow-slips for own bed; two pairs of single sheets and two pillow-slips for spare bed; two pairs of sheets and four pillow-slips for servant's bed; two large and two small bath towels; twelve huckaback towels for bed-room use; six plainer huckaback towels; at least one counterpane for each bed; half a dozen toilet-slips; half a dozen dressing-table cloths; half a dozen each tea and glass cloths; twelve dusters, six pudding cloths, and floor cloths and dish-cloths.

Now for some hints as to the acquiring of this modest store. Linen sheets are not now so necessary as they were formerly. Longcloth is good and cheaper; so with one pair of linen sheets and the rest of embroidered longcloth, the young housewife may "ruffle it with the best of them." For the servant's bed, twilled calico sheets are both strong and warm.

Pillow-cases may be of linen, and frilled, or, if price is a consideration, linen-finished slips with cambric frills,

"Tarolema"

Cures Eczema

(Consisting of Compounds with combined Oils of Tar)

For children and mild cases, ask for TAROLEMA Number 1.

For ECZEMA of the head and dry ECZEMA ask for TAROLEMA Number 2.

For severe cases of long standing, ask for TAROLEMA Number 3.

per 50c. package

If your druggist does not keep it write to Chemist,

c/o: The Carbon Oil Works,
WINNIPEG LIMITED CANADA

Makes Fat Vanish

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

JUST SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND A SUPPLY WILL BE SENT YOU FREE—DO IT TO-DAY

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the Kresslin Treatment, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large

This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an absolutely harmless way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. J Spillenger, Dept. 908 E, 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let him hear from you promptly.

One dozen of our hardy, improved Bush Cherries, sent prepaid to any address for two dollars. Good canning fruit. Prolific and thoroughly hardy. Catalog free. Buchanan Nursery Co., St. Charles, Man.

SEND $1 receive 4 wool remnants suitable for boys knee pants. Give age and we will cut free. Southcott Suit Co., 10, Coot Block, London, Ont.

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get largest crops with least work

What's the use of drudging to get ordinary results when a Planet Jr Seeder or Cultivator does six men's work, and gives you an increased yield besides? Planet Jrs are patents of a man skilled both in farming and manufacturing for over 35 years. They are light, strong, lasting, and fully guaranteed.

No. 4 Planet Jr Combined Seeder and Wheel-Hoe saves time, labor, seed and money. Almost all useful garden implements in one. Adjustable in a minute to sow all garden seeds, hoe, cultivate, weed, or plow. Pays for itself quickly, even in small gardens.

No. 8 Planet Jr Horse Hoe and Cultivator will do more things in more ways than any other horse-hoe made. Plows to or from the row. A splendid furrower, coverer, hiller, and horse hoe; and unequalled as a cultivator.

The 1910 Planet Jr catalogue is free. It illustrates and describes 55 different implements for the farm and garden. **Write for it today.**

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PLANET JR. TOOLS

"How to Preserve Strength

AND

Retain the Powers"

Interesting and instructive remarks to **Men of all Ages** on "How to Preserve Strength and retain the Powers.—" A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, and Debility of Men.—This book not only contains valuable remarks on how to preserve strength and retain the powers to an advanced age, but points out the best means of restoring Exhausted Vitality, Poverty of Nerve Force, Mental Depression, and will especially interest those who wish to create Vitality, increase Nerve Stamina, renew the Vital Forces, or fit themselves for business, study, or marriage, sent sealed and **FREE.** Write to-day.

The Agote Institute

55 University St., Montreal, P.Q.

THIS BEAUTIFUL SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

and scarf pin can be secured by any young man or woman, merely for doing a little advertising for us. Nothing to sell—only some postals to address, send 2c. stamp for full particulars. Address: The W. Stephens Co., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

No Benefit, No Pay.

You ought to try a thirty day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore on the no benefit, no pay plan. This plan is fully explained in the large announcement on page 29 of this issue. If you have never used Vitae-Ore, you can secure a dollar package on trial without a penny in advance, simply by writing for it.

MUSIC !! The best house in Canada for **Everything in Music** is that of **Semple and Barrowclough,** Winnipeg.—Write them.

tucked and hem-stitched, should be procured. The spare bed might on occasion borrow from one's own bed, while for the servant plain calico slips are strongest and best.

Towels are a growing necessity, particularly bath towels, in these days of at least one bath a day. The better huckaback towels are for family use, while the plainer ones are dedicatel to the domestic. For the last item, at least, plain huckaback bought by the yard, will do.

The table-linen will depend entirely upon the cash at one's disposal. But let it be the best we can afford. Nothing spoils the look of a table more than shabby linen. And as most young couples are well set up with china and silver ware, they must see that the table-cloth and napkins, which are their share, do not disgrace the gifts of their friends.

The young bride should remember that the better the stock of household napery at the beginning, the easier it will be to keep in order the rest of the time. Again, she must not wait till she is "out" of everything before replenishing. If she adds as she goes along, she will never find it a burden; and, lastly, there is the greatest hint of all: "A stitch in time saves tattered tablecloths."

A GOOD TRAVELING CASE.

I want to describe a traveling case which my husband has. It bears the euphonious title, Keep Klean Kollar Kase. It is a circular bag of skin or leather, smooth finish inside and suede leather outside. The bottom is a circle of two layers with pasteboard in between. It is five inches in diameter. All around the edge of this is stitched a five-inch strip of leather, which is then joined and turned inside out, making a bag. The draw-string is a quarter-inch strip of the leather run through slits cut at regular intervals from the top. This looks something like a tobacco pouch only it has a stiff bottom. It could be made of chamois or of the wrists of old gloves, either tan or dark gray, and leather shoestrings, or a cord could be used to draw it up; but eschew ribbons if you wish a man to use it.—Mrs. A. Shaw.

TO REMOVE INK.

One day when my back was turned, little Buster climbed on a chair, opened the desk, and when a sudden sense of stillness warned me to look at him, there he stood with ink all over his pretty new blue gingham dress! I could have cried with vexation. Instead, I took off his dress quickly, before it had time to soak through into the underskirt, rinsed it three times in clear water, then soaped the inky place with naptha soap and let it soak while I cleaned up the boy. The ink, having had no time to dry, washed off as easily as dirt, and I was very much relieved to find that the dress looked just as good as ever after it was rinsed, dried and ironed. I lay my success to the "hustle" with which the ink was washed out.—A. C. S.

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS.

Dear Friends: "The schools are suffering for lack of co-operation with the homes. Mothers' clubs can perform no more important function than to help the teachers in their work." I read this cry from the ranks of the teachers the other day with considerable interest and with an impulse to give very hearty assent. I wouldn't confine the helping functions to mothers' clubs, though; I'd have some arrangement by which fathers should have a hand in this important work.

Things are better than they used to be in this respect, but there is still plenty of room for improvement. I can testify to this because I was once a teacher myself, and did so want to tell fathers and mothers what they could do. It is possible to measure the help that parents—whether they are "clubbed" or not—could give, not merely to the schools as institutions, but to the teachers and the children themselves, if matters were rendered smoothly and thoroughly taken in hand.

In the first place, parents should be thoroughly alive to the character of the school boards they elect. Ignorant men, professional politicians, men of low moral standards, men without public spirit, should be forever left in the cold when school boards are to be made up. The growing custom of electing women to this office is a most natural one, for, between ourselves, women do like to see things done as they should be. The custom of having on the board those only who have children in school has its merits, too. Our town once had a board whose members were not only careful to get well qualified teachers, but they insisted on finding those of refined, positive Christian character. Needless to say, our school rose to high rank, was a joy to us all. A political boss wriggled his way to school board honors, others of his ilk followed later, and the school suffered woefully.

Parents can do a great deal for the school by talking it up in a friendly spirit, lending their presence to its public functions, making it an important factor in the life of the community. So much has been said in the Mother's Magazine about how important it is for mothers to be on terms of friendly acquaintance with their children's teachers, that I need only say my experience justifies every word that has been said.

I think parents are not living up to their privileges unless they try to stand in somewhat the same relation to the school that they do to their children—as watchful, friendly, untiring guardians, ready to give it every possible advantage, to be patient with its shortcomings, to try to remove the difficulties that really cripple its efficiency. The school is so close to the home—is the home of the children most of the time—that parents cannot hold its interests too sacredly, or give it too much wise, kindly attention. Don't you all agree with me there? If not, why not?

Yours for school interests,
M. P. A. in The Mother's Magazine.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

To clean Smyrna rugs, brush through the surface a mixture of salt and cornmeal, slightly dampened. Use a scrubbing motion on them, then sweep with a clean broom.

The color can be set in cotton goods if the material is soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of turpentine to each gallon of water.

Clean kid slippers, belts and purses by rubbing them with French chalk.

When washing veils, add a pinch of sugar to the rinse water and when ironed they will be as crisp as new ones.

In cooking green vegetables, the color will be preserved if you leave them uncovered and drop in a lump of white sugar. The sweet will not be noticed when the vegetable is done.

Sometimes a tiny baby frets and cries for no apparent reason, and the cause may often be found in a band too tightly pinned. Perhaps it was all right before the little one was fed, but after a full meal the difference in the fit often causes a deal of discomfort.

HOW I MADE A HANDSOME BED-SPREAD.

In my work basket I had an old white bed mat riddled with holes in the centre, but strong and quite whole round the outside. I had it waiting for a convenient time to cut into squares for dish towels and hem rounds. However, as I looked in the same basket at a small remnant of lovely sateen, bought at a sale for 10 cents, a happy thought possessed me. I spread out the remains of my old mat, and saw the centre oblong design would be a splendid guide to lay on a piece of sateen. I soon stitched it round. Then I left a margin of white about ½ foot, and of a similar width. I cut up the sateen in 4 stripes, joining each neatly at the corners diagonally. This left me with 8 three-cornered pieces cut from the two ends of each strip. I soon sewed the stripes round, and the mat looked complete. It was improved, however, by putting a smaller centre of white linen cut from an old sheet, and adorning it with the eight corners neatly arranged in the middle of the mat. It is now both durable and pretty.—E. B. Menzies.

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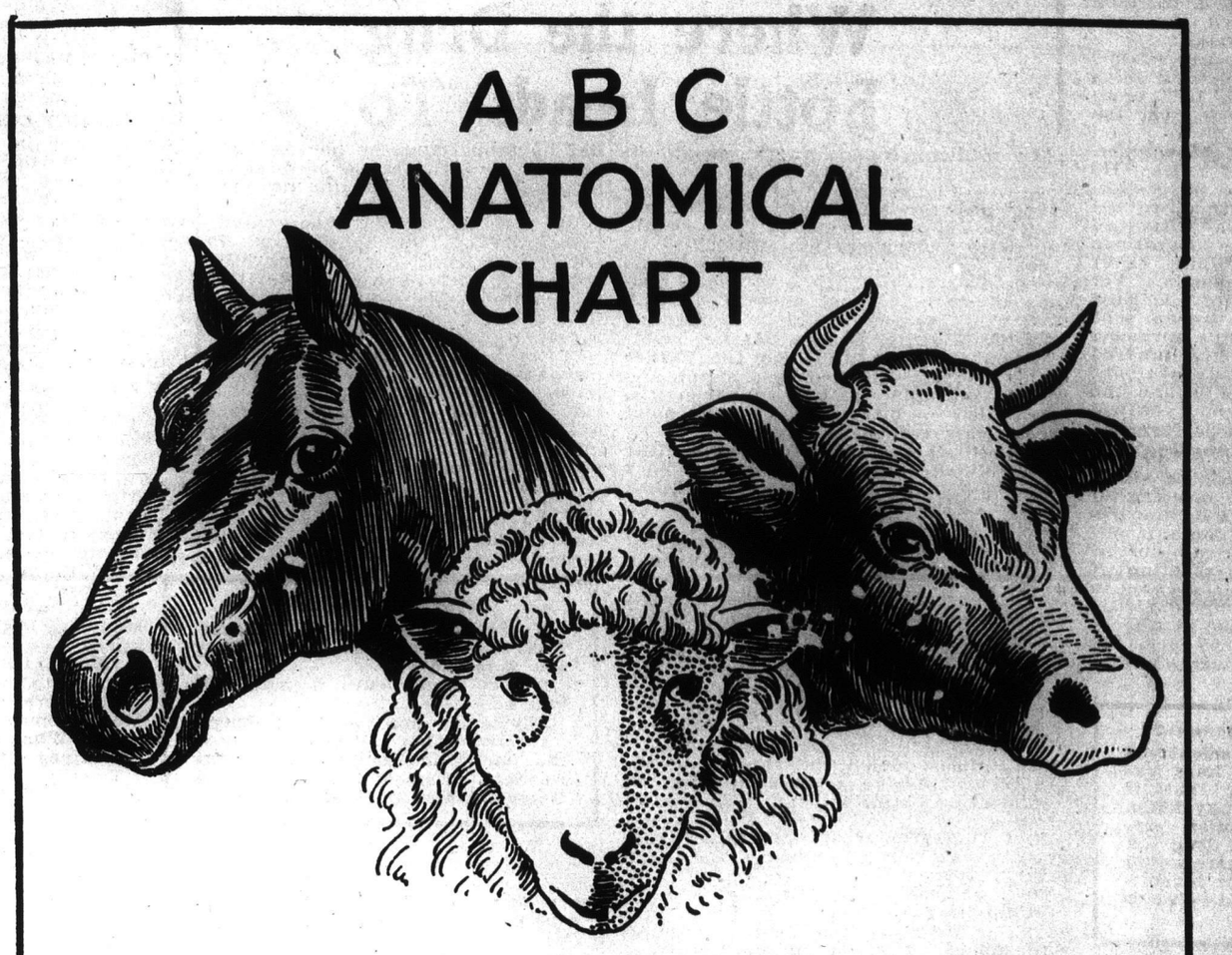
Know Your Animals

Be Your Own Veterinary

Save Your Stock and Make Money

Our A.B.C. Anatomical Chart tells about the common diseases of Farm Animals and how to treat them.

The Farmers' Weekly Telegram multi-color chart is worth hundreds of dollars to the farmers. It brings the Agricultural or Veterinary College right to your home. Shows plainly, by carefully drawn expensive color plaies, every part of the anatomy of animals. When stock is sick, you yourself can locate the disease and know how to treat it. It will be the means of saving hundreds of dollars to the stock growers.



Educate The Boys and Girls

Not only is the chart invaluable in the practical work of the Farmer, but it will educate the young men and women of the family, teaching them many lessons in the care and treatment of stock that parents never had the opportunity of learning.

This Great Work Given almost FREE.

Although the original plates were of the most expensive and the text matter the product of some of the most eminent teachers in the professions, The Farmers' Weekly Telegram, by purchasing a large quantity of charts at one time, can make an exceptional offer to its readers.

We guarantee that this chart will please and give satisfaction.

Agents and postmasters write for liberal terms.

Take advantage of this great offer to-day.

A NEW OR OLD SUBSCRIBER

Can remit $2.00 for two years' subscription and receive this valuable chart, prepaid, free, or the chart willl be sent with the paper for one year for

$1.35

FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND TO-DAY.

Farmers' Weekly Telegram

WINNIPEG MAN.

COUPON

Farmers' Weekly Telegram,
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—

Please find enclosed $2.00, for which you will please enter subscriptions for two years and also Anatomical Chart, postage free.

NAME.....

P.O.....

PRO.....

If Not Satisfied, Money Will Be Refunded

Drugs Have Killed More People

Than War, Pestilence and Famine.—Dr. Jno. M. Goode

"Medicine not a Science," but "An Ineffectual Speculation."—These and Other Unsparing Criticisms of their Own Profession are made by Eminent Physicians.—Prominent Doctor Tells Why Drugs Don't Cure.—Electricity the Remedy of To-day-

SHALL WE THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS? Has medical science made no progress, and are all drugs poisons?

"The science of medicine is founded upon conjecture and improved by murder," declares one of the greatest physicians in the world, Sir Astley Cooper, M.D., physician to the Queen of England.

"Drug medicines do but cure one disease by producing another," asserts Dr. Martin Payne, professor in the New York University Medical College.

"A mild mercurial course and mildly cutting a man's throat are synonymous terms," says Professor Gilman, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

More and more eminent physicians are declaring each year that medical science has made little progress since the beginning of man.

Dr. M. O. Terry, formerly surgeon-general of New York, announced recently that in his opinion very few of the cases diagnosed as appendicitis were that disease at all, and says that in many cases where operations were performed for appendicitis a short vacation or a series of morning walks would have prevented the serious turn taken by the disease.

Dr. Osler, of "chloroform-age," fame, says: "Pain in the stomach nowadays is always appendicitis, and is recognized by the physician's wife over the telephone."

Dr. M. J. Rodermund, of Milwaukee, goes farther than either of these. He declares: "It is an absolute impossibility for the appendix in a man to become obstructed. I have witnessed and assisted in thirty-four operations of so-called appendicitis, but never have I seen a diseased appendix. Yet I have seen a number of healthy, blooming young men and women sent to the angels just because the surgeons wanted the fee of three to five hundred dollars. I mean just what I say; that it was absolutely the fee only, and the surgeons made no bones about saying so before the operation was performed."

NINETY PER CENT. NOT APPENDICITIS

Dr. A. B. Stockman quotes the statement of a physician at a meeting of physicians in Boston. This doctor has performed more operations for appendicitis than any other American doctor. He declared at the Boston meeting of doctors that 90 per cent. of the cases in which he operated for appendicitis proved not to be that disease at all.

"We always tell a patient and his friends that the operation was successful," he said.

The Conviction of Experience

I declare, as my conscientious conviction founded on long experience and reflection, that if there were not a single physician, surgeon, midwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist nor drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail.—James Johnson, M.D., F.R.S.

A physician writing recently in one of the magazines, said that the practice of medicine was no science at all, and that no one could say that any cure had been made by medicine, because nature worked its own cure. There was great power in the human body to throw off disease, and in the majority of cases where the patient recovered, it was not because of the medicine given, but in spite of it.

Medicines are Poisonous

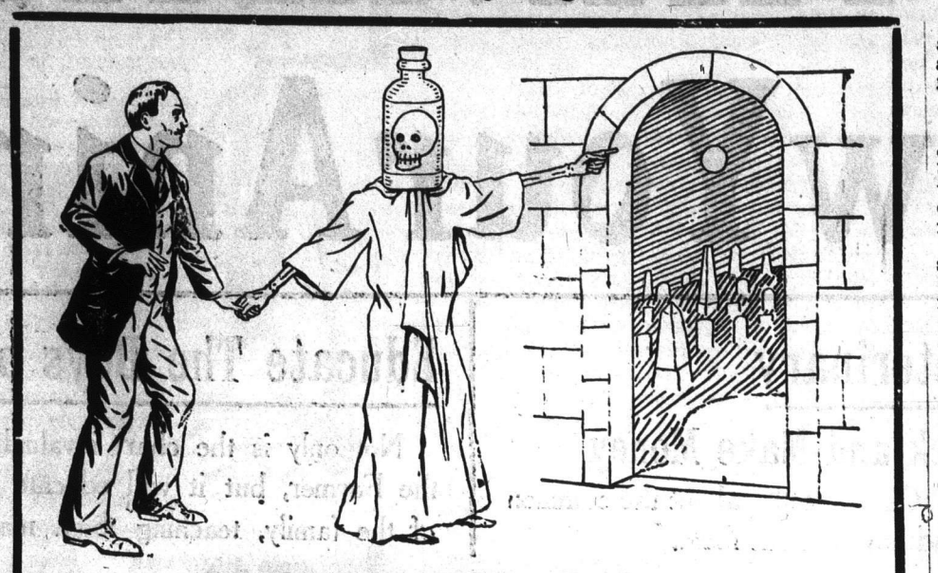
In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm; they have hurried to the grave many who would have recovered if left to nature. All our curative agents are poisonous, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.—Dr. Alonzo Clark, Professor in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

This writer urges the medical fraternity to drop the nonsensical mystery with which it seeks to surround itself. Rhubarb will do as much good when ordered in English as in dog Latin, he says. Senna will not be a bit more agreeable as "Fol. Sen." nor cream of tartar as "Bitar. Pot." A mixture to be taken at bedtime might just as well be written that way as "Mixt. h. s. Sumda." And pure water would be equally as efficacious if written that way as when written "Aqua Pura."

SCORES "PRESCRIPTION NONSENSE"

"This nonsense about the writing of prescriptions is on a line with all other frauds of the medical profession," says this writer. "It is a business of pretensions, misrepresentations and frauds."

Even such a high authority as The London Lancet said in a recent issue:



Where the Drug Bottle Leads To

"In medicine and surgery, as in all arts and sciences, methods become general, they lapse into disuse, to be revived possibly at a later period and then to achieve a popularity which attaches to a supposed new thing."

Some of the most eminent physicians were asked recently to give their opinions of medicine and medical doctors. A few of the replies are here given:

Dr. C. E. Page, Boston, Mass.:

"From the time in which the Father of his Country, affected by a simple and readily curable malady, pharyngitis, was killed by bleeding, up to the most recent catastrophe (February 3, 1907), of a needless operation for appendicitis, which killed a distinguished New Yorker statesman, such operations have killed no end of good men and women."

Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was for many years one of the medical faculty of Harvard Medical School, said before his class:

"The disgrace of medicine is that colossal system of self deception in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the vegetable kingdom robbed of all its growth, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all conceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of individuals suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment, or vital stimulation."

Prof. Valentine Mott, the great surgeon, says: "Of all sciences, medicine is the most uncertain."

Dr. Abercrombie, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, says: "Medicine has been called by philosophers the art of conjecturing; the science of guessing."

Dr. Jacob Bigelow, formerly President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, says: "The premature death of medical men brings with it the humiliating conclusion that medicine is still an ineffectual speculation."

Prof. Gregory, of the Edinburgh Medical College, said to his medical class: "Gentlemen, 99 out of every 100 medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark, staring nonsense."

Dr. Albert Leffingwell, of the American Humane Association, says: "I do not believe that the average length of human life would be diminished by an hour if all the drugs of Christendom were dumped into the sea—barring, perhaps, half a dozen."

SAYS DRUGS MUST GO

M. A. McLaughlin, the man who proved that he was five years ahead of Prof. Loeb in discovering that "electricity is life," says that the present system of drugging must be abolished.

He is the inventor of the most successful device for electrifying the human body. His experience has been broad, covering a period of twenty-two years.

He is recognized as one of the leading authorities on electrical treatment, and thousands of cured people attest the success of his remedy.

Talking to a reporter yesterday, he said:

"The old school doctor has had his day. His methods belong to the mystery and superstition of the dark ages.

"The physicians of today are doing just what the doctors a thousand years ago did—dosing sick and suffering humanity with poisons.

"Any man who thinks for himself knows that poison cannot build up health. They will give temporary relief by stupefying the nerves, but they don't remove the cause of disease. As long as the cause remains no cure can be effected.

"If you had a real fine watch and some part of its mechanism broke, would you try to mend it by filling it with oil? No, you would take it to the best watchmaker you knew and have him find the cause of the trouble and repair it.

"Your body is a far more delicate mechanism than any watch. It is the most complicated machine on earth, yet when some vital part breaks down or fails to work properly, you try to make it go by doping yourself with poisonous drugs.

"All of your vital organs, including the heart, stomach, liver and kidneys, are run by a power called nerve force. Any doctor will admit that. Nerve force is just another name for electricity. When any of these organs break down or become inactive, sickness or disease results. Now you can't cure the trouble until you remove the cause—repair the part that is broken down. The only way to do this is to give nature the power to do it. All you need is motive power, electricity. You can't get that from drugs. My method is to restore this electricity wherever lacking, and pain and disease will disappear. That's the natural way of curing.

The Best Doctor

No doctor can cure all diseases. That's all "moonshine." They are "pretenders."

If you can't cure a man tell him so.

Physicians use too many drugs.

I believe that the best doctor is the one who knows the worthlessness of medicines.—Dr. Osler in an address to physicians.

"When I say that my remedy cures, I don't ask you to believe me until I prove it. I have one or more cured patients in nearly every town on the map. I'll send you the names of those near you, and you can ask them about my treatment."

"I know that many people are skeptical about testimonials, and they have a reason to be. Quacks and patent-medicine makers have fooled the public so often by printing bogus letters that it is hard to believe any. Every testimonial I publish is genuine, and I have a standing reward of $1,000 for proof that any of them were bought.

DON'T TRY TO FOOL NATURE

"Few people realize the danger in drugs until their health is gone or their nerves and vitals wrecked by poisonous mixtures.

"Then you can understand how useless it is to try to fool nature with stimulants, narcotics and poisons.

"The ostrich hides its head and thinks he is out of reach of the hunter's rifle. Some people do things just as absurd.

"You cover up the symptoms of a disease and imagine you are cured. Just as soon as you stop using the drug the trouble returns worse than ever.

"You have got to remove the cause before you can cure any ailment.

"If you have a splinter in your finger, the only way to get rid of the pain and inflammation is to get the splinter out. Of course, you could take morphine or cocaine and relieve all pain for a while, but that wouldn't remove the splinter which causes it.

"The reason for nearly every chronic ailment or disease is a want of vitality and energy by some part of your body machinery.

WOMEN SAVED FROM BUTCHERY

"Thousands of women submit to dangerous operations which could easily be avoided by the use of my Belt. But the average woman imagines that the only thing to do, after drugs fail, is to resort to the surgeon's knife.

"Most female complaints are the result of low vitality, or weak, impoverished nerves. Where there is a deficiency of vital nerve force there is bound to be sluggish action of the organs affected, and then disease.

"My Electric Belt saturates the nerves with a gentle stream of electric life, enabling them to keep up a vigorous and regular action of all the organs of the body. It builds up vitality and strength in every weakened part, thereby removing the cause of disease.

"A great number of people suffer from pains and aches called rheumatism, or lumbago, or neuralgia, caused by impoverished nerves crying for aid. The life of these nerves is electricity, and nothing else will cure them. I can send a gentle current from my Belt so that it will convey the life direct to the ailing part and relief is often felt in an hour. I frequently cure such cases in ten days.

ABOUT CONCERNS WHO ADVERTISE

"There is a whole lot of prejudice against concerns who advertise, due no doubt to the large number of quacks and schemers that have foisted worthless treatments on the public during the past few years.

"If it were not for this prejudice I would not be able to handle all the business that would come to me. The many fake electric belts and batteries advertised by charlatans, have made everyone skeptical, but I know that I have a good thing, and I'll hammer away until everybody knows it.

"Any organ of the body, any part that lacks the necessary vitality to perform its natural functions, can be restored by my method.

"It gives strength; it makes the blood rich and warm; it vitalizes the nerves and puts vim into the brain and muscles; it just makes a good man out of a bad one in every way.

"With my Belt I cure rheumatism in its worst forms; I cure pains and aches, weak nerves, general debility and any other trouble which can be cured by restoring strength.

"No matter where you live, you can be treated as successfully as if you were here at my office—as this is a home remedy."

Mr. Wm. C. Allan, 639 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man., says:

Dear Sir—"I wish to tell you that I am in splendid health and strength. Under Providence your Belt made a new man of me. I gave it away when I was cured, and I know that it fixed the other fellow up, too."

Mr. J. F. Worley, Gull Lake, Sask., writes:

Dear Sir—"When I got your Belt, nineteen months ago, my stomach bothered me so that I could not sleep at night, and my head hurt me so that I thought I would lose my mind; I thought I would sure go crazy, and my limbs would cramp so that I would have to get out of bed and rub them; so when I received your Belt I did not wear it more than three nights till I could lie down and sleep all night, so the money I paid you for your Belt is cheerfully yours. If this will help you any, you can use it, for I think that electricity is the proper way of curing all chronic diseases. Wishing you the best of success."

BOOK WORTH $1.00 FREE

To any man or woman who will mail me this coupon I will send free (closely sealed), my finely-illustrated book regarding the cause and cure of disease. This book is written in plain language, and explains many secrets you should know.

Don't spend another cent on doctors and their worthless medicines.

My Belt cures to stay cured. You should know about it.

Don't wait another minute.

Cut out this coupon right now and mail it, if you can't call. I'll send the book without delay, absolutely free.

Free Test of my Belt to those who call.

Office hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday until 8.30 p.m.

Put your name and address on this coupon and send it in. Cut the coupon out this minute and save it.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Dear Sir—Please forward me one of your books, as advertised.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Home Doctor.

NURSING.

To cultivate the faculty of observation should be one of the first duties of those who would excel in any scientific pursuit, and to none is this study more necessary than to the student of medicine, and, I may add, to his most necessary ally, the nurse. Without the habit of correct observation no one can ever hope to excel or be successful as a nurse. Observation does not consist in the mere habitual sight of objects in a kind of vague looking on, so to speak, but in the power of comparing the known with the unknown, of contrasting the similar with the dissimilar, in justly appreciating the connection between cause and effect, the sequence of events, and in estimating at their correct value established facts. The great Newton has assured us that he knew of no difference between himself and other men save in his habits of observation, and almost the same remark was made by Locke. The right and ready use of the knowledge gained by true observation makes the successful nurse.

The constitution of the human mind is such that the acquisition of knowledge can only be gradual. Just as there is no royal road to learning so there is no rapid method of gaining experience, and she who wishes to excel must not only work assidously, but must be careful that she toils in the right direction. Although the difficulties in the way of observing correctly may appear great, yet, as the habit is daily encouraged, so will the path become clear, until at last what was originally a labor becomes a matter of almost routine practice. The expression "going through the world with one's eyes shut" can of a truth never be more aptly, more frequently, or more justly applied than to a very great many of those who, were the truth to be told, plume themselves on a most extensive knowledge of disease and its symptoms.

The inability to properly appreciate the connection between cause and effect was forcibly brought to my notice recently. On my asking a fond mother if her child had been vaccinated with calf lymph or lymph taken from the arm of another child, she replied—"I am quite sure it was calf lymph, because all the time the arm was bad poor baby booed like a cow!" Here it was not so much the good person's failure to observe as it was that old woman's stories and ancient traditions had warped her judgment. And I may say that the medical man and nurse who march with the times will often find it a difficult matter to upset old customs and ideals, based upon ignorance and perhaps superstition, which have a very strong foundation in people's minds.

The most important part of a medical man's education is undoubtedly to be gained at the bedside, and this can with equal truth be said of the nurse. Unfortunately, from time to time in our own homes many varieties of disease, many diversities of ailment and injury may be met with, and may be carefully observed and investigated in their various stages, as well as the modifications produced upon these ailments by a careful use of those remedial agents which have been so bountifully bestowed upon us.

WHAT NOT TO EAT.

A little joke floating around in the columns of the press is that of a man who had consulted a doctor and was doubtful of his skill because he did not forbid him eating everything he liked. Its opposite, said to be true, is of a doctor who writes much for the public on the subject of what to eat or perhaps, more accurately, on what not to eat. He had written the usual patter about hot weather diet, sticking to fruit, 'a little cereal," vegetables and water, and the like, and then was observed one hot day with a big dish of ham and cabbage, sausages, lobster and ale, which he was stowing away as if he thought it good for him. The average adult is the best judge of his own diet; he very soon learns what does not "agree" with him, and, knowing this, the consequences of eating it serves him right. If anything does "agree," eat it if you like it.

THE MODERN METHOD IN VERSE

A corespondent in Iowa kindly sends these lines in verse, which can be most appropriately printed here. Unfortunately, as neither the name of the author nor the original source of publication can be traced, proper credit must be omitted:

MAKING A MAN.

"Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby clothes, get him into pants.
Feed him on brain food and make him advance.

MAKING A MAN.

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on ja-amming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compell him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him into business and after the cash,
All by the time he can raise a mustache
Let him forget he was ever a boy.
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath,
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death."

INDIGESTIBLE FOODS MUST BE AVOIDED.

One point to be remembered, in every line of feeding, is that the digestive viscera must be kept in perfectly healthy condition. Indigestible foods must be avoided, or good food will be lost with that which is useless. Fifty-five ounces of water a day must be taken; it is better of course to drink it between meals. Do not drink tea or coffee with food. Avoid excessively sweet foods, as they are prone to fermentation. A little clear coffee may be taken now and then, but it must be remembered that clear coffee is especially useful in the reduction of fat, so the very thin must avoid it. Tea, perhaps, is more objectionable than coffee. The crustacea and the mollusks are difficult of digestion, giving very little true food after the trouble of digesting. About six almonds at the close of the night meal will be found beneficial. Two or three times a week, with the dinner salad, masticate thoroughly and swallow two Brazilian nuts, or you may use the nut cheese, which is very easily made by grinding a mixture of oily nuts. This may be served on lettuce leaves and used in the place of French dressing.

For the very thin, cream soups are valuable, such as cream of potatoes, cream of celery, cream of chicken, or cream of rice.

Avoid such things as calf's-foot jelly, lemon jelly, the root vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, beets, and all the bulky vegetables. Use both white and red fish, and all meats except pork and veal, the starchy vegetables ,and such easily digested green vegetables as onions, spinach, lettuce, celery, cress, chicory, endive, over which pour at least two tablespoonsful of olive oil with a few drops of lemon juice.

While, theoretically, sweets increase fat, they frequently fail utterly, in this respect, from a practical standpoint; therefore the thin woman will find better results from easily digested starchy foods and fatty foods, such as nuts, olive oil, cream and butter used judiciously. They should be well masticated, and too great a quantity should not be taken at one time. She should also avoid all rich pastries and cake, on account of the complex conditions of the mixtures.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

Dress Economy

Beautiful cotton dresses need not be expensive.

Simpson-Eddystone Black & White Prints

are charming calicoes of the highest quality, fast color, and pretty new patterns that make up into beautiful dresses of moderate cost and long-wearing quality.

If your dealer hasn't Simpson-Eddystone Prints write us his name. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

The Beverage for all Weathers.

EPPS'S COCOA

A delicious food and drink in one.

A Cup of "Epps's" at breakfast Warms and Sustains you for hours. As a supper beverage it is perfect.

"Epps's" means Excellence. GRATEFUL COMFORTING

A LIFE SAVING DRINK

It is a fact that a cup of Hot Bovril will ward off a serious disease.

When you are exhausted or run down, you are open to the attack of many ills.

A cup of Hot Bovril supplies immediate strength and puts the system in condition to resist any prevalent sickness.

BOVRIL is the most palatable of beverages, for all that is good in prime Beef is in

BOVRIL

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SEND $7.75

Receive this beautiful Fall and Winter Style Tailored Suit made specially for stout Ladies. The skirt is made 9 gore, welted seams. The coat is made with a semifitted back, lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, tailor padded and stitched, and made just as pictured. The cloth is heavy, all wool, French Panama, in black and light or dark blue, green, red and brown. If preferred we can supply this suit in heavy vicuna, which has a smooth, hair finish like broadcloth, in same shades as above. The regular price of these suits is $15. We are overstocked, and have cut them down to the low price of $7.75. Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, and around smallest part of waist, length of sleeve, measure under arm, and length from belt down skirt to desired length. Send your order to-day. Order suit No. W 110.

STANDARD GARMENT CO., LONDON, ONT

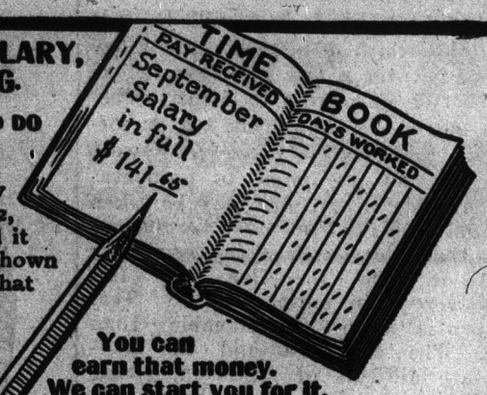
DO YOU KNOW

Many that play pianos; if not ask. Mail this adv. with six of your friends' names who play the piano. Enclose 15 cents and we will send you a beautiful composition selling at 25 cents in the stores, also two artistic post cards. Address: **The W. Stephens Co., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.**

TO EARN THAT BIG SALARY, LEARN RAILROADING.

GET OUT YOUR LEAD PENCIL AND DO A LITTLE FIGURING.

Whatever your present monthly salary may be, multiply it by 12, and find your yearly income. Will it amount to $1,699.80, the salary shown above? Do you earn one-half that amount? If not, why not?



FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN

Earn from $75 to $150 per month.

You can earn that money. We can start you for it.

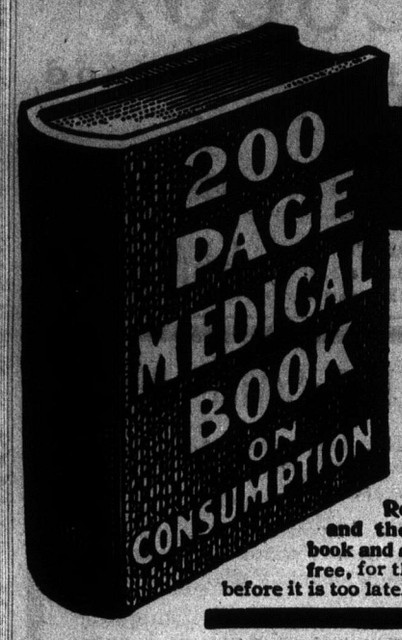
With the rapid progress of railway building in Canada it takes only from two to three years to be advanced to engineer or conductor, whose salaries are from $90 to $185 per month.

We teach and qualify you by mail in from 8 to 14 weeks without loss of time from your present work. Positions are secured; in fact, there are many openings right now if you were qualified to fill them. Our Course is the most complete treatise on the subject of Railroading in existence. We defy any school to show a course anywhere nearly as thorough. Don't tamper with your education by buying cheap bargain courses. Ours is the only School of its kind in Canada with text-books written for use on Canadian Railways.

Our free booklet tells all about our system of teaching. When writing, state age, weight and height. Address:

THE DOMINION RAILWAY SCHOOL,
Dept. B
Winnipeg, Canada.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1440 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

Rat-, Mice- and Gopher Destroyer

New trap that caught 300 rats in one night. This trap is easy to make in your own home. Complete plan and instructions for making the trap sent this month by mail prepaid for 10 cents (silver or stamps) Address: THE CHEMIST, 214 Kasota Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

MEND THOSE HOLES

In your Pans, Kettles, Etc. Vol-Peek mends tin, iron, copper, brass, aluminum, granite and enameled ware. Mends holes up to ¼ inch. Stands temperature 500 degrees higher than solder. Easy, quick. No tools necessary. 25 cents postpaid—enough to mend 50 holes. ***Agents Wanted.***
H. NAGLE & CO., Dept. 15, La Prairie, Quebec.

Temperance Talk.

WET OR DRY.

By Rev. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

There is a wave of Temperance Reform sweeping over the entire continent. The temperance sentiment has been quickened not only in the United States, but also in the Dominion of Canada.

Not long ago I preached in Sherman, Texas, and I found that the city was dry and the people were rejoicing in a greatly elevated moral tone which was in evidence everywhere in increased commercial prosperity, in better homes, in stronger manhood, in nobler womanhood and in a protection which was thrown about the youth and the children of the community.

An Ontario Town.

For the past two weeks I have been laboring in Orillia, Ontario, and I find the same conditions of affairs existing. The public houses were voted out some little time ago and Orillia, naturally beautiful, has today an added attraction because there is everywhere in evidence the strongest moral tone which I have found in any community in all my travels. It is the very rarest thing to see an intoxicated man upon the streets.

A county fair was recently held here with thousands of people present. One of the citizens of Orillia testified that these fairs were occasions for some men to debauch themselves with drink, but that this last fair had closed without a drunken man being seen upon the streets. So wherever the plan has been tried it has been found to work.

A City in Indiana.

I live in the summer near the city of Warsaw in the State of Indiana. Recently because of the vote of the people the last public house closed its doors. It is the universal testimony of the merchants that business is better, that accounts are more promptly met, and it is the unqualified statement of the ministers that the entire community has received a great uplift in the banishment of the public houses from the community.

If a plan works elsewhere it is well worth trying in Winnipeg, and that city, naturally beautiful and in most ways attractive, would become a veritable garden spot if the awful blight of intemperance should be removed and if the many public houses should be forced to close their doors.

The Christian's Duty.

If the plan in operation elsewhere has worked it has largely been set in operation by the Christian people of the community. There is only one position for the Christian to take, and that is against the bar-rooms in every way. I do not undrestand how a minister can preach and not be an antagonist of this awful sink of iniquity; nor do I understand how the Christian could countenance a bar-room and partake of communion. It is equally a mystery to me to know how one could claim to be a follower of Jesus and rent his building for the purposes of debauchery of men and women of the community and fatally trapping even the boys and girls. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe any Christian who is not pronounced in his fight against the public house in these days in Canada ought not only to feel greatly humiliated, but ought to prostrate himself in true repentance before the Saviour who bought him with his precious blood.

Reasons for Opposition.

There are very many reasons why I am so pronounced against the rum traffic.

I am against it because it is destroying the manhood of our country, and when once it fastens its awful grip upon one it is almost impossible for him to escape its blighting and blasting influence.

One of the dearest friends I have gives the following experience, which to me is most pathetic. I know him to be such a noble man, one of brilliant intellect and in the old days before rum marked him as its victim, one of the most brilliant attorneys in the United States. He was saved, but gives the following experience concerning temptation after his salvation:

An Awful Experience.

"One night in New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me, and gave me a quick powerful drug out of a small vial, and my pain was gone in a minute or two but—alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame. I should have gotten drunk that night if I could. I thought of everything—of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody; of the bright little home in New York; of Mary and the boys. I tried to pray and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and he was gone; and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat, and shouted: 'Drink, drink, drink.'

"It was not yet daylight Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, alone. I flew from saloon to saloon; they were shut up; so were the drug stores; and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight, and won it in the evening by the grace of God. But the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

"Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the west, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston: "I will arrive home tonight at eleven.' The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me. She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. 'What is it,' I cried, "what is the matter?' And in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life: 'Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years that I seem to be just one great ear when you are away beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing, when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the old unhappy home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail; and tonight I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness and in this midnight through Kneeland street alone.'"

Broken Hearts.

I am against the rum traffic because it has broken the hearts of women. Said a woman to me in Philadelphia recently: "Do all you can against this awful curse. It has robbed me of my husband, taken from my children their father. He was once noble, kind and pure, but he is today a hopeless and a helpless wreck. And as for myself," she said, "I am an aged woman before my time; life has lost all its attraction for me." And when there could come from a woman's heart such a cry as this I would be less than a man, certainly much less than a Christian, did I not in every way fight this awful evil.

ALCOHOL AND PNEUMONIA.

About 1877 or 1878, Dr. Moorehead, of Edinburgh, was talking about the treatment of pneumonia, and he said: "If I get a patient who has had no alcohol, I have very seldom any doubt as to the result of the attack of pneumonia. If during the last quarter of a century I have prescribed almost no alcohol in the treatment of disease, it is because I have found very little reason for its use, and it seemed to me that my patients got on better without it."

It will be remembered that last year Sir Frederick Treves, King Edward's surgeon, made a strong address against the use of alcoholics as beverage or medicine.

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The wheat used in the contest was procured from the Dominion Grain Inspector's Office, Winnipeg, and is partially cleaned. An ordinary gallon bottle was secured, and the wheat and bottle taken to the Dominion Weights and Measures Office, and the bottle filled right to the top with wheat. After deducting for the weight of the bottle, the wheat was found to weigh exactly 8 lbs., 8 and $\frac{7}{16}$ oz. The bottle was immediately sealed, photographed, and deposited with the National Trust Co. to be held by them until the contest closes May 31st, 1910.

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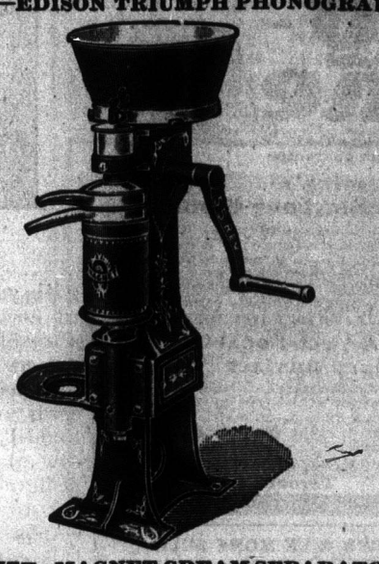

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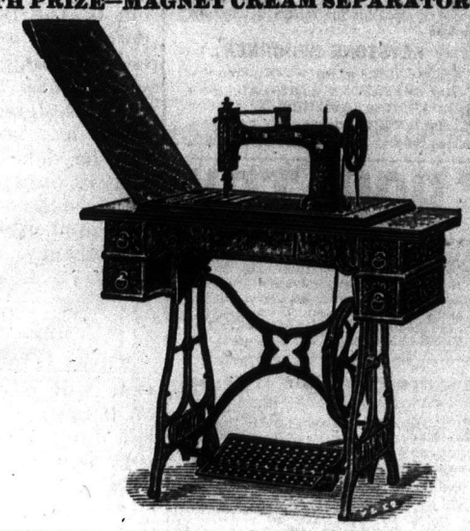

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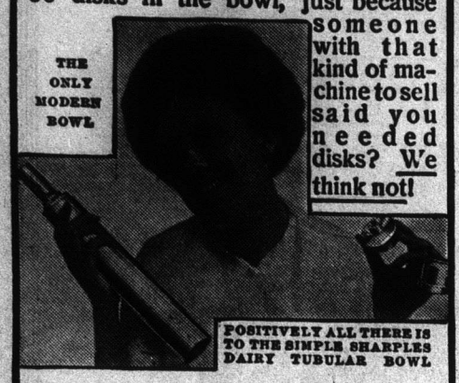

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About the Farm.

DUAL PURPOSE COW.

This is the cow which everybody wants and which so few succeed in raising.

"Dual- purpose" is the American phrase for aiming first at milk and then fattening off the cow for beef after her usefulness for milk production has waned. Farmers whose holdings adjoin poor or rangy country have always fancied the dual-purpose cow, because her male calves can be grown on rough pasture and eventually develop into fairsized steers, whereas the calves from cows of the recognized milking breeds are seldom of much value for the butcher. English breeders have long aimed at producing dual-purpose cows, and if they have not succeeded in developing a whole breed of any kind in that line they have had many individual successes. Two of the British breeds lend themselves particularly well to the purpose, the Shorthorn and the Red Poll. The pedigreed Shorthorn was in the beginning bred for beef alone, and has the beef build, while the unpedigreed animals were kept for milk first and fattened afterwards in the dual-purpose way. Discussing this subject, Professor Primrose M'Connell, a well-known English authority, points outs that within the last few years the Shorthorn Society has offered prizes for pedigreed animals with good milking powers, so as directly to encourage the double type, and, as a result, year by year the milking powers of the competitors have been increasing and creeping up on the records of other breeds, until they have topped the list. The champion milch cow at the London Dairy Show was a pedigreed Shorthorn. Dorothy, belonging to Lord Rothschild. The point to emphasize, however, is the fact that this cow—which in effect is the champion of the British Isles—is a dual-purpose cow, with perhaps a century of beef-breeding behind her, and yet she yields milk better than dairy breeds like the Jersey or the Ayrshire. Now, what has been done with one animal can be done in time with a hundred, and it only needs the principle to be followed long enough, and by a sufficient number, to make the dual breed a permanency.

raise only the draft breeds and sell them unhandled.

Style and finish count in the market value of draft horses as well as in coach or driving horses.

Truck teams used in the large cities are mated as carefully as coach teams.

Salt should be kept in the mangers. It is a purifier and a mild tonic.

If we would all feed more grain and less hay to our horses they would be better off, and so would we.

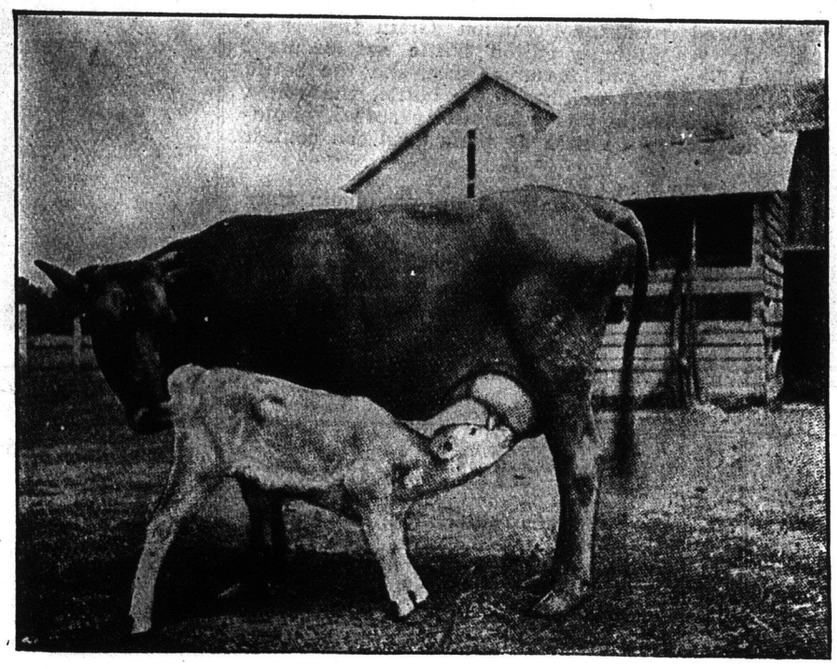
Of all things, a horse hates to lie down in a filthy bed. By nature he is a cleanly animal. He is worthy of a good, clean bed every day that he lives.

Put a blanket on the driving horse now to keep his coat short and glossy.

A good brake on a wagon that is used for drawing heavy loads on the road is a great relief on a horse. With that in operation the horse will actually rest going down hill.

Low-down wagons are not good for a long trip over a rough road. Take the narrow tires then.

How do you suppose a colt knows what you mean when you say, "Whoa! Back!" all in the same breath? Say what you mean and don't say anything more. Then the colt will get through his head what you want him to do.



BREAKFAST.

HORSE TALK.

There is no kind of animal breeding that will pay better than the breeding of horses; but horses that will sell,—not dung hills or misfits.

It will cost no more per pound to grow a colt than a calf.

Any good type of colt will sell for more per pound when three years old than a calf.

Unless a man is especially adapted by nature to handle horses, he should

RAISING A PET PIG.

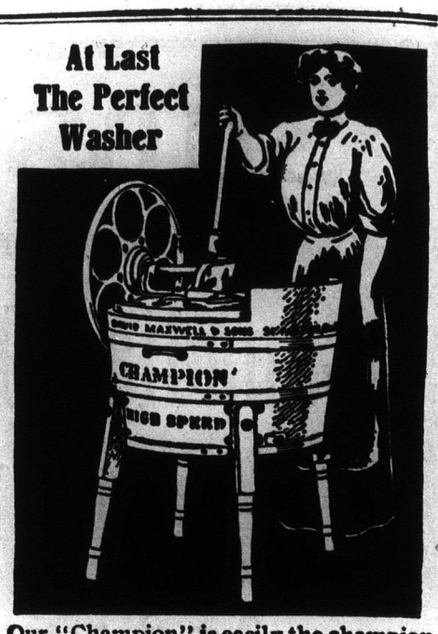
This is like everything else, easy enough if you know how. But we hear many say that they have never been successful in their efforts.

Take a little pig when only a few days old; put some warm milk (be sure not to scald the milk) in a saucer, if you haven't a bottle with a nipple, and put the little pig's nose in the milk. Of course it will not drink, and you will have to feed it with a spoon; but keep on putting its nose in the milk every time you feed it, and you will be surprised to find that about the second day, when you put the saucer down before the little pig, it will know how to drink. Feed it a little warm milk about every three hours, and give it a good feed just before retiring for the night, if you don't care to be disturbed. You may have to feed it for a few nights, but it will soon be able to take enough to last it until morning.

Put some straw in the box and make a good warm nest for the infant, which will only eat and sleep at this period. In about two weeks begin putting some bread-crumbs in the milk, give more feed at a time, and lengthen the hours for feeding. After a few weeks begin giving a little soaked corn each day.

The whole secret is to have the pig hungry and squealing for its feed each time. Never give so much that it will leave any. If this happens, slacken

At Last The Perfect Washer



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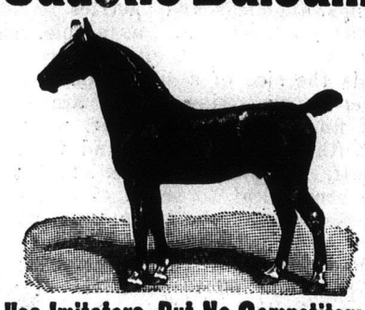

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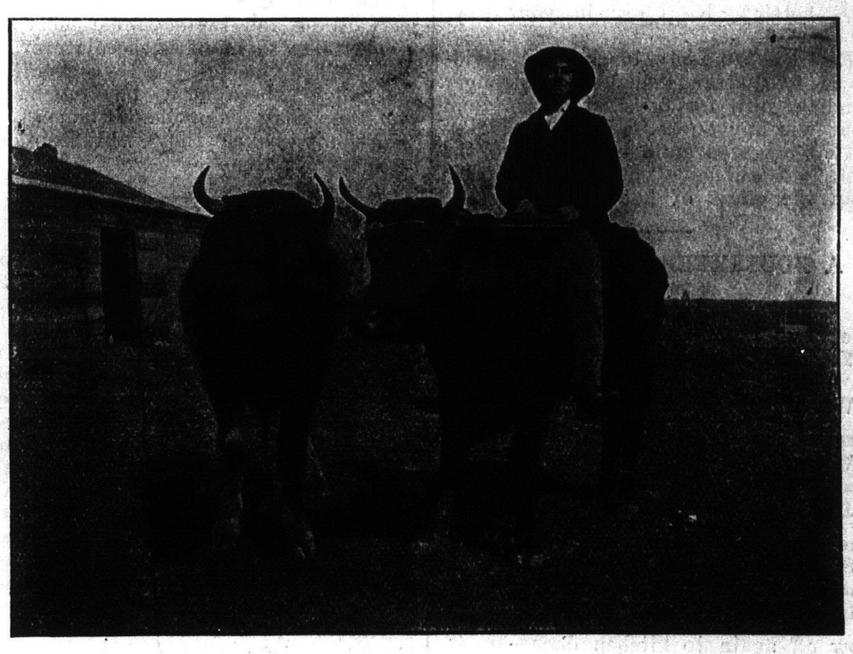
the feed. In about six weeks compare this pig with the strong ones that were left with the mother, and you will find that it has caught up with them, and sometimes it will be much heavier.

HAPPY HENS.

The other day a neighbor asked me why it was that I had such success with my hens. When I told him that I managed to keep them happy, he smiled, turned away, and took it as a joke.

Poor man! He didn't know that hens have dispositions, or temperaments, and, like men, can do their best work when optimistic.

I should rather have one happy hen than two grumpy ones. A happy hen is the one that fatens the pocketbook; a hen with a grouch isn't worth her space, no matter what her breed may be. An experienced poultryman can look at a hen and tell whether she has the blues or is smiling. A downcast hen keeps her feathers plastered down tight, and never runs when you pound on the bucket for scraps. She never goes around clucking softly and good-naturedly. A good-natured cluck is music; a flock of hens clucking contentedly is grand opera to me. The cheerful hen walks a step or two and then takes a scratch, a long sweeping stroke; while a sour hen goes along with her head down, and when she scratches it is with short jerky strokes.



A GOOD TEAM.

A hen that is much given to pruning her feathers is contented with her lot.

There are different reasons why a hen gets the blues. When a hen is overcrowded she gets disgusted with her job. She likes to have elbow-room.

If the housing quarters are either too hot or too cold she loses spirit; she demands sanitation. A hen with her toes frost-bitten is never gay and optimistic. Nor if you have made a dive at her and pulled out half her tail is she light-hearted. A hen prides herself on her looks, and if her tail is gone she feels like withdrawing from respectable society.

A hen too fat gets lazy; she takes no interest in life. One too poor cares nothing about her egg record. The happy medium is a happy hen.

If a hen is frightened and disturbed on her roosts she becomes grouchy. She wants to go to roost early. All day she thinks of that instead of laying another egg. A hen covered with lice and mites is never the picture of contentment. A hen likes sunshine. If she can't get it when there is some she develops an alarming grouch. She mopes around and says by every action, "Aw, what's the use?"

The average farm hen does not produce 100 eggs a year. But if she is one of the enthusiastic, happy hens, she will turn over to you a full gross a year.

That is the difference between a happy and a pessimistic hen—forty-four eggs a year.

FARMERS' SONS.

If you are a farmer and you want your son to be a farmer after you, teach him from his earliest boyhood to respect his father's calling. Instill into his mind the fact that the great men of all ages were sons of farmers. Teach him never to be ashamed of the senseless and threadbare jokes of woul-be-humorists over old Hayseed and his lumbering old market wagon and his quaintness of speech when he visits the city and stares round at the sights, and does not make half so much a fool of himself as the average city man when he comes to the courtry.

Do not fill his life entirely with work. Recreation is as necessary to happiness and to a healthful development of the spiritual and healthful faculties as is pure air, and there is untold wisdom in the old saw, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Encourage him when he tries to do well, even if he fails. Failures which teach us how to avoid future disasters are successes. Make him feel that you rest upon his faithfulness and truth in whatever you entrust to him.

Do not blame him when he is not at fault, even if things do not turn out as you expected. Never disparage his efforts. Continual disparagement breaks the boy's spirit, and there is nothing more inspiring, nothing more refreshing in this world than the broad, courageous, undismayed hopefulness of a manly boy.

Take him into your confidence early. Let him know what you are going to plant in the ten acre field, and how you propose to make the upland fields pay.

Don't snub him. The man who snubs a boy is unworthy to be the father of a son. Let him have the money he earns. You would have to pay the hired man for taking care of the calves and the colts; why not remunerate your boy.

Do not disgust him with farming in the beginning by telling him that he does not need anything but his board and clothes now, because he will have "it all" when you are gone. Twenty dollars when a boy is ten years old is more to him than five thousand will be when you are dead and gone and he has the farm.

Do not starve your family for the sake of taking the best of everything to the market. A broad and generous soul cannot develop in a starved body. Live in just as good a house as you can own, free from mortgage. Have a pleasant, sunny living room with books and papers and music.

Encourage your boy to invite his friends there, and yourself greet them cordially when they come. The lack of social privileges at home is one fertile cause of the temptation exerted by city life on the country young man.

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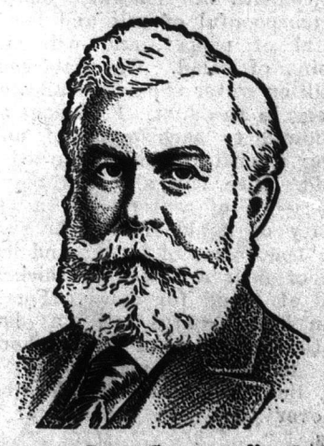
Just send your name on a Postal and Get FREE TO TRY My $1 External Remedy That Is Curing Thousands



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Col. Geo. D. Alexander, a civil war veteran, of Ruston, La., age 84, after 20 years' suffering, and after medicines and baths had failed.

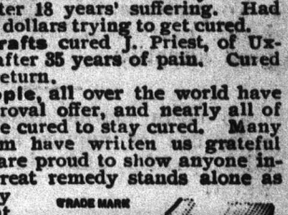
Magic Foot Drafts cured Mrs. R. C. Hill, of Medford, Ore., 5 years ago, after about 14 years of Rheumatism. She has had no attack since.

Magic Foot Drafts saved the little boy of Mrs. Neroy Pogue, of Ellington, Mo., from being a cripple for life from inflammatory Rheumatism, writes his mother, two years ago—no return of rheumatism.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Ridgeway, O., after 18 years' suffering. Had spent hundreds of dollars trying to get cured.

Magic Foot Drafts cured J. Priest, of Uxbridge, England, after 35 years of pain. Cured 3 years ago. No return.

A million people, all over the world have accepted our approval offer, and nearly all of them, we hope, are cured to stay cured. Many thousands of them have written us grateful letters, which we are proud to show anyone interested. This great remedy stands alone as the one absolutely safe, convenient external treatment so sure to cure that we ask no money in advance. Just send your address. Return mail brings you the Drafts prepaid. Try them as directed then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. **You decide, and we take your word. Magic Foot Draft Co.,** 139 J. Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. **Write to-day.**



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Reliable Agents Wanted

Now to sell for Spring Delivery, Fruit Trees, Forest Seedlings, Berry Bushes, Flowering Shrubs. **Good pay weekly.** Outfit free. Exclusive territory.

600 ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION

We grow exclusively for our Western trade varieties we guarantee hardy and recommended by Indian Head and Brandon experimental farms.

We supply large and well developed trees and plants which will withstand severe cold.

Write for terms. State whether you can work whole or part time. Address Manager

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250 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

with cards, coins, handkerchief, egg, ring, glass, etc. Simplified and illustrated so that a child can perform them. To introduce catalogues of tricks and entertaining books, all for **10c Postage**

Send Silver.

HELFRICH & CO.,
2559 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill

Household Suggestions.

PROPORTIONS.

One cupful of sugar will sweeten one quart of any mixture to be served chilled or frozen. One teaspoonful of extract will flavor one quart of custard or pudding. One level teaspoonful of salt will season one quart of soup, sauce or vegetables. One tablespoonful of extract will flavor one quart of any mixture to be frozen. Ordinary French dressing is made of three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one and a half tablespoonsful of vinegar, one-fourth level teaspoonful of salt and level teaspoonful of pepper, and will moisten one pint of salad. One tablespoonful of milk or water should be allowed for each egg in an omlet. Four eggs should be allowed to each quart of milk in making a custard to be turned from a mold. Rice will absorb three times its measure of water, or a larger quantity of liquid if milk or stock is used. One ounce of butter and half an ounce of flour are used to thicken one cupful of liquid for sauce. For pickling in brine, coarse salt, a heaping pint to one gallon of water should be used. In scalding pickles, to green them, line the kettle on sides, bottom and over top with cabbage or grape leaves.

USEFUL HINTS.

A cloth moistened with alcohol will clean piano keys.

Clean linoleum with warm water and polish it with milk.

To preserve fish sprinkle powdered borax over it lightly and place in a good situation.

To clean marble take two parts of soda, one of pumice and one of salt, all in powder, and mix to a paste with water.

An ordinary polish for silverware is made of alcohol and whiting. It will also serve excellently for polishing plate glass and mirrors.

Fat which is to be kept should be cut up small and boiled in a saucepan in a little water and never put into the oven to melt.

A simple syrup that is good to serve on hot waffles is made by boiling water and sugar together and adding cinnamon to taste.

For the baby's flannels, shake free from dust or line before wetting; wash with the hands, squeezing and patting rather than rubbing in a suds made of pure white soap—no resin; when clean rinse in moderately warm water, then plunge in hot water, wring out quickly and hand to dry. The hot rinse will expand the wool fibres and make them soft. A very little ammonia or borax is permissible, but do not use much. Iron carefully while damp.

To restore frozen eggs, cover them with boiling water, and let them stand until cold.

Take carrots out of the pot when half boiled, and put pepper, salt and vinegar on them while they are still warm. Nicer if fresh made.

Did you know?—That an open bottle or flat vessel of coal oil set inside the clock will keep the works oiled?

That the deep corks out of olive or pickle bottles are just the best thing to apply brick to the kitchen knives and forks?

That you can sharpen your scissors by using the same motion as when cutting, around the neck of a small glass bottle? Keep one in your sewing basket.

That the four-ply black yarn divided in two strands makes a stronger mending yarn for boys' stockings than what you buy on those little cards?

That asbestos mats used under the tablecloth will save your polished table from the effect of hot dishes?

A HOUSEKEEPER'S CALLERS.

By Sarah Van Buskirk.

She oscillates from door to door—
You'd think 'twould make her dizzy
So many callers to receive
When she's so very busy.

First of the train the milkman comes
With noisy clang and clamor,
And while he waits the iceman bangs
The back door with his hammer.

The grocer's boy comes next, and while
She hunts the coal-oil can,
The door bell's twisted nearly off
by the crusty laundryman.

Now off again to kitchen door—
'Tis the umbrella mender,
And following closely in his wake,
The noisy scissors grinder.

At side door stands an agent for
The "Coocoo" skirt supporter—
"Can't slip nor tear, nor bend nor break.
And only costs a quarter."

Once more she rushes to the front;
She hears the bread cart's gong,
And as she buys her daily loaf
The truckman comes along.

The hobo and the butcher's boy
Arrive a litle later,
And at their heels the hustling, bustling
Feather renovator.

Now the abandoned ironing
At last she gets about—
The clothes are dry, the irons are cold,
The gasoline's burned out.

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS.

For the unexpected guests the tea or chocolate table must do full duty. Those who entertain a great deal should keep on hand a few boxes of crackers and wafers, a small assortment of potted or deviled meats, olives, caviar, anchovies and sardines. These being put up in small boxes keep well. Where the means are limited the potted meats, mock pate de foie gras, and dainty conserved sweets may be prepared at home at a nominal cost. The art of seasoning counts more in such dishes than the money spent.

Among the best and most sightly wafers to serve with tea are butter thins, Roquefort biscuits, five o'clock teas, outing biscuits and fairy wafers. The latter come in three colors—chocolate (brown), vanilla (white) and rose (pink).

The spiced or molasses wafers, fairy cakes and raglets seem most appropriate to serve with chocolate or cocoa. When means and convenience will allow, these may be purchased, but they may be made at home. If thoroughly baked they will keep for an indefinite time.

SANDWICHES.

Sandwiches, like charity, never fail. They are the strength of teas, and the ally of the most imposing festivities. Cut in dainty strips or triangles, or rolled in tiny cylinders, they play an important part in the various social functions. But it is as a relish at luncheon, or a substitute for the persistent cake on the supper-table, that the sandwich is especially valuable to the house-keeper, and a very desirable and wholesome substitute, too. It offers such a satisfactory method of disposing of the various "left overs" too good to throw away, and yet not sufficient for a dish alone.

The bread used for this purpose should be at least twelve hours old, and it must be cut as thin as a wafer, with a very keen-bladed knife. Trim off all ragged edges; and whatever "filling" is used, make the sandwiches pretty to look at, and savory in taste.

Fancy Sandwiches of all Kinds.

Fancy sandwiches of all kinds may be served with coffee. Thin bread and butter, both white and brown, may also be served. Salads, such as shrimp, lobster, chicken, celery, tomato or Egyptian, served with thin bread and butter and coffee, are always in order. A lemon, orange or fruit jelly with sponge or sunshine cake may form the sweet.

One thing the hostess should bear in mind when serving refreshments, and that is that thin bread and butter or plain cake, nicely served with a cup of good chocolate or coffee, is better than a great variety of dishes poorly prepared and served.

Sandwiches of all Shapes and Sorts.

The appropriate winter sandwiches are chicken, tongue, ham, beef,, mutton, duck, celery, caviar, anchovy and Indian.

Sweet sandwiches are sometimes served, instead of wafers or bread and butter, with tea or cocoa. They are made from conserved fruits, such as cheeries, pineapple, gages, citron, sultanas, figs, dates and angelicas. The fruits may be used separately or mixed, care being taken to use such as blend in flavors. For instance, cherries, pineapple and gages, or cherries and figs, angelicas and cherries.

Fruit sandwiches are, as a rule, made from bread, and cut either into small rounds the size of a silver dollar, small crescents, or strips which are called fruit fingers. The crescents may be cut with a round cutter and then cut in half. If the slices are small it is more economical to serve the rounds and crescents at the same time, as the latter suggest themselves by the edges of the first. The fruits must be chopped fine, and slightly moistened with orange juice or a little syrup, and spread in a thin layer on the bread or crackers. Do not cover with a second slice. Nut sandwiches are best served with meat salads; walnuts, pinenuts or almonds being best with chicken or turkey, and walnut sandwiches alonge with duck salad.

Chicken Sandwiches and Tongue Fingers.

Chop cold, cooked chicken very fine. Pound until smooth, adding gradually enough thick sweet cream to make a paste. To each pint add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of onion and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. This may be made in the early part of the day, and placed in the cold, and later spread on rounds or squares of bread.

Tongue fingers are made by chopping half a pound of cold, cooked salt tongue very fine. Rub to a paste, adding two tablespoonsful of olive oil, and two of

BENGER'S
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is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins, and can be obtained through most leading Drug Stores.

"Too Late—The Washing's Done.
You Have Missed All The Fun"

The "NEW CENTURY" takes all the work out of wash-day.

It makes wash-day, the easiest day of the week to the woman who does her own work.

The "NEW CENTURY"—with its ball bearings, powerful spiral springs and easy action—enables even a child to wash a tubful of clothes in five minutes.

Why don't YOU learn more about the no-work way of washing at home? Our booklets tell the whole story. Write for them.

DOWSWELL MFG. CO. LIMITED, Hamilton.

lemon juice, a dash of cayenne and a few drops of onion juice. Cut the end crust from a square loaf of bread, butter the top and cut off a thin slice. Trim off the crusts and then cut a second slice. Spread on one a layer of the tongue mixture; put over it the other slice; press them together lightly, and then with a sharp knife cut into strips one inch wide.

COOKIES.

Sugar Cookies.

Beat the yokes of two eggs, adding gradually a cupful of granulated sugar and two tablespoonsful of soft butter. When the mixture is light add cupful of milk, a grating of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and sufficient flour, about four cupfulls, to make dough that will roll and cut nicely. All cooky dough must be as soft as possible. If you add too much flour the cake will be hard instead of soft. The whites of the eggs may be added before the milk, or they may be kept and used for another purpose. Cut these in rounds and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Coffee Cookies.

Beat two eggs with a cupful of sugar until very light. Add four tablespoonsful of soft butter and beat again. Add half a pint of strong, warm coffee and stir in hastily three cupsful of flour. Add two teaspoonsfull of baking powder and sufficient flour to roll. Roll quickly, cut with a large round cutter and bake in a quick oven until a golden brown. This dough must not be so thin as that for either the sugar cookies or the gingersnaps. They are soft if well made.

Chocolate Cookies.

Make the same as coffee cookies, using a cupful of tepid water in which two ounces of grated chocolate have been dissolved.

CAKES.

Nut Spice Cake.

Cream one-quarter cup of butter, add gradually one-half cup of ground sugar, one-quarter cup of molasses, the yokes of two eggs, well beaten, and one-half cup of sour milk. Mix and sift one and one-quarter cups of flour, one-half level teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful each of cloves and grated nutmeg. When well mixed stir in one-half cup each of seeded raisins and English walnut meats cut in bits, also one-quarter cup of currants. Sift over all three-quarters teaspoonful of baking powder and beat thoroughly. Bake in a shallow pan 35 to 40 minutes.

Ice-Cream Cake.

This is also a western recipe. Cream one-half cup of butter, add two cups of sugar and one of milk gradually. Sift four level teaspoonsful of baking powder and three cups of flour together, and add to the first mixture and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Beat and bake in two layers. Cut a very thin slice from the outside, so hat no brown edge will show through the frosting.

Snow Cake.

One-half pound potato flour, one-quarter pound of butter, one-quarter pound of castor sugar, one egg and one additional white of egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a few drops of lemon essence. Put the butter and sugar in a basin and cream it till it is white. Beat the two whites of the eggs very well and mix the yolk with two tablespoonsful of milk. Stir in the yolk and a little of the flour, and beat well, then some of the whites and some more flour, then more white and more flour, giving a good beating to it all. Add the baking powder and the lemon essence. Now have a baking tin (flat) and butter it well and dust it with sugar and then with flour. Pour in the cake—it should be half an inch thick in the tin. Smooth it, and put in rather a quick oven till ready—about half an hour. Turn it out and divide into fingers or fancy shapes. These may be iced with water icing or not, as desired.

MACAROONS.

Mix the whites of three eggs gradually with one pound of almond paste. When smooth work in with a spoon or spatula a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Beat vigorously for ten minutes. Drop by teaspoonful on slightly oiled paper; bake in a moderate oven until a light brown—about fifteen minutes. Take from the oven, lift the paper from the pan and rest it for a moment on a damp towel; then with a knife remove the macaroons.

CONFECTIONERY.

Caramels and Fudge—A delicious fudge is made from a half cake of chocolate, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one-half cupful milk or cream, a piece of butter the size of a duck egg, a teaspoonful of vanilla. Melt the chocolate over the hot water kettle, stir into it the sugar and cream and bring to a boil. Then add the butter and cook until it forms a soft ball. A quarter of a teaspoonful of salt should be stirred in at the last. Add the vanilla after taking from the stove, and beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pans and cut into squares before it gets cold. Make it very thick in the pans. This fudge is good with black walnuts or pecans chopped into small pieces and stirred through it before it gets cold.

GLACE NUTS.

Glace nuts may be easily made at home provided care is taken in the dipping. Put one pound of sugar, about ten grains of cream of tartar and half a cupful of water over the fire. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then with a cloth wrung from cold water wipe down the sides of the pan, and boil continuously without stirring until, when dropped into ice water, the syrup is brittle and clear. Stand the saucepan in hot water, tipping it slightly to one side; drop in with the left hand, one at a time, the nuts. Lift them at once and place on oiled paper to harden.

PEACH ICE CREAM

1 qt. of cream ,1 pt. of peach pulp, 2 cups of sugar, yolks of 3 eggs, 2 cups of water. Add sugar to water, stir till dissolved. Let boil twenty minutes. Rub the peaches through a sieve, and add to the hot syrup. Pour a little syrup over the well beaten eggs and add the whole gradually to the mixture and cook six minutes, stirring all the while. Remove from fire, place in a pan of ice water and beat ten minutes. When cold add cream and freeze.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.

Pick over and wash three cupfuls cranberries, put in a stew pan, add one and one-fourth cupfuls sugar and one cupful boiling water; cover anl boil ten minutes; skim and cool.

CHOCOLATES.

First make the filling. Put four cups of white sugar and one cup of water in a bright tin on the stove. Boil without stirring for ten minutes. If it thread on pouring remove the pan to the table. When cool enough to bear your finger in it take on your lap and stir with a large spoon or stick. It will soon begin to look like cream, and will gradually grow stiffer. After a time it will thread like dough. (Add flavoring—any kind—just as it begins to cool) .

The "French-cream" thus formed may be moulded into little cones with the fingers. Then they are laid on paper to harden. Next melt a bar of chocolate in an earthen dish. Do not let it cook but it must be kept hot. Now lift the hardened cones on a fork and pour the melted chocolate over them. Or the cones may be dipped in the chocolate. Place on an oiled paper to dry. Several coats may be given.

The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ai'ments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

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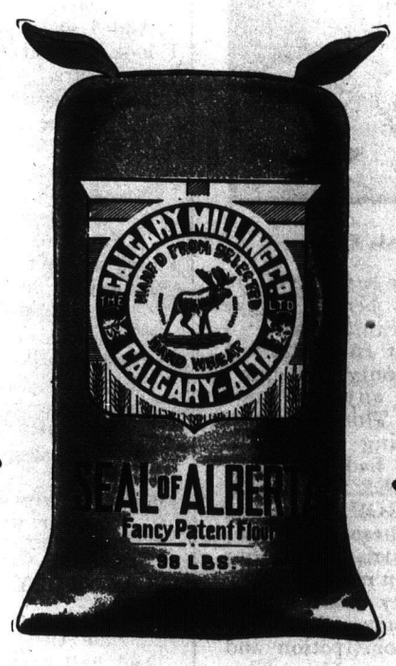
"THE FAULTLESS FLOUR"

If it's "The Faultless Flour" you want



It's "Seal of Alberta" you want

If once you ever try a sack
To other brands you won't go back

Always look for the "Moose"

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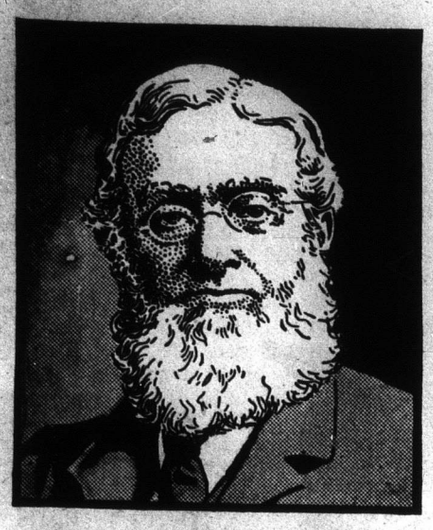
This Well Known Gentleman Strongly Recommends "Fruit-a-tives" to all Sufferers.



JAMES DINGWALL, Esq.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a lifelong sufferer from Chronic Constipation, and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring I had a severe ATTACK OF BLADDER TROUBLE WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up.

I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for chronic constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is very mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action."

(Signed) JAMES DINGWALL.

Williamstown, Ont., July 27th, 1908.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50—or trial box, 25c—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SEND $5.50

Receive by mail this beautiful Princess dress. The material is fine French lustre and may be had in any shade desired. The style is the very latest, and made just as pictured with yoke of lace. Front of suit is trimmed with a dozen jet buttons, and on each just below the hips the gores are broken from which spring a number of pleats as illustrated. It is a strikingly handsome and stylish suit, finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give bust and waist size and length of skirt in front. We guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Send $5.50 today. We return your money if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase. Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as lustre above, $6.50, add 30c for postage. Order suit to W 11.—Southcott Suit Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Can.

SEND $3.95

Receive the hat which is the new shape, covered with rich black fur, trimmed with a fur head, as illustrated. Order Hat No. W11.

Children's Dresses Reduced.

In order to dispose of the hundreds of remnants of all wool Panama, Lustre, and Velveteen that accumulate in our Ladies' Suit Factory, we have made them up into childrens dresses like cut. This is the new Princess style and about the nicest we could find. We can supply this dress in any shade desired in the following materials: Lustre $1.50 up to 6 years $1.95 up to 8 years; $2.75 up to 12 years. In all wool Panama, all hares, $1.75 to 6 years; $2.35 to 10 years; $2.95 to 12 years. Beautiful rich Velveteen, in all shades, $2.95 up to 6 years; $3.95 up to 10 years; $6.50 up to 12 years. From 10 to 12 years give bust, waist, hip measure and length of skirt. Send a dress to-day, add 35c and we will pay postage. Order Dress No. 10

Standard Garment Co., London, Canada.

Sunday Reading.

"UP TO THE HILLS."

I often turn my eyes up to the hills,
That sometimes seem so many leagues away,
And then a longing wish my spirit fills,
That I may reach them some fair, happy day.

And then, again, so near to me they seem,
That I can almost hear the music grand
Come floating swiftly o'er the narrow stream
That flows between me and that peaceful land.

And often when my eyes are dim with tears,
And I am weary in life's lonely way,
I look beyond to those calm, blessed years
That crown the fair old mountains all the day.

And ever when my soul is filled with pain,
And I crushed to earth with nameless grief,
I look up to the hills, and hope again
Brings to my wounded soul a sweet relief.

O blessed hills! beyond the creeping years
That come to me like milestones one by one,
When God shall wipe away my bitter tears,
Your sun-crowned heights shall be forever won.

THE GLORY OF HIS PRESENCE.

If Christ were here tonight and saw me tired
And half afraid another step to take,
I think He'd know the thing my heart desired,
And ease the heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine,
That gathers up so many shadows dim,
I am quite sure its narrow space would shine,
And kindle into glory all around Him.

Margaret E. Sangster.

JERUSALEM AS WE SEE IT TODAY

By Mrs. Lew Wallace.

THE Jerusalem we see today is not the one that gladdened the eyes of the Holy Family journeying from Nazareth to worship in the Temple. That city lies buried forty, fifty, sometimes over a hundred feet deep in wastage piled in the overthrow of many sieges. The Crimson banner of the Moslem floats above the Tower of David, used as barracks, and the Turkish sentinel pacing his rounds looks with ineffable scorn on the Christian. The crumbling Tower of Antonia, the citadel of the Temple, is occupied by the Governor of Jerusalem, and, if possession counts in the law, it is his right, for he held it before William the Conqueror was crowned with the Saxon's crown in Westminster Abbey.

There is no warm nor bright color here; all is grim and gray except the blue tiles in the Mosque of Omar. The shadow of the crucifixion rests on the place forever; a strange stillness reigns, and laughter would seem like laughter beside an open grave. Women veiled in white glide through the dark, crooked alleys like tenants of a city of spectres, and even the children, subdued by the overwhelming gloom, are silent beyond the wont of Orientals. Ruins, ruins at every hand! Well has the prophecy been fulfilled: "Jerusalem shall become heaps." The very stones of the streets are dismal, worn away with burdens borne since they rang with the tramp of Legions and glistened with the brassy armor of the masters of the earth. Men may come and men may go, but never since the Omnipotent Hand stretched the north over the empty space and hung the world upon nothing has there been a race like the race descended from that wolf brood on the Tiber.

Outside the walls—saddest sight where all is sadness—are ancient Jews come merely to die in the land of their love. A few, in whom there is much guile, offer for sale talismans, gems of magic, rings of occult power. The greatest number sit in the sun, motionless as statues, without the dignity that should accompany age, in poverty past telling, dreaming away the day and night—apparently without hope, except to have a little holy dust laid on their eyelids when they shall have closed them to sleep with patriarchs and seers in the Valley of Jehoshathat.

The wandering Jew is but a type, an allegory. The undying voice is always whispering, "Onward, onward!" The curse of the unresting foot has never lifted. Should one enter the Via Dolorosa he would be stoned, and the outcasts of Judea pay a high price to the ruling powers for the poor privilege of praying every Saturday beside the beloved stones of the Temple of Solomon. Clad in filth and misery, in a passion of grief and longing, they chant their lamentations over the desolation of Zion, and call aloud on the names that reach back to those proud times when the glory of God came down and shook the mercy-seat between the Cherubim, and the awful voice of Jehovah answered out of the pillar of cloud and of fire. Children of the Convenant, chosen by Supreme Wisdom for His own purposes, how are the mighty fallen since twenty-four thousand Levites ministered in ceremonials whose splendor has made meagre every other that has come after them! In answering lament they constantly wail: "How long wilt Thou hide Thy Face from us; how long till the Messiah appear?"

Their night is not without a star. They rest on promises that will not fail, for surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and Carmel by the sea, so surely shall He come. And He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel and gather together the dispersed of Judah.

Coming from Damascus the traveler of today treads highways furrowed into the living rock through centuries of wayfaring. The old, old paths that must have been pressed by the blessed feet of the Redeemer! The one winding past the Mount of Olives He threaded in the cool of the day as He walked to Bethany to pass the night with Lazarus and his sisters, and looking up to the many mansions of His Father's house uttering the mournful cry of the homeless: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

About this height throng stirring memories. It was the march of the conquerors: Pompey, Titus, Herod, Crusaders, Islamites, heroes came this way, and here a multitude in procession coming down the Mount, met another streaming out from Jerusalem with palms and hosannas to close around the King of Kings—the same who a few days later shouted: "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" A few wretched fig trees and gnarled and twisted olives famished with drought are sole reminders of the bloom and verdure of the devoted city, beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth and the desire of nations—now the most heartbroken spot under the sun.

The two venerable cedars shadowing the summit in Mary's time are long dead, and there is scant leafage to shade the tourist taking off his sandals to rest a while before descending the steep, rough sides of Olivet. The brooks Kedron and Siloam go softly through the King's garden, flowing down to the Dead Sea. The Mosque

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The rich, poor, exalted and humble seek his advice on Business, Marriage, Friends, Enemies, Changes, Speculation, Love Affairs, Journeys, and all events of Life.

MANY SAY HE REVEALS THEIR LIVES WITH AMAZING ACCURACY.

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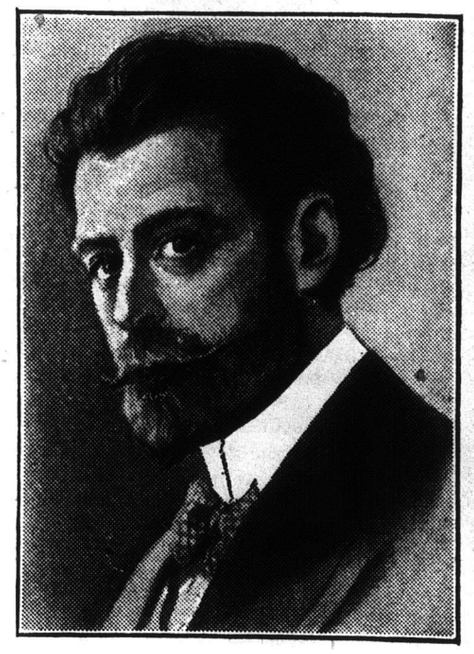

Has the veil of mystery that has so long shrouded the ancient science been raised at last? Can it be that a system has been perfected that reveals with reasonable accuracy the character and disposition of an individual, and so outlines the life as to assist in avoiding errors and taking advantage of opportunities?

Roxroy, a man who has for twenty years been delving into the mysteries of the occult, making a scientific study of the various methods of reading the lives of people, seems to have reached a higher round in the ladder of fame than his predecessors. Letters are pouring into his office from all parts of the world telling of the benefits derived from his advice. Many of his patrons look upon him as a man gifted with some strange, mysterious power, but he modestly asserts that what he accomplishes is due alone to an understanding of natural laws.

He is a man of kindly feeling toward humanity, and his manner and tone immediately impress one with his sincere belief in his work. A huge stack of grateful letters from people who have received readings from him adds to other convincing proofs as to his ability. Even Astrologers and Palmists admit that his system surpasses anything yet introduced.

The Rev. G. C. H. Hasskarl, Ph. D., Pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, in a letter to Prof. Roxroy, says: "You are certainly the greatest specialist and master of your profession. Everyone consulting you will marvel at the correctness of your detailed personal readings and advice. The most sceptical will consult you again and again after corresponding with you once."

If you wish to take advantage of Roxroy's generous offer and obtain a free reading, send your date, month and year of birth, state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

I have heard of your power
To read people's lives
And would ask what for me
You have to advise?

Be sure and give your correct name, birth date, and address and write plainly, Send your letter to ROXROY, Dept. 14 "B," No. 177a, Kensington High-street, London, W., England, If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (Canadian stamps) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Do not enclose coins or silver in letters.

Note.—Under the new postal regulations you can send a sealed letter to England for only two cents postage.

of Omar crowning Moriah is fair to see, the defenses built by Herod majestic even in despoilment, but the red flag of the Prophet we call false flaunts its crescent above the burial-place of fallen greatness. Pondering the changes we ask again, as tens of thousands have asked before us: When shall the Restoration begin, and will it be a Kingdom of Souls or one with an ivory throne and a jeweled sceptre? When will the broken tribes come together and the blood of the Messiah no longer cry out from the ground?

We say this is an unchanging country—within a few years there is one change startling the shadows and calculated to rouse the ghosts of princes and paladins; a railroad from Jaffa (Joppa) to Jerusalem. The camels laden with fruitage from the immense orange groves by the sea must have snorted in affright at the sound of the first whistle of the locomotive. In the age when gold and silver were as plenteous as stones in the streets Solomon floated his cedars down from Lebanon and landed them at Jaffa, the depot of the new railroad. What a labor-saving thing a freight train would have been in those days!

The Queen of Sheba among the downy pillows of her cushioned howdah would have been dazed could she have beheld the pawing, bellowing monster with its one flaming eye; and think of her dismounting from the camel and wrapping her flossy silks, purple and scarlet, about her in a Pullman sleeper! And the Egyptian spouse, fair as the sun, reclining in a magnificent palace car, instead of sharing the King's chariot of the wood of Lebanon, the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem.

With a sense of unreality akin to awe we steam across the Plain of Sharon—starred with lilies in our Saviour's time; today a solitary waste—past hoary columns and gray mounds of rubbish so dreary we readily accept the legend that tear-drops glitter on the broken-hearted pillars as once a year they weep in earnest over the glory departed. Past tombs of princes, warriors, priests, prophets we go. The blood tingles, the brain reels in effort to remember how they lived, and where died they who are now dust beneath our feet. We stop at Ramleh and thrill with memories of Saladin and the Lion Heart at Emmaus, which is just a Sabbath Day's journey from the Temple, hallowed because the faithful walked there with the Master after He rose from the dead.

There is no rush in the Orient; the train moves slowly through Holy Places as if loath to disturb the shades and phantoms haunting the land of Promise. Deep emotion possesses us. The Jaffa gate is the entrance from the west, a market where there is much traffic carried on in various languages. We hear names that start far-reaching associations in the remote past. We see costumes such as Absalom, the beautiful, the beloved, wore; men in soft raiment, flowing robes, beggars, lepers. Chief among the motley swarm is the unconquered Arab, stately as Saul, silent in his picturesque garments as though the stillness of the desert had passed into his soul, unmoved at sight of the fiery foreign machine come to break his civilization. Job was such an one—Sheik of the desert, with lordly bearing as became the leader of horsemen with spears and the owner of camels, greatest of all men of the East.

Does this sound irreverent? Wait; we are nearing the hill where David set his throne; the slow wheels turn slower, a shriek, a jerk—stop. The turbaned brakeman calmly calls "Mount Zion"—a rush of feeling, a thrill that can come but once, we lift our eyes to the city of our Lord, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell.

There is a common lament that the shrines dear alike to Jew and Christian are in the keeping of the Mohammedan. For a thousand years they have been guarded with much reverence and decorum by armed officials tolerant of every religion. Were Palestine in keeping of American Protestants debasing our sanctuaries into eating-houses and concert-rooms I fear Gethsemane would become a park for picnics, and the Holy Sepulchre, the shrine of shrines, be made a hall for socials.

Twenty rival sects worship there in peace and safety. Were the Turkish guard withdrawn there would be fighting with paving-stones and consecrated candlesticks if other weapons were not at hand. The house that is now a house of prayer might be made a den of crooks.

Perhaps 'tis better as it is.

LIFE.

"I came that they might have life and may have it abundantly." There is no doubt as to the kind of life of which Jesus was thinking as He spoke these words, or of the persons He had in mind when He spoke. They were the disciples and those who should afterwards believe on His name through their word. That touches and embraces the disciple of Christ of today. Then is this purpose of the Life of Christ on earth being fulfilled, or has His life in this respect been a failure?

Comparing the Church of today with the Church of the beginning of the century there is a mighty difference, and it might seem as if the query were answered. But when accomplishment is measured by opportunity one is not so sure of the answer. And when one turns from results to possibilities the conviction is forced upon one that either the life is at low standard or something checks its growth.

What a fuss we have made about raising one million dollars over the whole Canadian Church? What strenuous efforts a few men have been obliged to make in order that the pledge of the Church should be fulfilled? Compute even at a rough estimate, the amount of wealth represented by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, then imagine such a scene as transpired in the early days of the Apostolic Church, when the members of their own free will came with their wealth and laid it at the Apostles' feet, and how paltry our million dollars would seem. We do not belittle the Thank-Offering of one million dollars with which the Church seeks to open the country. Far from it. The men who have promoted it and who have been largely instrumental in carrying it to a successful issue have brought us into greater blessing than we deserve. But when we have done it what immeasurable limits of possibility lie yet before us.

We have just tasted of life and its sweetness and power. Shall we go on till life shall mean something, till every act of life shall mean a step forward for ourselves or for others through us, or shall we drop back into existing again? For to live is to be helpful. Abundant life overflows into the life of another. When one grasps the hand of another that other tingles in every part of the soul. An impulse is given to help some other one, and instinstively the eye searches for some one to help. The clear eye, the erect form, the alert faculties make mere existence impossible. The man who lives must act, and the character of the life that is moving within him makes one line of action the only possible one for him. He must move straight forward. He cannot turn or twist or stoop, he can but go straight on.

Is the religious life of our day helpful? We cannot answer this by noting the statistics of church records, or enumerating the church societies. We must stand by the man in daily life. We must note how the master acts towards the man, the mistress towards the maid; how the man in business meets his fellow business men, and all who do business with him; how the man of great gifts and the man of one talent deal with the trust given to them. In all departments of life is there a desire to help up another, even if it may delay ourselves? If there is then there is life present. But then, is it abundant? That was His desire.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

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We teach you right at home, by mail, how to mount all kinds of birds, animals, fishes, game heads, tan skins for rugs and robes, etc. Only school of its kind in the world. Expert instructors, latest and most approved methods. Success absolutely guaranteed or no tuition. Pleasant, fascinating work for men, women or boys. Quickly and easily learned in your spare time.

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THE H. P. SPRAMOTOR

This shows the H. P. Spramotor arranged for spraying potatoes, three nozzles to a row and four rows, two spraying from the sides and one from the top, adjustable as to height and width up to 40-in. rows. Nozzles absolutely will not clog. 12-gallon air tank, automatic and hand controlled; 100 lbs. pressure guaranteed with 12 nozzles open. An acre can be sprayed in 20 minutes. Has agitator clean out pressure relief into tank, and nozzle protector all under control of the driver from seat. For 1 or 2 horses. Fitted for orchards, vineyards and grain. This ad. will not appear again in this paper.

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your trade will be our reward after a trial of ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR

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the longer you use it the more easy your trade will be

To Hold

ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR

Manfd. by Leitch Brothers Flour Mills, Oak Lake, Manitoba.

SEND $1.25

Receive this beautiful waist style made from fine white vesting. The style is the latest made with two box pleats each side and in back to match. Soft collar and turn cuffs trimmed with jet buttons now so fashionable. Send your order to-day. Order style W24, add 12 cents for postage

Standard Garment Co.
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Halifax Shredded Codfish
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

ASK YOUR GROCER.

Troubled With Backache For Years.

Now Completely Cured By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured.

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

$1200 to $3000 a Year At Home or Traveling

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere.

He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $15 to $25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits—to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse-Training profession.

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— the Home-Dye that cleans while it gives fast, beautiful shades — quickly, easily, surely.

Keeps the hands white — the kettles clean.

Colours, 10c. Black, 15c.

All dealers'—or send 10c. for full-size cake (mention colour—for black, send 15c.) and free book on How to Dye. 58

F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from $1,000 to $25,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be an expert by mail and our FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU will assist you to secure a good position. We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen and cannot supply the demand. Thousands of our graduates have secured good positions. Many who formerly earned $25 to $75 a month have since earned from $100 to as high as $1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of good positions now open. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings our free book "*A Knight of the Grip*" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

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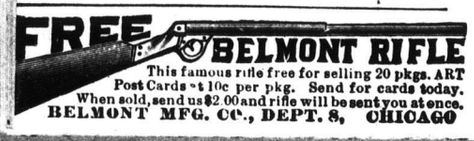

This famous rifle free for selling 20 pkgs. ART Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Send for cards today. When sold, send us $2.00 and rifle will be sent you at once.

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The Home Beautiful.

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

In that thoroughly healthy and attractive play "The Man in the House," there is expressed the sentiment that any one in this world may have just what he wants, if he really wishes it with his whole heart. Let a man set his heart on gold and he will get it—get it until his pockets, his tills, his vaults are filled to overflowing. The gift of the Golden Touch is not only for King Midas but for every one who day and night thinks and dreams and gloats over his treasures.

But let the wish be for something else. Let it be for love and friendship, for the joys of home, and social communion. Then if the wish be only strong enough and steadfast and sincere, friends will be secured in plenty, love will follow into the soul until it overflows through numberless channels for the blessing of mankind. Home will become heaven, and the countryside a paradise. If a man only wishes it! That is the point. Everything comes to him who makes a strong, earnest resolve.

So with the coming in of the year it is well to set down our hopes and our aspirations. These will become for us ideals which we are bound to actualize if we but wish it with all our hearts.

THE FATHER'S RESOLUTIONS.

1. I resolve that in 1910, my wife shall have the easiest and happiest year of her life.

Yes, I agree to this resolution. When I spend twenty-five cents for tobacco I will put aside an equal amount for her, my helpmate. When I pay fifty dollars for hired help in harvest time I will arrange it that she may have a little help in her busy season. When I build a barn for the stock I will add a little comfort to the room in which she spends her few quiet hours. When I take a trip to the convention or the fair, I will arrange it that she goes with me, or that she has a holiday at some other time. Surely she is worth caring for. I made a promise with regard to her once. I will keep it in 1910 as I never kept it before. For I really wish her to be happy, and she will be happy indeed if I only wish it with my whole heart.

2. I resolve that in 1910 my children will mean more to me than money or lands or stock.

Cheerfully I subscribe to this. I recognize that a child's greatness consists not in what he has but in what he is. To this end I will surround my boys and girls with the best of books; I will get for them the best teacher the country can provide; I will give them a home and a school that are fit dwelling places for those who are dearest to me. And in ordering my household affairs I will not forget them. They are not young men and women, they are only boys and girls. They love company, they love activity, they love just a little luxury, they love to read stories of heroes and heroines, stories of adventure and discovery; yes, they love to dream at times because Heaven lies about them in their infancy and the shades of the prison house have not quite closed about the growing boy. Because I love my children I will study their needs, and my first care will be to supply them. I have it in my power to make them happy, and useful and honorable and unselfish, if I but wish it with my whole heart. And because example is so potent, I will in my habits, my language, my actions, in private and public, so order my life that it will be for my children both a model and an inspiration.

3. I resolve that in 1910 my life shall mean to my fellows, my country and my God more than ever it has meant in the past.

I will subscribe to this with all my heart. Then will be ushered in the year of Jubilee, for where there is good desire, envy, strife and all ill-feeling must pass away, the affairs of the nation will be established in righteousness, for all progress and peace are founded on willing service, and above all the day will be hastened when the Kingdoms of this earth shall become the Kingdoms of His Son; for in the millennium the disciples will join the Master in going about doing good. The true man finds his life in service. I know that if I wish it earnestly enough my soul may be aglow with the flame that is kindled by devotion to God and duty. But the wish must be from a full and earnest heart.

THE MOTHER'S RESOLUTION.

I will be a good wife. I have wished to be that all these years, but perhaps in spite of my wishes I have failed in some slight way. I have not had from my husband the appreciative words I yearned to hear, and I have grown despondent. My life has become formal and cold. But in the year that is to come, I will renew my efforts to do my full duty. I will remember that love is kindled only by love and that "a tart temper does not mellow with age; a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that is not dulled with constant use." To be a comfort rather than a faultfinder, to be a help rather than a hindrance, to be as frugal as necessities demand and as generous as circumstances permit, all this I can pledge and more. My resolve is to so live with my chosen partner that we shall be one in aim, one in hope and one in the execution of our plans. Nor will I let my household cares prevent me from cultivating those graces of manner and those habits of speech and action which were my attraction in the days gone by. I wish it to be that as we grow older we can sing:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hills thegither,
And many a cantie day John,
We had wi' ane anither,
Now we maun totter down John
But hand in hand we'll go
And sleep thegither at the foot
John Anderson, my Jo."

2. I will be a good mother. Surely it is no harm to make this good resolve. My children are my life. This is why they are my anxiety and my pride. I must lose myself in them. During the year I will think of their comfort, their happiness and their lasting good. And I recognize that all happiness is not lasting good. When I am furnishing the home I will think of them. The girls must have a room of their own of which they may be pround. The very associations in that room must breathe refinement, taste and gentility The boys, too, must have their room, and it will be furnished so that every book, every picture and every decoration will suggest manliness, courage and loyalty to truth and duty. Nor will I let my duties, many though they be, keep me from discharging the greatest duty of all, which is to preserve that spirit of communion without which a home is but a dwelling place, a mother but a walking-boss. Knowing as I do that the only real verities are those which are eternal I shall cultivate in my children the virtues of faith, hope and love. Then they will be rich indeed in that treasure which is not of earth, and which it is not in the power of man to steal or take away. And these things I believe with my whole heart.

3. I will be a good neighbor. Here again I can subscribe my name. I know what a good, pure, unselfish life may be in any community, and I know also how great is the damning power of a "woman with a serpent's tongue." There are about me those who have trials and tribulations, those who are burdened with secret sorrows. There is my opportunity. For me during the year every such opportunty is to be seized, so that in the circle of my acquaintance life may be lovelier, brighter and more completely filled with that enjoyment which is possible only in an atmosphere of good-will and brotherly-kindness. Nor shall scandal

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

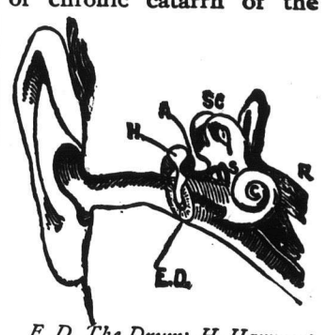
Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

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

Deafness and Catarrh

Successfully treated by "Actina"

Ninety-five per cent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. "Actina" is also very successful in relieving head noises.



E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semicircular Canals; C. Cochlea.

We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headache and other troubles that are directly or indi ectly due to catarrh. "Actina" will be sent on trial, postpaid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book—Professor Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84C, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

EVERYTHING

You need for the

Complexion, Hair, Scalp, Hands, Etc.

We can't tell you here all we would like to tell about our delightful creams, unguents, lotions and ointments to preserve the hair, the skin, the hands and figure; to clear the complexion of tan, freckles, moth patches and discolorations; to cure pimples, blackheads and other skin troubles; to remove lines and wrinkles and restore a fading skin. Our booklet "W" is for that purpose. It and a sample of Toilet Cream will be sent on request.

Princess Skin Food

Is one of our most popular preparations. Its use prevents and removes lines and wrinkles, feeds the tissues, makes the skin firm and restores a faded complexion. Price, $1.50 post-paid.

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Restores grey and faded hair to its original color in ten days, is not greasy or sticky, clear as water, contains no injurious ingredients. For hair not more than one-half grey. Price, $1 00, delivered.

We have excellent home treatment for **Falling Hair, Dandruff, Psoriasis of the Skin and Scalp Eczema. Salt-Rheum etc.**

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DEAFNESS CURED

By New Discovery.

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." -Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvellous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 5786 Bank Bldg., Peoria Ill. and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

HALIFAX FISH CAKE
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

and gossip find a place in my home. The old rule for speaking of the dead—"Nil Nisi bonum"— is equally good for the living, and it may be that a kind word fitly spoken can accomplish more than bitter invective and angry reproach. I wish the life in my neighborhood to be sweet and lovely. I am glad to know that it will be even according to my wish, for have I not wished it sincerely with my whole heart?

THE RESOLUTIONS OF YOUTH.

1. **I am resolved to be pure in thought.** I know that as one thinketh in his heart so is he. It was only St. Agnes who had a vision of the Bridegroom, and oily Sir Galahad, the pure in heart, who saw the Holy Grail. It is promised to the pure in heart that they shall see God. So I will that during the year my mind shall entertain all that is beautiful and true and righteous. My chiefest prayer is not for fame, for wealth, for luxury, but simply this: "God make me beautiful within."

2. **I am resolved to be correct in speech.** I know how precious is the gift of words. I know that evil communications corrupt good manners. I know what comes from idle words, from words of harshness, from biting sarcasm, from idle scorning. I can make room for none of these in my life. I know that there is nothing more vulgar than the coarse in speech, nothing more repellent than the smart, the clever, the showy. My speech must be musical, my words well chosen, my syllables well spoken. I shall set up as my ideal the poet's dream—"Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low. How excellent a thing in woman." I am determined that come what may I shall command respect because of my spoken utterance. If I fail it will not be because my words are ill-chosen, and my manners of expression open to rebuke. I have wished it with my whole heart and because I have wished it, it will come to pass.

3. **I am resolved to be right indeed.** "By their fruits ye shall know them." I will that during the year I may be known for my acts of kindness and mercy. The little children must love me because I am patient and gentle, the companions of my youth must respect me because I am unselfish and helpful, old age must honor me because I am thoughtful and respectful. To my parents I must commend myself by gracious speech and loving thought, yet above all by little acts of sympathy. To ease a mother's burden will be my care, to lighten a fatehr's anxiety will be my privilege. So may I be a blesing in my little world. This is my resolve. My whole heart has willed it. It shall be even as I wished.—Amen.

THE HAPPINESS OF THIS WORLD.

To have a cheerful, bright, and airy
dwelling-place,
With garden, lawns, and climbing flowers sweet;
Fresh fruits, good wine, few children; there to meet
A quiet, faithful wife, whose love shines
through her face.
To have no debt, no lawyer's feud; no
love but one,
And not too much to do with one's relations.
Be just, and be content. Nought but
vexations
Arise from toadying the great, when
all is done
Live well and wisely, and for grace
petition;
Indulge devotion to its full fruition;
Subdue your passions—that is the best
condition.
Your mind untrammelled, and your
hearth in Faith;
While at your business give your
prayers breath;
This is to rest at home, and calmly
wait for death. Translation.

WHICH?

It is often embarrassing to me to know whom to be the more grateful to—my mother or my father, for my room habits. When I was ten years old they gave me a room to myself. (Wise, wise parents!) Of course, they furnished it—a bed, bureau, washstand, table, one chair and a shoe box, curtain and rug. Thre was also a closet. "Nothing else goes in," said they, "but what you want and mostly can get yourself." Never mind what went in. I would be ashamed to tell any one—except a fellow of ten or twelve years. But my father always advised me to put nothing in permanently that did not mean something to me. He advised me to keep my ball things there and my skates and all of my outdoor traps, and, as I got older, he helped me to set up a wall exerciser and a punching-bag. Hurrah for dad! And all these years I have followed along the line of his advice, too. So that now, just by habit, I must have things where I can put my hand on them when wanted.

I have a cousin who also has his own way in his room. I never go in it but I wish, just for a moment, that mine was like it, even now; nothing in the same place twice; can't see the walls for the hodgepodge of pictures, flags, pipes, and what not. There's something different about that room and about my cousin. He always smells of tobacco and gives up without a struggle trying to find the book he wants, and sits cross-legged on the bed to write letters. He's a happy-go-lucky sort of chap who won't ever amount to anything, but he certainly takes life easily. Yet, when I get back to my room I feel grateful to my parents, only—I don't know which is entitled to the most gratitude.

A TIMELY WARNING.

"And was there no quarreling or snapping or sulking during the whole trip? Travelling is such a test of tempers!"

"There were no quarrels," said the returned traveller, "though once, I'll admit, we were in the mood for them.

"We had coached twenty miles in a cold drizzle, with the prospect of ten more in a downpour, or missing the prettiest part of our little coaching tour,—for we couldn't wait over,—and we were feeling chilly and cross and tired and disappointed. The inn was poor, the table meager, and our talk was doleful and recriminatory, and full of warnings of neuralgia, tonsillitis and influenza. Then an old lady and a meek girl entered and sat down at our table.

"'Now, aunt,' said the girl, pleasantly, 'in half a minute you'll have that cup of hot tea you've been longing for.'

"'Half an hour, more likely!' snapped aunt. 'They're always slow in these country inns. Idiots!'

"There was a pause then the girl ventured timidly:

"'Don't you think the storm is abating a little, aunt?'

"'It's pouring worse than ever,' announced aunt, firmly. 'Can't you see it? Can't you hear it? Absurd!'

"Silence followed until the arrival of the tea, when the niece, passing a steaming cup, risked the innocent remark:

"'There! That smells good.'

"'I haven't observed how it smells,' remarked the old lady, acidly, as she raised the cup, 'but it tastes nasty.'

"Presently, having sufficiently browbeaten her niece and bullied the servants, she turned to us.

"'Coached over in the rain, didn't you?" she inquired, abruptly. 'What folly! Don't you expect to catch your deaths?'

"It was my sister who rose to the occasion. She swept a twinkling and expressive glance round our observant party, and replied with grave politeness:

"'We did, madam, a short time ago; but speaking for myself, I begin once more to entertain hopes of living.'

"'Humph!' snorted the old woman, leaning over to pinch her damp dress. 'Pneumonia at least!'

"But do you know, she did us a world of good. We cheered up, recovered our tempers, and began to enjoy ourselves at once. The gayer we grew the more she gloomed; but the more she gloomed, the gayer we grew. Generally I believe in good examples rather than awful warnings, but once in a great while an awful warning happens at just the right time to be of use. She did!"

Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer

Some time ago it was announced in these columns that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

In the past few years Mrs Cora B. Miller has spent $125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for awhile longer at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of female diseases, displacements, falling of the womb, irregularities, painful periods, leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration and tumors; also pains in the head, back and bowels, nervousness, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day; not necessary to write a letter, simply send this notice with your name and address at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 7.61 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana.

Send only 10 cents.

For this beautiful 18 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Mt. Mellick, Violet or Holly design and we will include **FREE OF CHARGE,** one year's subscription to "Art Needlework" Magazine

The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 20 cents, thus making a total cash value of 45 cents.

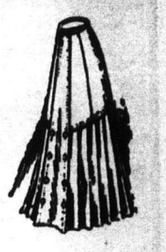
The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day.

AVALLONE & CO., Inc.,
2057-E Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

$5.00 PANAMA SKIRT $2.95

Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $5 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in all shades. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. Say color preferred. Its the new style, side pleated and button trimmed. Beautifully tailored. Guaranteed to fit perfectly, and give satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in all shades of all wool Venetian $3 25 Reduced from $6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt No. 11 Add 35c. and we will pay postage.

Standard Garment Co.,
London, Can.



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Full particulars on application.

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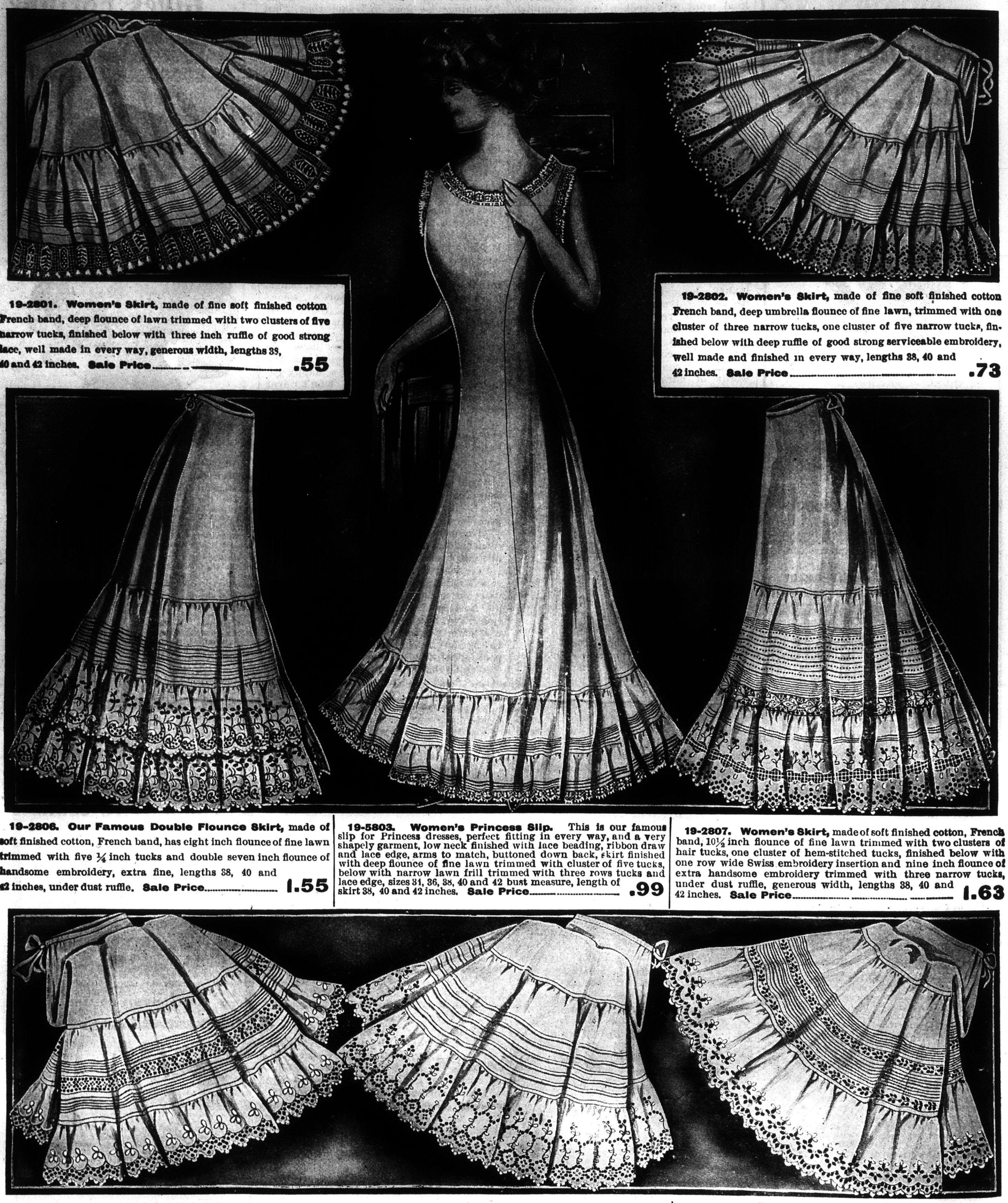


19-2801. Women's Skirt, made of fine soft finished cotton French band, deep flounce of lawn trimmed with two clusters of five narrow tucks, finished below with three inch ruffle of good strong lace, well made in every way, generous width, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** ..... **.55**

19-2802. Women's Skirt, made of fine soft finished cotton French band, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn, trimmed with one cluster of three narrow tucks, one cluster of five narrow tucks, finished below with deep ruffle of good strong serviceable embroidery, well made and finished in every way, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** ..... **.73**

19-2806. Our Famous Double Flounce Skirt, made of soft finished cotton, French band, has eight inch flounce of fine lawn trimmed with five ¼ inch tucks and double seven inch flounce of handsome embroidery, extra fine, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches, under dust ruffle. **Sale Price** **1.55**

19-5803. Women's Princess Slip. This is our famous slip for Princess dresses, perfect fitting in every way, and a very shapely garment, low neck finished with lace beading, ribbon draw and lace edge, arms to match, buttoned down back, skirt finished with deep flounce of fine lawn trimmed with cluster of five tucks, below with narrow lawn frill trimmed with three rows tucks and lace edge, sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measure, length of skirt 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** ..... **.99**

19-2807. Women's Skirt, made of soft finished cotton, French band, 10½ inch flounce of fine lawn trimmed with two clusters of hair tucks, one cluster of hem-stitched tucks, finished below with one row wide Swiss embroidery insertion and nine inch flounce of extra handsome embroidery trimmed with three narrow tucks, under dust ruffle, generous width, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** **1.63**

19-2803. Women's Skirt, made of soft finished cotton, French band, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn, trimmed with two clusters of five narrow tucks, one row fine embroidery insertion between, finished below with deep ruffle of good strong embroidery, neat patterns, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** .. **.85**

19-2804. Women's Skirt, made of soft finished cotton, French band, extra deep umbrella frill of fine lawn with five ¼ inch tucks, eight inch flounce of extra good neat pattern embroidery, under dust ruffle, generous width, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** ..... **.98**

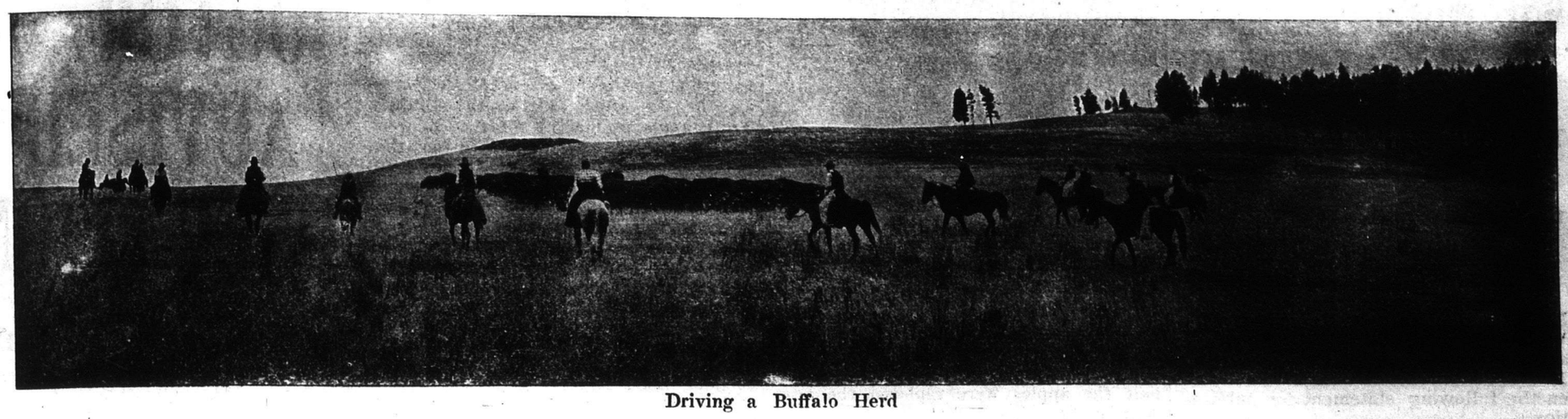
19-2805. Women's Skirt, made of extra good cotton, French band, extra deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn, trimmed with two clusters of five hair tucks, two rows Swiss insertion and seven inch flounce of handsome embroidery, under dust ruffle, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price** **1.23**

This page of whitewear is taken from our January and February Sale Catalogue, and it will prove an indication of the money-saving values in which every one of the 40 pages abounds.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

The Catalogue contains many interesting announcements of unusual offers in other lines such as women's suits, skirts and waists, men's clothing and furnishings, furniture, graniteware, farm goods and harness, stationery, carpets and curtains. If you have not already received a copy, write for it to-day.



Driving a Buffalo Herd

The Young People.

TWO GIRLS.

Geraldine lives on the avenue grand,
Biddy lives down on the flat.
One wears a sunbonnet all the year round,
The other a gay Paris hat.
Yet Geraldine's laugh is a thing seldom heard,
While Biddy's rings out like a caroling bird.

Geraldine wears an embroidered Swiss frock,
Biddy, a calico gown;
Geraldine's face, like a lily, is fair;
Biddy's is freckled and brown.
One rides in her carriages, fretful, forlorn,
The other, on foot, is as blithe as the morn.

Geraldine's roses bloom all the year round;
A tin can holds Biddy's one flower.
Geraldine has not a thing she must do;
Biddy works hard every hour.
Yet one cares no whit for the roses or buds;
The other finds joy in the blossoming suds.

One, with all beauty and wealth at command,
Dissatisfied, saunters along.
The other with Poverty trips hand in hand,
In time to her own merry song.
Oh, what content might poor Geraldine win,
Could she borrow the eyes of rich Biddy O'Flynn!

—Pauline Frances Camp, in Girl's Companion.

MY FIRST BUFFALO HUNT.

By Margaret Bemister.

The boys gathered around the fire in the old hunter's shanty and waited eagerly for the story. The old man slowly filled his pipe, poked the fire to a brighter blaze, then as the flames shone on his gray hair and weather-beaten face, he began his yarn.

"And so you want the story of my first buffalo hunt. Well lads, that was nigh fifty years ago. I was a tall overgrown boy when my father took me with him to Fort Garry, and when we reached there we found most of the men had left for White Horse Plains, where they were all to assemble for the buffalo hunt.

"My father and I started after the party and by the end of the day had come in sight of them. The hunters were about two hundred in number, and following them came the carts drawn by oxen. In these carts were the children and women, who, after the killing was done, would assist in the skinning and in preparing the pimmikon. My father and I joined the party and we travelled on for about six days, camping on the prairie at night.

"On the evening of the sixth day we reached the margin of a small lake where we pitched our tents, About an hour after sundown, the scouts, who had gone ahead to be on the look out for hostile Indians, and for buffalo, brought in word of an immense herd of bison about ten miles to the southwest.

"Early the next morning the hunters made ready for the chase. I had great difficulty in persuading my father to let me go with him. He had refused his permission when one of the hunters, on finding that I could ride well, joined me in persuading him and at last he consented. The men were mounted on fleet ponies and carried rifles. Around their necks were hung their powder-horns. We started off quickly, keeping well to the leeward, so that the wind would not carry our scent to the buffalo.

In a little while we began to see scattered bunches of the animals, who became alarmed at our approach and started off in a southwesterly direction. We followed, riding slowly as the hunters did not want the main herd to bcome stampeded before they could get within a short race of killing distance.

As we broke over the range of small hills, we came in sight of an immense herd, numbering fully seventy thousand. We were less than half a mile from the nearest bison. The entire herd semed to be uneasy. They had been aroused and made anxious by the arrival of small bunches of frightened buffalo, and only waited for some actual cause of alarm to stampede.

As they got sight of us the nearest began to move off and crowd into the main herd, alarming them, and in a few minutes the immense herd was in motion, with a thundering of thousands of hoofs like the roaring of a vast cataract.

The hunters divided into two parties, one going to the right, the other going to the left of the fleeing herd. A race of two miles with their horses at full gallop, brought them abreast of the hindmost animals. Then began the shooting. The men had filled their mouths with bullets and then, going at breakneck speed, in a blinding cloud of dust, they loaded their rifles and fired. The prairie was honey-combed with badger-holes and the men must have been to the saddle born to be able to keep their seats.

Of course aiming was unnecessary as they were so close to the buffalo, and many animals fell under the rapid fire. My pony was very swift and sure of foot, as all the prairie-bred ponies are, so I was in the midst of it all. The thundering of the hoofs, the choking dust, the roar of the guns, the mad rush over the prairie seems like a dream to me.

Then suddenly something terrible happened. I felt myself being hurled through the air, and became aware in that second that my horse had plunged into a badger-hole and in falling had thrown me over his head.

Scarcely had I realized this when I landed with terrific force on something that was moving. With a wild clutch, my hands reached out and grasped the hairy mane of a bualo. Scarcely knowing what I did, I found myself on my feet on the broad back, then jumping from it to the other shaggy backs, which were moving so closely together that they seemed as one huge mass.

I do not remember reaching the outer edge of the herd, all I remember was a violent thud as I landed on the ground. When I opened my eyes I found my father bending over me, and in the distance could be heard the dull rumble of the hoofs as the hundreds of buffalo tore over the prairie. Around me lay a score of dead animals, while here and there, one that had been sorely wounded would stagger to his feet and make for shelter.

"I have been in many a hunt since then, lads," said the man slowly, "and have succeeded in killing many buffalo, but the greatest hunt of them all was the one in which I did not fire a shot."

[Ed. Note:—This is the first of a series of stories of primitive life in Western Canada, by Miss Bemister, who is coming to the front as a writer for young folk. This tale is not pure imagination, but is a recital of actual experience of an octogenarian now living in Manitoba, but who wishes his name withheld.]

A GRACIOUS GIRL.

Why do some girls have favors showered upon them? Because, no matter what is done for them, they never fail to be gracious and grateful.

Let the person beware who has reached the age of receiving when she looks on favors as her due; it will not be long before courtesies cease to come her way.

No matter how generously inclined or how cynical one may be in the way of talking of gratitude, we resent it in our hearts when the nice little things we do for others are taken too much for granted. We prefer gush, even though we know it to be insincere, to the curt thanks that are merely "manners," not appreciation.

The girl who is most apt to fall into this error of indifference to favors is she who has much done for her. At first she is deeply grateful, but by and by she grows accustomed to attentions, and instead of being pleased to receive invitations, is resentful when she doesn't get them.

There is no popularity that will long withstand taking favors as one's due. To feel the world owes one a living or our friends owe us favors is the quickest road to financial and social bankruptcy.

If we got what we deserved most of us would go shy on attention; half the pleasure that comes our way is from the gracious thought of some friend. Never make the mistake of underestimating that graciousness or of being so conceited as to think it springs from your attractiveness.

The girl who can count on her favors continuing is she who takes the pains to write a gracious note in return for an invitation, and who follows it up with the spoken word of appreciation when next the giver is met.

There is no social coin that has bigger buying power than the ability to be grateful without being fulsome. The latter smacks of insincerity, and disgusts where words of pleasure and gratitude count it was meant to charm. A few well-chosen words are better than a long letter of meaningless gush.

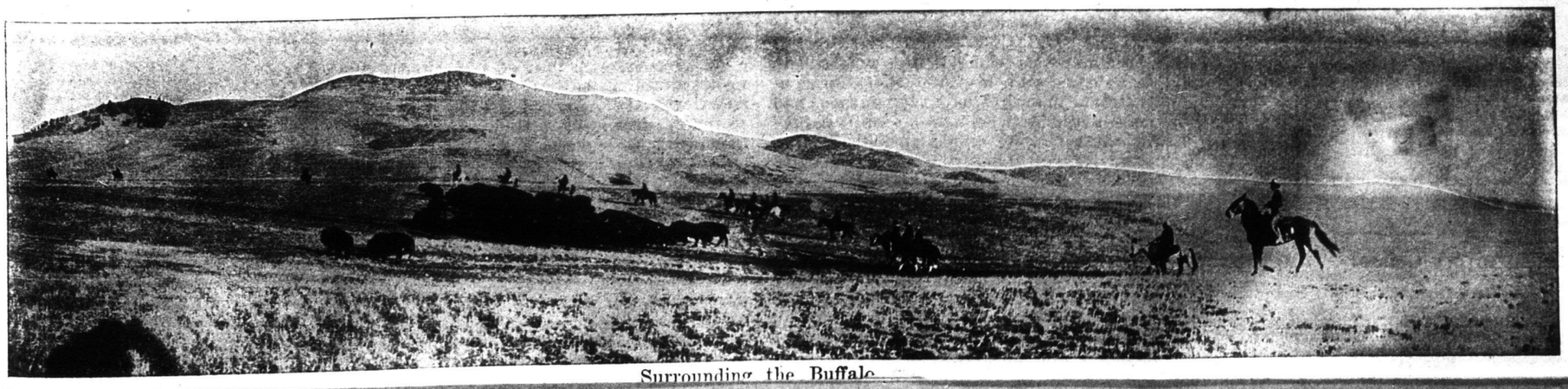
It is less one's power to express gratitude that needs cultivating than gratitude itself. We are all more or less inclined to take things as a matter of course, particularly if the donor has heaped us with favors.

The next time some one does you a kindness note how you take it. If your involuntary thought is, "How sweet of her!" your appreciativeness will not need cultivating; if you think, "Why shouldn't she do it?" you have fallen into the grievous social error of taking favors as your due.

Be very sure that the girl who thinks it too much trouble to acknowedge a kindness, or who is neglectful of small attentions, will have cause to repent her ungratefulness. When she begins to wonder why her invitations fall off, let her look here for the reason.

THE CROWDED BRAIN.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had



Surrounding the Buffalo

ONE WOMAN'S STATEMENT

Tells Her Suffering Sisters to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When Her Pains and Weakness Were Almost More than She Could Bear.

St. George, Man., (Special).—Hoping to save her sister women, in the West from pains and aches which come at the critical times in a woman's life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet of this place has given the following statement for publication :—

"I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health until the last two years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every woman, I had pains in my right hip and shoulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes I awakened with a feeling as if someone had laid a piece of ice on my head. Another time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder.

"I took many medicines but could get no relief, till reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dodd's Kidney Pills, led me to try them. They did wonders for me.

"I want all women to know what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me"

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. The woman who has sound Kidneys is safeguarded against nine-tenths of the suffering that makes life a burden to the women of Canada.

The Original and Only Genuine

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Special Calendar 1686

fallen below the usual average, and this conversation took place:

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Ys, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son didn't. He had observed some dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out these apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket." When half the apples were replaced the boy sad:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you.'

"But I can't."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold more than so much; and there you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heels, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

WEE JIMMIE MACLEAN

He had been a golf caddie all his days—at least, as long as he could remember—and he was now a little over fourteen years old. Not a long life, maybe, but one full of experience which hardships bring and ofttimes put very old heads upon very young shoulders. True, Jimmy had spent all his years under the shadow of Barclay kirk steeple, in that little coterie of small dwellings called Wright's Houses that seems to hang on to the skirts of the great church, but which must have clustered round the little tavern, "Ye Olde Golf Inn," many long years before the church was even thought of. These houses, in a bygone age, had been a village about a mile from "Auld Reekie," and though still retaining all their old-world character had become engulfed in the advancing tide of the modern city. The only industry, beyond a joiner's shop or two, was the making of golf clubs and balls, for the old-fashioned village lies on the edge of the famous Bruntsfield Links, and has been a golfing resort of worthy Edinburgh citizens from time immemorial.

Jimmie was reared in this atmosphere of golf, as were his forefathers for generations before him. His father had been a caddie who added to his income by the remaking of old gutta balls into new, spending his time about equally between the tavern and his calling. To Jimmy he was but a memory, rendered more vivid perhaps by the remnants of a golf-ball maker's moulds which lay about the house. His mother eked out a precarious living for herself and her child by charing and taking in laundry work.

Although hard, Jimmie's was by no means a dull or joyless life, for had he not that glorious stretch of green turf on which to roam and play, with the wide sky overhead and the magnificent prospect of the Castle and Arthur's Seat towering far over the tops of the trees and houses which skirted the links? Truly a playground fit for the children of the gods! The boy lived on the links when the weather was fine, ever with a ball and a cleek in his hand from the time he could toddle; and when it was wet or rough he haunted the workshops of the club-makers, drinking in the stories of the mighty players of the past. There were giants in those days"—Allen Robertson, Old Willie Park, Old and Young Tom Morris, who had all sported the red jacket and played titanic games for "The Belt" over the old links.

Now the glory had departed from Israel. The advancing city had enveloped even the wide links, and the great game had been shifted to the hills on the city's suburbs. But this classic ground could not be used for aught else but golf; so the City Fathers had, in the interests of public safety, split the links into two or three short courses, a pitch and a putt between the holes. Here the old men and boys played all day, and the young men in the evening, and even until after dusk, when the position of the holes had to be marked by a lighted match or cigarette end.

Of a morning many a citizen making his way across the links to the counting-house or chambers stops to watch the players and thank God there is such a game as golf, playing which old men may wear out under His blue sky instead of rust out upon a tavern bench. The youngsters also drink in health and

SHOOTING CRAPS,

gain vigor by this same pastime. Here are childhood and old age side by side, both keen on the game, and all happy.

Jimmie knew every hollow, every mound, every patch, every blade of grass even, on the links; he knew, too, the lie of every green, the best way to approach it and whether it was keen or soft. For had he not played them all from the time he used a crooked-headed stick for a club—and had been brutally told by some older boys to "Take ye dollie oot o' that; ye dinna belang tae the club"—till now, when he gloried in a cleek and putter! Many a time he had trudged round at the heels of some ancient duffer with the latter's putter and irons, when he could have used them to much better purpose himself. These journeys served to quicken his observation as to play and his knowledge of the ground, and it also brought grist to the family mill.

He achieved his first golfing triumph when he was little more than nine years old, as a member of the boys' club, by coming in first at their tournament although he was the youngest. Glory was all he reaped, as the juvenile secretary decamped with all the funds, amounting to eighteenpence, leaving the club bankrupt. It was during this tournament that the green-keeper, a municipal official, spoiled Jimmie's best score at the ninth green, where he "lay dead" in two and anticipated breaking his club's record, by unceremoniously kicking the ball away and scattering the youngsters with his stick. All except Jimmie, who stood with clenched teeth bidding him defiance, saying, "I'd fecht yae altho' you were as big as the

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women

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Try for oiling sewing machines, cream separators, clocks, guns, bicycles, churns, washing machines. Try for cleaning and polishing beds, tables, pianos, organs, any furniture. Try for preventing rust on stoves, tools, any metal surfaces.

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steeple." Fortunately the unequal combat did not come off, as the man realized he had interrupted a "competition," instead of breaking up a band of young ragamuffins larking on his best green, and made a gruff apology, ever afterwards treating Jimmy as one of the privileged. Indeed, Sandy Grant, the keeper, freely said he would back wee Jimmie Maclean with his dirty brown gutta against any player on the links old or young.

This opinion of Sandy's had become so rooted a conviction by the time our story opens, that he, along with some of Jimmie's old gentleman friends, persuaded the lad to allow himself to be entered for the great annual competition for the cup which (with badge) is presented by one of the city magnates to the champion of the short-hole courses.

Jimmie was not a romantic figure; in fact, the very reverse—a shabby little man of a boy with a queer old-looking face, which would have been plain but for the unmistakable character stamped upon it; the mouth rather large but firm, the jaw square and just escaping coarseness, the nose a quaint little stub of a thing, set over a deep upper lip, and with an upward tendency toward the tip. The eyes, however, were his redeeming feature; small and somewhat far apart, they were bright and sharp as a bird's, and withal had a good-natured twinkle lurking in their corners. Short and square, he looked as if he had at some time been taller and for some reason had had a portion sawed off him. His cothes had seen better days when in the keeping of their original owner, who very evidently had not been of the same pattern as their present wearer. Longish legs finished off with the boots a size or two too big for the feet they enclosed, the trousers turned up, and a Balmoral bonnet on his close-cropped head made up the exterior of Jimmie. He was, however, full of golfing experience and crammed full of golfing proverbs, cool and deliberate in word and action; his nerves from the toning they had had in the fresh air, being under proper control, the only quick thing about him being those sharp, observant grey eyes. Most of the competitors knew Jimmie and respected him as a caddie, but, along with the stewards, looked somewhat askance at him as an entrant in the great tournament.

The ties were played in the evenings, or at such times as suited the various competitors; for here, if anywhere, the democratic character of golf is demonstrated to the full. The competitors are drawn not only from the "cleek clubs" of Bruntsfield Links—whose members are mosty artisans, etc.—but also from the young "bloods" of many well-known Edinburgh golf clubs. The young man who was drawn against Jimmie in the first round belonged to one of the latter, so he knew not the prowess of the caddie, and from the height of his faultless rig-out looked rather contemptuously down on the uncouth lad with whom he was drawn to play. Rather ostentatiously and somewhat patronizingly did he toss a shilling in the air to decide which should have the "honor"; but when that first piece of luck fell to Jimmie and he produced the polished brown gutta ball, it was with the utmost difficulty that he retained his well-bred sang-froid.

The first hole, however, set at rest all qualms he might have had at playing such an antagonist, as Jimmie did not even give him a chance to halve it. So with the next, and the next, but at the fourth some would-be wag in the crowd called out in derision to Jimmie to lift his "Haskell" as it "wasna' fair," just as he was about to play his third, upsetting him so much that he overran the disc, thereby losing the hole. The grey eyes looked like steel for a moment or two, and the only other visible sign was a tightening of the lips and a squaring of the shoulders; but Jimmie's partner, flushing up both red and hot, addressed the offender in language both forcible and graphic. This incident seemed, curiously enough, to bridge over the social gap between the competitors, who on the instant became friends, paying all the respect and consideration which one player can so subtly show for another in this most sensitive of games. The contest finished on the fourteenth green, when Jimmie stood five up and four to play.

The brown gutta and its quaint master fought their way through to the semi-final, from which they emerged victoriously very comfortably by three up and two to play, to the great delight of the large crowd which followed the game, and who had unanimously elected Jimmie as first favorite.

Three days intervened between this tie and the final struggle. Jimmie passed his time pretty much as usual, carrying clubs here or on the Braids as opportunity offered, with practice games in between. The day before the great event, however, he spent almost entirely in the club shop of old McEwen, talking over the game in all its possible bearings, or listening to the old man's stories of how Young Tom, or some other great "gouffer," had won his title on the last green. The old man's advice was summed up very tersely thus: "Keep a coo heed, ma laddie, gang canny, dinna press, and tak tent tae yer puttin'."

So the great day dawned at last, and it was with eager, anxious gaze that Jimmie examined the heavens to see if by any means he might drag the secret of the weather from them. Edina, Scotia's darling city, being a beauty, has all a beauty's capricious whims, and has especially a trick of veiling her charms in a curtain of cold wet mist, even after a glorious summer morning. On this beautiful June day, however, no traces of mist or rain showed themselves, the sky was serene and the links were in perfect condition for play. So it wore on till late afternoon, when the crowds began to make their way to the links, to witness the play in the final Short Holes Championship.

Although Jimmie had long been familiar with the sight of the crowd, the policemen regulating and controlling the great human tide, the stewards with their ropes to prevent the people from pressing to closely upon the players, the markers, the city magnates and other officials connected with the tournament, he could not help feeling nervous as, from his mother's window, he watched them all gathering. He felt very much inclined to run and hide instead of facing all that throng of critical and curious people, but his mother encouraged him with cheering words and laughingly pushed him from the house, saying he was not to return without the Cup.

When the contestants met at the first tee they presented a striking contrast in years as well as in appearance. The other finalist was a tall, robust young man—an artisan evidently, well-dressed, well fed and wholesome-looking. His golfing gear was as well appointed as himself, clean, bright and fairly new. Jimmie was in his only suit of well-worn clothes, the trousers baggy and turned up at the foot, the long jacket discolored by constant exposure, but withal he had such an unconscious air and spoke so frankly and respectfully to the officials and his opponent, that the hearts of all those hundreds went out to the lad and wished him well. Jimmie's student friend, who had opposed him in the first round, acted caddie to him in this, carrying his old-fashioned-looking "golfing tackle."

Fortunate in the "toss," Jimmie had to lead off, and the crowd could scarce repress a laugh as he turned up his sleeves at the wrists, dived into his trousers' pocket and produced the brown gutta. It is one thing to play with the links to yourself and the greens quite clear, but an entirely different matter to play with a wall of human beings stretching from tee to green. True, the ropes held them in check, and they were accustomed from long use to remain perfectly still and quiet, but the faces all turned towards the players and the eager craning of necks, the countless pairs of eyes, all combine to have an effect upon the inexperienced player, disconcerting and unnerving him. Such seemed to be Jimmie's feeling as "his first" was short of the green, and his more experienced antagonist making no mistake, he had to play "the odd." The hole went to the tall young man, to the evident disappointment of the crowd. However, the youngster braced himself for the next, driving away the fear he had of playing into the crowd and, maybe, hurting some one. Albeit he could only claim a half, and the same again at the third, but at the fourth he drew level. The crowd felt relieved, and Jimmie's caddie spoke encouragingly to him for the first time.

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ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

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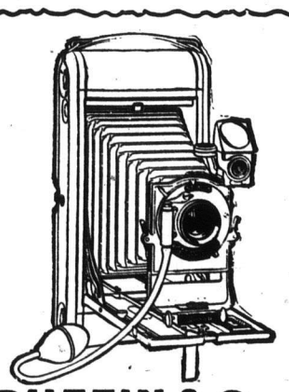

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So the game progressed, the advantage resting first with one, then with the other, until they stood all even as they teed up for the last hole.

As Jimmie stood up to address his ball he saw over the sea of heads the window of his mother's room, with a face which he knew to be hers pressed close to the glass. Whether it was from this, or nervousness, he took an unusually long time to his stroke, but when he did play, it was a perfect picture of a "pitch," straight on the pin, and less than a yard from the hole. His opponent played cautiously also, but his ball, though truly and well played, landed just on the edge of the green. He had thus to play again. The young man carefully studied his stroke, viewing his ball and its relation to the hole from every possible point, dusting the turf with his fingers, and taking all the other precautions which golfers adopt when they "tak tent tae their puttin'." Then he played! It was a good attempt from the distance, and looked like dropping in, but while well up it was wide of the hole, coming to a stop right between it and Jimmie's ball—a direct stimmie! "Fine, man, fine!" broke involuntarily from Jimmy, and, as the ball came to rest, "Eh, bit it's a naesty yin!" The crowd were pretty much of the same mind, but relieved to see that the hole was still anybody's. Hard lines! they said, but nevertheless enjoyed the added excitement.

Jimmie had seen such a stroke played once, and had tried to repeat the performance himself afterwards, but with indifferent success. Now he must call up all his skill and all his nerve! The feat would be very difficult to accomplish under ordinary circumstances, it was ten times more so when there were well nigh a thousand people looking on.

He squatted down behind the old gutta, took in the lie of it that way, then had a look at it from both sides, also in front. He had his putter in his hand and had almost decided to play, when he suddenly turned and took the mashie from his caddie, returning the putter. Then, amid a silence which could be felt, he bent his back to the task; a firm stand, a steady glance at the whole, every muscle and nerve tense, then a short, sharp stroke, and the gutta hopped like a living thing over the opposing ball and trickled into the hole. The game was his!

The silence was broken as suddenly and as loudly as when thunder bursts after the calm which precedes a storm, and the multitude gave vent to their pent-up feelings, as round after round of applause broke from them and they made a wild dash for the players. Jimmie's rival had barely time to shake hands with him, before the lad was seized and carried shoulder high to receive the cup and badges.

There was great rejoicing that night at Wrights Houses, and Sandy Grant, the green-keeper, was a "fou, fou man," but a supremely happy one, as he left "Ye Olde Golf Inn," where he had spent what remained of the evening, talking over the match and drinking long life to his favorite "wee gouffer."

As Mrs. Maclean lovingly turned the gold badge over and over, and looked at the cup adorning the centre of the mantelpiece, the good woman quite forgot in her present happiness all the struggle and misery of the past years, and Jimmie, watching her, felt that it was worth while to win these things, if only for the light of joy which it brought to those eyes which always seemed to him "homes of silent prayer."

FORESTRY CONTEST.

This is an attractive party for a limited number of people. It could be used for a large crowd if the questions were printed or even type-written, so as to save the hostess so much work. A paper-weight of polished wood, a pin-cushion of yucca palm, or any articles of wood could be used for prizes. A toy axe or hatchet in a block of wood for a consolation prize would cause merriment.

1. Which tree a kissing game could play?—Tulip.
2. And which its father's name would say?—Pawpaw.
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm?—Fir.
4. And which do ships prefer in a storm?—Bay.
5. Which shows what lovelorn maidens do?—Pine.
6. And in the hand which carry you?—Palm.
7. And which is it that the fruitmen fear?—Locust.
8. And from their pipes men shake which tree?—Ash.
9. Which is it bad boys dislike to see?—Birch.
10. Which is a girl both young and sweet?—Peach.
11. Which like a man, bright, dapper, neat?—Spruce.
12. And on which do the children play?—Beech.
13. And to which tree shall we now turn for goods to wear and stuff to burn?—Cottonwood.
14. And now divide you one tree more, you've part of a dress and part of a door?—Hemlock.

"GROW OR GO."

Progress is the essence of life. It is essential to and inseparable from life. The instant progress ceases, inevitable death and decomposition set in.

When man first saw the light of day he had to grow. His physical and intellectual powers grew, his numbers multiplied. He grew for many generations. Then he quit. What happened? The heavens opened and drowned all but a remnant like so many rats. Why?

God once made a people for His own. Only life and growth is pleasing to God. The Israelites did grow—for a time. Then they grew weary. For generations they were made captive. For years they wandered over the desert. To-day they are scattered to the four corners of the earth. Why?

Alexander the Great was the conqueror of all the known world of his time. He could see nothing more to do. Then What? He died the drunken death of the loosest of loose-living men—in his prime. Why?

The good old Roman Empire once controlled the world. For centuries they added to their possessions. To-day the empire is but a thing recorded on the sheets of our ancient history. Why?

Years ago the name of a certain manufacturer was known from coast to coast. He had started with his wife as a helper thirty years ago. Then he employed a boy, then a man, then a girl. He then rented a flat and so his business grew until about ten years ago he operated an immense factory employing hundreds of workers. He grew weary of the upward journey. Every man in the trade knew his goods so he sat back to watch the money roll in. Then he called in two salesmen, then cut off all advertising, then dropped a line that was a money-maker but hard to sell, and so on. Ten years ago that man received an income of almost $20,000 a year. Two years ago he was declared bankrupt and his business sold for twenty-five cents on the dollar. Why?

Until fourteen years ago in a Canadian town one man controned the whole of the furniture trade. He had had no competition for fifteen years. He didn't know what it meant. His rise from a clerk in the city to an owner in the town has been phenomenal. After a few years of good, live business he settled down to let the trade come to him. He knew every one in town and was friendly with them all, but it took a new furniture store just a little over a year to drive him to the wall. Why?

Yes, ask yourself that question. Why? Why? Why? No matter what your sphere in life, ask yourself the reason for all these and every other failure in this life or the one hereafter. There can be but one reply. The man that cannot grow is on the sure, quick road to failure. "Grow or Go" is the only motto for the man of any age, anywhere.

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action. They cleanse and purify and have a most healthful effect upon the secretions of the digestive organs. The dyspeptic and all who suffer from liver and kidney ailments will find in these pills the most effective medicine in concentrated form that has yet been offered to the suffering.

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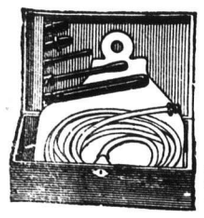

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SATURDAY.

By Mary E Waterhouse.

When Sat'day comes, an' every one's so busy.
I take my dolls an' go to gran'ma's house;
My gran'ma she is always glad to see me.
She doesn't say, "Be quiet as a mouse."

An' my Aunt Mary she has bakin' bizness
When Sat'day comes, an' lets me help her too.
I scrape the bowl, and love the choc'late fillin',
An' sometimes bake a little cake, I do.

Then, when I'm all through helpin' my Aunt Mary,
I run right back to where my mamma lives,
An' find that she too's been in bakin' bizness,
An' all the bowls are full,. an' flour sieves.

An' when I wait an' wait until she finished,
An then I scrape my mamma's bowls, I do.
I think there's nothin' quite like bakin' bizness,
When Sat'day comes, an' I can scrape, dont' you?

BROTHER RABBIT AND MISS NANCY

An Uncle Remus Story.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

One day, when Uncle Remus had told one of the stories that have been already set forth, the little boy was unusually thoughtful. He had asked his mother whether there was ever a time when the animals acted and talked like people, and she, without reflecting, being a young and an impulsive woman, had answered most emphatically in the negative. Now, this litle boy was shrewder than he was given credit for being, and he knew that neither his grandmother nor Uncle Remus would set great store by what his mother said. How he knew this would be difficult to explain, but he knew it all the same. Therefore, when he interjected a doubt as to the truth of the tales, he kept the name of his authority to himself.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "how do you know that the tales you tell are true? Couldn't somebody make them up?"

The old man looked at the little child, and knew who had sown the seeds of doubt in his mind, and the knowledge made him groan and shake his head. "Maybe you think I done it, honey, but ef you does, de sooner you fergit it off'n yo' min', de better fer you, kaze I'd set here an' dry up an' blow 'way fo' I kin tell a tale er my own make up; an' ef dey's anybody deze days what kin make um up, I'd like fer ter snuggle up ter 'im, an' ax 'im ter l'arn me how.

"Do you really believe the animals could talk?' asked the child.

"What diffunce do it make what I b'lieve, honey? Ef dey kin talk in dem days, er ef dey can't, b'lievin' er not b'lievin' ain't gwineter he'p matters. Ol' folks what live in dem times, dey say de creeturs kin talk, kaze dey done talk wid um, an' dey tell it ter der chillun an' der chillun tell it ter der chillun right on down ter deze days. So den what you gwineter do 'bout it—b'lieve dem what had it fum de ol' folks dat know'd, er dem what aint never hear nothin' 'tall about t twel dey git it second han' fum a ol' nigger man?"

The child perceived that Uncle Remus was hitting pretty close to home, as the saying is, and he said nothing for a while. "I haven't said that I don't believe them," he remarked presently.

"Ef you said it, honey, you ain't say it whar I kin hear you, but I take notice dat you hol' yo' head on one side an' kinder wrinkle yo' face up when I tell deze tales. Ef you don't b'lieve um, tain't no mo' use fer me ter tell um dan 'tis fer me ter fly."

"My face always wrinkles when I laugh, Uncle Remus."

"An' when you cry," responded the old man so promptly that the chnd laughed, though he hardly knew what he was laughing at.

"I'm gwineter tell you one now," remarked Uncle Remus, wiping a smile from his face with the back of his hand, "an' you kin take it er leave it, des ez you please. Ef you see anything wrong in it anywhar, you kin p'int it out ez we go 'long. I been tellin' you dat Brer Rabbit wuz a heap bigger in dem days dan what he is now. It look like de fambly done run ter seed, an' I bet you dat ninety-nine thousan' year fum dis ve'y day, de Rabbit-tum-a-hash crowd won' be bigger dan fiel'-mices—I bet you dat. He wa'n't only bigger, but he wuz mighty handy 'bout a farm, when he tuk a notion, speshually ef Mr. Man had any greens in his truck-patch. Well, one time, times wuz so hard dat he hatter hire out fer his vittles an' close. He had de idee dat he wuz gittin' a mighty heap fer de work he done, an' Mr. Man tell his daughter dat he wuz gittin' Brer Rabbit mighty cheap. Dey wuz bofe satchified, an' when dat's de case, eve'body else oughter be satchified. Brer Rabbit kin hoe taters, an' chop cotton, an' fetch up breshwood, an' split de kin'lin', an' do right smart.

"He say ter hisse'f, Brer Rabbit did, dat ef he ain't gitting no money an' mighty few cloze, he boun' he'd have a plenty vittles. De fust week er two, he ain't cut up no shines; he wuz gittin' usen ter der place. He struck ter his work right straight 'long twel Mr. Man say he one er de bes' han's on de whole place, an' he tell his daughter dat she better set 'er cap fer Brer Rabbit. De gal she toss her head an' make a mouf, sheep eyes at 'im.

"One fine day, when de sun shinin' mighty hot, Brer Rabbit 'gun ter git mighty hongry. He say he want some water. Mr. Man say, 'Dar de bucket, an' yan de spring. Eve'ything fixed so you kin git water monstous easy.' Brer Rabbit git de water, but still de wuz a gnyawin' in his stomach, an' bimeby he say he want some bread. Mr. Man say, 'Tain't been so mighty long sence you had brekkus, but no matter 'bout dat. Yans de house, in de house you'll fin' my daughter, an' she'll gi' you what bread you want.'

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit put out fer de house, an' dar he fin' de gal. She say, 'La Brer Rabbit! you oughter be at work, but stidder dat here you is at de house. I hear pap say dat youer mighty good worker, but ef dis de way you does yo' work, I dunner what make 'im sesso.' Brer Rabbit say, 'I'm here, Miss Nancy, kaze yo daddy sont me.' Miss Nancy 'low, 'Ain't you 'shame er yose'f fer ter talk dat away? You know pap aint sont you.' Brer Rabbit say, 'Yassum, he did,' an' dem he smole one er deze yerlop-si ded smiles. Miss Nancy kinder hang 'er head an' low, 'Stop lookin' at me so brazen.' Brer Rabbit stood dar wid his eyes shot, an' he ain't so nothin'. Miss Nancy say, 'Is you gone ter sleep? You oughter be 'shame fer ter drap off dat-a-away whar dey's ladies.'

"Brer Rabbit make a bow, he did, an' 'low, 'You tol' me not ter look at you, an' ef I ain't ter look at you, I des ez well ter keep my eyes shot.' De gal she giggle an ' say Brer Rabbit oughtn't to make fun er her right befo' her face an' eyes. She ax what her pap sont 'im fer, an' he 'low dat Mr. Man sent 'im for a dollar an' a half, an' some read an' butter. Miss Nancy say she don't b'lieve 'im, an' wid dat she run down todes de fiel' where her pa wuz workin' an' holler at 'im— Pap! Oh, pap!' Mr. Man make answer, 'Hey?' an' de gal say, 'Is you say what Brer Rabbit say you say?' Mr. Man he holler back dat dat's des what he say, an' Miss Nancy she run back ter de house,

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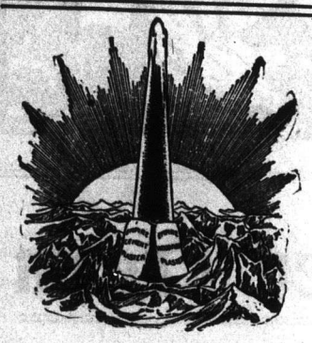

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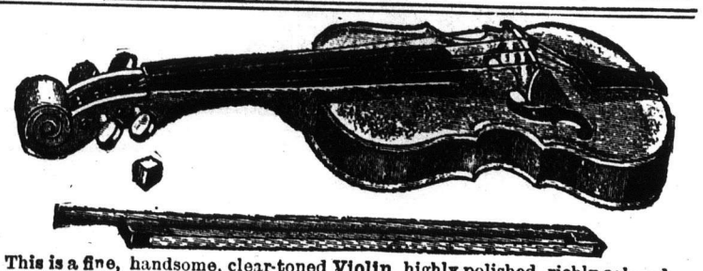

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an' gi' Brer Rabbit a dollar an' a half an' some bread an' butter.

"Time passed, an' eve'y once in a while Brer Rabbit 'd go ter de nouse endurin' de day, an' tell Miss Nancy date her daddy say fer ter gi' 'im money an' some bread an' butter. An' de gal, he'd go part er de way ter whar Mr. Man is workin', an' holler an' ax ef he sesso, an' Mr. Man'd holler back, 'Yes, honey, dat what I say.' It got so atter while dat dey ain't so mighty much money in de house, an' 'bout dat time, Miss Nancy, she had a beau, which he useter come ter see her eve'y Sunday, an' sometimes Sat'day, an' it got so, atter while, dat she won't scarcely look at Brer Rabbit.

"Dis make 'im laugh, an' he kinder studied how he gwineter git even wi.. um, kaze de beau got ter flingin' his sass roun' Brer Rabbit, an' de gal, she'd giggle, ez gals will. But Brer Rabbit des sot dar, he did, an' chaw his terbacker, an' spit in de fier. But one day Mr. Man hear 'im talkin' ter hisse'f whiles deyer workin' in de same fiel', an' he ax Brer Rabbit what he say. Brer Rabbit 'low dat he des tryin' fer ter l'arn a speech what he hear a little bird say, an' wid dat he went on diggin' in de groun' des like he don't keer whedder anything happen er not. But dis don't satchify Mr. Man, an' he ax Brer Rabbit what de speech is. Brer Rabbit 'low dat de way little bird say it dey ain't no sense ter it fur ez he kin see. But Mr. Man keep on axin' 'im what 'tis, an' bimeby he up an' 'low, 'De beau kiss de gal an' call her honey; den he kiss her ag'in, an' she gi' 'im de money.'

"Mr. May say, 'Which money?' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Youer too much fer me. Dey tells me dat money's money, no matter whar you git it, er how you git it. Ef de little bird wa'n't singin' a song, den I'm mighty much mistooken.' But dis don't make Mr. Man feel no better dan what he been feelin'. He went on workin', but all de time de speech dat de little bird made was runnin' in his min':

"'De beau kiss de gal, an' call her honey;
Den he kiss her ag'in, an' she gi' 'im de money.'

"He keep on sayin' it over in his min', an' de mo' he say it de mo' it worry him. Dat night when he went home, de beau wuz dar, an' he wuz mo' gayly dan ever. He flung sass at Brer Rabbit, an' Brer Rabbit des sot dar an' chaw his terbacker, an' spit in de fier. Den Mr. Man went ter de place whar he kep his money, an' he fin' it mos' all gone. He come back, he did, an' he say, 'Whar my money?' De gal, she ain't wanter have no words 'fo' her beau, an' 'spon', 'You know whar 'tis des ez well ez I does,' an' de man say, 'I speck you er right 'bout dat, an' sence I does, I want you ter pack up an' git right out er dis house an' take yo' beau wid you.' An' so dar 'twuz.

"De gal, she cry some, but de beau muched her up, an' dey went off an' got married, an' Mr. Man tuck all his things an' move off somers, I dunner whar, an' dey wa'n't nobody lef' in dem neighberhoods but me an' Brer Rabbit."

"You and Brother Rabbit?" cried the little boy.

"Dat's what I said," replied Uncle Remus. "Me an' Brer Rabbit. De gal, she tol' her chillun 'bout how Brer Rabbit had done her an' der pa, an fum dat time on, deyer been persooin' on atter him."

MERCY ME AND THE FAIRY MOUSE.

There was once a little girl named Goodness Mercy Me who lived in a great big house with her mother and father. She was six years old, and she had golden hair and blue eyes, besides a beautiful dress, two dolls, and a whole lot of toys.

But Mercy Me was not happy, for her mother had caught her eating the jam in the pantry, and had made her stand in the corner.

Now a lot of little mice lived under this pantry, and the front door of their house was a little hole in the corner where Mercy Me stood. They were very happy, fat little mice, and when no one was near they used to run over the pantry and take cheese, and cake, and bread, and other nice things that mice like to eat.

All at once, as Mercy Me stood in the corner, she heard something making an awful squeaking sound, and looking down, she saw two tiny grey mice nibbling at her shoe and struggling to get down through the hole.

But Mercy Me wouldn't let them go. She kept her foot over the hole, and the poor little mice cried and cried, and squeaked at the tops of their voices because they could not get home.

Then there came the sound of squeaking and squealing from under the floor just like a hundred mice all speaking at once. The two little grey mice ran away from Mercy Me's foot and began to bite and gnaw through the floor in another corner of the pantry.

At last they made another new hole, and just as they finished it up came twenty more little grey mice and one very beautiful white mouse with pink eyes and hair like silk.

"Whatever is the matter?" said the white mouse to the two little grey mice.

"Please, Queen we were trying to get home," they said, "but Mercy Me put her foot over the front door and wouldn't let us get past."

"Is that true, Mercy Me?" asked the beautiful white mouse who was the queen of the mice.

"Yes it is," answered Mercy Me rudely. "I do not like mice, and I'll give you all to Tom, the big grey cat."

Now when the Queen of the mice heard what Mercy Me said she was very angry, and as she was also a fairy mouse she sang:

"Hicky, dicky, dickery dice,
I am the fairy queen of the mice.
Hicky, dicky, hickery ho,
One, two, three, and away we go."

And she ran over to Mercy Me and touched her foot three times.

Then, before she could move, Mercy Me found that she was growing smaller and smaller until she was not even the size of the little grey mouse. Then the mice took her a long way under the floor, until they came to a great big cage made of iron; and they put Mercy Me in the cage and locked the door and left her there.

All at once as Mercy Me sat in the cage crying, she heard the sound of hundreds of feet running, and then along came a crowd of mice.

"We're going to give you to a rat to eat!" they cried. And just as they spoke along came a rat who seemed as big as a great tiger to Mercy Me.

"Ho, ho!" said the rat when he saw Mercy Me. "Here's a nice dinner for me."

He opened the door of the cage and was just coming in to eat Mercy Me, when she ran past him and jumped right on to the back of a mouse.

Now the mouse was so afraid that he ran and ran and ran, with Mercy Me clinging on his back, until they came right back to the hole in the pantry.

Then Mercy Me jumped off his back and climbed through the hole. But just as she got through, a great big giant animal caught her in his mouth.

"I've been waiting for you, little mouse," said the great big animal. "I'm Tom, the grey cat, and I'm going to eat you all up."

"Oh, Tom, Tom, don't you know me? I am Mercy Me!" cried Goodness Mercy Me.

"Why, so you are," he said, "and I did not know you, you are so small. Whatever has happened?"

So Mercy Me told Tom all about the mice, and what they were going to do with her, and just as she finished telling Tom, who should come through the hole but the Queen of all the mice.

Now Tom was a very, very clever cat, and as soon as he saw the Queen Mouse he jumped and caught her in his paws.

"Let me go—let me go," she cried!

"Not until you have made Mercy Me a great big girl again," said Tom.

So the Queen of the Mice sang:

"Hicky, dicky, dickery dice,
Never be naughty, always be nice;
Hicky, dickey, dickery den,
Mercy Me, be a girl again."

Then all at once Goodness Mercy Me found herself growing until she was a great big girl again.

So Tom, the big grey cat, let the Queen of the Mice go, and she ran straight home with a squeak.

In Lighter Vein.

IT COULDN'T GO ALONE.

"Auntie, dear, Mr. Maler, the artist, has asked me for my photo; he wants to make use of it for his next picture. Ought I to send it to him?" asked Alice.

"Yes, you can do so, but be sure to inclose it with a photo of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself," exclaimed her aunt.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., tells the following amusing story:

He was once questioning a little girl, newly arrived from school, on the various effects of heat and cold.

"Heat expands things and cold contracts them," replied the child after a little thought.

"Very good," said Mr. Crooks; "now give me an example."

"In hot weather the days are long, and in cold weather they are short," was the unexpected reply.

DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Millicent: "How long did your trip to Rome take you?"

Madeline: "Oh, a week altogether—

Millicent; "And you saw everything?"

Madeline: "Oh, yes. You see, there were three of us. Mother went to the picture galleries, I examined the monuments, and father studied local color in the cafes."

NOT WHAT SHE BARGAINED FOR.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the famous American composer and bandmaster, once had an invitation to dinner from a gushing society lady who was quite unknown to him. As he dislikes "lionizing of any sort, he wrote back politely declining.

But the lady was not to be put off so easily, and wrote to him again to say that she had invited all her guests on purpose "To meet Mr. Sousa," and ended her letter with the words:

I still hope for the pleasure of your company.

To her surprise this was the answer she received from the "March King":

I have given your kind message to my company, but I regret that only fifty of them are able to accept your invitation, as the rest have appointments elsewhere.

A VALUABLE GIFT.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon, is the owner of a small coin that came into his possession under curious circumstances. Some years ago he performed an operation on a poor Norwegian in an English hospital, and cured him of an ailment that had prevented him from going to work.

Not long afterwards Sir Frederick was surprised to receive a visit from the man to his private house. The latter was profuse in his thanks, and desired the surgeon to accept a small coin in return for his services. Naturally Sir Frederick at first refused the gift, but the Norwegian would not be put off.

"It is now three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my wife gave me this coin, and told me never to part with it unless I were starving. It is not worth anything to you, but its value to me I cannot express. When I was in hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me, I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin because I wanted you to have it in return for saving my life."

"What magnificent piece of jewellery could equal the value of that coin?" asks Sir Frederick, whenever he tells the story of his humble alien patient.

WORSE THAN INJURIES.

Wire (to country editor): "Aren't you feeling well tonight, John?"

Country Editor: "Not very, my dear. An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and mopped up the floor with me."

Wife (anxiously): "Heavens, John, I hope he didn't stop his subscription, too!"

A POOR CROP.

It was on a lonely road in the Tennessee mountains. A weary rider was slowly making his way up the steep mountain side, pausing now and then to rise in his stirrups and look about in search of some sign of civilization. Suddenly a turn of the road brought him face to face with a lank, sallow-faced mountaineer, seated upon the top rail of the snake fence which bounded a poor little farm which had found lodgment on the mountainside.

The rider paused. "Can you tell me how far it is to Big Stone Gap?" he inquired.

The mountaineer's lips moved in answer, but no sound reached the rider's ears. He moved over nearer to the fence and repeated the question. This time he could barely distinguish a whispered word or two in the farmer's answer.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, dismounting and walking ever to the fence where the old man sat. "Can't you talk?"

The old man looked pityingly at his questioner for a moment, and then, climbing down from his seat on the rail, he walked up to the traveler and, putting his grizzled face close to his ear, whispered hoarsely:

"Yis, I kin talk, but the fact is, stranger, land is so poor in these parts that I kain't even raise my voice."—Tit-Bits.

DEFINITIONS OF A BABY.

A magazine has awarded a prize for the best definition of a baby. Here are some of the attempts:

"A tiny feather from the wing of love, dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood."

"The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household."

"The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler."

"The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy."

"A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none."

"A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections."

"That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter."

OBEYED ORDERS.

Squire Robrts had had a friend to visit him one business and was very much annoyed when his wife came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away; let us alone," impatiently said the squire.

Business detained his friend till dinner-time, and the squire urged him to remain. To the surprise of both, they saw nothing but a large bowl of salad which the good wife began quietly to serve up.

"My dear," said the squire, where are the meats?"

"You didn't order any," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what you would have, and you said 'Lettuce alone!' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the squire, after looking lurid for a moment, joined him.

"Wife, I give it up. Here is the money you wanted for that carpet which I denied you. Now let us have some peace and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the money, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast was brought in.

KNEW HIS PLACE.

The village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was

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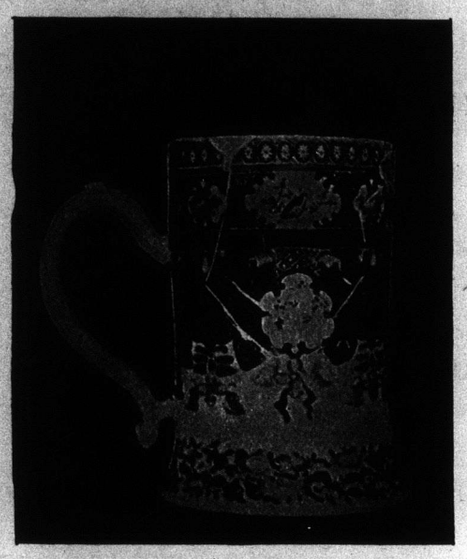

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THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, - - - TORONTO.

completed all the summer people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the luncheon which was to follow the dedication exercises.

The day and the carpenter's turn came duly.

"Ladies and gentlemen—dear friends —" he began, his good, brown face very red indeed. "I am a good deal better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

Then he realized what he said, and sat down amid roars of laughter.

SUSPENDERS AND SUSPENSE.

A certain congressman from a mountain district, says the New York Sun, is troubled with a weak, squeaky little voice which sometimes fails in the midst of what might otherwise be an eloquent peroration.

Recently in addressing the House on a matter connected with the tariff, he exclaimed:

"Why, tariffs are like a pair of suspenders, sometimes tight and sometimes loose; but Uncle Sam needs them just the same, to keep up his——"

Here the Congressman's voice struck a high treble note, flared and stopped.

The House held its breath while he cleared his throat. The suspense, which seemed to last for fully a minute, was more painful to the auditors than to the orator, for everyone was wondering whether he would say "trousers" or "pants," and some were even hoping that he might say "pantaloons.' Even "overalls" would be better than "pants," for "pants" is most unparliamentary.

But all fears were without foundation. He cleared his throat with the greatest care, and in a death-like stillness resumed his oration where he had dropped it: "to keep up his running expenses—"

The words which followed were lost forever in a gale of laughter.

A BASHFUL SUITOR.

"There is a lady of my acquaintance," says Marshall P. Wilder, "who has in her establishment as cook a most prepossessing Irish girl. It follows, as a matter of course, that the cook has many admirers. In fact, her mistress asserts that the kitchen is seldom, of an evening, without a caller.

"Recently, the lady of the house, who, though she utterly disapproves of the idea of cooks having so many callers yet hesitates to rebuke her for fear of losing her valuable services, referred to the advent of a new admirer.

"'How is it, Maggie,' queried the mistress, 'that when this latest beau of yours is in the kitchen with you of an evening that one never hears a sound?'

"'Oh, mum,' responded the girl with a broad grin, 'as yit the poor fellow is that bashful he does nawthin' but ate.'"

NOT WHAT WAS INTENDED.

When the late Li Hung Chang was visiting London, a leading light of the Stock Exchange determined to send a present to the great Chinese diplomat. After careful consideration he decided that he could not do better than send him two of his most valuable toy dogs. They were selected with great care, and sent to Li Hung Chang, from whom a letter of thanks was received a few days' later. "Your gift is much appreciated,' wrote the celebrated Chinese Envoy, "but unfortunately my age and health compel me to adopt a very rig diet. Under these circumstances I directed that the dogs should be prepared for some members of my staff, who have enjoyed them very much."—"The Epicure."

AN EXPLANATION.

A badgering lawyer once caught a tartar in the person of a physician of considerable local repute. The solicitor represented the defence, and the doctor testified that he had treated the prosecutor for a black eye.

"What do you mean by a 'black eye'?" queried the legal gentleman.

"I mean," said the doctor, without a smile, "that the prosecutor had received a severe contusion over the lower portion of the frontal bone, producing extensive ecchymosis around the eye, together with considerable infiltration of the subjacent areolar tissue."

The medical witness was relieved from further cross-examination.

A TONGUE-TWISTER.

When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist he three times doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisted the twist.
Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with a twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisted the twine he had twisted in twain.
The twain that, intwining, before in the twine,
As twines were entwisted, he now doth untwine,
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

There now, can any of you clever folks beat that one?

A PROPORTION SUM.

A ton of dreams will never weigh
Up to an ounce of fact;
A thousand aims fade quite away
Before a single act;
A million castles in the air,
When set upon the scale,
One small, plain deed to balance there,
Will always, always fail!

—Priscilla Leonard, in "The Youth's Companion.'

HER GRATITUDE.

The Lady (to hero who had risked his life to save her dog from a watery grave, and looks for some reward): "Poor fellow, how wet and cold you are! You must be soaked through to the skin. Here—I'll give you some quinine pills; take a couple now, and two more in an hour's time."—"Throne and Country.'

LOGICAL ENGLISH.

I said, "This horse, sir, will you shoe?"
And soon the horse was shod.
I said, "This deed, sir, will you do?"
And soon the deed was dod!

I said, "This stick, sir, will you break?"
At once the stick he broke.
I said, "This coat, sir, will you make?"
And soon the coat he moke!

KEEPING HIS WORD.

Sandy is the resident janitor at one of the smaller colleges. He is a bit of a character in his way, and makes an effort not to be outdone by the students. The success is sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. Sandy owned a little mean-looking dog of which he was fond. He was treated to much good-humored chaff about the dog, but always replied in kind, frequently asserting, "I widna tak twinty dulthers for ma wee doggy."

A few of the more waggish freshmen made up their minds to test Sandy's assertion. Between them they made up twenty dollars, and one of their number was authorized on the first favorable opportunity to make Sandy an offer.

As was quite common with him, Sandy happened in the cloak-room between lectures. The dog soon became a subject of debate, and out came Sandy's statement, "I widna tak twinty dulthers for ma wee doggy."

"Well, Sandy," said a young freshman, "I would like to have that dog, and here's twenty dollars if you'll sell him." He counted the money out on the table near Sandy.

Without a smile Sandy gravely put his hand in his pocket, drew out a fifty-cent piece, and laid it on the table, at the same time pocketing the twenty dollars. "I didna say I widna tak nineteen fufty. The wee doggy's yourn."

TOO FAR FROM THE MARKET.

Soon after the Civil War, General Rufus Ingalls, U.S.A., visited a friend in the South. Taking a walk one morning, he met a boy coming up from the river with a fine string of fish.

"What will you take for your fish?" asked the General.

"Thirty cents," was the reply.

"Thirty cents!" repeated the General

in astonishment. "Why, if you were in New York you could get three dollars for them."

The boy looked critically at the officer for a moment and then said scornfully:

"Yas, suh; en I reckon if I had a bucket of water in hell I could get a million for it."

SETTLING THE SCOTCHMAN.

When the agrarian agitation in Ireland was at its height great inducements were offered to Scottish farmers to settle on the land from which other tenants had been evicted. Against these all manner of cunning on the part of the natives was resorted to with the object of preventing the Caledonian invasion. One canny denizen of the "Land of Cakes" who had crossed the Channel with the intention of prospecting was most hospitably received by the caretaker in the absence of the landlord. A first-class repast was provided and duly enjoyed by all, down to the very dog attached to the premises. The animal, finding his appetite fully appeased, seized a large bone and scampered away.

"Wheres the dog off tae?" said the Scot.

"Och," was the reply, "he's swallied all he can, an' now he's off to bury the bone!"

"To bury the bane," rejoined the other; "but, my man, hes aboon a mile awa' noo, an' still he's gaun as hard as ever!"

"Ye-es," replied the wily Hibernian, "but thin the fact is the sile hereabouts is rather rocky, and the intilligent baste knows well that he has at least tin or eliven miles to go afore he finds earth enough to cover the bone, and sure he'll be wantin to git back afore dark!'

The would-be settler girded up his loins and sought his native shore without more ado.

HIS PLAN.

This is a curious story. It is of a man who wanted to tell his neighbor what he thought of him without laying himself open to libel action—

He hit on the plan of sending him each day a post-card with only one word written on it in a large hand, in addition to the date obscurely tucked away in a corner. The person receiving the cards recognized the handwriting, and, suspecting something, kept them until they ceased coming, when he read them consecutively in the order of their reception. What he read was—"Ridiculous old Bill Brown is the meanest man and the biggest thief in H——." He at once instituted a suit for slander against the sender. The latter's lawyer, however, called attention to the fact that the postal card containing "ridiculous," though sent first, was dated the day after the date of the card having the word "H——." Moreover, a careful inspection would show that after the word "ridiculous" was an exclamation point, and after the word "H——" was an interrogation mark, so that the series of postal cards might be made to read. "Old Bill Brown is the meanest man and the biggest thief in H——? Ridiculous!" He claimed therefore that, instead of slandering the plaintiff, his client had defended him from slander, and this plea was sustained by the court. But all the same the majority of people thought that the first reading of the cards was the correct one.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

Uncle Henry Wilkins was going on a vacation with his two young nephews. The day was hot; Uncle Henry stood wiping his brow and watching the driver strap the trunks to the back of the cab. Finally the door of the vehicle closed with a crash, Aunt Minerva had waved the last good-by, Uncle Henry had looked at his watch and said, "Plenty of time to catch our train," and the boys were squirming about luxuriously and delightedly on the green cushions when the sound of a brass band assailed their ears.

As they drove on, the sound seemed to come nearer and nearer, and at last they were brought to a stop in a side street by a great crowd of people held back by two policemen. Uncle Henry thrust his head out of the window. "Why, it's a parade, boys," said he, "and we've plenty of time to see it."

"It's a parade of all the old firemen, sir." explained the driver, as they got out. Already the lines of red coats had come into view.

A look of solemnity came into Uncle Henry's face. "Boys," he said, "step up where you can see all these gallant old fire-fighters. See that man on the end of the line Perhaps he once rescued a human life from the cruel flames! Perhaps—"

"Did you see him do it?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"No," explained Mr. Wilkins, somewhat irritated at the interruption, "I did not see him. But look, boys, at those grizzled old veterans. Their vocation is a noble one!"

"What's a vocation?" cried Billy. "Is that one of those hats they wear?"

"No, it's their calling."

"With speaking-trumpets?" Billy asked.

Uncle Henry frowned, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and assumed an air of indifference to those about him.

"To be a fireman, a protector of property from the flames, to have the privilege of saving life—that indeed is no mean record," he went on. "We should applaud these men who have risen so many times on cold nights to go out and fight back the enemy. It is the kind of heroism we should appreciate."

Billy and Ned looked at their uncle, awed and uncomfortable. The band that had passed now had for them a sad and far-away sound.

"Well boys," said Uncle Henry, finally, "it is time to start again toward the station. We have only ten minutes left. We'll drive right on."

"Yon can't cross here, sir," said a policeman, with a tone of finality.

"Then we'll wait a minute," said Uncle Henry, sliding his watch back into his pocket.

"I guess you'll wait about fifteen," said the policeman. "This parade is a mile long."

"What's that?" cried Uncle Henry. Both the boys jumped at the sound of his voice. "This is an outrage! We shall miss our train! Have we got to wait here till all these doddering old dolts get past, all on account of a conceited sentimental belief in their own importance? The law ought to forbid the blocking of the public streets in this way. The whole thing is against the rights of the public. Firemen! Why don't they have a parade of chimney-sweeps or a procession of janitors?"

"But, Uncle Henry," protested Ned, "you said they got out of bed on cold nights—"

"Yes, and got well paid for it, too. Driver, take us back home!"

"You aren't angry with us?" asked Billy, anxiously. But Uncle Henry did not answer.

PUT ME OFF AT SYRACUSE.

"Now, see here, porter,' said he briskly. "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard, for I've been dining tonight and will probably feel rocky. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off at Syracuse."

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian, ramming the bright coin into his trousers pocket. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester! Thirty minutes for refreshments!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where is that black coon?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers he went in search of the object of his wrath and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Been in an accident? Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated the porter, jumping to his feet, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gen-man what guf ter me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well den, befoah de Lawd, who was de gen'man I put off at Syracuse?"

THE HORROR OF IT.

Vigorous, healthy folks simply cannot imagine what a horror, what a death-in-life Indigestion really is. They speak lightly of it and say, "poor Mrs. So-and-So has some trouble with her stomach." "Some trouble," forsooth. Of all the ills that afflict humanity none causes more misery than Indigestion. It destroys annually more lives than consumption, cancer and cholera combined. If you cannot digest your food — as a steam engine burns coal — your heat, power, energy, must run down. Continue this condition and *your engines will stop!*

Food that lies in your stomach undigested distils poisons that are carried by your blood all through your system. This poison clogs the brain, inflames the nerves, muscles and joints, and stagnates all the natural functions. Constipation, headaches, sleeplessness, pains and wind in the stomach; dizziness and other wretched feelings follow. Mother Seigel's Syrup cures Indigestion by toning up, strengthening, aiding the digestive organs to do their natural work.

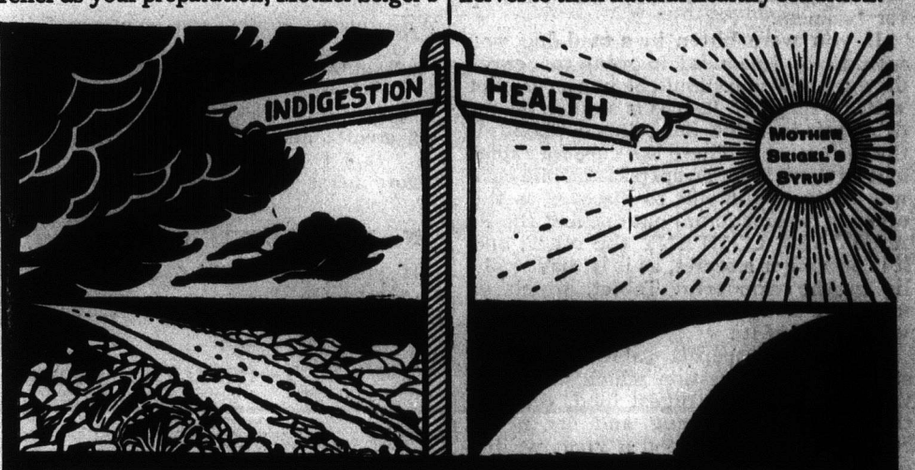
Mr. Burton Shortliffe, of Central Grove, Digby County, N. B., writes:—I was troubled with Indigestion a long time and found no medicine to give such immediate relief as your preparation, Mother Seigel's Syrup. For Indigestion or Stomach Trouble, it must be a boon to those who use it."

Madame Elvira Nowe, of Cherry Hill, Lunenburg Co., N. S., says:—"I have been troubled with Dyspepsia two years and my food would rise as soon as I had eaten it. Nothing relieved me until, at last, I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup and by taking one bottle and a half I was cured."

Allan Macfarlane, of Rockland Farm, Vale Perkins, P. Q., writes:—"I used your well-known remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, while suffering from Indigestion, with excellent results. Previous to taking it I always suffered sharp pains after eating — so violent that I dreaded my meals. I was completely cured by taking the contents of two bottles."

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made of roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels. That is why it so surely cures indigestion.

This little letter from M'me John B. Landry, Blair Athol, P. O., Restigouche County, New Brunswick, dated January 12, 1909, tells an important story in a few words:—"For a long time I suffered with Dyspepsia which afflicted me terribly and made me exceptionally nervous. I decided to try some of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it worked wonderful results. It restored my health and brought back my nerves to their natural healthy condition."



OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF INDIGESTION

Out of the miseries of biliousness and constipation; away from headaches and pains that torture the stomach after meals; leaving behind you all sickness and wretchedness, sour stomach, bad taste in the mouth, palpitation, despondency and despair! If YOU want release from such troubles, **put your digestion right.** Mother Seigel's Syrup will bring you quickly, surely, as it has brought thousands, out of the gloom of indigestion

INTO THE SUNSHINE OF HEALTH

Myriads of people have proved that Mother Seigel's Syrup is a remedy of the highest medicinal value for all stomach and liver complaints. Made of roots, barks and leaves it is unequalled as a digestive tonic. If your stomach ails or is weak, Mother Seigel's Syrup will strengthen it, will stimulate your liver and bowels to healthy action, restore your digestion, purify your blood, cleanse your system, give you vigorous, buoyant health.

"For two years I had pains after eating, with headaches, and arose tired in the mornings from loss of sleep. My tongue was coated. I became pale and thin, with spells of dizziness and heart palpitation. I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and now, after that two years of misery, I am as well as I have ever been." M'me. Louie Lessard, Quebec City. 7.7.09.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Sold everywhere. A. J. WHITE & Co., LTD., MONTREAL.

Making Merry

At Mealtime, Means Good Appetite, Good Digestion, Good Cheer, Good Heart and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Do You Use Them? If Not, Why?

DYSPEPSIA is the skeleton at the feast; the death's head at the festive board. It turns cheer into cheerlessness, gaity into gloom and festivity into farce. It is the ghost in the home, haunting every room and hitting at every fireplace, making otherwise merry people shudder and fear. If there is one disease more than another that should be promptly attacked and worsted, it is DYSPEPSIA. It is the very genius of unhappiness, unrest and ill nature. In time it will turn the best man almost into a demon of temper and make a good woman something to be dreaded aud avoided.

It is estimated that half of ones troubles in this world comes of a stomach gone wrong—of Dyspepsia, in short. Foods taken into the stomach and not properly cared for; converted into substances that the system has no use for and hasn't any notion what to do with. It is irritated and vexed, pained and annoyed, and in a little while this state of things becomes general and directly there is "something bad to pay." The whole system is in a state of rebellion and yearns to do something rash and disagreeable and a fine case of Dyspepsia is established and opens up for business.

If you were bitten by a mad dog, you would not lose a day in going to a cure; do you know you should be just as prompt with Dyspepsia? Rabies is a quick death, dyspepsia is a slow one; this is about all the difference. There is a cure for rabies and so there is for Dyspepsia and one cure was about as difficult to discover as the other. Pasteur found out one and the F. A. STUART COMPANY the other, and it is no longer a secret, as it is made public in the wonderful Tablet, which so many are using and praising to-day. One writer says of it:

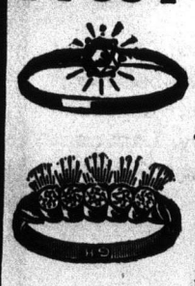
"Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are little storehouses of digestion which mix with the stomach juices, digest food, retingle the mucous membrane and its nerve centres, give to the blood a great wealth of digestive fluids, promote digestion and stays by the stomach until all its duties are complete."

Some cures are worse than the disease; they demand This, That and the Other, and the patient despairs at the requirements; but not so with the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablet; they are easy and pleasant to take and no nausea or ill feeling follows. These is none of this "getting all-over-the-mouth" like a liquid and making the remedy a dread. Another writer says:

"It matters not what the condition of the stomach, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets only improve the juices and bring quiet to the whole digestive canal, of which the stomach is the centre."

Forty thousand physicians use these tablets in their practice and every druggist sells them. Price 50c. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Free! **14 Karats Solid Gold Shell Rings**



We will give you your choice of one of those beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 boxes only. at 25c. a box, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills. They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money $1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome Rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-paid, the Pills and fancy pins which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address **The Dr. Maturin Medicine Co.** Ring Dept 5223 **Toronto, Ont.**

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—CHARADE.

I'm a singular creature, it must be confessed,
Yet half of my queries have never been guessed;
For though I am found near the head of a riot,
I'm always at home in the centre of quiet.
For me, men will sacrifice comfort and health;
For my special behoof they accumulate wealth;
Whate'er the pursuit, if there's fame to be won,
I—I am the spirit that urges them on!

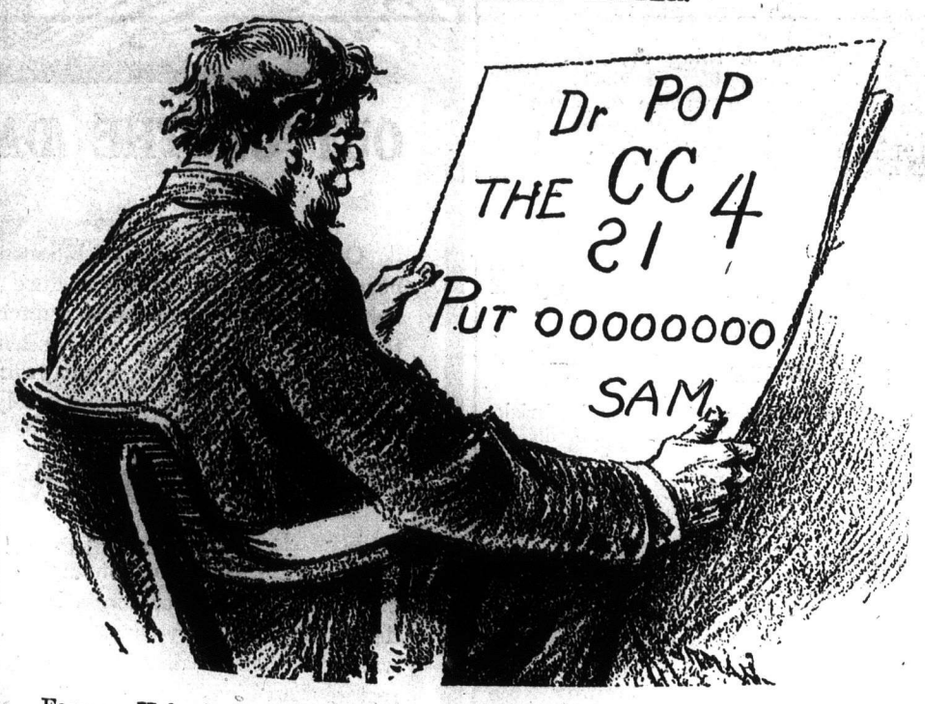
Disposed to be friendly, with ease I'm at strife,
And appear at my best in political life;
And though universal dominion I claim,
The French and Italians ne'er whisper my name.
I lead the Iconoclasts when they would break
The idols and images I help to make,
And such is my influence over mankind,
Without my assistance they'd soon become blind.

With kings and with princes a freely consort,
And with the nobility double my sport,
Yet so independent my rank and my mien
With queens, dukes, and emperors I am not seen.
I'm quite contradictory, too, in my speech,
And by incivilities help to impeach
My credit; and such a strange creature am I
Before tea I unite—after tea I untie.

No. 2.—OLD-STYLE CONUNDRUM.

If you found a thief walking about on the roof of the house, how could you bring him down on a feather?

No. 3.—PUZZLE OF FARMER HALE'S LETTER.



Farmer Hale had a son studying at an agricultural college in New Jersey, who every now and then sends home a letter the reading of which is very puzzling, and bothers his father considerably. The son has very funny ways of writing; for instance, he spells the name Utica, UTK, and Tennessee, XEC. His last cryptogramic letter is illustrated above, and Farmer Hale asks the assistance of our puzzle solvers in deciphering the same.

No. 4.—EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each of the following puzzles, the word which is to fill the first blank is to be such that its letters may be rearranged to form a word that will fill the second blank and make sense.

1. You cannot cross the ——— in a ———.
2. After saying a few ——— his enemy handed him a ———.
3. In spite of his ——— leg, he was as firm as the ———.
4. We found the doors of all the ——— and cottages ———.
5. The owned of the ——— house had a large collection of ——— antiquities.
6. The man who was playing the ——— uttered a ——— as he lifted it on his shoulder.
7. The ——— was obliged to ——— the book.
8. It was ———, and not Alice, who deserved the ———.

No. 5.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. What island learns a geography lesson, and on what mountains, and by what light?
2. What mountain makes out-of-doors study pleasant?
3. What mountain is a garment?
4. From what cape does one always take ship for sea?
5. What cape is most pleasing to a very vain woman?
6. What cape furnishes a fur store?
7. What islands always steer a ship?
8. What islands are delightful to social people, and what to lonely people?

No. 6.—ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

In the following Shakespearean quotations may be found eight Christian names:

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted? —King Henry VI.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt. —Measure for Measure.

I am not in the roll of common men. —King Henry IV.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon. —Hamlet.

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it. —Much Ado About Nothing.

Like a fair house built upon another man's ground. —Merry Wives of Windsor.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! —As You Like It.

No. 7.—HISTORICAL QUESTION.

She was a queen of high degree—
So says the page of history—
And wealth and beauty showered upon her
Their dower of luxury and honor.
Her courtiers bowed with haughty pride,
And humbler subjects cursed or sighed;
While hate of tyrants, woes of famine,
Pressed honest statesman, reckless gamin.
The queen looked out where at her gate
The crowd thronged up and lingered late.
"Why come they here?" she wondering cried;
"Because they starve," a voice replied.
"They starve! why, rather (if you please)
Than starve, I would eat bread and cheese."
So spake this queen of high degree,
In truth or fiction. Who was she?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 1. Charade.—Pennsylvania.

No. 2. Beheadings.—B-ridge; A-lack; R-oar; R-ail; E-very; L-ax.

No. 3. Puzzle of the Fighting Fishes of Siam.—Three of the little fish were paired off with each of three of the big fish and engaged their attention while the other four little fighters polished off the fourth big one in just three minutes. Then five little fellows attacked one big fish and killed him in two minutes and twenty seconds, while the other little ones were battling with the other big ones. It is evident that if the remaining two groups had been assisted by one more fighter they would have finished in the same time, so there is only sufficient resistance left in each of the big ones to call for the attention of a little fish for two minutes and twenty-four seconds. Therefore if seven now attack instead of one, they would do it in one-seventh of that time, or twenty and four-sevenths of a second. In dividing the little fish forces against the remaining two big ones—one would be attacked by seven and the other by six—the last fish, therefore, at the end of the twenty and four-sevenths seconds would still require the punishment which one little one could administer in that time. The whole thirteen little fellows concentrating their attack, would give the fish his quetus in one-thirteenth of that time, or one and fifty-three ninety-first seconds. Adding up the totals of the time given in the several rounds—3 minutes, 2 minutes and 24 seconds, 20 four-seventh seconds and fifty-three ninety-first seconds, we have 5 minutes 46 and two-thirteenth seconds as the entire time consumed in the battle.

No. 4. Square Remainders.—

A — GAP — E
G — APE — R
S — PEN — D

No. 5. Omitted Verse.—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

No. 6. Names of Rivers.—1. Otter Creek. 2. Tennessee. 3. Onion. 4. Snake. 5. Pearl. 6. Tombigbee. 7. Yellowstone. 8. Cooper. 9. Red Cedar. 10. Elkhorn.

No. 7. A Diamond of Cities.—

P
C A B
P A R I S
B I G
P S L
R E D I A Y E
P E K I N O T A L Y O N S
D I N E E N D
N S S
D A Y
S A L E M
Y E T
M

No. 8. Hidden Tools. — 1. Saw. 2. Plane. 3. Square. 4. Adze. 5. Chisel. 6. Wrench. 7. Hammer. 8. Bevel. 9. Level. 10. Awl. 11. Gauge.

No. 9. Tetragon.—

C
L H
H E R
L E V I
C H R I S T M A S
T A U T
M U G
A T
S

No. 10. Broken Word Puzzle.—1. Profit, able—profitable. 2. Alter, native—alternative. 3. Hand, led—handled.

Halifax Shredded CODFISH

(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.

IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS.

MORE HANDSOME FREE PREMIUMS

Given In Exchange For

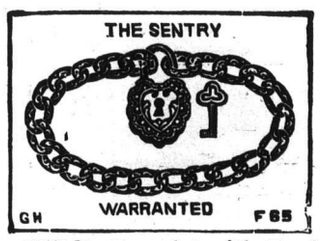
Royal Crown Soap Wrappers and Coupons

Send For Free Premium List Containing the Full Assortment.

"Aire Gilt" Clock

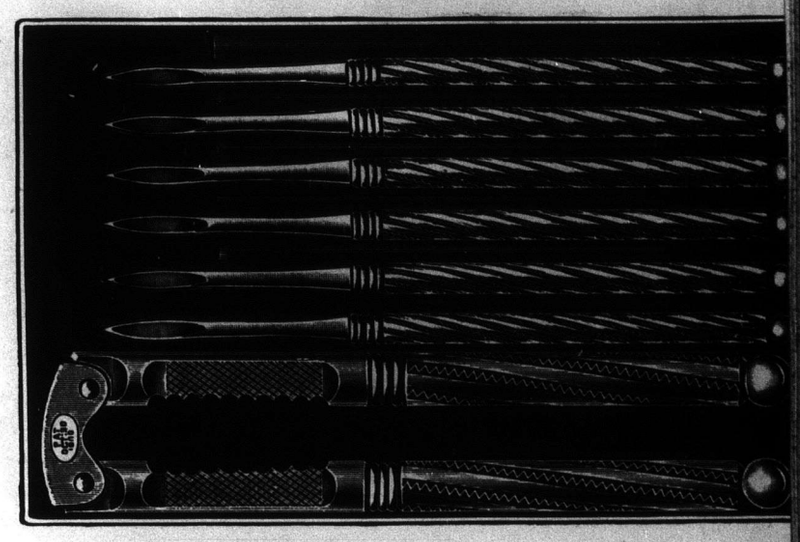
A well-made clock of very graceful and ornate design. Frame is plated with pure gold and lacquered. The one-day movement is guaranteed to be a good timekeeper. Height 6 in., width 5 in.; dial 2 in. in diameter.

Free for 300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.
Express 15c. extra.



No. 529. Child's Bracelet with Lock and Key, free for 75 wrappers.

No. 530. Ladies' Bracelet, same as above but larger, free for 100 wrappers.

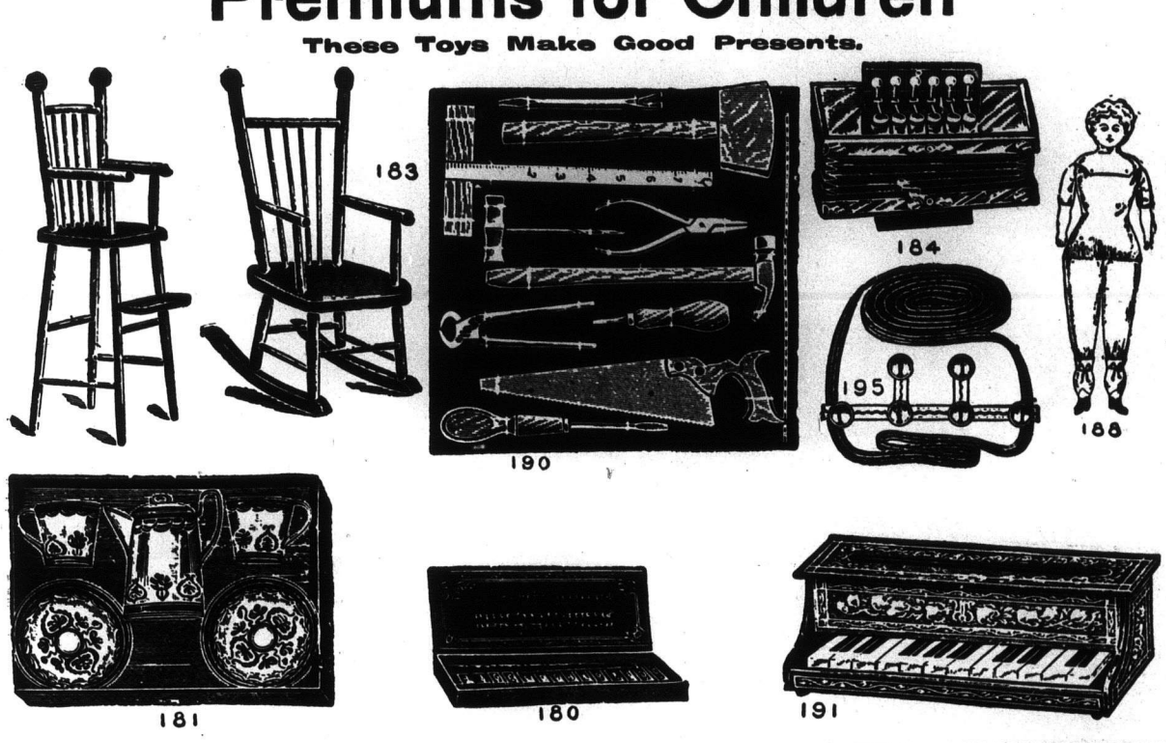


Combination Nut Crack and Nut Pick Set

No. 72. Consisting of pair of Crackers and Six Picks in a box, shown, spiral knurled, nickel plated, new and popular. Free for 1 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25c.

Premiums for Children

These Toys Make Good Presents.



No. 180. Paints. Consists of 12 moist colors, put up in t box. Free for 25 wrappers, or for 10 wrappers and 15 cent This is good value. Postage 5 cents.

No. 181. Tin Tea Set in box. Free for 50 wrappers. Posta 6 cents.

No. 183. Toy Furniture in red. Choice of Rocking Chai 11 inches high, Reception Chair, 10 inches high, or High Chai 14½ inches high. Free for 100 wrappers. Postage 15 cent These are doll chairs.

No. 184. Small Accordion, plays perfect tune, free for 1 wrappers. Postage 8 cents.

188. China Limb Doll, strong cloth body, glazed chi head, with painted features, and hair, double stitched at hip glazed hands and feet. Free for 75 wrappers. Postage 12 cent

190. Tool Card, claw hammer, saw, try square, screw drive gimlet, awl, pliers, pincers, mallet and nail puller. Free f 200 wrappers. Postage 20c.

No. 191. Toy Piano, flat shape, lithograph paper covere metallaphone scale. Free for 100 wrappers. Postage 6 cent

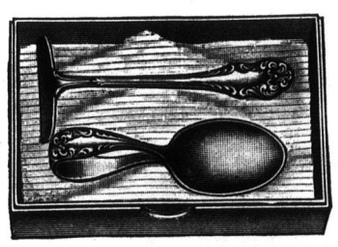
No. 295. Toy reins, made of leather, with bells attache Free for 75 wrappers.

King Air Rifle

No. 189. King Air Rifle. Made of genuine steel, black wa nut stock, handsomely nickeled and polished, tounded stoc and pistol grip, shoots B B shot or 17 darts, free for 3 wrappers. Postage 20 cents.

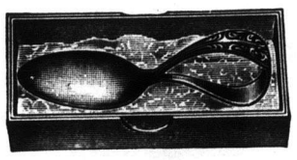
Books of all kinds are given for premiums. Beau iful cloth bound books are free for 50 wrappers each.

Paper bound books are free for 25 wrappers each. Send for list of titles.



Baby Spoon and Food Pusher

(Avalon pattern). Heavily silver plated. High grade quality, and guaranteed to last for years. Mailed free for 250 wrappers.



Baby Spoon

Same as above, but boxed separately. Free for 150 wrappers.

No. 57. "Ottawa" Clock

Parlor. Height 11¾ inches, width 16¼ inches, dial, ivorine or pearl, 6 inches, case black enamelled wood with marbleized mouldings and pillars. Finish, on trimmings, gilt or bronze. Movement, 8-day, half-hour strike, cathedral gong. Free for 1650 wrappers. Recipient to pay express charges. These goods are made by the largest and best manufacturers of clocks in America and are sold under guarantee.

Golden West Soap Wrappers and Coupons are accepted by us at same values as Royal Crown

READ CAREFULLY

Instructions in Sending for Premiums

1st Make sure your name and address is plainly written on every letter and package.

2nd See that postage on wrappers and coupons is fully prepaid. This is essential, for if not fully prepaid they go to the Dead Letter Office.

2rd The rate on letters is 2 cents per ounce. The rate on parcels (where no correspondence is enclosed) is 1 cent per 2 ounces. If the letter is enclosed with the coupons, the parcel takes letter rate (2 cents per ounce).

4th Make sure your wrappers and letter are mailed at the same time.

5th In sending large amounts of money use postal orders, postal notes or express orders. Small amounts may be sent in stamps or cash.

THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED

Premium Department, Desk No. 1 WINNIPEG

ROYAL CROWN SOAP

SAVE THE WRAPPERS FOR PREMIUMS, SEND FOR OUR LIST, MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

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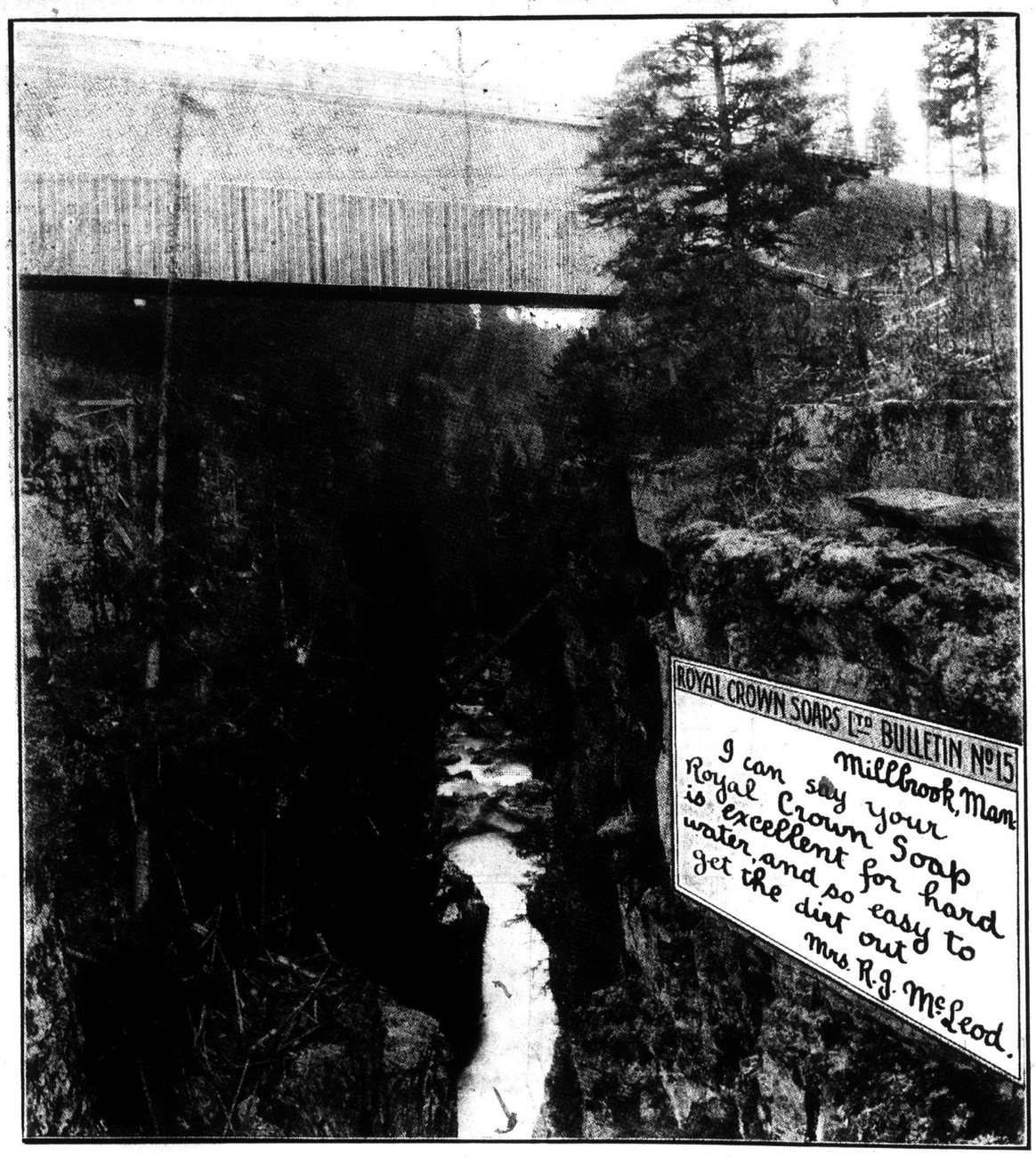

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WHY IS IT that Royal Crown Soap will wash cleaner in hard water and leave the clothing in better condition than any other soap on the market? The answer to that question is

WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

It is embodied in the secret recipe from which Royal Crown Soap is made, and which was discovered by us only after numberless costly experiments conducted by our experts during the last quarter of a century.

ROYAL CROWN SOAP IS SOLD BY EVERY GROCER IN WESTERN CANADA.

MADE ONLY BY — **THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS** LIMITED

FACTORIES AT

WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER