THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG

NOVEMBER, 1912

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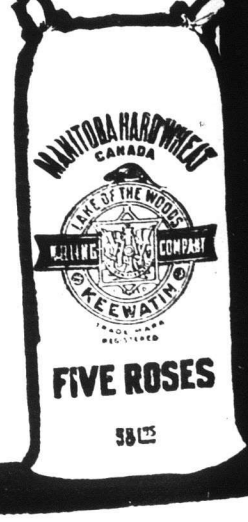

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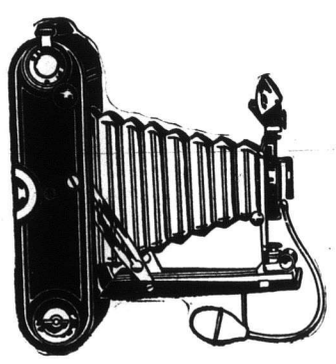

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII. **Published Monthly** **No. 11.**

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

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1,50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or 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 it 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 is 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.

The Western Home Monthly Library Lamp has proved to be even more popular with our readers than we had anticipated. When about two months ago, we saw one of these lamps for the first time, we instantly realized that it was admirably adapted to the needs of our subscribers, and we felt sure that this beautiful premium would be very promptly appreciated. Orders are pouring in for it from all parts of the country, and in every instance we are able to ship a lamp with fittings, adaptable for any kind of illumination. For the most part subscribers in the cities have asked for electric lamps, those in small country towns for oil lamps, while certain districts—such as Medicine Hat—have desired gas. It is indeed no wonder that this lamp is in such great demand when one considers its beauty and utility combined with the remarkably easy terms under which it may be obtained. Owing to pressure on our advertising columns, we are not able to devote very much space to this premium and consequently will give a description of it here.

The lamp is of solid brass, in brush finish. Each lamp is equipped with standard fixtures. Fitted either for gas, oil or electricity. Height of lamp is 21 inches.

The shade is 16 inches square, fitted with beautiful amber and gold cathedral glass, and is so constructed that the glass may be removed in case of breakage, thus removing the necessity of sending it to the factory to be repaired. The shade is also so constructed that a fringe can be adjusted and used by any housewife. This shade is manufactured without the use of solder or rivets, entirely doing away with the danger of solder melting from the heat of the lamp and the crude and unsightly appearance of rivets.

The base is seven inches square, built of solid brass, with an inclined slope.

The pedestal is 12 inches high by 1 inch square, crowned by a cap of 2 inches square, upon which the lighting fixture is screwed.

The brackets, four in number, are packed detached from the lamp. The method of attaching them is so simple that it would be impossible to adjust them incorrectly. No screws or rivets are necessary to put them in their place.

The lamp is given absolutely free to anyone sending us seven subscriptions at $1.00 each. These subscriptions need not necessarily be new ones, and renewals will be counted. We feel sure that practically every subscriber on our mailing list is within easy reach of seven neighbors, and it would surely require very little persuasion to induce seven of your friends to pay a dollar each for a year's subscription to a popular publication like the Western Home Monthly. If, however, for some reason or other you are unable to go out and get subscriptions, you may obtain the lamp by remitting us five dollars in payment of your own subscription. The manufacturers of this lamp assure us that its ordinary retail value is $15.00, and a large number of the people who saw this lamp in Winnipeg state that this is not an exaggerated value. As a matter of fact, we very much doubt whether it is possible for a person to purchase anywhere in Canada a library lamp for $5.00, and some of the most exclusive homes in Winnipeg now boast a Western Home Monthly lamp.

We extend a cordial invitation to our readers to call in and see us next time they are in Winnipeg and judge the truth of our remarks. We must, however, remind our readers that our supply of these lamps is limited, and after the original number has been distributed it will not be possible to duplicate them at the price. Better send us a post card right away and ask us to reserve you one, then forward the subscriptions at your convenience.

Although at the time we write these lines the weather is fine and warm and in every way typical of a Manitoba autumn, we are busily engaged getting matter into shape for our Christmas number. We think that our 1912 Xmas. number will be a pleasant surprise to all Western Home Monthly readers, even though by this time they are accustomed to expect from the Western Home Monthly more than from any other publication.

Men prominent in public life both at home and in the Old Country will contribute articles and send Christmas messages to tne Western Home Monthly readers. Stories, selected from the works of popular writers, will be a feature, while there will be articles showing how people in other lands celebrate the day of pleasant memories and happy associations. The contributors will include distinguished authors, statesmen, and leaders in several professions.

Our regular departments will assume a seasonable garb and be of the usual high standard of excellence, while Christmas poetry and attractive pictures will be interspersed throughout the pages of what will be far and away the most interesting issue that has ever been run off our presses.

Giving Christmas presents is a pleasure we all indulge in. Picking them out sometimes amounts almost to a hardship. How often have you balked at the smallness of the amount you are able to spend on a certain gift and wondered if the gift would not seem too picayunish; wondered if the friend or relative who received it would have Christmas charity enough to look beyond the amount expended and realize the loving thought that accompanied it. There are not so many things, when you come to think of it, that you can buy for a grown-up for $1.00 that seem absolutely worth while. Of course the stores are full of beautiful things, but so many of them are of such ephemeral nature. They are nice for trimming, pretty to hang on a Christmas tree, but after Christmas is over, where do they go?

Probably all the people of the West puzzle over this problem every year, each in his own way, and come no nearer a solution than before. Each year there is a multitude of pleasant friends whom you don't feel that you can overlook, and the list seems to grow rather than contract. And yet, each year there is the pocket-book, as narrow and unexpansive as it was the year before. Sometimes it seems to shut up even tighter.

What's the answer? Send a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly to your friend that you don't want to forget. $1.00 will do it. Think of the pleasure that will come from it all through the year. How often do you get sincerely thanked for the average Christmas present six months after it has been given? It has been our personal experience to have a friend turn up months after the magazine was sent and thank us warmly for the pleasure given by a certain feature in the last number. The Western Home Monthly is the kind of a Christmas present that stays right through the year, and the last copy may be a better present than the first. It gives a pleasure out of all proportion to the price, it shows a loving thoughtfulness and it never looks niggardly.

The time to send us your friend's subscription is right now, just when you read this, so that the December number with all its treasures will reach your friend in good time.

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Old Dutch Cleanser

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Because it quickly and easily removes all discolorations, corrosion and grease without scratching or injuring the surface. Soap cleaning leaves a sticky film that catches more dirt.

Moreover, Old Dutch Cleanser is the only pure, hygienic cleanser for food utensils—it is entirely free from caustic, acids or alkali.

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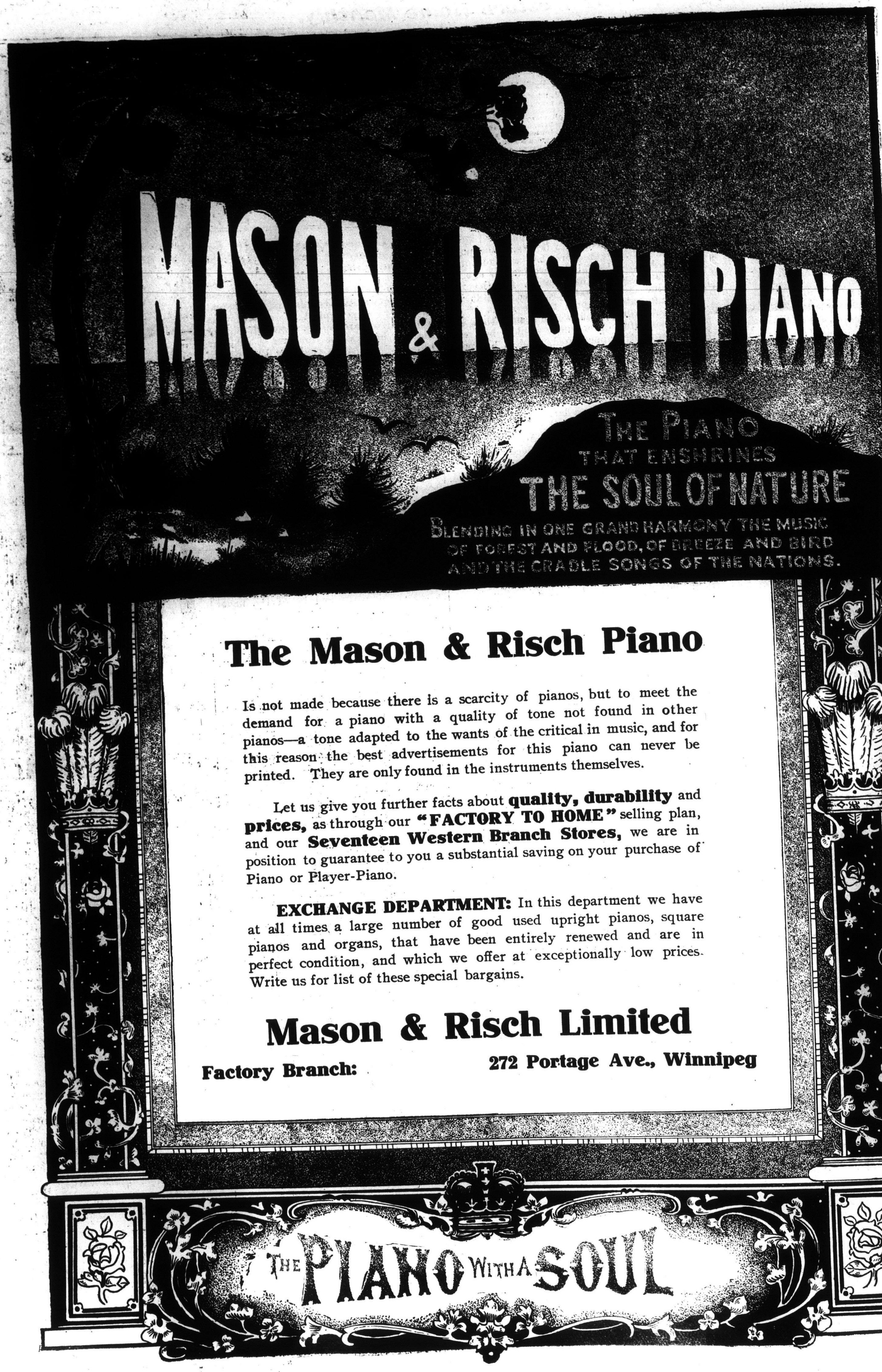

MASON & RISCH PIANO
THE PIANO
THAT ENSHRINES
THE SOUL OF NATURE
BLENDING IN ONE GRAND HARMONY THE MUSIC
OF FOREST AND FLOOD, OF BREEZE AND BIRD
AND THE CRADLE SONGS OF THE NATIONS.
The Mason & Risch Piano
Is not made because there is a scarcity of pianos, but to meet the demand for a piano with a quality of tone not found in other pianos—a tone adapted to the wants of the critical in music, and for this reason the best advertisements for this piano can never be printed. They are only found in the instruments themselves.
Let us give you further facts about quality, durability and prices, as through our "FACTORY TO HOME" selling plan, and our Seventeen Western Branch Stores, we are in position to guarantee to you a substantial saving on your purchase of Piano or Player-Piano.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT: In this department we have at all times a large number of good used upright pianos, square pianos and organs, that have been entirely renewed and are in perfect condition, and which we offer at exceptionally low prices. Write us for list of these special bargains.
Mason & Risch Limited
Factory Branch: 272 Portage Ave., Winnipeg
THE PIANO WITH A SOUL

Life Building--The Great Rural Problem.

Some houses are built for use, some for ornament and some to sell. Some children are trained for use, some for adornment, and some are sold to King Midas. When we all get as wise as we might be, we shall make it our first aim to build the lives of our children as strong and beautiful as our homes—and we will give up the practice of preparing them for the highest bidder.

The life that is well built is physically sound, it is happy, useful, abounding in goodness and loyal to truth. The parent who is wise, will, therefore, watch over his children—protecting them against disease, and giving them the best nourishment in his power; he will surround them with all that is beautiful in sound and sight in the home and on the farm, for they grow to be like the things they listen to and gaze upon; he will teach them to work at something, however humble, for they must be found some day in the great army of producers; he will show them, by word and deed, that the crowning grace of life is joyful service, which can be rendered only by pure and generous hearts; he will instruct them by conversation and through books, so that they may use all intelligence in the discharge of their duties. So shall the young lives grow up in truth, beauty and goodness, and they will blossom and bear fruit to their own glory and the good of their fellows. And in such lives it would seem God is well pleased.

The time to begin building life is in its early childhood. It is then that permanent habits, tastes, and attitudes are formed. Sometimes men spend their youth in the pursuit of low pleasures and hope in their old age to enjoy the best that the world has to offer in art and culture and enjoyment, but they hope in vain. They must be trained to these things from the beginning. Childhood is the time to sow the seeds of all the human graces and gifts. The child is father to the man. So, if a parent would develop a self-controlled, well-poised life in his child, he must insist upon self-control and equipoise from the beginning.

The two great activities in which children should engage, in order to build out their lives, are work and play. Most country children know what work is. Perhaps they know only too well. It is probably because country children have learned how to work regularly, patiently and industriously that they achieve such distinction in life. It is next to impossible for one who has dawdled away his time in early years to become a steady worker in manhood. Of course there is a distasteful element in work at first—but when one grows accustomed to it he finds it difficult to give it up. More than that, he feels driven to it. He grudges every minute spent in other ways. Yet, if he does nothing more than work, his life will become sordid, unattractive, and lacking in charm. Play or recreation is necessary to full development. It is possibly true that boys and girls on the farm work too much and have too little recreation. Yet this is not necessary. A boy who has a half holiday a week to go fishing or shooting or playing with his companions will accomplish more in the balance of the week than if he had worked steadily the whole six days. It is not difficult for any farmer to erect for his children a swing, a horizontal bar, and to grow a little lawn and a few shade trees. The children will do the rest.

The children have to be housed and fed. What should the house be like? First of all, it should be situated as close to wood and water as possible. There should be a swimming-hole on every farm—where possible—and there should be trees for birds to nest in and for boys to climb (though not after the nests). The best way for children to preserve their purity and freshness is to live close to nature's heart.

When the situation of the home is decided upon, the plan of the home itself must be considered. Here is what one farmer said: "I have tried to make my home as comfortable, as convenient and as attractive as possible. It is, I believe, as attractive as the town homes. I have determined that my children shall not be enticed away from the farm by city attractions. So they have nooks and corners of their own, their own toy-shed, their own library shelf. And I have bought a gramophone and a good magic lantern and reflectoscope. I am going to make my children feel that not only in the fields but in the home have they the advantage over children in the town."

In the erection of buildings, the digging of a well, protection from the elements, the human are to be preferred to animal rights. Mr. McKeever, in his book on "Farm Boys and Girls," gives a beautiful picture of a small, three-roomed dwelling on the Kansas prairie in which lives a happy family of five. Among the shade trees there may be seen a children's room that would inspire and surprise any ordinary observer. "In a little attic room, facing the east and reached by a mere step-ladder arrangement, may be found the "den," which is the private place of the three children. A small window opens out to the east, and a small improvised dormer-window admits light and air from the south. There is no plastering or other expensive covering upon the sloping roof walls, but the artistic mother has provided dainty white muslin for concealing the rough places and, with the help of the children, she has decorated the little room in a manner that would attract the very elect. None of this has required a money cost, but it has all been done beautifully, at the expense of thought and good sense and artistic taste, prompted by rare consideration for the needs of the boys and girls. Upon the walls are post cards, pictures from magazines and other sources. The children have their own collection of curios and their best school productions."

No home in these days is complete without a library and it is easy to supply what is necessary—children's magazines suited to age and sex, and books of information and inspiration that are mentioned in any good school library catalogue. After all, the printed page is the cheapest source of enjoyment and profit. If one wants the best thing of all for growing boys and girls let him buy such a set of works as "The Book of Knowledge," which is a whole library in itself.

Near Winnipeg there is a fine farm which is managed by a young fellow of about seventeen or eighteen years of age. His father gave him a chance to make good by furnishing him with a first-class machine and carpenter's shop. He does his own repairing in wood and iron. He has become an authority on all that pertains to the farm. He has had a decent opportunity. It is nearly always the case that the fellow who is encouraged to be the best in his class, makes a success of his work.

Young people, to attain their best, should go to church, and should in some way associate themselves with church work. The majority of active workers in city churches have been bred in rural communities. A man can not afford, either for himself or his family, to miss the inspiration that comes from contemplating divine purposes and methods. The cure for provincialism, selfishness and materialism is worship, and there is no place in which worship is more sincere and whole-souled than in the little village or country chapel. There is one fact in connection with church work that is worthy of observation. Children do not relish the sermons that are suitable to old folks, but older people understand and appreciate everything that appeals to children. A reorganization of church work is suggested by this very condition. The church of the future is to aim at saving the whole boy, the whole girl. It must reach every activity of life and transform it. It must spiritualize all effort. Therefore it must be an educational and a social centre. Who shall say that it should not be a centre for both work and play? If any single church in this broad land, under the guidance of a man, determined not to be governed by tradition, were to enter upon work in this spirit, perhaps it would be the beginning of a new movement that would make for righteousness.

Children, to live completely, must go to school. The ordinary rural school is not always as perfect as it might be, but its advantages are more than are usually attributed to it. Without touching upon such problems as consolidation and free transportation, both of which will come naturally with the organization of country school boards and the improvement of country roads, there is one condition of success that is worthy of special notice. The very heart and life of the school is the teacher. Any parents who earnestly desire the welfare of their children will see to it that the most competent teacher to be found is employed and retained. A short time ago one of the school boards in central Saskatchewan met to consider the reappointment of their teacher. She had been offered one hundred dollars more in a neighboring school. Two of the trustees wished to retain the young lady, as she had given great satisfaction, but the third member of the Board objected on the ground that the school tax was already too high and anyway he had no children at school. After a long discussion, the chairman of the Board said: "Mr. X——, I do not blame you, since you have no personal interest in this matter, and so I'll agree to pay your share of the extra tax if you will re-engage the young lady." And so the bargain was made and a calculation made as to the tax the chairman had to pay. It was found on calculation to be eighteen cents. This is an extreme illustration, no doubt, but not so extreme as it might seem. Let every farmer remember that an increase of fifty dollars to the teacher does not mean that his tax is to be increased by fifty dollars, but by only a small fraction of that amount. The question is this: Is it good policy to get a good teacher rather than a medium one, if it costs each ratepayer only a few cents or even a few dollars in addition to his usual tax? The answer given will depend upon the value that is placed upon the lives of the children. As a matter of common sense, the parent who considers his child his most valued possession will not only insist upon getting for her the best teacher, but will see to it that the building is comfortable and cheerful, that the grounds are large and beautiful; that the equipment is as complete, in comparison, as the equipment on his own farm, so that it will be possible for the teacher to plant the seeds of truth and morality or, in other words, to dispense sweetness and light.

With go homes, good churches, good schools, keeping pace with material advancement, we can hope for permanent welfare and prosperity. Are we ready to pay the price?

CHILD-LIFE IN THE CITIES AND TOWNS.

What has been said so far refers to the up-building of life on the farm. There remains the much more difficult problem of the up-building of life in towns and cities. It is more difficult because children are open to temptations that are more alluring, and because they have not so many steady occupations, in other words, so many "chores." The problem of town parents is that of providing protection for their family, and of arranging for them some form of work in which they may take delight.

On the protective side care must be taken to shield the children from those influences which make for physical and moral degradation. There is no surer way to ruin than that of allowing boys to smoke cigarettes, to visit unsupervised picture shows, to read obscene literature, to associate with older companions who are given to the use of profanity, and one might almost add, to peruse some of the alleged comic papers. In these days parents must be Argus-eyed. They must be watchful, especially during the hours of play, when life is at a white heat, for it is then that the young minds are most open to temptation.

But it is not enough to shield children from temptation. They must have something to do of a constructive nature or temptation will come to them from within. To provide honest and actual activity, three forces that have been already mentioned—the home, the church and the school—must join hands.

THE CITY HOME.

It is quite possible for any parents, no matter how poor, to give their children a home, because the central feature of home life is communion, and not grandeur. Unless a mother is prepared to find her greatest pleasure in the pleasure of her children; unless a father is prepared to put politics, club engagements and the making of money in the second place in his life, it is utterly impossible that there should be real home life, and it is certain that the children will lack the feelings and habits which are necessary to moral stamina. It would seem to be the duty of every man to feel responsible for the character of his children. He cannot afford to trust to schools and churches, excellent though these may be. Unless he gives himself away to his children he will not get a return of their love, and in the long run there is very little hope for a boy or a girl who has not reverence and affection for his parents.

THE CITY SCHOOL.

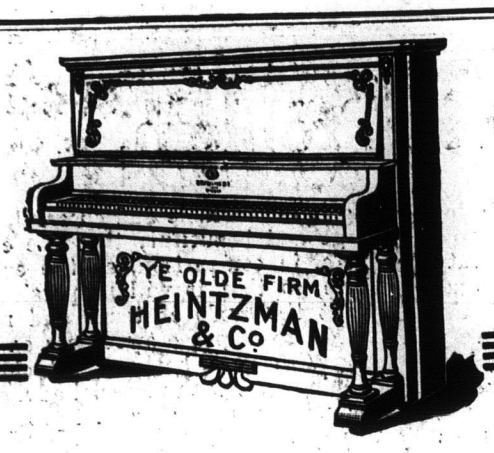
In towns and cities the schools can well supplement the work of the homes, and parents will be well advised if they go out of their way to see that the schools are all that they should be. In western Canada any casual observer will recognize that the class-rooms are overcrowded, and that it is impossible for the teachers to exercise personal supervision over their pupils. The lives of children demand supervision all the time. The teacher must supervise, not to notice faults, but in order to direct activity wisely. A man can help his children in no better way than by assisting to reduce the number of pupils in a school-room from fifty and sixty to twenty-five or thirty.

THE CITY CHURCH.

Church life has altered so much in the last twenty-five years that it is difficult to interest children in it. Perhaps it is not the life of the church that has altered so much as the attitude of parents towards the church. Even in its worst form religion is a force for good in the hearts of men, and the greatest mistake that a parent can make is to keep religion out of his own home, and to dissociate himself from the activities of his church. From the earliest years children should be taught to measure the eternal consequences of their acts. At some time during the week provision should be made for the thoughtful and intelligent worship of God.

THE UNION OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

Life on the farm, life in the town—neither is complete without the other. When it can be arranged, the children of the city should spend a few weeks or months of every year in the country, and children of the country should have the privilege of spending a few weeks of every winter in the city. The good old fashion of interchange of courtesies might well be revived. The fuller, richer life is what is needed, and the only way to such life is through inter-communication and exchange of experience.



The Farm Home

of to-day should be as much a centre of refinement as any City Home. Commercial Progress has broken down the isolation that once surrounded rural life and brought to your door the influences that were needed to render Home Life on the Farm attractive to your Children. In the forefront of those influences and essential to your own interests is the Piano.

THE

Heintzman & Co. Piano

is the finest investment you can make to meet the needs of your children for social relaxation and home enjoyment. It stands easily first, both as an instrument and from the viewpoint of economy. Its purchase is a guarantee of a life-time of service, with no diminishing of its wonderful tone qualities and action, and no lessening of its sterling reliability. A Piano purchase under any other conditions is unsound economy.

The House of McLean

has brought an experience of over a quarter of a century in dealing with the Farmers of the West to bear upon the task of reducing the Selling Price of this superb instrument to an absolute minimum. Their Easy Payment Plan makes its purchase a simple matter for everyone. Your dealings with them are a further guarantee of economy and trustworthiness.

OUR BARGAIN SECTION

At all times we have on hand a number of slightly used Pianos, accepted in part payment for Heintzman & Co. Player Pianos. These have all been thoroughly overhauled and are practically as good as new. The following list contains but a few out of many equally good values, offered upon very easy terms.

A "Hale" Piano	$150.00
An "Uxbridge" Piano	$225.00
A "Lister" Piano	$235.00
A "Mason & Risch" Piano	$250.00
A "Williams" Piano	$250.00
A "Weber" Piano	$300.00
A "Heintzman & Co.," Piano	$375.00

These "Special Bargains" are snapped up so quickly that we would advise you to make a first, second and third choice when sending in your Order.

WINNIPEG'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE

J. J. H. McLean & Co LIMITED.

CORNER PORTAGE AVE. AND HARGRAVE ST.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A Bargain in Rugs.

By James Raymond Perry

WHEN the Bruces moved they decided they must have new rugs for the parlor. "I want small rugs this time," Mrs. Bruce said. "They're so much easier to handle. Besides, they look better on a hard-wood floor."

Bruce acquiesced silently. Personally he liked a large rug, but he also liked to please his wife.

"We must get something to match the Baluchistan rug, we bought last year," she continued. "It is too handsome to discard, and if we don't get colors that harmonize with it, it will not look well with the other rugs. I don't mean we'll get any more Baluchistans, but other kinds that will go well with one."

A soft-voiced, smooth-cheeked little Armenian rug-merchant met the Bruces when they went to look at rugs.

"Something to match a Baluchistan? Certainly. Please be seated;" and the little man hurried two chairs together and darted off, to return a moment later dragging a half-folded rug. "There!" he exclaimed softly, as he gave the rug a loving pat. "That will go beautifully with your Baluchistan. Look at the colorings—rich—silky! A Shiraz—yes. Forty-five dollars. Now I'll show you something else" — trotting briskly off and returning with another product of the Orient. Another caressing touch, and the Armenian's accents flowed forth in eager praise: "A Bokhara—just the thing to go with a Baluchistan. They belong to the same group, you know—Turkoman rugs, both of them. Just feel, sir—soft, firm! I have nothing better in the store. When I tell you I have nothing better I mean that in this particular make of rug this is the finest there is. There are other rugs we ask more for, but they're a different weave. This is absolutely the best. Fifty dollars — yes, sir. No, it's not very large, that's true; but look at the quality!" The Armenian's dark eyes were eloquent with feeling as he gently caressed the woven fabric. "Something larger? Oh, yes;" and he darted off to bring another, and yet another.

The Bruces selected several to be sent out, and when they arrived there was a great testing of combinations on the parlor floor.

"None of them go very well with the Baluchistan," complained Mrs. Bruce, "unless it is that Bokhara, and that's too small. We can't afford fifty dollars for such a little rug. Meadows & Company probably have just as good. I'll go down Monday and look at some."

But Sunday, Mary got the morning paper and, as usual, turned to the advertisements first.

"Listen, Dick," she said, and Bruce reluctantly detached his gaze from the Comic Section. "Here's an auction room that advertises Oriental rugs. They will be sold at a great sacrifice, it says. I'm going down to-morrow to look at them. Wouldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know," Bruce answered doubtfully. "Of course you might get a bargain; but on general principles I'd rather buy rugs, or anything else, at a regular store. I'm afraid we don't know enough about Oriental rugs to buy them at auction."

"Oh, I don't know but we do," said Mrs. Bruce. "We've looked at a good many now, and ought to know something about them. I know the kinds I like; and I notice they are usually the high-priced ones."

"All right," Bruce said; "if you think you won't get cheated. I've heard that folks do get bargains sometimes at auction-rooms."

Mary appeared at her husband's office Monday afternoon, flushed but triumphant. "I bought three rugs, Dick," she said. "Two of them are beauties—blue Bokharas; they'll match our Baluchistan beautifully."

"How much were they?" Bruce asked.

"Oh, I got them cheap — the auctioneer said so. One was forty-five and the other fifty-one dollars. You ought to see them; they look real silky."

"Did you make a deposit?"

"Yes, fifteen dollars. That was all I had. But he said that was all right—you could send him a check for the balance. I told him who you were."

"You say you bought three. What was the other one?"

"Oh, it was a little one, and I bought it because—well, I don't know why, unless 'twas because I'd been bidding on the others, and got the habit. Some one bid ten dollars, and I raised it to twelve. I supposed, of course, some one would bid over me, and I didn't intend to bid again; but there were only those two bids, so I had to take it. It's not a very pretty one. The colors are dull, and it's worn a good deal. We'd have to get it mended, I guess, before we could use it; but I think it would do for one of the bedrooms. And, any way, twelve dollars isn't much when you consider how cheap I got the Bokharas. You'll go to-morrow and pay for them, won't you? They have to be paid for before they're sent out. That part isn't as nice as trading on charge accounts, for then you can send things back if you don't like them."

At the auction-room the next morning Bruce asked to be shown the rugs. "Those are Baluchistans, aren't they?" he queried.

"Yes; or blue Bokharas—they're all the same thing," answered the man carelessly.

"Oh, is that so?" retorted Bruce. He examined the two rugs critically, and, remarking, "Well, we'll see you again about them," walked out.

"They are not Bokharas at all; they are Baluchistans, the same as ours, Mary," he said when he reached home. "We paid twenty-five dollars for ours, and these are not worth any more. You bid about fifty dollars too much, if I'm any judge."

Automobile Meet at Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

"Oh, Dick, do you think so?" his wife asked. "And I thought I was getting them so cheap! It was all on account of that woman!"

"What woman?"

"Why, a stylishly dressed woman kept bidding as fast as I did. Every time I bid she raised it five dollars. I heard her talking about rugs. She seemed to know all about them, and she said those blue Bokharas were particularly handsome specimens. That made me think they were bargains, so I kept bidding till I outbid her."

Bruce began to grin.

"What is it, Dick?" Mary asked anxiously.

"Well, I don't know, of course, who your stylish woman was, but I suspect she was what they call a 'by-bidder'—some one the auction people have to bid against innocent buyers."

"Do you suppose she was, Dick? I almost believe so, because she bid on lots of things. She bought one rug for three hundred dollars."

"That looks suspicious. I may be wrong; but if she knew enough to buy a three-hundred dollar rug and not get cheated, she ought to have known better than to bid forty-five or fifty dollars for those Baluchistans."

"What shall we do, Dick?—tell them we don't want them and ask them to give back my fifteen dollars?"

"I'm not sure we could do that. What do they say in that catalogue you had? Let's see: 'Upon failure of complying with conditions here mentioned, the money deposited as part payment for articles bought shall be forfeited, and all lots uncleared within stipulated time shall be resold, and the deficiency—if any — between the sum bid by the original bidder and the sum realized at the re-sale shall be made good by the defaulter at this sale, together with all charges attending a forced re-sale.' Um! they seem to make conditions pretty much all in their favor."

"What does it mean, Dick?"

"It means that if you've bid on a thing, they intend to make you take it."

"Perhaps they wouldn't make us. 'm going in to see them to-morrow. If say we've decided we want a large rug instead of small ones, they ought to let us off. I might say we'd give them five dollars of the fifteen as a sort of commission. Not at first, though. I'd wait and see what they said. I don't think we ought to be made to take some rugs we don't want. Why, see how ridiculous 'tis, when you compare it with the way other stores do. The regular stores will send things out to your house—anything you want—and you can return them without any question. And for an auction-room to make you take something you haven't sent home — something you don't want at any price — why, it's preposterous — preposterous—simply preposterous! And I'm going to tell them so if they say we've got to take those rugs. I'm going to ask them, too, if they have boy bidders——"

"'By-bidders,' my dear," interpolated Bruce.

"That's what I said; and I'm going to ask them if they think that it's fair and honorable to have some woman in there, all dressed up, bid against you, and tell others, so you can hear her, that this or that rug is a great bargain. If they do, I shall tell them I think it's nothing short of fraud and they ought to be prosecuted for getting money under false pretenses."

"Don't you think you'd better let me attend it, my dear?"

"No, Dick; I'm going myself. I'm to blame. I needn't have gone in and bid on their old rugs. Besides, they'd let a woman off when they wouldn't a man. I shall simply tell them we don't want the rugs. They can't make us take them."

Mary's pretty face wore a look of gloom when Bruce came home the next evening. "They say we bought the rugs, and they can't take them back," she told him. "They said they'd be foolish to do business that way. They have to pay salaries and rent, the man said, and are not in business strictly for their health. That was vulgar, wasn't it? But it was really the only rude thing he said. I told him we were not under any legal obligation to take them, and he said he begged to differ: it was the law in this State that when people bid on a thing at a public auction and it was knocked down to them, they had to take it. If they refused to pay for it, they could be sued, he said, and the purchase money and costs of suit could both be collected. I'm afraid we'll have to take them, Dick. You wouldn't want to be sued. I told him I'd heard they had by-bidders, and that made him angry. He wanted to know who told me, and said he defied any one to prove it. I asked him who Mrs. Camp was, and he said he didn't know, except that she was a customer who bought things of them occasionally. But he looked funny when I mentioned her name, and went right to talking about something else. Every little while he'd repeat, 'A sale is a sale.' He said that when they bought anything themselves they expected to pay for it; and when they sold anything they expected others to pay for it; they treated others fairly and honestly and expected to be treated fairly and honestly in return. He talked in that strain so much that I got feeling it wasn't fair not to take the rugs. Suppose that woman wasn't one of their own bidders—I'm sure she was, though —and would have paid what she bid for the rugs, they would have got almost as much as we'll have to pay. When you look at it that way it seems only right we should take them. But I hate to dreadfully. I went into Meadows & Company's and saw the loveliest large rug — just what I'd like, it would go beautifully in the parlor. And 'twas only a hundred and fifty dollars. It wouldn't cost much more than those horrid blue Bokharas. I know I shall never like them if we take them. I should never look at them without feeling that they'd been crammed down our throats, so to speak. Wouldn't it be dreadful to have to live with them forever?"

"Oh, you'd get over it, my dear," comforted Bruce. "Anyhow, they match the Baluchistan, which was what we set out to do."

The next day Bruce sent his check for ninety-three dollars to the auction

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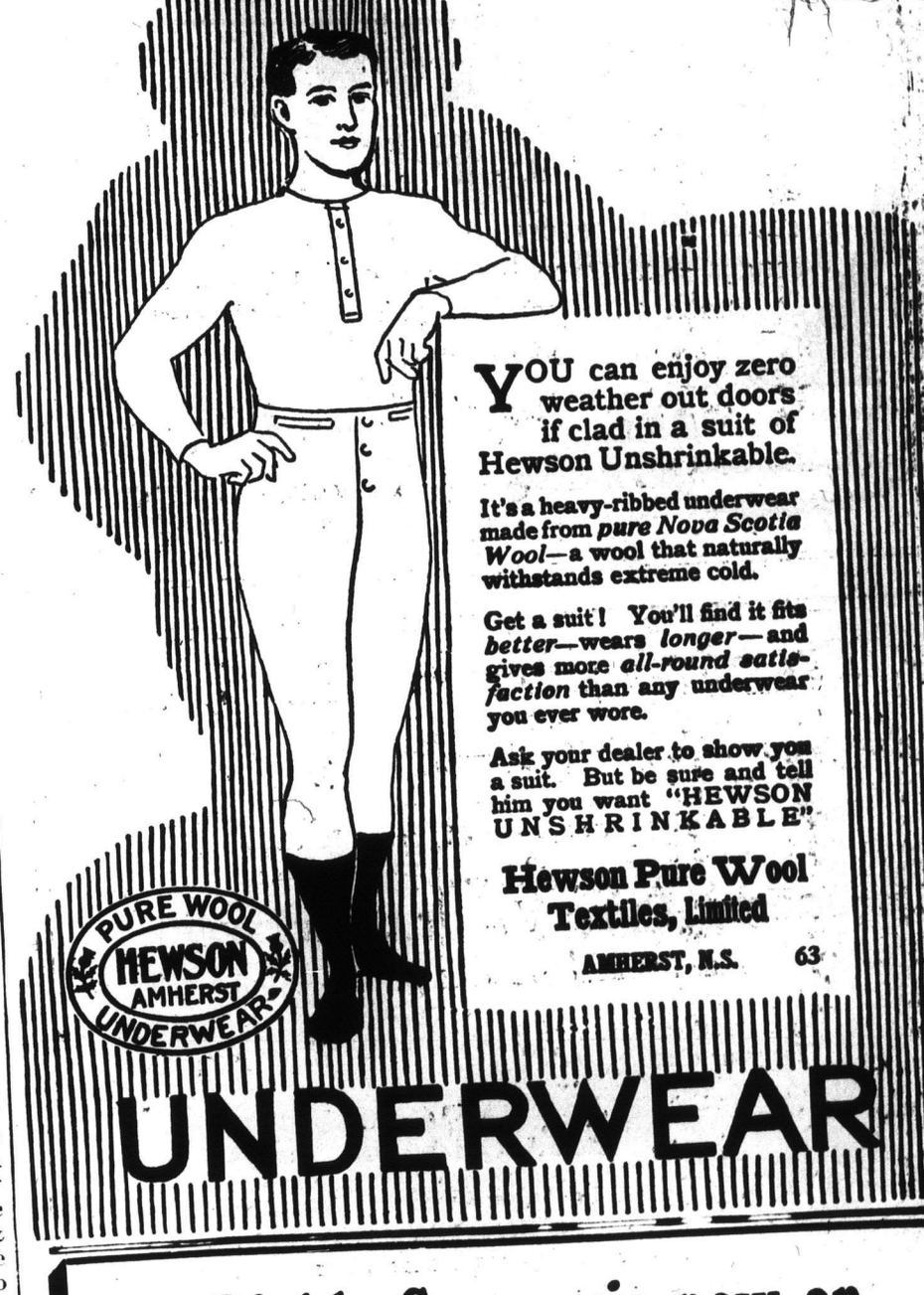

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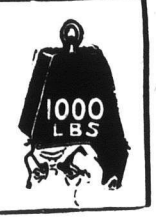

firm and had an express company deliver the rugs.

"Really, they don't look so bad," he commented when he saw them.

"They're horrid — just horrid!" his wife exclaimed, gazing at them with gloomy eyes. "Dick, I want to take some of my money from the bank and pay for them and then hide the horrid things away where I'll never see them again. Then we'll buy the rug I saw at Meadows's. I know I shall never be happy as long as these rugs are on the floor."

"Well, Mary, of course, I don't want you to be unhappy. Suppose we let them stay for a few days, though, and then if you feel the same about them we can put them out and get others. That little twelve-dollar one isn't bad when you come to look at it, except that it's worn and looks soiled. I see the catalogue calls it a Turkish prayer rug. The place for it is in the Den. It'll go fine with the reds and browns;" and Bruce spread it on the Den floor. "There! What do you want better than that, Mary? Honestly, I believe I'd give more for that rug than for both the others. I don't believe you got cheated any on that."

"Don't you, Dick? It does look pretty in the Den. I can mend it where it's worn, and I guess I can clean it up some. I'm glad there's one rug in the lot we like."

Mary called Bruce up on the telephone next day. "Say, Dick," she said, "there's a man here from the auction-

Resting in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

room. He came to say we needn't take that praye. rug if we don't want to; he'll pay us back the twelve dollars. At first I was going to let him, and then I remembered you liked it in the Den, and I thought I'd better call you up first."

"Does he say why he wants it back?" Bruce asked.

"No; he says they told him at the auction-room to come out and give us twelve dollars for it. He says they told him to say the offer was only good for to-day."

"Well, you tell him to tell his folks that we are much obliged, but we think we'll keep it."

"Wait a minute, Dick, while I tell him. I want to see what he says."

A minute later she was at the telephone again. "He says they told him he might offer fifteen dollars if we didn't want to take twelve. Don't you think it's funny they should do that? I do. I don't think we'd better let him have it."

"Certainly not," Bruce answered. "You tell him that if they want to buy back all three rugs at the price we paid, we'll consider their offer, but that we don't care to sell only one of them, especially the one we paid least for and like best."

When Bruce reached home that night they talked it over. "What do you suppose they want the prayer rug back for, any way?" Mary asked.

"Don't know," Bruce answered, "unless they've found 'twas worth more than we paid for it."

In the evening the door-bell rang. "I am Mr. Henry, of Henry & Hark, auctioneers," said the gentleman, presenting a card. "I have just learned from my partner, Mr. Hark, that you objected to taking the rugs which Mrs. Bruce bid on at our auction-rooms a few days ago. Had I known you preferred not to take them, I should have said, 'All right; we don't want you to if you don't wan't to.' But, unfortunately, I was not consulted, and Mr. Hark let you understand that we should hold you to your contract." The auctioneer's gaze had fallen on the prayer rug, and Bruce noted a gleam in the eager eyes. "I called this evening," continued Mr. Henry, "to say that if you still do not care for the rugs, we will take them back and cheerfully refund your money. Of course, it is not business-like, but we wish all our customers to be pleased.

"You mean you will take back all three rugs?" Bruce asked.

"Yes; it is not business-like, but we will do it."

"Why do you want them back?" Bruce put the question bluntly.

"Er—why, we don't want them back, you understand. We merely wish our customers to be satisfied."

"Oh, I see," Bruce said coldly. "Is it your custom to require patrons to take the articles they bid on if they do not wish to, or was your partner acting contrary to your custom when he required us to take these rugs?"

"Oh, it is our custom," answered the auctioneer. "We really couldn't do business, you know, if we permitted people to bid on things and then take them or not, according to how the whim seized them. We couldn't do that. You wouldn't expect us to, Mr. Bruce."

"Yet you say you want your customers to be satisfied."

"We do."

"All your customers?"

"Certainly."

"Well, how do you satisfy them, if you make them pay for things they don't want. Do you usually go to their homes afterwards and offer to buy back what they've bought. If you do, you make yourselves a good deal of extra work."

The auctioneer was silent.

"It's perfectly plain, Mr. Henry," continued Bruce, "that you are not acting frankly. For some reason, you want back that little prayer rug. I don't believe you care for the others at all; in fact, I'm sure you don't. You are willing to take them, though, even at the high prices we paid, in order to get the prayer rug again. But, unfortunately for you, that prayer rug now belongs to us. 'A sale's a sale,' as your partner assured my wife several times and the rug has passed out of your possession completely. You want it back—that's perfectly clear—but before you can have it you'll have to pay for it—our price! Now what do you want it for?"

The auctioneer looked at Bruce. The latter's expression was quiet, but determined.

"You are right, Mr. Bruce," the auctioneer said, after an embarrassing pause. "I may as well be frank. That

prayer rug is quite a valuable rug. It's a long story, but, briefly put, through the carelessness of a servant this rug was included with some others that were sent to our sales-room to be sold. The owner did not intend to sell this one, but he was away from home at the time, and did not discover that the rug was gone till yesterday. Yes, Mr. Bruce, that little rug is intrinsically worth seventy-five or eighty dollars, and its owner, on account of associations, values it at a still higher figure."

"I presume you are referring to its former owner," Bruce answered grimly. "However, as you say, its owner—its real owner—values it, also on account of associations" ("I really couldn't forbear saying it," Bruce told his wife afterwards), "at a still higher figure. If you had come to me in the first place and explained the matter, instead of sending a man out to try to buy back the rug for twelve or fifteen dollars, I should have been inclined to let you have the rugs back for the price I paid you — one hundred and eight dollars. My wife has seen a rug at another store, the price of which is one hundred and fifty dollars. She wants that rug. She has worried a good deal over these rugs which we bought of you, and which she doesn't want. Because she has worried about them—and all on account of the course your firm has pursued in the matter—I am desirous of making her a present of that hundred-and-fifty-dollar rug. It is to compensate her for her worry. For this reason, in selling those rugs back to you, I shall demand a bonus of one hundred and fifty dollars, or two hundred and fifty-eight dollars altogether."

Mrs. Bruce stared at her husband in amazement, but, after a single glance at the imperturbable young man, the auctioneer said, "Very well," and drawing forth his pocket-book, counted out the price.

"I'll take the prayer-rug with me," he said, rising, "and send for the other two to-morrow."

A few days later Bruce read to his wife from an evening newspaper about a famous antique prayer rug, of Turkish design but Persian weave, that through a mistake had been taken from a valuable collection and sent to an auction-room, where it had been knocked down to a bidder at the absurd sum of twelve dollars. A picture of the rug was given. Even to the frayed edges and the little hole near the centre, it corresponded in every detail of design and character with the one that so recently had reposed on the floor of the Bruces' Den.

"'Its owner valued this choice specimen at twenty-five hundred dollars,'" Bruce read. "We lost about twenty-three hundred dollars on our bargain, it seems."

"I don't care if we did," his wife answered. "I shall feel better now about getting this hundred-and-fifty-dollar rug for nothing. And, oh, Dick, isn't it a beauty."

Zion Cottage.

Written for the Western Home Monthly. By Donald MacMillan.

WHOY! Steady! Keep away from his heels, Father; he's all spirit and fire, 'Ginger' is. Now then, don't forget them hens!"

"Ginger," so named because of his spirit as a colt, did not seem at all dangerous. And when they left, though the whip was shaken very much, it did not seem to make the horse go very fast, for he was a fish agent's horse who had seen better days; only it pleased his master to joke about his speed.

Father, a tall, bent old man, with long white hair that hung over his shoulders, a stiff leg and a pair of fishermen's boots on his feet, watched the wagon with anxious eyes until it was at last around a turn in the road, and then walked slowly indoors. He entered the cottage with a sigh and going up to the table by the wall he threw a dollar bill and a little silver upon it and said discontentedly.

"That's our Don,—to a T—hens."

The gentle-looking old woman, sitting knitting by the window, looked up as her husband entered, glanced shyly at the still dancing silver and said quietly; "He's only joking, John."

"'Jokin'. Is turning us out of our home 'jokin'! Is bringing our little things away one by one jokin'! Why doesn't he put his hand in his pocket as t'others does, instead of tellin' us to keep hens? He never was like t'others anyway, our Don wasn't."

"I wish his brothers and sisters were half as good, so there." And old Peggy looked for a moment quite majestic.

John stood looking at her for a minute, and then said softly, "Peggy, you'd find excuses for Satan himself."

Now this colloquy is only a specimen of debates which often took place between John and Peggy. Don, the happy-go-lucky fish agent, who had just driven away with the old oak settle on his flat cart, was John's eldest son. He was not the son of Peggy, but of a previous wife who had been in the days of long ago Peggy's more successful rival. John's only hesitation about marrying again was his fear lest little Donald should be ill-treated by his stepmother. But Peggy, hearing this, began to make love, and soon John asked her to be his wife. From the outset Peggy made a great fuss over two-year-old Don, as his father called him. But her husband to test her in her adoration to Don often critized him and he would enjoy nothing better than hear his wife stick up for his son. This had grown into a habit. John always was sure to say anything he would say about Don against his wife's views, and she always said something to please John

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John and Peggy MacDonald were poor people, he having been until recently a fisherman. And their children, now all married, were engaged in similar callings. All of them being householders, there was no danger of the old couple ever starving. But the old man and his wife knew that everything given them by their offspring meant real sacrifice. Don never gave them anything but advice when he called, which was often. He always tried to make his mother laugh before leaving. But we can't live on a laugh, and beyond that Donald hadn't given them anything for the last two months. He was a tradesman with a horse and cart, and a small shop, so that he was regarded as the capitalist of the family. However, his interest seemed to be in suggesting little schemes to make money. His last scheme was to raise hens. Even here, however, his awful greediness showed itself for he had offered to supply the stock, and that they would pay him back when they were able. He had already done several turns to them on similar terms and now their indebtedness to him was considerable. He never alluded to it, and when they did, he always went off into one of his fits of laughing, which provoked his father very much. The cottage they now lived in was a small one, about a mile out of Port Hood town, and in the most wind-evposed part of the coast of Cape Breton. They had lived all their lives in a larger house nearer town. It was an old fashioned, ivy-covered house which they had been ordered to vacate by the health officers. John had been born there, as were all his children, and no wonder that he felt sad in leaving the old home. But, then, he could not resist the law so he left without a struggle. The cruellest thing was that Don sat on the board that had decided to make the old couple vacate the house. Even this might have been got over, but there was another and more aggravating matter. The MacDonalds had always prided themselves on their oak furniture which John had inherited as a legacy with his first wife. Even in the days when they found it hard to make both ends meet, they had never thought of parting with their beautiful furniture. It of course belonged to Donald by right, but then he never seemed to remember the fact. As their present home was so small, John had suggested the distribution of the old oak among the children. Donald wouldn't hear of such a thing, "showing his colors," as old John said. However, his idea of Don showing his colors soon changed, for every time the old couple were short of cash, Donald always came to their relief by offering to buy their old oak. This he had done so often that very little of the old furniture was left. To cap all, he had called that morning and had taken the old settle which they prided above all the rest, and had also made the ridiculous suggestion of keeping hens. Of course old Peggy had stood up for Donald, and neither John nor her children could shake her faith in him.

A few weeks after the time of our story the old fisherman came back from an errand to Port Hood. While there he had heard from a friend that Donald had bought the land on which the old house stood; and that he had taken the house to pieces, and was erecting it in the same fashion, but on a larger scale. John felt sure that this would at least make his wife think less of Don. What was his surprise, however, when he told his story with anger-flashing eyes, than to be laughed at by that simple old creature. And as if that wasn't enough she fell to quoting scripture, which was a habit of hers when cornered by her husband, she then caught him by the shoulders and planted a good kiss on his bearded face, and cried exultantly: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The next few weeks were spent by John in raking up all evidence to prove Donald's guilt of greediness, but Peggy was obstinate and always ended by saying "Hoot, Hoot! John, our Donald is the best son parents ever had." But she had her misgivings ever since she heard that Donald had bought the old farm but she kept a steady front, and no one would think that her faith in him was flagging.

It was a fine morning in July and John's birthday. And as the children never forgot their father's birthday the old couple spent the morning in great happiness, message after message, came to the cottage. The late coming. postman brought a birthday card from Tom, who was in a good position in the nearby town of Inverness. Christie sent little John with a birthday cake with a piece of holly stuck in the middle; Betsy sent a pound of sugar and a half pound of tea; and Duncan a twenty-five cent piece and an issue of a magazine "How to Make Poultry Pay." From Donald—there was neither word or gift. This made the old couple nervous. Even Peggy showed that her faith in Donald was on a point of tumbling. John remained silent, but one would see that he was laboring to look as brave as possible. Every rumble of a passing carriage was listened to with a hope that it was Donald. Noon came,—no Donald. John under pretence of going to see the hens left the house; but instead of going to the barn he stood at the door staring listlessly down the road. After a few minutes he returned into the house, closing the door after him, and uttering a sigh, as he did so. As he sank heavily into his chair he rubbed a tear out of his eye. He could not help it; his favorite had forgotten. "Oh, the cruel, grasping boy, why hadn't he come?"

Peggy began her favorite quotation, but could get no further than: "Go." Then she broke down and wept silently.

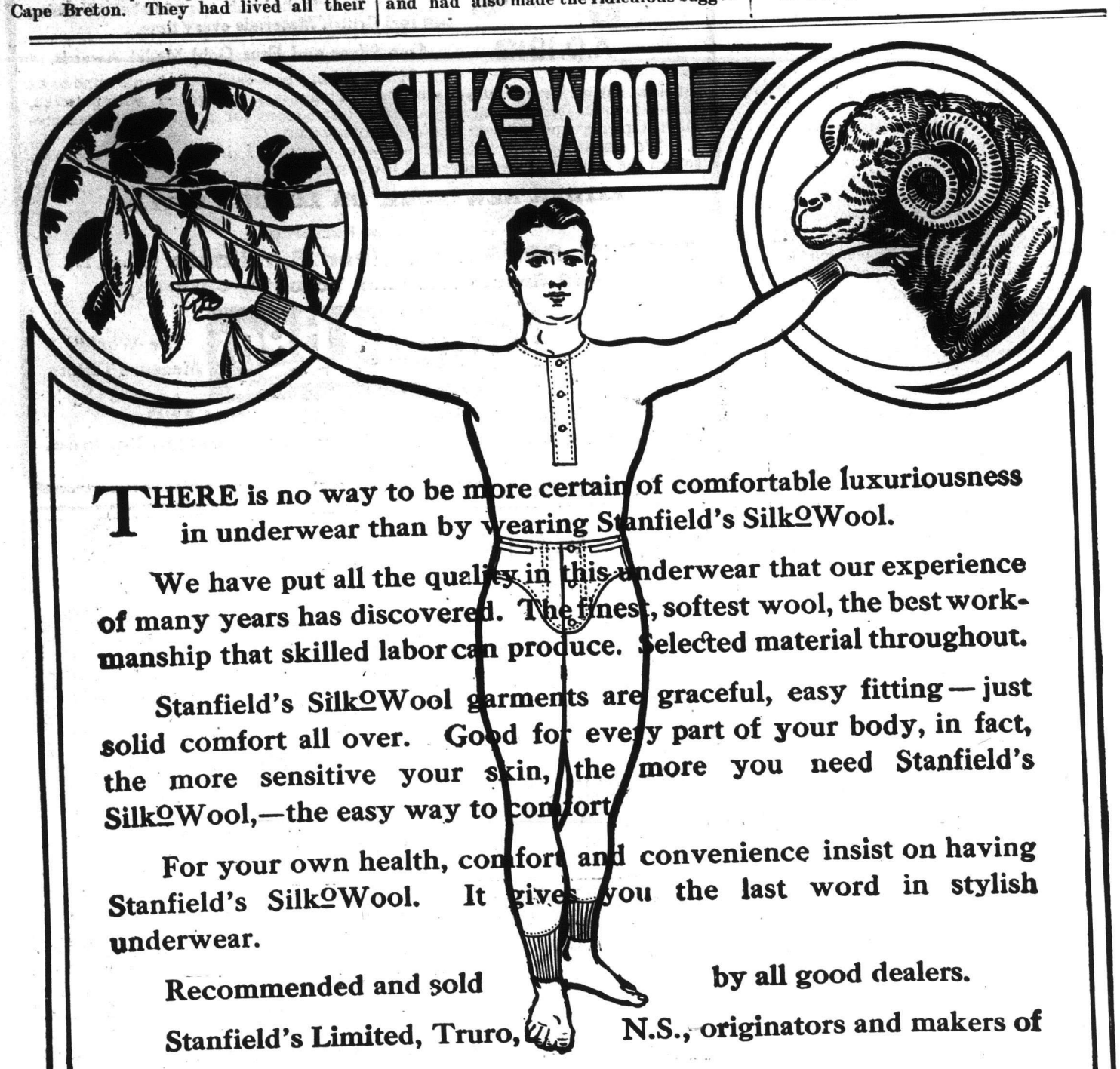
They were both brought back to their senses by the sound of approaching wheels. John looked at Peggy, and Peggy looked at John. The wagon stopped with a long "whoa." They knew the voice. John opened the door —Donald stood before them, and a happy voice cried out: "Come on, Mr. Seventy, and dress yourself, and get into your chariot with your Peggy."

They were soon on their way. John sat on the seat with Donald, while Peggy was seated on a box behind them. She was proud as a queen. But where was he taking them? It wasn't towards the town, but in the direction of the poor-house. Was he going to take them there? It looked as if he was. Why had he taken the key of their cottage if he did not expect to do something with them? Oh, cruel! he had turned up Spottles road, and would have them pass their old house; Had he no pity whatever? When they came in sight of the house they saw that the garden was looking the same as ever. They were so enraptured by the scene that they never noticed that they had turned up the old lane until Donald's voice awoke them by ordering them to alight. With a chuckle and a "can I help you alight?" accompanied by a low bow, he caught his mother and lifted her out of the cart. As they stood there gazing at the old, but new house, Donald asked. "What think ye of my new house." They could not answer, they were speechless. Ah, the thoughtless son to bring them to look at his ill-gotten grandeur! Dazed, humbled, grieved, the old fellow began to walk towards the house, followed by Peggy, with bent head. "Yes that's right go into the house and see how you will like it." Then they pulled up. Yes, everything was the same, there was no change in the garden, but the house was about twice as large, and much higher than the old one. But what was that notice on the door? Peggy pushed him gently out of the way and approached it, though she could not read. And John, shaking fearfully, peeped over her shoulder. Once he read it, and then again. And then, with a buzzing in his ears and a great sob, he read it out to Peggy.

It was poorly written, in great sprawling letters which were shocking for a councilor, but to John and Peggy they were like a little deed to perfect bliss.

A BIRTHDAY PRICENT
for the
DEERE OLD FOLKE.

That sly, Donald had driven off with the conveyance: They were evidently staying, but nobody seemed to be about. Should they enter? John shook



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28

his head and drew back. Sarah raised the latch and pushed open the door. What a sight! There was every bit of the old furniture. There was the table, spread with such a feast as they had never seen before. There was smiling before the old folks Christie, Tom and Betsy. and Duncan, and every single grand-child they had in the world. Such a fuss; such a shower of kisses! And then it was made clear that this was their very home; 'that John was landlord. and not a mere tenant,' and that the whole trick had been played by the same grasping, hard-hearted Donald.

"Tar-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay—" but h xc "Tra-bra-brain—" but Peggy could get no further. The old couple hugged and kissed each other in a manner that looked clumsy enough, no doubt, but that brought tender tears into the eyes of all present.

Three weeks after Donald was driving past the house, and came upon his father painting some mysterious hyroglyphics on the gate post. He pulled "Ginger" up and inspected the lettering which had been finished as far as this —"ZION COTTA"

"Why, father, 'Zion' means Jerusalem, not a house!"

And John a little annoyed, whipped around and cried indignantly: "And isn't this the house of God? Isn't this the gate of heaven?"

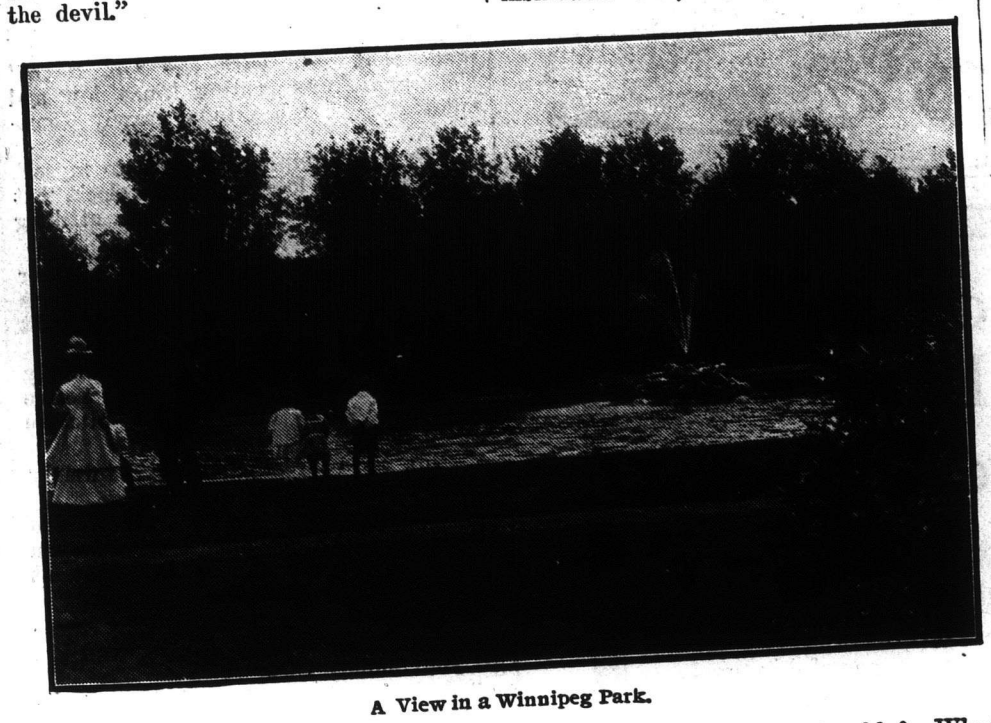
His Satanic Majesty.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Edwin North, Prince Albert.

YES, boys, I've had some queer experiences in this here country."

"That's right," said old Sam Linklater as he sat smoking peacefully with his old cronies on the piazza of the Alberta Hotel. The old cronies sat up and took notice; they always did when Sam began to reminisce.

"But none so blinking queer," continued Sam soberly, "as when I see'd the devil."



A View in a Winnipeg Park.

"Now, Sam, you're joshin," began Crony No. 1.

"You're drawin' on your fevered imagination, ain't you?" observed Crony No. 2 artfully.

Old Sam always responded to the stimulus of doubt or contradiction. "By Gingers, Boys, you don't believe me?" Look-a-here, do you see this?" Sam fumbled in his pocket and produced a battered little tin box not much bigger than a match safe.

"By the spike-horn, boys, I wouldn't part with that bit o' tin an' what's inside of it for anything youse could offer. That's right." Old Sam replaced the article in his vest pocket and puffed vigorously.

"It must be more valuable than it looks," said Crony No. 1. "I don't feel no hankerin' fer it."

"What's it got to do with your story, anyways? Come on, Sam, with your yarn," said Crony No. 2. "We'll tell you afterwards whether it happened or not," and he winked obviously at his neighbor.

"Gee Whitaker! it happened all right. You see, it was this way," began Old Sam. "It was away back in the days soon after the Riel Rebellion. In them days I was a freighter in the West, and a crazy young cuss I was, too. It was a terror to cats the way I uster hit up the booze. Every cent I earned went the same way, and I was gettin' down and out as fast as a feller could.

"One night I was sittin' alone in the Old Freighter House. I hadn't a cent to bless myself. I was as dry as a wooden god and thirsty as them prairies down south after a long dry season.

"'Gosh,' I hollers out, 'I'd sell myself to the devil fer one little drop o' licker.' Suddenly I feels something a-tappin' me on the shoulder. I turns round quick. There he was, boys — hide, head and horns; there wasn't nothin' missin' in his make-up. He was all rigged out in a kinda red get-up, and his eyes had a queer glint I'd see'd once or twice somewheres before.

"'Sammy,' he says, says he, soft and insinuatin' like, 'I heerd you a-hollerin' jest now. What's the trouble? What makes you so plumb disgusted?'"

"The feel of his ole claw on my shoulder gave me a nasty creepy feelin', but it all came back to me again worse than ever how thirsty I was. So I says, says I, 'I want a drink and I ain't got no money.'"

"'Why, Sammy, that's easy,' he says. 'Here's two bits,' and he fires the coin on the table.

"'It's yours, Sam,' says he, 'but just on one condition, though,'

"'What's that?' says I.

"'That you promise me,' says he, 'at twelve o'clock, one year from to-night, you will be mine.'

"I knew I hadn't orter, but I was jest so plumb miserable, I didn't care what I did so long's I gotta drink; so I says, 'All right.'

"'A bargain, Sam,' says he. 'Remember at twelve, one year from to-night,' and he ups and disappears.

"But I knew I wasn't a bit mistook in what had happened, for there was the 'two bits' a-shinin' out through the darkness on the table. That there money bought me some satisfying cordial and I perked up considerable. A few days later I got on to a good, steady job with an old freighter with a string of cayuses, oxen and Red River carts. Our trips took us away up to Edmonton, and we was away weeks at a time. Punchin' and hollerin' at them old cayuses and oxen, poundin' up an' down the rutty, dusty old road, sleepin' on buffalo hides under them Red River

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Lake Michigan	Sun. "	24

Last Sailing from St. Lawrence.

carts — all these seemed to do me a powerful sight of good. By fall I was pretty nigh forgittin' my old hankerin' and I had a little wad of cash stowed away. I planned gittin' out on a homestead the next fall and havin' my old man and old woman out from Ontario to keep house for me. Life began to look uncommon pleasant fer me and I figgered out how pleased the old woman would be with some hens to look after, and I could jest imagine I saw the old man a-potterin' round in a garden. An' so I came pretty nigh clean forgettin' the bargain I'd made a good many months previous. I guess I hadn't never took it real serious-like, anyways.

"As luck would have it, one night, some months later, again I found myself in the same room of the hotel where I'd had this pecooliar experience. Seein' I'd been away so long, some of the boys were tryin' to liven things up a bit fer me, but I wasn't goin' to stay in town. Next morning I was goin' off agin to the North country with the old freighter, what I told you of, meanin' to locate a good 'place' somewhere near Edmonton.

"It was gettin' pretty late, but I thought I'd sit down afore I went to roost and write a letter to my old man (I was gettin' to write quite regular), an' tell the old feller about my plans for starting on the homestead. He wasn't so blamed old, but he could take up land alongside o' me, and with the old woman to keep house fer us, I thought we ought to jog on pretty slick. I'd been a kinda wild, useless kid to them, but I calculated I could fix that up right soon.

"I hadn't no lamp, but I got a piece o' tallow candle from the clerk. I stuck it in the neck of a bottle and started to figger out my letter. I never was much of a scholar anytime, and when I'd got as far as 'yours truly,' and was makin' some kind of a job at addressin' the envelope, the clock struck the half-hour before twelve. I looks up, and there was an ole calendar hanging on the wall in front of me. I see'd that the date was April the thirteenth. Then I remembered with a queer little start that it was just one year exact since I made that date with the 'Old Harry.' The candle was getting kinda low and spluttery. I felt kinda crawly somehow.

"'By the Jumping!' I says to myself, kinda low and looking at the clock, 'but I'll be glad when she's done striking twelve.'

"At that moment I heerd a queer little rattle behind me. I near jumps outa my skin. It was him all right enough in all his lurid outfit.

"'All right, Sam,' he says pretty brusque, 'I come to get yer. You're mine now,' an' he takes a firm holta me by the shoulder.

"'Not on your life,' I says terribly scared and wriggling considerable.

"'Ho!' he says, pretty fierce, and glowering down at me. 'Didn't you promise one year ago to-day that at twelve to-night you would be mine?'

"I couldn't deny I made that there promise. 'Look-a-here,' I says, 'you kin git your money back. I——'

"'A bargain's a bargain,' says he sternly. 'There's no backin' out of this deal; you belong to me.'

"I looked hopelessly at the clock. She was five minutes of twelve. Then I looks at the candle.

"'Look-a-here,' I says desperately, 'maybe I belongs to you and maybe I don't. Anyways, it ain't twelve yet. I'm writin' a last letter to the old man. Will yer give me till this bit o' candle is burnt out to finish it? There ain't much of her left.'

"'Shure,' he says, quite agreeable-like, 'you can have till the candle burns out to finish your letter,' and he loosens his holt on my shoulder.

"Quick as wink, I blows her out, jabs her into the bottle, and skips. Gee, boys, that was a narrow shave!

"Next day I leaves town and soon after me and the old folks goes out on our homesteads. I been a pretty sober feliow ever since, and I never seen the 'Old Harry' again. The old fellow never gets no drop on me through hangin' round saloons. But I gotta keep that bit o' tallow safe, boys, right here in that little tin box, for if he ever gotta holt on it I'd be a goner for sure. That's right, boys."

No Rest With Asthma.—Asthma usually attacks at night, the one time when rest is needed most. Hence the loss of strength, the nervous debility, the loss of flesh and other evils which must be expected unless relief is secured. Fortunately relief is possible. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has proved its merit through years o service. A trial will surely convince you.

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Thus there are three $50 Prizes, three $25 Prizes, three $15 prizes, and three $10 Prizes, *for each province.*

DESCRIPTION OF CLASSES

In Each Class there will be First, Second, Third and Fourth Prizes ($50, $25, $15, and $10) for Each Province.

CLASS "A"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who use most "Canada" Cement on their farms in the year 1912.

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CLASS "C"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who send in the best *description*, telling how any piece of concrete work was done with "Canada" Cement. (Entries for this prize must be accompanied by photographs of the work.)

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When you enter the Contest, you have a chanee to win a cash prize of $50 as well as the certainty that you will add a *permanent improvement* to your farm. If you haven't a copy, be sure and ask for our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." It will not only suggest many improvements that you can use in entering the Contest, but will tell you all about the use of concrete on the farm.

Just write your name and address on the attached coupon, or use a postal card, and we will send full particulars of the Prize Contest and a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete" to you absolutely free.

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Samuel Blythe: Lots of men are like that dog which tore across the field chasing this train. They go after things they can't catch, and couldn't do anything with if they did catch them.

"GOOD STUFF"

A Confirmed Drinker Takes to Postum.

A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of tea or coffee. She says:

"For the last five or six years I have been troubled with nervousness, indigestion and heart trouble. I couldn't get any benefit from the doctor's medicine, so finally he ordered me to stop drinking coffee, which I did. (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine—the drug in coffee.)

"I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improvement, then went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.

"A new servant girl told me about Postum—said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. We got a package but I told told her I did not beleive my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.

"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was "good stuff" and wanted to know what it was. We have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have for years.

"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days, during which time he could not eat or drink anything. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was all caused by coffee.

"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell everyone about it—some say they tried it and do not like it. I tell them it makes all the difference as to how it's made. It should be made according to directions—then it is delicious."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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

Cupid in the Lumber Camp.

Written for the Western Home Monthly. By Helen G. Whitney, Keephills, Alta.

HAPPY, the cook at Cameron's lumber camp, rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, there was certainly a cutter coming down the snowy road, and there were a man and two women in it. There was nothing remarkable about the man, but to see women in this wilderness!

The cutter stopped before the door of the cook-shack, and in answer to the man's "halloo," Happy went out, half consumed with curiosity.

During the conversation which followed Happy learned that the man was the rich Mr. Kent who owned the cottage half a mile further on. Heretofore he had occupied his cottage only in the summer, but now he had come out for the purpose of gathering material for a series of stories dealing with lumber camp life. He had brought his wife and daughter to "bear him company."

When the men came in to supper Happy lost no time in telling the news, and varied opinions were expressed on the subject.

"What did the girl look like, Happy?" asked Joe Spooner.

"She's a stunner!"

"Did she speak to you?"

"No, she looked kind of aloofish."

"Humph! Stuck up, I bet. I hate that kind."

"Probably thinks she's too good to associate with low-down lumber-jacks," sneered Shorty McKegg.

"Well, maybe she is," responded Happy, for there were certain chapters in his life history that he wasn't exactly proud of.

Dick Winters was one of the few silent ones who offered no opinion. But inwardly he was raging

"I'm jolly sure I know one she won't associate with," he growled to himself. "If the Fates aren't against me, then I'm a Dutchman. Here I've had to get out and rustle some money to finish my college course, just because my folks think a college is a place for milk-sops and dudes, when Dad could give me a dozen college courses if he had a mind to. Now, just as I'm getting on fine with my books along comes Dorothy Kent, and if she finds out I'm here she won't ever look at me again. Why couldn't she have told me that last time I saw her in town that she was coming up here? I can't please dad and her both. I'll just keep out of her way, that's all, and maybe she won't find out I'm here." And with this resolution he finished his supper and repaired to his bunk to study his beloved medical books—for he was studying for a doctor. He was glad he hadn't let on to the fellows that he knew Miss Kent anyway. He knew she wasn't really "stuck-up," as the boys had dubbed her, but all the same he felt sure he would fall in her estimation if she knew he was working in a lumber-camp — and that was the last thing he desired.

During the weeks that followed Mr. Kent spent much of his time at the camp and Dick had much ado to avoid him, for though he knew him but slightly, he felt that it was not safe to let Mr. Kent catch even a glimpse of him. Mr. Kent soon grew to be very well liked among the men, mingling among them as if he were one of them. As a result of his cordial invitation, many of the men got into the habit of spending an occasional evening at the cottage. The camp had never before known such a plentiful supply of reading matter as it now had through Mr. Kent's generosity.

The boys joshed Dick because he never went to the cottage, and accused him of being afraid of the girl. She wasn't really stuck-up, they had decided now that they were acquainted with her, but only rather uncertain of her ground, and perhaps a little afraid of them at first, for, of course, she hadn't been used to associating with men like themselves. Still Dick would not go and kept shaking in his shoes lest one of the boys should mention his name over there.

One bitterly cold morning several weeks later, Dick knocked off work on

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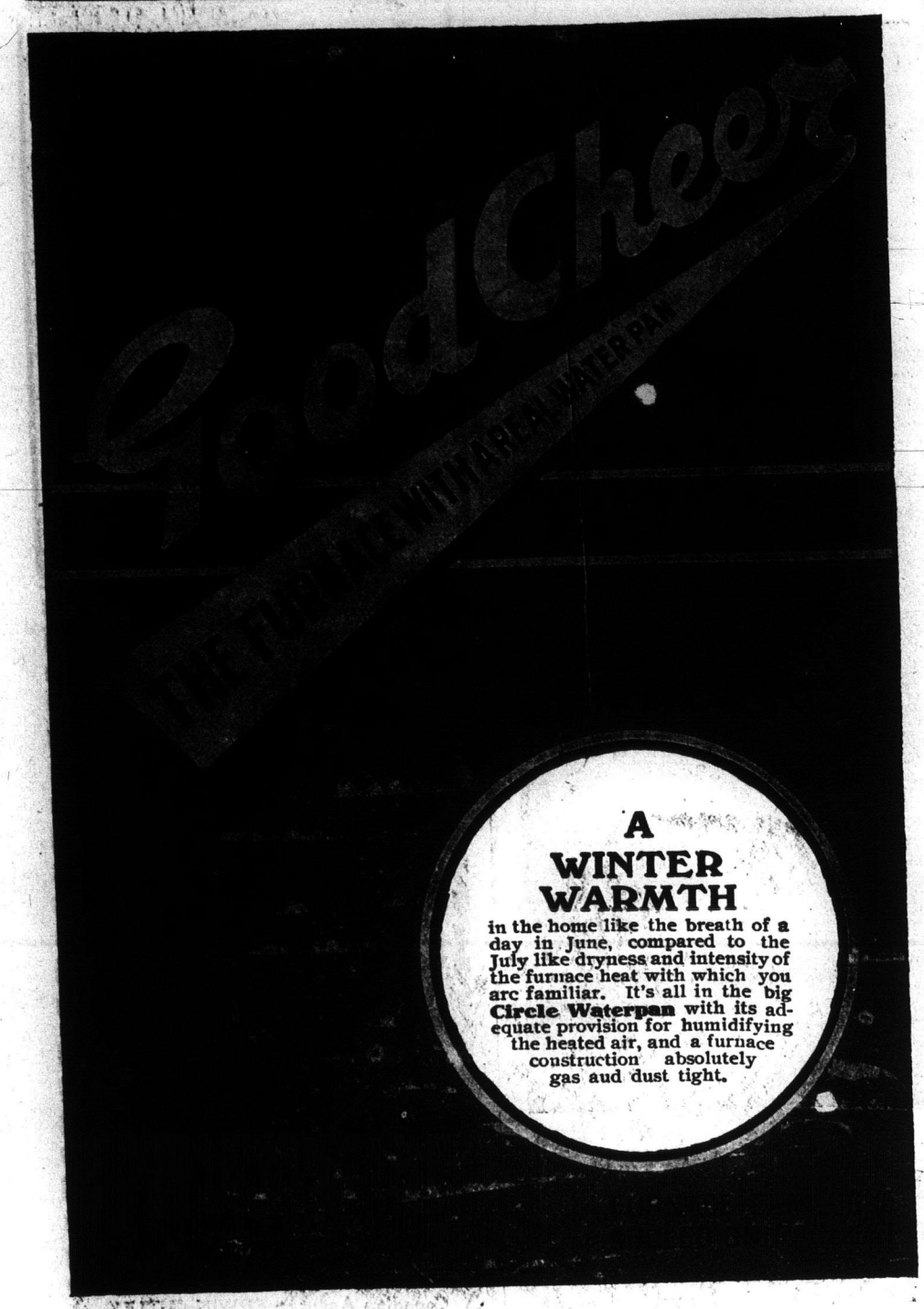

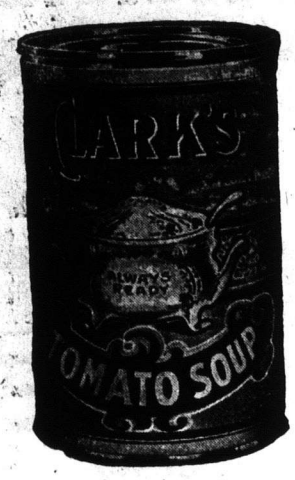

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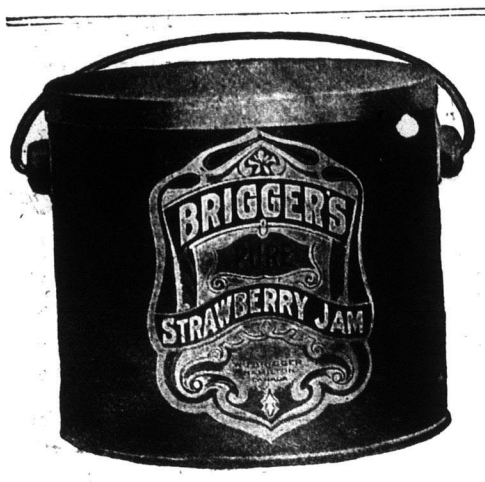

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account of a very sore throat. He betook himself to the cook-shack to mix up some dope for it. While he was busy at it, there was a knock at the door, and before anyone could open it, it burst open and there on the threshold stood Dorothy Kent as lovely as a vision, with her cheeks as bright as the crimson tam o' shanter she wore.

"Mr. Cooper," she began, for such was Happy's seldom used name, "father has——"

Then she caught sight of Dick who had had no time to escape.

"Why, Mr. Winters! How fortunate you are here. Father has fainted and we can't bring him to consciousness. Oh, will you come over? You will know what to do. Please do!"

"Certainly, Miss Kent," answered Dick as clearly as his emotion and his aching throat would admit. "You'd better come too, Happy, we may have to lift him," he added, after he had asked Miss Kent more about her father.

"If you would let me go first, Miss Kent, it would be a little easier walking for you. That was a heavy snowfall we had last night."

Dorothy stepped aside and let Dick go first, and the walk to the cottage was made as quickly as possible, Happy wondering all the while how it was that Dick knew her, and why he had never said so.

They found Mr. Kent still unconscious with his wife working anxiously over him. The two men lifted him to the bed, and after Dick had made the best examination his limited skill and knowledge would allow, he said to Mrs. Kent,

The First Year's Shack.

"I cannot tell for sure what is the trouble, and I think we had better send for the doctor at W——"

Accordingly Happy returned to the camp with instructions to send the fastest team to W—— for the medical man.

After working some time over Mr. Kent, Dick succeeded in bringing him to consciousness, and about noon he fell into what seemed a peaceful sleep. Dick remained in case of further developments.

"Now, tell me how you happened to be at Cameron's Camp, Mr. Winters," asked Dorothy as they all sat down to rest.

He humbly confessed that he had been working there all winter to get money to go on with his college education. He wondered why he hadn't made himself known at the beginning of the winter, instead of playing the fool all this time—for so it looked to him now.

"And you never told me!" cried Dorothy. "Oh, I can't forgive you! Why didn't you come over here like the other men, and how was it that father never saw you?"

"I avoided him," he answered, "because I didn't want you to know that I was working in a lumber camp. I was afraid you would think I had given up to Dad's wishes and settled down into a common lumber man."

"You ought to have known me better," Dorothy answered softly, for she was touched to see how much this man cared for her good opinion. "Yet I suppose it's my own fault. I used to say some horrid things about laboring people, but I have learned better. A man can be a gentleman in corduroys as well as in broadcloth I have found. The men at Cameron's Camp are nearly all gentlemen, I think, even if they are a little rough-mannered. They have been very good to me this winter."

Dick suddenly grew furiously jealous and wondered if he had let some other fellow get ahead of him by staying away all winter.

That evening Dr. Lennox of W—— came and commended all that Dick had done for the patient. He left the next day after giving Dick full directions, for the latter at Mrs. Kent's request consented to come over from the camp every day. Dick was glad of any excuse to go there for he was up to his ears in love with Dorothy, and he meant before long to find out if she returned his feelings.

As soon as Mr. Kent was able, it was decided that the family should return to town. Dick heard the news with a pang.

On the evening before their departure the Kents held an impromptu reception, for all the men from Cameron's flocked over to say good-bye.

Dick lingered till the last, hoping to see Dorothy alone for a moment. At last he had his wish, for when the others had gone she turned to him and began to thank him for all he had done for her father, but he waved thanks aside, and—well, not matter what he said—suffice it to say that before many minutes had passed Dorothy had consented to become Mrs. Richard Winters. Of course, they couldn't be married for a long time yet, but how he would work!

As Dick walked back to the camp through the silent, peaceful woods, he blessed the inspiration that had led him to become a lumber-jack pro tem.

The Kindness of God.

John G. Gardiner.

I mumured one day as I often had done,
And thought God had ceased to be kind;
The way was so rugged and wretched and long,
No lot did seem worse than was mine.

In the dungeon of doubt I in agony lay,
No way of escape did there seem;
But deliverance came as to Peter of old,
Like him did I think I had dreamed.

In the dungeon so dismal a key did I find,
A promise from God's Holy Word;
That promise I now to my heart closely bind,
And trust in Jehovah my Lord.

The Divine key of promise did liberty bring,
From doubt and despair set me free;
Complaints changed to praises of Jesus my King;
I pass on the promise to thee.

A message of mercy, a "thus said the Lord."
Receive it, believe it today.
"My great loving-kindness," soul list to the word,
"Shall never from thee pass away."

"My covenant of peace, it shall ever remain;
Whoe'er from love can thee sever?"
Oh, cease thy complainings, and "turn yet again."
And trust in Jehovah for ever.

Mary, from down East.

Written for The Western Home Monthly By C. Fox Smith, Lethbridge.

"TOM, say, Tom!" The postman had just left a letter at the Bakers' and the cry of pleasure and excitement which sprang to Mrs. Baker' lips as she hurriedly devoured its contents reached her husband's ears on the verandah.

"Yes, dear."

He went on struggling into his gumboots for his morning splash to town. Their home was out on the prairie, where as yet there were no sidewalks, and the recent heavy rains had resulted in a thorough-going morass on the trail.

"Cousin Mary's written! She wants to come out West and stay, right now. Say, Tom, I can have her, can't I?"

"Sure, you can!"

"Oh, I'll love to!"

Tom Baker's heart warmed towards the unknown Cousin Mary whom he had never seen, as he saw the happy light which the idea of her visit had called up in his wife's eyes.

"I guess it's pretty dull for you, little woman," he said, "I'll be real glad for you to have a good time."

It had been a hard struggle for the young couple in the little Western town, especially since the last year had been a bad one, and to poor Patty, fresh from being the spoiled only daughter of a prosperous home, it had seemed doubly hard. She had found little time for amusement, and had little money to spare for the small luxuries and adornments which delighted her soul, during their year and a half of married life.

"She's been a good little soul," said Tom to himself, with a glow of pride.

* * * * *

There was an unusual air of disturbance about the little home as Tom approached it that evening, and, glancing through the window as he dragged off his boots, he saw, with deep concern, that there was no comfortable meal waiting on the table.

What could be the matter? Never, during all their hard times, had he come home and found no tea ready.

"Tom!" A window upstairs was flung open, and his wife's head thrust out, wrapped up in a duster. "I'd no idea it was so late. Say, I've nothing for tea. You better run down to the store for some pork and beans. I'll have tea made when you get back."

"Are you sick?" Tom's voice thrilled with concern.

"Sick? No! But I'm not half through with this room!"

"What's wrong with the room?"

But the window was slammed down before the words had left his lips, and he departed, still wondering, in quest of pork and beans.

"I've been doing out the room for Mary," announced his wife, sitting down with a sigh of fatigue to the untidy meal. Her brow was knitted in deep lines as she spoke.

"Why, what's wrong with the room, anyway?" repeated Tom, a trifle tartly.

"Wrong? What's right?" rejoined his wife, "I just can't put a guest from down East to sleep in a room like that. The curtains are real shabby, and the carpet's awful faded. I'd like to have a new bed, too, but I guess I'll have to make the old one serve. And I'll move that packing case dresser into our room and she can have ours, and if we could manage a new mirror it'd be as well. That one in there makes you look awful homely."

"I guess it'd have hard work to make you look homely."

It was the most elaborate attempt at a compliment Tom ever remembered having made. He blushed with pride as he turned it off his tongue. But his wife didn't seem even to hear it.

"You'll have to get busy and put some more hooks up in the closet," she said, "Mary's sure to have lots of things. I guess they're awful smart where she comes from."

The next morning Tom sat down to a saucer of breakfast food, while Patty alternately sipped tea and studied Eaton's catalogue.

"One of those leather couches would look lovely in the parlor," she said dreamily, "and we'll sure have to get new covers on the parlor chairs. They look awful, they certainly do. And—"

"And you'd better lay in two or three new pianos, and an auto, and a rig and team, while you're about it," snapped Tom, scraping up the last of the breakfast food and reaching for his hat. "Hadn't you better scrap the whole bum outfit, while you're on the job? Maybe they don't have houses like this, down East, where Mary comes from."

"There you are," Patty burst into tears. "You grudge me everything—you can't bear for me to have the place look decent."

But Tom was gone. It was the first time during all their troubles and difficulties, that they had parted in anger.

Patty returned to the renovation of the guest's room, after enjoying the luxury of a hearty cry; and nothing was more natural than to turn aside for a review of her own wardrobe. She turned over waists and washsuits with a stonily critical eye.

"I've just got to have a few fresh waists," she said to herself. "and one of those duck suits they're selling off on Main Street would be lovely. I just won't have that Mary scorning my clothes. She's awful smart, is Mary."

She sat back on her heels and thought.

"I can't afford any new things," she reflected, "and Mary'll look fine in hers. She's middling homely, but she does dress. And Tom'll take her out driving all day. He does like taking folks out when they're smart. And I can stop home, in my old things and cook, and cook, and cook, and wash up. Not much pleasure for me out of having folks visiting. And—" a further twinge of recollection smote her, "she'll not want me around. She'll make goo-goo eyes at Tom, she certainly will. She most always does. She's that sort of girl."

Her lip quivered. Tears of self-pity gathered and began to fall.

"I don't see what she wants to come for," she said aloud, "why, we'd never have quarrelled to-day if it hadn't been for her. And she'll make Tom think I'm dowdy.....and I don't care, I don't think she's pretty; she's maybe some folks' taste, she's not mine....."

She began to cram her clothes away again with shaking fingers. "And she's real homely in a morning wrapper!"

A knock at the front door brought her to her feet with a jump. "Why, if it isn't the post! Wonder what he's brought this time! Hope it's no more folks wanting to stay."

* * * * *

Tom entered the house feeling a little nervous, with a bag of candy in his pocket and honeyed words upon his lips. He peeped into the dining-room. Tea was on the table. He had never seen it look nicer.

"Tom! Tom!"

"Yes, dear." Inwardly he said, "Hope there's no more cousins coming."

"What do you think? Cousin Mary's not coming! She's sick—got the mumps! Say, won't she be mad?"

"Well, now, isn't that too bad? I'm awful sorry—"

"I'm not,—there!"

Tom gasped.

"Why," he stammered "but—I thought"

"Well, you thought wrong!" Patty reached up to meet his kiss with a beaming face. "Tom, I—I'd just hate to have her around!"

Richard Burton.—We continue to guess about things, and the modern guess is in some ways shrewder; but man is substantially the same creature, and ancestry, heredity, environment, personality, are but names for everlasting facts. Courage is no outworn attitude, and faith, as of yore, is a sign of good health, both of body and soul.

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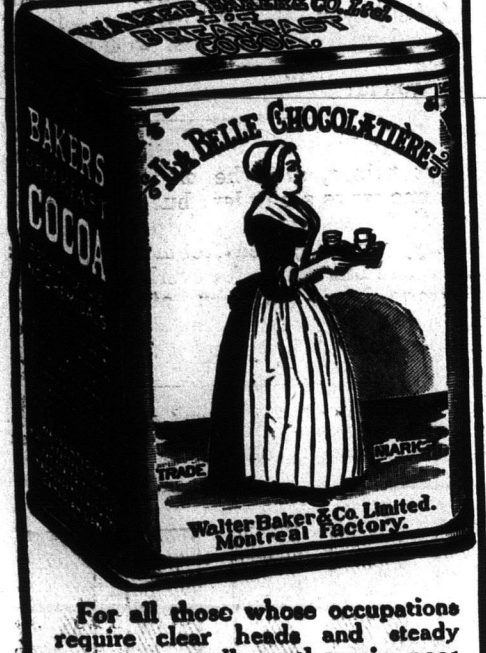

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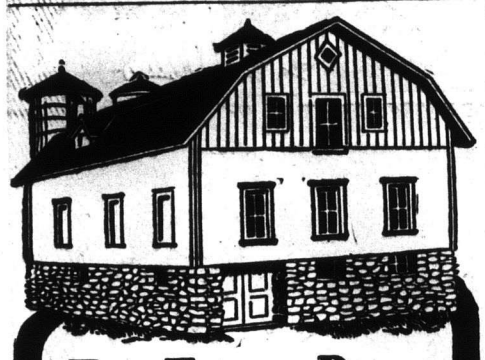

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Written for The Western Home Monthly by GEO. W. HALL.

"QUEER notions some of these chaps living alone do get into their heads," remarked he, who during our previous conversation, had been silently smoking dreamily looking at the monotonous landscape.

The westbound train was passing through apparently infinite prairie. We were in the smoker. The conversation was casual.

One of us had mentioned the hard and lonely life led by those western "bachelors" whose little square "shacks" could be seen like toy houses dotting the wide and flat land. Some remarks had been made about these hardy pioneers who came alone and undaunted, opening the country, forerunners of civilization and empire builders.

The simple words spoken by that unknown at once awoke our interest. A story was most likely to follow—and it did.

He seemed to be talking more for his own entertainment than to the rest of us, his gaze wandering to the dreary landscape. Thus he spoke:

His name was Alfred Bolt, and his theory was to be proved that very evening. He finished dressing, knotting his tie very carefully, and looked at his reflection in the small looking-glass for quite a while.

Apparently satisfied, he put on his broad Stetson hat and was stepping out of the shack, when he suddenly turned and stood in front of the mirror again. A strange thing did he do then; purposely he destroyed the harmony of his attire and by a few gestures, quick and slightly nervous, gave himself an almost careless appearance. That was part of his theory.

He glanced in as he passed his stable. His horses, all young, strong, well kept animals, were peacefully eating. A smile of satisfaction played about his lips when he crossed his land to join the high road; his broad acres were seeded and the soil looked rich and full of promises under the slanting rays of the setting sun.

"She shall be mistress of a pretty nice farm," he said half aloud. He had lived alone so long that he often spoke his thoughts like that—unconsciously. "A mighty fine girl she is," he added, "and she shall be mine."

One mile down the road and he was at McRae's place. In the yard a pretty, serious-looking young woman was throwing some grain to a flock of chickens.

"Look at those silly birds," she said when she saw Bolt approaching. "The very best of winter wheat seed, mind you, that I stole from father's"—this with a smile—"just disdainfully passed by. Shoo! sillies! I won't feed you any more."

Bolt just laughed, admiring her, for she was a fresh and winsome lass.

"Ready, Rose?" he asked.

"Yes. Oh, what a nice evening to cross the lake!" she exclaimed, opening the gate.

Slowly they walked toward the shore. A handsome Peterborough canoe was drawn up in a clump of willows.

Quickly he had the boat in the water, and jumping into it, paddled to the landing place where, holding with one hand to the miniature wharf, he helped her step in.

"Oh, the cushions!" she exclaimed, as soon as Bolt, with a few vigorous strokes, had the canoe fairly under way. He began to swing the canoe around when she stopped him.

"We are late already," she said. "Never mind, I am quite comfortable, thank you."

Bolt was deeply absorbed in thought and without a word put the canoe back on its course.

They were making straight for a clear white building across the lake, showing plainly against the dark background of the hills.

The evening was splendid, not a cloud in the sky; the golden rays of the sun were enhancing wonderfully the beauty of the fair and healthy girl of the ranch.

Bolt realized for the first time that his theory might be wrong. A longing to be natural, to cry out his real feelings, his love, almost made him change his mind. Mastering himself, and half shutting his eyes, he veiled the bright light that would have been more eloquent than words.

The sun was shining full in Rose McRae's face and she had been looking at shore. Of the wave of emotion passing through Bolt's being she would never know, or perhaps—perhaps," repeated the stranger, somewhat to our surprise "this story need not be told."

After a short pause he proceeded:

A slight scent of burnt grass was in the air; here and there thick and seemingly immobile enormous cloud-like pillars of white smoke rose over the hills. The spring burning had started and these fires mysteriously lit, swept over vast areas of dead grass and dry brush.

Bolt wetted his lips and in a voice which he tried to make as much matter-of-fact and unconcerned as possible, suddenly broke the silence by plunging boldly into the all-important subject.

"Have you ever noticed, Rose, that in our day-dreaming we are very apt to exaggerate the pleasures that we anticipate? According to our powers of imagination we live in advance, more or less forcibly, important and especially happy events. It is a pleasurable sensation, it cannot be denied; that pastime, however, is dangerous enough, for it is seldom, not to say never, that reality even approaches those dreams."

"Yes," said Rose, in a somewhat startled tone, "and why do you tell me that Fred?"

Unheeding that slightly discouraging remark, Bolt proceeded thus:

"As you know, I am living alone." He glanced quickly at her, but her expression was inscrutable. She was not looking at him; her face was dreamily turned toward the crimson reflection of the glorious western sky on the quiet waters. Was she listening even?

Bolt was now thoroughly launched.

"Most of the actual work of the farm is merely physical and does not occupy the mind much. One has leisure to think of many things. While plowing, for instance, my mind was busy over a certain problem. I was wondering why, in most cases at least, so far as I have been able to judge for myself—and I have read some on the subject, too—why after marriage, after a short time of

married life, I mean, the affection, the love, rather, seems to diminish to—"

"What was that?" said Rose, suddenly. "Did you hear?"

Bolt, thus checked in the flow of his eloquence, gulped and sat up silent.

A long call was heard. He stopped paddling.

A canoe, vigorously handled, was seen to detach itself from the shore. The call was repeated and even at that distance much waving of the paddle could be seen. The occupant of the canoe, whoever he was, had a message and meant to deliver it.

"What can the matter be?" said Rose, excitedly. "Something must be wrong at your place or ours. Oh, do let us go and meet him."

"What can be wrong?" said Fred. rather impatiently. "You left your folks all right. I have no folks," rather bitterly, "The fire is beyond the hills, no danger from that point. That idiot, whoever he is, means just to butt in and in my opinion shows a lack of manners which—"

"Oh, that's Billie!" exclaimed Rose. "Hurry, Fred, and let us meet him half way. I am sure he has something important to tell us."

Bolt merely grunted but obediently swung the canoe toward the newcomer.

He did not like Billie Watson—why, he could not have explained. Billie was a newcomer in the country and had taken up the vacant homestead one mile west from McRae, beyond the hill. He appeared to be well off and everybody said he was a capital fellow.

The man's inopportune appearance, just when Bolt was reaching the climax of his so carefully studied introduction, just when the ground was being prepared—he was surely going to gain her everlasting admiration and no bought love-did not tend to increase his friendly feelings toward him. Why, hang it all, he did not even have time to come to the point, and when would he have the chance again to speak like that to pretty Rose McRae? Savagely, silently, with great vicious strokes of the paddle, did he make the canoe skim the lake's smooth surface.

Good evening, folks!" shouted Billie, as soon as they came within speaking distance. "Sorry to annoy you—nothing wrong, Miss McRae—I had to find you, Fred, or, believe me, would not have interrupted your charming ride—"

"Come to the point, Mr. Watson, I beg," said Fred, a dangerous gleam in his eyes.

"A fire has started, Bolt, about one half mile west from your place. There is no wind, but your buildings are not very well protected. A fire-break must be plowed."

"I thank you. I must see to it at once. Rose, you see how it is. Let me have your canoe, Watson. You know Miss McRae, I understand. You will see her safely to her aunt and back?"

Both men were used to boats and the transboardment was done without mishap, Billie steadying his craft while Fred stepped in, and waiting until he was sitting down before moving and stepping into Rose's canoe.

"I am sorry, Rose," said Fred, "but," he added, somewhat bitterly, "I leave you in good hands. Good evening."

"Good evening, Fred, and I hope you will find everything all right."

While he was getting under way he heard Billie exclaim: "How uncomfortable you must be, Miss McRae, no cushions! Here, let me fold my coat and use it for one. There, allow me—that's better, isn't it?"

"Thank you so much," he heard Rose say softly.

Without looking back Fred paddled quickly away, the two long lines made by his swiftly moving canoe like the sides of a gigantic wedge which seemed to break the mirror-like surface in a thousand animated ripples. Straight into that splendid sunset, straight back to his shack and its loneliness did he return."

The stranger sat silent as if unaware of our presence. Drawing a cigar from his pocket, quietly and dreamily he began to smoke.

The silence was growing awkward. Finally one of the youngest men in the party blurted out:

"And—er—pardon me, but was his house saved from the fire?"

"It was," was the calm and succinct answer.

"But," glancing at us in a somewhat bewildered fashion, the young man added:

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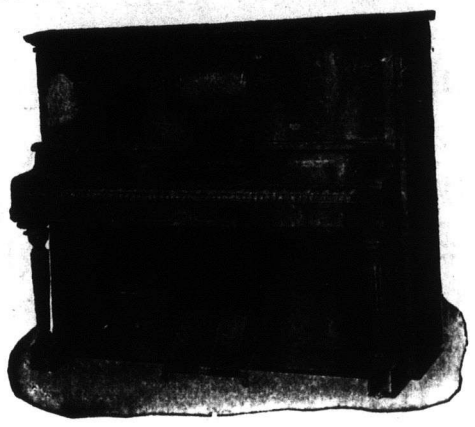

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"that theory of his, what was it, really?"

The stranger's brows darkened and in a remarkably contemptuous tone, said:

"Of what interest can a theory on love be, evolved by a man whose worldly knowledge was so limited that he neglected the girl's comfort before attempting to propose to her, whatever his mode of proceeding might have been?"

"The other man got his girl, then?" someone else said.

Without answering the stranger got up abruptly, crushing his cigar in the ashbox, and left the smoker.

Shortly afterward, an important prairie town was reached. Our peculiar—not to say original—entertainer was seen to pass in front of the smoker, getting out. I was sitting close to the door. As he was turning to step down I saw the name on his suit-case, "A. Bolt." A mere coincidence?

In the Cause of Love.

Written for The Western Home Monthly By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

"Don't utter a sound. I'm hunted and desperate and if you resist I'll brain you!"

My assailant had sprung on me suddenly, out of the mist, and as I went down with his hands on my throat the fantastic marks on his jacket told me that he was an escaped convict.

As he bent over me and hissed out his threat, I caught a clear view of his features and so far from offering resistance, I was much more inclined to chortle at the stroke of luck which had befallen me.

I just managed to gasp out his name, "Paul Marrable!"

"Thurlow!" he exclaimed, with a cry of astonishment and relief as his fingers released their grip. At that moment the boom of a gun sounded across the moorland—the signal that the escape of a convict had been discovered.

"You'll help me?" he queried, glancing round nervously in the direction of the sound.

"Sure thing! Steady yourself, Marrable. Of course I'll help you. In a way it's what I'm here for; only I wish to Heaven that I had known that you would break out today. I've been hanging round here for two weeks, wondering how to get word to you that I'd have a change of clothes ready. As it is, you must take mine. Strip off those infernal things." and setting him the example, I peeled. "I have my wheel here," I added as I stripped, "you can get away on that all right. Have you any irons on?"

"Only this one on my wrist. I was chained to another man and one of the links was weak. We broke it and both slipped away in the mist."

"You'll find my big sporting knife in the tool bag and there's a file in it. Here get these on, quick!" I tossed my things over to him and tearing open the little grip strapped to the wheel, threw him a pair of tennis shoes. Then I slipped on my pyjamas and unstrapped the waterproof cape for myself. In a couple of minutes or so, he made the change and was ready.

"Wait a minute, your cropped head will give you away. Shove my wig on and take my cap. You'll find a safety razor in the grip and you'd better shave your head the first chance you have. There's plenty of money in my pockets. Give me $20 of it, that'll get me back home Ten minutes ride along that path will bring you to the main road and then you'll reach the railway all right. Go north and wire me to my club where to find you. Make a bundle of those prison rags and pitch 'em away somewhere."

"I don't know how to thank you," he said as he handed me the money, his hands shaking so from excitement that he nearly dropped it.

"By clearing yourself. Your sister says you can prove your innocence when you are once free. That's the sort of thanks I want."

"I can, Thurlow, and I will. You'll see." was the hurried reply, as he mounted, and the next instant he was out of sight in the mist.

His appearance had been so unexpected and everything had followed in such a bewildering rush that I had no time to think about the consequences to myself: but as I turned and hurried along a moorland path in the opposite direction to that which he had taken, I began to appreciate my position.

My first inclination was to laugh at the ridiculous figure that I cut. A recent illness had left me as bald as a billiard ball. I had no hat to cover my shiny pate, I was dressed in a suit of pyjamas, with no more than a rather short bicycle cape as an outer garment. A motley costume in which, at the best, I might be taken for a wandering lunatic, while at the worst if I ran across the warders in pursuit of Marrables, I might be arrested for having helped him to escape.

But it was never my way to take things too seriously, and at that moment I was positively jubilant. By sheer stroke of luck I had been able to keep my promise to Edith—that I would help her half brother to escape—and thus remove the obstacle which she declared would prevent our marriage.

"While Paul is in prison, Gregory, I cannot marry anyone without bringing shame as a part of my dowry, and that I will never do. He was wrongfully convicted on the false evidence of informers. If he is once free, he can prove his innocence, and until he is free I will not be anyone's wife. That I declare, on my word as an Irish girl."

The brother had mixed himself with a bad gang, and when they committed one of their mad outrages he had been arrested. The informer's evidence had resulted in a sentence of penal servitude; and although I had no sort of sympathy with his politics and did not myself like the fellow, I was very much in love with Edith and eager for the barrier between us to be removed. Love can laugh at laws as at locksmiths.

But I certainly had had no thought that I should have to wander about the country in such a garb as that I was wearing. I had meant to have a change of clothes ready for him at some spot where he could find me, on breaking out; and then in my own attire I could have faced a whole yardful of warders, strong in the armor of my irreproachable respectability.

Gregory Thurlow, a barrister at law, with no practice, but enjoying a small reputation as a scribbler, the son of a judge, was not likely to be suspected of what I had just done. The fine bracing air of the moorlands was a legitimate reason for my taking a quiet, innocent holiday in the district, and if I had been decently clothed, I would have filled my pipe and sat down to wait for the warders to arrive.

But it was a different matter to face them as a hatless scarecrow in pyjamas. They would naturally be inquisitive as to what I had done with my clothes and when once suspicion was started, it was impossible to say where it would end.

It was obvious that by hook or crook I must get a hat and some sort of suit, and the more I thought of it, the stronger became the conviction that it would have to be "by crook." To attempt to buy them at a store anywhere within a radius of some miles of the prison would mean that I should be at once taken for one of the escaped conivcts and a night in the lockup would be the immediate consequence, to be followed by a very embarrassing investigation in the morning.

Immersed in these thoughts, the first mishap befell me. I lost my way. Moorland paths are as like as eggs in a basket, and I took a wrong one, so that after two hours walking and running, instead of reaching the high road for which I was making, I began to realize that I was in for a night on the moors.

The merk of the mist was fast darkening into twilight; it was increasingly difficult to keep to the path, I was dog tired: as hungry as a wolf in winter and as thirsty as a stranded fish. Altogether my plight was nearly as bad as even the jail authorities could have wished, if they had known of the help I had given Paul Marrable.

I plodded on, however, and after another hour or so I came out on a bridle path. Turning to the left at random, my eyes were presently cheered by the sight of a light some distance ahead of me. The mist had lifted by this time and the moon was coming up. I saw that the light came from one of two isolated cottages.

I reconnoitred them carefully and then had the first break in my ill luck. One of the cottages was in darkness and in the patch of garden belonging to it there was a pole, with a hat on top of it, standing guard over the crop.

With as much care as if I had been about to steal the Cullinan diamond, I annexed the hat, a battered weather beaten "topper", with a rent in it big

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enough to satisfy even a rapacious landlord.

Happier in the possession of it than if it had been the sleekest of silk hats, I clapped it on my head, after making sure that there were no snails in it, and then approached the other cottage to get some food, and to ask my way.

A dog barked and a burly quarryman opened the door and gruffly demanded what I wanted. "I've lost my way, Guv'nor," I said, attempting a tramp's accents. "Which is the road off the moor?" He stared at me in disconcerting silence and then clapped his hands on my shoulders and dragged me inside. "Let's have a look at you?" He had his look—a long one too—and in the middle of it snatched my hat off.

"What are you? A looney?" he asked with a laugh and the laugh deepened as he pushed aside my bicycle cape and saw my pyjamas.

"I'm looking for work, guv'nor."

"With hands like them?" The question was full of righteous disdain.

"Well, on tramp then," I growled.

"Here, 'Liza," he called, keeping his grip on my shoulder. A comely pleasant-faced woman came in answer to the call. "What stuff's this?" he asked her pointing to my pyjamas.

"Silk," replied the wife after examining it.

He gave a knowing nod and grunted, "Funny tramps' wear," and before I guessed his intention, he swung me round and found my name inside the collar of the jacket. He spelled it slowly and chuckled. "Ho, Mr. Gregory Thurlow Esquire, are we? We tramp it in style, we do."

He was such a big beast that I was like a child in his hands. "The fact is," I said, dropping the tramp character, "I'm in a bit of a mess. I am not really a tramp, but on a holiday and—"

"Open the cupboard, 'Liza," he broke in, and when the woman obeyed, he bundled me in and locked the door. Then he returned to the supper which my arrival had interrupted and as he ate and drank I heard him tell the woman he should fetch the police, as he had no doubt I was a thief.

It was a stuffy, ill-smelling cupboard; dirty rags, fire wood, the dog's bed, mice, cockroaches, coal oil and other nastiness contributing to the general effect; but the unpleasantness was nothing compared to my thoughts during the half hour I remained there, until the man whistled his dog and set off for the police.

Then the second piece of luck came my way. He had only been gone a few minutes when the woman opened the cupboard and let me out.

"You ain't no thief," she said with a mixture of contempt and pity, "I see at a glance that you was only a looney."

I murmured some appropriate words of thanks and assured her that not only was I perfectly harmless, but that if she would help me I would pay her. "I am hungry, for one thing, and sorely in need of a pair of—pants and a coat. Any old things will do; and if you'll let me have them I'll give you five dollars," and I showed her the money.

Her face indicated that my possession of so much money made her doubt her first diagnosis, but greed for the money overcame any scruples.

Telling me to help myself to the food on the table, she hurried out of the room, and returned with some garments, which were in admirable keeping with the scarecrow's hat I had already stolen.

They had been worn out by her husband who was six inches taller than I, and the fit was in proportion. I drew them on over my pyjamas and had to turn up the pants until the ends of them came to my knees and met the jacket.

"You'd best make a start and put the rest of the bread in your pocket," she said, being a practical soul and wishing to be rid of me.

I was not to get away without another scare for two warders in search of the runaways arrived and asked whether anything had been seen of them. For a few seconds they looked hard at me as I sat munching a crust of bread, while the woman, giving a glance at me, said, "My nevvy, balmy, looney," and she tapped her forehead significantly.

My appearance coupled with a vacant grin bore out the testimonial sufficiently to satisfy them, and after a few minutes they went away.

I thanked her again and asked her name, promising to send her a reward for the service she had rendered, but she only laughed pityingly and urged me to be off, pressing half a loaf of bread on me and telling me what road to take to get off the moors.

Half a mile along the lane was the road leading to Alton, some ten miles distant. That was not the real name of the place, but for obvious reasons I prefer to keep the real name secret.

I set out on the long night tramp in good spirits, flattering myself that my troubles were now over. I had only to time matters so that I arrived at Alton just after the stores were open, when I could buy a cheap suit and take the first train home. I reached the outskirts of the town without hindrance and having plenty of time to spare, turned aside and found a lonely cattle shed, where I lay down to sleep.

But my fatigue betrayed me. I slept heavily until I was awakened by a man kicking me viciously in the ribs, at the instigation of an angry farmer who was looking on and cursing me violently for a tough and a vagabond.

As I jumped to my feet, my ludicrous appearance provoked such an uproarious burst of laughter, that a third man, the farmer's son, came to learn the reason. He began to laugh too, but the smile died away quickly, and, to my profound consternation, he declared that he recognized me as the tramp who had been seen in the district a week before, just when a neighbor's hay stack had been fired.

In vain I protested my innocence and that I had never seen the place before in my life, giving a fresh explanation now; that I was not a tramp in reality, but a newspaper man playing the part in order to get experience.

I was to get experience all right, for their reply was to lock me in the barn, while one of the men went in search of the local constable, and the others kept guard outside. When the constable came, he said the magistrates were sitting that morning at Alton, and he marched me off to charge me as a rogue and vagabond and with arson afterwards.

My entry into the town as the man who had fired Farmer Jones' haystack, was quite a triumphal procession—for the constable.

He told everyone he met, halting frequently to emphasize the importance of the capture and every time he would snatch my hat off to give his hearers a chance to recognize me.

The last of these halts occurred when we were close to the police station. A little crowd gathered round to gaze upon me and the awe which such a desperado should naturally have inspired, was lost

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in the peals of laughter which my bald head and ludicrous appearance could not fail to provoke.

By that time I had drained the cup of humiliating mortification to the dregs, and then suddenly the cup overturned and fortune began to make me amends.

"What an extraordinary looking creature! Whatever can he have done?"

It was Edith Marrable's voice and I looked up to find her joining in the general laugh at my grotesque and pitiable condition. As she saw my features, she started, her face crimsoned and she uttered a cry of amazement. Just then the constable pushed me forward again and I had only time to give her a glance of entreaty and motion towards the police station. She whispered to a man who was with her and as I entered the building, they followed.

I was hustled into the little dock and the charge was about to be entered when Edith's friend whispered to the Inspector and the proceedings immediately took a turn for the better.

Edith's friend was a magistrate with whom she had been going to see Paul in prison.

I told my story, that I was a writer in search of material for some articles and had been masquerading as an amateur tramp. This explanation was promptly accepted and I left the police station with Edith, while her friend, the magistrate, went away to the Town Hall.

As we crossed to an hotel, she could not restrain her laughter.

"You do look the most ridiculous figure, Greg. I shall never be able to look at you again without laughing," she said when we were seated in a private room and I had ordered breakfast.

"All right," I replied testily. Her ridicule was the last straw. "I suppose you think it all very funny."

"Whatever made you do such a thing?"

"As a matter of fact, you did."

"Oh, Greg, I never told you to write articles about tramps and dress up like one. Oh, you do look so funny! And where, oh, where's your hair?" she asked, laughing again.

I paused and looked at her.

"Paul's got it," I said, lowering my voice.

The laugh died suddenly in a look of intense interest and she caught hold of my arm and stared at me.

"Do you mean—?"

I nodded, "And my clothes too."

"Oh, Greg, dear, and I was horrid enough to laugh," she cried, the tears springing into her eyes.

"You mustn't know anything, of course, and if your friends don't hear the news before you start you must go to the prison and be surprised to learn it," and I gave her a rapid sketch of my adventures.

When the waiter brought in my breakfast and a suit of clothes he had borrowed from somewhere, she was crying and laughing by turns, over my story, and when I had breakfasted and returned to her, after changing, she threw her arms round my neck and thanked me so tenderly and begged my forgiveness for her laughter, with such loving regret, that I was more than repaid for all I had gone through.

A few minutes later the magistrate friend arrived with the news of Paul's escape and Edith's infinite surprise was a finished piece of acting, which entirely deceived him.

Edith and I—well, there could be only one ending to my successful adventure, and Paul did prove his innocence. The news reached us in Paris in the second week of our honeymoon.

Consulting the Great Turtle.

Written for Western Home Monthly by G. W. Bartlett, Arden, Man.

In the spirit of worship of the Saulteana tribes of the Great Lakes, an honored place was held by Michie Mackinac," the "Great Turtle which never lied." From the days of Champlain, the Jesuits mention this "heathen superstition," and the Father of New France leaves a description of the invocation of the Oracle. The most interesting record of such consultation, however, is that of Alexander Henry, a veteran fur trader of the North-west, who, at the time of Pontiac's rising, was held captive by these Indians. At the news of the advance of the English under Sir William Johnson, the natives were uncertain whether to withdraw into the wilderness or to sue for peace. To resolve all doubts they decided to consult Michie Mackinac.

A large wigwam was accordingly erected, inside which was placed a small tent for the priest and the expected spirit. Five poles of different species of wood were set in holes about two feet deep, in a four-foot circle. The poles were about ten feet high, and bound at the top by a circular hoop or girder. Over all were spread moose skins made fast by thongs of the same material, now left unfastened at one side to admit the priest.

The ceremony did not commence until the approach of night. To give light, several fires were lighted within the wigwam, around the tent. When nearly the whole village had assembled within the wigwam, the priest appeared, almost naked, and the skins were lifted enough for him to creep into the tent on his hands and knees. His head was scarcely inside when the tent began to shake, and the skins were no sooner let fall than numerous voices were heard inside, some yelling, some barking like dogs, some howling like wolves. In this horrible concert, were screams and sobs of despair and anguish. Articulate speech was also heard as from human lips; but in a tongue unknown to any of the audience. After a time these confused and frightful voices ceased, followed by a perfect silence.

A voice was now heard which seemed to manifest the arrival of a new character in the tent. It was the low, feeble voice, like the cry of a young puppy. The cry was no sooner distinguished than the Indians clapped their hands in joyous recognition of the chief spirit the Great Turtle—who never lied. Other voices, they had from time to time greeted with hisses, as belonging to lying spirits who deceived mankind. Now new sounds came from the tent. For half an hour songs in diverse voices were heard, but I did not till now hear the proper voice of the priest. He now addressed the Indians, announcing the presence of the Great Turtle, who was ready to answer any question.

The questions were to come from the chief of the village, who, however, remained silent until he had put a large quantity of tobacco into the aperture; spirits are supposed to be as fond of tobacco as the Indians themselves. The tobacco being accepted, the priest was desired to inquire whether the English were preparing to make war on the Indians, and whether there were many English soldiers at Niagara. These questions being put by the priest, the tent instantly began to shake, and for some moments rocked so violently that I expected to see it levelled to the earth. All this, I expected to prelude the answer, but a terrified cry announced the departure of the Great Turtle. After a quarter of an hour, the Spirit returned, and began a continuous speech in an unintelligible tongue, which only the priest was supposed to comprehend. He then interpreted the Turtle's message: The Spirit, he declared, had crossed Lake Huron, proceeded to Niagara, and thence to Montreal. At Niagara no great number of soldiers were seen; but, descending the St. Lawrence, he had seen the river covered with the boats of the soldiers coming up. Their number was as the leaves i the autumn.

The chief, after another gift to the Spirit, inquired whether Sir William Johnson would receive them as friends, if they should decide to visit him at Niagara. The Turtle's reply to this query was interpreted once more, to the effect that Sir William would fill their canoes with gifts — blankets, kettles, guns, powder, and large barrels of rum, such as the stoutest warrior would be unable to lift, and that every man should return in safety.

This reply was received with an eager clapping of the hands, and cries of—

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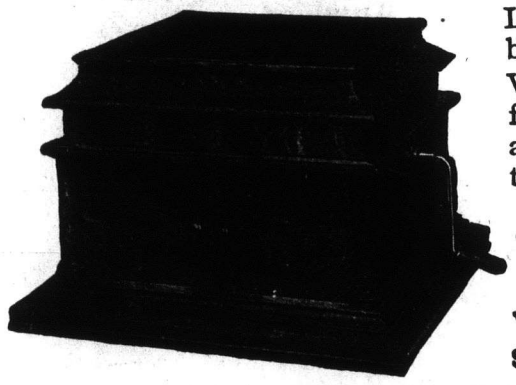

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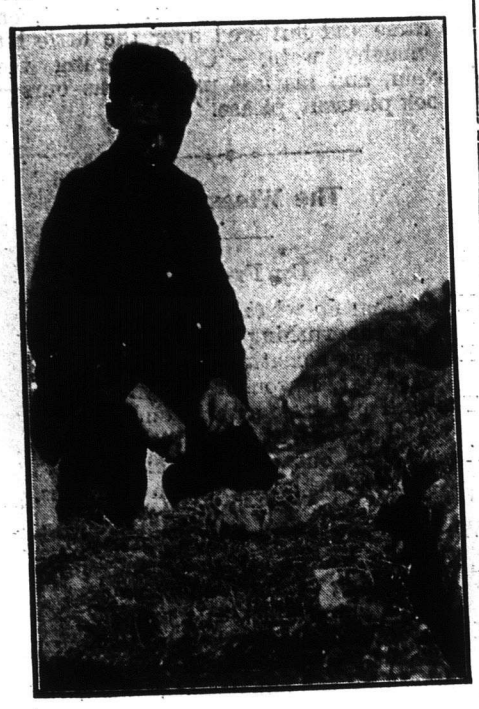
How The Kingfisher Goes To Work.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by BONNYCASTLE DALE.

Truly there are more ways of killing a cat than drowning it and stranger ways of taking pictures of the clever ones of animated Nature, whether they wear fur or feather or scale, than is printed in books. We follow the many interesting inhabitants of the "drowned lands," great marshes and far reaching wild rice beds and islands of this good old Rice Lake all through the year from nip to break of ice, from when the great ice-shoves of the spring months rend the shores and tear the bogs adrift until Jack Frost seals all nature up again.

Late in April that tantalizing streak of blue and white sweeps past with a screech that makes one shrink involuntarily as it darts over the canoe and we know the Kingfisher is back in his old haunts and at his old tricks again. Here is a bird that naturally adapts himself for picturing, poses beautifully until you are just ready to take him, then tears off a yard or two of the earsplitting noise it calls music and poses—away off on another tree. Not to be daunted by this clever bird, we went to work and built a regular stone fort—called a 'hide'— when we were duck shoot-



My assistant and three young birds.

ing on the north point of the Beaver, a long island covered with cedar, midway across this Canadian lake. We draped it naturally with sumac branches, filled the interstices amid the stones, with drifted wild celery that had come ashore before a nor'easter, planted a tree top a score of yards out in the water and waited the graceful diver. Waited! Well, I should say we did! Day after day he flew past and eyed that handy diving perch, eyed that stone fort and the big, brown-eyed animals peering through the hide, and decided it was too good, too easy, something wrong, and found he had important business in a very different place. So we returned to our duck pictures and left him to get used to the new diving perch.

Minnows fairly swarmed about the base of that poplar diving perch and one morning as we urged our light canoe riverwards, we saw the kingfisher seated on top of the perch, crest erect, bright eyes glancing downwards—like a flash it dived through the air, struck the water with a tremendous splash and returned to its forked branch with a struggling minnow in its bill.

Next morning found us seated in the hide just as the first red beams of the rising sun were lighting up all this pine and cedar clad scene. Behind us in the sandy bank of the island, a big hole had been scooped out. We knew from experience that it went in for several feet, winding and twisting, and at the far end ten or twelve long white oval eggs awaited incubation. After several pipes had been smoked the bird returned with its piercing screech—a flashing, undulating streak of black, blue and white, the cinnamon patch on its breast showing clear and distinct as it hovered over the trees above us—then it swooped—and the camera caught it as it flew upwards to the perch.

I lowered the old burlap bag we use as a curtain over the camera window and reset the machine. That bright eye was on the stone fort, but he could see never a move, only the clicking of the camera could be heard. Away he darted and hovered over the water, retaining a position in midair by the incessant fanning of the wings. Behind us the crested head of the female could be seen peeping out of the hole in the steep bank; the male bird swept back on easy movements of the wings and she darted out and settled on top of the diving pole; like a perfect gentleman he swooped past, merely acknowledging her presence by a little screech, as tuneful and musical as one of those delightful steam yacht's whistles that make the night hideous wherever they penetrate these beautiful inland lakes.

Again the curtain ran down and we present you with a picture of her lady-ship eyeing the water for a fish breakfast (my assistant here thought of his own and sighed and rubbed the place where it should be installed, so we crept out of the fort and up the path to the "shanty.")

Many days elapsed; loons, greebe, ducks, rail—all the birds of the great marsh flashed before the eyes of our lenses and many were faithfully imprinted on our films; then once more we entered the little stone "hide." As we sat there writing up the notes we had gathered afield and afloat, we were treated to one of the kingfisher's tactics. He had dived into the lake with that unerring aim of his and emerged with a perch, one much too great for his internal capacity. He lugged it ashore, fish struggling and bird holding on for all he was worth. Every time it shook its tail it also shook the bird's head up into the air. He mounted, fell, mounted up again further, until he made the dead limb of a tamarack that overhung the water and the rocky shore. Here he perched and turning his

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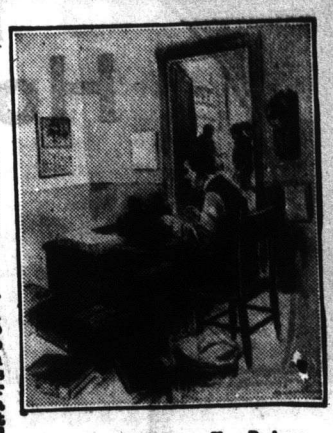

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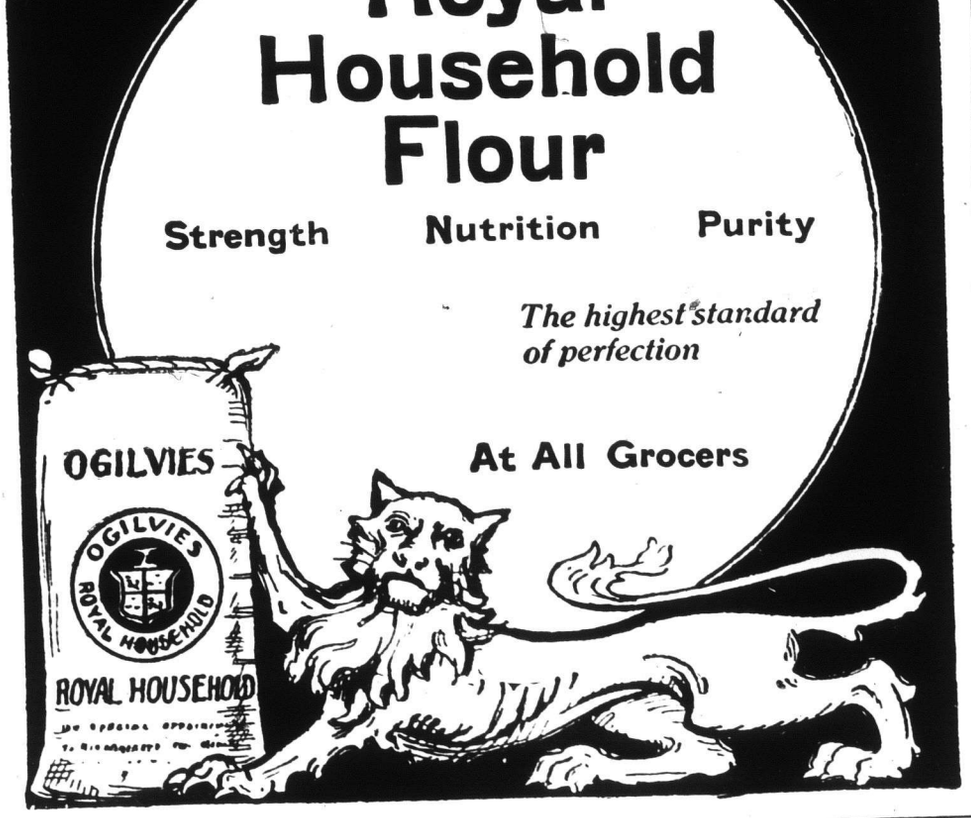

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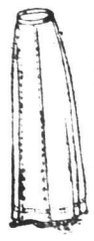

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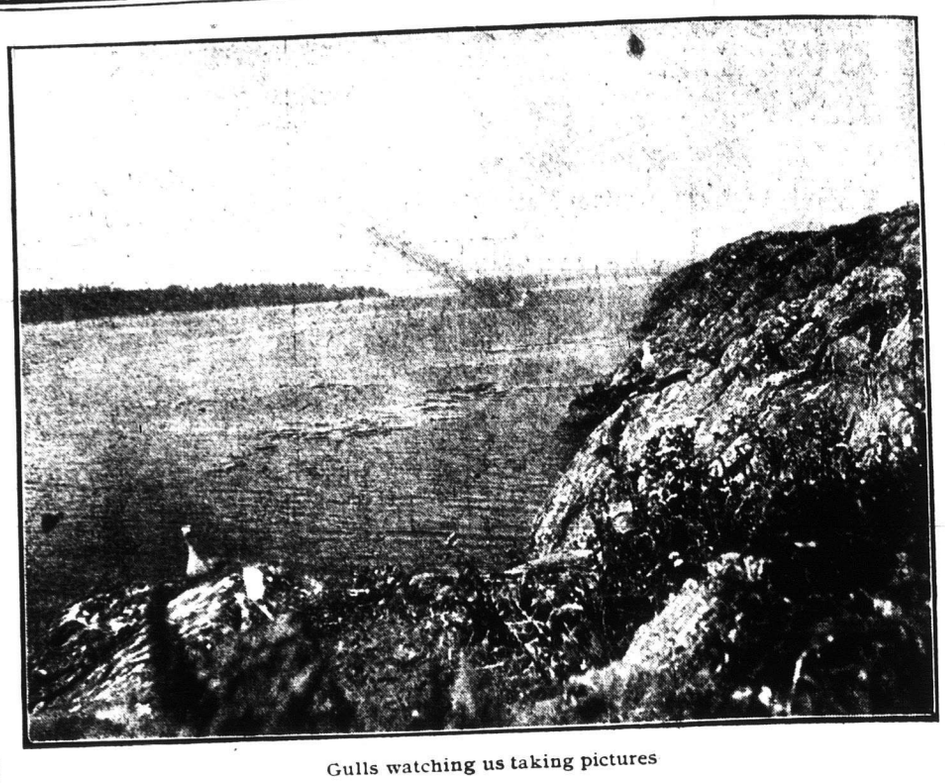

Gulls watching us taking pictures

bill sideways let that fish slip through headfirst; down it went as straight as an arrow, struck headfirst on a big granite boulder and fell over dead. That bally bird actually let out a fearful scream of victory, swooped down over the dead fish and flew up onto the forked poplar, never offering to eat the perch. It looked as if he had killed it out of pure mischief. Down he darted after a minnow—but not too fast for the rapid lens—so we got his picture diving.

The youngsters were hatched by now and several times we saw downy little chaps appear at the hole's edge and eye the big world for a moment, then all the little bills would open and chatter, all the crowd would surge forward, then crowd back as the mother flew in with a small shiner in her bill. If this was too large she tore it up, if not, one lucky youngster got it.

Again, on a glorious spring day, one when all the lakes and rivers, islands and bogs wore their brightest garb, all rustling, waving and sparkling as if rejoicing for very being, a day when myriad insects, snails and tiny frogs seemed to speak of Nature's extravagance, we were behind the

This time we caught him within a foot of the surface.

cameras again ready for our loud voiced bird. We wanted the final entrance into the water as it fell in the swift dive; many times we tried for this really difficult picture and the one we got this day is not as good as we could wish for, but all of the others were simply pictures of a nice smiling lake—we'll have a bird on it, this time we caught him within a foot of the surface, so it must suffice.

Our last effort was directed to get this eccentric diver [illegible] with swiftly flapping wings over a large bit of water, [illegible] for minnows. [illegible] follow the [illegible] approach [illegible] Oh, the [illegible] just [illegible] maybe, [illegible] ing away [illegible] laid in at.

ing assistant was on the stern seat, a calm lake lay about us, rippled only by gentle catspaws, and our tricky bird still fluttered ahead. At last we got the light craft into a bed of wild flag and hoped the bird would fish the pool alongside. As though we had directed his wavering flight, on he came and fluttered over the little bit of marshy water—"Clang!" rang the curtain, and his last picture was ours—"Look pleasant, please!"

The Wisest Way.

By Frances.

We seldom do what we wish to do,
As the rushing days go by;
It is always something we have to do,
And oft, I wonder—why?
The dull old task awaits our hand
And mocks at our fretted eyes,
As we gaze out over the hills afar
Where the luring dream trail lies.

We only ask what we'd like to do,
Not a life of selfish ease,
With nothing of any import to do
Save idle whims to p'ease;
The soul, who craves, keeps reaching up
To where he would like to be,
Unmoved by the bubbles of rainbow tint,
Afloat in a lazy sea.

But, wise folk do what they find to do,
And mould from the ugly clay
Fair shapes, that will live when their own brave hearts
As dust, are blown away;
And rebel thoughts may storm the gates
While a weary guard defends,
Still, at last, we learn it is best to do
What the fleeting hour sends.

And, after all, what we find to do,
Though homely, and coarse and grey,
If we do it well and with all our strength,
Brings peace at close of day;
And Fortune's tide may turn, some day,
And bring on its restless waves
The means, and the way, and power to do
The work our spirit craves.

Knew Them.

Teacher: "What were the Crusades?"
Pupil: "The Crusades were millinery exhibitions from all parts of Europe."

A Convenience.

A small boy was complaining because he had to go to school.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I wish we were all born educated!"

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"Yes," said a girl who is a determined autograph hunter, "it is one of the best I have in my collection."

"But are you sure it is genuine?"

"Quite. I cut it from a telegram that Jack received from him."

A Day to be Remembered.

Written for The Western Home Monthly By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

It chanced to fall on September 20th—in a Stalker's Calendar "The Day of Roaring"—when I was staying in an Inverness-shire, Scotland— Glen, a few miles distant from the shores of Loch Ness. The ground was new to me but going up from Inverfarigaig I had passed a fir plantation which looked like holding roe deer and my host had kindly given me leave to go out for a buck when I liked. So, as I started on my two-mile walk to the wood a couple of mornings later, I did not even ask myself whether I was a fool to leave my warm bed at so unseasonable an hour as 4 a.m. Nature herself set any doubts I might have had on that score at rest.

The first faint flush f dawn had not yet quivered in the eastern sky as I walked down the drive, and my only light came from the stars and bright moon which flooded the sleeping valley.

Indeed it was still dark as I finished my climb and looked down into the deep and rocky ravine, which lay at the back of the plantation, but dimly noiseless forms were made out stirring below me, and the first rays over the hill-tops revealed a doe and her fawn occupied at their morning meal. I had been told to shoot at anything, as

A "Royal," from a drawing.

the young deer had been doing a great deal of damage to the young trees, but not wishing to disturb the whole of the ground at the start I went quietly back out of sight and continued my way. A few minutes later, as I crossed up out of the plantation there came a rush from a small hollow on my left and I was just in time to see the hind quarters of a buck disappearing over the crest. That he was a good beast I could see, and so sitting down I pulled out my glass. He obligingly stopped about 300 yards away and for some moments stared back. Then he dashed off again, making a great commotion, though I knew that he had not really seen me, but had got a slight touch of my wind.

Accordingly, for about 10 minutes or so I lay quietly there, for I thought I knew what he would do next, and then rose to follow.

I had not gone 20 yards when, across the ravine, I saw something, and putting my glass on it found to my joy it was the buck. He was lying almost entirely hidden from view beneath an old birch tree which overhung the ravine. It stood by three solitary firs and by these I easily marked a rock within 40 yards of it which was the most convenient spot for a shot. The greater part of my stalk was simply a walk, but 200 yards from the rock I had to go very gingerly to avoid striking one of the many boulders scattered on the ground. At last I reached the rock and peering over saw the buck standing on the plateau and slowly unsuspicious of danger. As I looked something rose in my throat—a sensation I have never experienced with big game—and I *almost* crept back the way I had come, with the safety still showing on my rifle, but then, well, the mood passed, the hunter in me awoke, and the rest may be guessed. He felt no pain! I then returned congratulating myself on a good beginning to my day's sport.

Two hours later I started for the "hull" with Donald and Scottie. The former was stalker and as we went he unfolded his plans. The wind was going round to the north, all in our favor, so we were optimistic. "A thunk, Muster Walter, whull be havin' luck the dee," remarked Donald. But for three hours we kept going up through the deep course of a burn, with frequent stops for spying as a fresh bit of hill opened out from behind the corner of a knoll, yet with never a sign of a beast. Our optimism began to evaporate. Then as we spied some distant mosses and peat bogs, Donald spotted two stags. They carried nothing very wonderful in the way of heads, but one we thought sufficiently good to kill. They were lying a good four miles off. Donald suggested lunch in the hope that before that function was completed they would have enabled us to settle our future movements by rising. So we lay there.

Time was getting on, and though the heat haze rendered spying difficult, we could see that the stags had not risen. I proposed a move. "Weel," said Donald, "I just think we'd better. I heard a shot over the mairch and I was hoping it would ha' put some deer over, but likely they'll no come so far." It was just then that Scottie, who had the most wonderful sight, suddenly flopped down with the remark, "Mon, mon, but there's deer!" Over the old sheep fence a line of black dots was stringing.

No one spoke at first except Scottie, who exclaimed in heartfelt accents, "Guid Lord! Taalk aboot staags!"

They certainly were a grand lot. There was a very dark, heavy-looking switch, a nice eight pointer, a dozen or so other stags, but the pick of the whole bunch

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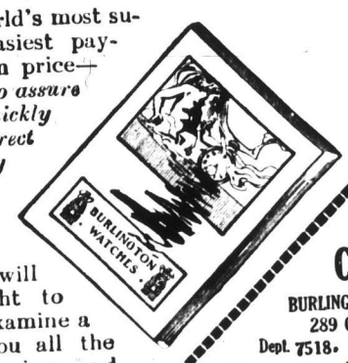

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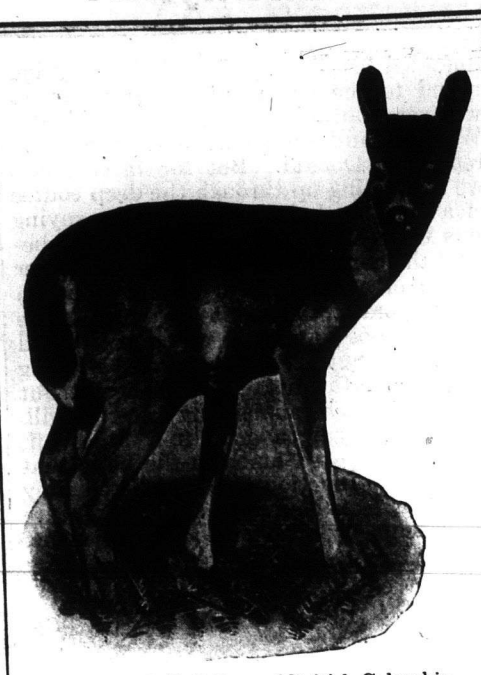
was an eleven pointer. He was one of the finest looking stags I have ever seen.

They came slowly down the hill, every now and then looking back and, following the direction of their gaze, we saw another lot of deer, all small stags with one exception. At last they made up their minds what to do and came on down the hill. They were then only about a quarter of a mile off and we had to very carefully crawl into the bed of the old burn, from whence we could watch them with safety.

"Waatch them when they get to the scent of our haacks," said Donald. "I hope the brutes will gang awa' doon the hull." Almost as he spoke the leading stag, a small six pointer, stopped dead and threw his head up. The other deer followed suit—and what a grand picture it was! I have never seen such an example of the wonderful power of scent which red deer possess, for it was fully an hour and a half since we had passed that way. For some awful minutes it was a toss-up whether they would turn back or not; then we uttered a prayer of thankfulness as the leader made his way down the hollow.

And now the query was: "Where is the eleven pointer?" I was sure he had gone down the burn with the other deer, but on looking through the glass my convictions wavered and were finally dispelled, for there, never to be mistaken,



The Black Tail Deer of British Columbia.

was the much-looked-for eleven pointer.

We were very much exposed, but a wet and careful slither brought us into the concealment of some peat bogs, and leaving Scottie there, Donald and I, by dint of pulling ourselves along a few yards at a time on hissocks and deer grass, got within 120 yards of the herd. They were all lying down and it was impossible to pick out the horns of any individual stag; but we felt assured that one of them was the eleven pointer, and taking the glass from Donald I saw, framed in the circle, the well known horns showing above the waving deer grass—and I was happy. It might be cold; I might have to wait two hours for a shot; all the qualifications necessary for a chill might be there ready; yet within 120 yards of me was an eleven pointer, and by my side a rifle!

Donald, as we lay in the peat bog, reopened a question which had been discussed earlier. He was very anxious for me to take the switch first if he gave me a good chance; but Scottie, at this suggestion, had been shocked into loquaciousness. "Mon," said he, "you'll never tak yon brute first wi' thaat graand eleven pinter before ye. Whaat an awfu' sin! But, O mon, a' wush he'd anither pint!"

Anyhow I settled to take the one that rose first and trust my luck for a second chance. From 3.20 to 5.15 did we lie there. Once the switch got up—a three-quarter view—and I had the rifle levelled, but down he went again. I must confess I returned a prayer of thankfulness, for the eleven pointer had not moved.

I could just see the tops of his horns, and those very faintly, for they were very black. Then the chance came! A dark cloud slowly rolled from the face of the sun; a ray of light lit up each stag in turn. It was the finest natural picture I have ever seen and for a moment my thoughts wandered, and then as the eleven pointer stood there for a second or two I felt a brute; then at the crack of the rifle he turned a complete somersault and fell back among the peats, stone dead. The other deer had all risen and were standing in a bunch; but the dark coat of the switch rendered him easily recognizable, and as he moved forward I fired. He fell at once but, regaining his feet, struggled a few yards, then as another bullet struck him he, too, passed into that shadowy forest where marches are not, and he, too, was at rest. My luck had held right through—"A Day to be Remembered."

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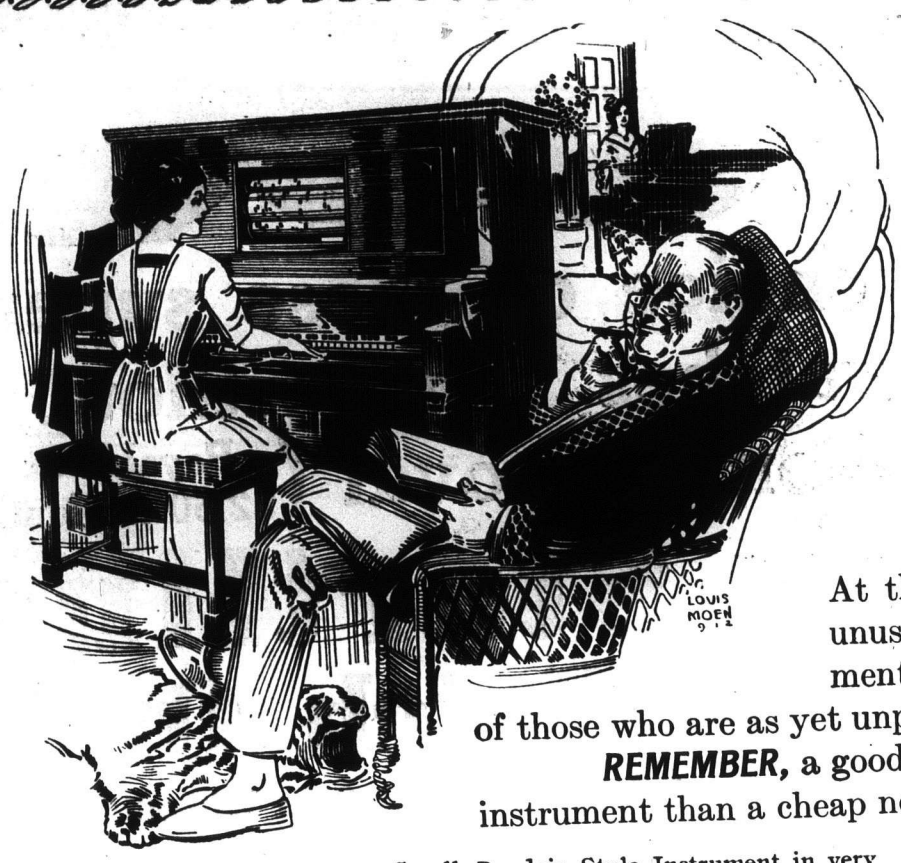

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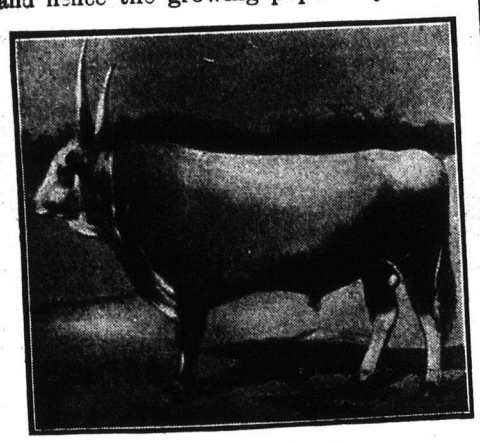
The Work Oxen of Hungary.

Written for Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

Hungary has a more distinctive type of work oxen than any other country in Europe. From time immemorial the lanky, long-horned, muscular white breed has been a prominent feature of the great Hungarian Plain, not in the sense in which cattle are conspicuous in this country, but as instruments of utility in the working of the land. The white cattle are not particularly handsome, as usefulness in collar work is their chief qualification but, being of great stature and adorned with horns as long as, though of different form from, those of the Longhorn and Highland breeds, they are in a sense picturesque and commanding in appearance. In build they are the antithesis of our improved breeds, bone and muscle being their noticeable characteristics as one would expect in animals bred for hauling purposes.

Hungary is proud of her ancient white cattle which have served her agriculture so well, and it is with no little regret that she regards the decadence of this fine old race. The breed is gradually diminishing in numbers and giving place to other types better adapted to the diverse uses of modern farming. It is estimated that only 22 per cent of the total cattle of Hungary belong to the native race, the remaining 75 per cent consisting largely of the Simmenthal breed from Switzerland. The slow disappearance of the white cattle is due to economic reasons. It has been left behind in the process of developing early maturity, having, in fact, stood still while other breeds have progressed more or less rapidly. Though they regard their native cattle with sentimental affection, the Hungarians are not oblivious to the necessities of commercial influences, and hence the growing popularity of the

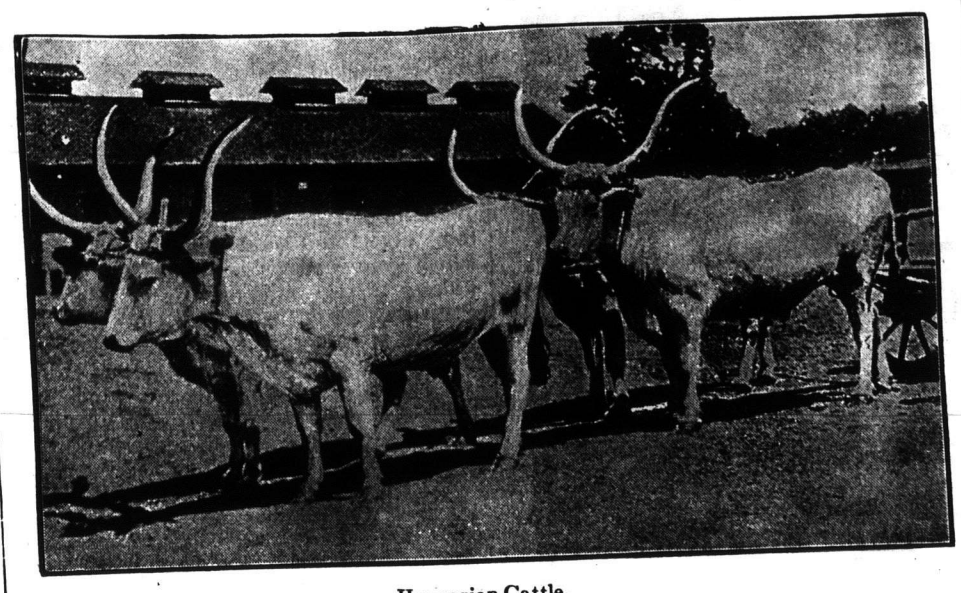


Typical Hungarian Ox.

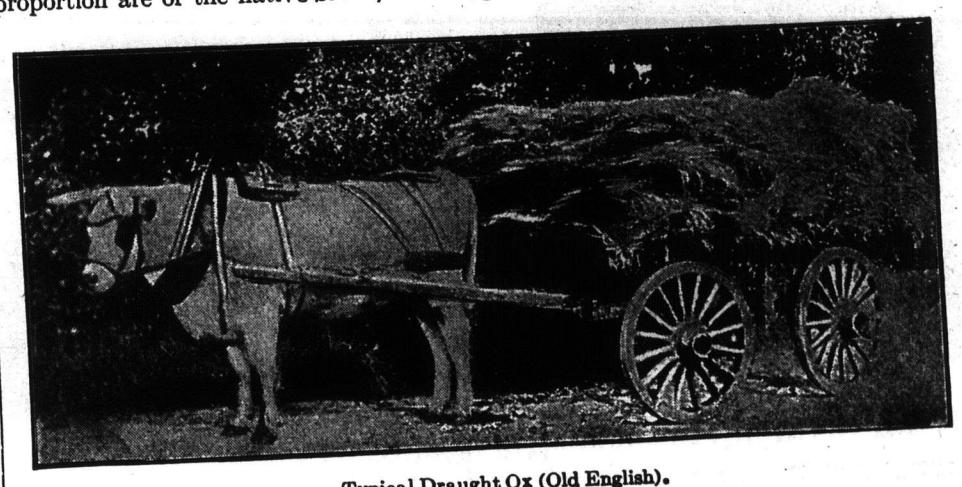
big, massive Swiss breed which matures in half the time of the white cattle either for working or other uses, and is incomparably superior alike for milk and beef production. The Simmenthal is altogether of more modern appearance, and strikes one as an enlarged edition of the Guernsey.

Though the Swiss breed is displacing the old white cattle, it will never form the conspicuous landmark in the farming of the Great Plain that the native breed did, and visitors will share with Hungarians the regret that the disappearance of a type of cattle that has played so important a part in the cultivation of some of the finest wheat land in Europe. It may be too late to hope that something might be done to revive the popularity of the white breed and remodel it to modern requirements. It has remained unimproved so long that the task would be tedious and difficult, but one feels that had the work been taken in hand a generation ago the old breed might have been retained as a leading feature in Hungarian farming. Commercial considerations are the undoing of the historic breed of Hungary. The oxen are good for twelve years' work on the land or on the road, but they are not ready for harness until four years old, and the cost of rearing them for all these years without anything in return makes the price, if the breeder is to derive profit, prohibitive to the small farmer. The Swiss cattle are ready for work at two or three years' old, and coupling with this fact the better milking properties of the cows and the superior beef producing qualities of the surplus stock, it is only natural that they should be held in high favor. They are cheaper to rear and to buy, are not more expensive to maintain, are equally tractable in harness, and more adaptable to dairying and grazing purposes, and the combined force of all these advantages, sentimental regard for the native race is unable to withstand and is gradually giving way. The white oxen, however, are still prominent on the Government and other large farms in Hungary. At Babolna for example, there are 370 oxen employed on the arable land, and the greater proportion are of the native breed, and at Kisber, where the farms extend to 15,000 acres, white oxen are equally prominent in the working forces.

A large herd of white cattle is maintained at Mezoheges comprising about 150 cows and a proportionate number of bulls and young stock, but at this, as at other centres of Simmenthal, cattle outnumber the native. On the municipal farms at Debreczen there are some 15,000 head of cattle and the Hungarian breed constitutes a big proportion of this huge aggregate. Another noted cattle-breeding centre is the estate of 19,000 acres owned by Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, but again there is evidence of the encroachment which the Swiss cattle are making upon the preserves of the native breed.



Hungarian Cattle.



Typical Draught Ox (Old English).

Although most of the farm work in Hungary is still done by cattle, there is reason to believe that horses will ultimately become the chief dependence of both large and small farmers. From investigations made, the State authorities have come to the conclusion that horses' labor is cheaper as well as quicker, and with the object of raising a type of horses suitable for draught purposes importations have been made of Shires and of the Ardennes breed from Belgium. The imported stallion, crossed with native mares has produced strong, hardy animals, and the results already obtained are held to justify further enterprise in the same direction. It looks as if in the course of another generation white cattle will form as insignificant a proportion of the working teams of Hungary as the almost extinct buffaloes do at the present time.

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Abroad with the Western Teachers.

Written by one of the party for The Western Home Monthly.

We reached Malta on Tuesday, July 30th, about 7 a.m. Of course we were all looking for the bay where St. Paul was shipwrecked; the spot which is now marked by a cross we passed on our right just before entering the harbor. We dropped anchor just before the custom house and soon were on the tender which conveyed us across to the docks. Valetta is also built on a large hill, very destitute of soil, in fact all that used for gardening purposes is imported from Sicily. No grass anywhere, a few palms and the same white buildings which we had met before. Carriages again awaited us and after a short drive up the city we entered the famous Chapel of Bones. The interior of this, the work of one monk, is all decorated with human bones set in such a way as to form very artistic designs around the walls and across the arched roof. Bones were everywhere but arranged in such a manner and so numerous that one ceased to think of them as such. Only upon looking at a couple of skeletons on either side of the altar, one that of a French general, the other an Italian lady, did one feel the slightest twinge of gruesomeness. From this we passed on to a school. Boys and girls were in separate rooms, fewer children in a class than we have. All very clean and bright looking, all sitting or standing perfectly straight and moving like one man at any word of command, many pupil teachers and much attention given to kindergarten work, nature study, drawing and modelling, the latter two particularly were the principal features of the schools. The girls made some beautiful lace; the boys gave a display of gymnastic exercises and one class sang "The Maple Leaf" in our honor.

We now went to the Temple of the Knights of St. John where the members of that order are all buried under marble slabs in the floor. Very fine mosaics adorn the ceiling and several beautiful paintings are on the walls, among them a Madonna.

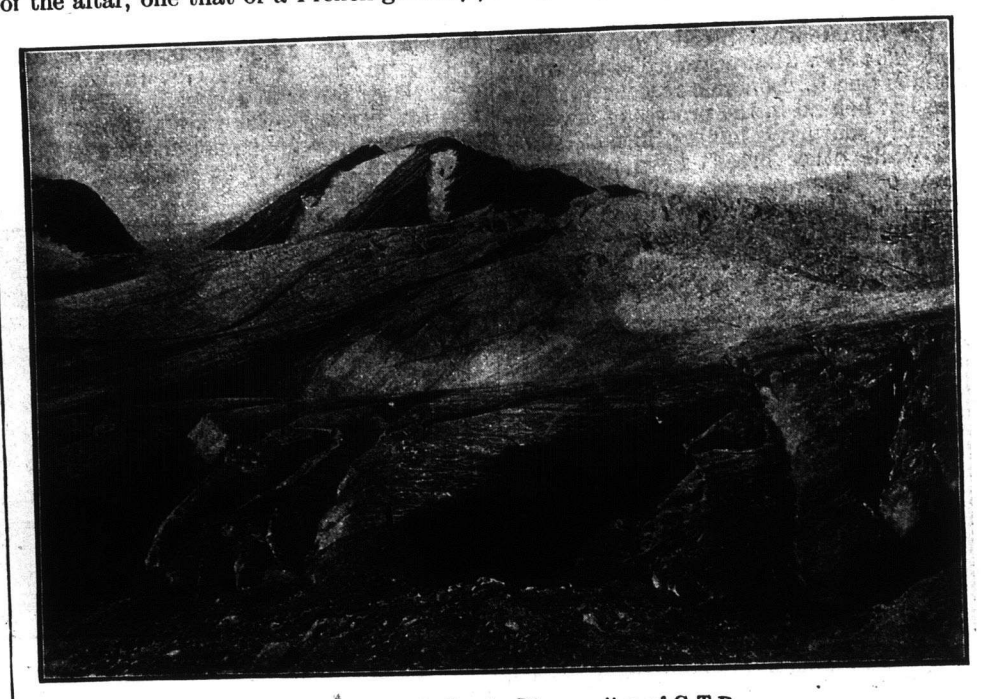
The silver gates are still there which were covered with tar at the time of Napoleon's vandalism, else like many other valuables they also would have been taken. All the altar pieces in this temple were solid silver and the temple itself the donation of one man Down below in the crypt were buried a number of the Grand Masters. A museum was our next interest and among many old and famous things a very rare collection of old Roman coins attracted our attention Among them were some dating back before Julius Caesar

In the afternoon we took a very slow lift or elevator up the mountain 250 feet, here we could look down on a street that far below us and it certainly looked strange. A short walk brought us to the railway station and a short journey by rail took us to Notabile, the ancient capital

St. Paul's Cathedral is an immense and beautiful building built on the site of the first church in Malta built by St. Paul. Below its floors are buried the members of the Order and again the decorations are extremely beautiful. In one chapel over the altar stands a very old Madonna said to be the work of St. Luke. Very fine statues of St. Paul stand before the main altar and above, in a room behind, is a fine library containing many rare volumes and original paintings and sketches by the old masters, also some very fine carving.

We drove on to another church of St. Paul, where the main interest centered around the small cave cell which was St. Paul's prison for three months.

As the children in a school near by had waited after dismissal time for us to call on them we paid a hurried visit, then resumed our seats in the carriages and had a delightful drive through the country out to the Governor's summer palace. This was a lovely spacious building and surrounded by beautiful gardens with many steps and flower beds and lovely flowering trees and shrubs on every level. After a hearty reception here we hied back to Malta and sailed o'er the Mediterranean blue for yet another three days before we reached Alexandria. As we glided into the harbor we viewed the site of the first lighthouse and close by saw the magnificent palace of the Khedive. A number of the Egyptian teachers were at the dock prepared to show us Alexandria but time was short and we went right on to Cairo.



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This rail trip was a revelation to us. Egypt proved to be a very fertile country, crops all along the way here; rice, cotton, sugar cane and many date palms. The villages of mud huts were new to us, it was hard to believe that human beings really lived there and that we were not seeing some show in the midway. The irrigation system was also interesting, to think of all that vast country being watered by means of small canals cut out from the Nile and then the water pumped up or rather dipped up from these by means of a revolving wheel having a can attached to each spoke which emptied out its water as it reached the top. The wheel with the cans was placed in a vertical position and was turned by means of another horizontal wheel whose cogs fitted into it. An Egyptian buffalo, which looked like a grey ox with a hump over his shoulder turned the horizontal wheel.

The tombs of the shieks, high stone ones with a dome over them, were plainly marked from the ordinary; and the patient donkeys with their heavy burden and the large droves of camels carried us back to the old Bible stories.

Fascinating Cairo earned its name with our party. Coming in the season when every English person who could had left for a more refreshing clime we were

doubly welcome by those who remained, and "Miss Canada" as we were dubbed by the fantastically garbed gentlemen who sold post cards, fans, beads, etc., in the streets was introduced to many new phases of life. Sidewalk cafes, veiled women, men wearing red fezes and long skirts, some white linen, some brilliantly colored silk, were again the order of the day. The street life was very interesting the people, particularly the women, carried huge and heavy loads on their heads. Everything was carried in this way excepting the children.

Large earthenware water bottles filled, were carried as easily as we wear a hat; big crates containing live chickens were also often seen carried in this way. Other water bottles were made of goat skin and one of the legs was used as a spout. The streets were very noisy and usually dusty and dirty—no native can perform the smallest duty without a large amount of shouting and gesticulating. Bickering and squabbling attain a fine art here; time is no object, a bargain completed in an hour is made quickly, and if a purchase has been made in that time the merchant will likely ever after regret that he had not asked more. The bazaars are all in one part of the city and consist of small shops arranged side by side in very narrow streets. Nearly all the goods are displayed outside and consist of jewelry, scarfs, slippers, brass and small trinkets.

The tombs of the Khaliffs and Mamelukes are interesting on account of their age, and their history, but mainly for their decorations. Here are found most beautiful mosaics. All are in mosques, mostly built with a square open court in the centre. There is always an alcove showing the direction of Mecca to which the devout Mohammedan kneels as he prays. A high pulpit or rather a platform, for they have no regular preacher, is always a work of art in the way of carving; here some one reads the Koran and delivers an oration every Friday or Mohammedan Sunday.

The most beautiful mosque, but also the most modern, is the Alabaster Mosque at the Citadel, which contains the tomb of the late Sultan. It is made of pure alabaster, has a beautiful Persian rug an immense size, but all in one piece, and is lit by 365 crystal globes, one for every day in the year.

The old Coptic churches are the old Christian churches; all have their old paintings and are built much the same as the present-day Catholic church. Near by these is shown the place where Moses is said to have been found in the rushes.

The old walls of Cairo are of a tremendous thickness, fifteen feet in many places. There are four principal gates of the city still remaining. About six miles out and easily accessible by tram are the pyramids of Ghizeh, among them the famous one built by Cheops. One has to walk around these, climb them inside and out, to realize their immensity and then a present-day person can do naught but wonder what motive caused the great men of ancient times to desire such tombs.

One day we spent in visiting the obelisk at Heliopolis, the Virgin's Tree under which the Holy family were supposed to have rested, and in picnicking in a palm grove. The palms do not afford much shade and the picnic did not prove as refreshing as one in our own country.

A five hours' journey over a hot sandy waste brought us to Port Said, where we embarked on the 'Moldavia' for Marseilles. The voyage was a most pleasant one; nearly all our fellow passengers had been on for some time, some who came from Australia had been on for three weeks, and all were pleased to welcome some new faces.

Marseilles was reached after four and one half-days and here again we met the French element. Although it was Sunday noon all the stores were open and everything wore a gay aspect. In the afternoon we rode by tram around by the seashore. The blue Mediterranean washing gently over the rocks on our right, and on our left high cliffs surmounted by beautiful gardens and crowned with lovely summer villas, formed a panorama of delight. We took time to look at a museum in which the most interesting room showed us the interior of a French peasant's house and the costumes worn and furniture used about a century ago.

Next day, out we went again, but this time by train up to Paris. This run took us a little over twelve hours, but through a beautiful country of orchards, small farms and picturesque villages set among beautiful hills and valleys all the way.

Arrived at Paris, we admired the beautiful squares adorned with magnificent statuary and also the lovely gardens around many of the public buildings. By this time of course many of the continental customs in regard to dress, etc., were familiar to us. The buildings themselves seemed to us an aggregation of splendid architecture. Nothing common in the way of public buildings is tolerated in Paris. A trip on the Seine brought one after the other before our view and a drive around the city showed us still more. Many forms or styles of architecture are used, but all are exquisite. No wonder that people who have such a love for the beautiful have gathered together such collections of art as are to be seen at the Louvre and the Luxemberg.

After a drive through the most beautiful part of the city we went along the famous Bois de Boulogne out to the famous race courses, where at the time of the recent flood the water stood twenty-three feet deep, and where every year the fashions of Paris are set at the races. Passing on through the little village of St. Cloud we reached Versailles, where so much French history was enacted. We saw the magnificent palace of Louis XIV, his own apartments, also those of Marie Antoinette, and her beautiful chapel which was left untouched by the mob and is still intact. Palatial and grand as it now is it is left to one's imagination to see the dazzling magnificence of it when it was the home of the Royalty of France. The gardens form a fitting setting and consist of three terraces filled with glorious fountains and flower beds, blazing with color, sheltered by stately trees. It is indeed a kingly residence.

Another four hours' train journey brought us to Havre and here we boarded the "Scotian" and turned our faces homeward. Many lands and many peoples had we seen, but Canada, Maple-land, still reigned supreme.

W. H. A.

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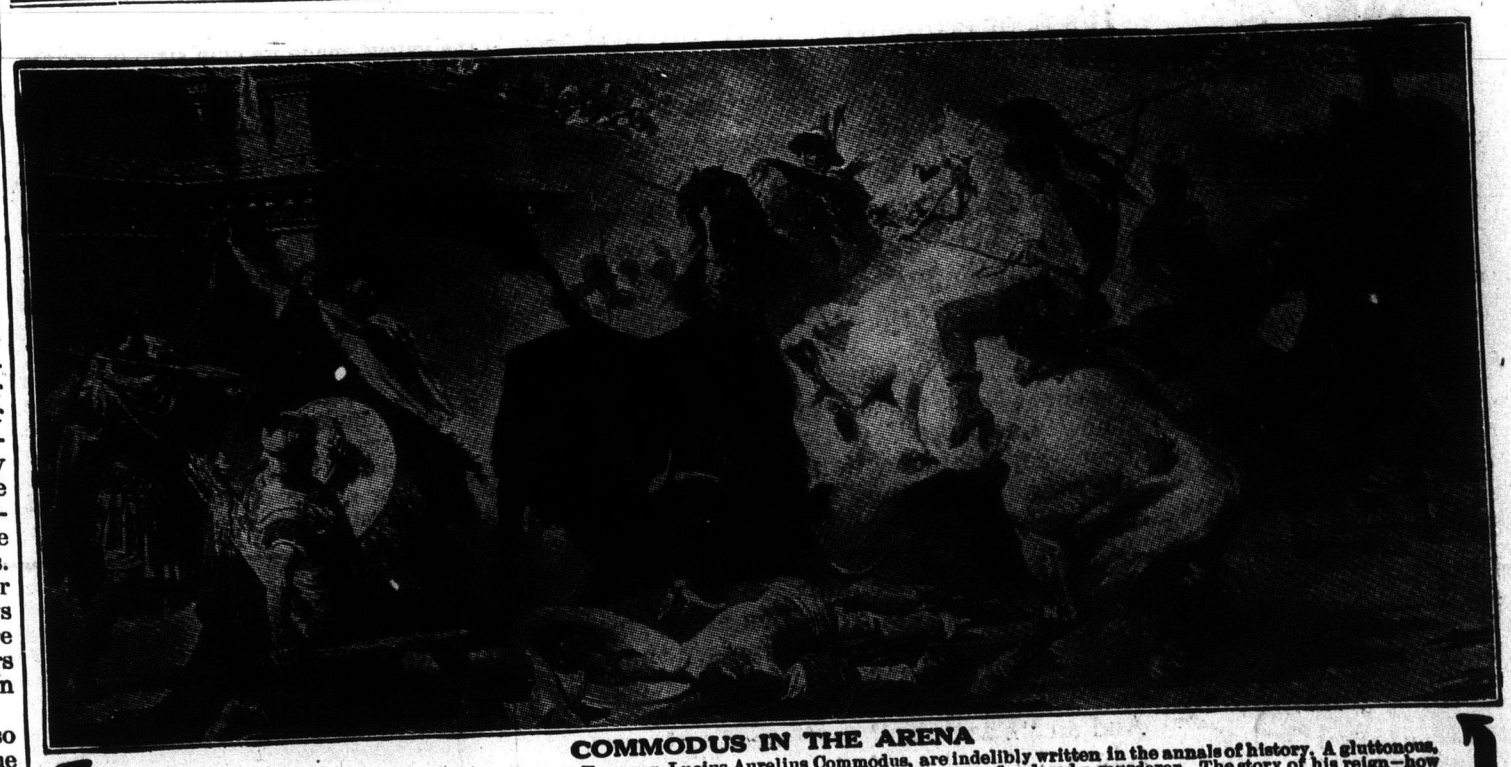

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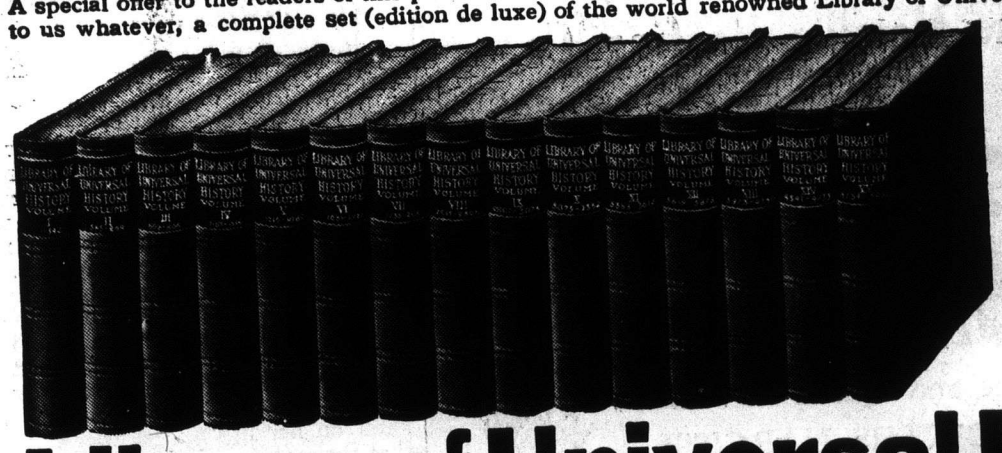

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The Sacrifice.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Geo. F. Toews.

He hated the stony hillside farm, hated the very soil that so grudgingly produced the living they wrested from it. Through generation after generation his forefathers had fought their dogged battle with nature—never advancing, never receding; and Dave Henley's father and mother, stern, silent, grim, were the numbed and stunted outgrowths of this weary warfare. It was not until he was a young man grown that the first ray of light glimmered in upon his own darkness. Down in the valley below lived a girl. Hitherto she had been merely a part of his environment, like the barren circling ranges and the little stream which, trickling through the valley, made its only strip of bounty. There, too, green trees and waving grain flaunted their richness in derision at the bare knolls looming above them; and amid these she dwelt, heiress of the valley. There came a day when Dave awoke to find that this one detail of his environment had ceased to be commonplace.

In that day Grace Parker became no longer a part of his mere landscape. In that day he discovered that her sinuous grace was the waving of the barley, her hair the golden of the ripening wheat, her eyes the blue of the sky, her cheeks the pink of the dawn, and the knowledge of these things only brought him the more misery.

He could not know that in the moment when their eyes had met in a glance of new understanding, he, too, had been crushed with the weight of his own hopeless longing, but soon the clean, white pages with their crisp illustrations caught his interest again, and held him fascinated. An article on bridge-building arrested his attention. "Look," he said bitterly, "men have made all those wonderful things. I don't mean the men who bolted them together, but the men who thought them out. And they were just men—men like me."

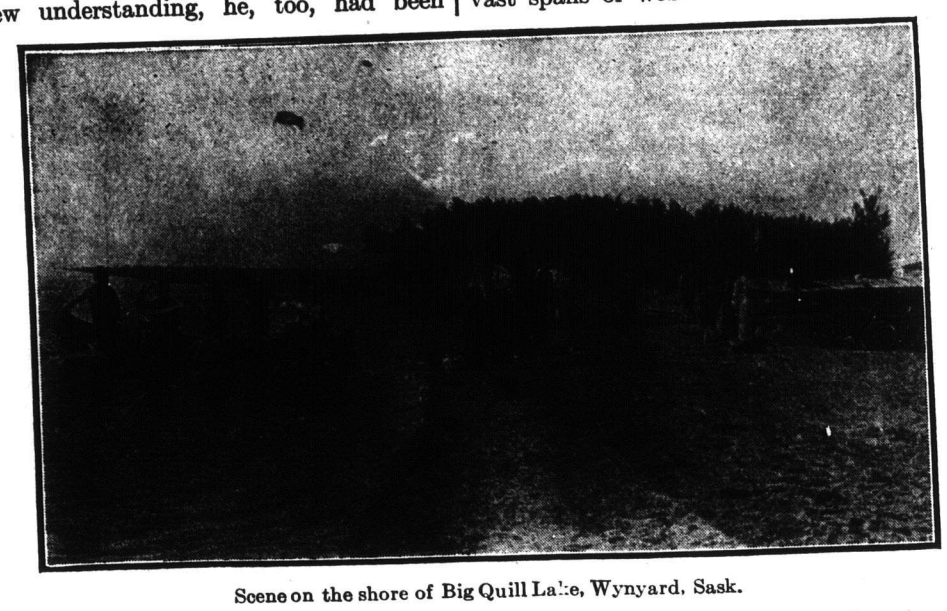
She noted his broad, high forehead, his keen, thoughtful eye, his pliant fingers.

"You could do it, too," she said.

"Me?"

He drew a deep breath and sat lost in a reverie of wild conjecture. With instant sympathy she followed his train of thought.

"We've an encyclopedia over at the house," she finally ventured. "It tells all about bridges. Come over and I'll show it to you." He went gladly and the visit was a revelation. He had heard rumors of the books Hugo Parker had bought "to spoil Grace," but his eyes glistened as he saw them. She took down the volume that contained the article on bridge-building, and he delved eagerly into it. Alas, here was only more despair. The article was comprehensive, but technical, and required learning to understand it. The illustrations spoke a plainer language, however, and carried him from the simplest trusses to those vast spans of weblike steel that are the



Scene on the shore of Big Quill Lake, Wynyard, Sask.

transformed into a stranger in her eyes. She noted the firm set of his figure; the poise of the head that was kept erect by the unquenchable spirit of protest within him; the decisive jaw and the stern mouth that told of emotions suppressed, of self-mastery, of an indomitable will firmly in hand and under control. Well, he needed control now, and he used it, but her quickened intuition fathomed him. One other fathomed him, too; but his brave old mother had the seal of hopeless habit on her lips and it was a kindness that the seal remained unbroken.

With the untrammeled naivete of a child, Grace watched for this grave young neighbor; she threw herself in his way, she tried to break down the barrier of reserve that he had built up between them for his own protection. One day she stopped him underneath the big oak at the roadside, as he was trudging home from the poor little village at the end of the valley.

"I found your picture, Dave," she said. "Just look here."

She held open a magazine which flared up at him a pulse-quickening picture. The artist had drawn a farmer boy, standing erect at his plow handles and gazing with half parted lips into the sky, where his fancy had painted a vast city, alive with the restless energy of human achievement. The artist had named it "The Call," and the figure might have been drawn with Dave Henley as a model, it was so startlingly like. To the girl this likeness was the all important thing, but to the boy only the vision was worthy of note. The dream was his own. He sat down on the grassy knoll at the roots of the tree to study it more closely, and she sat beside him, quite happy that she had chained his interest.

Presently he turned the leaf in despair, worlds' wonders of modern engineering.

Plain Hugo Parker came through the room where they were sprawled upon the floor, absorbed in their eager quest.

"Don't spoil Dave with your books, Grace," he said good naturedly. "He's too good a farmer."

"He's spoiled now," she retorted with a glance of pride at Dave.

Hugo pursed his lips, but said nothing. Dave Henley was a steady young fellow, and if Grace wanted him, all right.

"You may take the book and magazine home if you want," she offered.

"I—I'll have to," he replied, and he wrapped his jacket around the precious volumes.

The awakening of his starved soul to this new opportunity was pathetic. Here was the key to his dreams, unlocking the door that had denied him so long; he strode forth, eager and feverishly energetic, into a wider, more verile world.

That anguished cry which had welled up from his inmost self took form and shape and he could give it a name—ambition.

The way once shown, the task set, he worked as he had never worked before—and Grace worked with him.

Again a bitter abstraction came upon him, but this time he was fathomed by the intuition of only one woman—his mother. With Spartan muteness she herself unlocked the last barrier that held him back from the world into which she knew she must lose him, into which she could never follow him, where she would be an alien,—nay almost a pariah. See dug from a hidden recess her own meager savings; she coaxed other savings, to the last cent, from the sparse, unwilling pockets of Abe Henley; and she gave her boy money.

Again gleamed the light of promise.

He bought text-books, instruments, materials; he worked as if a demon drove him; he surmounted obstacles with a desperate energy that might, with broader opportunities, have made him conqueror of worlds. Such fierce earnestness was bound to achieve. There came a day when, after correspondence and samples of his work had passed to and fro, an offer came at what seemed to him a fabulous remuneration. On the way home from the village he met Grace at their usual trysting-place, and showed her the letter, a new gleam of fire in his eye, an answering wave of color in her face. Together they sat under the shade of the broad oak and planned it all out, their wonderful future.

But Fate, for those who would grasp her golden prizes, holds the test of the white-hot crucible. At the door of his home David's joy was blackened by the announcement that his father had fallen from the top of the mow in the barn to his death. Dave went into the house. His mother sat stunned by the bedside. He knelt down beside her. She clasped her arms around his neck and bent her head upon his shoulder, but she did not cry; she could not, nor had she, even yet, when she and Dave drove back from the hillside graveyard to the desolate cabin. Two or three of the good women-folk of the valley had remained to give such cheer as they might and one of them was Grace Parker. Mrs. Henley, giving way to their kindly urging, consented to lie down and rest awhile; but for her there was no rest, and presently she crept out, unnoticed, to sit alone upon the porch, where she could look across at the gleaming headstones upon the hillside and see that new, yellow mound which was to be her beacon from now until her own release should come.

With eyes that burned because there had been no tears to quench their aching, she sat, still numbed, still unawakened to the weary days that were yet to be lived through. Presently she became aware of a voice that came out to her through the open window, and the voice was that of her son.

"The happiest hour of my life has come and has gone forever, Grace," Dave was saying. "That hour was when I came back from the post office with that offer, and, with it as my fortune asked you to be my wife. The offer is still open, but I must answer it tonight. I am going to refuse it."

There came no answer to this, but presently her son said in a voice filled with emotion, "My girl!" And the woman on the porch knew that Grace had crept into the shelter of his arms to comfort him.

"There is only one thing for me to do," he went on presently. "I must take up father's place, as he took up the place of his father before him. I must dig into these barren fields as he dug, and never let mother know how bitter is the sacrifice that I must make."

There ensued another silence, and then the gentle voice of Grace answered: "I'll wait, dear."

Wait! That one word opened at last, for the woman on the porch, the floodgate of her tears. She, too, had loved, even though of a race that stifled tender speech, even though oppressed by poverty, even though held in by environment that admitted of no raptures. When the first paroxysm of her grief had passed, she raised her head and gazed around upon the encompassing hills. Away across yonder, its disintegrating chimney showing above the tops of the sparse trees that struggled for existence about it, was the home where she was born; strangers occupied it now. There, on the other hillside, rested sleeping all her kin. She could almost pick them out from where she sat, this and that crumbled headpiece that marked, one by one, all that she had known and loved and lost; and now had come that other mound to bind her for the rest of her life to this lonely spot.

She could not go away to leave them friendless in that inhospitable earth. They were hers. She must pass her declining years within sight of that consecrated earth to which she finally must be borne to lie beside her husband. There was no spot on earth so dear to her. The roots of her being had sunk deep, deep into the soil; and to pull them up now and transplant them would be for her to wither and die. She must not, could not, would not think of leaving it.

Presently she rose with a strange peace upon her. As she moved forward, her face came into the light of the sun, which threw into sharp relief the shadows round the same firm jaw and stern lips and open, fearless eyes that had descended on her son. Turning, she went quietly into the house, and came upon Dave where he still stood caressing with his broad hand the head that rested upon his shoulder. "David, my boy, and you, my daughter," she said and her clear even voice gave no hint of her sacrifice, "I've been thinking, after all that's happened here, that this place is a very sorry one for me, and I wish you could go off somewhere and take me with you."

Professor Leacock:—About the hardest man in the world to control is the man who is too easily led.

Smelt Like Coffee.

The American opinion of coffee as made in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodging-house keeper is esteemed may be gathered from the following tale. A tourist came down to breakfast on his first morning in London, and his landlady, when she brought up the meal, opened a conversation. "It looks like rain," she said. "It does," replied the American, "but it smells like coffee!"

Well Done.

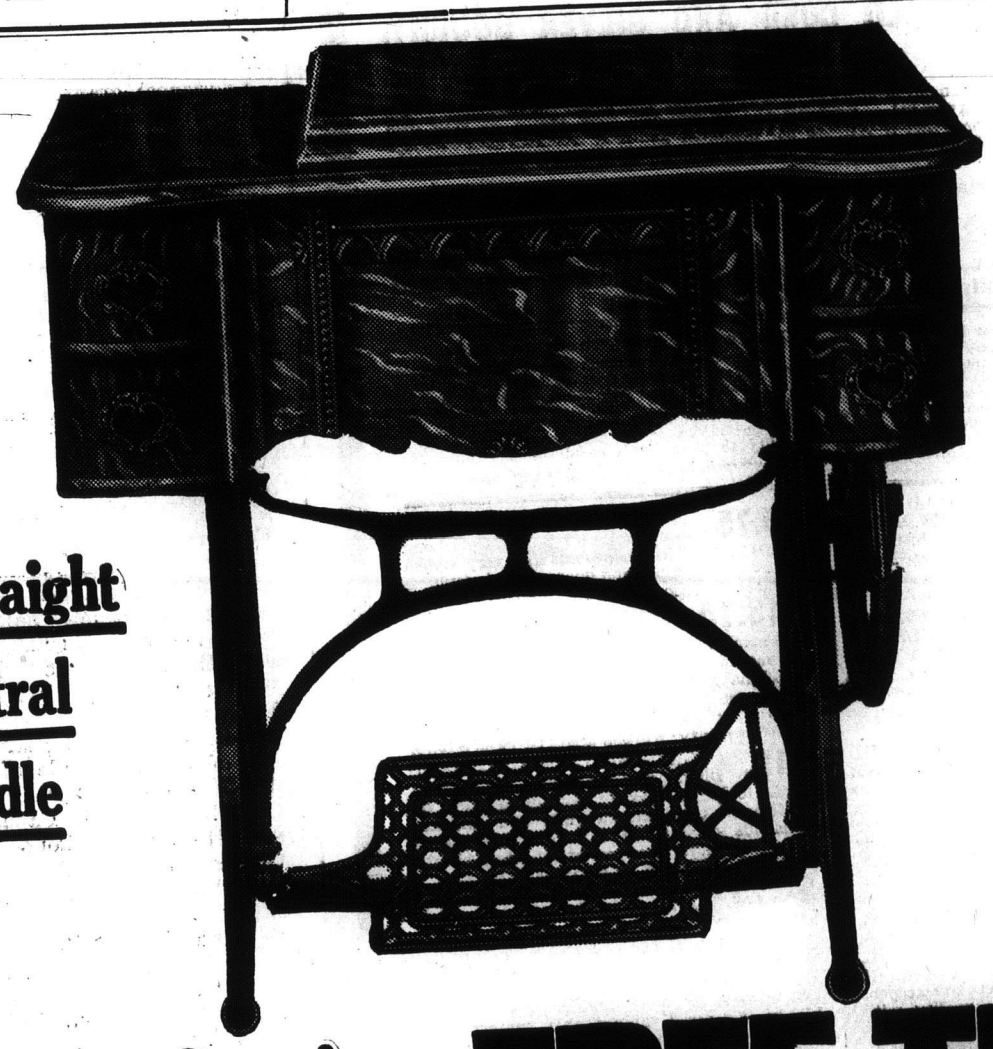
"This is a fine way for gentlemen to live!" exclaimed the younger of two artists who shared a studio in which poverty compelled them to eat and sleep. "Oh, I don't know!" was the airy comment of his friend. "Lots of people are far worse off. I was reading only this morning of a recluse who cooked his breakfast for nineteen years." "He must have been awfully hungry when it was ready for consumption!" said the other savagely.

Not Afraid of Slipping.

Michael Dugan, a journeyman plumber, was sent by his employer to the Hightower mansion to repair a gas leak in the drawi ıg-room. When the butler admitted him he said to Dugan:

"You are requested to be careful of the floors. They have just been polished."

"They's no danger iv me slippin' on thim," replied Dugan. "I hov spikes in me shoes."



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Listen to what the doctors have to say. In the ordinary sewing machines of today the needle bar is placed about six inches to the left of the central line as the operator faces the machine. The operator has to lean over to the left in order to guide the sewing which produces curvature of the spine. This unnatural position also produces an unnecessary strain on the eyes. The 20th Century Standard Sit Straight Central Needle Sewing Machine does away with all these disadvantages. It removes all the objections to running a machine by delicate women. In fact it may be said to be a positively healthful exercise under these new improved conditions.

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$5.25 (WORTH $25).—POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD GLASSES (by Chevalier); 10 lens magnification power, brilliant definition, over 60 miles' range, great depth of focus, large field of view; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; in saddler-made sling case; bargain $5.25.

$9.50 (WORTH $40).—POWERFUL DOUBLE-DRAW BINOCULARS; 12-lens magnification power by Lumiere (as supplied to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Greece), most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus, brilliant field of view, colourless achromatic crystal lenses, enhanced stereoscopic effect, great penetration power; in solid brown English leather case; bargain, $9.50.

$3.25 Gent's Heavy 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty; absolutely perfect timekeeper; also double Curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached; all quite indistinguishable from new; complete, $3.25.

$3.25 —Lady's handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, improved action (Allen & Co., London), exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, same quality; together, bargain, $3.25.

$3.75 (WORTH $17.)—Real Russian Furs Rich dark sable brown Fur, 8ft. long, Granville stole, deep shaped collar, beautifully trimmed, 12 tails and heads, large Granny Muff matching; together, $3.75.

$5.75 (WORTH $25.)—REAL Russian Furs. Rich, dark sable brown, extra long Princess stole, trimmed with head and tails at back and on shoulders; also large animal muff, with heads and tails hanging; in perfectly new condition; together, $5.75.

$2.75 -HANDSOME long Watch Guard or Neck Chain, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case, solid links, elegant design; bargain, $2.75. Another heavier, extra long (stamped); great bargain, $3.25.

$2.75 FASHIONABLE Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain, solid links, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great bargain; sacrifice, $2.75; another, heavier; great bargain, $3.25.

$4.75 (WORTH $20.)—LADY'S 18 ct. Solid Gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring, claw setting, large, faultless stones; bargain, $4.75.

$39. (WORTH $125). — VERY fine quality English-made Gun (by Fredk. Williams, Gunsmith, London and Birmingham) Double-barrel Hammerless, Anson and Deeley pattern, fine English steel barrels, left barrel full choke right cylinder bore, nitro proved, tested and stamped, fitted with Greener treble cross-bolt action, automatic safety bolt, very highly finished and engraved, a first-class weapon by one of the best makers; bargain, $39, in practically new condition.

$3.25 (WORTH $9).—EIGHT Superfine Quality Chemises, Knickers and Petticoats, magnificent parcel, $3.25.

$17.50 (WORTH $70.) Magnificent GENT'S Single Stone DIAMOND RING, exceptionally fine pure white stone, perfect in every respect, mounted in 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, Claw setting. Great bargain, $17.50.

$5.75 (WORTH $25.)—LADY'S Solid Gold English hall-marked, Keyless Watch, highly finished movement, exact timekeeper, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; wonderful bargain, $5.75.

$5.75 (WORTH $20.) Extremely beautiful LADY'S Solid Gold Long WATCH GUARD, handsome and very stylish in pattern, stamped and guaranteed, in faultless and new condition. Wonderful value. $5.75.

$13.75 (WORTH $55.)—GENT'S Magnificent Solid Gold English hall marked, Keyless Lever Centre-seconds Chronograph Stop Watch, ex. by celebrated watchmaker (W. Russell, London); jewelled movement, perfect reliability in any climate in the world; timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 6 m'ths' trial; bargain, $13.75.

$15. (WORTH $60.) — MAGNIFICENT Diamond and Sapphire Cluster Ring; 18 ct. Gold, hall-marked; suit either lady or gentleman; there are 10 white and faultless diamonds surrounding a superb sapphire of richest quality; to appreciate the full beauty of this ring it must be seen; bargain, $15.

$4.25 (WORTH $15).—MASSIVE Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; bargain $4.25.

$6. (WORTH $25.)—GENT'S Solid Silver Real English hall-marked, Lever Watch, exam. by the celebrated watchmaker (W. Russell, London); high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring; timed to a few seconds a month; 10 years' written warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked massive curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; together, $6.

$7.50 (WORTH $25.)—BABY'S Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent Parcel, 82 articles, everything required; beautiful garments; the perfection of mother's personal work; never worn; great bargain, $7.50.

$18.75 FINEST quality Hammerless Gun, by renowned maker; well worth $65; double barrel, 12 bore, proof tested barrels, very highly finished and engraved; in perfect condition, 6 months' trial; $18.75.

$7—VALUABLE Violin, perfect condition, Stradivarius Cremona Model, 1721; rich mellow tone, with Bow and Case, suit professional or soloist; bargain, $7.

$1.50—HANDSOME Brooch, two hearts entwined with ivy-leaf centre; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; $1.50.

$1.50—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached, set Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled; in velvet case; bargain, $1.50.

$3.25—LADY'S Very Choice EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET; finest workmanship, most successful ever invented, will fit and grip any wrist, thereby avoiding all vibration and insuring perfect timekeeping; 18-ct. Gold-Cased; week's free trial; $3.25.

$39.50—Canteen containing 112 Pieces of TABLE CUTLERY and best A1 QUALITY TABLE PLATE, solid polished walnut, brass mounted, duplicate keys fitted, separate compartments; 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Table Spoons, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Tea Spoons, 12 Egg Spoons, 1 Soup Ladle, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 Gravy Spoon, 4 Salt Spoons, 2 Mustard Spoons, pair of Sugar Tongs, all of the very best quality, also 1 doz. Table and 1 doz. Dessert Knives, pair of Meat Carvers, pair of Game Carvers and Steel, real Crayford Ivory handles, by eminent Sheffield maker; highly tempered steel blades, all perfectly new, never used. Well worth $130. Bargain $39.50.

$10 (WORTH $40).—Spoons and Forks, A1 quality, silver-plated on nickel silver, stamped maker's initials, Queen Anne pattern; 12 table, 12 dessert, 12 teaspoons, 12 table, 12 dessert forks; service 5 doz.; Wonderful bargain, $10; half set, $5.

$45 (WORTH $160).—Real SEALSKIN JACKET, superior quality, sacque shape, double-breasted, with lapels, rich silk lining, latest Parisian style. Perfectly unsoiled. Great bargain, $45.

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CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

CALENDAR OF CANADIAN HISTORY

NOVEMBER

1610—1st—Hudson grounded the "Discovery" in Rupert's Bay, for the winter.
1679—1st—La Salle reached the mouth of the St. Joseph River.
1765—1st—The "Stamp Act" became effective.
1843—1st—First Normal School in Canada opened at Toronto.
1857—2nd—Sir Wm. Eyre's Administration of Canada ended.
1874—2nd—Lt.-Gen. Wm. O'Grady Haly's Administration came to an end.
1655—3rd—Treaty of Westminster.
1672—3rd—St. Helen's Island (River St. Lawrence) granted to Charles Lemoine.
1838—3rd—Steamer "Henry Brougham" seized by Patriots at Beauharnois.
1838—4th—Martial Law proclaimed at Montreal.
1838—4th—First number of the "Examiner" issued at Toronto.
1804—5th—Union of the North West and X. Y. Fur Companies at Montreal.
1844—5th—Knox College, Toronto, opened.
1653—6th—Treaty of Peace between French and Iroquois.
1689—6th—Fort Frontenac destroyed by de Valrennes on orders from Dennouville.
1769—6th—Samuel Hearn left Fort Prince of Wales, in search of the Coppermine, the first time.
1837—6th—The office of the "Vindicator" wrecked in Montreal.
1760—7th—Pontiac's name makes its first appearance in history.
1603—8th—Sieur de Monts made Governor of New France by Letters Patent.
1620—8th—de Caens granted a monopoly of the fur trade of New France.
1690—9th—First Synod of Roman Catholic Church in Canada at Quebec.
1789—9th—Order-in-Council passed at Quebec permitting descendants of loyal Britishers to write "U.E." after their names.
1678—10th—Edict of James II. ordering protection for Iroquois as British subjects.
1812—10th—Kingston, Ont., bombarded by U.S. troops.
1791—11th—Lt.-Gov. John Geaves Simcoe arrived at Quebec.
1813—11th—Americans defeated at Chrysler's Farm.
1813—11th—The Burning of Beauharnois took place.
1791—12th—Simcoe delivered letters from the King to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent at Quebec (Queen Victoria's father).
1612—13th—Letters Patent for a monopoly (12 years) of the fur trade of New France to Prince de Condé.
1637—13th—Letters Patenteé of the Island of Newfoundland to Sir David Kirke by Charles I.
1838—13th—Col. Young forced von Schoultz to surrender at the Battle of Windmill Point, Prescott, Ont.
1606—14th—Champlain and Poutrincourt returned to Port Royal after coasting as far south as Cape Cod.
1775—14th—Arnold attacked the St. Louis Gab, Quebec, but was immediately repulsed.
1690—15th—Three ships which had evaded Phips by going up the Saguenay, arrived at Quebec.
1813—15th—Alexander Henry arrived at Aston's from Fort William.
1819—15th—Law Officers of the Crown declared Church of Scotland entitled to share in "Clergy Reserves."
1686—16th—Neutrality Treaty.
1686—16th—Denonville wrote Siegnelay: "I have a mind to go straight to Albany, storm their fort and burn everything."
1837—16th—Warrants issued on Papineau and others on charges of High Treason.
1866—16th—44th, 45th, and 46th Regiments organized at Niagara Falls, Lindsay and Port Hope respectively.
1869—16th—Gov. McTavish, Hudson's Bay Co., Fort Garry issued Proclamation denouncing the Insurrection.
1885—16th—Louis David Riel executed at Regina.
1685—17th—Pierre La Verandrye born at Three Rivers, Lower Canada.
1859—17th—1st Reg't Prince of Wales Fusiliers, Montreal, organized.
1866—17th—Union of Vancouver Island and British Columbia proclaimed.
1678—18th—La Salle, La Moth and Louis Hennepin left Fort Frontenac for the West.
1791—18th—Official Proclamation by which Canada was to be divided into two provinces.
1897—18th—Sir Oliver Mowatt became Lt.-Gov. of Ontario.
1778—19th—de Salaberry born at Beauport, Lower Canada.
1858—19th—James Douglas appointed Governor of British Columbia.
1869—19th—Hudson's Bay Co. sign deed of surrender of territory to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
1898—19th—Hon. John Yeo, of Port Hill, appointed a Senator.
1760—20th—Belêtre surrendered Detroit to Rogers.
1827—20th—Corner-stone laid, Wolfe and Montcalm Monument, Quebec.
1835—20th—St. George's Society organized at Quebec.
1841—20th—Sir Wilfred Laurier G.C.M.G. born at St. Lin, Lower Canada.
1754—21st—Hendry reached his most westerly point.
1761—21st—Jonathan Belcher appointed Lt.-Gov. Nova Scotia.
1829—21st—First issue of "Christian Guardian," A. E. Ryerson, editor.
1612—22nd—Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé made Governor of Canada.
1806—22nd—"Le Canadien," the first French newspaper in Canada.
1823—23rd—Receiver General, Lower Canada, suspended from offices £96,000 in arrears.
1648—24th—The first white child born in Montreal.
1807—24th—Joseph Brant died at Burlington, Upper Canada.
1878—24th—Sir P. L. Macdougall's first term Administrator of Dominion ended.
1770—25th—Hearne reached Fort Prince of Wales after an unsuccessful journey.
1784—25th—The Supreme Court of New Brunswick established.
1824—25th—"Colonial Advocate," Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, editor, first issue at York (Toronto).
1827—25th—St. George's Cathedral opened Kingston, Ontario, by Venerable George Okill Stuart, A.M., LL.D.
1874—25th—New Brunswick Historical Society organized.
1878—25th—Marquis of Lorne became Gov.-General.
1626—26th—Report on shipping in New France presented to Richelieu by Isaac de Razilly.
1798—26th—Wm. Hawkins publicly whipped; Jos. McCarthy publicly burned in the hand at York, Upper Canada.
1620—27th—Petition of Montmorency Co. to have monopoly extended four years.
1766—27th—Lord W. Campbell made Governor of Nova Scotia.
1856—27th—2nd Montreal Heavy Brigade Garrison Artillery organized.
1698—28th—Death of Frontenac.
1738—28th—La Verandrye met by Mandan, Indian Chief, and presented with corn and tobacco.
1861—28th—Charles Stanley, Viscount Monk, became Gov.-General.
1698—29th—Louis Hector de Callières appointed Administrator.
1674—30th—Deed of transfer of building in which Montcalm died—probably oldest deed in Canada.
1796—30th—Upper Canada Calendar advertised for sale in the "Upper Canada Gazette." First reference.
1810—30th—St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Quebec, opened.
1829—30th—Welland Canal opened.
1866—30th—47th Frontenac Regiment, Kingston, organized.
1866—30th—End of Administration of Sir Charles Ashe Windham.

The Gambling Spirit of the West.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. H. Kenyon.

Isn't it about time that somebody said a word or two concerning the general prevalency of taking profits for granted out here? Just because people have made large returns in times past, seems to be the chief reason for thousands of people to expect to do likewise. They have no defense of the practice of gambling per se, but they have all sorts of arguments to back them up in the present feverish attempt to get something for nothing. Were it not so pitiable, it would be amusing to note the reasons they adduce in defense of their practice. Suppose we look at several of these in the light of experience.

Let us take the big one first, and turn it over enough so we can see its various sides. "Others are making money, and I see no reason why I shouldn't."

What is the answer? Think a moment, please, before you reply. There is every reason why a man should not make money by gambling, for obtaining something for nothing is the very essence of the vice that demoralizes countless thousands of misled poor mortals all over the world. There can be no question of this. Ask the physician, as well as the moralist, the expert on insanity, as well as the preacher, and when you have got their replies go to the old gambler who has reformed, and he will tell you things you would hardly believe. He will tell you that the frenzied desire for money keeps man in a hell of torment during all his waking hours, and with such a fever in his blood, he cannot get enough sleep to nourish his debauched nerves, which, finally, fail him just in the crucial time he needs them the most. And then the inevitable happens. Whatever it is, it is too dreadful to contemplate just now, for one's imagination cannot exaggerate the reality. The thing to consider is the question whether money cannot be bought with too high a price, the price of life itself, the very possibilities of the present which are completely ignored in the strained attention on the future and the habit itself of expecting too much for too little. With all humility, I hasten to say that my experience as a member of the outside ring of victims, combined with my experience as a member of the inside ring for making this outside ring larger, compels me to write this article against the Western present tendency, which is to rely far too much on the "unearned increment," and too little on the good work an honest man does, wherever he may be situated. As a man among men, I want to denounce the habit, and as a real estate agent, I also want to expose the folly that underlies the practice. With these two standpoints to work from, surely we may arrive at some truth worth having. If I were just going to speak from the viewpoint of a victim, an experience which I have had unfortunately more than once, what I would say might be discounted by the intensity of my grievance; and if I were about to represent the real estate salesman, my presentation of the case would hardly be worth considering, because my motive would be too obviously sinister. But with the knowledge that the two key standpoints give me, I am compelled to be fair as well as candid in my discussion of this matter, else one side would give the direct lie to the other.

Adverting to the question, therefore, of whether money is worth gambling for, even for a few years, put the thing to yourself in the light of the knowledge that I assume you, as a reasonable and ambitious man or woman, will obtain before you decide either for or against it. If you are a Christian, you cannot help but decide against it immediately—without hesitation. For you have no alternative, whether you believe in the letter or the spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. If you are not a Christian, but simply a seeker of pleasure, you will be just as decided against innoculating yourself with a deadly fever, since without health, the clear eye, the strong arm, the iron nerves, the temperate habit, the calm mind, the conscience at peace with itself and all the world, you cannot enjoy the true pleasures of life for even a moment. And the more of an Epicurean you are, the more you can discriminate between inferior and superior pleasures, the more unhappy you must be, when you are thrown off your poise by the fever of speculation, when your blood is hot with insane desires for greed, and when your very success becomes a canker in your soul, robbing it of the best power of enjoyment. For the gambling spirit does all this, and more. Take the wisdom from a man who has had to earn it with his blood, and believe him when he tells you that the delirium of making big money in the stock market is exactly the same as the frenzy of making big money in land speculation, and have nothing to do with either, in God's name, with God's help. I have been ruined by two panics that ruined thousands of people, and I have lost a good deal of money through land speculation out here, so I know what I am talking about. I may add, in order to be perfectly frank, that I have made a little money by buying lots, but only a very little, not nearly enough to pay me for the time I wasted, the anxiety I suffered, the nervous tension I underwent. It is apparent to me now, that the Power that gave us hands to work with, will not bless wealth that is taken from the people who have earned it, by the modern dodge of waiting for the "unearned increment" to grow. For when we do this, we are robbing posterity, our very children, of the share that belongs to them, and to their children. And the curse of such wealth, ill-gotten and accumulated, is found in its abuse, its ability to do harm wherever it is spent. The devil himself cannot invent or desire a more effective penalty than what misuse brings naturally in its train.

Another argument is quite common. "If I don't make the money, others will, so there you are." That is to say because money can be made in a certain way, which your own conscience says is immoral, dishonest, and illegitimate, you still feel justified in following the crowd of gold seekers who are blinded by a passion which all true men despise. When you want to see a thing, look at it; when you want to know a thing, describe it. You should not need Ruskin to tell you this. Here you see the emphasis is upon the necessity of money. We are supposed to need it more than anything else. Do we really need it so much? Isn't this idea a strong proof that we have the fever upon us, the fever which distorts everything out of all proportion to the truth and which gives us vivid impressions of mere hallucinations? What do all the great thinkers say and the

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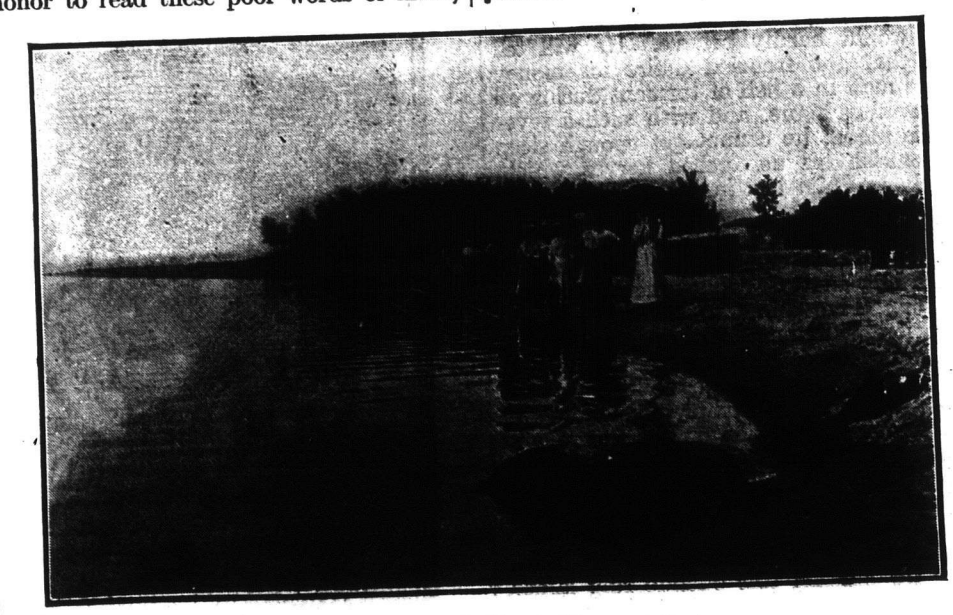
great philosophers do, and best leaders the world has ever had advise? You know enough to answer without being told. Lots of money is not necessary, even in these times when prices are inflated by selfish greed, and poor people are trying to struggle out of a bondage worse than any slavery of old. A little money is necessary, because of economic demands; but to get this a man does not need to lose his soul and take his dear ones with him to the hell he has made for himself. For the sake of all that is best in you and in the world, disallusion yourself of this monstrous heresy which is causing more downright crime than anything else. Here on the boundless plains you can have perfect freedom to make all the money you can use profitably without becoming a canny speculator or a hot-blooded gambler, and you do not have to wait long for the fortune that is good for you. A little money is not a dangerous thing, but a lot of it is the most dangerous thing in all the world, and the best proof of this declaration is that when a rich man comes to himself, when he realizes the folly of accumulation of wealth, he sets to work as fast as he can to give away that which he has worked so hard and long to acquire. Always remember that it is much more difficult to return what you have stolen than it is to steal it. And I add that it is the general belief of all the great thinkers of the world that a man, in order to gain millions of money has to impoverish thousands of people, either directly or indirectly, and what is this but stealing on the largest scale?

No, my good friends, who do me the honor to read these poor words of mine; no, lots of money will not buy you the things you actually need. The richest men will tell you this fact more powerfully than I can. The best pictures they carry about are not of the time when they are wealthy enough to buy up whole townships and counties, but when they were poor, and honest, and virtuous, and loving and loved. And when they stand in fear of disease due to high living, they naturally revert to the old simple life on the farm and revive the scenes of their childhood with a gusto that brings back the health they have lost. It is such an old, old story that it does not need to be illustrated even. Back to the farm is the cry of the rich, because they cannot get elsewhere the advantages of the old simple life.

But another man says: "If I live out here, I am entitled to my share of the 'unearned increment,' and I mean to get it." Can you see the fallacy in this brave statement? A fallacy always has a grain of truth in it, but the seed is out of place, when it cannot grow in rotten soil. You are certainly entitled to your share of anything, my friend, but the difficulty is to prove your claim. Here is the rub that makes us all sore. What is your share? Define it, and you may have it, for all the world will guarantee you your rights since they will prove also the rights of every man living. This is precisely the thing we want above all things, the ability to see what belongs to us and the power to get it. When we can achieve so much, we shall have gained all things desirable. Thank Heaven, we are dissatisfied enough to want the something we cannot yet define. We are on the road to somewhere, even when we are going nowhere.

The truth of the whole matter—as far as we can determine it at this stage of our progress—is that we must make the best of all the conditions that surround us, and do our best to better them as fast as we can. And a little money can be well spent in bettering those conditions, I am frank to admit. And this will be the very best way to use the money, I will add, because then you will come to see very quickly the burden of much wealth, the vulgarity of the search for it, the utter folly of working all your life for it and paying the price of your peace and growth for it. In your simple but refined environment in the country, you have the great advantage of the people in the city who are not at liberty to simplify their surroundings as much as you. They cannot do what they like not nearly so much as you can. You have the creative power of life assigned you, while they have only the imitative. You own the land on which you live; they have to live in what they find already built on the land which they don't own.

There will come a day when our shares will be definitely determined for each one of us. I hope to live to welcome that hour, but until it comes we can only allow our conscience to make values. Not a conscience, however, that is not able to do it, but one that is carefully educated by contact with life in all its phases. And if we cannot yet claim our share of the good things of the world, we can, at least, do what we can to educate the arbiter in our midst, the judge within us, by getting all the facts that will warrant our claim. All of us can do this much, and thus gain a knowledge of justice.



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The Point of View.

Little hostess, daughter of an author:, "Do you see all these books? They are my father's books." Little boy: "Did he buy them?" "No, he made them." "Did he make the paper?" "Of course not!" "They're nice covers. Did he make the covers?" "No." "These is awful nice pictures. Did he make them?" "No. He wrote the books, you know." "Well it's nice type, anyhow. Where's his typewriter?" "They're not typewritten by a typewriter. They're printed same as all books, but dad did the writing." "Oh, only the writing!"

Hobbies of Royalty.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Addie Farrar, Chicago.

Nearly everybody has a fad these days for collecting things, even if only post cards, and the members of the royal families of Europe offer no exception, for the crowned heads ride several hobbies and own many interesting collections.

The Dowager Queen Alexandra, of England, collects many things—china, crystals, laces, semi-precious jewels, etc.—and her collection of fans from all nations is said to be among the finest in the world. She has about three hundred and fifty of these fans, all kept in her private apartments, and among them is a handsome silk and lace one once owned by poor Marie Antoinette. She has also a quaint assortment of headgear which consists of every sort of hat, toque or bonnet worn by Englishwomen since the time of her marriage to King Edward in 1863. Alexandra's greatest treasure, however, is her collection of books, most of which came to her by inheritance. When Princess of Wales she received the Mitchell Bequest, which took the form of a fine collection of books valued at $50,000. Later Sir William Fraser bequeathed her a collection of books, papers and pictures that dealt only with women's dress. She has added to these collections but perhaps prizes most the collection of the late King Edward's favorite books during the time he was an undergraduate at Cambridge.

The hobby of the late King Edward for collecting walking sticks has been told often, but few knew of his other and really valuable collection, that of relics gathered from every war in which British soldiers have fought since the days of the early Victorian reign. His Majesty had also a collection of programmes of every concert, opera, and play, which he attended.

The present King George, of England, has a fine collection of posters and postage stamps, and his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, has inherited his father's fancy and collects stamps. Queen Mary is an ardent and enthusiastic photographer and collects photographs. She has also some very fine specimens of lace.

One of the fads of the Czarina of Russia is collecting fine old tapestry, and some of her pieces have been gathered from the most interesting places in the world. The walls of her apartments are covered with these tapestries and a few of them are so old that they are moth-eaten. One piece is of French make and design and took fifteen years to complete. The Empress is very musical too and delights in collecting bits of odd music and songs.

Her chief talent lies in drawing caricatures and she has a fine collection of her own work hitting off the peculiarities of nearly every royal or famous person who comes within range of her pencil.

The Emperor of Austria is a man with few hobbies, one of which is the editing of an official court journal and another a collection of menu cards, in which he takes great pride. This latter hobby is known to all of his friends and his stock is constantly being augmented by contributions from other monarchs and is a wonderful one. It includes menu cards from every country under the sun where they are used, and also menu cards from banquets given great personages, etc. The Emperor also keeps the horns of all the stags that have fallen to his rifle during his lifetime and arranges them himself around the staircases and walls of the numerous hunting lodges he owns. The late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria possessed a fine collection of whips and walking sticks and his mother, the late Empress of Austria, adored roses and collected many choice plants and at her villa at Corfu had a wondrous rose garden. The Queen of Italy is a great bargain hunter and delights in spending time in the shops looking for novelties, for the Queen has a fad for getting articles of dress that are not just like other women's, and when she finds what she wants it is said she drives a hard bargain. She has also a fancy for collecting the songs, tales and folklore of her native country, Montenegro. The Dowager Queen of Italy, Margherita, has two hobbies—pearls and Venetian laces. Her pearls are said to be among the finest in Europe and the late King Humbert used to present her with a row on each anniversary of their wedding day and on her birthday. Queen Margherita buys every bit of the old Burano lace patterns that she can find and by this means has given an impetus to the ancient handiwork which is carried on with zest in Venice.

The Crown Princess of Roumania has a collection of scent bottles, both old and new, many of them works of art or adorned with precious stones and costly enamels. Many of these bottles are filled with rare perfumes and are kept tightly corked that the scent may remain as long as possible. She has also a fine collection of old fans, one said to have been painted by the famous Watteau and one by Tancret. The late Queen Marie Henriette of Belgium, who was a skilful horsewoman and a great lover of horses, had a fad for horsemanship, and the only circus in the world personally conducted by royalty belonged to her. The royal circus was established in the great riding school of the Palace at Laeken and at intervals took place before a small audience of Her Majesty and Princess Clementine's friends. The Queen or her daughter always arranged and designed the programmes which were decorated with the royal monogram and a pair of silver stirrups. The Queen's favorite horse, Chrame, was the star performer, for it could perform all sorts of tricks. Another odd fancy is that of the Amir of Afghanistan who loved creaky boots, and when he orders his footwear he makes it a condition that half of the boots sent squeak, the other half to be silent.

The Queen of Norway, Maud, has a collection of ivory tusks and has received some fine specimens—gifts from hunters who know her hobby. The Queen Mother of Spain has a special fad for collecting playing cards and has some rare specimens, among them being the pack of ivory cards Prince Eugene carried with him on his campaign. The Queen Victoria has no particular fad but has several small collections of laces, odd jewels and fans. Carmen Sylva, of Roumania, collects musical instruments, such as old flutes, guitars and spinets and owns the flute that once belonged to the ill-fated Queen Mary of the Scots. She also has a fancy for birds, especially parrots and gay-plumaged birds.

The King of Italy collects coins and medals and has over 500,000 specimens arranged in an upper floor of the Quirinal. His collection, one of the finest in the world, is limited to the moneys of his own land and includes coinage beginning from the rude coins of the Gothic invaders and the early Papal coins down to those used in the present day. He began his collection when a mere boy of twelve years of age, and found a kindred spirit in his English governess, Miss Lee, who herself was a numismatist.

The German Emperor has a craze for uniforms and other suits of clothing and changes suits three or four times a day

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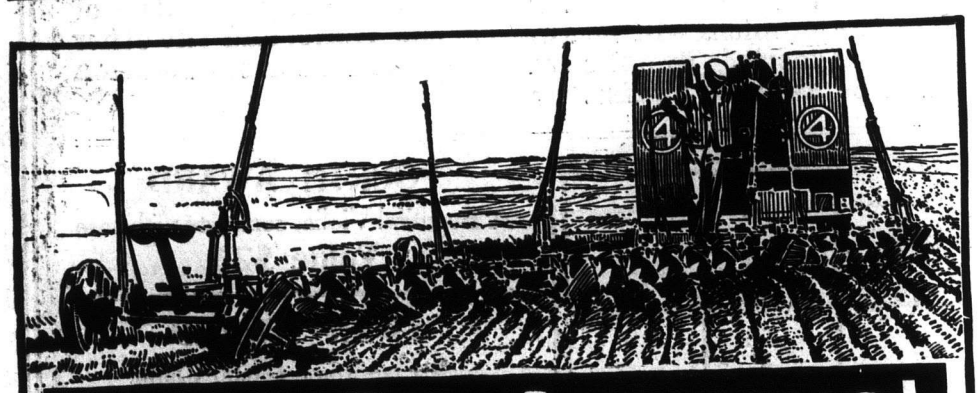

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and has a hobby for wearing, not only the costume that suits his rank, but also the correct getup for each of his varied occupations. Princess Henry of Battenburg has a priceless collection of old lace, which was given her by the late Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie of France. The late Duke of Saxe Coburg had an odd collection of ships in gold, silver, and other inferior metals.

The Grand Duke of Hesse has an odd fad for a man, for he delights in fine embroidery work and has done some extremely beautiful pieces. He is especially clever in the choice and arrangement of his designs and coloring. His work is said to be as fine as the Japanese.

The former Queen Amelie, of Portugal, loves two things—medicine and swimming—and practices both when the opportunity comes. She still continues her medical studies. The particular fad of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is for dairy work She owns and manages a model dairy of her own and finds pleasure in taking part in the work occasionally

An English Pioneer of the Prairie.

An Englishman's Success in Southern Alberta.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by John Richardson, Industrial Commissioner, Macleod.

Canada is a remarkable country to study human nature in. Watch the fellow sitting opposite you in the street car. Try to sum him up if you can, but don't get the habit of a friend of mine, who was so accustomed to sum up other folk that he forgot that they could sum him up as well.

I've chatted with men—rough looking, rough talking, but real good men withal—who have been taken for penniless beggars in less democratic countries, but who have had in their bank account a hundred dollars for every dollar I have in mine.

Here you meet men of high birth and low station as well as men of low birth and high accomplishments. Some carry their pedigree in their pockets and tell you what their fathers were before them. When a Canadian hears a man talk about his father being a titled nobleman, he shuns him. One of the finest man I have met in this Canadian West was a man whose father in England never earned more than 30 shillings a week. The fact that his father's son was worth a quarter of a million, mind you, made by his own effort, was all the more creditable to him.

One of the finest types of Englishmen who have made good in Western Canada is Teddy Cummins, of the V.C. Ranch, three miles north-west of Macleod, in Southern Alberta. He was introduced to me as Teddy—just plain Teddy. Everybody in that part of Alberta knows Teddy Cummins, and although he started out without a cent and with no handle to his name, he's so well moulded that I don't think he has an enemy in all that broad territory. The worst thing you can say about Cummins is that he likes cider and sticks as religiously to cider as a Methodist preacher sticks to the Old Testament.

I met Cummins in the Macleod Club on January 7th, 1912. His big top boots were covered with mud, and likewise his coat and likewise his trousers. As he entered the room, he threw his slouch hat on a chair, planted himself on the settee near the fireplace, and blurted out "Well, boys, I've sold my ranch."

"Shake hands with Mr....." suggested one of the "boys," and Ted jumping up like a pea out of a pea-shooter, threw out his hand and shook mine with a grip that told me I was welcome. If you can get a genuine welcome anywhere, you can get it in Southern Alberta.

The "boys" then talked about the ranch. Teddy had purchased it twenty years ago for three dollars an acre, and had just sold it for seventy-five dollars an acre. He was told he had not received enough, and that if he had kept this land a little longer he would have got $100 an acre. Owing to its proximity to the growing town of Macleod it was increasing in value every day. "I would have gladly kept it," Teddy answered, "but I gave the beggar my word I would sell, and although I have not signed a contract, I'll keep my promise."

If you want a soul of honor, never look at a man's clothes.

I have heard a lot about the Englishman in Canada who is not wanted. I have heard the English "sparrow" ridiculed and condemned. I have been told that the man from an English city is a failure on a Canadian farm. Here was a man who had been none of these things. Teddy Cummins was born in Liverpool. He was an English immigrant who came and won. He has turned out to be as good a Canadian as the best Canadian I ever met. He has won the immigrant's spurs, and when he invited me to spend Sunday with him and his wife at the Cummins' ranch I said "Thanks"—and went.

Scene on the River Boulevarde, Wynyard, Sask.

I found Cummins' ranch an ideal home—nestling on the slope near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. I founds Cummins' wife a pleasing little woman, born in loyal Ontario of Old Country parentage, and proud of her English and Irish ancestry.

In the cosy drawing room I noticed two striking portraits—the portraits of the late King Edward and his Consort. "We used to keep these over the mantleshelf in the kitchen," Mrs. Cummins said, "but when the King died I gave his picture a black border and brought it into the drawing room and gave it the best place. It has been here ever since." Do you wonder we call it loyal Ontario?

Cummins took me into the corral, where he used to brand cattle—Southern Alberta was once Canada's cattle raising country; it is now almost largely concerned with grain growing—and then took me to his new granary. He has built this wooden building to house over 6000 bushels of wheat until he could get cars to ship it to market—built it himself, mind you, this Englishman from an English city. If you reckon 5,000 bushels of wheat at 90 cents a bushel, you'll

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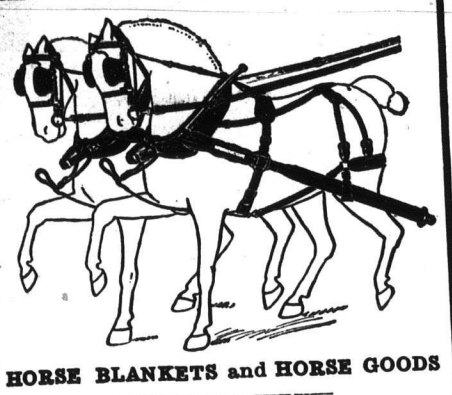

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The great natural advantages that brought Fort George so prominently to the front are not only repeated at WILLOW CITY but are supplemented by many others.

With the Grand Trunk Pacific building into WILLOW CITY from the east and west and with the assurance that their lines will be completed into WILLOW CITY before the close of next year, with the Pacific and Hudson Bay Railway having reserved large trackage and depot sites in WILLOW CITY and their engineers on the ground surveying their terminals; and with the Cariboo, Barkerville & Willow River Railroad assured, is sufficient for the most careful investor.

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see what a season crop means to the average Canadian farmer.

From the granary we went to the barn; from the barn to the stables; from the stables to the poultry houses—we went over the whole ranch and left out nothing. He showed me his cattle; pointing out the horses and cows he had reared, and mentioned their names and their ages.

"I made this well when I first came here," he said, showing me where he obtained his water supply, "and there's no better water in the country." And with a knowing smile he added "You know we don't have to pay a water rate here as we did at Liverpool."

He showed me where he had dug for coal and bored for gas—this English pioneer of the prairie was not only a grain grower, he was a coal and gas prospector. He was about the first white man to settle on this particular property—Indians had been there for years before him—and as he put it to me, he started boring because he wanted to find out what was in the stocking.

Cummins can see something besides his bumper crops. He has taken to heart the lessons of the past. Many a time he has plowed up pieces of stray coal. "You know coal doesn't drop from Heaven," was his significant remark, and although he has sold his ranch he has coal rights over it, and as the surrounding country is known to have vast wealth, he hopes for great things that are to be.

I took a few photographs of Cummins. When I pressed the bulb the first time he remarked: "It's so long since I had my photo taken that I had quite forgotten what it was like. It's quite a painless process, isn't it?"

When he entered the house again, his first words to his wife were "Mary, I've never been photographed so much in my life as I have been this afternoon."

My week-end at the Cummins' ranch was one of the most enjoyable I ever spent. Their hospitality to an English visitor was plain but rich, limited but boundless. It was the hospitality of an Englishman who left England many years ago for Canada, and had enough of his nationality in him to welcome any messenger from the Old Land. It was an illustration of the national fraternity that exists among Britishers across the sea.

Now that the visit to his ranch is a memory, I often think of Teddy Cummins. When I hear stories of Englishmen's failures in Canada, I tell this story of an Englishman's success, and never tire of quoting Teddy's experience. It's the experience of a man who started out in a new country with everything against him, and overcame every difficulty. Men like Teddy Cummins have earned for the people of Great Britain the title of Imperial Colonizers. Somewhere in Liverpool there's the little school he attended in his boyhood days. The seed that was planted there was well sown. The crop has been Imperial. Teddy Cummins is an apostle of Empire in present day immigration. Eight hundred of them are leaving the shores of Great Britain every day. If you are a pessimist and fear Imperial Federation will never happen, just think on these things. They are not policies that ought to be; they are practices that are.

Lady Pentland and her two children. Wife of the newly-elected Governor of Madras. Lady Pentland before her marriage in 1904 was Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Her father was Governor General of Canada a few years ago and Lady Margaret was a great favorite at Government House.

Lakes of the Pembina Valley.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By J. D. A. Evans, Crystal City, Man.

MANITOBA has many pretty places of which some may be described as of ulterior beauty. People in search of the panoramic in nature, can find the same within the boundaries of this province without going farther.

It is a beautiful morning of the June month, when the rays of Manitoban summer smile upon the prairies and woodlands and the hilly shores of Pembina's waterway. The breeze gently sighs amidst the oak and maple growth, and within shady dells, upon the mossy banks of tumbling streamlets, the fern is peeping forth amidst a profusion of wild flowers. The little feathered architects of the tree branches warble their joyous lays, the melody of a thousand little throats,—listen to the chorus of the woodland choir. At yonder little creek, the oriole, he of the gorgeous plumage, is flitting around, and riding upon the rippling wavelets of the lakes. The fishermen of the loon family, with observant eye, watches the approach of his morning's repast. Nature has assumed her summer attire, snows of winter passed away.

The tent of the camper will shortly be an additional feature to the scene grove and beach resonant with the merry voices of them in the morning days of life. A visitor of last year to Rock Lake, largest of Pembina's waterways, is credited with the remark that this romantic place is a veritable paradise for the gods. It is, and likewise the heritage of him who is the admirer of beautiful scenery. Nature

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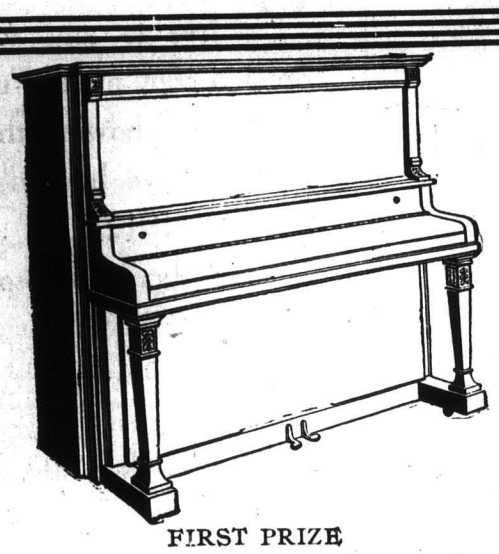
Western Canadian Teachers being entertained at Malta, at Verdale or Governor's Palace, July, 1912, by His Excellency and Lady Rundle.

in her most fitting garments, the land of promise. Likewise to him in search of recreation, oarsman, swimmer, or follower of Waltonian instinct. Within the boundaries of Manitoba are many, very many, bodies of water, a few of dimension prodigious, others lesser in area, and a large number diminutive in size. Amongst the latter variety, Pembina's lakes may be numbered, or to be more strictly correct, might be adjudicated as lagoons.

There are a chain of such in the Pembina Valley of Southern Manitoba, a creative formation of the centuries, with high wooded hills upon northern and southern sides. Within recent years one of the best known of Pembina's lakes is Pelican, for upon its banks is erected the noble institution, toward the maintainance of which Manitoba's residents upon Tag Day contribute their offering. Is it not at Ninette Sanatorium that the skill of a world of science is utilized in annihilation of the "White Plague"? The location selected as the site for this "House of the Good Samaritan" is extremely lovely in its aspect of lake and sylvan scene upon neighboring hills.

From Pelican lake the Pembina river continues its eastward course for a few miles, it has there formed a diminutive sheet of water known as Lake Louise, from this the river flows into Lake Lorne, which is similar in features of area and surroundings. Three miles from this latter lake, Rock lake, with its stony shores at the base of wooded high lands, is reached, but Pembina's link of waterways continues on from the eleven miles stretch of this lake. Through hay meadows and maple covered banks the river winds its way to Swan Lake, a shallow body of water, the length of which is six miles. From the river's outlet at Swan Lake, the stream is of a most winding nature to. Grassy Lake, a reed-covered slough of small dimension, from this point, inasmuch as Canadian territory is concerned, the stream is uninterrupted in its circuitous course of many miles to its estuary into Red River in the state of Minnesota. Rock Lake, habitation of the summer camper, is of an average two miles in width; the depth of its water is variable. Its eastern portion may be described as its deepest part. Rock Lake is not an inaccessible place to reach; on the contrary, its geographical situation determines its close proximity to many places. Possibly the largest amount of travel to this lake is from Crystal City and Clearwater. Pilot Mound is, however, within an equal distance to the lake. There is a flag station within a few miles, Glenora, upon a branch line from Greenway on the Canadian Northern Railway, but the major portion of Rock Lake's visitors take advantage of the road from Crystal City, consequently to the influx of campers and excursionists from the border towns of North Dakota, who utilize this, the main road which is



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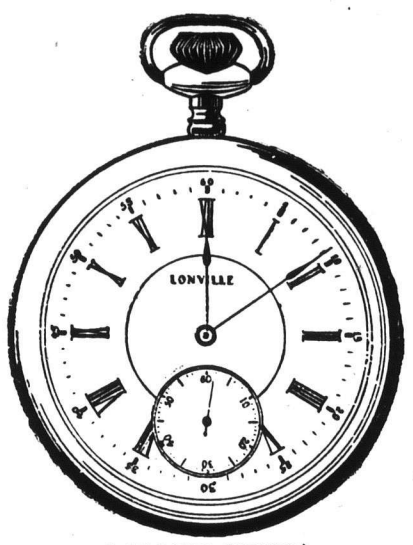

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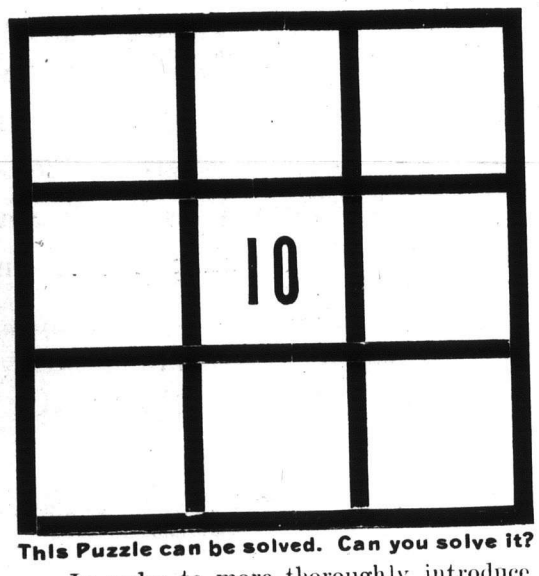

This Puzzle can be solved. Can you solve it?

Great "Wellington 30" Puzzle

CAN YOU SOLVE IT? IT CAN BE DONE

It is said that at the Battle of Waterloo Lord Wellington massed a portion of his army in the form of a "square," so that he could instantly move 30 brigades of troops in any direction—forward, backward or obliquely. By solving the puzzle as shown below, which is now known as the "WELLINGTON STRATEGY," you will learn how the Great Napoleon was in part defeated.

DIRECTIONS: Place any number from 5 to 15 inclusive in the EIGHT vacant squares on the above or any similarly arranged sheet of paper or other material in such a manner that any way the numbers are added, perpendicularly, horizontally or diagonally (including the number in the centre square), the total will be 30. The same number cannot be used more than once. Few will get all eight columns. Some will possibly get six columns.

Only one member of a family may enter. None connected with the music trade may enter.

Only one solution will be accepted from same Contestant.

The gentlemen who have consented to act as Judges are a guarantee that the awards will be distributed to those who are entitled to them.

In order to more thoroughly introduce in the quickest and most satisfactory way possible, these manufacturers have allowed Western piano buyers this large advertising appropriation, instead of spending such large sums for heavy newspaper and magazine advertising, high-salaried salesmen, commissions, etc. Thoughtful piano buyers will readily appreciate that these manufacturers of high-grade pianos who are capitalized and backed by several millions of dollars can well afford to make the above liberal offer, if by so doing they can make their instruments as well known in Western Canada during the next two or three weeks as would otherwise take three to five years through the ordinary, expensive methods of heavy advertising.

All Answers must be in our Store on or before 6 p.m., Tuesday, 12th November, 1912. .·. Mail or bring your solution to

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highly adaptable to all motor traffic.

From the summit of the hills, two miles eastward of Rock Lake, the view is panoramic. The winding course of the river through meadow and maple grove, is charming. The landscape can verily be ranked amongst the foremost beauty places of Canada.

Upon occasions such as Dominion Day, the shores are crowded with holiday folk. There is amusement for everybody. The baseball fan can gaze upon contests in which first-class teams, Canadian and United States, participate; the man of piscatorial persuasion can achieve success amongst the pike and black bass; an array of boats is open for the selection of the oarsman; or he can bathe to his heart's content. The individual who delights in the botanical features of Manitoba will be well repaid for his rambles, and he of the geological mind will find ample interest amongst the stony foundations of hsore and hillside.

In the fall every species of water-fowl characteristic to Manitoban waterways are plentiful. The entire chain of Pembina's Lakes are recognized hunting grounds, and the honk of the goose is a most familiar sound as he speeds along to the grain fields of the lake neighborhoods.

And whilst in these times of travel the hardworked resident of town and country devotes much energy in ascertaining some location of remote distance in which to spend his days of vacation, prone is he to forget that nature has smiled upon Manitoba and in so doing has made provision for the son of toil when, for a short season, he places the cares of a business world into oblivion.

There is rest for the weary amidst the woods and waterways of Manitoba, and the lagoons and lakes of the Pembina Valley are a haven of repose for a soul in search of peace and solitude.

The Bird Tribute to Vanity.

How the American Farmer Pays Nearly $800,000,000 a Year for the Small Boy's Rifle and My Lady's Hat. Reginald Wright Kaufman.

THIS is addressed, primarily, to the women of America, because they are committing a great crime, not only against humanity, but also against the purse of the nation. Nevertheless, I have faith in the American woman's essential gentleness and honesty and I believe that, in spite of her superficial frivolity and her love of the beautiful and fealty to fashion, she is incapable of committing such a crime, save through an ignorance which, once enlightened, must itself become a mighty weapon for the right.

One Sunday, not long since, I had this belief brought forcibly home to me. I happened, then, to be seated in a famous Chicago church, listening to a sermon on kindness and humanitarianism. The preacher was an eloquent man; he interpreted with rare insight and deft oratorical skill the message of Him who said that not even the falling of a sparrow to the ground escaped the eye of God; and, as he drew his moral, enjoining gentleness toward every living creature, I saw the women of that large and fashionable congregation bow their heads in pious assent to his words.

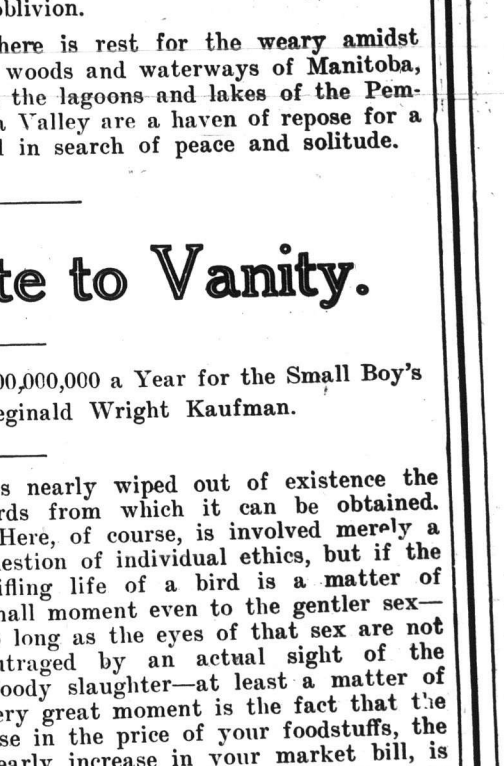
I saw the women bow their heads—but heads how adorned? Here were perhaps a score of hats trimmed with the egrets of white herons; as many more decorated with the wings of the barn owl, and, in the rank and file, pew after pew ablaze with the feathered beauty—dyed and disguised though it was—of the flicker, the bluebird and the meadow lark.

I am sure that these women made their assent to the preacher's word in all soberness and all earnestness. I am sure that they did not know at what cost, not in life alone, but in hard dollars and cents, they, and other persons equally careless and equally reckless, were securing the transient satisfaction of their immediate desires. And I am equally sure that, if they did know, they would never again appear in public so savagely adorned.

The white heron egret—you well rank that,, madam and miss, as one of the most beautiful plumes. But do not suppose that its high price is the result of its beauty. It costs your milliner $32 an ounce because the coveted plume is grown only in the breeding season; because the mother birds, who bear it, must then be shot, without any hint of "sport," while actually on their nests; because, therefore, each and every egret, of whatever finally dyed color, and worn by however apparantly tender a woman means the sacrifice of the parent and the ruthless desertion of the starving young. It is expensive because your liking for it, and consequent purchase, has nearly wiped out of existence the birds from which it can be obtained.

Here, of course, is involved merely a question of individual ethics, but if the trifling life of a bird is a matter of small moment even to the gentler sex—so long as the eyes of that sex are not outraged by an actual sight of the bloody slaughter—at least a matter of very great moment is the fact that the rise in the price of your foodstuffs, the yearly increase in your market bill, is the direct result of those feathers in your bonnet, those plumes upon your daughter's hat.

When a great bank is robbed of a few hundred thousand dollars, the news is placed before you in staring headlines in every newspaper in the land; when a gigantic trust raises its rates to a point whereby it will squeeze a million

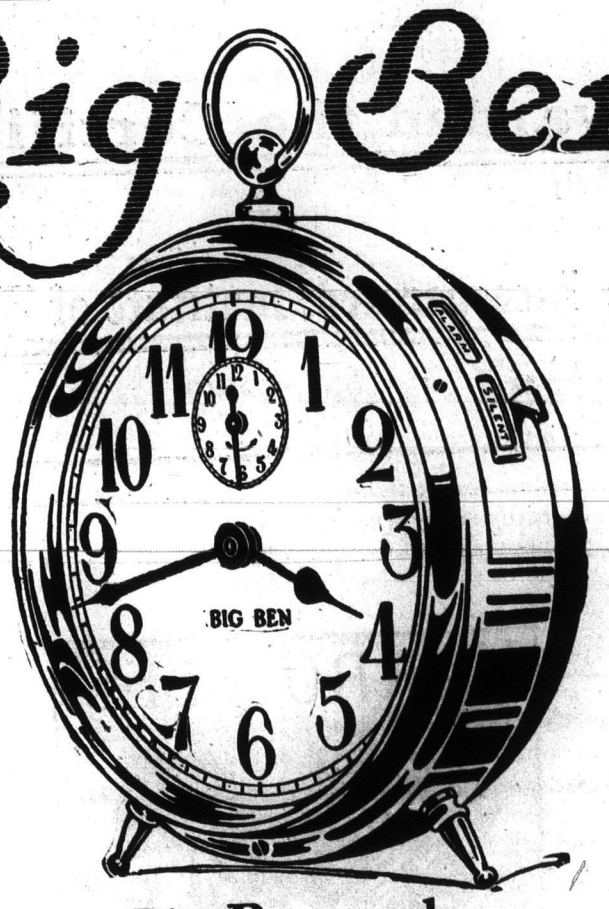


Oriole's Nest.

or two per annum from the purses of the consumers, your suddenly united husbands raise a popular outcry that rings all the way from San Francisco to Boston. Yet, though it is an admitted fact that, if our birds were properly protected against indiscriminate slaughter, the loss to our crops through insect pests would be reduced to an almost imperceptible figure, there is scarcely a word uttered in protest against the permission of that slaughter and the consequent annual loss of almost $800,00..,000. an amount nearly equal to the total capitalization of all the national banks in the United States.

Amazing as such a statement at first appears, it is, believe me, readily demonstrable. The insects kill the crops, the birds kill the insects, and we—for the

Big Ben



Big Ben ends the over-sleeping of Farm Hands

Will you spend Three Dollars to insure yourself *for years* against that everlasting bother—*getting the farm hands in the fields on time?* Will you spend it to insure *a full days work* from each man six days out of every seven.

Then, spend it for Big Ben. He's doing it on thousands of farms every day right now. More than a million people have spent it for Big Ben to help them get to work on time. Don't you want to join the Big Ben Army. Don't you want your farm hands to be members?

Alarms are sold at $1.00 and $1.50 less than Big Ben costs but such alarms are merely things to *wake up* by, not to wake *on time* with. They enable you to make a *guess* at the right time, that's all.

Big Ben enables you to *know* the right time. *When he* wakes you he does it at the time you *want*, the *right time.*

Then, cheap alarms *may* last a year but Big Ben *actually* lasts for years *and* years. He's built of *steel.* He's a handsome *clock* plus a punctual alarm. You can use him all day long in any room for he fits bed room, parlor, dining room or hall.

The city man can get the right time of his neighbor or by picking up a telephone but that's not so convenient for *you.* You need a reliable timekeeper always in the house That's why you need Big Ben more than you need a plain "alarm."

Big Ben rings just when you want and either way you want *five straight minutes* or *every half minute during ten minutes unless* you flag him off His big keys make winding easy and his great open face and large hands tell the time plainly across the largest rooms.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is $3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him to you duty charges paid. Put him right now on your Xmas list.

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Tunisian	Nov. 15	Pretorian	Nov. 16	Scotian	Nov. 17
Virginian	Nov. 21	Hesperian	Nov. 23	Ionian	Nov. 24

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Special Christmas Sailings

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL		MONTREAL TO GLASGOW		MONTREAL TO LONDON	
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Virginian	Nov. 21	Hesperian	Nov. 23	Ionian	Nov. 24

"VICTORIAN," to Liverpool, from St. John ..... December 6
"GRAMPIAN," to Liverpool, from St. John ..... " 12
"SCANDINAVIAN," to Glasgow, from Portland ..... " 12
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most part in order to trim your hats for you—kill the birds. The entire economic phase of the question is thus divisible into three portions, the second depending upon the first, the third depending upon the second, and the trio leading to an inevitable conclusion. In other words, we have but to consider the crop depredation naturally wrought by insects, the insect depredation naturally wrought by birds, and the bird depredation most unnaturally wrought by man.

Figures are dull things, but we shall soon be done with them, and in the meantime I beg you to bear a few more. Those which I have given you are, in any event, not random. They have behind them the authority of the national Department of Agriculture, and, as the birds grow less, the figures grow larger. Just why this is so we shall presently see; here and now the point to be enforced is that of insect ravage, and a study of the Government reports will show that crop losses from insects are rarely less than 10 per cent. of the crop affected and sometimes as high as 50.

Annual Values of Farm Products and Losses Chargeable to Insect Pests.

Cereals (wheat, barley, rye, etc.)	$2,000,000,000	10	$200,000,000
Hay	530,000,000	10	53,000,000
Cotton	600,000,000	10	60,000,000
Tobacco	53,000,000	10	5,300,000
Truck crops	265,000,000	20	53,000,000
Sugars	50,000,000	10	5,000,000
Fruits	135,000,000	20	27,000,000
Farm forests	110,000,0 0	10	11,000,000
Miscellaneous crops	58,000,000	10	5,800,000
Animal products (eggs, cheese, milk, etc.)	1,750,000,000	10	175,000,000
Total	$5,551,000,000	..	$595,100,000
Natural forests and forest products	.....	..	100,000,000
Products in storage	.....	..	100,000,000
Grand Total			$795,100,000

C. L. Marlatt, Assistant Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington has seen clearly what this portends. "In no country in the world," he has said, "do insects impose a heavier tax on farm products than in the United States. The losses resulting from the depredations of insects on all plant products of the soil, both in their growing and in their stored state, together with those on livestock, exceeded the entire expenditures of the national Government, including the roll and the maintenance of the army and navy."

The table printed above—the figures are those of the National Bureau of Entomology—gives a rough estimate of how insects are now yearly destroying the food products of the country.

That table indicates the net amount which would be added to the farmer's bank account if our birds were properly protected. A heavy toll, you think? Then you do not know the amount of destruction which a single insect can effect in the pursuit of its living. The Hessian fly, for example, has far outclassed the busy bee as a model of industry, for in the instance of this insect alone the damage done to grain in America, since we began to keep account of it, has amounted to considerably over $20,000,000.

Far better, however, is the record of the cotton leaf worm which, though it is less troublesome than of old—and for that you may thank birds—still exacts a yearly tribute of from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. This and other insects make the cotton losses aggregate $60,000,000 and make you, madam, pay more than you used to for your batistes and lawns. On the other hand, insect eggs which the birds upon your hat would ordinarily destroy, were, when deposited in grains, hatched among the stored products and cost us $100,000,000 a year.

And finally, in the matter of corn alone, there is an average loss of $80,000,000, a quarter of which is due to the work of the fifty species of corn plant lice, another quarter to the corn-root worm, and the remaining half to billbugs, wireworms, cut worms, army worms, stalk borers, locusts, grasshoppers, and other items of the bird menu. We shall later observe just what insects are eaten by just what birds, and for the present we may safely assume that the heaviest tax which the farmer, and indirectly you as the consumer, has to pay is the insect tax.

I said, a moment since, that, tremendous as these figures are, they will continue to grow greater in proportion as the number of our birds grow less, and the reason for this is obvious: the birds are, with few exceptions, Nature's own crop wardens. You will find, pretty much everywhere, individual milliners and the so-called "sportsman"—who have courage to hunt only defenseless beings—declaring that most birds are pests anyhow, and that it is a good thing to be rid of them; but you cannot find any recognized authority assenting to such a statement.

Most frequently the birds cited as pests are the indigo bunting and the bee, or king, bird. The former, say these nature fakers, should be exterminated because it is a seed eater, and the latter because it destroys bees. Well, the bunting is a seed eater, but it eats principally the seeds of noxious weeds. Careful study of the bee-bird, based upon a clinical examination of the stomachs of scores of specimens, proves not only that it but rarely eats the working bees, but that, besides many another dangerous insect, its chief diet is really the robber fly, which is the bee's arch enemy.

There is actually almost nothing that is not wholly negligible to such arguments. The United States Biological Survey has examined, by microscope and minute implements, the stomachs of thousands of birds, and has secured indisputable evidence that, with the general exception of the English sparrow, the rice bird and a couple of members of the hawk family, the birds are beneficial to farm life. In brief, and to quote another authority:

"A few birds," says H. A. Surface, Economic Zoologist of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, "do destroy poultry; but the goshawk, great-horned owl, sharp-shinned hawk, and osprey are the only species of raptorial birds that are more injurious than beneficial. Of the birds around a farm none but the English sparrow (a bird-Ishmael which preys upon its fellows) justifies repression."

As a matter of fact, birds are the instinctive enemies of the destroying insects which are, indeed, their ordained food, and their policing of the crops cannot be replaced—can, at most, be but supplemented—by such human devices as the arsenic spray. One pair of rose-breasted grosbeak can, in a week, destroy all of the potato bugs on an acre of potato vines and then keep the vines clean for the entire season, where as two boys with a bucket of Paris green, at the traditional salary of one cent for every hundred slain bugs, cannot even approximate that record. Chemistry has brought its pest-breakers to great proficiency, but the insects continue to work too insidiously and too quickly for man adequately to cope with them. It is for you to remember, when you come to select your autumn hat, that the insect rises as the bird falls.

A year or two ago two young scientists, startled at the inroads which the milliner and the reckless gunner were making, undertook a bird survey of the state of Illinois. From the observations which they there made they estimated a bird census of the entire country, and they decided that there are now left in the United States only about 1,414,000,000 birds whose natural duty is to thus care for some 842,000,000 acres of farmland. To enumerate the various species, and to tell just what insects are the prey of each, would be to weary you with a list as tiresome as Homer's "catalogue of the ships," and I shall therefore attempt to mention only the most generally familiar.

The insectivorous birds most useful to man are the following: The killdeer,

sparrow hawk, marsh hawk, meadow lark, American goldfinch, robin (redbreast), scarlet tanager, night hawk, Baltimore oriole, tree sparrow, barn owl, flicker, quail and the grosbeak.

A few years ago you were wearing a good many killdeers on those pretty hats of yours, and the careless gunner is even now exterminating them, yet the mission of the killdeer is the destruction of the boll weevil which, even against such resistance, does $20,000,000 worth of annual damage in Mississippi, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.

To-day your own milliner will recommend to you the quills of the marsh hawk, yet 45 per cent. of that bird's food—according to the United States Biological Survey's examination of 124 stomachs—is field mice, the plague of Kansas and several other Western states. Kansas is not among the fourteen states that protect this bird.

The sparrow hawk, another of your quill-bearers, attacks grasshoppers. The barn owl, almost the entire bodies of which from time to time become fashionable for autumn "trimming," rids the barn of mice. The goldfinch, whose feathers you value, under the name of the upland plover—or, in the West, the prairie pigeon—lives on noxious thistles and has ended more than a single locust plague, while the scarlet tanager and the Baltimore oriole, working on the tree tops, befriend the forester by destroying many an insect which other birds entirely overlook.

How Common Birds Protect Farmers.

At this moment you may see in any of a dozen shops along Broadway in New York, Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, Washington Street in Boston, or State Street in Chicago hats trimmed with the skillfully disguised wings of the meadow lark, and if you ask the millinery clerk, he will tell you that this bird is a grain eater. The truth is, however, that the meadow lark abstains from grain from May, when grain begins to ripen, until December. Twelve per cent. of its food is weed seeds, and only 15 per cent. grain, the rest of its diet consisting of grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, cutworms, army worms, and the properly feared chinch bug, which in half a century has destroyed grain to the value of $330,000,000. The robin's food, in like manner, has, after an examination of 330 stomachs, been found to consist of 43.78 per cent. insects, 43.23 wild fruit, and, contrary to the general opinion, only 5.22 vegetables and 7.77 cultivated fruit.

Most interesting of all, however, is the night hawk, which is always looked upon as a valuable quill producer and is everywhere considered as fair game for the small boy with the little rifle and the large man with the big gun.

Far from destroying crops, this bird, which is really not a hawk at all, does not even build among them; it avoids the grain, the fruit, the garden vegetables; it never touches poultry, and it will not visit the nests of other birds. It ranks with the woodpecker in the destruction of ants, and it prefers that insect when it is preparing to propagate and when the death of a single female means the destruction of hundreds of ant eggs.

To ascertain the character of the night hawk's food, nearly a hundred stomachs were examined, and the result showed that the bird has such a greed for insects taken on the wing that it is generally filled to bursting. A single stomach held seventeen distinct species; another had just eaten sixty grasshoppers, and three more with a similar taste contained respectively thirty-eight, twenty-two and nineteen. Beetles and Colorado potato bugs had not escaped, but the flying ants appeared to head the night hawk's carte de jour, from 200 to 1,800 being found in separate birds.

Our list could, of course, be prolonged indefinitely. One might tell of how, in Nevada and Nebraska about a year ago, the meadow mice were actually undermining the soil and threatening the utter destruction of the alfalfa fields when swarms of hawks and crows appeared, and when flocks of gulls and herons—which had never been known to have a taste of this sort—swept down and between them, reduced the trouble before the national Department of Agriculture could lend its aid. Like instances might be supplied of the various hawks and the sandpiper, as the inveterate foes of the grasshopper and of the herring, or harbor gull, which constitutes itself the health officer of the sea beach, gleaning refuse from shore and vessels, and devouring the disgorged loads of the cities' sea-going garbage scows.

It is enough, however, to end this list with the case of the rose-breasted grosbeak. Recently, when returning from Europe, I was in conversation with a milliner's "buyer."

"What birds are to be fashionable on our women's hats next winter?" I inquired casually.

"Well" he answered, "among the native birds the rose-breasted grosbeak is coming in again."

I thought at once of the now terrible potato beetle. Until 1859 this pest lived near the base of the Rocky Mountains and contented its little hard-winged self with a steady diet of sand burr. But just about that time it began to march East, at the rate of fifty miles a year, and, as it went, it acquired a fatal liking for that plant which has given it its modern designation. By 1874 it had driven the farmer to despair; but then, of a sudden, the rosebreasted grosbeak developed a voracious taste for this insect. Potatoes are a cheap article of food, but they won't be quite so cheap if you wear a rosebreasted grosbeak on your hat next winter.

Surely, then, my point has already been more than demonstrated, and to drive it farther would be not to cinch, but to dull it. Our crops are dangerously threatened by insect life, and again this threat we cannot well hope successfully to contend without the help of our birds.

But are our birds really decreasing?

The arguments of your milliners bear a strange resemblance to the famous legal defense of the woman sued to recover damages for the breaking of a borrowed pitcher. She set up, you may remember, three contentions:

"First, the pitcher was broken when I borrowed it. Second, it was not broken when I returned it. Third, I never borrowed the pitcher."

In like manner, the bird haters aver that the birds ought to be destroyed; that they are not being destroyed, and that nobody cares about them anyhow. The first of these contentions we have already seen to be a transparent pretense; the remaining two fall, as we shall now see, into the same category.

Let nobody hoodwink you with the statement that a species of living beings cannot be exterminated by man. That is a statement made with surprising frequency in this controversy, but one that is easy to disprove. Species after species of birds have been exterminated within the memory of living men.

Whole Species of Birds Destroyed.

The last century witnessed the annihilation of many. Just before it opened, a French governmental expedition reported a list of fourteen species to be found on the islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix, yet, of that fourteen, only eight remain extant today. During the last fifty years six formerly well-known species of psittaci have disappeared from Guadeloupe and Martinique. The ultimate British representative of the great auk was killed near Waterford Harbor in 1834, four years before the final example was slain on the Continent, and the only one seen on this side of the Atlantic since 1840 is that reported recently from Alaska. It was the same cycle that witnessed the extermination of the black emu, the great white water hen, the Tahiti rail, the burrowing petrel, species of the Kaka parrot, the New Zealand quail and the beautiful pigeon Hollandaise.

Nor are the examples confined to other lands than ours. The last known pied-duck was killed here in 1852; the once populous heron marshes of southern California have been wiped clean—or red—miles upon miles of Florida bird marshes that were alive with feathered folk in the Sixties are now deserted. And the end is not yet.

Few of us, indeed, realize to what extent bird slaughter is, at this moment, being carried on. In Oregon, only a short time ago, there were more Chinese pheasants than there were in China itself, and yet in Oregon, recently, 50,000

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of these pheasants were slaughtered in a single day. The hunter has pronounced the doom of the wood duck and the milliner has sentenced the bluebird. The passenger pigeon, once plentiful, is now absolutely extinct—and small wonder. They used to be butchered in their breeding places by the wagon load; the trees in which they rested were felled; the squabs were bagged and slain; sulphur was burned under the branches and the stupified victims, falling to earth, were clubbed or shot to death. It afforded plumage and made rare sport!

We have noted the economic value of the robin red reast, yet the robin has been among the greatest sufferers. In Louisiana, for food and feathers, from a quarter of a million to a million are killed in every twelve-month; in one village two years ago, three hundred were slain by one "sportsman" in one play day, and in another town, where the small boys sought local fame by means of this species of hunting, the rural champion had a record of 200 robins killed in eight hours.

Central Tennessee is little kinder to the robin. There, where big tracts of cedars bear berries which, in winter, attract these birds, one little hamlet sends each year to market enough to bring in $500, with the price at five cents a dozen—125,000 robins. A native calmly reports: "The birds are easily caught at night. They roost in the young cedars, and we go to the roost with a torch and kill them with clubs, though some of the fellows climb the trees and catch the birds as they sleep, for they're very tame hereabouts."

How long can any species survive such measures?

"Anyhow," persists the sauve feather dealer, "the sorts of birds we're interested in are just as plentiful as ever."

Are they? Well, then, to that there is just one answer:

"If your birds are not decreasing in number, why it is that you are today offering more money for their plumage than ever before?"

Crop-destroying Insects Growing in Force While Birds Become Scarcer.

But here, as at every point of this question, it is possible to quote authorities. It was only a short while since that Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the Bronx Zoological Park, New York, declared after a careful study that, in the single State of Pennsylvania, whereas crop-destroying insects are rapidly growing in force, their bird enemies are decreasing at the rate of fifty-one per cent. in fifteen years.

"The history of the native organisms of America," says Dr. Hornaday, "will become the same as that of the European species in their country. Twenty-three kinds of birds in the British Isles alone have been exterminated during the past century."

This, if it happens, will be due fundamentally to just two causes: to the fashion which orders you to wear bird plumage on your hat, and to the weakness which leads you to allow either your son or your husband to carry a gun into the country and there to kill for the sheer lust of killing.

Just as the sicklebird of the Sandwich Islands was annihilated by the vanity of the savages who hunted it for personal adornment, so, to take a single example out of hundreds, is the snowy or white heron marked for extermination in America because of its popularity for precisely similar reasons, among your supposedly civilized women. Even the plume dealers have tacitly admitted this. Twenty years ago they would pay only a few dollars per ounce for the plumage of this bird; now the price has more than quadrupled, and in a recent circular sent out, by one New York firm, as a special inducement to break the law, the prospective purchasers confessed that they would be glad to pay $32 an ounce. That is why you can see, in many a shop window, heron-plumed hats which command the fancy price of $100.

The ornithologist will tell you that it is true that the white egret is grown, and lasts only, during breeding time, and that each egret in a hat means the death of a mother bird and the starvation of her young, but the average milliner will add: "These egrets that I have, however, are of a different sort. Most of them, you see, are not white, and the colored ones have been manufactured, not plucked."

That statement is simply a trade lie. That is all—a lie. The only egret used by milliners is the egret of the white heron, grown and gathered in the manner just described. If it is of any color save white, it has been dyed in deference to an unhappily increasing fashion. Heron plumes are, it is true, often sold as "ospreys" but this is a palpable joke, since the osprey of science is the plumeless fish hawk. Invention cannot imitate the egret and "manufacture" is impossible.

Almost as much might be said—and said, of course, in vain—for the herring, or harbor, gull. Priceless as we know these birds to be in their efficiency as seaside scavengers, their handsome white breast feathers have been made into millions of turbans, often with the head of their cousin, the tern, or sea swallow, perched on one side to lend "finish." The result was beautiful and you liked it, but it was beauty at a high price.

Women Levy a Terrible Tax.

And yet women go on wearing the plumage of birds. The barn owl which destroys the gophers of the West, the cotton rats of the South and the mice of the North; the flicker, which preys upon destructive ants; the bluebird which Professor Beal, of the National Department of Agriculture, has pronounced invaluable to the farmer—all these and far beyond a score more continue, cleverly disguised, to adorn the headgear of the sex which we men have always been taught to regard as our superior in gentleness. Is it useless to say with Charles Dudley Warner that "a dead bird does not help the appearance of an ugly woman" and that "a pretty woman needs no such adornment?" Will not fatuous femininity permit even the songbirds to escape?

Difficult as the figures are to get, such as may be acquired are appalling. Surely you cannot read them and remain unmoved. England, by importing the bird of Paradise at the rate of 6,000 a year, has practically exterminated that species. In four months one London house disposed of 800,000 East and West Indian bird skins; the United States alone sends to the British Isles 400,000 humming birds every twelve-month, which helps bring the English grand total up to 30,000,000, birds a year.

And we keep a comfortable figure for home consumption. In one year a single Chicago dealer has been known to handle 32,000 humming birds in one consignment—32,000 gulls and the wings of 300,000 other birds. In all, the Audubon Society puts our total at about 150,000,000 birds a year. The European continent repeats this, and so you have the women of the "civilized" world with the omission of our South American cousins, wearing 300,000,000 birds every year.

Legislation is puny, as always, powerless in the face of fashionable womankind. Massachusetts has enacted strenuous sounding laws for forbidding the wearing of certain plumage, and in 1905 more than 2,100 violations of those statutes were reported—to no purpose. As a matter of sound common sense, the friends of the birds have had to fall back, largely upon a campaign of education.

The same method, it seems, will have to be applied in the case of the boy gunner and his elder accomplice, the reckless "sportsman." It would be but a tiresome business here to recapitulate the game laws of our various states. It is true that the meadow lark is unprotected in Florida, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama Louisiana, Tennessee, Missouri and Idaho—the commonwealths where he is most useful—and it is true that something of the same might be said in several other instances. But, taking them altogether, our game laws themselves are fairly adequate: the difficulty lies, as it does with all laws, in the ancient problem of enforcement.

These lads whom you see from the train window trailing through the fields with one small rifle among a half dozen of them may appear harmless enough, but they are, in reality, quite as great an economic danger, at least so far as birds are concerned, as are the gentle milliners. Valuable feathered creatures

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are here and there used for trap shooting, and even science, in the instance of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg—where among its 60,0 bird "exhibits" were said to be 187 specimens of one sort of wren when, at most, a dozen would have sufficed—has been charged with ruthless destruction; but the ignorant boy and the careless man gunner have outstripped every rival s thei sisters and wives, their sweethearts and their r ers.

Here, then, are the three interdependent facts which we set out to determine: the evil wrought upon the crops by insects, the slaughter of those insects by their bird enemies and the shortsighted annihilation of the birds by man.

What organized force, you may well ask, is opposed to the last of these? Chiefly the National Association of Audubon Societies, named for the great naturalist, the rank and file of which is no doubt honestly trying to do its best for the preservation of our birds.

But cold figures show this association to be pitiably weak, and cold facts make it look flabbily inefficient. Its roll includes not many more than 1,000 names, its income is largely derived from gifts —the membership fee is but five dollars a year, $100 securing a life term—and its largest endowment is the Albert Wilcox fund of $331,072. Where birds are found in colonies it tries to maintain a warden; it has effected the enactment of a so-called model bird law in thirty-two states, and it has secured the co-operation of such organizations as the International Conference of Cotton Growers, Spinners and Manufacturers. Yet, in the last analysis, its work is largely educational and consists mostly of lectures and the distribution of sentimental pamphlets which may or may not be read.

To the Audubon societies might be added the names of about half a dozen other associations; but these are all more or less local, and all, or nearly all, in their infancy. With such a small and such an inefficient organization for allies, with the best of game laws improperly enforced, and the worst obtaining in the states where only the best would avail, the birds of America are confronted by ultimate virtual destruction; the farmers of America are face to face with a desperate condition because of insect vandals, and the great mass of American housewives must be prepared for a rise in the price of the bulk of their foodstuffs which for once, they can blame upon no trust save their own misplaced trust in the lies of the milliner and the inability of their sons and husbands to forego the lure of the shotgun and the rifle.

For my part, however, I yield place to none in my respect for the American woman, and I do not want to misdoubt her power over her children; I confess to no rival in my admiration for her fundamental good heart and good sense; and I do not want to believe that she is capable of knowing cruelty and deliberate economic myopia.

Eastern Excursions

Twenty-six years ago, or in 1886, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which in that year had completed its line from Montreal to Vancouver, announced its first excursion from the Canadian West to Eastern Canada, to enable those hardy pioneers, who had come to the Prairie Provinces (then there was only one, Manitoba) and the Territories to return at a reasonable rate to their old homes in the East for the Christmas Season.

The success of this s so great that every year since this great Railway has repeated the excursion, and this year is no exception to the rule. Commencing December 1st and daily until December 31st round trip tickets will be on sale to all points east of Port Arthur in Provinces at remarkably low rates, these tickets will be good to return within three months from date of sale, and if this is not long enough, an extension of the return limit ma be had on payment to the agent in the East of $5.00 for each 15 days extension d sired.

The advantages of the Canadian Pacific Railway over other routes are obvious, briefly they are:—through trains to Toronto and Montreal, through standard and tourist sleeping and dining cars, and shortest route by many hours and many miles. Sleeping cars will run through without any change from Edmonton, Saskatoon, Yorkton, Calgary, Swift Current, Moose Jaw, Regina, Weyburn, Estevan, Lyleton, and ny other places to Toronto and Montreal.

A booklet giving full information as to fares, sleeping car service, train service, and other particulars has been published by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and can be had on application to any agent, or by writing to C. B. Foster, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

Mayflower.

By Elizabeth Sterling Curtis.

Where trees in sweet communion meet,
And branches touch, with soft caress;
Where birches tell their secrets sweet,
And pines in murmurs seem to bless—

'Neath them I sought the Spring's first born,
'Tween flower and fairy world a link;
I searched in vain till day was gone,
Then found one bud just touched with pink.

I'd sought the flowers for mother fair,
A wasted day! Well might she chide.
I placed the bud in silver hair;
She said, "My dear, I Know you tried."

My faith, when all life's failures end,
Unfound the good for which I sighed,
When low before the throne I bend,
Dear God will say, "I know you tried."

Since Amy Died.

Andrew B. Saxton.

The grass is just as green today,
And just as clear the rivers flow,
As when my darling fled away,
A year ago.

And happy birds are caroling
As sweetly 'neath the placid skies;
And just as fair the flowers of spring
Salute mine eyes.

And peaceful folk in all the earth,
With smiles upon their faces set,
Show that this life of loss is worth
The living yet.

And it is well. I would not choose
To close the flowers, or shroud the sun,
Because my lot has been to lose
My little one.

But yet—alas for mine and me!—
Though naught is changed on any side,
Another world it seems to be
Since Amy died.

A Little Pessimist.

By Isabel de Witte Kaplan.

The sad little Princess sat by the sea,
"Alas," she sighed, "and alackaday!"
And she rested her book upon her knee,
And her eyes gazed dreamily far away.

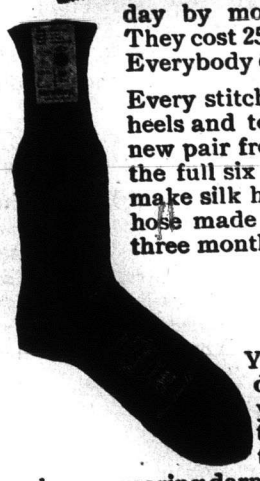
"All of my fairy tales end the same—
They lived, and they loved, and then they died—
The wicked enchanter's always to blame;
Oh, for something quite new," she cried.

"I'm sick of my dolls with their china eyes,
I'm sick of reading of giants and things.
I'm tired to death of candies and pies,
I hate my crown and my golden rings."

And then her nurse felt at the Royal head,
Looked at her tongue in a knowing way,
"Your Highness had better come home to bed.
You've eaten too many plum tarts to-day."

Get These Hose!

Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months Save Money!



Holeproof Hose are the world's finest. They are worn every day by more than a million MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. They cost 25c to 50c a pair in boxes of six pairs, *guaranteed* six months. Everybody can now buy their hose by the *year* instead of by the *pair*.

Every stitch, every thread of "Holeproof" is protected, not just the heels and toes. If a thread "runs" or breaks anywhere, you get a new pair free. The lightest weights in the cotton hose are guaranteed the full six months. The silk "Holeproof" for men and women now make silk hose an *actual economy*, for they last longer than common hose made from inferior cotton. Three pairs of silk are guaranteed three months. Three pairs of men's cost $2, women's $3.

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You women who darn are wasting your time since there are hose like these. You men who are wearing darned hose are undergoing needless discomfort. Here are hose that are soft, lightweight and close-fitting, made with the costliest yarn produced. We pay an average price for it of 70 cents per pound. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. But our yarn is long fibre, soft but strong. That's why we can guarantee the hose. We can sell these hose at the prices of common kinds because we make so many pairs.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

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Street .....

City ..... *Province* .....

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For Children—Black and Tan only; medium wt. only.

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What the World is Saying.

A Corporation Tax.

A town in France taxes fat men, thus striking a blow at the corporations.—Edmonton Journal.

"Whoa, Auto!"

Before long the automobile will be so perfected that it will be able to shy at a flying piece of paper and run away.—Toronto News.

The Sort of Club Needed.

The women's clubs of Chicago have declared war on the "masher." The most effective club in his case would be the policeman's.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Nothing but Leaves!"

Fig trees are being introduced in Nelson. Their successful cultivation is about all that is necessary to make this to be the original Garden of Eden.—Nelson News.

The Great Source of Hot Air.

A fire alarm box is being placed in the House of Commons. No one who sees hot air coming out of the windows need ring the bell.—Ottawa Journal.

Evasion vs. Casuistry.

The diplomatic notes being exchanged at present between Russia and China are models of Oriental evasion and Caucasian casuistry.—New York Sun.

Eager to be Caught.

If some smooth gink would stake a subdivision on Mars, we feel sure that he could sell quite a bunch of lots on easy payments to many people in British Columbia.—Greenwood Ledge.

The Reliable Bike.

The bicycle is coming back. Well, it sounds reasonable, too, at that. It never runs in draw bridges, never dumps people down fifty-foot embankments, never breaks a guy rope or runs out of gasoline 1,000 feet up in the air.—Brandon Sun.

Very Rich Men's Wives.

Andrew Carnegie's statement that the wives of the very rich are seldom happy is not likely to dissuade any appreciable number of ambitious young women from taking the chances.—Halifax Herald.

Honest Tom!

There is something in a good name after all. The Detroit councilman who was known as "Honest Tom" refused to accept a bribe of less than $1,000. Most of his colleagues were on sale at from $100 to $300.—Toronto Globe.

Flexibility of Spine.

In Montreal a few days ago a man known as the "Human Freak" showed several doctors there how he could curve and dislocate his spine, and bring it back again into place without apparent injury to himself. A chap with a spine like that would do well in civic politics.—Ottawa Free Press.

Auto Prices.

Automobiles have raised the price of gasoline 40 per cent.; of leather, 72 per cent.; of rubber, 100 per cent.; and of road repairs, 500 per cent. They have also increased the prices of suburban property and the expenses of the administration of justice. In fact, their general lifting power could not be greater if they were all balloons.—Newark News.

No One-Rail Roads in Canada.

It is strange that no monorail lines are yet to be seen in this country. They are getting to be quite common in Europe. The latest one projected is to be built between Nice and Monte Carlo. It is expected that trains on it will make a speed of 150 miles an hour.—Vancouver Sun.

Profanity at Ottawa.

In the time of William III. profane swearing was made punishable by fine. A laborer or servant forfeited one shilling, others two shillings, for the first offence, four for the second, and six for the third. At these rates hundreds of young men in Ottawa would forfeit their week's wages in a single hour.—Ottawa Citizen.

Necessities and Luxuries.

The taste for luxury in living is certainly growing and the luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today. Tomorrow we will go on to some new devices which will still further increase the cost of living and increase also the amount of industrial discontent.—St. John Telegraph.

A Prediction.

A Seattle prophet is authority for the prediction that the millenium will positively take place, weather permitting, in the year 1915. However, it will not attract much attention on the coast, as the big show will then be on in San Francisco.—Victoria Colonist.

Trade Secrets.

How can Italy claim to have command of the sea as against Turkey when the war has not interfered in the slightest measure with the output of Turkish cigarettes? It might have been far different were it not for the comforting fact that the cigarettes are so largely manufactured in London, New York, Montreal and elsewhere.—Galt Reformer.

Quite a Difference.

In Tibet it is the custom of the natives when they obtain any gold coins to melt them and beat them into idols. This is different from the practice in Western countries, where the "idle rich" beat somebody out of the gold and compel others to worship at their shrine.—Calgary Herald.

An Inveterate Smoker.

Mrs. Susanna Blatchford is dead in Pennsylvania at the age of 97, during the last 25 years of which she was an inveterate smoker, having used one pipe the whole period. Had the old lady been a non-smoker she might have lived to be one hundred. And perhaps not.—Montreal Gazette.

A Relic of Barbarism.

One of a crowd of young men who serenaded a Fairmont, W. Va., bride has been shot and wounded by the lady, who is now under arrest. Those who have witnessed a charivari will understand the feeling that prompted the use of the shotgun. It is an awful experience.—Brockville Recorder.

A Wealthy Poet.

Much astonishment has been expressed that James Whitcomb Riley should be able to give a $50,000 wedding present. But really the only remarkable thing is that it should take the form of cash. Almost any poet could contribute $50,000 worth of verses to make a wedding a success. — Chicago Tribune.

Law's Delay Beneficial.

The settlement of many cases out of court during the long illness followed by the death of a Newark judge was found to have taken place by his successor, who expected to find a long list of suits to be tried. The parties had got tired of the long delay. The moral is obvious. Many more cases could be settled out of court than there are and with a saving to the litigants in law expenses.—Stratford Beacon.

Undesirables.

We do not want wife-deserting immigrants in this country, and we do not want wife-deserting citizens either. The authorities should take steps to cope with this growing evil. The police of Canada should unite to make wife-desertion unpopular in this country, and they should associate themselves with their confreres in Great Britain and the United States to make Canada an unsafe refuge for these cowards from other lands.—Montreal Star.

Temperance in Sweden.

It is stated that throughout Sweden there are half a million of total abstainers, or about 10 per cent. of the population. It was at Gothenburg that the Good Templar movement had its rise in 1873. Ten years later saw the beginning of the international movement. The reflection of the movement is seen in Parliament. Of the 150 members of the First Chamber, or Senate, 31 are total abstainers. In the Chamber the number is 128 out of 230 members. Dividing the abstainers politically, we find in the Senate 4 Conservatives out of 87, 21 Liberals out of 51, and 6 out of the 12 Socialists. In the Chamber the numbers are: Ten Conservatives out of 64, 50 Liberals out of 101, and of the 64 Socialists, 50 are abstainers.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Cheap Divorces.

It is more difficult to get married in Switzerland than it is to get divorced, and, profiting by the fact that it only costs about ten dollars to secure a dissolution of the marriage tie, Swiss couples have placed their country an easy first in the divorce statistics of Europe. Last year the proportion of divorces in Switzerland was 43 per 100,000 of the population. France comes second with 33 per 100,000, Denmark third with 27, Germany fourth with 21, and other countries in the following order: Great Britain, 17; Norway, 15; Holland and Belgium, 14 each; Sweden, 10; Austria, 8; and Finland, 6.—Hamilton Herald.

A Forgetful Montreal Policeman.

A policeman from Augusta, Georgia, who went to New York on a spree, was arrested there and at the station it was discovered that he had his money in his socks. He chose a safer bank than did the Montreal constable a few years ago, who took a watch from a drunken man and placed it in his helmet. Then after hauling his prisoner to the station he removed the hat to mop his brow, the watch fell out and he lost his job. Still the valuables were discovered in each case.—Montreal Herald.

Frugal King Nicholas.

King Nicolas, of Montenegro, who is not a spendthrift, is reported to have given to his valet a silk hat that he wore for sixteen years. The valet had it shined up, and it looked so well that Nicholas took it back after paying the price of the cleaning. The incident is being used against him by three of his ministers, who charge him with stinginess. The accusers should pause in their criticism. It is better to have a frugal king than a wasteful one. The Portuguese found this out not many years ago.—London Advertiser.

The Payne-Aldrich Tariff.

"Eleven yards of fancy wash fabric in this dress cost to manufacture in the United States $1.06, and in England $1.11. The eleven yards retail in England for $1.87, and in the United States for $2.75. Why? Because the Payne-Aldrich tariff tax amounts to 66 cents. Under the Dingley law it was 45 cents. (Tariff Board Sample No. 86.)" This is how The New York Herald is letting the American people see how cleverly, or rather how easily, they are being duped. A few years of such explanations should open their eyes.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Reunions of the Separated.

At a reunion in Erie, Kansas, among those present were the host's first wife, her second husband and the children of both marriages, and everything went merrily as a wedding bell. There have been several such incidents of late, the separated meeting each other without embarrassment. Can the people of this twentieth century be getting as lax in their views as were those of the days of David and Solomon, when every man was very religious and had as many wives as he could afford to keep? It is to be hoped not. Boston Transcript.

Silver and Gold.

Statements are frequently made by economists that one of the reasons why the prices of all sorts of commodities are constantly going up is the increased supply of gold. The more gold there is, they say, to buy with, the more there must be for any given object. And in the past twenty years the production of gold has increased about fourfold. Whatever the effect of gold may have been on commodities it has not enhanced the value of silver. In forty years the production of silver has jumped from 43 to 160 million ounces. Up to 1885 silver sold at more than $1 per ounce, but the price at present ranges around 55 cents. — Wall Street Journal.

Oil-Burning Locomotives.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has thirty oil-burning engines in operation on its mountain division nearest to Calgary, and more are being fitted with the requisite apparatus at the rate of two a day. Soon this company will be using oil exclusively on its mountain divisions, and the work of the engine crews, the expense of operation and the danger of forest fires, will be greatly lessened. At present the oil is being brought from California, but it is stated that the company has reconnaissance parties at work trying to locate wells in the north country that will give them a sufficient supply. We presume they will not overlook the indications long known to geologists of the presence of mineral oil in plenty in the vicinity of Lake Athabasca. Some day that region may be in this respect another Pennsylvania.—Peterboro Examiner.

Death in the Wilderness.

How Some Animals Die.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By H. Mortimer Batten.

AT one time it was customary to believe that the life of a wild animal was one perpetual round of famine and hunted terror, terminating in a manner proportionally tragic, but the observations of modern naturalists have proved this theory to be, in the majority of cases, baseless.

How do the birds and animals die? Peacefully, happily, most of them, amidst their native surroundings, with never a thought that death is near. Of those who sleep through the winter, some do not waken when the spring calls their brothers and sisters back to the world of activity. Others creep away and hide when old age overcomes them, and thus we sometimes find the skeletons of small animals in all manner of odd nooks and corners, such as they would never have entered under ordinary circumstances.

Last winter, at the farm, we found one morning that old Bess, the sheep dog, was missing. Days slipped by and she did not return, and towards the end of winter, a farm hand found her remains hidden away in a cosy little nest at the back of the wood pile.

Most of us, I suppose, have secret lairs of our own, and we steal away to them when not feeling quite up to the mark for a few minutes silence and security. The wild folk have secret places too, as those who love them and follow their ways soon learn. Some of them make caches, where they store all manner of odd little treasures that take their whimsical fancy during their wake-'a-day rambles, and woe betide the intruder who attempts to discover the secrets of another's cache. I have known foxes to fight desperately when discovered by one of their own kind in the act of burying some secret treasure—it may be an old dog collar, or a bit of a boot, or an old medicine horn—and the judicious fox, on finding a companion thus employed, returns to a safe distance till the coast is clear.

Perhaps the wild folk feel a sense of security in the neighborhood of these secret places, for there they often hide away when the strange lassitude, that they do not understand, first steals down upon them.

Sometimes it happens that the birds and animals perish miserably in hundreds of thousands—victims to disease or tempest or fire. The western trappers know this well; they know that though a certain valley was swarming with life last year, this year neither sign nor trail may show upon the whiteness of the snow. Perhaps, in the meantime, disease has broken out among the rabbits, killing them off wholesale. In every bush and thicket their bodies lie, one side of their necks swollen, their bodies stretched stiffly across the snow. The lynxes, the wolves, and much of the smaller fur, at once move their quarters and take up fresh hunting grounds, leaving behind them a place of pestilence. And thus it comes about that we find one valley swarming with life, while the next valley, across the watershed, is pulseless as a desert.

The elephants have recognized burial grounds, at which the dead have buried their dead since history began. When an elephant grows old he leaves his herd, and guided by some strange instinct makes his way to a far off jungle where one of these burial grounds is situated, haunting the place till he is called to his fathers. Here and there these splendid cemeteries are known to natives, who guard their secret zealously, for the price of ivory is good at all times. Occasionally vast quantities of ivory are found, buried deep in the earth, and in the midst of a country where the elephant himself has long been extinct.

And not only elephants, but many other wild creatures are suddenly possessed by an overwhelming desire to wander when their lives are drawing to a close. It is said that the heron, the bittern, and the eagle fly out to sea, but be this true or not the fact remains that even in countries where these birds are plentiful their remains are seldom to be found. And again the caribou—the most handsome of all the great antlered deer—leaves his herd when old age overcomes him, and as though he had some preconception of what were about to take place, makes his way to a distant forest, unknown to his kind, where he can die in quietude and secrecy.

There is, of course, no doubt that some kinds of wild animals meet with more tragic deaths, as a rule, than others. The old rabbit is done to death by the mink, and the old moose, driven out from his place of eminence by a younger bull, is speedily overpowered by wolves. Day and night they hang at his heels, moving when he moves, resting when he rests, and keeping him constantly on the alert. When he was younger he might have survived the fiery ordeal, but now the end is near, and he knows it. So do the wolves. Not till the old bull's last atom of strength is gone—not till his great splayed hoofs are wide apart, and his massive head droops to the ground, do they close in upon him. In countries where wolves abound the Indians will tell you that all the deer meet death in a similarly tragic manner.

But as a rule Dame Nature is kind to her kindred. Her closing chapter is not a sad chapter; it may well be a romantic and wonderful one. Our own sensitive imaginations are only too apt to paint it in colors of anguish, but in truth that sort of sorry ending comes to man alone. The wild folk do not fear death, for they do not understand it, and thus they are saved the greatest pains of all. The chickadee looks down upon the body of his dead mate and calls plaintively for a little while, then he flies away to quite a distant place, where he has been accustomed to seeing her, and calls for her there.

Even when keen winters kill off the birds in great numbers, there is very little suffering among them. We find their bodies at the bottom of the hedgerows, or perhaps frozen stiff upon the branches, just as they were when they fell asleep with the twilight shadows. And men of the far north know that no death could be more free from suffering than that which follows the delicious langour brought on by extreme cold.

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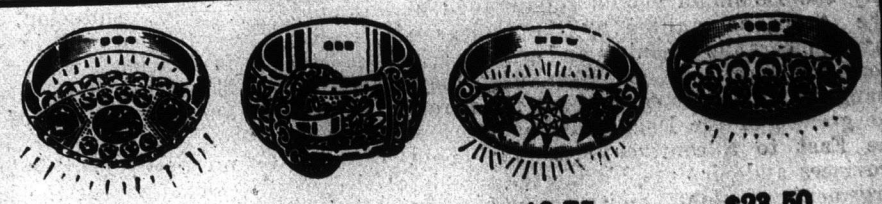

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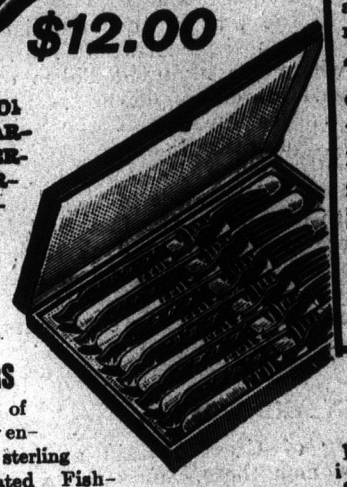

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

CANADA'S COAT OF ARMS.

Attention was called some time ago on this page to the fact that the coat of arms of the Dominion, as it appears on the flag, on all Government paper and on the Canadian gold coins, includes only the symbols of the four original provinces that entered into confederation—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Since that time five other provinces have become partners in the Canadian Confederacy, but neither the big tree and little tree of Prince Edward Island, nor the buffalo of Manitoba, nor the wheat sheaves of Saskatchewan, nor the snow-capped mountain tops of Alberta, nor the sunset of British Columbia appears in the Dominion coat of arms. It appears that the reason why no change has been made since 1867 is that no application to have a change made has been submitted to the College of Heralds in London, which has to do with these matters of heraldic insignia. The Under Secretary of State at Ottawa, Sir Joseph Pope, sees no reason why there should be any change. He writes: "Plain John Smith may undoubtedly, when he acquires a few acres, call himself J. Alonzo Smith, and later on he may call himself J. Alonzo Smith-Spifkins. But I see no reason why the Dominion should follow such an example. The Arms, as granted by the College of Heralds, have an heraldic meaning and an historical application, and I can see no reason why they should be changed." It is not easy to see the parallel between the growth of the Dominion from four provinces in the East to a continent-spanning chain of nine provinces and Sir Joseph's facetious fable of the engargement of John Smith into J. Alonzo Smith-Spifkins. How, possibly, could either the heraldic meaning or the historical significance of the Dominion coat of arms be otherwise than added to, by being made fully representative and accurate? As they stand, they signify that the Dominion ends with Ontario and there is no Western Canada. Surely this is not as it should be. If a Dominion coat of arms is worth having, it is worth having right.

THE LONG ARM.

Recently the newspapers of the whole world told the story of how a man who for years had "poached" for elephants on British territory in Africa had been captured at last, after a long pursuit. It was one more instance of the "long arm." It showed how British law is enforced throughout British dominions. Time, distance and expense are not allowed to stand in the way of the administration of justice, as has been demonstrated in several celebrated cases where the Mounted Police of this country have hunted murderers down. A mounted police force keeps order throughout the veldts of South Africa. In Australia there are no patrols, each little township having its constable. The capture of the outlaw in the wilds of Central Africa served to emphasize once more the fact that justice is meted out wherever the Union Jack flies. The cost and trouble of capturing a brigand or murderer is of little consequence compared with its effect in making the law respected on all the continents, and in even the most desolate regions.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Kipling, writing of Great Britain and of the preponderance of women there, refers to "a million surplus Maggies." As a matter of fact, there are in England and Wales, according to the recent census report, one and one-tenth million more females than males. The total population of England and Wales on April 2nd of this year at midnight — the time the census was taken — was 36,070,492. In this British census, for the first time, the number of families was obtained, a most important form of information. The families number 7,970,060, which makes an average of two and a half children to the family. That is, of every two families, one has an average of two children, the other, of three. It is of interest to note that Canada is increasing faster in population than Great Britain, or, for that matter, of any of the world's other leading countries. The figures of population increase, per cent., for ten years are as follows: Canada, 34.1; New Zealand, 30.5; United States, 21.0; Germany, 15.2. Of the countries losing population, Ireland is now losing least, and Norway is losing population faster than any other country in the world, the decrease being due more to emigration than to any decrease in the birth rate. Canada is one of the few countries in the world in which the men predominate. The number of women per thousand men is as follows in the following countries: Canada, 886; Ceylon, 888; New Zealand, 896; Australia, 926; South Africa, 941. In the following countries it is the other way round, the number of women per thousand men being: Norway, 1,069; England, 1,068; Scotland, 1,063; Denmark, 1,061; Sweden, 1,046. It is interesting, by way of conclusion, to glance at the figures of the Dominion census of last year, showing the distribution of the sexes by provinces. The table, which is as follows, in alphabetical order, indicates clearly the effect of immigration on sex distribution in this country:

	Males	Females
Alberta	223,989	150,674
British Columbia	251,619	140,861
Manitoba	250,056	205,558
New Brunswick	179,867	172,022
Nova Scotia	251,019	241,319
Ontario	1,299,290	1,223,984
Prince Edward Island	47,069	46,659
Quebec	1,011,247	991,456
Saskatchewan	291,730	200,702
Yukon	6,508	2,002
Territories	8,673	8,523

A PEOPLE PRIZING EDUCATION.

Among the many interesting visitors from Great Britain to this country this year none have been more interesting than the Scotch teachers. It has been said by Lecky, the historian, and more recently by Andrew Carnegie that Scotland more than any other land has been characterized by a love of education, and that education has served Scotchmen well in securing for them high positions in various walks of life throughout the world. Education is for every nation the basis of progress and the fountain of freedom. Upon it depend mainly not only social and material advancement and prosperity, but individual and national liberty. A comparison of the history of Scotland with the history of other countries proves that Scotland is certainly no exception to the general rule as to the influence of education on the destiny of peoples. So far back as 1561 an agitation was on foot to provide public schools in Scotland. In 1639 an order was issued for the establishment of a school in every parish and for such support for schoolmasters as would bring education within reach of the poorest in the community. From that date Scotland has had continuously a system of public instruction. Not the least important factor in the progress of education in Scotland has been the ready access of the people to the universities, when in other countries higher education was the privilege of the few. Scotland's public school system has aided in evolving a thrifty and virile race that has planted the seeds of civilization in the most inaccessible corners of the earth. Scotch influences have been powerful in the shaping of the life of Canada.

THE CRAZE FOR MONEY.

One of the crying needs of the times is that the lesson should be impressed upon the rising generation that money is not the end of living and that it is not essential to peace of mind to have everything that the heart desires. The child with the most and costliest toys is the least contented. And in this the child is father of the man—and woman. The get-rich-quick craze is poisoning an incalculable number of lives. It is borne in upon us from every side that the accepted belief is that money is the proof of successful living and that the man deserving of imitation is the man who has accumulated a lot of money. It is a wrong belief. There is altogether too much indiscriminate laudation of the men who have made themselves money magnates. Their stories of "How I Succeeded," consisting more of platitudes than of the setting forth of the actual facts, are spread before our young people. It is not to be wondered at that many young people are carried away by the idea that Iago's counsel, "Put money in thy purse," embodies the perfection of human wisdom.

THE EMPIRE'S POPULATION.

What is the total population of the British Empire, and what proportion of it is white? These are both interesting and important questions. The latest official figures give a grand total of 414,000,000, of which number 59,500,000 are white and 354,000,000 are colored, by far the greatest part of the latter total being made up of the 314,700,000 dark-skinned people of India. In South Africa there are 1,400,000 whites and 4,700,000 blacks. Canada is the country in the Empire which has, next to Great Britain, the greatest number of whites. The United Kingdom has, in round numbers, 45,000,000, and Canada 7,000,000. Australia comes next with 4,400,000. It is not commonly realized how small, relatively speaking, of course, is the white population of the enormous territories which are painted red on the world's map. As a matter of fact, the white population of the entire Empire is less than the population of the German Empire in Europe, and not much larger than the population of Japan. This country and Australia are making increasing efforts to attract immigrants from the United Kingdom, and these efforts are increasingly successful. But the rapid drift of population from the United Kingdom to the overseas Dominions is raising new questions, in view of the rapid fall in the birth rate in the British Isles. It is being realized that it will not do for the Dominions to regard Great Britain as an inexhaustible reservoir of population. In Germany, too, as well as in France, the empty cradle is awakening apprehension. But it is easier to deplore "race suicide" than to suggest practical means of remedying it.

MARRIED LIFE.

Making a living is indispensable for the home, but making marriage and the home and family life a success is equally indispensable. There exists a tendency in human hearts to imagine that, the wooing of love once done, love will take care of itself and that no pains need be taken to keep it alive and vigorous. The husband turns his energy from creating love to supporting his wife and family and providing for the future; and it happens sometimes that the wife grows indifferent to preserving the charm she had for her husband when he was her lover, and loses interest in his work outside the home. It is a mistake to think that the love of loverhood will, of itself, live year after year in marriage, without effort on the part of both husband and wife to preserve it. Marriage is a relationship undergoing constant development. Not only is it a matter of adjusting two personalities to each other once and for all, for the two personalities are growing all the time, and the adjustment must be a continuous process.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

The story of the expense and the delays of suits at law is an old familiar one. It dates ages farther back than Hamlet's famous saying about "the law's delays" and his sarcastic references, in the graveyard scene, to lawyers. There are business organizations whose members are working to promote arbitration proceedings instead of recourse to legal proceedings for the settlement of differences that arise. Of course, an adjustment thus arrived at of a business difference would not be legally binding on the parties; but the fact that, nevertheless, this method of settlement is regarded as good business speaks for itself in regard to the lawsuit method. It must be admitted that there is much to be said on both sides. The routine and technicalities of the courts are, after all, so many rules to prevent one litigant from getting an improper advantage of another. But such procedure would be unbearable in the ordinary dealings of everyday life, in connection with which the shortest and least expensive road and the methods of common sense are preferred. The Dominion Railway Commission, which is a court, has been setting the other courts an example worthy of attention in this respect.

MODERN EMANCIPATORS.

In 1838 slavery was done away with in Canada as throughout the rest of the British Empire. Thereafter Canada became the sanctuary for runaway slaves from the United States, until in 1861 Lincoln ended slavery in his country. A group of college professors in London and another in Berlin are engaged in putting an end to the terrible torture and enslavement of negroes in regions of Africa and South America. These professors send out no proclamations, muster no armies, fight no battles. They work in their laboratories with starch and metallic sodium and fusel oil and isoprene and butyric acid and a few other things, and finally they announce that they have found a way to make artificial rubber, which means that it is only a question of time now when "wild" rubber will cease to be sought in the deadly tropics, where it has proved so deadly a cause of human cruelty, every ton of it, as has been estimated, costing a human life. Thus the long arm of science will unlock the shackles of the slaves of rubber in the tropics.

NOT A GOOD KIND OF SMILING.

A writer who enjoys much popularity as a dispenser of wise advice, and whose writing is almost always characterized by common sense and keen knowledge of humanity, says in a recent article, entitled "Optimism, Peace, Power and Plenty": "To people who have lost the laughing habit I would say—Lock yourself in your room and practise smiling. Smile at your pictures, furniture, looking-glass, anything, just so the stiff muscles are brought into play again." Surely is not this rather like a prescription for smiling oneself into one of those institutions such as we have at Selkirk and Brandon? Instead of giving such counsel as this of locking oneself up to practise mechanical smiling at the furniture, would it not be better to sound a warning against mechanical smiling and the hypocrisy and vanity it induces?

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R2-580—Lady's Natural Muskrat Coat, 50 ins., semi-fitting style, with collar and revers, double cuff. At this price we consider this coat an extraordinary bargain, lined with brown satin. Sizes, 34 to 42. Price..... **57.50**

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HUDSON'S BAY CO. Mail Order Department Winnipeg

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

CONCENTRATION

Concentration is the ability to think of one thing at a time—to shut everything out from you and to shut yourself in to just one object and to stay with your object, subject, theme or experiment until you have solved it—this is concentration. Every man can develop this gift and in the development of the gift there is money, success, and fan . An American writer remarks: "What strikes one most forcibly in these pages is the extraordinary objectivity of Napoleon, the power to concentrate the whole of his attention on what was directly in front of him—the conversation of the dinner table, a game of cards, the water supply of a desolate island, the immediate details of the surroundings to which an immense catastrophe had brought him."

HOME

Home is the healthiest word in the dictionary. The normal man lives quietly in a modest, happy home. A comfortable home, a fair income, a good-sized insurance policy and the favoring smile of wife and children—is about as near heaven as you can get in this world. And a man does not need to be a millionaire to be monarch of a happy home. Listen to Charles Kingsley: "Here I am at Chagford in a beautiful old mullioned and gabled 'perpendicular' inn—granite and syenite everywhere—my windows looking out on the old churchyard, and beyond a wilderness of lovely hills and woods—two miles from the moor—fresh air and health everywhere. I went up into the moor yesterday and killed a dish of fish. Stay here for three days, and then move to Holne. Then home! home! home! How I thirst for it."

TRY IT

If a good thing ought to be done—attempt it. Don't accept the verdict of the past. Refuse to accept the decision of your pessimistic neighbors, turn a deaf ear to the doubts and questionings of your own heart. Make an experiment. Try and do the, so-called, "impossible." No man will ever grow old while he is trying to do new things. Every great achievement of history was once regarded as impossible, therefore the doing of it was regarded as "great." For instance: History tells us that General Melâs and his officers were at the time of Napoleon's attack listening to a description from their military engineers who, by charts and figures, had pr -n conclusively that it was impossible for Napoleon to cross the mountains in less than a month's time. The theory of the military engineers was abandoned when Napoleon and his army put in their appearance.

THE YOUNG ORATOR

The young orator must be ready for every interruption; the cry of an infant, the snore of a sleeper, the creek of a door, the bang of a shutter, the fall of a book, the rattle of a window, or the indifference or opposition of an audience. If you can match every turn and twist in the evolution of circumstances while addressing an audience, then you possess a most important qualification for success on the platform. A friend of Wendell Phillips, the great American orator, remarks: "I saw and heard nothing of them, but there was a lull. Mr. Phillips tried to speak but his voice was again drowned. Then, by a clever stroke of management, he stooped forward, and addressed his speech to the reporters stationed directly below him. This tantalized the mob; and they began to call out, 'Speak louder! We want to hear what you're saying;' whereupon he raised his voice, and for half an hour he seemed to hold them in the hollow of his hand. But as soon as he sat down, they began to yell and sing again, to prevent any more speaking."

MERIT AND PUSH

A live man with a good case will come to the top. You can't keep him down. Merit will win. Quality always counts. But quality must be linked with persistence. The railroad train crosses the continent by persisting. The ocean steamer reaches the distant shore by persisting. The elements which persist are sovereign. So then persist. Here is the story of one who was bound to win: "Wirtz, a great Belgian painter who now has a gallery to himself at Brussels, was in his day voted mad. The critics both abused and laughed at him. He used to send his odd fantastic pictures to the Salon year after year, but they were always returned: the judges would have nothing to say to him. Happening to be possessed of a genuine Rubens, the malicious idea occurred to him to put his own name to it and send it up to the Salon. The judges taking it for his own sent it back! Then followed the exposure that might have been expected, and Wirtz began to smile as did many others. Quick upon this, came his rightful recognition and instalment in public honor."

THE PLODDER

Luck comes to the man who is always at it. Things turn up for the man with a spade in his hand. There is something in well directed activity which tends toward success. New combinations of circumstances appear for the man with a watchful eye. The turning over of the leaves of the book of every-day life brings, ever and anon, a new illustration to the level of the vision. Many of the best discoveries of life are accidents, but the man who makes the discovery is no accident. For my literary expert remarks: "One day Nuremburg glass-cutter let some aquafortis fall on his spectacles. He noticed that the glass was softened and corroded where the acid fell. That was his chance. A stupid man would have said 'My spectacles are ruined.' This man drew some figures on a piece of glass, covered them with varnish, applied the acid and cut away the glass from around the figures. Then, removing the varnish, the figures appeared upon a dark ground, and etching upon glass was added to the ornamental arts. The men who have saved their chance have had sense enough to see it when it came."

MAKE A BEGINNING

If you imagine you can "speak in public" get on your feet. "Second the motion" if you are not strong enough to "first" it. Ask a question if you can't answer one. Pronounce the benediction if you can't deliver the discourse. Get your mouth open, your lips atremble and your tongue at work. Your nervousness is a good sign. It shows that you possess "feeling" and feeling is the orator's dynamo. Once you begin to speak in public, acceptably, you will never deny yourself an occasional indulgence in the science of articulation. My professional bookworm remarks: "One night the young bookbinder drifted into a little meeting and, buttoning his seedy overcoat to conceal his rags, in some way he found himself upon his feet and began to speak. The address that proved a pleasure to others was a revelation to himself. For the first time Gough tasted the joys of moving men and mastering them for good. Within a week that love of public speech and useful service had kindled his mental faculties into a creative glow. The new and higher love of the heart consumed the lower love of the body, just as the sun melts manacles of ice from a man's wrist."

KEEP STRAIGHT

Keep straight! In a universe where things are right it pays to keep on the track. Short cuts are dangerous—nature does not guarantee a safe journey across her open lots. "Keep to the right," as the law directs. If you are not sure about a thing, from the moral standpoint, leave it alone. If you get into a moral tangle cut your way out. Be straight and all the lines of light will converge toward your sun glass. I have the following illustration on good authority: "Some years ago a very rich man presented a Communion service of solid gold to St. Paul's, London. The munificent gift was gratefully accepted, and the gold cups and plates were duly consecrated. Shortly after, a crash came in this man's affairs and a revelation, and he was convicted of fraud and swindling. What was to be done with his gift? Must it be returned? No, these vessels of gold were consecrated to holy uses, and could not be given away. Yet they were the fruit of fraud, the harvest of crime. The Church must have clean hands. Something had to be done, and this was what was done. The Church subscribed the price of these gold vessels, and sent back the money. It was a great and costly sacrifice, but was it not worth while? It was an object-lesson to the world."

FOLLOW CONSCIENCE

My tongue tells me when a thing is not to my taste. My eye tells me when the light is not to my pleasing. My nostril tells me when the flavor of things is not acceptable. My nerve telegraphs to my soul when some foreign substance is touching the surface of the body. All these work automatically. How the thing is done I can't tell, but the result is scientific and unfailing. Just so my conscience operates. Therefore, I know when a thing is wrong for me. Follow your conscience. The following is a foot-note from a book on my study desk: "Whitefield's boarding house was often the village inn, and there he was exposed to annoyance both from drunkards and gamblers. One night the room in which he and a friend slept was next to that in which a set of gamblers were carousing; and their foul language so troubled him that he felt he must go and reprove them. In vain did his friend try to dissuade him. He went and spoke, but apparently without any effect. When he returned and lay down again, his friend said, 'What did you gain by it?' 'A soft pillow,' he answered, and soon fell asleep."

BE A SPECIALIST

First be a specialist—after that be anything you please. Do one thing so well that your reputation is established at that point. Compel men to think of you when face to face with at least one of life's problems. Quality always attracts. I know where the chicken is properly boiled. I know wh makes the best ice cream in town. I know where the flavor of the coffee is fine. I know where the butter is sweet. I know where the flowers are fresh. I know where the music has a soul in it. I know what I like and who can supply it. So give me quality. Quality—if you please. Of old, the famous Frenchman remarked, "Play, but play with the right things; play with thy limbs not thy life; play not with powder. Form a purpose, then fix it." And herein surely lies the victory. Emerson, when asked how to make the most of oneself, replied, "Have one idea."

BE A KING

Some men are kingly and some kings are not manly. Honor your position in life, whatever it may be, and your position will honor you. But remember, always, that you are more than your position. The cheapest thing in the world, to human view, is a little man in a big place. How he rattles around in the revolving cylinder of life's circumstances, noise, sound, flutter, feathers and fume—but no achievement worthy of note. I find this marked passage in one of my books: "George the Fourth. You may call it savage, but it is true. He never acted well by man or woman. He was as false to his mistress as to his wife. He deserted his friends and his principles. He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell, but he had skill in cutting out coats and an undeniable taste in cookery. He built the palaces of Brighton and Buckingham, and for these qualities and proofs of genius an admiring aristocracy christened him the First Gentleman in Europe. Friends, respect the king whose statue is here, and the generous aristocracy who admired him."

YOUR PARENTS

Have some regard for the people who have the most regard for you. Your father may be an "old fogy" but you can't ignore him without reflecting on yourself—he has your blood in his veins. Your mother may have some of the characteristics which belong to a grandmother but she is about the only person in the world who would mortgage everything for you. Strive to please your parents—they will not be with you long. My friend William E. Biederwolf says in one of his evangelistic addresses: "Calling upon one of his parishioners a certain pastor inquired concerning the daughter who was away at college, and the mother said, 'I was just reading a letter from her as you came in; part of it will interest you.' And she read a part of it where the daughter was telling her mother of a dance that was to be given by her class; all her friends were going and she wanted to go herself very much indeed, but she knew her mother did not approve of it and for her sake she was going to stay away. 'Well,' remarked the pastor, 'that's very beautiful of her indeed; you must love her very much.' 'Love her!' replied the mother, as a tear came into her eye, 'I wish she was here now, that I might put my arms around her and tell her how much I love her.'"

DO YOUR DUTY

Do your duty. Act on principle. Regard every responsibility as a pledge to destiny. Take life seriously. Dignify the common details of everyday life. Remember that you are a member of society. Without the rest of the world you would be the loneliest mortal in the universe. Mark Twain, in a beautiful description of ruined Pompeii, says: "Perhaps the most poetical thing Pompeii has yielded to modern research was that grand figure of a Roman soldier, clad in complete armour who, true to duty, true to his proud name of a soldier of Rome, and full of the stern courage which had given that name its glory, stood to his post by the city gate, erect and unflinching, till the hell that raged around him burned out the dauntless spirit it could not conquer."

PRAYING AND DOING

There are two kinds of prayers—the prayers which only God can answer and the prayers which only man can answer. When you ask God to do for you what you can do for yourself, or when you ask God to do for others what it is your bounden duty to do for them—I imagine that God smiles at your easy-going audacity. Dr. Talmage once said: "I am full of sympathy with the Christian farmer who was very busy gathering his fall apples, a d some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now."

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Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick comes pretty near perfection. It not only has the quality that has made Williams' Shaving Stick in the Hinged-Cover Box so popular, but the added convenience of the Holder Top. Your fingers do not touch the soap. By the nickeled cap in which the Stick is fastened, you can hold it as firmly when used down to the last fraction of an inch as at first.

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Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

Note the Convenient Sanitary Hinged-Cover Nickeled box

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More About
The Loading Platform

The present generation of western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer, therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

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Our "DAILY MARKET BULLETIN" is growing more popular every day. You should receive one to keep you in touch with the market when you are shipping. We will be glad to send one on request.

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We would like to hear from you today.

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COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

GRAIN EXCHANGE CALGARY. TRUST & LOAN BLDG. WINNIPEG

The Wheat Situation.

Since our last review of the grain markets, dated Oct. 1st., there has been a European war scare which advanced wheat prices 4c. to 6c. per bus., but at date of writing it has been quieted down for three days, and in that time prices have dropped back 3c. to 3½c. Any war scare is a fickle and uncertain thing in its influence on the grain markets, but in the present instance there was an unusually good opportunity for its being effective in causing prices to advance. Owing to the large crops this year in the United States, Canada and Russia, it was evident that wheat, and also all other grain, would be plentiful, and sentiment in the speculative markets was all ranged on the bear side, with the result that a great deal of wheat had been sold for future delivery at gradually lower prices. When, therefore, it was announced that the disturbed political situation in the Balkan peninsula had come to a crisis by the State of Montenegro declaring war against Turkey, the short sellers in all the speculative markets in Europe and America quickly raised prices in their efforts to buy in wheat to cover their contracts, and, of course, other operators, not on the short side, considered it was a safe place to buy on for investment; and so all became buyers, and on the advancing market there were few sellers. It was a case of everyone wanting to buy, and no one wanting to sell unless at higher prices, and thus the advance started and continued.

The first spurt on the war reports came on the 9th inst., although for a few days before that the markets had been stiffening in anticipation of something happening. The top of the late advance, however, did not come until the 14th inst., and it was brought about by the statement that Turkey and Italy could not agree on terms of peace to end the war that has been going on between these countries during the past twelve months. Turkey and Italy had been bargaining about peace terms for some time, and unless Turkey could settle with Italy she was going to be terribly handicapped in her new war with the Balkan states. But even after Montenegro had declared war against Turkey, the latter held back from concluding terms with Italy, and of course it would have been a very serious state of affairs if Turkey was going to have Italy to cope with besides the Balkan States at the same time. The stock exchanges came near having a panic, and stocks and shares and all kinds of securities suffered a big decline in price while grain markets all made big advances amid much excitement. Wheat on the Liverpool market was 2c. to 3½c. higher, and on the Paris market 2¾c. to 4 c. higher for the one day.

When it was definitely reported that Turkey and Ital had signed an agreement of peace, the war scare was over for the time being so far as the markets were concerned. Stocks and shares advanced and grain declined and this continued, and in the newspapers far more prominence is given to the reports of the baseball match between Boston and New York than to the serious events culminating between Turkey and the Balkan States. For it is probable that war is only beginning yet, and it may in time involve more than the units which begin it. A general European conflict would be a calamity too terrible to contemplate, and in face of it, what the markets might do would be of comparatively little consequence to most of us. It is to be hoped that if the conflict cannot be stopped through the friendly intervention of the great powers working harmoniously together, it may be confined to the Balkan peninsula and the combatants immediately concerned.

If the conflict remains within these bounds, its influence on the grain markets, in the near future at least, will most likely result in sharp up and down changes, and the probability of holding the price level somewhat higher than it would have been had it been left to the straight influence of supply and demand, because the chance of war scares is liable to destroy speculative selling confidence, and the lack of speculative short selling prevents prices sagging down.

Outside of the war influences, nearly the whole grain situation as it is at present naturally implies lower prices, and had it not been for the war developments prices would undoubtedly have gone lower. The weather in both Europe and America during the past two weeks has become greatly improved, compared to what it had been during August and September. Harvest and threshing, though greatly delayed, have at last come to a period in which good progress is being made, and that is being followed by a great movement of wheat from the farms to the terminal centres of accumulation.

A Prosperous Homesteader.

The delay in the movement of the spring wheat in the U.S. and western Canada together with the excellent demand there has been for export, and from the domestic milling trade in Canada and the U.S., has as yet prevented any heavy increase in visible supplies, but now that the large movement is on in earnest, we must expect increasing accumulation, and if we do not get the artificial stimulation of war or some other factor at present unforeseen, we cannot look for advancing prices this season. At the same time war will cause a strengthening of the demand for wheat from the importing countries of Europe, in order to accumulate stocks in case of emergencies, and even if the Russian supply is not stopped by the closing of the Dardanelles, there will probably be a less free movement of Russian wheat for export than if there was no war, and the same is true of the supply from the Danubian country, Therefore, western Europe will doubtless look to America and Canada for larger supplies than would have been the case otherwise.

There is no doubt about the U.S. and Canada having raised very large crops of wheat this season, and also large crops of coarse grains, potatoes and hay. A week ago the United States Agricultural Department issued their October report; giving, among other information, the estimated yield per acre of the U.S. spring wheat crop. The yield is put at

A Well-Matched Team.

17.2 bus. per acre, giving a total yield of 330,390,000 bus. The winter wheat crop, estimated on August 1st, was 389,942,000 bus., so that the total U.S. wheat crop is estimated at this date as 720,332,000 bus. against the final estimate of 621,338,000 bus, for the crop of 1911. It is generally expected that when the final estimate for this year's U.S. wheat crop is made in December the figures will be increased and that it will turn out to be the largest U.S. wheat crop on record. The largest on record was that of 1909, when it was 727,189,000 bus.

The heavy export demand that has been made on the U.S. crop since July has prevented, up to this time, so large an accumulation of visible supplies as had been expected. From the 1st of July to date the primary receipts in the U.S. amount to 123,488,793 bus. compared with 86,137,672 bus. in same period last year; yet in that time the U.S. visible has only increased 11,017,000 bus. this year against an increase of 36,400,000 bus. last year. The U.S. visible on 12th inst. stood at 34,367,000 bus. against 60,281,000 bus. on same date last year.

In the past two months there has been a big demand for flour in the U.S., and the millers all over America have had a big trade, and of course have required a great deal of wheat, so that between the milling and export demand the wheat marketed by the farmers has gone out of sight in a quite different way to what it did a year ago, when the demand for flour was small and export demand also light.

The milling demand is much easier than it has been recently, and the movement of spring wheat is now very heavy, and now that our Western Canadian crop is moving in big volume and filling export orders, the U.S. visible will probably increase faster than it has done.

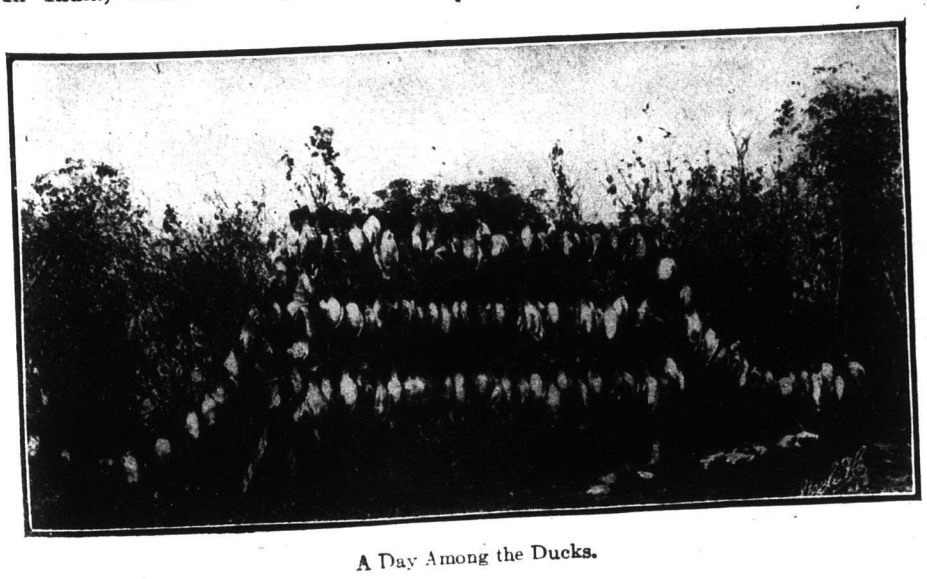
New crops in other countries continue to be reported as making favorable progress; in fact, this week's report regarding the Argentine and Australian crops suggests record crops in these countries, but they are now approaching what is frequently a critical period in their experience and should severe drought set in in either Argentina or Australia it might seriously cut down the anticipated field.

In India, where seeding of the new crop has recently been completed and the first of it is well advanced, the reports are quite favorable and holders of old crop are letting go of it freely.

In the U.S. the new winter wheat is nearly all seeded and the early sown fields are green; the acreage in the soft wheat states is estimated to show some decrease, owing to the partial failure of the crop last year and lack of seed. In the hard wheat states, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, etc., an increased acreage is expected.

All over Europe the seeding of the new winter wheat crop has been progressing under favorable weather and soil conditions.

There has been a sharp up and down movement in prices in our Winnipeg market, owing to the European war scare and its subsidence. Prices were practically at their lowest on Sept. 30th. After that further unfavorable weather over the country, hindering threshing, stiffened them a little, and then the rumors of the mobilizing of troops in Europe in view of probable outbreak of hostilities made them firmer with some advance, and then came the declaring of war by Montenegro followed by the suspense over the peace negotiations between Turkey and Italy, and the excited advance in European markets. The influence of the events had a much greater effect on the U.S. markets, so that the advance in prices here was more excited and larger, and in the reaction that has come in the last two days the decline is larger than in the southern markets. In a general way prices at the close of today's market are 1½c. to 2½c. higher than they were two weeks ago, after having been 4c. to 6c. higher at the high point on Monday the 14th inst. We don't think prices should decline much below present level for a time, not until after close of lake navigation at least, and perhaps not then, and any further war scares will cause sharp spurts. With this in view, farmers should do all they possibly can to ship their grain by carload to Fort William and Port Arthur, and entrust the selling of it to a commission firm which can take advantage of the sharp advances in the market to make good sales. Keep in mind that the buyer at the country point is buying for himself or the firm he represents, whereas the commission firm is handling and selling the grain as the agent of the



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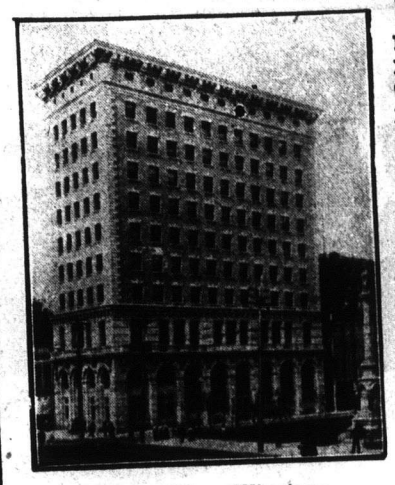

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farmer and is always in close touch with the central market and all that influences it.

To-day's cash prices are: 1 Northern, 90½c.; 2 Nor., 87½c.; 3 Nor., 86¼c.; No. 4 wheat, 83c.; No. 5, 73c.; No. 6, 63c. Feed wheat, 58c. The price of tough wheat, or rejected for smut, or rejected on account of seeds is 4½c. to 5c. under straight grade. Alberta Red Winter No. 1, 90½c.; A.R. No. 2, 87½c.; A.R. No. 3, 86¼c.. Futures closed Oct. 90⅝c.; Nov. 89⅞c.; Dec. 86⅞c.; May 91½c.

Oats.

The oat market is easier as owing to the improved weather the receipts have become liberal and demand is much less eager. To-day's cash prices are: No. 2 Can. Western, 38½c.; 3 C.W., 37c.; Ex. 1 Fd., 37½c.; 1 Fd., 37c.; 2 Fd., 36½c. Futures closed Oct. 38½c.; Nov. 35¼c.; Dec. 33⅞c.

Barley.

The demand for barley is good and, although receipts are liberal, prices have advanced 5c. to 6c. since the beginning of the month. We look for a good demand to continue. To-day's prices are: No. 3, 56½c.; No. 4, 51½c. Rejected, 48c.; Feed, 48c.

Flax.

The bottom has dropped out of the flax market owing to large crops this year in the U.S. as well as in our own country. Receipts are more than four times as large as at this time last year. To-day's cash prices for No. 1 N.W. is 139c., which is a drop of 15c. in two weeks. Futures closed Oct. 139c.; Nov. 138c.; Dec. 132c.

All prices are based on delivery in store Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth.—Thompson & Co.

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If your car is loaded and you cannot wait for shipping instructions, and if you are on the C.P.R. or G.T.P.Ry., ship to "McBean Bros., Fort William." If on the C.N.R. ship to "McBean Bros., Port Arthur."

If at all possible we strongly advise loading direct from your wagon into the car, thus preserving the identity of your grain, and also ensuring that you get paid for every bushel you put into the car.

Send us a six or eight ounce sample of your grain, and we will advise you its real value. Even the poorest qualities can be made to draw a good price if properly handled. We understand this business thoroughly, and those are the points that count.

Write us for market prospects—you need the BEST—it means MONEY to you. We are not looking for very low prices this coming season.

We are licensed and bonded.

NOTE.—A large yield of grain this fall does not mean low prices. Europe needs every bushel of our grain, and will be willing to pay good prices for it. Should prices get below a fair legitimate value, don't sacrifice. Write us for advice.

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High License no Remedy.

By David R. Locke.

It is entirely proper to "regulate" by law, good things which, in the hands of bad men, are liable to abuse. The law-making and law-enforcing power may be properly invoked to regulate transportation by rail or water, the law may be called upon to declare what is proper interest, and at what point interest leaves off and usury begins, and the law may also regulate the sale of necessary drugs to prevent their misuse by careless, immoral or bad men.

But an evil, a known, marked, admitted evil, an evil which has no admixture of good, an evil which the sense of the entire civilized world has branded as an evil, can no more be "regulated" than a barrel of powder can be fired off by degrees.

Any evil that needs regulation needs death. If it be an evil, if the world acknowledges and regards it as an evil, killing is the only remedy.

What would be thought of a proposition to make:—

A Law regulating Adultery
A Law regulating Burglary
A Law regulating Arson
A Law regulating Larceny
A Law regulating Highway Robbery
A Law regulating Forgery
A Law regulating Assault and Battery
A Law regulating Wife Beating

and so forth?

These crimes are not to be regulated. They are forbidden. The law does not say, "You MAY, under certain rules and regulations, do these things;" but, for the protection of society, it says, "You shall NOT," and when the law is broken swift punishment is meted out to the offender in any country where law really holds sway.

All offenses against what civilization has decreed to be good are absolutely prohibited, and punishment is prescribed for the offender. The violator of any of the laws of the country expects the punishment prescribed, if he be convicted thereof, and no party has ever been organized to in any way change the nature either of the crime or punishment. There has never been a proposition made to change the estimation in which these crimes are held, neither have those addicted to them ever asked that the protection of the law be thrown over them, or that they should be given any consideration. They are crimes against society, crimes against God and man, and are treated as such.

The traffic in intoxicating liquors is a greater crime than any of these, because it is the parent and cause of all of them, with pauperism, insanity, wretchedness, and everything that is included under the general head of human misery thrown in as makeweights. It is the only traffic on earth permitted to exist that is based upon pure selfishness, and that lowest of all low kinds of selfishness which sees suffering of the most frightful kind unmoved, and which makes profit out of the sufferings of others. There is no traffic permitted to exist so destructive of everything that is good, and so promotive of everything that is bad. It blights, it sears, it rots, it decays, it destroys whatever it touches. If the seller outlives the buyer, it is only because he is cold-blooded enough to make profit out of the destruction of his fellows without exposing himself to the danger they invite, but in the end it kills him. It so worries what little good there may have been in him originally, that if liquor itself does not finally get hold of him, the demoralization inseparable from it brings him to a frightful end in some way. He can no more escape than his victims.

It is the cause of ninety per cent. of the pauperism with which the world is afflicted, and which good men have to pay for, and fully ninety per cent. of the crime in the world may be charged to the same cause. It makes paupers and criminals of men in the first instance, and entails pauperism, insanity and an irresistible tendency to crime upon posterity. There is but little use in saying this, for it has been said and proven a thousand times over.

The fact that liquor-using is idiocy, and liquor-selling crime, being admitted, we come to the one question, "What are you going to do about it?"

A vast majority of thinking men say—prohibit it. Treat it as you do any other crime—call it a crime, treat it as crime, punish it as crime. They want this monster which is eating the very foundation out of everything that is good and decent in society strangled and buried, without the benefit of the clergy, with the stake of public opinion thrust through its foul body.

Elbert Hubbard:—Life has many inequalities. The piccolo player, who never has an idle moment, gets the same pay as the bass drummer, who loafs two-thirds of the time.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A VACATION IN DISPOSITION.

Why not begin a vacation in disposition? If a vacation is a vacation, it must begin on the inside. The girl who is blue might take a two weeks' rest in the field of gladness. The girl who is discontented would find peace in the garden of gratitude. The envious person should seek strength by launching out on the sea of unselfishness and the lazy indifferent young woman might enjoy the blessing of ambition if she were to take the rest cure in the shape of good, honest, hard work. Push your way out of the dense fog of prejudice into God's pure, bright sunlight. The turning of obstacles to advantages develops a big, broad, splendid spirit that makes one feel glad all through. "Education is an adjustment of the temperament and conditions of the individual to the temperament and conditions of other individuals."

The happy hostess is she who entertains a guest who is able to adapt herself harmoniously to a new environment. To be a guest in another person's house is the flower of opportunity. Frequently a girl asks me what she shall give in return for a kindness. My answer is: "Warm the hearts of others and kindle a noble purpose in those whose motives have burned low." This is a finer recompense than gold or silver.

Woman has an intense desire to remain young, but when she endeavors to put the rosy flush of early womanhood on her cheek with a rabbit's paw she makes herself ridiculous. Every man I have talked with in regard to this has expressed his intense disgust at the artificiality of the "made-up" young woman. The two qualities that men admire most in women are honesty and sincerity, and any woman who makes up an artificial face is dishonest, because she attempts to appear different from her natural self. Men are often deceived by masked dispositions and the removal of the mask often turns the husband in the direction of the divorce court. The real fountain of youth and beauty is found within—and it sparkles from a full heart and overflows from an expanding mind. A happy unselfish disposition always pays. A woman of my acquaintance lives in a beautiful home. During a period of her life she served as a domestic and she so cheered and brightened the home life of the old couple for whom she worked that they left her the home in which they lived. She was sixty years young when I boarded with her and there was something about the atmosphere of that home that inspired one to cultivate a happy disposition of honesty, sincerity and love. When a reporter of the Westminster Gazette recently interviewed Ella Wheeler Wilcox, he asked her to tell him the secret of her perpetual youth. She replied: "There are three secrets — spiritual, mental and physical. Have absolute belief in the goodness of the Supreme, and the kinship of all humanity, refrain from anger and bitterness; I refuse to worry or to think of disagreeable things, and look everywhere for the pleasant things in people and in life."

* * * * *

INSTALLMENT TRAGEDIES.

One serious problem concerning wage-earning young women is the tragedy that follow the installment plan. This is especially true at the beginning of winter. I know girls who have been ready to give up because they cannot meet their payments. In an emotion of excitement they buy extravag antly after which, perhaps, they lose their position and cannot meet the monthly bills A girl buys a coat for forty dollars that she could buy for twenty-five dollars cash, and she buys other things at a similar high price. The result is she forms the habit of spending more than her salary by going in debt and many times is driven to dishonest methods of earning money to meet her payments.

This installment system fosters extravagance in dress. A girl goes without substantial food and a comfortable room to pay for her clothes.

One girl says: "If you want to get any notice took of you, you gotta have some good clothes." My dear girl, the young men who are attracted to your clothes and not yourself are not worth your consideration. Do not buy on the installment plan because in the end you will be swamped in debt so deep that you cannot climb out.

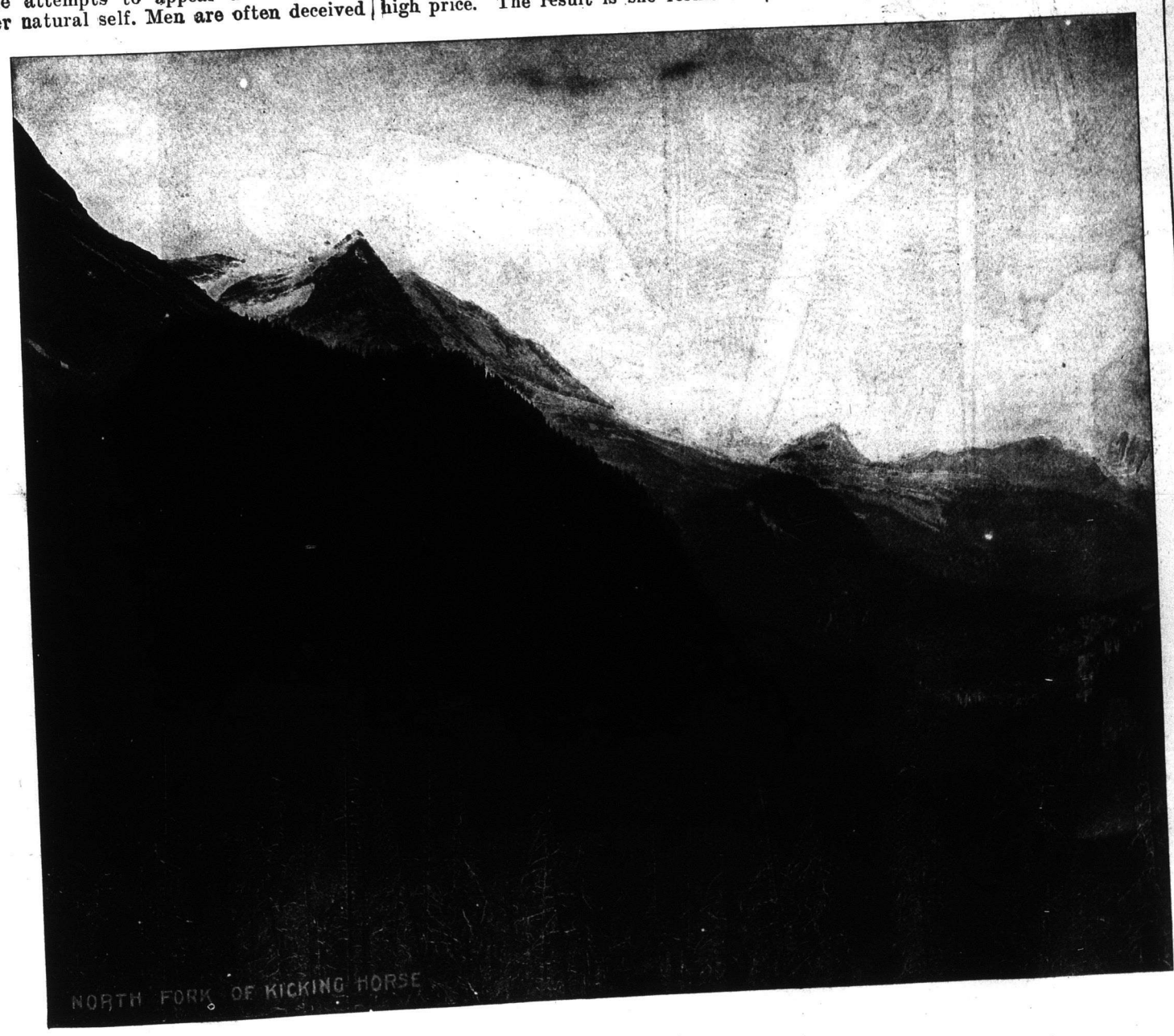
* * * * *

WITH HER MOTHER.

The inspiration of a daughter's life is found in the character of the light which shines in the mother's eyes and in the absence of the frown on her forehead. "I'm happy when mother is happy and I'm blue when mother is impatient and cross," a girl confesesd to me one day. She continued — "I seem to be a victim of my mother's moods." This is true not only of one girl, but of thousands of girls. I often hear girls complain of their mother's constant nagging about what it osts to provide for them. One girl said to me: "It seems a relief to be away from that everlasting reminding of the value of a dollar.' I believe we find girls more extravagant from a home of this kind, than those who are trained in a quiet way to be economical.

The training of a girl to be an inspiring personality demands an effort of sense not expense. Courteous speech and manner—the kind that come from a gentle heart—come naturally to the child surrounded with good influence. Consideration for others in the home can be made a matter of love instead of politeness. The daughter who is eally considerate in the home will not fail outside. The most charming women are the considerate not the conventional.

Happy is the home where the mother is not a slave to trifles. I know a mother who never had time to "waste" over her daughter's nonsense. The daughter found a confidant outside the home—a person whose advice was not



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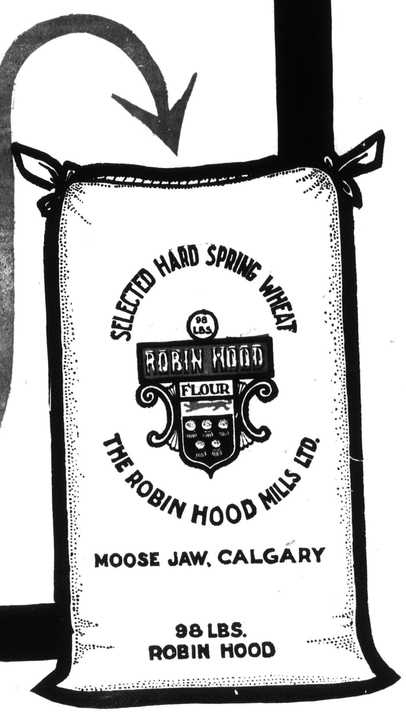

safe. Anything that interests the daughter is not too trifling for her mother to ignore. The mother should interest herself in her daughter's thoughts. Each thought which passes through her daughter's mind is leaving its physical impress on the brain, thus making that thought easier to occur again. It pays to take time to learn what the daughter is thinking about. It is possible that her thoughts need directing into another channel.

* * * * *

WHEN THE TRUNK IS PACKED.

This is the month in which you are planning to leave the old familiar scenes for a new and strange environment. I fancy the dresses are made and the rest of the wardrobe is bought and everything is ready for packing. Mother has sacrificed a new black dress for the pair of boots and hose to match the new suit. Father has sold a horse to meet the extra expenses and little sister Kathleen shyly places a package in your lap—the purchase of her tiny purse. Even Jack with his hands in his pockets fumbles for a new collar that was purchased with a few hard-earned coppers. Yes, every member of the family has sacrificed for the grown-up girl about to leave. Finally it is time to pack the trunk. The room is robbed of its girlish treasures and placed here and there in the clothing, the dresser is emptied and every article of clothing is carefully folded and placed in the trunk. Then it is locked. At the click of the lock, mother turns away with a heavy heart as she bites back the swelling in her throat. Jack stands on one leg and then on the other aching to do something. And he jumps gladly at the opportunity of strapping the trunk. Little sister hunts for a clean handkerchief and the hour of packing is over. Then mother calls you to lunch which is a feast of your favorite dishes. You notice that she has donned a clean print dress and her hair is smoothed back from her care-lined brow. Though tempting dishes are placed before you, it is difficult to swallow the food. Father takes a mouthful and looks out of the window and says little. Mother looks at you so tenderly. Jack blinks as he takes his third piece of cake, and the little sister wipes her eye. The time comes for you to bid good-bye. The trunk is bumped out of the hall by the hired man and the dear ones bid you good-bye in turn — bravely controlling their emotions. Then you climb up to the seat near father and drive to the station.

As soon as you board the train the new surroundings crowd out home-longings and you are soon whirled into the station where the excitement absorbs all your thoughts.

Do not forget the letter to the home-folks. They are waiting anxiously at the window of the little post office for a letter from their loved one. Remember them at least twice a week with a letter and tell them that you love them. A tiny remembrance from time to time will gladden their hearts. Whatever you do write to them regularly, for their hearts are aching for you. Then, too, do not let the new room-mate and associates change the habits of your evening hour. This is a time that tests your strength and you need the blessing of the bed-time prayer even more than you did in the old home.

* * * * *

HAPPY HOMES.

It is unfortunate that so many, many magazines publish articles, stories and extracts that picture man and the marriage relationship in such dark shades. At my summer home I saw on every verandah women reading, resting or chatting while their husbands were in the hot city working and sacrificing that their families might enjoy the outing. Then, too, I saw children with their mothers go in eager expectancy to the little station to meet the loved ones who came out after their day's work. As each hurried to take the hand of "Daddy," the mother's face was full of peace and genuine happiness while they turned toward the little cottage in the woods. Perhaps a mother and child found that "Daddy" was detained until a later train. Ah, could you see the look of disappointment on those two faces and tell me that marriage is a failure? No, when I saw so many happy faces about me and knew that industrious, ambitious men made this condition possible, I felt like urging women to learn to appreciate the blessings for which we are indebted to men. It is strange but true that those women who criticize men most are those who run after them most.

I think women are largely to blame for unhappy marriages. Most men marry for love. More men than women marry for love. Women dress and practice art to capture men, but they do not work to keep themselves interesting and companionable to men after marriage.

I often hear a girl say: "I do not want to tie myself to one man. Why, I even hear married women make the same remark." I can excuse the girl, but the woman disgusts me. "Why did you marry?" I asked of one. Her reply was: "I wanted a home." Think of the injustice to that husband who was straining every muscle of mind and body to give her comforts and luxuries! To the honest girl whose life is not as empty as a clam-shell, there is only one man in the world for her, and when she becomes his wife she grows in strength, beauty and character until both she and her husband find every year happier and more complete than the preceding one.

If a girl feels that she cannot be contented with the attentions of one man let her be honest enough to admit it to the young man who asks her to become his wife. Things must be right in the home life or the man will fail. Every man has a right to expect sympathy and respect from his wife. The meanest woman I know is the heartless woman. I know a heartless girl; she ignores her grandmother, scolds her mother, crushes her sisters, drives her brother away from home and deceives her young man friend by meeting him at the door with an angel's smile.

If the wife is a woman of character, the home is usually happy unless intemperance creeps in.

One Saturday afternoon while travelling on the train with my little one, the attentions given her by the men in the car together with their remarks, convinced me that marriage is not a failure. One man said, "I shall see my little ones to night;" another, "I can hardly wait until I reach home —have not seen my little girl for a month." Similar remarks from other men who eagerly counted the time to the home-meeting made me feel that the majority of homes are happy.

Last month a letter came to me from a young man asking me to direct his mother and sisters to a safe place. He made this splendid statement: "I am going to take care of them for I think the world and all of them."

It is such expressions as these that convince me of the happy domestic life that exists today. I want to quote an old proverb that is true: "It is better to marry for love and work for money than to marry for money and work for love." Are you, young girls, fitted to create the atmosphere that his soul loves?

* * * * *

VULGARITY.

She has just returned from boarding-school. The fashion this year demands short, narrow skirts, therefore her skirts are two inches shorter than the style and so narrow that her form is outlined at every step. Her hat is larger and her hair bows bigger than the vogue and the color of her cheeks deeper than nature allows. As she walks to a seat in a crowded car, an odor of perfume attracts the attention of every passenger. "She is home from a fashionable boarding school," an acquaintance remarks. "That may be," a young man in the corner replies, "but her dress and manners indicate vulgarity."

* * * * *

A POPULAR GIRL.

A girl who is very popular with young men visited me this month. She was charming in manners and voice and her dress was neat and becoming. She was bright, interesting and jolly, yet the young men who called on her felt while in her presence that they were in the atmosphere of clean, pure personality. One young man said of her, "Why cannot more girls have the womanly dignity that Miss—— has? I am sick of the girls who expect marks of affection from us." It is so easy for a girl to go too far by allowing even slight attentions. While on a train recently I heard a young woman express in a tone of regret: "I'm so sorry I did not come home when I promised my mother." The young man at her side with a mean expression on his face exclaimed, "It is too late to worry now. You should have thought of that before." She had not gained his respect, but, on the other hand, had lost it. A young woman never gains a man's self-respect by losing her dignity.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania says: "The only way to gain the position we want is by such an elevated standard morality that we force every man to respect us." You ask: "What is the art of making yourself liked?" My answer is in the expression of another—gentle dignity, sweetness of disposition, graciousness, a kindly heart and a quick grasp of situations and the ability to put yourself in another person's place.

I sometimes think I may emphasize this too much, but when I receive letters from young men urging me to go on warning young women, I feel that our western manhood expects a clean pure womanhood. Let the personality of every girl who reads this be surrounded by the sacred halo of pure womanly dignity. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was cheered and comforted and inspired into fame by his wife, found her letters as a sweetheart so pure that he never opened them until he had bathed his hands.

* * * *

FOUR QUALITIES.

When a girl makes up her mind to earn a living she should search herself for qualities that will determine whether or not she will succeed. In an article on the secret of personal influence, a writer says that there are four qualities that are always found in those who lead and inspire men. They are initiative, the power of thinking for yourself; tenacity, the ability to adhere to a decision once made; judgment, the power of forecasting the results of action; and sympathy, the power of entering into the feelings of others. These qualities are necessary to success in the business of earning a living.

If a girl studies herself honestly and then determines to cultivate these four qualities she is bound to succeed if she makes the most of her opportunities. While Miss M. Lena Riddle was filling the position of clerk in a banking department in the state of Texas she studied in her environment until now she is recognized as an authority on methods and affairs of banks and banking. She is editor of the Texas Bankers' Record and is author of a digest of Texas State Banking Laws. Miss Alice Durkin, a young woman who is a successful building contractor, was employed for years by a New York contractor and she studied the trade while working at her position. No matter what one's position is, it is possible for her to make a profession of it.

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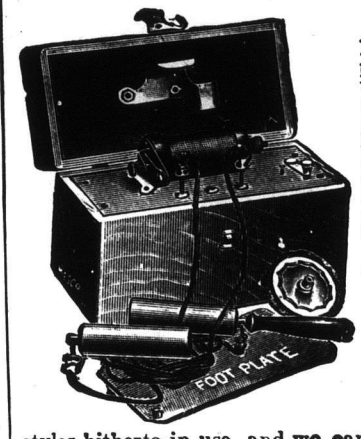

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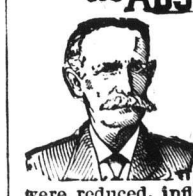

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The Little Captive of the Shadows.

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. Mortimer Batten.

Crack! The boy stooped forward, his rifle ready, his gaze fixed upon the trail ahead. He was a small, sunburnt boy, shod in moccasins, and wearing a huge sombrero made of rushes.

He himself had caused no sound as he approached the cedar thicket, but something had just moved in the deep shadows ahead of him. He had distinctly heard the sound of a soft footfall, accompanied by the crackling of a twig; and thus he stood ready—waiting.

Presently a great dark shape, followed by two smaller shapes, loomed up from the shadows forty feet ahead. It moved into a patch of sunlight, then turned and looked at him. It was a mother black bear with her two cubs.

The boy's heart gave one great bound and he remained rigid. He was not afraid, oh, no, but he had more sense than to shoot at the bears with the light rifle he carried.

For a moment the old bear too remained rigid, then she reared up on her haunches and stared. The two cubs, who always imitated their mother, sat up on either side of her like twin shadows of herself. Thus they remained, staring in wide-eyed wonderment at the boy, whose kindly grey eyes were fixed upon them.

It was one of the prettiest sights he had ever seen, and he did not wish to frighten the harmless creatures away. Presently, however, the mother bear half turned her head and gave a soft grunt, whereupon the cubs scattered for cover. They climbed into the same poplar tree, for all the world like two small children, nor did they cease climbing till they reached the topmost branches. The mother held the trail till they were safe, then quietly slipped away into the shadows.

The boy laughed softly. He did not know how deep an impression the scene had made upon his mind. He did not know how often in later life, when he sat alone in a great lonely city, the picture of a mother bear with her two tiny cubs seated beside her would come back to him, with all the pristine charm of his childhood. But he decided to see more of the mother bear, and that night he described to old Mark what had happened as the two sat together in the shanty.

"She wasn't a bit frightened of me," he explained. "Wonder what she'd have done if I'd tried to steal the cubs?"

"Just nothing, 'cept run away," answered Mark promptly. "There isn't any animal in these woods more timid than the black bears. I've known little Indian boys run after them and take the cubs."

Next morning the boy was up before sunrise. In his eyes was the light of a great purpose. He made his way to the lake margin with eager steps, whistling jubilantly as he went. He untethered his canoe and with rapid strokes of the paddle shaped a course westward through the lily pads.

The lake, under its cloak of mist, looked like liquid silver with the sunlight upon it. So clear and illusive was the atmosphere that a flock of wild fowl, far out on the expanse of water, seemed to be swimming miraculously in mid air, several feet above the surface.

The whole world was smiling. There was a suggestion of laughter in the very air. Now and then it broke forth in the hilarious cackle of a whisky jack or the crazy laughter of a loon.

But presently the boy ceased whistling and proceeded to paddle more cautiously. He was nearing a famous runway which led to the water's edge, upon the damp earth of which he had previously seen the claw marks of a mother bear and her cubs.

He knew the position of the runway well, for he never passed it without feeling a thrill of expectation. On the leeward side he swung round his paddle suddenly; the canoe dived into the high rushes and disappeared from view. The boy lay down in the waist of it and kept his eye on the runway.

Great Sport at Gladstone in the Snow.

The first to come to drink that morning was a little red deer. She paused at every step, looking around her with great frightened eyes. Soon she vanished, and a gigantic bull moose came to the water's edge, boldly showing himself against the skyline, with never a fear in the world. Having drunk his fill he too slipped away, and ten minutes later the boy's heart gave a great bound and he grasped his paddle with eager fingers.

There at the lake margin stood the mother bear, her tiny cubs at either side of her. She was having some trouble with them, for the bank was steep and slippery, and they were both eager to drink.

At length they consented to take up their proper positions on either side of her, and the three began to lap up the cool, sweet water.

Whether it was that one of the cubs was standing too near the edge, or whether it was that the quantity of water he drank upset his balance, it is difficult to say, but presently he began to slide slowly down the steep bank. So intent was he upon the task of drinking that he did not seem to realize the danger, till all at once his forepaws shot from under him, and with a plaintive squeal he vanished overhead.

The second cub, realizing his brother's danger, sat up and squealed. He, too, was within an ace of falling in, when his mother's great paw shot out and thrust him away from the brink. Then she turned her attention towards the cub in the water.

Too late, alas! The boy had not been slow in observing his opportunity. With

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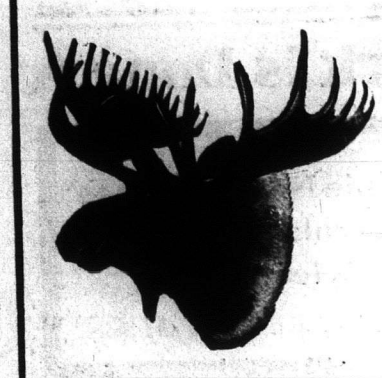

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a ringing shout he thrust the canoe forth from the rushes, and approached the mouth of the runway. The mother bear made another frantic grab at the drowning cub, failed to secure him, and with one horrified glance towards the approaching canoe drew back into the shadows. A moment later the boy caught the cub by the scruff of the neck, placed the little fellow firmly between his knees, and headed the canoe for open water.

He knew that the mother bear would range the bank, and presently he saw her among the shadows, her wistful gaze fixed upon him.

"She's got another cub," he told himself, but something deep down in his heart called him a thief. How still she stood, out there under the trees, her gaze fixed upon her little one.

The cub was still shivering with cold, his small paws resting on the boy's knees. He was too overcome by the unexpected eventfulness of affajrs even to whimper.

Soon the boy reached the shanty. Old Mark fondled the cub in his great hands, holding him in the sun to dry. They fed him with sweetened milk, which he drank greedily. Possibly the milk reminded him of his mother, for suddenly he sat down, stared at Mark and the boy, then let forth a flood of sorrow which fairly took them by storm. He squealed, he sobbed, he buried his face in his paws; he rolled about in the basket they had given him till the basket capsized and cub and all disappeared from view.

"Milk's too much for his little stomach," Mark explained. "He's too young for artificial food. We'll tie him up outside so as the mother bear can feed him."

A strong iron chain which the old bear could not gnaw through and thus liberate her cub, was produced. A thong of raw hide was secured round the little animal's neck, and a butter firkin placed beneath the shack window to make a bed for him. The chain was attached to a heavy stake, and the whole outfit looked abundantly strong in comparison with the tiny creature it was meant to hold.

"Just the place for him," said old Mark. He'll get the sun and no wind."

"Whatever he gets," said the boy, "I guess he won't get away." And he grinned happily as he looked at the tiny captive, though something that he did not like seemed to tear at his heart-strings.

That night the boy decided to sit up and watch out of the window for the mother bear. He made himself comfortable on a soap box, the firkin clearly visible just below the window.

Presently old Mark's heavy breathing slipped into a snore. The boy's own eyes were heavy with drowsiness, but with an effort he kept himself awake. Presently the moon shone out over the chaos of woods and waters. It was still as death, save for the "rhythm" of the spruce bugs in the roof of the shanty.

At length the cub awoke, and sat up gazing into the forest, his ears erect. Something moved at the edge of the clearing; a shadow stole forth from among the shadows, slowly, cautiously, approaching the butter firkin. It was the mother bear!

Old Mark had known that the mother's love would be too strong within her for fear to keep her away. But she came alone, evidently having left her remaining little one in a convenient place of safety.

The boy saw her clearly by the moonlight. She walked up to the cub, and sniffed him from head to tail, to make sure no hurt had befallen him. And the cub stood up on his hind legs and embraced his mother's muzzle, licking her and whimpering softly. The joy of the reunion was very obvious, and having made sure that all was well the old bear caught up the cub by the skin of the back and started hurriedly away with him.

But not far, alas, did she go! The chain came to an end, and with a clink of iron the cub was snatched from the jaws that held him. He fell to the earth, sobbing and whimpering.

There is nothing the wild folk dread more greatly than the clink of iron, but the mother bear beat the fear within her and returned her little one. Possibly she thought that he was to blame, for she began to treat him roughly, rooting him in front of her with her nose till again the chain reached an end.

"Oh, she doesn't understand!" cried the boy, with a sob in his throat.

But very soon the mother bear did understand. She gripped the chain in her teeth, and tried to wrench him free, but the chain was too strong for her. Finally she collected it into a heap and raked it carefully aside; then, sure that she had done away with the hateful thing, she snatched up the cub again.

But again he was jerked from her paws, and fell heavily to the earth, where he lay still, whimpering and sobbing.

The boy passed his hands over his eyes.

Not a Discouraging Number of Geese in one Morning

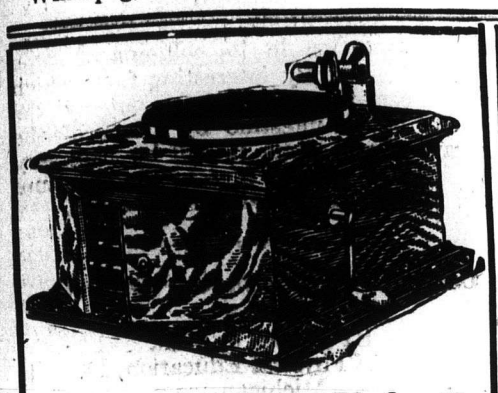
It was through a mist that he saw the mother bear lie down beside her cub, caressing him lovingly and trying to soothe his whimperings. She grunted to him in soft mother language, encouraging him to nestle up against her.

On tip-toe the boy stole to his bunk and lay still, thinking. He thought of that great city away in the south, which he had left but a few weeks ago that he might grow fit and strong in the bracing atmosphere of the northern forests. He thought of the still spring nights when he had lain awake, longing for the freedom which now was his, but would be his for a little while only. Soon he would return to the grey routines—to a life for which he felt himself all unsuited, but which, in duty to those whom he loved, he must learn to endure.

He had hoped to take the cub home with him. What a hero he might be among his friends—the boy who had captured a real live bear! But now a fresh train of thought occupied his mind. He would still be a hero, but no one should ever know of it. Instead he would return home happy in the knowledge that he had given to one of the wild folks the freedom that could never be his.

Silently he rose from his bunk and let himself out of the shanty. The mother bear stole away when she heard him coming, but presently her little one joined her, stumbling at every step in the joy of his newly-gained liberty.

The boy let himself into the hut, conscious of the pleasure of a great and generous achievement, soon to fall into the sweet and dreamless sleep of healthy boyhood.



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The Home Doctor.

When one is Bilious.

By Ernest F. Robinson, M.D.

The term biliousness, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Usually these are dietetic sins. We want what we want when we want it; and, like naughty children, we often will have it, regardless of consequences.

Strictly speaking, biliousness is a condition in which too little bile is excreted by the liver. In practice the term is often given to exactly the opposite condition. In real biliousness fats, oils, and sometimes sugar, do not digest properly. As a consequence they ferment in the intestines and form acids; and the condition becomes one known as acidosis. When this happens, acids become contra-indicated, since the system already has more acid than it can care for.

Frequent bilious attacks may indicate disease of the liver itself, or catarrh of the bile-duct. The latter usually goes with catarrh in the upper intestines, and often in the stomach. In this case jaundice is usually a symptom, though not always.

The symptoms of biliousness are pretty well known from experience, such as nausea, vomiting, perhaps of bile, bitter taste in the mouth, either constipation or diarrhoea, headaches and sometimes bilious colics. In many cases these return more or less periodically, once a week, once a month, or the like. The bilious attack clears the system for the time being of accumulated waste products. These immediately begin to collect again if the real causes are not removed; and, when the system is again saturated, so to speak, another attack occurs.

The treatment of biliousness varies with the conditions. Constipation, indigestion, and catarrh of the liver ducts or the intestines need special attention. Diet is of special importance, not only following the attacks, but to prevent them. Fats, oils, greasy and fried foods, tea, coffee, cocoa and alcohol, also highly spiced foods, are harmful. Milk, cream, eggs and butter must be carefully watched.

During such an attack it is wise to eat nothing—to fast absolutely for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours—clearing the intestines in the meantime thoroughly with salithia or saline laxative, usually preceded by small doses of calomel and podophyllin. After the attack, avoid the use of foods just mentioned for a week or so. The diet may include white meats, fish, except salmon and mackerel, toast, vegetables and fresh or stewed fruits, if not acid. Small meals and more of them, five or six a day, are usually better than two or three larger ones. After recuperation the use of the forbidden foods should be resumed gradually and cautiously. Such foods must always be regarded with more or less suspicion; that is, stop them at once if there are any signs of biliousness. Above all, keep the liver and the bowels in proper working condition all the time by the use of proper medical treatment, if necessary.

Bear in mind that, while one attack of biliousness does not amount to much, repeated attacks mean that something needs serious attention, and that if this attention is not given something much more serious than the biliousness may develop.—C. E. World

Infantile Paralysis.

This disease is a form of paralysis which attacks young children, although adults are not entirely exempt. It has a special preference for the warm months of the year, and often follows in the train of the acute diseases to which children are subject, such as scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria or pneumonia. It generally declares itself with great suddenness. A child may go to bed apparently well and wake up in the night screaming with pain. If it is old enough to talk it will tell that the pain is in one or the other limb, or in the back. There will be all the signs of general illness, with a fever and vomiting, or a severe case may be ushered in by convulsions. In other cases the child will show signs of slight illness for a few days, with a pain in the back, and be kept in bed, when the mother or nurse will suddenly discover that paralysis exists. In still other cases there will be no complaint of pain and no illness, only a sudden and complete loss of power in one or more limbs. The fever and pain persist for a day or two and then pass away, and the paralysis usually reaches its worst point in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, sometimes in much less time.

During the acute stage the paralysis is much worse than later on, so that a child may be paralyzed in all four limbs and yet recover in all but one leg. The growth of the affected limb is permanently impaired, so that as the child grows up the leg becomes in comparison shorter and shorter, and an extreme lameness is the result.

Death is not apt to occur even in the acute stages unless some other disease, such as broncho-pneumonia, should set in. In some few cases there is absolute recovery, with no sign of the disease left after a few weeks.

The treatment of the acute stage is what is called expectant, that is to say, simply watching the child and relieving the pain and other urgent symptoms. It has recently been found that in all probability the infection is acquired by inhalation, the germs settling on the mucous membrane of the nose and being carried thence to the spinal cord.

The Cold Bath.

The cold bath is stimulating and strengthening and should always be taken before breakfast or as soon after rising as possible. When you fully realize the value of cold baths you will wonder why so few people take them. Many will tell you they cannot stand the shock, they are too weakening, or reaction does not follow. On the contrary, a cold bath may be taken every morning by every one if it is done in the proper way. If one is advanced in years it would not be advisable to plunge right into a tub of cold water, but trained by gradual stages there would be no ill effects.

The object of the cold bath is to contract the surface blood-vessels and to drive the blood to the internal organs, causing a pallor of the skin. The respiration is greatly increased in depth, quickened at first and then diminished, the temperature somewhat lowered, the nervous system and particularly the mental faculties are immediately and very powerfully stimulated. Upon emerging from this bath, if the reaction takes place, the tiny arteries dilate and cause the skin to glow and the respiration soon becomes normal and the bather experiences very quickly a sensation of warmth. This reaction is the test of great importance as to whether or not the bath has been well borne. After leaving the bath, to aid the reaction rub vigorously with a coarse towel till the skin is in a perfect glow all over the body; then put on the clothing immediately. Do not sit or lie about unless fully dressed.

If you have never taken a cold bath, become accustomed to it gradually, and if you have health you will be able to maintain it. For those in poor health, and particularly of a nervous temperament, cold baths have untold value. The best time to begin systematic cold bathing is in warm weather, and by the time winter arrives it can be kept up without any discomfort.

Whether in health or not, always begin your systematic cold bathing with a sponge and arrive at the full tub in slow stages. Saturate the sponge with cold water, squeeze first over the arms, then the legs and the chest; begin with cool water and gradually lower the temperature until you are accustomed to the cold. One of the most beneficial results of cold baths, as every cold-water bather will tell you, is the perfect immunity from catching cold. The proper time to take baths is before a meal or three hours after. In order to digest food the stomach needs plenty of blood to form the necessary juices, and if the blood is diverted from the stomach to the surface of the body by means of a bath, digestion must necessarily suffer.

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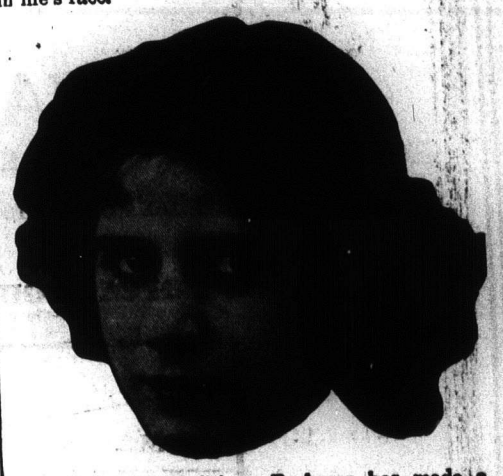

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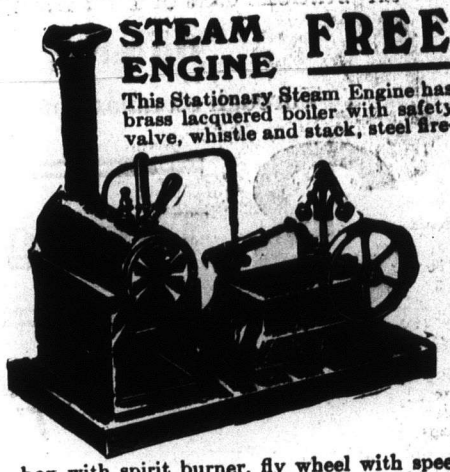

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The Universal Malady.

Consumption kills one-tenth of all the people who die in civilized lands. Cancer kills half as many, or one in twenty. But there is another malady which is probably more deadly still and which affects so large a proportion of all people in civilized lands that it may be properly termed the universal disease.

This malady is intestinal inactivity, commonly known as constipation. The newspapers teem with advertisements of medicines recommended as cures for this condition. The druggists' shelves and counters are covered with aperients, laxatives, after-dinner pills and mineral waters. Half the drug stores would be compelled to go out of business if the demand for laxative remedies should suddenly cease, and it is perfectly safe to say that at least three-fourths of the business of physicians is the direct or indirect result of intestinal inactivity.

The average person does not appreciate the enormous mischief that arises from the retention within the body of a mass of putrefying material in which billions of pernicious bacteria are actively at work producing various poisons, some of which are virulent as the venom of snakes.

Hundreds of symptoms which were once obscure and supposed to be due to diseased nerves are now known to be the result of the absorption of these noxious toxins from the intestine. Headaches of various sorts, vertigo, nausea, loss of appetite, coated tongue, biliousness, dingy skin, liver spots, loss of flesh, exhaustion, neurasthenia, insomnia, eczema, acne or pimples, and various other skin diseases, Bright's disease of the kidneys, appendicitis, colitis, hemorrhoids and scores of other symptoms and morbid conditions are now known to be the result of chronic poisoning, the natural consequence of the long retention of putrefying food remnants in the colon.

The mystery which once surrounded the work of the stomach and intestine has in recent years been cleared away by the marvelous revelations of the X-ray. By the addition of bismuth to gruel, buttermilk, or some other liquid food, the contents of the stomach and the intestine are made to cast a shadow when the X-rays are passed through the body and made to fall upon a florescent screen, so that the movements of the stomach and the intestine may be accurately studied.

The editor of Good Health believes that he cannot confer a greater favor upon the readers of this journal than by the presentation in its columns of some of the wonderfully interesting facts which have been recently brought out by the studies of the intestine by means of the X-ray. First of all, it will be necessary to obtain a general idea of the structure and functions of the alimentary canal.

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Corrective Work in Our Schools.

By Ethel Perrin.
Supervisor of Physical Education, Detroit, Michigan.

The commodity which the state is demanding of us is physical education, and the conditions bringing about this demand we are all familiar with—the restriction of the natural activities of the child in order to give him our "education." Conditions are improving continually through better housing facilities of our schools, and through the broader curriculum, which gives more time to manual training, and more especially through the fresh-air crusade that has spread throughout the country. But it is plain to see, as you go into a busy schoolroom, that the round backs and narrow chests, together with the flush-faced girl, or the yawning boy, need careful attention. What is the demand? Something that will work as an antidote to these evils in the quickest and most direct way.

A flushed face means over-stimulation of the flow of blood to the head; listlessness means lack of stimulation of blood supply to the brain. Better general circulation is needed.

Large groups of muscles must be alternately flexed and stretched in order to mechanically act as a pumping force on the blood in the large vessels near these muscles. But mere mechanical movements of the muscles is not all—the stimulation of circulation is greatly increased if the mental stimulus of interest is added.

The quickest way to stimulate the circulation, and so correct the effects of long sitting and concentration of thought, is by giving exercises that bring the large groups of muscles into play, with the added psychological stimulation of interest.

Monotony and inexactness of commands in the teacher produce listlessness and inattention in the children. Exactness in giving starting signals and enthusiasm mean life and pleasure for the children. Use games in which it is possible for every one in the room to win. There is some fun in that, and every one wants to try it again, especially the boy that failed.

Encourage the springy schoolroom run; eliminate noise and add to the pleasure of the children. Encourage them to conduct their own games and conduct them fairly.

Crooked backs and narrow chests, induced by relaxed sitting and standing positions, cannot be corrected in any way during the short periods allotted to physical training except by concentrated effort on the part of both teachers and pupils. Take, for instance, such a position as placing the hands upon the shoulders, either as an exercise by itself or as a starting position for stretching of the arms in a given direction. Why do we put the hands there? Because we wish to stretch the muscles which our faulty position has contracted, and contract those which for compensating reasons have become stretched. There is but one correct way to take the foregoing position. (Demonstrated.) Every single position of the arms should be so taken that the chest is broadened and the upper part of the back flattened, and the child who takes the correct arm position, and at the same time holds the best standing position, is the one to be commended.

Our problem is first to so interest and stimulate the children that they will put muscular effort into their exercises; and second, to direct that effort into the right channels in order to prevent over-strain. There is, for example, too great an expenditure of nervous energy in the so-called Swedish system—the use of the antagonistic muscles for resistance.

Corrective exercises may become dry bones if unmixed with other forms. The remedy is the use of the play spirit, if only the teacher knows how to call it out. It can be a joke to catch a boy napping with his elbows held so loose in "shoulders firm" position that the teacher or classmates can pull them out with one finger

Children can be taught to take the responsibility of their own correction.

I do not believe in laying much stress on the corrective side of the work in the first two grades, but even in the large free movements of the informal work, including strong plays, motion songs and games, a choice can be made of those that will expand rather than cramp the chest.

There are children who, through bad inheritance or poor nutrition, or deforming occupations—such as carrying of baby brothers and sisters, or heavy packages of newspapers with the weight falling on one shoulder—have such extremely faulty postures that the few simple exercises given in school cannot correct them. Every school system should have a teacher to find and help these crooked and weak children, who suffer in pain or inconvenience, and so go unnoticed by the untrained eye. It is advisable to have certain special pieces of apparatus for it, as otherwise the instructor has to use his own strength for the needed force to stretch the contracted muscles.

A high standard for a good carriage should be one of the honors to be worked for at all times, and it should be as great a source of pride to be on that list as to be on any other roll of honor. We would not minimize the value of folk dances and games, but corrective gymnastics are essential to successful physical education in public schools.

When there has been a condition of strained heart it is very important that after the period of necessary rest and treatment has elapsed, the return to any form of active exercise should be looked upon as experimental, and the patient kept under medical supervision and watched with close attention for some time

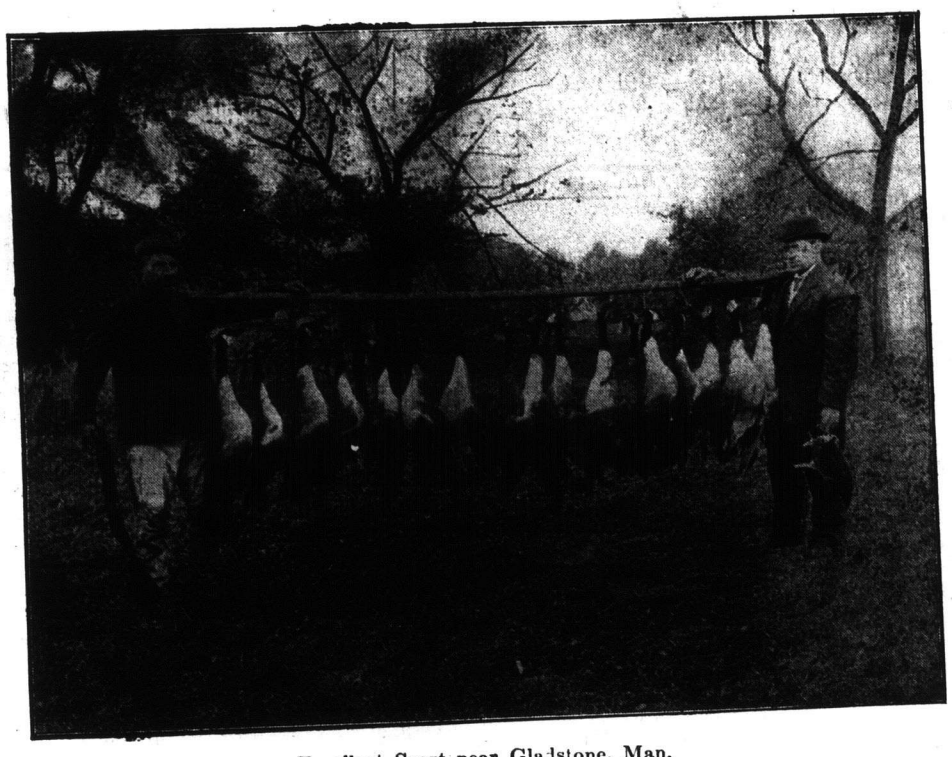
Hygienic Exercise

Muscular action is indispensable to robust health; but the amount of it that is required varies with age, sex, habits and constitution.

Most persons who are free from organic disease are benefited by properly directed gymnastic training. Even those employed at manual labour are often improved by it, for only certain groups of muscles are exercised in the routine of daily work, and others remain comparatively idle.

Light exercise for a few minutes in the evening often acts as a restorative, both to the wearied muscles and to the exhausted nervous system of one fatigued in his employment during the day, particularly if it be followed by a cold sponge bath; but as a rule the morning is a better time for both exercise and cold bathing.

Nothing more cumbersome than the regulation costume of the gymnasiums should be worn unless reduction of weight is desired. The time limit at the beginning should be ten or fifteen minutes; it may be increased gradually to an hour, the rapidity of the increase corresponding to the physical condition of the individual. Nothing is gained by attempting too much, and the improvement of months may be checked by the overwork of an hour.



Excellent Sport near Gladstone, Man.

Recreation in the Public Schools.

By J. B. Modessit, M.D.
Detroit Young Men's Christian Association.

Recreation necessarily includes all athletic games, folk dances and competitive athletics, as well as a great many other physical activities of a decidedly social nature; for, without the social features, it ceases to be strictly recreative.

The declaration of purpose set forth in the public school's athletic league in New York City is to provide healthful, joyous and constructive play, folk dancing and athletics for every boy and girl. School principals, teachers and boards of education are rapidly recognizing the duty and advantage of providing suitable recreative activities for children.

Overworked Hearts

So large a place is given in these days to the development of the muscular system, especially in the case of boys, that the danger of over-exertion is sometimes forgotten or ignored until mischief has been done.

All exertion means an increased blood supply to the heart muscle, one of the immediate effects of which is a more rapid pulse. When the exertion has been well within the powers of the individual this increased blood supply tends only to strengthen the heart, and the rapid pulse will very soon go back to its normal beat and there will be a feeling of added strength and well-being. If, on the other hand, too much blood is constantly forced into a heart not strong enough to use it, the muscle grows too big, it stretches, loses its natural elasticity, and becomes flabby and weak

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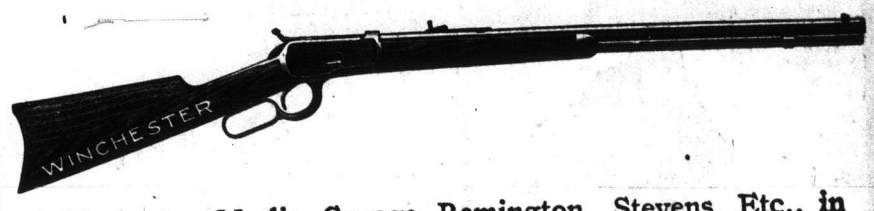

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Woman and the Home.

Slumber Song.

By Anna B. Bensel.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pain
Can touch or hurt thee ever again;
I, thy mother, will bend and sing
As I watch thee, calmly slumbering.
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Soon in thy angel's tender arms,
Closely sheltered from earth's alarms
Thou wilt awaken, baby mine!
Where all is mercy and love divine.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
I have wept till my heart is dry,
But now I smile as I see thee lie
With small hands crossed in death's mute prayer,
Never to reach in the wild despair
Of hunger's anguish. All is o'er!
I wept, but now I can weep no more.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
A little while I, too, shall rest
Close by the side of my baby blest.
Safe is my baby — earth's anguish done—
Safe at the feet of the Holy One.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

The Weekly Allowance as a Character Builder.

By Edith Maynard.

The vine that ngs to the tree develops no strength to support itself; when the tree is hewn down the vine falls to the ground. The same principle holds true in the development of children. Those who are accustomed throughout childhood and youth to rely unquestioningly on the judgment of their parents, who are never taught to make a decision for themselves, develop no independence of thought and action, no self-reliance for the time when the older judgment must be withdrawn. On the contrary, children early trained to make their own decisions and expected to help themselves and others, become strong, self-respecting, self-reliant, capable men and women, able to dare and do; a power for good in any community.

In proportion as it contributes to the development of independence, strength of character and will power in the child, is the regular weekly allowance valuable. Throughout life men and women spend money, some wisely, some foolishly. Invariably to get adequate return for one's money requires careful training and experience in buying. Early training in the spending of money, under the guidance of a judicious parent will prevent many a blunder in later life. The ridiculous picture one makes who is ignorant of true money values is illustrated in the story I once overheard a milliner telling her friend. "A woman came into the shop last week who didn't know the difference between satin-backed velvet and the tawdriest kind of stuff. It didn't take me long to find out she wanted an expensive hat, and from the way she turned each hat as soon as I told its price, I knew my prices were too low to suit her. I began doubling prices. All five-dollar hats became ten dollars, the seven-dollar hats rose to fifteen. She took more interest. Then she tried on a hat, said it was 'something becoming' and asked the price. 'Twenty-two dollars,' said I, indifferently. She took the hat off, looked at it, tried it on again, and wrote me out a check. The hat had been marked seven dollars."

The experience gained from carefully disposing of a regular weekly allowance will go far toward preventing such absurdities. Excepting for those wealthy parents who neither expect nor desire that their children shall ever earn a cent it seems by far the better plan to pay the children for little duties assigned them rather than give them an allowance unearned. In this way they will learn to think of money in its essential relations, as a recom. nse for labor, and as our medium of exchange, and will be less tempted to squander it thoughtlessly.

By allowing the child to spend his earnings as he chooses, the parent will develop in him will power and ability to select what is most s ed to his needs, as it takes but a little advice tactfully given to guide his choice in the right direction.

In our family there are three small children, aged two and a half, four and six years. Baby Charles has earned his "penny a day" for nearly half a year now. After breakfast he runs the dust-cloth bag, hung on a low nail, gets his dust-cloth and dusts every speck from the lower window sills, the tabouret and small table in the front room, then puts his cloth back into the bag. Little Maud dusts the remainder of the parlor, and on certain days empties the waste baskets and burnt matches, receiving 10 cents a week. Louise makes her bed and puts her room in order every day, and does extra tidying on sweeping days, receiving 15 cents weekly. The work of the younger children is done under the mother's supervision as she sits with a bit of mending. This is necessary at first to prevent habits of slackness and to teach thoroughness without which their work is of no real value. Louise's work when finished is inspected and its faults (and these are now rare) corrected before she enters her account in her bank book.

That the money for the children may be always in readiness, the father brings from the bank each month three small rolls, each roll containing fifty pennies which are put into a small tin box. At first the children were paid each day, but as they formed regular habits of work, they were presented with old bank books, with the used pages torn out. Each day after their work has been approved, they write in these books the number of pennies earned that day, and on Saturday morning receive the total week's earning.

They are encouraged to spend their pennies as they like, but their mother, desiring them to form useful habits in the disposal of their earnings, told them of a plan that seemed a good one to her. She explained to them that they were free to adopt it or not, but that they should not begin it unless they intended to keep it up. It pleased them, and Louise divides her pennies in this way: Five cents each week she puts into the Savings bank, to draw interest until she shall want it in fifteen years or so, for music, drawing, travel, or some other heart's desire. Five cents goes into her toy bank and is saved for furnishing her room. She has bought rose-bud curtains and a dresser scarf to match, and is now saving for a picture of Baby Stuart. The remaining five pennies she puts into her purse for present wants. She always saves one for Sunday school, spending the others for a pencil, a tablet, a toy, or candy, or saving them for Christmas, papa's birthday, or valentines. The two youngest children's accounts are also divided between the big book, the toy bank and the purse, Maud having saved nearly two dollars for a low bedroom rocker. Thus the children learn to take forethought for a permanent account, and for a future need, while not forgetting present wants. Incidentally, too, they learn that each of them is responsible for his share of order and happiness in the home.

The objection has been raised that children paid for helping about the house come to feel that they should do nothing they are not paid to do. This idea has not yet spru in our family. The children voluntarily do many little things to help and are paid only for their regular duties unless permitted to earn extra money for a special purpose. They have always been required to hang up their wraps, dress themselves, pick

up scraps after cutting paper dolls and run errands without thought of compensation.

The family purse is not ample enough to supply them with all their many wants, but they have their small earnings and when the want is urgent, and the object desired not too costly, sooner or later they become its proud possessor, and these purchases bring them more real joy than anything their parents can give them.

To be sure this training takes much of the busy mother's time, but she considers all the time well spent that develops in her children habits of neatness, thoroughness, accuracy, self-respect, self-control, self-confidence, independence, that create a capacity for making wise decisions and an appreciation of the dignity of labor.

What Jinny Did.

By Augusta Kortecht.

One day mother found out all of a sudden that she positively must go out on business for an hour or two, and she could not think of any plan for the children. Black mammy had gone away to see 'Tildy's new little chocolate-colored baby, and there was nobody grown up to leave in charge. So after a while Evelyn jumped up and down with happiness, and began to tease mother.

"O mother, let us go to 'Lizabeth's, and

The Snow-Shoers at Gladstone, Man.

behave like little ladies, and not ask for anything to eat, nor tease anybody, and be sure to come in time for dinner! Can't we, mother?"

Eunice jumped up and down at this beautiful idea, and said, "Can't we, mother?" And then the Prince, who was only three, and did not understand a word even when he listened, jumped up and down, and echoed, "Tan't we mudder?"

Mother said they might, and they were just getting out hats and cloaks and mittens when the door-bell rang, and who should come walking in but 'Lizabeth herself; and more than that, Margaret and Madeline, and last of all, Jinny. Jinny was 'Tildy's biggest little girl, and was just the color of a nice brown teacake, and she lived with 'Lizabeth's mother, and helped take care of the children. They had come to spend the morning because, they said, mamma had to go to see somebody who was sick, or maybe was well again, they forgot which.

So then mother was very glad, because she knew Jinny would not let anything happen to the Prince; and by the time she had kissed Evelyn and Eunice and 'Lizabeth and Margaret and Madeline, and the Prince twice, she saw her car coming round the corner, and had to run very fast to catch it.

Then they did have a good time! At first they played dog and pony show, and the clown dog was so very funny that they thought it was better than the sure enough one in the big tent; but the ring-master got to laughing so hard that she forgot how sharp the little whip stung, and the trick pony suddenly straightened up on its two fore legs and said crossly, "Now, then, I won't play any more! You needn't most cut my legs in two!" But the clown dog said, "Law, chilun, I's tired playin' show. Le's us play I-spy;" and as this was the game the trick pony liked best of all, she was ready in a minute to play again.

So they played hide-and-seek, and the most fun of all the game was to hide the Prince, because he was so good that he never made a bit of noise, and he was so little they could put him in the funniest places, where nobody thought to look right the first thing. 'Lizabeth hid him first, because she was company and older than Margaret and Madeline; then Margaret hid him, because she was company and older than Madeline; and after that Madeline hid him. But Madeline was not much bigger than the Prince himself, and so she did not think of a very good place, only behind the big screen in mother's room. Then Evelyn hid him, and she thought of such a hard place that after a long time everybody had to give it up.

Then it was Eunice's turn, and when at last Jinny's time came she took the little Prince up in her arms, and said, "New, den, I's gwine hide dis chile whar nobody won't never fin' him no mo';" but they all just laughed, because they knew she was only talking in fun.

It was a long time before Jinny said, "Bread and Butter, Come to Supper," and they all went scampering into the nursery and looked into each dark corner. But nobody found anything at all, and the more they hunted the more they could not find the Prince. Jinny was so glad at this that she spun all round the room, hugging herself tight with her long thin arms, and chuckling for joy.

The little girls were so busy peeping under beds and into closets that not one of them noticed when it began to rain, and the first thing they knew about it was when Tom, who was not anybody's brother but everybody's cousin, came tramping in and said. "Now what are all you youngsters up to? Don't you know it's pouring down rain, and Aunt Lou sent me to pick out hers from the crowd and bring them home in the carriage." And Tom hurried them so that before anybody had time to think straight he had them all bundled up and in the carriage, and was scolding at Jinny, who could not find her mittens. "Wake up, Jin," he said, "or you might have to walk home." This sounded so dreadful that Jinny gave up the mittens and jumped into the back of the carriage, for if there was one thing she hated it was to get wet.

All at once Evelyn thought of something. She ran out to the edge of the porch and gave a little gasp, and said, "O, Jinny, where is the Prince?"

A little brown face came peeping out for a minute, and Jinny called back, "Law, honey, I done put dat chile in de——." But the rain made such a noise that Evelyn did not catch the last word, and the carriage rolled away and left her and Eunice staring blankly at each other.

Then two scared little girls went back

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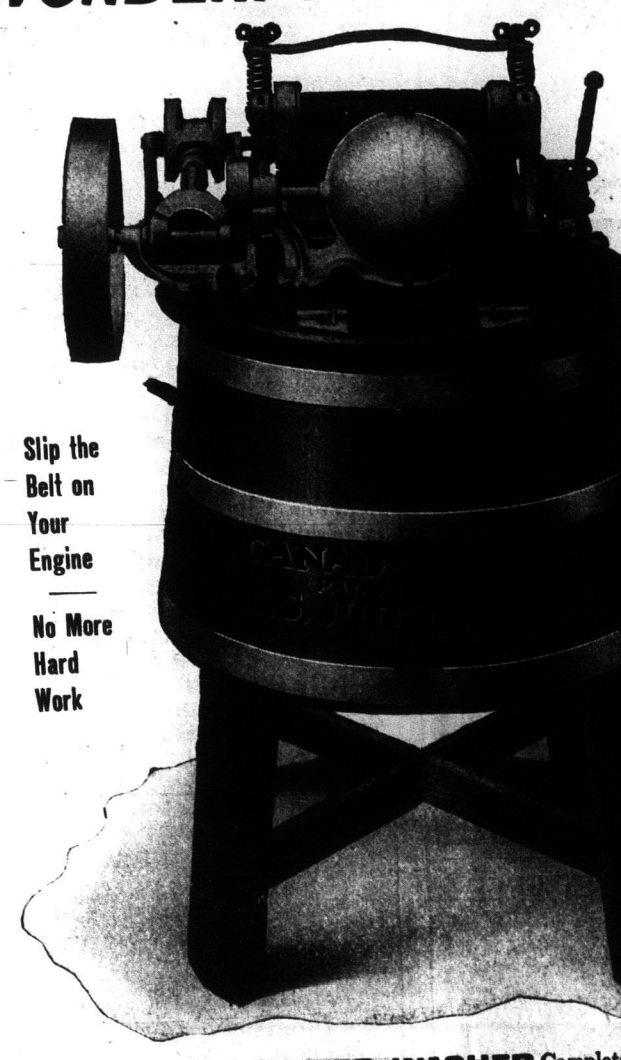

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into the nursery, and began looking in earnest for the lost baby. They turned upside down everything they could lift, and they called softly, then louder and louder, sometimes "Prince" and sometimes "Gus," which was their brother's right name; but there was no answer, and they began to wish mother would come home.

When mother did come at last, all wet from the rain, she found two very miserable little girls, sitting on the floor side by side, the tears trickling over four plump cheeks; and at sight of her two voices sobbed out. "O, mother, the Prince is lost! Jinny's lost the Prince!"

Then it was mother's turn to be frightened, and without stopping to change her wet clothes she heard the whole story from Evelyn and Eunice. Then she—what do you think she did? Why, she went to the telephone and called up 'Lizabeth's mama, and asked her to find out from Jinny at once what she had done with Gus. And mother's voice wabbled, as Evelyn told 'Lizabeth later.

"What did she say, mother?" asked both little girls, eagerly; but they got no answer, for mother dropped the telephone tube from her hand, and ran and opened the door into the little hall room.

There was not a thing in there but the

Family Reunion and Picnic at Gladstone, Man.

old clothes-basket; and that basket was just what mother seemed to want, for she threw back the top and looked anxiously down inside. She gave a little cry and reached down while we all came to look, too.

The basket was so old it had big holes in it, and was never used now; but it had some soft pillows down inside, and there on top of these lay the Prince, curled up fast asleep, and as comfortable as you please. And when mother lifted him out he just nestled down on her shoulder, and said sleepily, "Jinny, I told you I wouldn't holler."

On Good Manners.

By Mrs. Todd, Cereal, Alberta.

Manners, we are told, "makyth man." And how much more does it make the woman? Good manners will make up for any defect in looks or clothes and will make a girl more popular than mere looks or fine clothes can do. "People," we are told on good authority, "are disliked more often for a bad manner than a bad heart. The one is their private possession, the other obtrudes on their acquaintances." And that this is true needs only a glance around us to prove. Also, the girl who is popular and run after, is not always the best-looking girl; far from it, but you will find on closer acquaintance that she has good manners and the power to charm.

Tact.

The first important essential in good manners is tact. The word tact almost defies definition, but it may be briefly defined as saying and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way. The tactful person is invariably kind, sympathetic and quick to understand. She is not too fond of talking about herself, but will be sympathetic and kind as the woes of others are poured into her ears. She will remember all the little details of your worries, because she will be giving you a whole-hearted interest, and putting herself, for the time being at least, into your place. She will remember to ask for the boy newly launched in life in a city office and the girl away at school, and these little trivialities will endear her to you. The foundation of all tact is sympathy and charity. "Do to others as you would that they should do to you," and you will go far towards the goal of tactfulness.

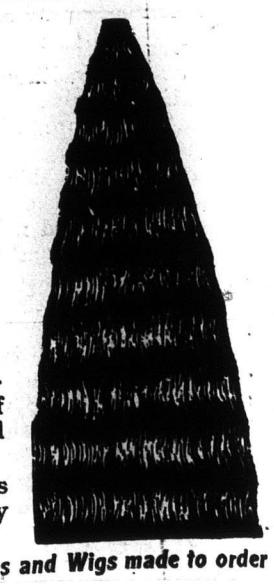
Sympathy.

The tactful person does not have silly pride. She will talk to everyone, bringing herself down to their level if need be, and seeming to enjoy it. And there need be no hypocrisy in this, for the sympathetic, tactful person will be happy in seeing you enjoy yourself and in making you happy. She would not do this if she stood up on a pedestal and talked over your head.

Courtesy.

The next essential to good manners is courtesy. "True courtesy," we are told, "exhibits itself in a disposition to contribute to the happiness of others and in refraining from all that may annoy them." Courtesy is an attribute that shows some danger of falling into desuetude in these days of rush and bustle. "We have not time for little politenesses," we hear said regularly, yet these same people can spare time to be discourteous which takes just as long. Little politenesses make people feel kindly towards a girl who uses them, for none of us like the person who is rude, brusque and abrupt, and who rides rough-shod over our feelings. Even those who disclaim courtesy and good manners feel acutely any breach of these self-same things, and do we not all know from personal experience that the people we like best, and in

Ladies!



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whose company we are at our best, are those who are courteous and well-mannered? In their company, we feel better; we may have other friends who are more brilliant or gifted, but there is not one whose company we enjoy better than that of the courteous, kindly individual, with his store of sympathy, patience and self-forgetfulness, which are all included in courtesy.

Be Courteous at All Times.

Courtesy is not a garment that can be laid off and donned at will. We cannot be courteous to outsiders and discourteous at home. The wood will show through the veneer. We must be courteous at all times and everywhere, not forgetting our own homes. Our home folks have us longer with them than outsiders have, therefore surely our behavior with them is more important than our behavior elsewhere. Courtesy will generally beget courtesy, and if we are invariably courteous at home, our loved ones will meet us with courtesy, thus oiling the wheels of life, so that they run without any inharmonious jolts or jars, and improving our manners thereby.

The "Guinea's Stamp."

That the importance of courtesy was appreciated even in the days of St. Peter is clear, as he says in one of his epistles, "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." Naturally, the person who is uncouth and discourteous at home, cannot by any chance have a polished and charming manner in society; the hypocrisy would show through, or something hint that the manners were not the "guinea stamp," but false.

In conclusion, there are one or two little matters to be touched on which will serve to show what go to make a girl popular besides good manners. A girl must be as clever and well read as education can make her. She must take an intelligent interest in current topics. She must understand enough about her out-of-door sports to be able to take an intelligent part in any conversation that may be going on around her, but she must do all this without seeming to be bombastic and without usurping the conversation. She must remember that if she would be popular she must not always be talking herself, rather should she lead others to talk and so frame her replies that she leads them on, and draws out what is good in them. "I can always talk to Miss So and So. What an intelligent listener she is!" And how much more important is a good listener than a good talker.

The popular girl never flatly contradicts, but rather lets herself be contradicted gently. "I am so weak, I let myself be contradicted," is what a very popular hostess said the other day. And is not that one of the secrets of her popularity? No one likes the didactic, argumentative female, but do we not all recognize the charm of the girl who lets herself be "talked over," as it were, by our persuasive eloquence? I mean, of course, in conversation, not by any means in a matter of principle.

No Back-Biting.

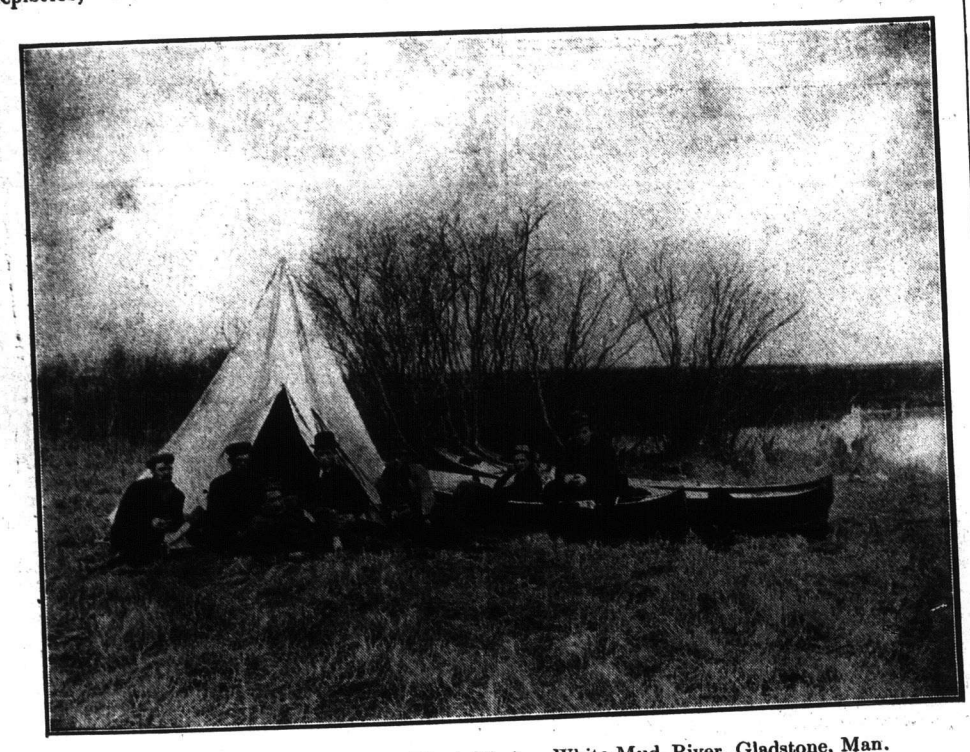
Then a girl, too, must be free from back-biting if she would be popular. We may enjoy her clever back-biting tongue, and listen to her satirical speeches, but we do not marry her, far from it. We will rather choose the society of the well-spoken girl, who sees something good in everyone, in whom we feel that "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" does not exist who "speaks no slander, no, nor listens to it," who brings out what is best in us and really makes us better by increasing our self-respect.

Nor Affectation.

The popular girl is likewise unaffected. She is therefore always simple and natural, and when a girl is that she is always attractive. It is the constant striving after effect, the artificiality, the weak-minded copying of others, that produces the inane, insincere and affected girl, whose every action and word are studied, conscious and artificial.

Teacher. "What is it, Tommie, that Shakespeare tells us 'becomes the throned monarch better than his crown?'"

Tommie. "Hair."



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The Ideal City.

What makes the city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right
And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display or titled fame.
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are great
Because of service to the state.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right the wrong can not remove,
And truth that faces civic fraud
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A light upon a nation's hill,
A voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But justice, love and brotherhood.

A Matter of Gender.

Richard Harding Davies, the well-known writer, during a visit to the Southern States of America, put up for the night at a small country inn. He signed the register, "Richard Harding Davies and Valet." A humorous lady, coming after him, and seeing the entry, signed—"Emily Warburton and valise."

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2nd Prize, $40.00 in Cash. 4th Prize. $25.00 in Cash.
5th to 9th Prizes, each $10.00 in Cash.

Herewith will be found the picture of a Chinaman washing clothes. Hidden about his figure and tub are seven faces. Can you find them. It is not easy, but can be accomplished. Try—you may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. If you find the faces mark each one you find with an X cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them."

Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there is TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Hundred premiums given away, it it worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over One Thousand Five Hundred dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, namely, the advertising Managers of the Montreal Daily Herald and Montreal Daily La Presse, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in recent Contests

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Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que.	50.00	Mrs A. Ferguson, 39 Stobart Block, Winnipeg	35.00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa	50.00	Mr. R. B. Strange, 300 Rockland Rd., St. John, N.B.	35.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.	50.00	Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa	35.00
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An Englishman's First Year's Experience in the West.

Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly.

Having from time to time had the pleasure of reading articles in your valuable paper relating to the experiences of Western farmers, I am forwarding you a brief account of my first year's work West, which may be of interest to a few of your readers.

To begin with, I took up rough land in April, five miles from a Northwest town, small in size, though large enough to supply the necessaries of life, and where I put up until my shack was built. From this town I hauled loads of lumber and started building a shack, 20 feet by 18 feet; got the frame up and rough sheeting on back and front after several days' work in wind and rain, which was anything but pleasant.

During one night we had a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by a gale of wind, and next morning when I arrived at the farm I found the shack had been blown down. This was by no means a pleasant surprise and it took me two days to put it up again. However, all's well that ends well, and I soon got the shack sufficiently finished to live in.

When I went West it was my intention to break 200 acres early in spring and seed oats and flax. To do this, I hired a man with a gasoline engine, and as he broke, I followed him round with a disk and float. The spring, however, being wet and a little late, did not permit the getting of more than 120 acres under cultivation. Even then it got to the sixth of June before the flax was all sown. After this, I planted potatoes and garden produce and later broke 70 acres and got it ready for next year.

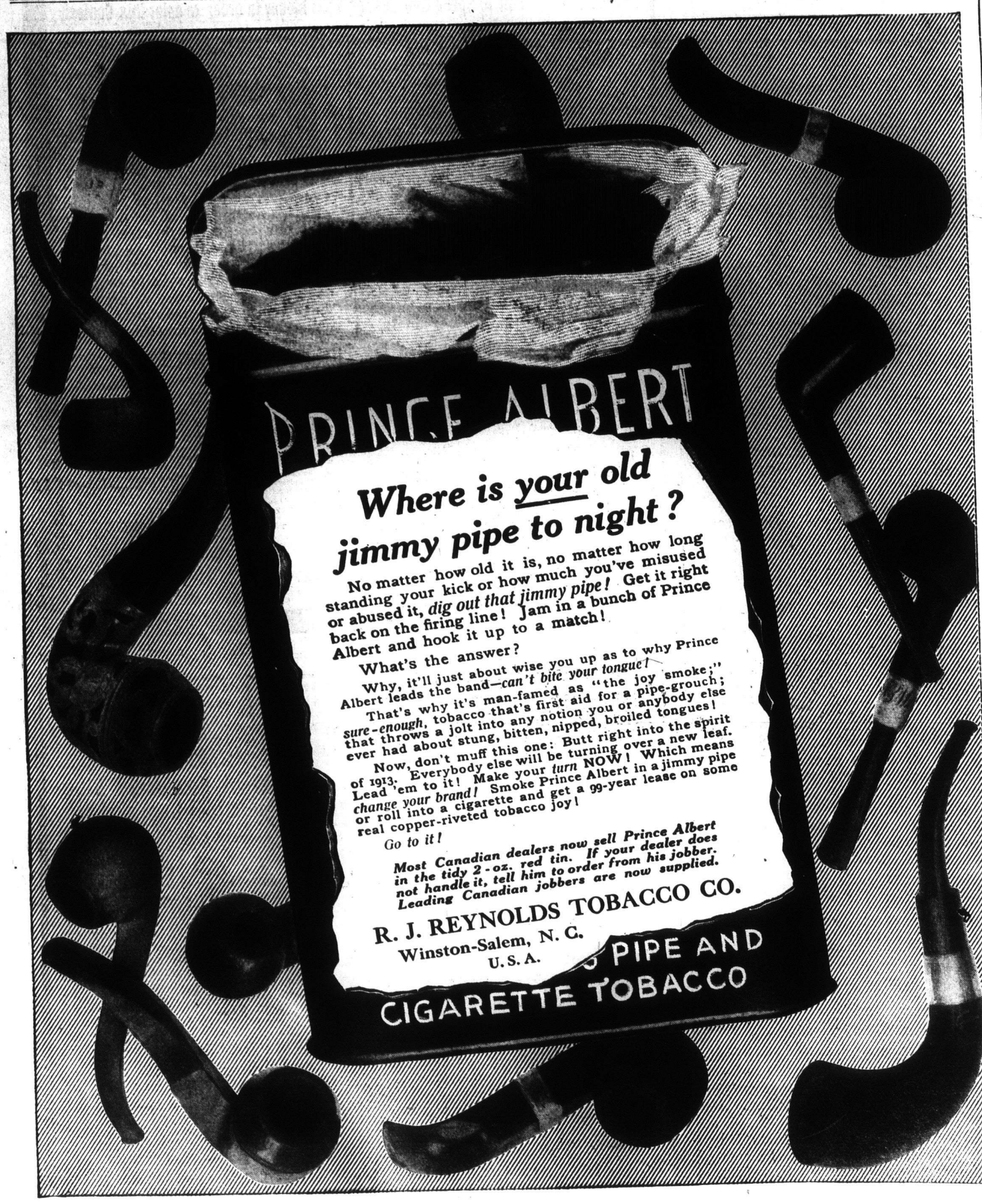
Having finished my spring work, my attention was next turned to the digging of a well, a cellar, and the getting out a foundation for a barn. This I had to do single-handed, which in the case of the well made it slow work. Labor was scarce at that time—unobtainable—and although several batches of railroad men were paid off, not one of them would go out and put in a few days' work as soon as they knew it was a pick and shovel job.

The building of the barn came next, but that did not take long, and after that I put up a shed at the back of the shack. September came in fine, hot, and late sown grain showed every sign of being as good as early sown; but, alas, we had just one night's frost, and practically all the grain in the district got frozen. After this one snap we got no frost of any consequence for three weeks, but the damage was done. A few days after grain ripened, and my neighbor with the gasoline outfit had a disagreement with his engineer and the latter left him. So, being a bit of an engineer myself, and having helped him out on several occasions before, he came to me and asked if I could help him out again with cutting and threshing. He was pulling four binders with his machine and could not find a spare man in the district. I told him I would do so as far as I could, but I must be at liberty to cut my crop when ready. This I did, and to get through quickly solicited the help of my wife and family to do the cooking. They did, though when evenings came round they were just about played out. Nevertheless, we got finished, and once more I joined my neighbor and put in two months' threshing. My oats we threshed out early fall, but the flax was not dry enough when threshing rig went past, so had to leave it and later stack. We returned with the threshing rig on to my land, December 5, travelling through eight inches of snow. It took us a day and a half to cover three miles of rolling prairie. Down hills and on the level the engine would pull the separator fine, but at the slightest sign of a rise in the land she would pull up and the back wheels whizz round over the top of the snow; then we would have to back up, get shovels out and dig down to "mother earth" to give the engine something to grip on; then hitch a team or two of horses on the engine and move on. Eventually we reached the flax stacks, and, of course, it was just my luck that the cold weather should set in. Nevertheless, we went down to start threshing, or perhaps I should say, try to thresh with the temperature 40 below and a high wind. Then the fun began. First, we found the engine frozen up just that stiff that we could not turn it round. Luckily we had the cooling water out of the engine and pipes the night before, and "that was some," as they say in the West, but not much when all came to all.

The thawing out process of the engine was as follows: We used to soak old bags in gasoline, light them and put them all over the engine and pump; heat the mixing cup with a torch until the gasoline boiled; make a fire, warm the batteries; then connect up and start. After getting the engine running, which at times took three hours, we used to put our cooling water in and kept a torch going on the pump until the water got warm. At times, something on the engine would call for attention and the torch would have to be left, and before you could get back the water would freeze up and smash something. This would mean stopping and repairing, and in many cases sending for new parts, which caused days of delay, but eventually, after spending practically all winter threshing, we got through.

So much for one side of the question, now for the other. While the flax was in stacks, late in the fall, the herd law opened, and though in the day time we could keep cattle out, at night time we couldn't; a bunch of cattle or horses would wander round, and not only eat large holes in the stacks, but scatter the flax right and left and tramp it into the snow. Then Mr. Wind would sail along, fill the holes up with loose snow, and very often drive it almost through the stacks. This, of course, made the flax wet when threshed, so I had to take it into the stack in 16-bushel lots and dry it by spreading it over the floors, just leaving a passage to walk from one room to the other. This was much to my wife's disgust, as she said trying to keep the place clean under such conditions was impossible. I quite agree with her in this respect, because flax used to get into everything, but now it's all over, we often have a good laugh at what happened.

Early in the fall we had a mail from some of our relations living in a city, asking us to spend the winter with them if possible, which offer we accepted, expecting to be ready to leave the farm at the latest, November 15. I sold what stock we had and got in just enough coal and wood and provisions to last us until that date. Now when that time came round, we could see no signs of our being able to get away, so had to make a trip to town for supplies and provisions. The only meat obtainable was pork. Beef, the butcher said, he could not get, as the price was too high, so pork had to do. We had to practically live on it for the next three months. Potatoes I also wanted, but could not get. The worst trouble of all was that there was no coal or wood to be obtained, so had to return empty-handed as far as that was concerned. The reason of the shortage of coal was put down to the coal strike, and the shortage of wood was owing to people having to use wood instead of coal. After landing home I set out again and went round all my neighbors and managed to get four bags of coal and a few pieces of cordwood. This put us on a little while, though not long. Everybody that



fall was short of coal, because the only coal obtainable up to then was that very smoky American called "Holy Smoke" stuff, that they can't give away in the States or in the Canadian cities, let alone sell it. They must do something with it, so they push it on to the western farmers and charge him $10 per ton. Gault and hard coal were expected the middle of November, so everybody had been hanging back for the good stuff. Some came, two cars, I believe. These were emptied right away by the men who were in town when they arrived, so nobody got any. Six weeks had gone ere a fresh supply arrived. When my supply was finished I had to go and strip my barn of all its fittings and burn that. We took good care of that wood, I can tell you. We went to bed early and got up late whenever possible so as to let the fire go out. It was all right going to bed, but quite another matter getting up early. In January it used to be 20 below in the bedroom, but we lived through it. I will take good care that there is never another shortage of coal or wood in our house, even if I have to go to the bush and cut wood.

The winter was a pretty good one taking it all through. Early fall was fine, late fall wet which spoiled threshing and overstocked the market with tough grain. Many men never got threshed out until March and in lots of cases thousands of bushels of wheat lay in shocks on the prairie all winter. The first cold weather we got the beginning of December, and it got gradually colder up to the third week in January, after which we got some nice weather. Blizzards were few, snowstorms light, but wind was high and snow drifted badly, making things unpleasant and trails bad.

Experience, they say, teaches fools wisdom and I shan't forget, in a hurry, the lesson that was taught me. What is more, if any invitations for spending winters in a city come along, will accept, but add as a post script, the shipping phrase, "Weather and other circumstances permitting."

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary. Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

"How auld will ye be, Jock?" asked a sage auld wife of daft Jock Amos, one day, when they were talking of their ages.

"O, I dinna ken," said Jock, "it wad tak a wysser heid nor mine to tell ye that"

"It's unco queer ye dinna ken hoo auld ye are," returned the woman.

"I ken weel eneuch hoo auld I am," answered Jock, "but I dinna ken hoo auld I'll be."

A Hawick Man. "A Border paper sent me the other day, contains the following. At the Anglers' Tryst, Sandy Miller told of a Hawick man, who had come to work a Galashiels. One evening Sandy took the Teri along the High Street to let him have a good view of the town; but nothing pleased the Hawick man. "Sic a toun" he said; "there's no a decent street in the hale place." Just then the moon came out from behind the clouds; and it was then that the Teri surpassed all his previous efforts. "An' what a muni! Man, oor mune ower at Hawick's twice the size o' that ane."

An old Scotsman afterwards described his first ear of Indian corn, as "a lang thing like a cannle; and ye eat a' roond it."

Burns. Someone asked "Jean," if Burns was ever ill-tempered toward her or the children. "Na, puir fellow," she said, " he never compleened o' me, or the children. A' his complaints were about his sel', puir fellow."

"Heading" of the Twenty Third Psalm. "The sheep-keepin' o' the Lord's kind and cannie, wi' a braw howff at lang last. David keeps his sheep; the Lord keeps David"—Hately Waddell

I look for him I canna see,
And sigh for him I canna hear;
And naught but sorrow comes to me,
Frae a' the beauties o' the year.
The bird sings sadly, though it sings
To cheer its mate amang the boughs,
But him nor morn nor even brings,
Wha has this heart, and a' its vows.
—Henry Scott Riddell.

David, the wale o' singers; an no ae finger-breid o' God's hail word's mair trystit, or better kent, or mair hanl'd nor the Psalms. The Chryst Himsel' loutit till learn them, an' a' God's folk sen His day hae been blythe o' sic weel-timed readin.—Hately Waddell.

Allan Ramsay. I spoke of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," in the Scottish dialect, as the best pastoral that had ever been written; not only abounding with beautiful rural imagery, and just and pleasing sentiments, but being a real picture of manners; and I offered to teach Dr. Johnson to understand it. "No Sir," said he, "I won't learn it, you shall retain your superiority, by my not knowing it."—James Boswell.

The Boy Scouts. A ship's whaleboat 27 ft. in length, has been provided for a patrol of Sea Scouts which has been formed in connection with the contingent of Boy Scouts at Dunbar.

Samuel Rutherford preached nine years in Anworth in Galloway; then, in 1636 he was banished to Aberdeen. He died 20th March, 1661, just in time to escape trial for "treason," under Charles II. His "Letters" are classics with the godly. In one of them he says,"I see Providence runneth not on broken wheels; but I, like a fool, carved a providence for mine own ease, to die in my nest, and to sleep still, till my hair greys; and to lie on the sunny side of the mountain, in my ministry at Anworth; but now I have nothing to say against a borrowed fireside, and another man's house, nor Kedar's tents, where I live, being removed far from my acquaintance, my lovers and my friends."

Burns' "Logan Water" was suggested by John Mayne's song of the same name, written in Glasgow, about 1781; the first stanza of which is,

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded sheep—
Herded sheep, or gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But, waes my heart! thae days are gane,
And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes

"D'ye ken hoo the streets o' Jerusalem war keepit clean?"

"I'm not sure that I do," said the would-be wit.

"Weel than I'll tell ye. It was just by ilka body keepin' his ain door stane soopit." (swept.)

Douglas. According to popular tradition, the first of this great family came to distinction on account of his achievements in one of Bruce's battles. When the conflict had ceased, Bruce enquired after the hero whose feats he had such patriotic occasion to admire; and in doing so described him, in Gaelic—probably speaking to a Highland Chieftain—as the "dhu glas," the "dark grey" man. This supplied him with a name.

Fate Men who can trace the hand of a Divine Ruler in their own and other people's affairs, but have not the courage or honesty to acknowledge it, evade it by ascribing it all to "fate."—Scots Paper.

Fu' sweet is the lilt o' the laverock,
Frae the rim o' the cloud at morn;
The merle pipes weel in his midday biel:
In the heart o' the bending thorn;
The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis
Rings clear in the gloamin' shaw;
But the whaup's wild cry in the gurly sky
O' the moorlan' dings them a'
—Robert Reid

Scots Names. "Hall," manor house.
"Hope," small field, valley, stream.
"Hout," at the wood.
"Kerr," "Carr," rock, hollow place, grove.
"Leyburn," field brook, meadow brook.
"Low," "Lowe," grave, heap, small hill.
"Maude," high mount.
"Milcham," milk house.
"Morell," of the mouth.
"Talbot," marsh end, or abode.

A grand old Laird. The Laird of Waterton, in Aberdeenshire, apprehended a sheep-stealer; and sent him to jail in Aberdeen to be tried. The night before the court, he visited the man, and asked him what he meant to do? The prisoner said he meant to confess, and beg for mercy. "Confess" exclaimed Waterton, "what, man, will ye confess, and be hanged? Na, na, deny it to my face." His humane plan succeeded. The man was acquitted.

Earthquake. On 3rd May, a very distinct shock of earthquake was felt in Perthshire, about Comrie and other places; and at Bridge of Allan, and Dunblane it was somewhat alarming.

No more Clan Alpine's pibroch wakes
Loch Lomond's hills, and waters blue;
"Hail to the Chief" no longer breaks
The quiet sleep of Roderick Dhu;
Enwrapped in peace the islands gleam,
Like emerald gem in sapphire set,
And far away, as in a dream,
Float purple fields where heroes met.
—Wallace Bruce.

General Booth had a preaching tour in Scotland this spring. He was well; but almost blind from a growing cataract in his right eye.

Like his namesake and grand-uncle, Robert Tannahill, retired engineer, Girvan, committed suicide the end of April.

At Aberdeen, a farmer was charged with assaulting a farm servant, and fined 15s. "or three days." "I'll tak the days," said the economical man.

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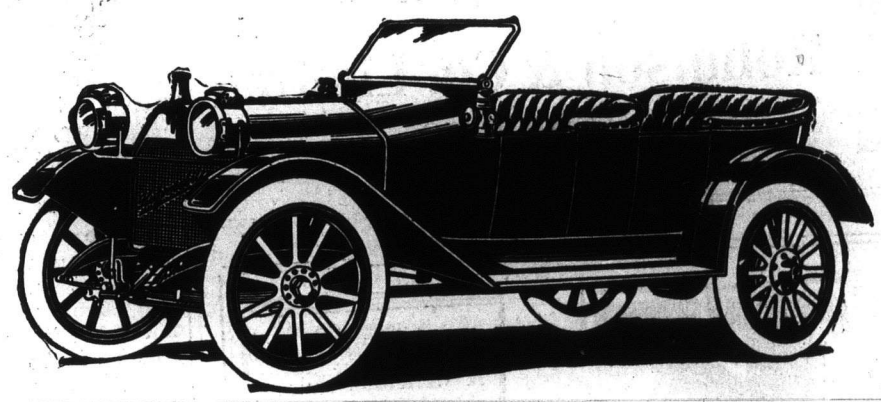
These high grade WATCHES GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE. The BOY'S WATCH is GERMAN SILVER-PLATED, and has fine Swiss Movement, is so constructed that spring cannot break by overwinding. THE GIRL'S WATCH is solid silver and stem wind and set, Swiss Movement. Send now for a selection of our LATEST ART POSTCARDS, BEAUTIFULLY EMBOSSED IN COLORS AND GOLD, these only include very best cards and sell fast at 6 for 10c. (for Boy's Watch $4.00 worth or Girl's $5.00 worth) When sold return money and we will mail WATCH FREE by return of mail. THE POSTCARD PREMIUM CO Dept. W.H.M., Winnipeg, Canada



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Oil side and tail lamps
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October, 1911, secured highest Award Gold Medal Festival of Empire Exhibition, London, Eng.

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

The Turnbull, Co., 179 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

I have just returned from this big event which so many of us have been looking forward to throughout the year. My newspaper duties kept me very closely tied to the Dry Farming Congress being held by the men, so I can say little at first hand of the actual papers in discussion at the women's meetings, but I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the women. I also had the very great pleasure of seeing the exhibits put up by the Home-makers' and Home Economics Clubs, and by various districts, and I can say a little about these things, some of which may be of interest to my readers.

The Woman's Congress.

* * * * *

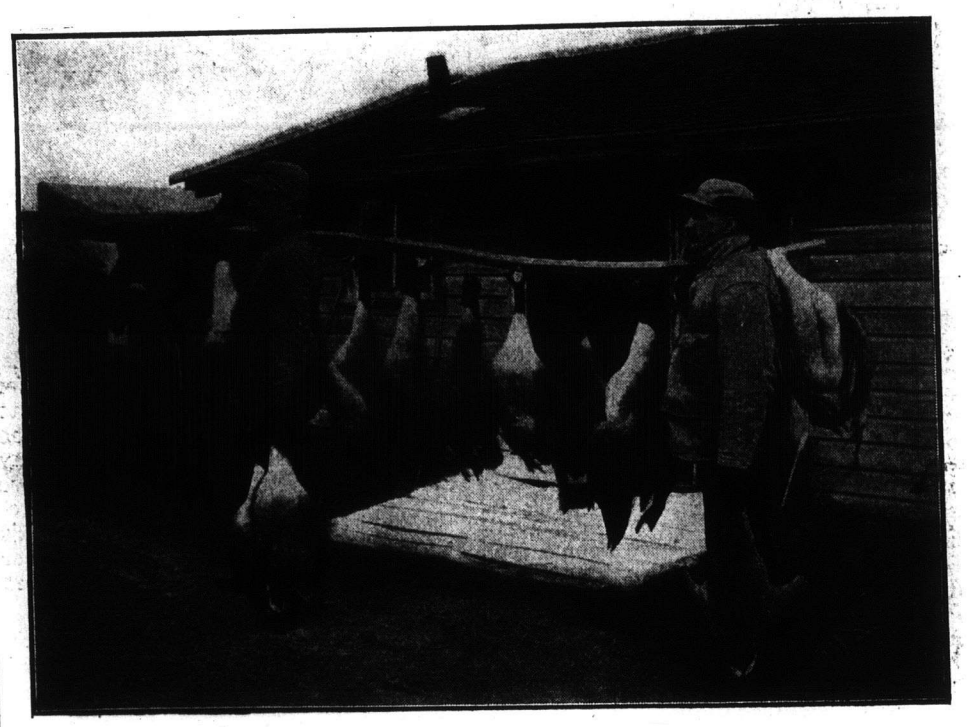
First of all, I would like to say something of the hospitality of the city of Lethbridge, where the congress was held. A great many people thought that Lethbridge was over-ambitious in attempting to accommodate so large a gathering, and that there would be much discomfort and difficulty in obtaining room. In this, however, the doubters failed to give full credit to the energetic pioneer spirit of the West. Everybody was able to get a comfortable bed and very fair meals. Of course, there were some rather long waits for the meals, but that is inevitable at any gathering of this nature, unless it is held in a very large city.

The City of Lethbridge.

There is one thing for which the citizens are to be especially commended, and that is, the prices of both meals and rooms were not exorbitant. The hotels made no additional charge on account of the pressure on their accommodation. The prices charged by citizens for rooms were reasonable; and in the case of women delegates the provisions made for their comfort was, in my opinion, especially good.

A new block, which was being leased for an office building, put two floors at the disposal of the executive of the Congress. The rooms were large and airy and supplied with hot and cold water. They were fitted with comfortable spring cot beds; there were two cots in a room. The charge for this accommodation was one dollar per day for each woman. As far as possible, the Committee of Accommodation endeavored to locate women who were acquainted together. There was an excellent elevator service to these rooms. The block was just across the street from the headquarters of the Congress and only two blocks from the church in which all the meetings of the Women's Congress was held. It was also very convenient to the car lines to all parts of the city. Those wishing to visit the exhibition grounds where the exhibits were located could get on the car at the corner of this block and could ride out without any charge. I have attended many conventions and I do not think I have ever seen a better arrangement, or one where the prices were more reasonable. I heard that one or two women complained because towels were not supplied to them in connection with these rooms, but this seems hardly credible, as it was quite possible to buy a couple of towels for thirty cents, and if a woman did not want to be bothered with them afterwards it would not be very wild extravagance to throw them away.

It is impossible to obtain the most indifferent hotel accommodation in Alberta for less than $2.50 to $3 a day. You pay that in country hotels where there is absolutely no modern convenience, and where the rooms are often far from clean. To have even half of a large airy room, with hardwood floor, and an abundant supply of hot and cold water, and in a building with every modern convenience and a good elevator service for a dollar a day is as cheap as it is possible to provide. In fact, it would be quite impossible for the congress to make any such provision if it had not been for the generosity of the owner of the block who let them have it, rent free, for the week of the congress.



A Nice Fat Dinner in Sight When We Reach Camp.

* * * * *

Every woman who attends a congress in a strange city knows what it is to be nervous and apprehensive of finding her way about, and the less she is accustomed to travelling the more this weighs on her spir and lessens her possibilities of enjoyment. The School Cadets of Lethbridge acted as guides and scouts for the congress. No matter where you wanted to go, all you had to do was to step into headquarters and ask one of the smart lads in khaki uniform where it was. He immediately saluted, and, marching in front of you along the street, piloted you within sight of your destination. Again saluted, real sharply, in proper military form, and returned to headquarters. The headquarters, by the way, were in full sight of the depot. Arrivals by late trains had only to walk two blocks along a well-lighted street to headquarters and register. They were at once supplied with accommodation and a guide to show them where to find it. One thing that particularly pleased me was the fact that the cadets refused to take a tip, as one smart little chap informed me, they were helping the city out. It was a great accommodation to visitors and an excellent training in citizenship for the lads.

The Cadets.

* * * * *

I suppose very few of either the men or the women who stepped from the

trains at the Lethbridge depot at once got sight of the great open square, gay with flowers, and if it were night, brilliant with lights, realized that originally this beauty spot was a turning ground for the mule teams, which, in the early days of Alberta, carried freight across the plain from Fort Benton, Montana, to Lethbridge, where the I. G. Baker Co., who, in some measure, were rivals of the Hudson's Bay Co. had one of their depot points. There were generally eight mules in one of these teams, hitched two abreast, and it took some space in which to turn them. Late in the history of the town this property was bought by Mr. Gault, of the great Gault Coal Mines, and some years later he presented it to the city of Lethbridge to be maintained as a perpetual open space and beauty spot. Though it is not yet complete, and the trees are comparatively small, it is very beautiful. Many of the visitors during the congress will carry away a pleasant memory of the great border of French Marigolds that day after day got the last rays of the sun and made a veritable ribbon of red-gold around one side of the square.

The Mule Ground.

* * * * *

The exhibits made by the women were all of them fine, and many of them both artistic and unique. The Home Economics Clubs of Manitoba had a wonderful collection of needlework, and all kinds of pickles, preserves, cured meats, butter and eggs. While there was nothing especially unique in the arrangement, the work was tastefully displayed and created very much favorable comment. The women of Magrath showed a cottage, the roof of which was made of potatoes, cut in half and nailed on, and then varnished. This cottage had a fireplace made out of the same material. Jardineres were made from beautifully colored pumpkins, turnips and carrots scooped out, well varnished, holding blooming plants. There were wonderfully made carpets and rugs, and every form of needlework to the most exquisite hand-made lace. In one corner of the cottage was a pyramid stand of home-made preserves and pickles that made my mouth water every time I passed it. There were cakes, home-made candies, and a roast sucking pig; in fact, a very wilderness of fruits and dainties. Cardston was another district where the women made a most wonderful display of home products and manufactures of all kinds. I am afraid that I broke the Ninth Commandment when I looked at the exquisite rugs, which I found later were made from scraps of burlap, home-dyed in the most beautiful colors. There was a splendid display of canned and bottled fruits here; also everything in the bread and cake line, from a gorgeous wedding cake to a loaf of brown bread. In this exhibit, in addition to a wonderful display of hand decorated house linens, there was one of the finest exhibits of Irish hand-made lace I have ever seen.

Women's Exhibits.

There was one entry for the individual exhibit by a farm woman This was put up by a Mrs. Ryrie, and it makes me dizzy even yet when I think of the number, the beauty and utility of the articles which were the work of one woman's hands. There was all kinds of embroidery, crochet, knitted and netted laces, hand-painted china, preserved fruits, jellied meats, bread, cakes of all kinds and butter, and these were only a few of the things contained in the four walls of the little section devoted to this exhibit. Mrs. Ryrie won a silver tea service and very much commendation.

* * * * *

There was one district exhibit known as that of the England Empire, which was entirely the work of one woman. All the papers who had representatives at the congress are full of the wonderful work and the marvellously artistic effects produced by Mrs. Wessels in grains and seeds. A picture of Miss Spokane, being a centre from which it all radiated. The luxuriant fruit and flower production of the State of Washington were shown to absolute perfection in solutions, which are the personal private property of Mrs. Wessels, and are her own discoveries. The woman herself impressed me wonderfully. She has a fine physique and "capable" is written over her from the top of her head to the soles of her feet. She has had no special training for this kind of work. She was spurred by necessity in the first place to make use of her wonderful natural gift. She was assisted by her daughter, a charming young girl, whom it is a pleasure to look at.

Mrs. Wessels.

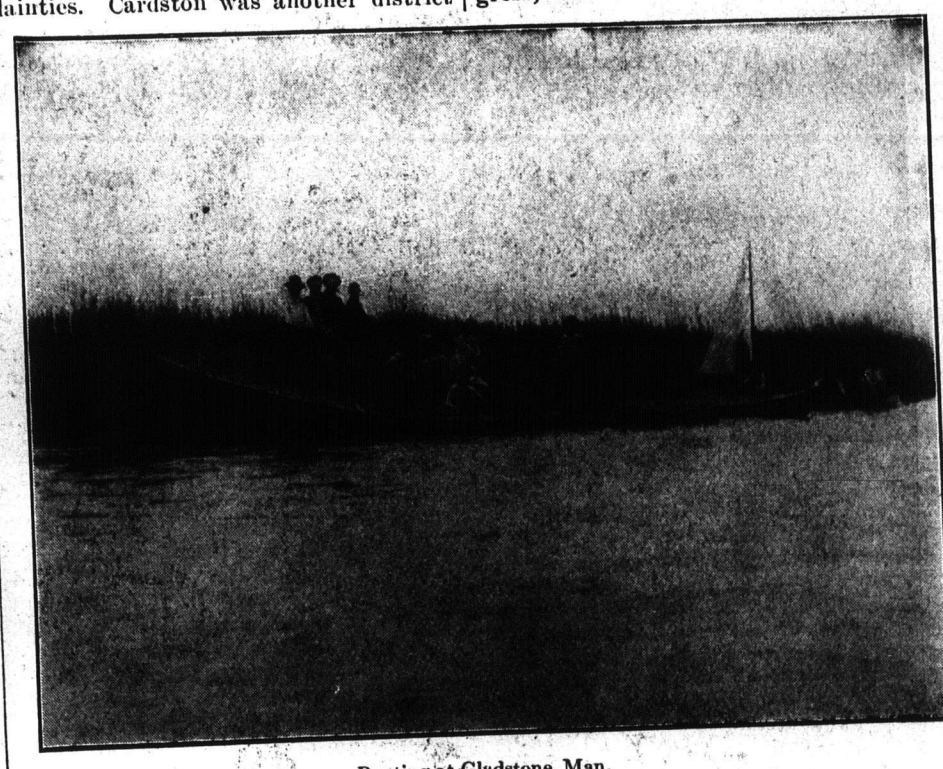
* * * * *

I said at the beginning of this article that I had not been able to attend the meetings of the Women's Congress, but you could not be in Lethbridge without hearing something of the nature and value of the subjects spoken about. The only complaint seemed to be that there had been too many speakers provided and too little time allowed for discussions. The new president is an American woman. She is a university graduate, and a woman of wide culture and charming manners, and much may be hoped for at the next congress, which will be held at Oklaoma in 1913. One of the very great privileges which the women enjoyed was that of listening to Dean Bailey, head of the agricultural section of the Cornell University, a man of very wide culture, great experience, and with the power of expressing himself in the most simple yet elegant English. As one of the professors from Washington remarked, "No congress could be commonplace which had Dean Bailey as one of its speakers."

The Congress Proper.

A little later in the year it will be possible to get a complete report of all the addresses that were made, both at the men's and women's gatherings. I would suggest that any reader of this page who wishes to secure these reports write at once to Mrs. Burns at Lethbridge, enclosing one dollar. This will entitle the sender not only to a copy of the report, but to any literature that may be issued in connection with the congress of 1913.

Of course, there are plenty of things which might be criticized in connection with these gatherings from the standpoint, with anything like parliamentary procedure, as not even one executive meeting was held during the year of 1912. Therefore all the deliberations were, technically at least, out of order. This is a thing which women in their organizations should seek to avoid, but, when all is said and done, it is a minor matter. A great thing about the congress was that a number of women from the various provinces and states gathered together and discussed, in some measure at least, common problems.



Boating at Gladstone, Man.

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This appliance is very easy to work, and with the charts and diagrams we supply free of charge with each machine, it is impossible to go astray.

The White Cross Ear Oscillator is built on precisely the same principle as those in use by all the noted ear specialists in London, Paris, New York, Chicago, and other big cities, where a fee of two or three dollars a treatment is charged.

Our Ear Oscillator can be run by electricity, by hand, or on an ordinary sewing machine. It can be seen and tested in the office by those who will call.

FREE—Our book, "Perfect Hearing," will be sent, entirely free of all cost, to any who are interested. To a person partially deaf this book is invaluable.

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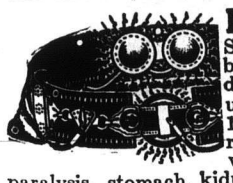

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We anticipated this, and that is the reason we are showing such a splendid range of dresses in our Fall and Winter Catalogue.

At your leisure turn to pages 13 to 20 and look at the beautifully designed dresses and skirts. There you can see the newest styles and you can see how beautifully they hang, but of course you can't judge the quality of the material or the workmanship, and that is where our garments excel. That is where the value is.

All the dresses and skirts shown in our Catalogue are the product of our own workrooms. They are designed by skilful designers, tailored by skilful operators and examined by skilful inspectors. That accounts for the fact that many of our customers would not think of buying custom-made dresses. In our garments they get better fit, better finish, and infinitely better value.

The values we give are only possible because we buy the materials direct from the manufacturers, and we have them made up, as before stated, in our own workrooms. Thus we are able to sell suits and coats and skirts for just a little advance on the cost of production. Our customers are not compelled to pay several middlemen's profits.

The illustration in this announcement is a fine example of **Eaton** craftsmanship and **Eaton** values. It is made from a beautiful quality of cashmere in the one-piece style. The waist, it will be noticed, is of very neat design, and the skirt is five gored and close fitting. The dress fastens invisibly at the back.

This dress is illustrated on page 14 of our Fall and Winter Catalogue, and the price is $8.50

Figure out what it would cost you to have it made. You would pay more than this for the making alone.

40E 1435 Black
40F 1435 Navy
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In ordering give bust and waist measure, also length of skirt taken in front.

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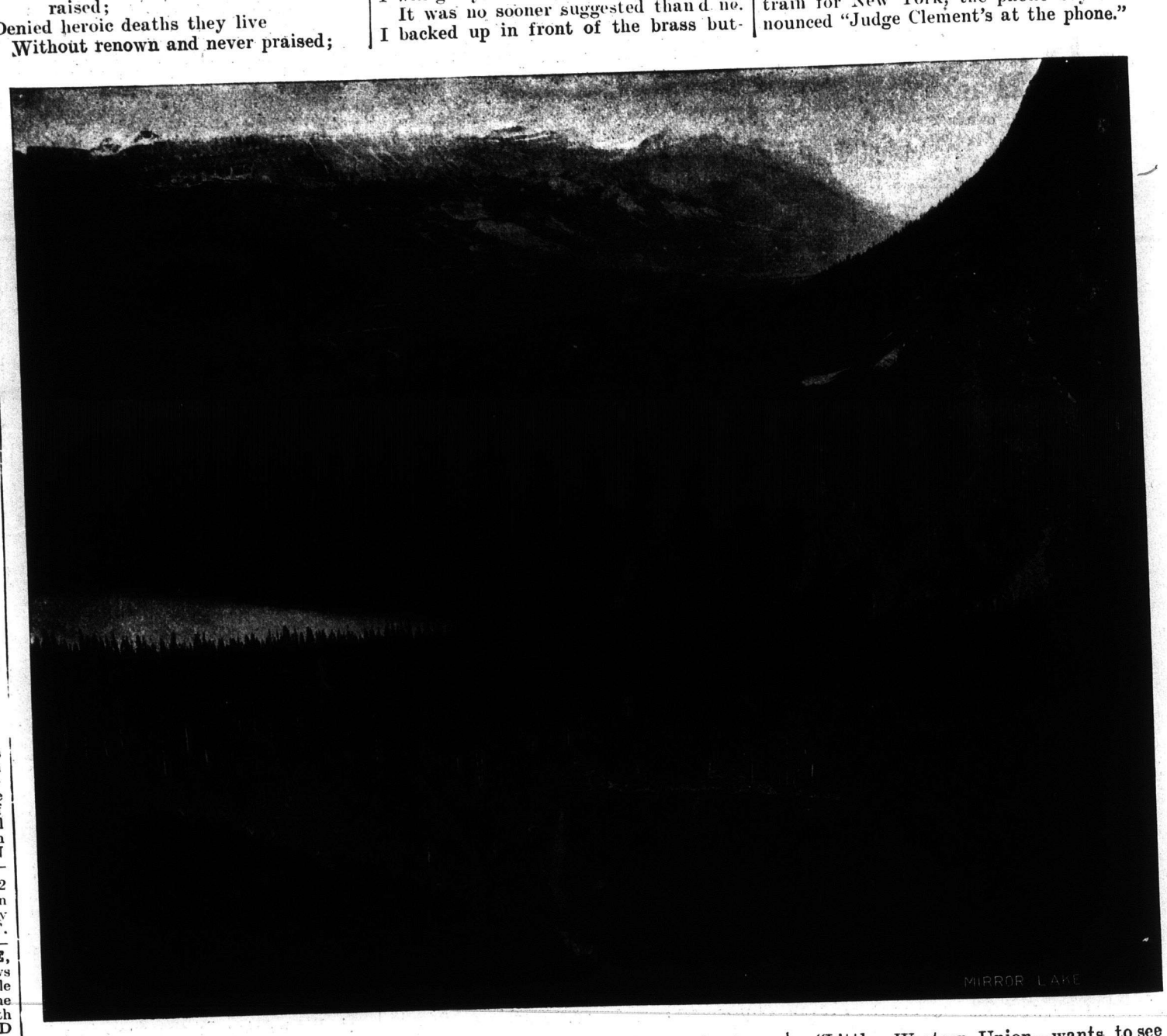
Young People.

Heroes.

The heroes do not always die
  Where death in fearful guise appears;
In countless unmarked graves they lie,
  Denied the sweet reward of tears;
In countless nooks they bravely strive,
  Without complaint, day after day,
That faith and courage may survive
  And hopelessness be kept away.

The heroes do not always fall
  Where flags are waved and swords are drawn;
By thousands they obey the call
  That duty sends at every dawn;
Denied applause, their worth unknown,
  They lift the weak and cheer the sad,
Forgetting sorrows of their own
  While teaching others to be glad.

The heroes do not always give
  Their lives where horror's front is raised;
Denied heroic deaths they live
  Without renown and never praised;
In countless nooks and corners where
  They never may be found by fame
They earn the wreaths they may not wear
  And tributes they shall never claim.



The Messenger Boy.

He wore the blue uniform and brass buttons of the Western Union. He was only twelve or thirteen at most. The gas lamp on the corner was shining down into his face as I hurried past him. He was leaning against the iron railing of the great stone church. I was thinking of my own tiny boy at home, asleep long hours ago, for it was past nine o'clock. As I reached the opposite side of the street an advance flurry of the threatening storm carried away my hat, bearing it almost to his very feet. Hurrying back, disgusted and eager. I saw him stoop and try to pick it up, then catch himself and give a little gasp. "My boy, what are you doing here at this hour?" I asked, rubbing the soiled snow from my hat with my coat sleeve.

"I'm out on a call," he said.

"Well, what are you waiting here for?" I asked.

"Every time I go to walk I feel as if somebody was cutting my back open, but I'll brace up," he added, and with that made a start on. But he had gone only a yard or two before he fell with a sharp cry and caught himself on the stone steps which led into the church. The wind took my hat again, but, hat regained, I tried to solve the lad's difficulty.

"Where's your call, my boy?"

"Over to Judge Clement's house, and the judge is always in a big rush, and blames us fellers if we're slow. This old ache has kept me here five minutes already."

"Can you ride on my back and hold on?" I said. "I know the judge well, and I will get your message for you."

It was no sooner suggested than done. I backed up in front of the brass buttons and felt his little hands about my neck. But it was only for a moment. As I started off he loosed his grasp, and before I could catch him fell with a cry to the walk. Instinctively I looked to the opposite side of the street, and about halfway up the block saw by the light in Judge Clement's window that he was in his den.

Before I knew what I had done I found myself running up his steps with the little slender telegraph boy in my arms. The judge came down to answer the bell himself, and I thought I detected impatience in his quick, heavy tread. Surprised? Of course he was. We were old chums. We had lunched together at the club that very day. The judge had once bought some Western Union stock for me, but he never expected me to load myself with it in this way.

Although there was a merry twinkle in his eye, there was a heart there, too; for, after telling him my story, and while I was still holding my "stock" in the hall below, I heard him ring up his phone and call a cab to stop at the nurse's home. Then he phoned to the home for a nurse, with instructions for her to await the cab and come to his home prepared for "immediate service." He asked me to wait a moment longer till he phoned the messenger service. He explained the boy's trouble, found his name and address, and told the office clerk to send word to his mother that she would find him in the morning at the children's hospital, and "not to worry." All this was done before he thought of himself and his business. Finally, he asked the office to send him another boy.

I was going to wait for the cab, but he said no. "We can manage him. You are not afraid of a lawyer, are you, my little fellow?" The lad tried to smile, but pain had made it hard for him to enjoy present merriment.

I shook hands with the judge, patted the little lad on the head, telling him that he would be all right in the morning, and was off for my home again and soon asleep.

Busy hours faced me on the morrow, and I scarcely though of my recent late sufferer until near the end of the week. As I was about to take the afternoon train for New York, the phone boy announced "Judge Clement's at the phone."

"Little—Western Union—wants to see you at the hospital," he said. "The lad can't live the day through. I asked if I could do anything to make him happy, and he replied, 'I wish I could see the man what picked me off the church steps.'"

Needless to say, I missed the train for New York, and a wire postponed my appointment.

* * * *

I stood by a little cot in a large, attractive ward of the children's hospital. I saw a wasted, suffering, boyish face looking up into mine with a quick grateful smile. On the opposite side of the bed sat a worn little woman holding the lad's hand. In a moment or two he spoke, but with a voice that was tired with pain.

"Say, mister, you was mighty white to me on the church steps. I dreamed last night I was in Heaven, and you and God was walking with one another, and you both came over to me, and you told him I was the feller you found. I knowed it was only a dream, 'cause they told me you was a big man down in one of the

new buildings near the main office. I'm going to die, they told me today, and I wanted to say thank you, and tell you that I don't want no heaven if such as you won't be there. Somehow, I never knew that big men ever cared for fellers like me till the night I tried to grab your hat for you—the night my back 'a' broke."

Until now I had not seen the judge, but as I turned from the little face, that the lad might not see the tear, I saw him standing in the door. Life's night was closing for this little life, but heaven's morning was dawning.

We knelt by his little cot. A simple prayer told him that Jesus Christ was awaiting for him there above, where he could be a messenger for the King. He seemed to understand all. He took my hand and kissed it as I left him. His mother by his bedside was bending over his little body, and as I closed the door I heard a sweet boy voice, "There, mother, don't you cry; I'm all right."

* * * *

The night, as the judge and I sauntered home, we passed the old church and the steps (not crossed so often during recent years as formerly), and something prompted me to quote a verse, almost forgotten as the busy years had passed, "A little child shall lead them."

The Sabbath following, I was at church, and glancing across the aisle, a few pews ahead, I saw the judge. Later our eyes met, and we smiled; but there was a deeper meaning in the look of recognition we exchanged as the preacher read: "And there arose a reasoning among them which of them was the greatest. But when Jesus saw the reasoning of their heart, He took a little child, and set him by His side, and said unto them, 'Whosoever shall receive the little child in My name receiveth Me, and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth Him that sent Me, for he that is least among you all, the same is greatest.'"

Jim's Errand.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Madge S. Smith, Lethbridge.

There were five of them; five little Canadians, and Mary in charge.

Mary was twelve years old; and, oh, so glad was Mary when Daddy said that she was such a steady little woman he was going to let her drive into school and back every day, with her three little brothers and her wee sister Katy, who was only five years old. Katy had to go, for when Mary was at school, there was no one in the house to take care of her. Then there were the twins, Dick and Tommy, and seven-year-old Dave came next, and Mary was little mother to them all.

Mary Watt was a prairie maiden, born and bred, and she loved the prairie home, but, oh, how she had longed to go to school.

How honestly she had tried to keep up the lessons she learned with her dear mother in the days when Mary could remember being quite a little girl.

Now, there was no dear mother; and Mary had to try to be a little mother to the others, and she had tried to teach the twins their letters, and Katie to knit, and Dave his seven times seven, but dear me, with all the stockings to mend, and nobody to ask questions, poor education had to take a back seat! And poor daddy was so busy on the farm, and when he came in tired out, it was only kind to put books away, and keep the little ones quiet with a fairy story.

Seven miles to school and seven miles back! A good long drive for a party of little folks to make in all weathers.

But daddy knew that schooling is worth taking trouble for; and Jim, the pinto pony, was as steady and sober as his little mistress. You would have thought them a quaint outfit. First came Jim, a skewband cayuse, or Indian pony, with a face like a Hereford cow. And in the battered old buggy, daddy's prairie chickens packed as tight as sardines. There would be Dave, holding the reins slack, and pouring over a lesson-book, for he was a serious little fellow, and meant to make up for lost time; Mary, busy with her stocking mending, if the weather was warm, for it took her all her time to keep her place in class, without getting behind with the stockings. Down in the bottom of the buggy, the twins would be chewing a bit of gum, turn about, and Katy, very likely fast asleep. There would be the children's dinner basket, and often some eggs to be left at the teacher's house, where Jim was stabled, and a bundle of hay for his dinner, so the buggy was pretty full.

Jim trotted his seven miles in little over an hour, and needed no guidance, he knew the trail so well. Every morning, save in the most severe weather, the children started out a little before eight, and I am sure they loved the school, and the teachers, and all they learned there, better than ever, because it was hard to get there. In cold weather, the tinies would be rolled up in hooded Red River coats, and Dave and Mary had big men's sheepskin coats, with buckles, and great woolly collars to keep their ears warm. Every child had a stocking cap, pulled well on, warm mitts, two pairs of thick stockings, and moccasins, so there was no fear of frost-bite under the thick buffalo-robe that daddy had kept from the old times.

It was winter when the dreadful thing happened; the first day of the short Christmas vacation.

Mary was getting breakfast, and wishing she was a bit bigger and able to do more in the house, and daddy had gone out to feed the stock in the barn.

It had been bitterly cold all week, and even our hardy little Canadians had needed all their pluck to finish the school-term, with the thermometer at thirty below, and a cruel north-easter blowing. This morning it was forty below zero, and a blizzard was starting in.

"My; I'm glad it's vacation," said little Dick, dancing in front of the stove that glowed red hot. "I guess poor Jim will like staying snug in the barn, too."

Mary stirred the porridge, and was glad, too, that the bitter weather had not cut off her last week of term.

You shall see how lucky it was that Mary was at home just then. As she gave the porridge one more stir, and fitted the ring under it to keep it from burning, she heard a dreadful cry from the barn, and knew it must be daddy, though it did not sound like daddy's voice.

She rushed out and was afraid at first to look at—somebody, lying all in a heap at the bottom of the ladder out of the loft.

She knew it was daddy, because that was daddy's coat, and those were his hands clasped over his forehead. And, oh, that was blood, that was trickling all red and steaming between his fingers! "Oh, dear, dear daddy!" cried poor Mary; and daddy heard her, and tried to raise his head and speak, and then his head fell back limply, and his eyes shut. He had fallen on a bit of frozen snow on the ladder, and cut his head dreadfully on the sharp tine of a pike that stood in the barn.

Mary very nearly broke down. She was the biggest person for three miles, and she was dreadfully frightened. But she remembered that mother used to say: "Act first, cry after." And certainly now was the time for action.

"Dave's toboggan," thought Mary, as the problem of moving anything so large as poor, unconscious daddy presented itself, for she knew he must not lie there in the bitter cold.

She tied dad's neckerchief around the dreadful red wound, and dragged the little sled from the corner of the barn.

It answered the purpose splendidly, though she had to fetch Dave to help her to get daddy raised enough to push it under his body. After that, it was not a hard tug to get him across the yard to the house, though the snow was so blinding they had trouble to find the door. It was done at last, and daddy lay on the kitchen floor, with a cushion under his shoulders and a bandage on his head, through which the ugly red blood kept oozing all the time.

"We must get the doctor," said Mary. She would have braved the blizzard herself, if she had dared to leave off bathing the wound with icy water. She knew that the bleeding must be staunched, or dear daddy would bleed to death.

"Jim shall go," she decided. Steady, faithful Jim, who knew every inch of the trail, and never swerved from it night or morning. Yes, Jim should fetch the doctor to daddy.

It was but two minutes' work to hitch him to the buggy, and Mary fastened a note to the lines, and made them fast to the back rail. Then she led Jim out into the blinding snow, touched him lightly with the whip, and watched him with a lump in her throat, as he trotted off out of sight in ten yards along the snow-hidden trail.

"I guess he'll stop," said little Dave. "The snow's too thick."

Mary bathed poor daddy's wound again, and tightened the wet bandage.

Then she drew her little brother to his

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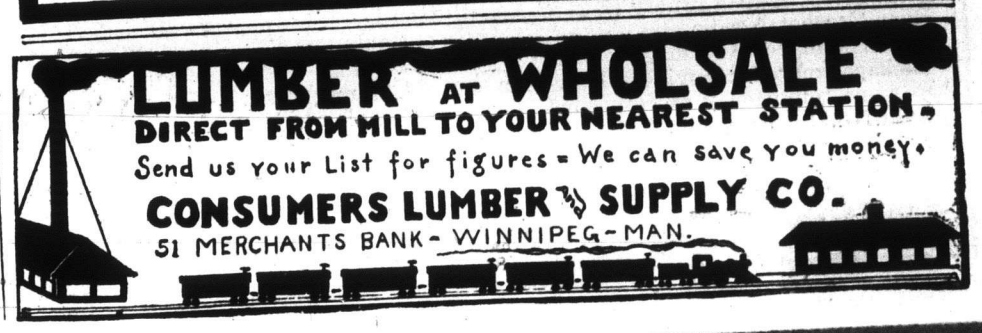

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knees beside her. "I want you to help me pray, Dave dear," she said.

"I don't know what to say," objected the little boy.

"I'll make one; God won't mind," said Mary; and together they folded their hands, kneeling by poor silent daddy, and prayed: "Please, kind God, drive Jim right there, and make teacher see him."

"I guess God will," Dave said; "He's awful good with horses, isn't He?"

* * * *

"I never!" exclaimed Miss Viney, the teacher in whose barn the children stabled Jim on schooldays, "If that isn't the Watt children's pony in the yard, and the buggy empty!"

There, indeed, was Jim, with his head over the verandah-rail, no doubt wondering why nobody came to unhitch him. Her first thought was that some accident had overtaken the children, but when she went out into the snow, and found Mary's note, she understood. She rushed to the telephone, and summoned the doctor with all possible speed, and it was but a few minutes before willing Jim, who seemed to know how much depended on his quick little feet, was trotting back with the kind doctor, who never spared himself when lives were at stake.

You may imagine how thankful Mary and Dave were to hear Jim's snow-muffled hoofs, and the doctor's big, kind voice saying that their prompt action and quick thought had saved dear daddy's life.

A very proud little maid was Mary when daddy opened his eyes and spoke again, and the doctor told him that but for her, he would by now have been dead from loss of blood.

But when she and Dave went to bed that night, they did not forget Who had guided Jim through the terrible blizzard, and returned thanks together to the Heavenly Father who had heard and answered their childish prayer.

A Little Bird.

A celebrated Russian novelist, tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments which have colored all his writings.

When he was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and, with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of the danger. Then with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought—and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt which came to him at that moment—the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I can not give life, I will not take it."

"I'll Pay for That."

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much; but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen; but as she did so, her wing struck an old goose, that stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so, her foot tore the fur of a cat that was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose; but as she did so, her claw caught in the wool of a sheep, and she ran at the cat; but as she did so, her foot hit the foot of a dog that lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep; but as he did so, his leg struck an old cow that stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so, her horn grazed the skin of a horse that stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a niose there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen; but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to his fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

"A little explained,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured."

Our Old Friend.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

There's a pleasant-looking fellow living
miles and miles away,
Yet he manages to come and see us
nearly every day.
He'll peep in at the keyhole or through
the smallest crack,
And say, "Good Morning, children!
Aren't you glad to see me back?"

Then he glances through the door, and he
laughs along the floor,
And chases to the cellar all the shadows
big and black.
No matter where he shows his face he is
a welcome guest.
He alway wears a golden coat and lovely
yellow vest.

His smile is broad and generous—bright
as a field of corn,
And he makes you feel so frolicksome
and glad that you were born.
Now when you have guessed his name,
you will praise him just the same,
And give him smile for smile when he
appears to-morrow morn

Her Object.

One of the passengers in a crowded 'bus was a lady carrying a lap-dog. Every few minutes she beckoned the conductor to her and inquired anxiously if they had reached George Street. His patience was all but exhausted when the street was reached. The conductor stopped the 'bus and beckoned to the passenger. The lady stepped daintily to the platform and, holding up her dog, said rapturously, "See, Bobby, there is where your mother was born!"

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Bess's Column.

By Mrs. Todd, Cranbrook, Alberta.

Hints on Scullery Work.

Good housekeeping mainly consists in saving—saving food, furniture and fuel, and last, but not least, time and labor. Many housekeepers who are good at the first three economies are very prodigal of the two last mentioned and, mainly for want of proper method in house-cleaning and washing up in the scullery, much time and energy are uselessly wasted by them. Man's work, we are told, is from

. . . Sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

But this should not be the case if method is used.

How to Clean Greasy Dishes.

Greasy dishes ought to be scraped clean, piled up, and washed as soon as possible with hot water, with a good piece of soda in it. Wash with a dish-cloth or mop them. Stand each dish as washed on an old tray to drip. When they are all washed, dry them and polish each with a dry cloth. Tea cups ought to be dipped one by one into hot clean water, in which a little soap or washing powder has been dissolved, then dried and polished with a soft cloth. Squares of knitted cotton are very useful in the bottom of the draining tray or pan, as they keep the washed dishes (which are often very "slippery" if much soap has been used) from slipping. Be very careful to see that no "brownness" is left in the inside, at the bottom, or around the handle, as slip-shoddiness of this kind loudly proclaims the dirty housewife.

Pots and Pans.

Pots and pans, if greasy, ought to be washed outside and in with warm, soapy water. If lined with tin or enamel, the inside ought to be scoured once a week with a good, reliable scouring soap till they become quite clean, then rinsed again with warm, soapy water, and dried outside and in. Saucepans ought to be stood upside down on a shelf, in such a way that they project half an inch to an inch beyond it, so that a current of air will find its way to the inside. Lids ought to be thoroughly scoured once a week and washed each time after use, with warm, soap water. Tin covers, pie tins, etc, ought to be scoured once a week with a scouring soap or coal ashes—the latter will remove the most obstinate blackness or burntness off tins. Ornamental tin could be scoured with whiting mixed to a paste with water and allowed to dry on. A rub with a dry cloth will give an instant polish.

Knife Cleaning.

To clean knives easily, take a flat cork, dip it in slightly moistened plate powder, and rub the knife steadily with this till all stains are removed. After cleaning each one, leave aside till dry, then polish each with a dry duster. Any good scouring soap will do as well as the plate powder, though the latter gives the most brilliant polish. Every morning, after washing your dishes treat your knives in this way, and they will always be bright. If the forks and spoons are put first of all into clean hot water, with soap or washing powder in it before anything greasy is put in, they will require nothing more than the weekly clean to keep them in good order. Any time you want your knives, spoons, and forks to look "extra special," stand them, after cleaning them, in a pitcher containing boiling water with a desert spoonful of washing powder in it (water that will just barely reach to the handles of the knives, remember), for 15 or 20 minutes. Then take out, rub dry, thoroughly rub each with a chamois leather, and I am sure you are hyper-critical indeed if your silver does not please you. This treatment will apply to any other table silver. Anything, of course, with ivory or bone handles must not have this part of it immersed, otherwise the handle runs the risk of getting loosened

About the Teapot.

This is a much mis-used culinary article. How often de we see it look greasy and black on the outside, and indescribably brown as to the inside! Yet the owners of such a disreputable article expect good tea—good tea with the flavors of dead-and-gone teas of the past month clinging tenaciously to its inside. How can they have good tea out of an article with tannin a quarter of an inch thick on the inside of the utensil they brew it in? And the teapot asks so little to keep it in order! Simply empty it after each meal, and wash it outside and in with warm, soapy water. Once a week, when giving the rest of the "scullery" its weekly turn out, let the teapot have its turn. After washing it outside and in, put a lump of washing soda in it, and fill to the top with boiling water. Let stand on the stove at the back for 20 minutes or so, then empty into one of your saucepans or something else that is having its weekly clean, and wash round the inside with your wash-rag or mop. You will be surprised to see how clean it is. My teapot, which I have had in daily use for six years, is a dark blue enamelled one, lined with white, and I can assure you that when it's had its weekly wash the inside comes out as white as this paper. Do not forget the little tip of white that shows at the top of the spout. If you have poured away your soda water through the spout you have cleaned the brownness away from this and a touch of the wash-rag brings out the whiteness at once. The outside is so easily kept clean if any little blackness that comes on it each day is rubbed off each time of washing with scouring soap. Don't forget to scour the bottom of it each time of washing. I have seen many young housewives chagrined beyond telling when the teapot, carelessly left for a minute on the cloth, when clearing-up time comes, leaves that ugly, black tell-tale ring of grime. Rinse out teapot after its soda bath, and always rinse before using with hot water, leave in it for a few minutes, then pour away, and so your teapot will be clean, hot and dry when you put in the tea. These with freshly boiling water mean a good, refreshing cup of tea, a treat to the tired, a stimulant to the weary, a glorious cup that "cheers but not inebriates."

The Frying Pan.

The frying pan is easily cleaned. Fill with warm water and washing powder, and let it boil up well. Empty out, and rub well and thoroughly with a roll of paper. If the paper comes away brown-looking, fill up again with water

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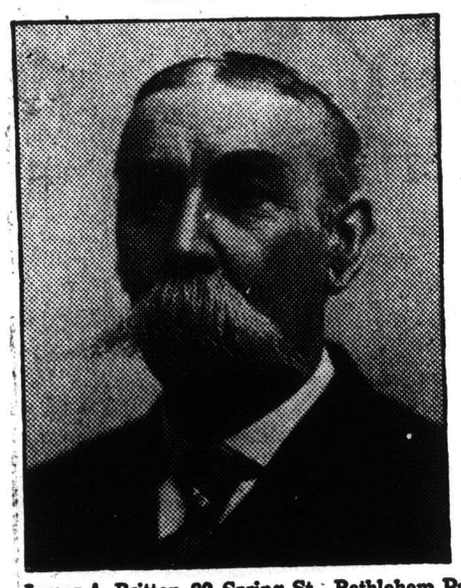

James A. Britton, 80 Spring St., Bethlehem Pa. U.S.A., says: "I was ruptured for six years and always had trouble until I got your appliance. My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your appliance."

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The illustration shows the inside working of the awl. This Automatic Awl will sew anything that an ordinary awl will make a hole through—harness, boots, tents, suit-cases, belting, carpets, etc., making a lockstitch like a machine. Sews 2 feet of heavy leather, in the time usually taken to make a waxed thread.

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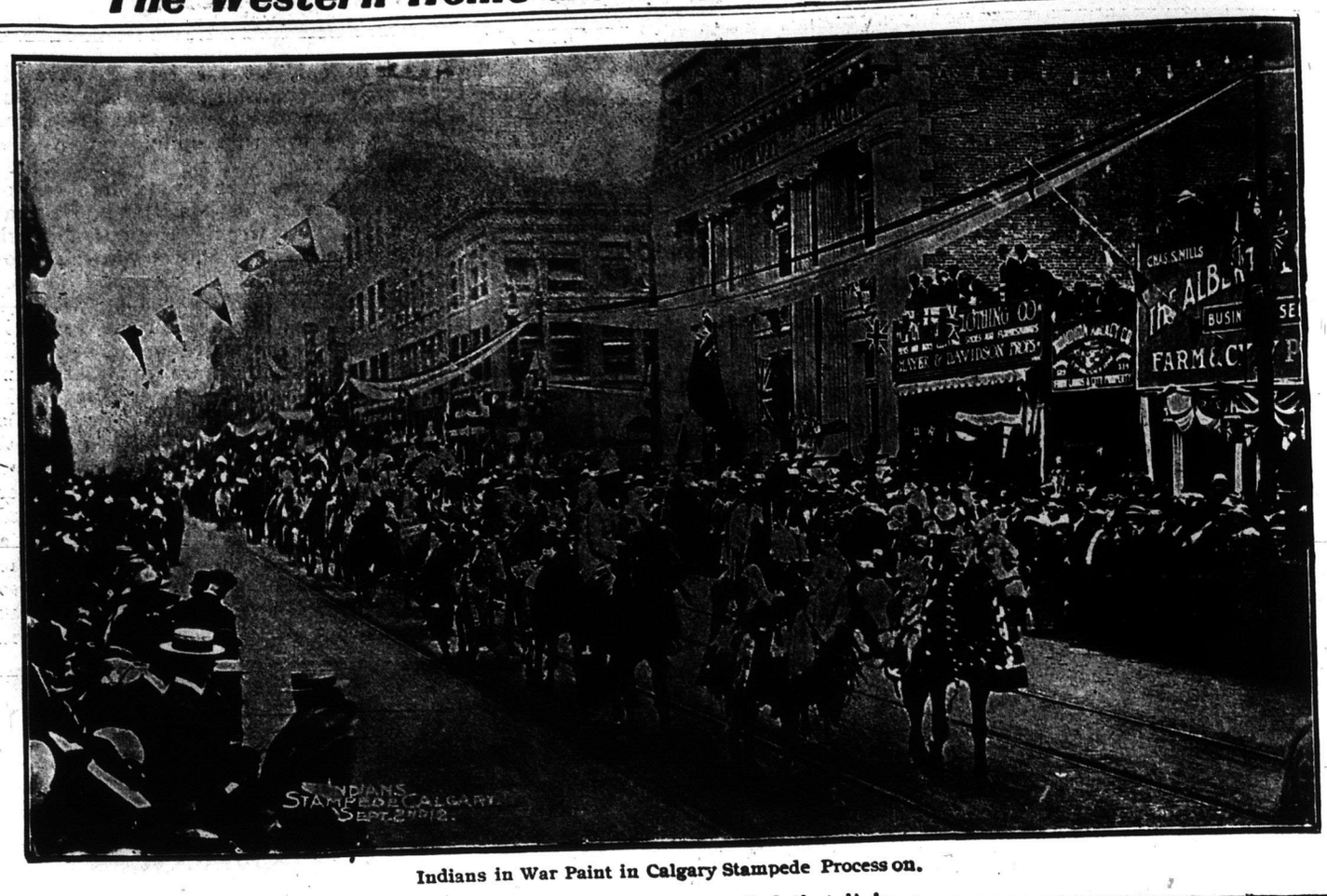


Indians in War Paint in Calgary Stampede Process on.

and powder, and boil again, then thoroughly rub again with paper, repeating as often as necessary. Paper is better than your dish-rag, as it is not so yielding and cleanlier, being burnt after use. Using the dish-rag, it is a considerable time before you get the grease out of it, and you are liable to pop this greasy wash-cloth in a glorious pan of hot "powdery" water, which has all your nice, clean spoons and forks soaking in it, which means an hour or two of hard work bringing them back to their pristine brightness. Frying pans ought not to need scraping, a rub with a moderately firm wad of paper should be sufficient, that is if it has had water put into it as soon as its contents are emptied out. Saucepans ought also to have water put into them as soon as emptied. Neglect of this means extra work when washing-up time comes, as by then the remnants of food left in the pans is "caked" on and hard. In the same way, dishes are never easier washed than just after use. Saving up from one meal to another means more than treble the work, and is so much more tiresome. So, girls, clean up as you go, and so save time and labor in your pantry work.

Thoroughness of Work and Economy of Time.

In work, as in all else, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Most mistresses are anxious that work should be well and thoroughly done, but while it must be admitted that there are servants who are careless and slip-shod, it must also be admitted that many mistresses are unreasonable and demand impossibilities because they have no idea of the time that is needed to ensure thoroughness in any branch of work. Most servants will do their best to please a mistress who knows what work is and how long it takes to do it well.

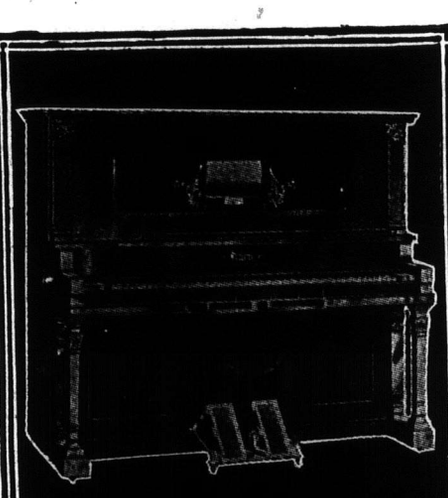
Now, to do work well takes work, and that of the steady methodical kind. The girl who hurries and bustles, does not, as a rule, take time to be punctilious in regard to cleanliness and care of furniture. She is too anxious to be done. Consequently, she does a great deal of harm to furniture by banging things down on the sideboard or table and by knocking chairs recklessly against sideboards, and thus chipping the veneering. She will rub fine polished surfaces, such as the top of a piano, with a rough, gritty duster, and then plead ignorance as to the many lines and scratches that appear on the erstwhile smooth surfaces. With the bouncing maid, too, handles are perpetually coming off dishes and ornaments getting knocked over, and so, though accidents will occasionally happen in spite of care with any one, we find that it is the steady, methodical worker who gets through her work with the smallest destruction to property, and who is most satisfactory in the long run.

Method in House Work.

A good housekeeper arranges the different items of work in such a way that a portion is done each day and thus no one is inconvenienced, and the household machinery works smoothly. Irregularity and want of method invariably result in loss of time and temper. A good manager does not so arrange her work that she or her maid are not finished up at night the one day and idle the next. The golden rule in this respect is to have a list drawn up for your own or your maid's guidance as to each day's work and to keep religiously to this.

Each apartment should be thoroughly cleaned once a week at least. Do one room a day, and thus time can be taken to do it well. Other days merely dust and straighten it, and, except in the case of the living room, which will require sweeping every day, it will require very little else. Keep religiously to your washing day, as the constant postponement of this is a sign of a very ill regulated household. Have a basket or bag for soiled clothes, and put things away in this when you see them getting dirty. Do not wait till they are grimy, or they will require extra rubbing. Prepare beforehand for your washing day. Fill the boiler, set the fire, sort the clothes in lots, and soak those which are dirty. Do not be perpetually "puddling" small things, as this wastes your time and does not give the clothes a chance to be white. Leave them aside till washing day when you have plenty of hot water and soap. Have an afternoon for ironing and one for darning and mending, and do not get behind with these, finishing up each week's as you go along.

Be very clean with regard to cooking. The careless, muddling cook uses her cooking utensils indiscriminately. She will boil onions in a pan; simply wash it out, then use the same pan for a sweet sauce for a pudding, and then be surprised when we complain that it tastes of onions. A person cooking should be particular as to the neat arrangement of her hair, as nothing is more disgusting than the sight of hairs in food. All utensils should be washed and should besides be scoured inside at least once a week and scalded each time after use. In household work, as in all else, have the proper tools if you intend to do good work. In dish-washing have a supply of good, clean cloths, and you can then expect to see your dishes dried and polished, not damp and with fluffy bits of cotton about them. Have linen glass cloths for drying glasses, chamois leather for rubbing up



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the silver, and a goodly supply of dusters, properly hemmed, so that no threads will drop from the frayed ends, for dusting. Cotton may often be picked up at sales for very little, and this makes splendid dusters. Have a bag to keep them in when not in use and put at once among the soiled clothes when dirty. A room cannot be said to be thoroughly clean that is not well dusted, and it cannot be well dusted without proper, clean dusters. Use two dusters when polishing chairs, etc., and you will not finger-mark those things you polish. Clean your windows regularly, and they will be so much easier done and have always spotless curtains, remembering that clean windows and spotless curtains generally indicate to the passer-by the character of the mistress of the dwelling.

Sweethearts and Wives.

To sweethearts and wives love is the end and aim of existence, and if the loved one should chance to be a trifle less demonstrative than usual one day they are apt to torment themselves with these questions: "Does he love me as much as ever?" "Is his love on the wane?"

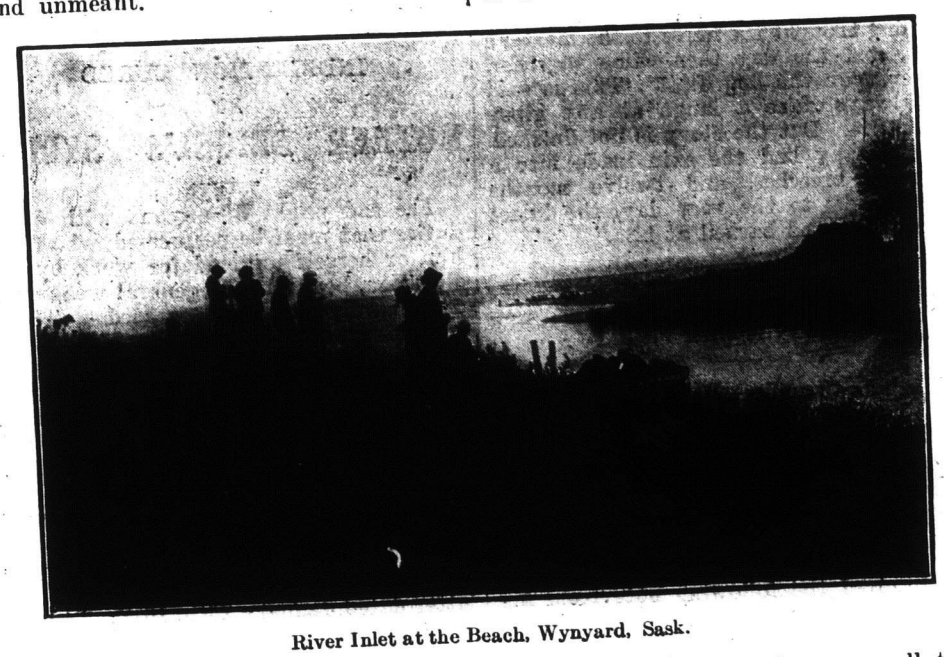
They will worry and fret over a fancied slight or chance forgetfulness. "He would not have done so in our early courting days, and I was so sure he would always remember this day, above all others." And so on, making themselves unhappy over a trifle unnoticed and unmeant.

lasting love, nevertheless. Even on days when it takes a secondary place, it is there, notwithstanding, and a chance look will draw it forth in greater intensity than ever.

The sweetheart or wife who is always craving, always asking for displays of affection is going the surest way to lose it all. You cannot force love and if you chance to strive to make its tide "flow" when at the "ebb" you are apt to get indifference rather than affection. Love, to be love, must be spontaneous, therefore, when your lover or husband demonstrates his affection for you, accept his attentions lovingly, but never, never seek to force them. Rest assured, the love is there, and by and by, when the mists caused by anxious thoughts and business worries roll away, it will shine forth again in all its splendor.

Do not think that your husband should never be absent from your side if he truly loves you. Man is a many-sided creature, and his interests are never bounded by the four walls of home as a woman's are. He may love you dearly, yet wish to go to a smoking concert, or to his club occasionally, and if you are a wise woman you will not seek to hinder him.

You take no interest, it may be, outside your home; empires may rise and fall, yet leave you unmoved. But man is different. Let him go amongst his outside world occasionally, welcome in his friends at times, and you will be all the happier for it. Perhaps solitude seems more ideal to you, but, sweethearts and wives, it may be deadly dull to a man sometimes, however much he



River Inlet at the Beach, Wynyard, Sask.

Man's love is of his life a thing apart and it is not the all-absorbing thing to a man which it is to a woman. He may love you as much as ever; nay, does so, but he has taken upon himself to support you in comfort, and it would ill-befit him to give no thought to the future or to his business. That thoughtful, anxious look on his brow is caused by business cares and worries, and does he love you the less that he takes thought for the morrow? Your husband would be less than a man if he spent his time mooning around after you, while you lived on bread and cheese and kisses, instead of bestirring himself, plotting and planning how to keep you in comfort or even affluence.

Love is but a part of man's life, though it is woman's whole existence. He has married you, chosen you, above all other women, therefore, you may be sure of his faithful and undying love. He may not be always telling you so, but see the happy contented look on his face, secure as he is in possession of you in your loved presence in his home. Man is an undemonstrative animal at best, and he who shows them least, has often the deepest, tenderest feelings.

Remember, too, sweethearts and wives, that love cannot always be maintained at white heat; it has its ebb and flow. At times all of us feel so full of love that we cannot find words strong enough to express it, while at other times, other interests push love for the time into the background, and let it take a second place. Love undoubtedly ebbs and flows with us all, yet it can be real, true, warm, loves you. He will welcome you all the more for the little break in the monotony of his own home life, and will come back afresh with eyes of love to behold his best and dearest. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Your Vote.

Now you have a vote, my friend,
Rightly use it;
(Make this mental note, my friend).
Don't abuse it;
For your vote means weal or woe
For the nation, you must know.

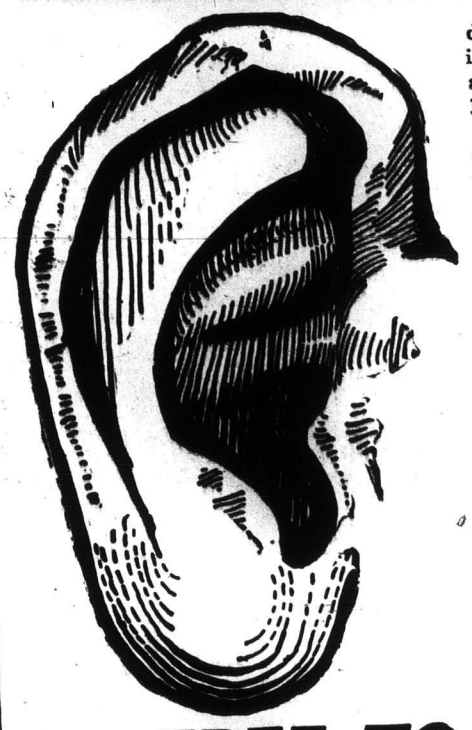
When you mark your cross, my friend,
Rightly place it;
Else 'twill be your loss, my friend,
Don't mistrace it;
Vote for him who hates the drink:
Who to smite it does not shrink.

Temperance needs your aid, my friend,
Rightly give it;
Vote thus till the "Trade," my friend,
Can't outlive it;
Every vote against Drink's curse
May save going from bad to worse.

Precious is your vote, my friend.
Rightly view it:
Sacred, too, I note, my friend,
Thought you knew it;
What if God should ask that day
If you used it the right way?

Hall Caine:—Our outrageous spelling is the only difficulty in the way of English becoming the international language.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF



Here's the gladdest, best news that ever came to deaf people—news so welcome and so joyful that it seems too good to be true! **Yet it is true—absolutely true—and it means happiness and hearing for many, many victims of Deafness!**

The best cure ever known for Deafness—a cure that has been successful in even very bad cases of this trouble—has just been discovered by a famous specialist after twenty-five years of study and scientific investigation. Firmly believing, as he always has, that the greater part of the so-called incurable cases of Deafness could be cured, he worked unceasingly until he found the method for curing Deafness that is now producing such splendid results.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, *(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service)* originator of this new and successful treatment, has always had the greatest sympathy and feeling for the Deaf. He understands all the loneliness of their lot and he rejoices in his discovery since by it he can bestow the blessing of hearing on so many who now believe their Deafness to be hopeless. He has already cured by its means numerous cases of Deafness where other doctors and other treatments have wholly failed, and he has restored clear and perfect hearing to persons who had not heard distinctly for years. Knowing as he does all that he can do for sufferers from Deafness, he feels it his duty to assist them with the knowledge he has gained in just such cases as theirs, and in friendliness and sincerity he gladly offers

FREE TO THE DEAF

the benefits of his skill and learning. If you are deaf—if your hearing is failing in any degree—he will study your case carefully and give you, without it costing you a cent, valuable medical advice on just how to cure your Deafness. No one need hesitate to accept this generous offer, for Deafness Specialist Sproule is heart and soul in his work and his great aim is to bring happiness to deaf people. His mail every day is enormous—it contains requests from all over the world for the helpful free medical advice he so willingly gives, and hundreds of letters of heartfelt gratitude from people he has already cured.

No matter how hopeless your case seems to you, don't fail to write to him. Remember he has cured many, many cases of Deafness once considered incurable, where people had not heard distinctly for years—cases of people of advanced age who never expected to hear again. Distance makes no difference to him—he does not have to see you. If you want to know how to be cured of your Deafness all you need to do is this—answer the questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it at once to

Deafness Specialist SPROULE
117 Trade Building, Boston

Do not lose this great opportunity of receiving valuable advice free. Write to him NOW—TODAY!

This Coupon entitles readers of this paper to medical advice free on curing Deafness

Do your ears itch?
Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
Do both ears trouble you?
Does wax form in your ears?
How long have you been deaf?
Do you have pain in your ears?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you hear better in a noisy place?
Did your Deafness come on gradually?
Do you have a discharge from either ear?
Do you have ringing sounds in your ears?
Is your Deafness worse when you have a cold?
Can you hear some sounds better than others?
Are there hissing sounds like steam escaping?
Are there hissing sounds like steam escaping?
Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Special Winter Offer

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER, Winnipeg - - - $1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg 1.00
REGULAR Price - - - $2.00

SNAP OFFER BOTH FOR ONE YEAR
$1.00

THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY TO THOSE LIVING WITHIN THE CITY OF WINNIPEG LIMITS OR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. IT HOLDS GOOD, HOWEVER, TO GREAT BRITAIN.

.....1912

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.
Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and the Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

.....

.....

How He Escaped An Operation

And Was Completely Cured of Piles of 14 Years' Standing by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Chas. Beauvais.

Doctors say that about one person in every four suffers more or less from piles, and who can imagine a more annoying, torturing, disagreeable ailment?

After trying a few treatments without success, and as the ailment grows worse, the medical doctor is consulted. An operation, he says, is necessary. You think of the suffering, expense and risk to life itself, and hesitate before taking such a step.

In many thousands of such cases Dr. Chase's Ointment has made thorough and lasting cures. Read this letter for the proof.

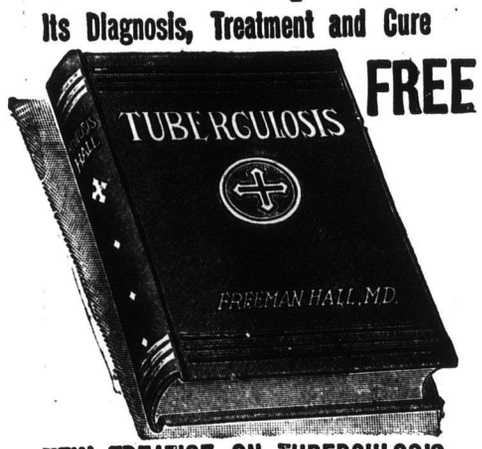
Mr. Charles Beauvais, a well-known citizen of St. Jean, Que., writes:—"For 14 years I suffered from chronic piles, and considered my case very serious. I was treated by a celebrated doctor who could not help me and ordered a surgical operation as the only means of relief.

"However, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and obtained great relief from the first box. By the use of three boxes I was entirely cured. This is why it gives me great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who suffer from piles as a treatment of the greatest value."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Consumption

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure FREE



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 1727 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write to-day. It may mean the saving of your life.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Calgary Stampede Parade, Mounted Police leading Procession

In Lighter Vein.

"Farther" to "Further."

Says "Farther" to "Further," My peace you disturb,
For you are an active and transitive verb,
And always yo're striving to "further" your cause,
Ignoring my rights, and King Grammar's good laws.

I'm only an adverb of distance 'tis true,
But still I've my place, and my duty to do;
And I'll thank you, however at my protest you scoff,
To mind your own business and keep farther off.

You've a work of your own, to push all things along,
And you're able to do it, because you are strong;
And I'll run before you to mark out your way,
And help you to further things farther each day.

Your work is to boost things, and mine is to lead;
We each need the other for making good speed;
So please on my province no longer intrude;
"Thus far and no further!" nor deem I am rude.

'Tis rumored that "Further" "acknowledged the corn,"
And said, "I'm a sinner, as sure as I'm born;
But now if you'll pardon my fault, in your grace
I'll trespass no farther, but keep my own place."

So each his aggression has promised to curb,
The adverb, the active and transitive verb;
And now will all mortals this treaty regard,
That King Grammar's reign may no longer be marred?

A Romany Tale.

"Once upon a time there lived a gipsy named Happy Boz'll, who had a dog. One day, when hunting, the dog started two hares, but it could not run after them both. Luckily the dog ran against a scythe blade and cut itself in two. One half of the dog chased one hare and caught it; the other half chased the other hare and caught it too. Both halves of the dog brought the hares to the master's feet, and the dog then came together. Whereupon the dog died." This is said to always raise a laugh at any gipsy camp fire. But the story is not finished. "Old Happy had the skin made into a pair of breeches, and twelve months afterwards, to the very day, the knees burst open and barked at him."

The Light that Failed.

Farmer Giles had been invited to his rich neighbour's, Farmer Tiles, and, expecting that his journey homeward would be dark, had taken the stable lamp. The wine was not spared, and both sat long over their glasses. Nevertheless, Giles reached home in safety, guided as he thought by his lamp. Next morning he received the following note from his friend:—

"Dear Giles,—Am returning your stable lamp, please send back my parrot and cage."

Rather Small.

Four-year-old Jean was looking curiously at some gooseberries.

"Auntie," said she, "what funny little eggs geese lay!"

A Youthful Agassiz.

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" said a mother to her little son.

"We had nature study, and it is my turn to bring a specimen."

"That was nice. What did you do?"

"I brought a bed-bug in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and, if she wanted, I could bring one every day."

Not What She Meant.

The little girl was very fond of pleasant days, and at the close of a heavy rainstorm, petitioned in her prayer for fine weather; when, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear, she became jubilant, and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said:

"Well, dear, why can't you pray tonight that it may be warmer to-morrow, so that grandma's rheumatism will be better?"

"All right, I will," was the quick response; and that night, as she knelt, she said, "O Lord, please make it hot for grandma!"

"KNIFE-LIKE PAINS AFTER EATING."

INDIGESTION CURED BY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

The sad plight of anyone with daily duties that must be performed, who finds him or herself unfitted for work by indigestion, headache, or general weakness, can hardly be exaggerated. These troubles all arise from **Indigestion. That,** and that alone, is the cause of the headaches, billiousness, constipation and the want of appetite, and the pain which follows upon forcing one's self to eat when there is no natural inclination to do so.

Among the many people who know from bitter experience the truth of these words is Mrs. W. Wright, of Dalhousie East, Kings Co., N.S., who says in a letter dated January 25th, 1912: "I used to suffer greatly from indigestion and headaches. It was seldom I was free from either. But there was another—and worse—trouble afflicted me. I used to endure knife-like pains after eating, no matter how light the meal I had taken. My condition grew worse daily, and my ordinary work increased in difficulty till it became almost impossible.

"I tried several different medicines without obtaining relief, and was afraid my health was permanently impaired. Fortunately, that was not so. Being advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills, I found those two medicines had a wonderfully good effect upon me. Soon I was able to eat without suffering pain afterwards. I developed an ordinary, normal appetite; was free from headaches or pains of any kind—in short was cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup."

Be your daily task what it may, it is bound to use up some of your reserve store of energy, and this can only be replaced by strength which comes from food, which must be properly digested.

Mother Seigel's Syrup will do this for you as no other medicine can. Put it to the test to-day.

Price $1.00. Trial size 50 cents. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

We manufacture APRON DRESSES of extremely pretty figured prints for over cloth dresses for winter wear—these pretty dresses are cut full with a V-shaped neck and short sleeves which are edged with a wide plain colored band which also binds the lower edge of the dress. Comes in beautiful blue figured prints with plain blue band trimming. Red figured prints with plain red band trimming, white awn with sky blue band trimming made as pictured. Send for an assortment. Age 1 to 8, three $1. Age 10 to 14, two $1, add 15c for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Ont.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

LOW RETURN FARES

TO

EASTERN CANADA

On Sale December 1st to 31st, 1912—Three Months' Limit.

Modern electric-lighted equipment. Dining cars, with good food and seasonable delicacies well cooked. Courteous attendants, immediate connections, congenial fellow passengers.

CHOICE OF ROUTES

Through Canada all rail.
Through Duluth and the "Soo."
Through Chicago, Detroit and other large U.S. cities.

THE OLD COUNTRY AND EUROPE

Special low return fare. Good for five months. On sale Nov. 7 to Dec. 31st, 1912.

Tickets have the same privilege of service and route mentioned above. Sailing from Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, Portland, New York or Boston.

For full information, call on any Canadian Northern Agent or fill in the attached coupon and mail it to

R. CREELMAN,
General Passenger Agent,
Canadian Northern Ry.,
Winnipeg.

Winnipeg City Ticket Office,
N.W. Cor. Main and Portage,
Phone M. 2951 and M. 1066.

Mr. R. CREELMAN,
G.P.A., C.N.R.,
Winnipeg.
Please mail to my address Illustrated Pamphlet about your Excursions.

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Write Name and Address plainly.

Some Western Shrubs.

By S. J. Wigley.

The newcomer to the West can hardly fail to notice the wonderful beauty of our native shrubs; flowers, leaves, fruit and bark all attract his attention and their very novelty makes him eager to learn their names and something of their usefulness.

Much time and money is spent in the praiseworthy efforts to introduce new kinds of plants able to withstand our hard winters, but are not our hardy native varieties somewhat neglected?

The four shrubs illustrated in these photographs all deserve something more than a passing notice.

Wolf Willow or Silverberry. Elaeagnus Argentea.

This shrub well deserves a place in all gardens, not only for its appearance and fragrant flowers, but as a useful hedge and windbreak. If less common, it would doubtless be eagerly sought.

Its leaves and fruit are a silvery green. Its yellow flowers appear in June and are delightfully fragrant.

Red Willow or Red Cosier Dog Wood. Cornus Stolonifer.

This is another handsome shrub. Its bright red bark in winter, clusters of white flowers in June and pure white berries in August, all demand attention. It grows readily from cuttings, which should be planted 10 or 12 feet apart. The inner

Wolf Willow (natural size).

Red Willow (natural size).

THINGS WE DO

Artistic Hair Dressing
Marcel Waving
Shampooing
Scientific Scalp Treatment
Hair Cutting
Hair Dyeing
Hair Bleaching
Wig Making
Complexion Beautifying
Manicuring
Hand Massage
Facial Massage
Foot Massage
Chiropody
Advice Free

Quality Hair Goods at Bargain Prices

LADIES!

There is nothing that improves a woman's appearance better than a good head of hair and how often do we not hear "What lovely hair!" This is often said of our clients—ladies whom Dame Nature has not furnished with a very luxuriant growth of hair, but who has the good sense to realize how prejudicial to happiness it was not to have copious locks like their friends. Through our mail-order department country customers can enjoy the same privileges as their confreres in the city. Every week we ship out wigs, toupees, pompadours, transformations, switches, etc., to points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, so our readers need be under no misapprehension as to our ability to fill their orders.

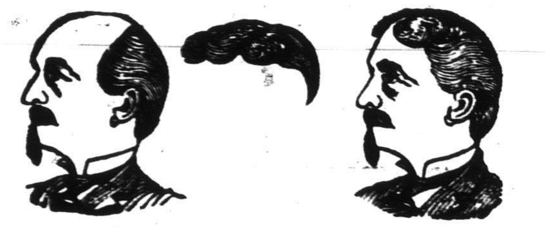
Note our Prices for Switches.

Curly Switches		Straight Switches	
16 inches long	$2.00	16 inches long	[illegible]
18 " "	3.00	18	2.50
20 " "	4.00	20	3.50
22 "	5.00	22	4.50
24 "	[illegible]	24	[illegible]
26 "	10.00	26	10.00

How to Order.—Cut sample full length of hair, state length of hair and whether curly or straight. Money back if not perfectly satisfactory.

Catalogue Free on Request

GENTLEMEN!



We do not, however, confine our attention entirely to ladies, and business men are some of our best customers. They, too, are quick to realize that a smart appearance is essential to success. Don't spoil the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of paint, especially when we can fix you up in a manner which will both surprise and please you.

This illustration shows one of our beautiful perfect fitting transformations. Observe how effective and true to nature it is. Our wig department is under the personal supervision of a competent wig maker, who gives this branch of the business his undivided attention. Our switches, wigs, toupees and pompadours are absolutely undetectable and are made of live hair.

Gentlemen's Wigs and Toupees from $15 upwards

SEAMAN & PETERSEN, New York Hair Store, 283 Smith St., Winnipeg

Some of the Things we carry

Wigs for Ladies and Gentlemen
Toupees
Transformations
Waves
Gloria Curls
Bangs
Switches

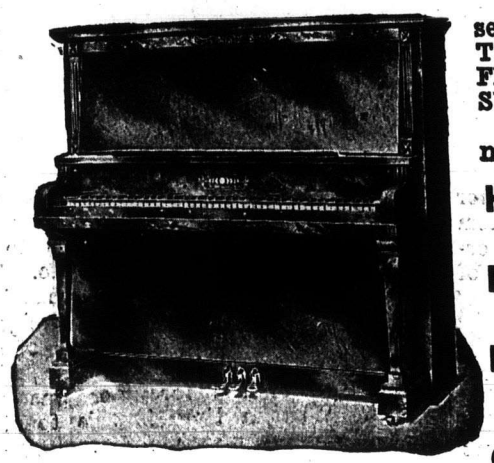
In fact, everything that can be made of human hair.

Also a complete line of cosmetics and lotions

Correspondence Solicited

THOUSANDS of DOLLARS

SAVED PIANO BUYERS THROUGH OUR GREAT NINTH ANNUAL SALE OF SUMMER RESORT PIANOS



Share in this vast saving yourself—if you've any desire for music in your home you surely will when you've seen this great Sale stock—seen the famous makes—their splendid condition—noted the plainly marked Red Tags and the sensational savings they show—and learned of our Special Summer Resort Sale Terms—IN EVERY FEATURE WHICH MAKES FOR MOST DESIRABLE PURCHASE, YOU'LL FIND THIS SALES-EVENT STANDS SUPREME!

Here are some of the bargains available to you to-day—we can tell you of the saving, but the unparalleled musical value presented can only be fully appreciated by personal investigation.

HEINTZMAN—7 1-3 Octave cabinet grand upright piano, in rich dark walnut case, with full length figured panels, Boston fall board, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale Price..... **$228**

BELL—7 1-3 Octave cabinet grand upright piano; is in figured walnut case, with plain polished panels; has full metal frame, Wessell, Nickel & Gross action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale price..... **$235**

MENDELSSOHN—7 1-3 Octave upright piano, in handsome double veneered mahogany case of new design, with full length polished panels, three pedals, muffler attachment, etc.; used less than a year; cannot be told from new. Sale price..... **$243**

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—7 1-3 Octave upright piano, in dark mahogany case, with plain polished panels, full length music desk, ivory and ebony keys. A piano which has been received in exchange for a player piano, and has had very little use, and is in good order. Sale price..... **$263**

BELL—7 1-3 Octave upright piano, with plain polished panels. This piano has been received in exchange on a Gourlay Angelus; is a splendid tone piano, and is in perfect order. Sale Price..... **$275**

GOURLAY—7 1-3 Octave cabinet grand upright piano in rich figured mahogany case, simple and attractive in design, with plain panels, Boston fall board, three pedals, etc. The piano has had very little use, and is just like new. Sale price..... **$305**

AUTO PIANO PLAYER—This is a sample instrument and a splendid Player. Fine Spanish mahogany case. Regular price $850.00. Sale price..... **$485**

GOURLAY ANGELUS PLAYER—Grand Piano scale, could be sold for new. Exceptionally fine player including stool and music. Regular price $950.00. Sale price **$650**

25 BELL, DOMINION, KARN, ETC. slightly used organs, all in good repair at prices from..... **$25**

TERMS: Used Pianos under $250, $10 cash, $7 a month. Pianos over $250, $15 cash, $8 a month.

NEW PIANOS, all guaranteed for ten years at $285, $300, $350, $400, $450, on easy monthly, quarterly or yearly payments.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 295 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

bark is sometimes smoked by Indians, either alone or mixed with tobacco, and in some districts the bush is called kinnikinnic.

The young shoots are a favourite food of the moose.

Western Snowberry or Wolfberry.
Symphoricarpus Occidentalis.

This plant is so common and so difficult to kill in our fields, that it is honoured by being placed with obnoxious weeds, and Government officials give advice as to how it may best be destroyed. The plant belongs to the honeysuckle family. Its white berries are not poisonous, and form a favourite food for prairie hens when the snow is deep.

Bearberry.
Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi.

This is an evergreen trailing shrub of the heath family. It grows generally in light sandy soil. The leaves are used by Indians as a substitute for tobacco, and called "kinnikinnie." As shown in photo, the fruit is at times very abundant.

Sir Gilbert Parker:—The farther a man can see the less is he apt to be sure he is right.

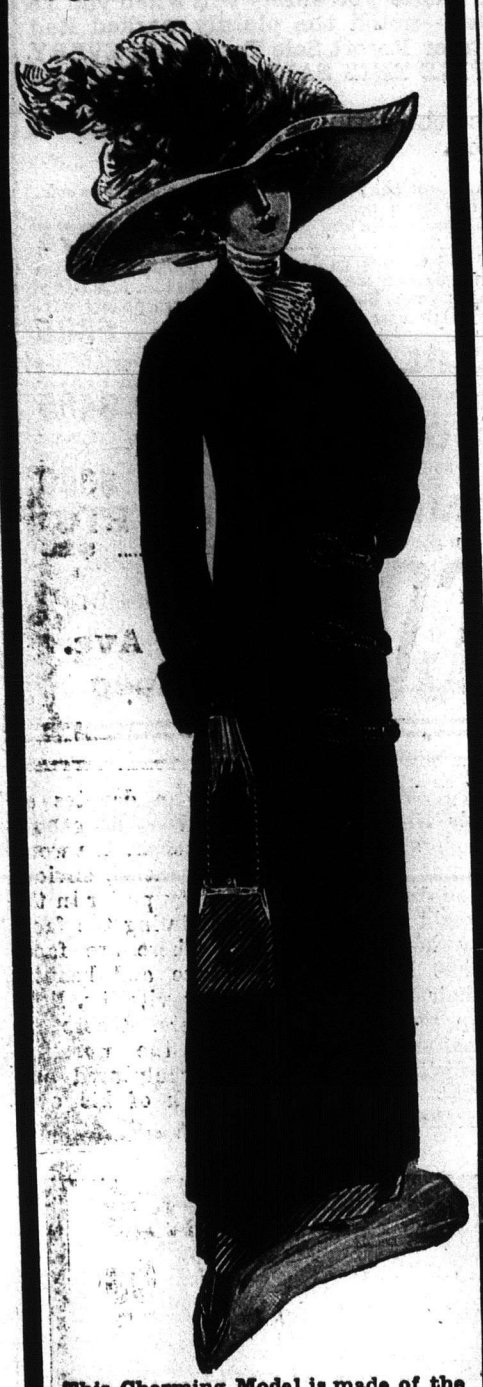
Mrs. Cornwallis-West:— A woman is not a leader of man except in so far as she leads him by the little finger.

J. M. Barrie:—If a man devotes all his life to mean enterprises, he cannot help showing it in his exterior. If a woman is bad-tempered, disgruntled, envious and discontented, no beauty parlor in the world can help her proclaiming the facts by her countenance. There are faces that by their intelligence and beauty, their sympathy and their vitality, light up the most prosaic streets. There are mother-faces on which the unselfish solicitude of years is sculptured and that makes a man think of his own mother, dead and gone.

Western Snow Berry or Wolf Berry.

Bear Berry.

WHERE AND HOW TO SAVE MONEY
ON ALL YOUR PURCHASES



This Charming Model is made of the very best quality black beaver and well finished throughout only using best quality materials.

The collar is extra large, and made of highest quality imitation Persian Lamb, having a rich, glossy, even curl. The cuffs are imitation Persian Lamb, 7 inches deep. The front fastens with three large silk frogs and silk crochet buttons, sloping pocket, length of coat 54 to 60 inches. A warm sensible coat for winter, combined with style, quality and elegance. A regular $20 value.

Mail Order Special Prepaid.

$12.75

THE COAT YOUR KIDDIE OUGHT TO HAVE

Children's imitation bear skin coats, made of warm, serviceable material, lined flannelette throughout. Has large collar and finished with pearl buttons.

This beautiful coat is sure to please and give excellent wear and perfect satisfaction

Very Special

$1.59

Mail Order Department

W. H. Scroggie Limited

MONTREAL QUEBEC

Sunday Reading.

Prayer.

Holy and most merciful God, our Heavenly Father, we bless Thee for Thy faithful promises. We thank Thee at this season for the time of sowing, and we trust that Thou wilt give us also the harvest. Send, we beseech Thee, the needed rain and sunshine, and let the earth bring forth abundantly. And as Thou dost satisfy our wants help us to look up with gratitude, desiring grace that we may serve Thee with unstinted devotion. Let Thy Word be as good seed in our hearts, watered and warmed by the gracious influences of Thy Holy Spirit and growing up and bearing fruit to Thy praise and glory. Amen.

In China's Capital.

By the Rev. H. S. Martin, of Pekin.

At this time it is interesting to note how all classes turn to the foreigner and church for protection. So far as I can see the people have very little conception of the great ideas Christ emphasized, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In the times of their distress they have no higher power to whom they turn, and who they have faith to believe will work out for them a destiny larger than they know. Nor can they work in harmony with each other, for each fears that his neighbor is taking some unfair advantage or mistrusts him of some sinister motive. China's old religions have all been individualistic; she has never known anything of the altruism of Christianity.

It is gratifying and encouraging to mark the contrast as one turns from the fears and schemes of the worldly-wise to the confidence and plans of the Christians who have come to know something of the spirit of their Master. Some time ago our native pastor, Li, spoke to a large audience from the twenty-seventh Psalm and the eighth chapter (thirty-first verse and on) of Romans. As he brought the message of hope and trust in the Lord and of the steadfastness of Christ's love, it was touching to see the people drinking in the meaning of it all. As they went out with firmer faith and higher hopes I thought it was worth the years of patient teaching and arduous work to bring this message to them. Surely the spirit that was in the Christ is what China needs. It is gratifying, too, to see how the Christians are trying to show their faith by their works. Not only are they making plans for their own protection, but many of them are giving all their time in an organization whose aim is the good of all.

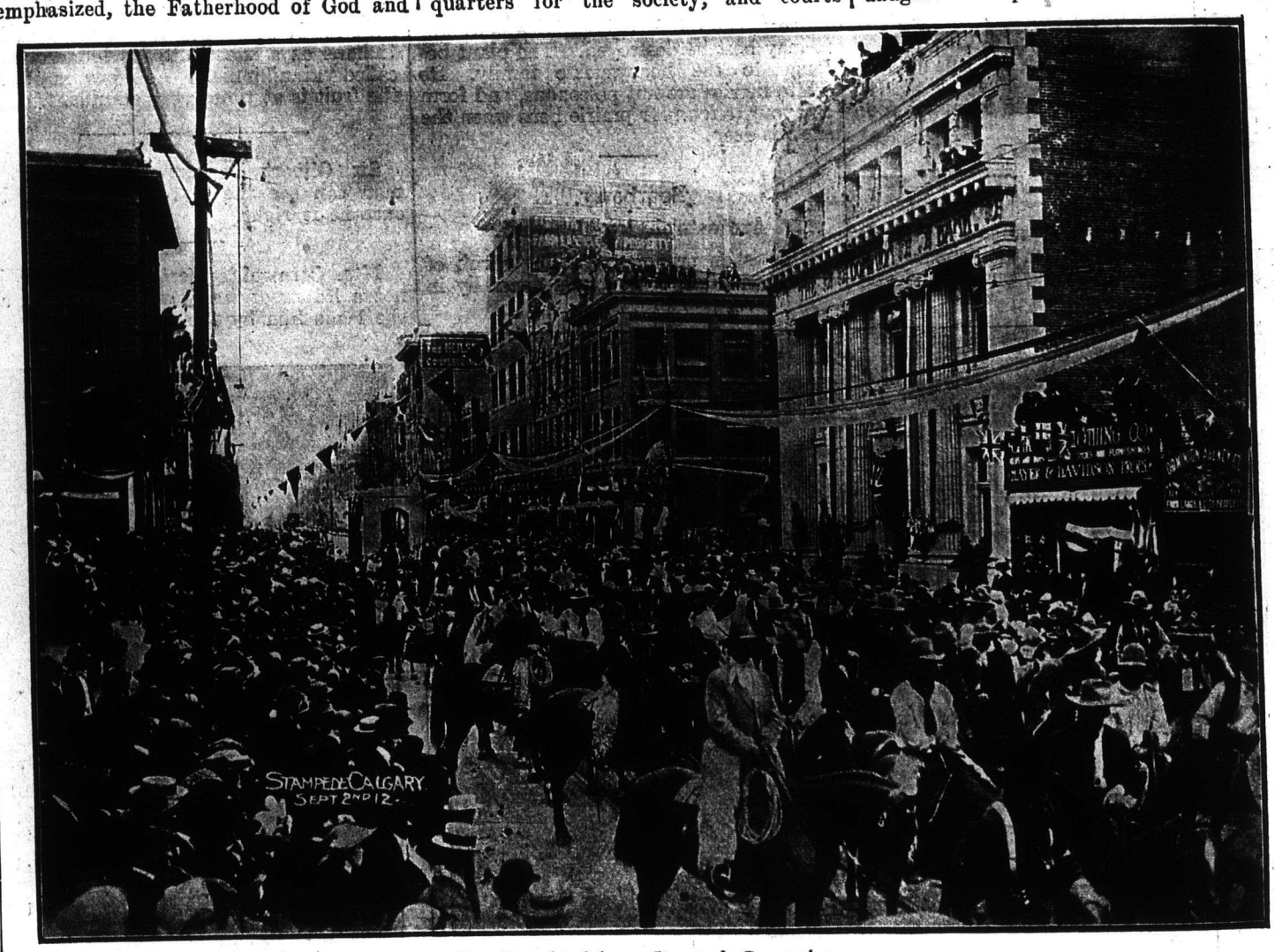
Women Protecting the Women.

This organization is one for the protection of ~~women and~~ children, a kind of Red Cross Society. One of the city officials conceived the idea of some sort of protective society, but felt incapable of developing it. He laid the matter before Miss Miner of our mission, and begged her co-operation. She took the subject up with the Government's Board of the Interior, and with the aid of Mrs. Ament and others has perfected an organization which we hope will do much for the Chinese women and children should there be a period of interregnum. Miss Russell's "Hall of Enlightenment" has been made the headquarters for the society, and courts near our mission have been opened as refugees. Besides this central station there are four others in the city under the one supervision. Women of high rank have offered their services, and wealthy homes have been put at the disposal of the society.

The plan for enrolling is this: Any one who desires protection for the women of his household enters their names, pays a dollar fee for each one over twelve years of age, and receives a badge and receipt which he is to present when they wish protection. For three days there have been men and women standing in line before the door of the "Ming Lun T'ang" handing in names. The faces of many are anxious and worn, and the conversation is carried on in subdued tones. During three days 1,500 persons have registered at this one station, and about as many at each of the other stations. One princess comes with $100 and a supply of rice. She asks if she may bring in some of her waiting women. Mrs. Ament asks how many she would like to bring, and after meditation she replies, "Could I bring ten?" She was doubtless wondering which ones she could leave behind. Gifts from the Chinese are coming in every day, and last night word came that the city council had voted 10,000 taels to support the undertaking. An urgent telegram has come from Kalgan asking that some one be sent there to start a similar organization. Money and places are available if some one will lead. Of course, this is all in preparation for a period of interregnum, which we hope will not come, when lawlessness will have full sway. The society does not insure protection, but promises to do all that ganized effort can do. The significant fact in all this is that high and low are turning to the foreigners for advice and aid at this time of distress. It is not as in Boxer days, when every sign of the foreigner was concealed. What a time is this to show that Christianity stands for!

The Street Sights.

Upon the street there is in general the semblance of ordinary business activities, but one can but feel the undercurrent of anxiety and waiting for something to happen. The air is charged with rumors, many of them creations of wild imagination. The numerous wedding processions one meets as he goes in any direction tell the eagerness of the Chinese father to give his daughter the protection that marriage affords. Carts loaded with the furniture of moving families are a common sight, and the trains are crowded to the limits with people who are fleeing from the city. One visits a store he has often frequented only to find the signs down and the goods conveyed to places of safety. The legations are sending out word advising foreigners to bring to them their valuables, and to prepare for a speedy withdrawal to their quarters should the worst come. The government schools are nearly all closed, and the pupils scattered to their homes, but the mission schools are carrying on work as usual, thus adding a double burden to the teachers in these days of stress. The Chinese watch the foreigners so closely for signs of disturbance that it seems best to carry on the regular routine as nearly as possible. It is interesting to note that even here in this centre of Manchu rule, and among some Manchus themselves, the feeling is quite prevalent that it is time for Manchu rule to cease. They have seen so much lavish and unwarranted expenditure of the people's



Cow Boys in Calgary Stampede Procession.

money, as for instance, at great funerals, when real silk and wooden articles are burned, that they think any change will be for the better.

As for ourselves, we plan to stay in the compound as long as possible. Should there come a time when we can do nothing here, we shall go to the legation. But we are hoping that matters may be arranged without bloodshed, and that China will soon settle down to peaceful development. The throne has acceded to all the demands of the revolutionists, except actual addication. It is the general thought of foreigners that the people have now all the rights of popular government that they are able to assimilate. Whatever may be the outcome of these days, we know that China can never go back to what she was in the past.

Half a Truth

When a family, without herald or credentials, suddenly dumps itself down in the midst of a small and select community, that community owes it to itself to preserve a stri t neutrality as regards its own conduct. How else is the social amenity to be preserved? Such was the argument Silcote brought forward in self-defence when it was proven beyond doubt that it had, individually and collectively, with two notable exceptions, made a mistake with regard to the Blomfields.

They made their appearance quite suddenly in Silcote, on the Michaelmas quarter-day, driving from Cogham Junction in a fly, in advance of a moderate-sized pantechnicon van, which was drawn up in front of an empty house in the High Street of Silcote. This house, which had been empty for three years, was wedged between the Town and Counties Bank and Doctor Hepworth's house, and apparently no effort had been made to put it in repair for the new tenants. It had been let by the Cogham house agents, and the tenants arrived in a pouring rain, and, having transferred themselves immediately from the fly to the house, set about receiving their goods and chattels.

Later in the day, and before the furniture van had been emptied, Mrs. Phillimore, the widow of the former Rector of Silcote, left her own house on the opposite side of the street and repaired to the Rectory, where the matrons of the town had already gathered for the cutting out of Dorcas garments. Mrs. Phillimore, arriving a few minutes late, owing to the interest she had taken in the house opposite, found that the new arrival was already being discussed. It may be mentioned that the rector's wife was young, and that, owing to Mrs. Phillimore's continued activities in the parish, she had found her path beset with difficulties. Professing to have resigned everything in the parish, Mrs. Phillimore had really hung on to everything, and had not scrupled to belittle the young wife, chiefly because she had earned her living by teaching before her marriage, and was therefore not supposed by Mrs. Phillimore to be at all suitable for her position. It was Mrs. Phillimore's habit to allude to the rector's wife as "that poor dear little Mrs. Cursitor," an allusion capable of a good many different interpretations, chiefly uncomplimentary.

Mrs. Phillimore, having passed the usual greetings, immediately plunged into the matter under discussion.

"Not at all! not at all! not at all! my dear woman," she remarked to Mrs. Hepworth, putting an emphasis on every different syllable as she repeated it. "How could such people possibly be an acquisition to any society? I have already discovered all we need know, or wish to know, about them. The head of the house is in jail. Don't you remember the Blomfield case, settled by Mr. Justice Harriman just after the Long Vacation? It was fraudulent bankruptcy, or something; but my nephew, Colonel Blackadder, will send me the particulars. I have written for them. These are the people; so it will be our duty at once to make a stand against them."

Appropriate horror and dismay hav-

POP

a packet of Edwards' Soup into the pot or pan when you are making that stew—or that hash or sauce, or whatever it is.

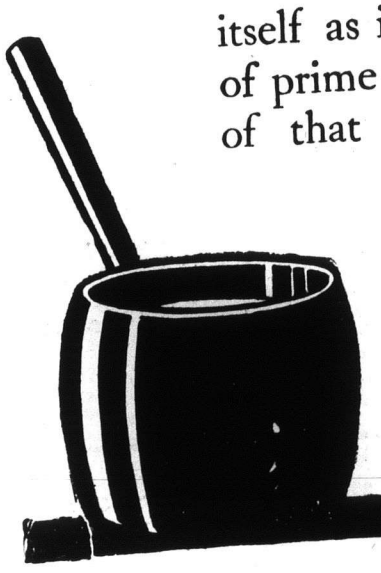
Let it boil for at least half an hour. You'll find that the home-made Irish soup will make your pet recipes tastier than ever, by bringing out their full flavour.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

This is how to make Irish Stew :—

Put in a stewpan twelve peeled potatoes, sliced the thickness of a penny, four large onions sliced—a layer of each—with salt and pepper to taste. By successive layers, half fill your pan. Then take four chops of neck of mutton, the scrag end. Lay these on the potatoes and onions and fill up with additional layers of potatoes, onions, &c., as before. In one-and-a-half pints of water boil one-and-a-half ounces of Edwards' White Vegetable Soup for thirty minutes, add it to the contents of the stewpan, and simmer all together gently for two hours.

Edwards' Desiccated Soup is nourishing and delicious by itself as in one of your own special dishes. It is made out of prime beef and the choicest Irish vegetables, without any of that strong added flavouring which some soups have.



5c. per packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

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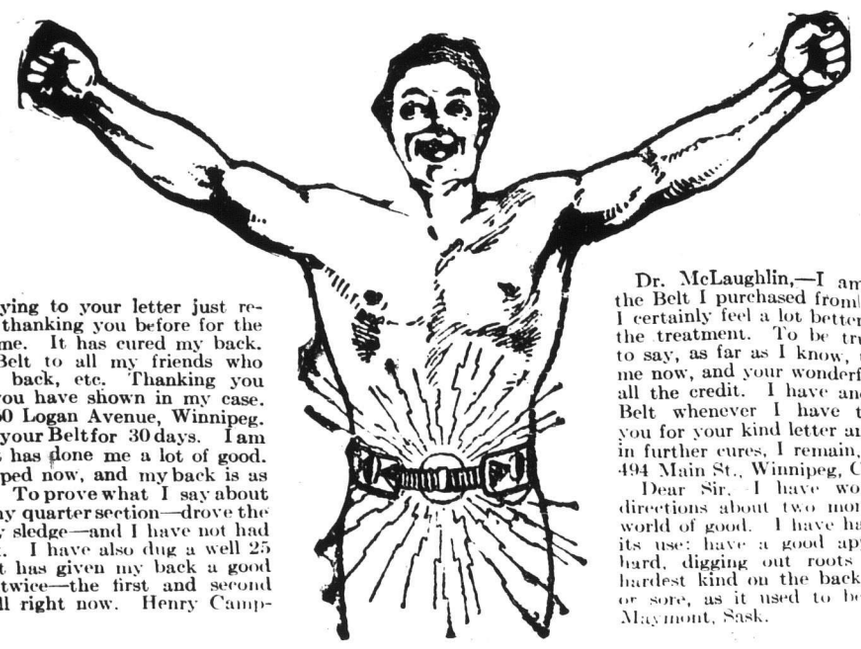

Dr. McLaughlin,—Replying to your letter just received, I am sorry in not thanking you before for the good your belt has done me. It has cured my back. I will recommend your Belt to all my friends who suffer with pains in the back, etc. Thanking you greatly for the kindness you have shown in my case. Yours truly, Fred Cox, 450 Logan Avenue, Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt for 30 days. I am pleased to tell you that it has done me a lot of good. Losses at night have stopped now, and my back is as strong as one could wish. To prove what I say about my back, I have fenced my quarter section—drove the posts myself, with a heavy sledge—and I have not had the least pain in my back. I have also dug a well 25 feet deep, so I think that has given my back a good test. I had losses but twice—the first and second week—but I am doing all right now. Henry Campisson, Togo, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin,—I am more than satisfied with the Belt I purchased from you nearly three years ago. I certainly feel a lot better today than when I started the treatment. To be truthful, I am very thankful to say, as far as I know, there is nothing wrong with me now, and your wonderful Electric Belt should have all the credit. I have and will still recommend your Belt whenever I have the opportunity. Thanking you for your kind letter and wishing you every success in further cures, I remain, yours truly, Wm. C. Allan, 494 Main St., Winnipeg, Canada.

Dear Sir, I have worn your Belt according to directions about two months, and it has done me a world of good. I have had but one loss since I began its use; have a good appetite. I am working very hard, digging out roots with a mattock, the very hardest kind on the back, yet my back is never stiff or sore, as it used to be. George Lowery, Box 42, Maymont, Sask.

Don't you want to feel the glow of new-born life in your blood and nerves, to feel the bubbling spirit of youth again? Don't you want to have a strong heart, courage, nerves of steel, self-confidence, strength in every organ, ambition, energy, grit and endurance?. Don't you want to be rid of the "come-and-go" pains, the Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Weak Back and General Debility?

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

will cure all these weaknesses of men. It will make the nerves strong, the eyes bright, and will fill the body with that fire, that vim, that snap which denotes perfect youthful manhood.

No pain or debility can exist where the body is full of electricity, for this is the source of vitality of manhood and womanhood. Twenty-six years I have spent in developing the best means of curative electricity. I know every pain and weakness that man is subject to, and have so succeeded in my remedy as to bring perfect health and strength to all those using my marvellous treatment. Men exposed to rough weather, hard work, mentally and physically, or overtaxing vital forces, are quickly and lastingly cured by my method. Many suffer from a breaking down of vitality, which never yields to medicines. My belt restores this energy.

Every man would like to be happy and make others happy. There's a lot of the "Good Samaritan" about every man, but he can't radiate much happiness and sunshine if he suffers from pain or weakness.

If you are suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, a Lame Back, Insomnia (Sleeplessness); if your Blood Circulation is bad; if you lack Energy and Courage; if Manhood's power is below the proper standard; if you suffer from Headaches, Nervous Debility, and of those manifold evils that result from dissipation—exercise overwork and worry, make up your mind that some of the organs of your body, some of the bodily functions are weak in action; your system lacks NERVE POWER—ELECTRICITY. This is my doctrine, and it's sound, for it's founded upon Scientific Fact.

You apply it about your waist when you retire. It works while you sleep. The patent regulator makes the current strong or mild. There is no shock or vibration. You feel a warm glow passing through every nerve of your body. It exhilarates you, makes you feel light-hearted, and you awaken in the morning feeling as if you could get out and take a ten-mile run.

It's as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle heat from it constantly, but no sting or burning, as in old-style belts.

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ing been expressed at this startling announcement, Mrs. Phillimore forthwith proceeded to embroider the facts. It was a pastime in which she excelled, and by the time she had finished her recital, the unfortunate Blomfield was accused, if not proven guilty, of all the misdemeanors in the calendar.

"He has a good name, yes, and that makes his crime the greater," she said emphatically. "And I think his belongings ought to have had more decency than to come to our town, where their antecedents would most certainly be properly inquired into. The proper—indeed, the only—place for such people to hide in is London! and someone ought to take Barnes and Bilter severely to task for letting the property to undesirable people."

Loss and Gain.

(By William J. Robinson in the New York 'Observer.')

The law of life controlling human forces,
Since history's dawn in nations long forgot,
Had, as their first and primal nascent instinct,
Self-preservati as the central thought;

Till mid the roar of bloody human conquest
Was heard a deathless voice upon the scene,
And Heaven and earth have passed in hush to listen
To the new gospel of the Nazarene;

He that shall save his life shall lose it,
And so he taught the meed of gain and loss;
And losing it fo. me, shall surely find it,
And then he proved it true on Calvary's cross.

Oh law of love, all other laws exceeding,
Rule in our lives, and self will lose its sway;
Then death will be as but a glorious ushering
Into the splendors of eternal day.

The Business Value of Courtesy.

If there is one trait, more than another, that indicates the true gentleman, it is courtesy. And it is doubtful if there is another quality that contributes more to succ ss, either socially or commercially, than this much neglected moral grace of manner. We use the term, moral, advisedly, because true courtesy can only spring from a moral personality. Its exponent must possess a broad, generous nature, must practice the golden rule, must have an ever-present consciousness of what is due from him, to all with whom he is brought in contact, regardless of their position in the social scale. In fact, true inbred courtesy is the hallmark of a gentleman. We are led to pen these remarks by reason of certain experiences with business men, who should appreciate the commercial value of a courteous bearing.

It is strange that so many business men, whose success depends upon public patronage, should neglect this valuable asset of business life. Many of these expect their employees to be courteous and attentive to their customers, and would, in all probability, punish any neglect of this requirement by dismissal; and yet these same men antagonize and offend nine out of every ten persons they encounter. It is true that in the conduct of a business, many things occur to ruffle the temper and an occasional lapse into gruffness might be pardoned; but the unfortunate clerk or salesman has quite as much irritation to endure, suffers quite as much annoyance from thoughtless customers as the owner of the business does from unwelcome callers; but the clerk's position would be jeopardized by an exhibition of temper, and he thus acquires the habit of self-control.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times the quantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

KLEINERT'S Dress Shields are a *perfect* shield against dress damage by perspiration.

The choice of the best dressmakers *for thirty years*. Kleinert's Dress Shields can be washed in *hot* water (to remove germs and odor) and ironed back to perfect newness.

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This paper makes the printing of your holiday negatives an absolute enjoyment.

No dark room necessary—print and finish up by any artificial light—and the prints you get are perfect.

Full directions, and many useful photo pointers in the Wellington Booklets (complete course of photo instruction). Sent free—mention this magazine.

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SEND US 75c

Receive by return mail, post paid, this beautiful little dress. It is made with waist joined to skirt. The side of the waist, neck band and belt are of colored strapping. The material is soft warm dress goods in dark blue and red patterns. It comes in ages 2 to 12. It is worth double what we ask. To introduce this dress and make an ad. of it, we send it by return mail for 75c and 15c postage, age 14, $1.25 and 20c postage. Standard Garment Co., 10, Standard Bldg., London, Ont.

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.

Fashionable Tailored Suits.

The tailored suits of the autumn show coats of varying lengths, but the ones reaching just to the wrists and the ones that reach just below are favorites. Sleeves are made in three-quarter and full length styles and many of them are slightly bell-shaped. Altogether there is exceptional variety offered and styles are unusually attractive. We have grown away from exaggeration and straight lines are presented in their most attractive forms.

A great many different materials will be worn throughout the season but, for general wear, diagonals, cheviots, homespuns, serge and fabrics of the kind are favorites. For the more elaborate suits adapted to afternoon visits, velvet and heavy silks will be used. One of the novelties of the season is a coat of one material and a skirt of another; as a coat of heavy ribbed silk and a skirt of French serge, or a coat of plain blue with a skirt of checked or striped. These models can be utilized for all fashionable materials and for the costumes of two materials as well as for those made of one cloth throughout.

Fashionable Tailored Suits.

7447—Double-Breasted Coat.
7524—Two-Piece Skirt with Side Panels.
7442—Single-Breasted Coat.
7477—Four-Piece Envelope Skirt.

The costume to the left shows a double-breasted coat and it can be made just as illustrated or with straight fronts and long, plain sleeves. The skirt is made in two pieces but with a panel at the sides and the lower portions of these panels are plaited. Skirts that are finished a little above the natural line and those cut and joined to a belt are equally fashionable.

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much, and I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, Lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easily that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save from 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me personally:

N. C. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge St., TORONTO, CAN.

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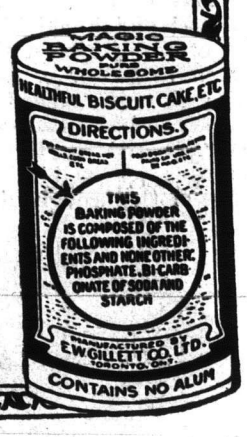

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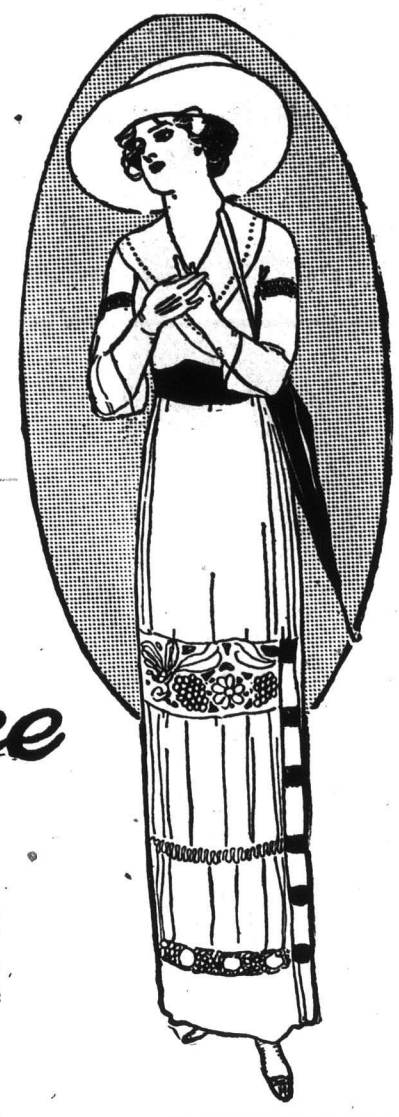

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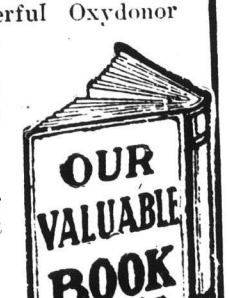


3

For the medium size, the coat will require 4½ yards of material 27, 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the skirt 4 yards 27, 3½ yards 44, 2½ yards 52 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards, or 2 yards when the plaits are laid.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7447 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7524 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

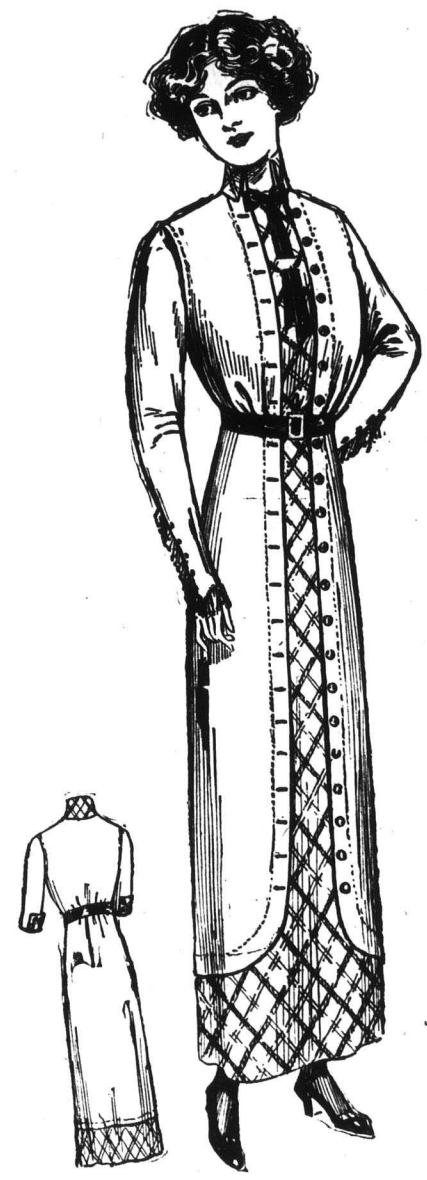
The second costume is quite different in effect and shows one of the new envelope skirts with a plaited panel at the left of the back. In the illustration, it is made with cut-away fronts and with close sleeves, but the sleeves can be made to the wrists and either plain or bell-shaped, and, if the straight fronts are found more becoming, the coat can be cut in that way, so that it provides for all needs. In this case, the material is serge but one of the new silks that are especially designed for suitings would be excellent made in this way.

For the medium size, the coat will require 4⅝ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 44, 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide with ⅜ yard 21 inches wide for the collar and trimming; the plain skirt 5 yards 27 or 44, 2½ yards 52 inches wide if there is figure or nap; but if not, 4½ yards 27 or 3½ 44, will be sufficient. For the plaited portion will be needed 1 yard 27 or ½ yard 52 inches wide. The width of the plain skirt is 2½ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7442 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7477 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and small women 16 and 18 years.



7601 Semi-Princesse Dress in Tunic Effect for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

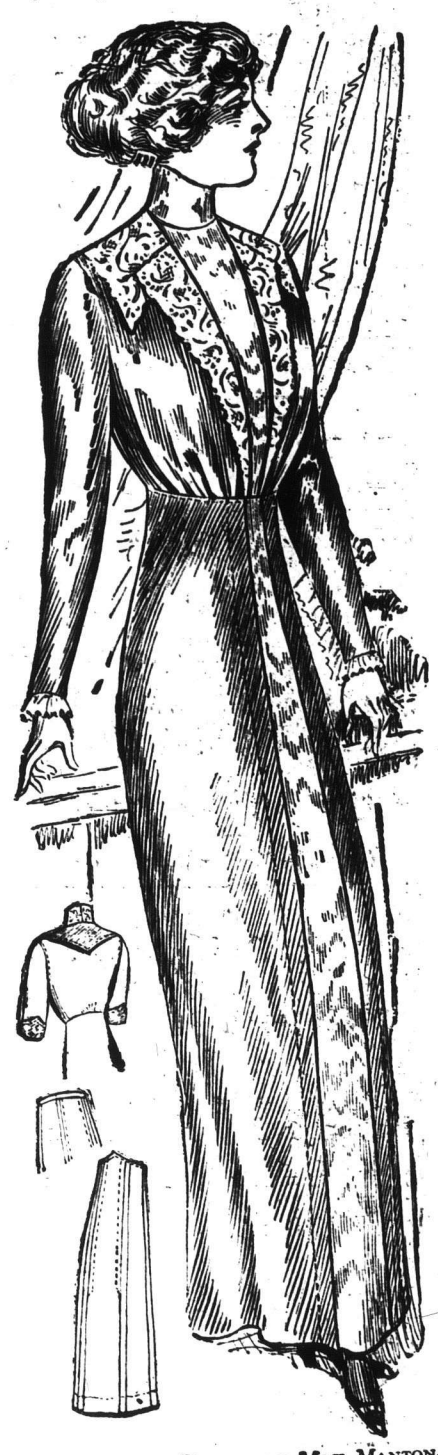
With long or elbow sleeves. Plaid materials combined with plain make some of the prettiest dresses for young women and girls. The skirt gives the tunic effect yet the two portions are stitched together so that there is only the weight of one skirt. The blouse is finished with one-piece sleeves in the "set-in" style but they are laid in little tucks at the inner arms that are both pretty and comfortable. Almost any two materials that make a good effect could be used in this way. Wool with silk or satin would be pretty, or plain silk could be used with a striped, or striped material could be used throughout. The tunic portion is made in three pieces and the lower portion in two, but the front portion is extended to form the panel. The blouse is a simple one that is lapped on to the panel and the closing is made invisibly at the left of the front. The high turned-over collar and the long sleeves are new and very generally becoming, but three-quarter sleeves can be substituted and they are trimmed with cuffs that are somewhat unusual in effect.

For the 16 year size, the dress will require 4 yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36, 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide with 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide to cut the panel on the bias as illustrated, 1⅜ yards to cut the panel on the straight of the material.

The pattern 7601 is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

A Graceful Gown giving Slender Lines.

Lines that give a slender effect and, consequently, a suggestion of height are the ones sure to be in demand. This gown is really ideal for the panels meet in a way to give a continuous line and



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7578 Fancy Waist,
36 to 46 bust.
7572 Six Gored Skirt,
26 to 36 waist.

altogether is especially to be commended whenever slenderness is sought. In the illustration, it is made of charmeuse satin combined with moire velours and lace and the result is a very handsome gown; but the same design can be utilized for any seasonable material, for simple wool fabrics and all fashionable silks. Voile is one standby for simple gowns and voile with panels of silk or satin

THE HUES OF AUTUMN

are rivalled in brilliant richness and beauty by the lustrous colors you can so easily get with

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Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

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If you are, you will need and appreciate the splendid new map of California—printed in three colors—which we have just issued. This map is correct in every particular, and shows all the county lines, county seats, etc., as well as indicating the course of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, the greatest work of its kind ever undertaken.

The fine map of the Los Angeles district, showing all the latest annexations, new car lines, etc., is printed on the reverse side. This map is not only convenient but thoroughly trustworthy.

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These sets are the highest grade of fine imported English chinaware, the famous Royal Alexandra pattern, handsomely decorated in rich floral designs, the newest decoration, and **WARRANTED FULL SIZE FOR FAMILY USE.** Every piece is stamped. It is a set you will be proud to own. Carefully packed in strong boxes free, and we arrange to stand payment of all transportation charges.

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National Products, Ltd. Dept. D 96 Toronto, Ont.

would be very pretty. Striped silk for these last would intensify the slender lines and broche or flowered silk would be most attractive. Long sleeves are fashionable this autumn and they also tend to emphasize the effect sought but they are not obligatory, for fashion allows those of shorter length and these can be cut off and finished with cuffs. They are of the one-piece sort and stitched to the armholes, and the blouse and skirt are finished separately. The closing of the blouse is made at the left side beneath the revers. The skirt is cut in six gores and the front gores are lapped onto a panel so that the closing is easily made invisible. The back gives the effect of a double panel and the skirt can be finished at the high line, either with or without a point at the back, or at the natural line with a belt.

For the medium size, the waist will require 2⅞ yards of material 27, 2⅜ yards 36, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 18 inches wide for the collar and revers, ¾ yard of silk for the vest, 3 yards of lace for the sleeve frills. For the skirt will be required 3¾ yards of material 27 or 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide if material has no up and down, with 1¼ yards 21 inches wide for the panel.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 7578 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7572 in sizes from 26 to 36 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Smart Models for the Younger Folk.

Street costumes for autumn are exceedingly attractive both in materials and styles. In a general way, the slender effect remains and the straight lines are the preferred ones, but there are innovations, nevertheless.

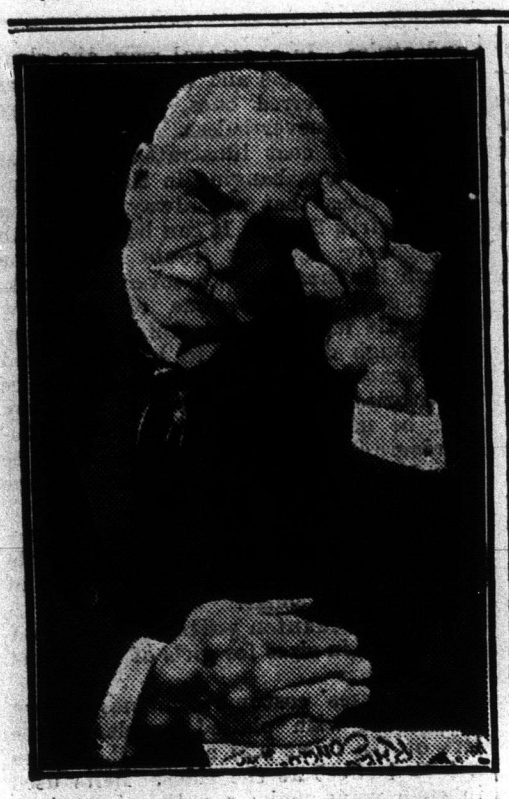
The girl's coat illustrated is a most attractive one, hanging in the long, unbroken lines that are always becoming to the girl's figure. It can be made with straight or cutaway fronts and in the length illustrated or to cover the frock. In the illustration, one of the new diagonals with a rough finish is shown, and rough cloths are to be much used this season, but serge continues to be a favorite and velveteen and corduroy will be much used while both are becoming. Among the novelties is to be found a zibelline of rather close weave that is exceedingly attractive.

For the 12-year size, the coat will require 3¾ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ¼ yard of velvet for the collar.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7492 is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years.

The misses' costume combines a very new skirt with plaited panels at the left of the front and a coat that gives a belted effect at the sides. Belts used in such ways make a rather important feature of the new models and the suit is chic. If preferred, the front edges can be made straight, but cutaway effects are in demand. The material illustrated is one of the new cheviots in nut brown, but suitings never were so varied. In addition to the wool fabrics, there are

7492—Girl's Single-Breasted Coat. 7469—Coat for Misses and Small Women. 7504—Five-Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women.



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If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of my remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money, I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how I suffered. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I've got the remedy that will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day—S. T. Delano, Dep't 328d, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York; and I'll send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

corduroys and plain and fancy velveteens, while for very handsome costumes will be used chiffon velvet which is shown in a variety of new weaves as well as the familar one. If liked, the collar and cuffs can be of velvet or other contrasting material. The skirt is cut in five gores and can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line. The plaited panel can be omitted if a plainer effect is wanted.

For the 16 year size, the coat will require 4¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44, 1⅞ yards 52 inches wide; the skirt 4½ yards 27, 2¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with ⅝ yard any width for the plaited panel.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7469 and of the skirt 7504 are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years and are excellent for small women.

The above pattern will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

Semi-Princesse Gown
34 to 42 bust.

With two-piece skirt having inverted plait at each side, with set-in sleeves in elbow or full length, with or without chemisette and peplum. The present is essentially a season of entire gowns, for although we are wearing a great many coat suits and odd skirts for fitting occasions, the vogue of the separate coat renders the entire gown both smart and practical. This one is charming, including many new features. The two-piece skirt is made after the very latest manner with an inverted plait at each side which provides freedom for walking. The blouse is closed at the front and finished with a Robespierre collar. It can be worn with the neck open or with a chemisette, and the sleeves can be made longer or shorter. Peplums are greatly in vogue, but if the gown without the peplum is more becoming, it can be finished in that way. The blouse is closed at the center front, the skirt at the left of the front.

For the medium size, the gown will require 5½ yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36, 4½ yards 44 inches wide with ⅞ yard 27 inches wide for the vest, collar and cuffs, ½ yard 18 for the chemisette. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards, or 2 yards when the plaits are laid. (Illustration in next column.)

The pattern 7592 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Two Good Sons.

By Mrs. H. C. Bradley.

I have two sons, one twenty-six, the other nineteen. They have never been punished in any way, shape or manner, at home or at school. My grandmother often told me that she had four sons and she always told them that they were good boys, and it made them good. From that I took my line of action. My babies cried the first three months. The younger was nervous and cross until over five years of age.

I was regular with their habits; I praised clean hands and faces and always expected good manners. Even as babies I kept them busy. When they were old enough they had a workshop in the yard where they and their friends could do as they wished. They attended the public school and their teachers were invited to our home once a month. Both pupils and teacher were helped in their work. Nothing in the house was under lock and key; everything we had was theirs if they wanted it. When we differed in little matters I told them what I thought and why I thought so, and got their opinion. Then I gave them their choice, telling them they must accept the consequences, always saying that all wrong-doing had its punishment by natural laws. Sometimes they tried their ways and reaped the consequences. If I was wrong I acknowledged it; if they, I laughed at them, and explained as nearly as I could why it was wrong. I never told them an untruth, and I don't think they ever told me one.

They are now men, in business for themselves, devoted to each other. They never had a quarrel, do not smoke or use liquor in any form. Nor are they namby pamby; they are fond of all manly sports in a manly way.

The adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is, like many old precepts, a relic of barbaric times. Who would be willing to live up to the requirements in religion or domestic life of forefathers? If you tell a child that if he does a thing you will spank him, does he desist from a fear of the punishment or a desire to do right? I never knew of a case where the child did not learn to deceive the parent or teacher to avoid punishment.

Semi-Princesse Gown.

7592 Semi-Princesse Gown.
34 to 42 bust.

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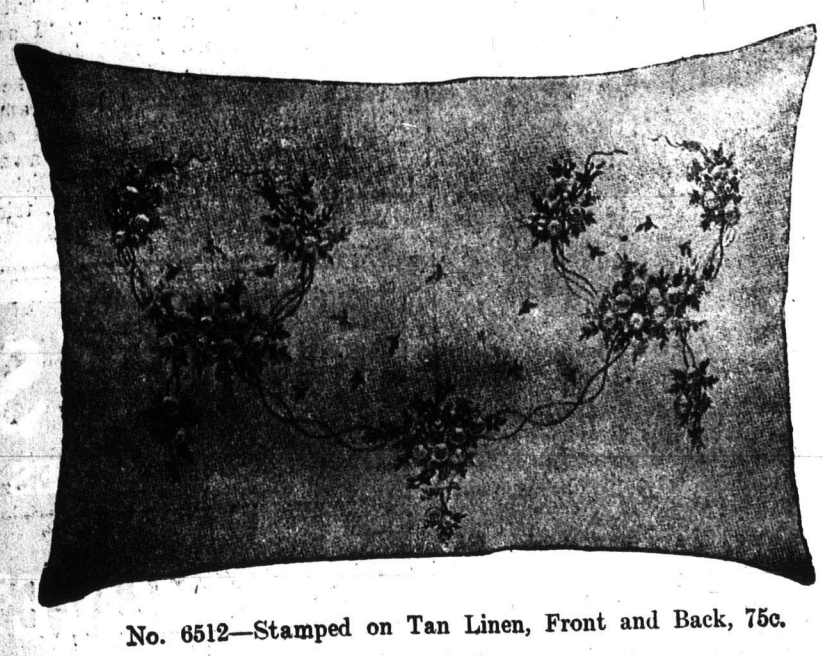
My Share.

I have no lands, I have no gold;
Fame's way my footsteps miss;
But I've my baby girl to hold,
My little lad to kiss.
To helpful heights I may not reach,
Or tides of error stay;
Be mine the sweeter task, to teach
Their unstained lips to pray.

Some Holiday Suggestions.



No. 6512—Stamped on Tan Linen, Front and Back, 75c.

This is the season when thoughts of Xmas come into the mind of the busy woman, and there is a charm about gifts, which show that some thought has been worked into those which have a personal touch and used to decorate the home. Very few housewives have sufficient money to enable them to spend as freely as they would wish, and gifts purchased ready made are apt to run away very quickly with the amount one can afford to devote to holiday spending, and the cheaper articles within reach of one's purse, are not so attractive as the dainty articles which can be produced by spending a small amount of money for material and the addition of embroidery.

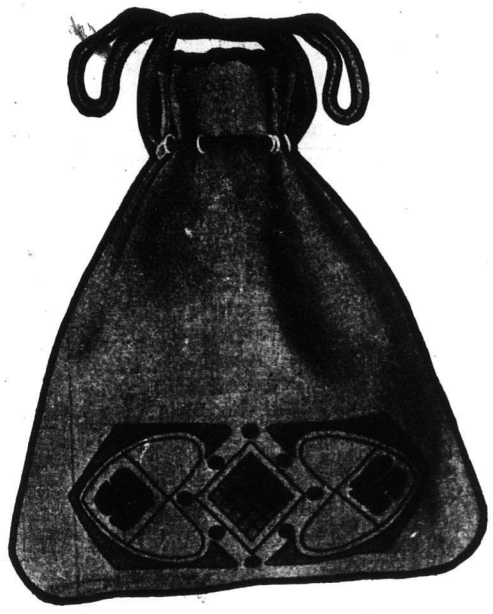
No. 5180—Tinted Top, 60c.

No. 240—Apron, 50c

Cushions are always attractive and a welcome addition to the furnishing of the home, and the interest shown in the Rambler Rose Embroidery described in our last number has induced us to show another effective design for this dainty embroidery. The flowers are gracefully arranged, and the design is scattered so that it does not require very much work to embroider this cushion top. Five (5) shades of pink rope silk have been used for the roses, the leaf forms in green and black and gold outlines the scroll work. This cushion has been plainly made up without any finish, but if preferred it may be frilled with ribbon or the ends finished with a heavy linen fringe. The design is stamped on tan linen.

Another beautiful one is No. 5180, which shows an effective arrangement of wild roses. The design is artistic, and the flowers are embroidered in half solid, or long and short stitch. Six (6) shades of pink, ranging from light to dark are used for the embroidery and the leaves are embroidered in three shades of green, while the bow-knots which complete the design are outlined with three strands of rope silk, forming a heavy couching. A handsome shaded ribbon ruffle completes this beautifull cushion.

The third cushion top is oblong in shape and shows a handsome arrangement of poppies embroidered in gorgeous red colorings, with greyish green foliage. The flowers are embroidered solidly, seeded with black and green, and the shaded ribbon ruffle, matching the poppies,



No. 1468—Work Bag, 60c.

HAD RHEUMATISM IN ALL MY BONES

"Sometimes I Could Hardly Walk!" 2 Boxes of Gin Pills Cured Me

I SUFFERED from Kidney Trouble for five long years. I also had Rheumatism in all my bones and muscles—could not sleep at night—and sometimes could hardly walk. I was treated by some of our best physicians, but without relief. I lost over fifteen pounds, was very weak, and friends, who had not seen me for some time, were astonished. One day I met one of our leading hotel keepers, who had been cured by Gin Pills, and he advised me to try them, so I bought two boxes at my druggist's.

Before I had used one box, I felt a big change for the better, and before the second box was gone I was completely cured.

I assure you I can hardly believe it, for if I had known what I know now about Gin Pills I would not have spent over one hundred dollars for nothing, when two boxes of Gin Pills cured me.

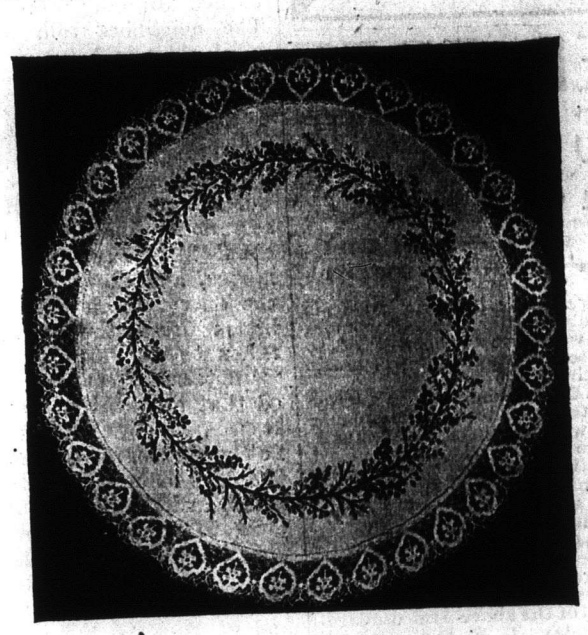
Anyone suffering from Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism should never be without Gin Pills.

EUGENE QUESNEL,
Chief City Circulation Agent,
"La Patrie," Montreal.

Drive your old enemy out of your system. Be free from pain. Be able to walk and work and enjoy life. Away with pain in the back, Rheumatism, and Kidney Troubles. Take Gin Pills. A few boxes now will mean ease and comfort for the rest of the year.

Remember, Gin Pills are sold on a positive guarantee to give satisfaction or your money refunded. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. You may try them before you buy them. Sample free if you write the **National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.**

If You will send us 35c.



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The story of Miss Castle is best told in a letter written by her father. Their only expense during the course was for postage and music, which averaged two cents a day, and relieved them of any obligation whatever in accepting the free lessons. This letter, with full information how you can get free lessons for either **Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Cello or Sight Singing,** will be sent on your request. Don't hesitate, whether you are a beginner or an advanced pupil. We teach only by the best note system and use only the best music for all of the above-named instruments. Address today, U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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SEND $1.00

Receive by return mail, post-paid, TWO pretty dresses for little girls from 1 to 10 years of age. The material is soft, warm goods suitable for winter wear in attractive patterns. The dress is made just as pictured and a great bargain. Two for $1, add 15c. for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Ont.

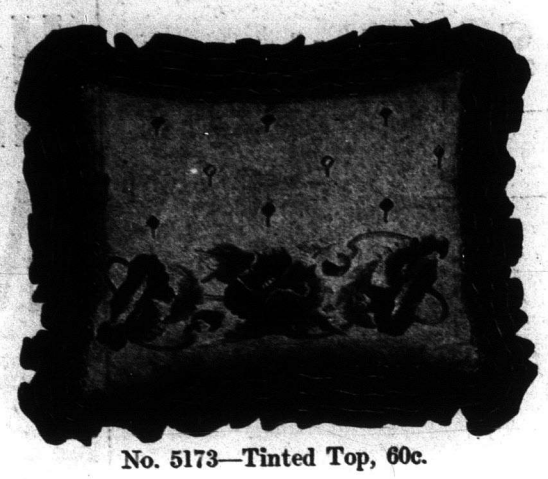
completes this handsome and very useful gift pillow.

Another Xmas. gift, which would surely be appreciated by the busy housewife, is the large work bag tinted on brown linen, and as this is of a generous size it would make a substantial darning bag. This bag is supplied with silks to embroider, cord and rings to complete, and the design requires very little work to bring out the effect, quite a consideration when one has many gifts to prepare.

Pretty aprons are a dainty gift and one can never have too many of these charming trifles. The design illustrated has been embroidered on lawn and pretty ribbon bows complete this attractive design which has been worked with white lustered cotton, which is supplied with the stamped design.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted are for the stamped or tinted articles only, unless they are described with supplies to complete. We do not supply articles already embroidered, but a stamped envelope will bring any desired information in regard to the embroidering or materials needed. When ordering please state the article as well as the design and number, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake, and allow at least ten days from the time the order is received for filling.

Orders must be accompanied by the money. Address—Belding Paul Corticelli Company Limited, Art Needlework Dept., Montreal, P.Q.



No. 5173—Tinted Top, 60c.

Jimmie's Last Gift.

Tottenham Court is a thoroughfare for everybody and everything that belongs to the working world.

Jimmie's mother lived in Tottenham Court. She was a washerwoman, and went out every morning to work, and it was most always 5 o'clock before she returned. Jimmie meanwhile looked after himself. When noontime came he would eat the crust of bread or cold potato, if his mother had left it for him, or go without, as the case might be.

One day Jimmie's mother went to her work as usual, and when she returned Jimmie was not to be found. The neighbors told her to what hospital they had taken him, and how it all happened.

Jimmie was playing in the street and a great truck wagon had come thundering along, drawn by two big horses. The driver shouted to the boy to get out of the way, and Jimmie tried to do so; but his little six-year-old legs could not travel as fast as the big horses, and he was knocked down and the heavy wheels passed over him. Kind hands lifted the child, and he was taken to the hospital. The little limbs were terribly crushed, and it was feared that amputation would be necessary. It was almost certain that he would not survive the operation, but it was the only chance. When Jimmie's mother had heard it all she hurried to the hospital to weep over her child. But the poor have little time to mourn. Bread must be got by hard toil, and the poor woman had to leave her suffering boy and go back to her daily labor.

Jimmie was unconscious for a time, but at length his senses returned, and looking about him he wondered at the little white bed in which he was lying and the big clean room and the pretty pictures on the walls.

He tried to move his legs but could not. If it had not hurt him so he would have thought that he had none. He cried out with the pain, and a nice-looking woman with a white cap and apron came to the bedside and spoke kindly to him, asking him how he felt.

He asked for his mother, and was told that she had been there and gone again. He was too used to being without her to mind it very much, and he felt so strangely weak and ill that he didn't care much about anything.

The nurse gave him some nourishing broth, and it tasted delicious. Probably it was the best meal he had ever had, poor little fellow!

He was so tired and he went to sleep. When he awoke he saw a sweet-faced lady sitting by his bed. She smiled and tenderly stroked his hand, while she said, softly, "What is your name, little boy?"

"Jimmie," was the prompt reply. He knew no other name.

The lady smiled and questioned no further, but talked to him very kindly and told him such a lovely story about a boy that wanted something very badly, and a good fairy brought it to him. After a time she arose to go, and bending over the little prostrate form, said: "Dear little Jimmie, what would you like the good fairy to bring you?"

There was a boy in Tottenham Court who was the happy owner of a tricycle, an old dilapidated affair that his father had picked up among the rubbish and patched up so that it would go after a fashion. This boy and his tricycle had been the envy of Tottenham Court, and Jimmie had followed him about many a time, gazing with admiring eyes at the tumble-down old machine. So when the sweet-faced lady asked him this question, he spoke out instantly: "Oh, a tricycle, please, ma'am."

The lady's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing, only kissed him and went away.

That day there came such a great parcel for Jimmie, all tied in heavy brown paper, with so many stout strings about it that it took the nurses some time to get all the wrappers undone, but at last they were all off, and a fine tricycle was displayed before Jimmie's delighted eyes, and it was such a beauty.

They lifted it on the bed so that he could examine every bit of it, and then it was placed by the bedside so that he could touch it every now and then. All day long he lay there bravely bearing the severe twinges of pain in the poor legs, often turning his eyes on his beautiful new treasure, and lovingly touching it with his fingers. That day a new boy was brought in and placed on a bed next Jimmie's. He was just about Jimmie's age, and had been very severely scalded by a pail of boiling water falling on him. His injuries were not dangerous, and with care he would be about in a few days.

Jimmie was much interested in him, and immediately showed him the tricycle, which Dick, the new boy, duly examined. He was a poor boy also, and his eyes glistened as he looked at the bright new machine. It does not take long for children to become acquainted, and Dick and Jimmie were soon chatting like old friends.

The next morning they lifted Jimmie very carefully, and bore him to the operating-room and closed the door. In about an hour the door was opened, and the boy was carried tenderly back to his little white bed.

He lay quietly awhile, his eyes closed; then as the little face grew whiter and whiter, and the big brown eyes larger and larger, he turned toward the nurse who sat beside the bed and said, very faintly: "Do you think the kind lady would be angry if I gave my tricycle to Dick?"

"No, dear boy," the nurse replied, "I know that she would not."

Jimmie looked at the other little fellow, who was fast asleep.

"Then, please, ma'am, put it by his bed, and when he wakes tell him I gave it to him, because you know a boy without legs can't ride a tricycle." He smiled faintly.

The nurse did as he requested, and reseated herself by his side. He was quiet again. Then he said with an effort, almost in a whisper: "I am so tired. Please don't forget to tell him, for I may be asleep when he awakes."

When the sweet-faced lady came, a little later, Jimmie was indeed asleep with the sleep that knows no awakening in this world, and little Dick was bestrewing the bright little tricycle with his tears.

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About the Farm.

Winter Care of Vegetables.

By A Farmer's Wife.

To store vegetables successfully they must be gathered at the right time. Sometimes they have to be taken up much earlier than others. Usually the onions are first. Unless pulled as soon as they die down, they will grow again. If the weather happens to be showery we spread them on the granary floor. If it is sunny we dry them where they grew. After drying, all that can be braided together by the aid of cotton strips are made in traces, usually three feet long, and hung on nails in the cellar. What are left we place in a box raised off the cellar floor, and store them there. Usually there is a nice box full of small onions and thicknecks for present use. Then come the carrots, squash, beets, pumpkins and vegetable marrow. The carrots, to keep well' should be selected carefully and only the medium ones packed in boxes, with earth between and on top. Beets, parsnips, salsify and radishes are treated alike. All garden products, with the exception of parsnips, turnips and cabbage, should be cared for before the frosty nights. The other vegetables, if slightly frosted, will not keep very well. Cauliflower not being a good keeper, should be pickled at once. Tomatoes are usually picked and packed in boxes with straw in the bottom, in between and on top, so as to keep out the air. They ripen nicely that way. All the poor tomatoes make delicious sweet pickles. We like to have boxes for the celery and it saves labor if they are fitted with temporary partitions such as the glass jars come in. By one holding the bunch of celery, the empty space is filled up quickly. If the ground is dampened occasionally it keeps perfectly all winter. It is time now for cabbage, which should be pulled roots and all, the heads slightly trimmed, and a narrow board suspended by ropes at each end to nails in the cellar ceiling, the cabbage being hung by binder twine on the board so as not to touch each other. The outer leaves dry slightly curing the inside head. Turnips, if large, will keep nicely in the potato bin. If small, they are better packed in the ground else they dry up. The parsley we dig up and start in the kitchen for Christmas. Any small pail will furnish enough for the fattened turkey. Pumpkins are hard to ripen in Saskatchewan, although we had a few, and they are kept on a shelf in the cellar. The green pumpkins make excellent sweet pickles, we made them the same as tomatoes. All vegetables to be kept all winter should be selected carefully and only the best used to pack. It means a lot of work for the farmer's wife, but the pleasure of having things nice pays in the end. Our cellar is very cold, so we use it for everything.

Fruit Trees for Town Revenue.

An interesting experiment in civic advancement has been inaugurated in the town of Burlington, Washington. At a recent election this town went "dry and, in order to secure a revenue to offset the loss of saloon license money, the council decided to make use of public grounds and highways by planting thousands of cherry trees—the cherry having been established as the most practical tree crop for that section. The town will care for and harvest the crop, and it is estimated that at the end of ten years a large part of Burlington's civic expenses will be paid out of the revenue from the cherry crop.

The interesting side of this experiment, however, is that it supplements in a practical way the movement now growing in the East—the ideal planning or rearrangement of town centres and highways. Country folks are coming to the realization that their roads, though actually belonging to the state, virtually belong to the people of the community. The pride in community matters is an estimable one, for so far as the individual is concerned it is unselfish. Farmers are now caring for the highways in front of their homes because they consider it a duty to the township and an asset to their places.

In many parts of Europe roadside fruit trees are a source of regular income, yielding, in some instances, over five hundred dollars an acre. Granges have recommended the planting of such trees along the highways for the beauty that they lend to the surroundings. If the idea of beauty can be supplemented by the idea of Burlington's harvest of funds, it will give the plan double significance to the community.

Farm Hens That Paid.

How the Records Proved the Profits.
By A. G. Philips.

Is the keeping of poultry on the farm profitable from a business standpoint? This question can be answered both pro and con, the answers depending a good deal upon the person's attitude towards the poultry business. Seldom have figures ever been published concerning actual farm poultry profits, worked out from a farmer's viewpoint. Few farmers are willing to take their time into consideration when keeping records, and a still smaller number think waste grain from the farm is any item of expense. In order to present real facts to those who are interested, certain farm records that were obtained in the Middle West where eggs sell cheaply will be given below. These records are taken from good average flocks as found on prosperous farms.

One woman keep an average of 141 Barred Plymouth Rocks at a total expence of $13.68. These fowls had the free range of the farm and cattle lots after feeding-time and produced a total of 1038 dozen, or 7.3 dozen eggs per hen. These were sold at an average of only 14.5 cents a dozen, $149.85 being received for them. Other sale items brought the total income to $272.81. This leaves a profit of $1.84 per hen to pay for the woman's labor, which amounted to 572 hours. This is about 46 cents an hour. The differences in inventory from the first to the last month were given due consideration.

One woman keeps an average of 141 Orpingtons is able to show an account as follows:

Average number of hens	78.9
Average number of dozen eggs per hen	4.39
Average price of egg per dozen	$ .214
Total income	177.05
Total expenses	57.24
Total profit	119.81
Profit per hen	1.518
Value labor per hour	.57

The feed consisted mainly of grain and silage, and waste material found on the farm.

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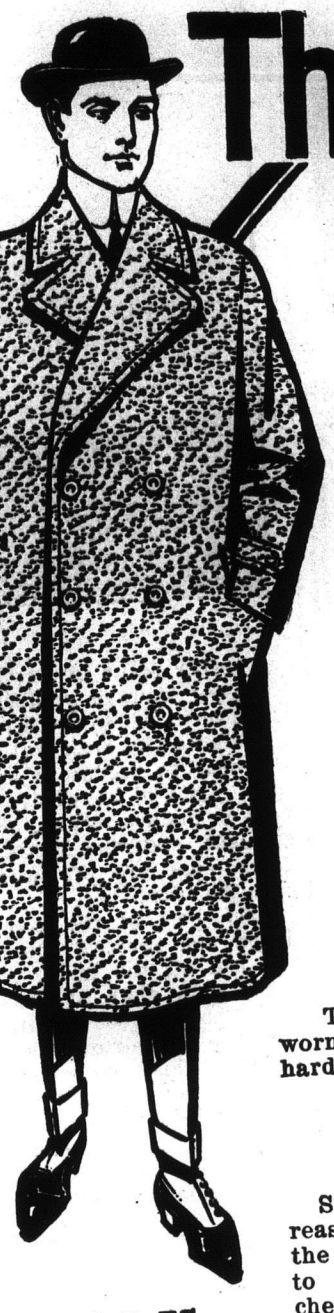

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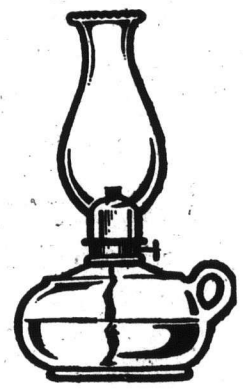

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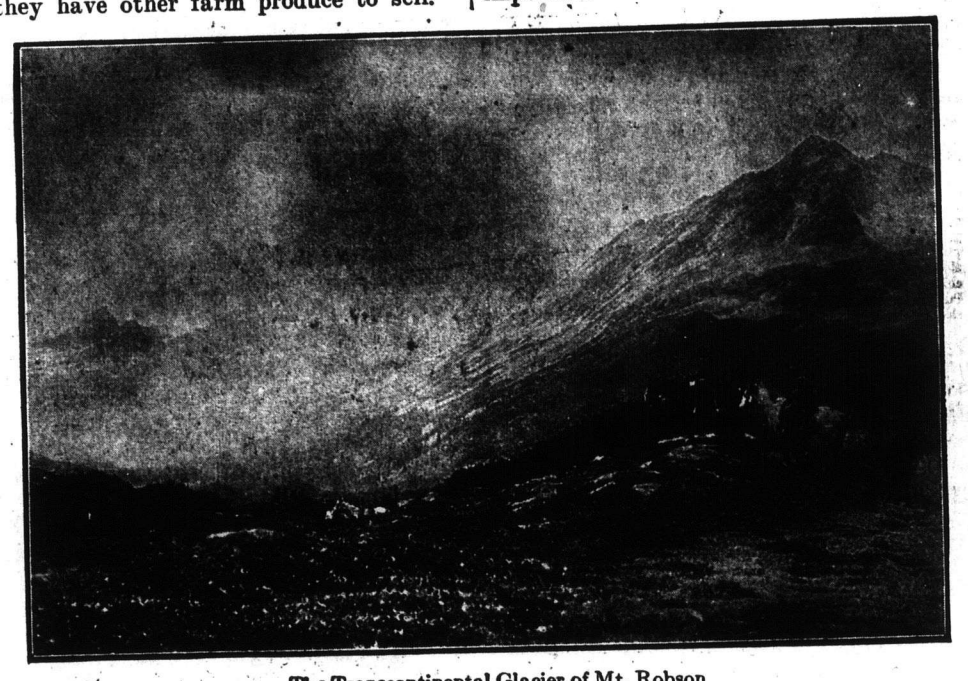
A woman with Brown Leghorns has a good record to show, for she depended on buying feed to supply a well-balanced ration, besides giving them the range of the farm:

Average number of hens	331.2
Average dozen eggs, per hen	9.24
Average prices of eggs, per dozen	$ .173
Total income	626.92
Total expenses	282.74
Total profit	344.18
Profit per hen	1.03
Value of labor per hour	.46

The ration consisted of grain, bran, beefscraps and an abundance of milk. It was this feed, which helped to produce the good record of 111 eggs annually per hen, a record seldom equalled on farms.

Still another man with 103 Rhode Island Reds made a profit of $1.37 per hen, producing an average of 106 eggs per hen.

These figures may seem monotonous, but they show the actual results obtained by fowls kept under ordinary conditions. Criticisms might profitably be made of some of the records. The point that comes up first is the low average price of eggs. The West is the locality in which eggs are sold cheaply, the profits being largely consumed by hucksters, grocers and other middlemen who thrive by their knowledge of good markets. Too many farmers' wives are unable to do any better because their husbands will not take an interest and help find and cater to fancy markets, as they do when they have other farm produce to sell.



The Transcontinental Glacier of Mt. Robson.

Another point of particular notice is the poor average production of two of the flocks. These fowls received no food to balance the grain ration and to help the hens to produce a large number of eggs. Lack of knowledge of how to feed hens is mainly responsible for the Government statistics stating that only 6.5 dozen eggs are produced annually by each American hen.

Regardless of the average farm condition and people's opinions concerning the hen on the farm, such records as these show that at least some farm flocks pay a good profit and are indispensable to their owners. A farmer once said that his own work paid the taxes and running expenses, besides placing a little cash in the bank, but the hens belonging to his wife paid the grocery and meat bills, clothed the family and provided a few amusements.

Causes of Bad Eggs.

During the warm weather many bad eggs are placed on the market—dirty, broken, incubated, shrunken or held, rotten, mouldy or bad-flavored. These eggs, says a bulletin of the Ohio Station, are largely the result of conditions that can be improved or avoided. Some of the causes are unsanitary conditions about the poultry house, lack of litter, insufficient number of nests, small nests, poor nesting material, allowing hens to roost on nests, and not gathering eggs often enough. If these faults are corrected there would be a smaller number of dirty and broken eggs though a part of the breakage is due to lack of mineral matter in the shell, which can be conveniently furnished by feeding oyster shells or lime.

Fertile eggs in a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees will start incubation and if checked the germ dies and decays. Eggs should be gathered twice a day and placed in a cool, dry cellar. Eggs tested out of an incubator or gathered from nests not visited the previous day should not be sent to market. Many of them contain dead germs. Laying hens should be kept by themselves except in the breeding season.

Cures for Kickers.

By David Buffum.

During the greater part of my life it has fallen to my lot to have a great deal to do with horses. Some of the things I have been able to learn in this long schooling may be useful to others. Every horse-owner, however carefully he may select his stock, is certain to be confronted by emergencies which will try his patience a 1 fortitude and in which, if he does not know just what to do, the horse will come off a winner.

The first essential in handling horses is to know the equine features and its limitations. It has been shown pretty conclusively by Darwin that the mind of the horse, like that of other animals, does not differ from that of a man in kind but in degree. But the fact that it does differ a great deal in degree imposes a limitation that is of the utmost importance to the trainer; for it causes the horse to reason a great deal more from experience and a great deal less from observation. In fact, horses that reason to any noteworthy extent from observation are rare. Such horses from seeing their pasture gate unlatched learn to unlatch it themselves. I have had a horse that would not only do this, but would also open the door of t' feed room, pull out the slide in the grain chute with his teeth and help himself. These cases are unusual, however. The majority of horses see their pasture gate unlatched a thousand times without attempting to open it themselves, even though a simple thrust of the nose would do it. On the other hand, the little colt whose experiences in being halter-broken have taught him that he cannot break his halter rope, submits thereafter to being tied by a rope that he could easily break. Reasoning wholly by experience, he believes that a slender cord will hold him. But by some accident he some day breaks the rope; then if he fully realizes what he has done—which does not always occur—he has learned ' experience a new thing and will thereafter try the strength of every halter with which he is tied.

In breaking a horse of any vice it is necessary always to take advantage of the limitation in his mind that makes him reason almost wholly from experience, and to convince him that after all your will is superior to his and that he has no alternative but to obey you, and to do so gently and quietly. In teaching him this lesson punishment has virtually no effect. Let us suppose that the horse has kicked a buggy to pieces. You may whip him as severely as you please without making the slightest progress toward breaking up the habit.

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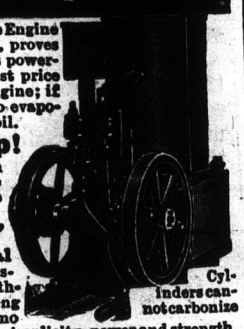

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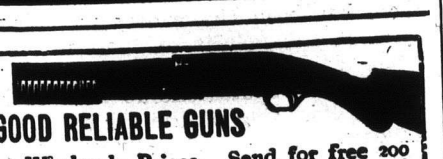

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If he realizes what he is being punished for—and it would seem in some cases as if he must—the punishment is still ineffectual, for he has learned by experience of his power to defy you, and as long as a horse realizes his power in any wrong direction he will not come to terms. The only way is to show him that it is in your power not only to handle him as if he were a toy, but to handle him very roughly, if you so desire. This must first be shown in a general way, and then be applied to the particular vice that he may have contracted.

Let us now take what is generally and justly considered one of the worst of all vices—kicking in harness. The first lesson a kicker should have is no direct bearing upon the vice itself, but is simply an attempt at general subjection. There are few things that accomplish this purpose so well as laying a horse down a few times. The means that I have found most satisfactory are as follows having first selected a smooth piece of greensward where he will not hurt himself, put on him a bridle and surcingle and strap up his near forefoot with a breeching strap—the short loop round his foot between hoof and fetlock and the long one over the upper part of his leg. Fasten one end of a long strap to the off forefoot below the fetlock, pass the other one up through the surcingle and take it in your right hand, the bridle-rein being in your left. Push the horse sidewise and the moment he steps pull sharply on the strap. This will bring him to his knees. If he is a horse of any spirit he will generally make a valiant fight against this treatment, often springing high and plunging desperately, but, having the use of only his hind legs, he soon becomes wearied and rests with his knees on the ground. Now pull his head toward you and he will fall over the other way. By simply holding down his head you can keep him on the ground as long as you please.

Though all this may sound very simple there is more to it than appears. If the horse be a large and strong one it will be wiser to have an assistant, who may hold the horse's head by a long line attached to the bit while the trainer handles only the foot-strap.

After the horse has lain on the ground for a few minutes—long enough, say, to have taken in the situation fully—release the straps and let him get up. Then repeat the whole process several times until the horse ceases to make much resistance. By this time he will have lost much of his self-confidence—which is just what you have been working for—and will be in fit condition to be harnessed. In harnessing proceed as follows: Have ready a strap, one and a half inches wide and eight inches long, with a ring sewed strongly into each end. Attach this firmly to the top of the bridle, so that the rings shall hang just over the rosettes. Have an extra bit—a straight one, not jointed—in your horse's mouth. Fasten an iron ring securely to the backstrap of your harness, just where it is crossed by the strap that supports the breeching. Now take a firmly laid cotton cord about the thickness of your little finger and tie one end round the off shaft just back of the crossbar; run the other end up through the ring on the back-strap, forward through the off terret, thence through the ring above the off rosette, down through the off ring of the extra bit, over the horse's nose, through the near ring of the extra bit, up through the ring on the back strap, and tie to the near shaft back of the crossbar, just as you did on the off side. Adjust so that the horse's head will be kept about where it would be held by an ordinary check-rein. Tie a string from the top of the bridle to where the cord passes over the horse's nose to keep it from slipping off.

You have now a device in which your horse cannot possibly kick, for every time that he attempts it his nose will be jerked up into the air in a way that has a very chastening effect upon him. You should now drive the horse every day with his rigging on, seeing that he does his duty, but being quiet and gentle with him. After a time he will make no further attempt to kick. Do not trust him too soon however. Keep this rigging in use until you feel thoroughly

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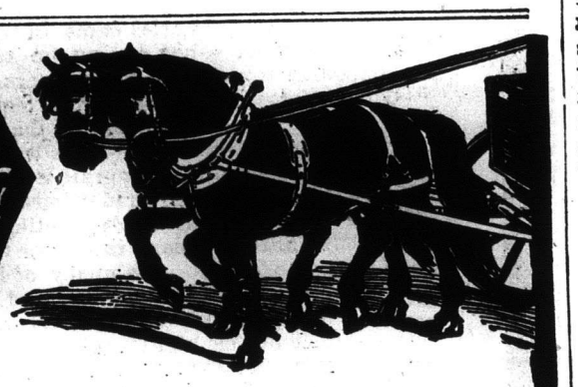

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sure of his reformation; then substitute a check-rein for it, formed on exactly the same principle. I have never known it to fail when thus applied. Moreover, the cure is permanent.

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Until there are a number of chicks out and well dried off, don't permit any to drop down into the space beneath the trays, and don't remove the chicks from the machine until the twenty-third day, two full days after the hatch is completed. Don't be in a hurry to feed them; they are well supplied with food, absorbed by the abdomen just before emergence, and are better off with no other food until from forty-eight to seventy-two hours after emerging from the shell. The question of moisture or no moisture must be left to the manufacturer of the machine. Follow his instructions and be sure that you follow them correctly.

The Stallion to use.

By H. E. McCartney.

The man with only a few mares on the farm will soon face the problem of deciding upon a stallion to which to mate them for the coming season. Upon his making a wise choice depends largely the kind of horses he is to raise in the future and his profit therefrom. Choosing a stallion for this purpose is purely a matter of business. A man has his mares as foundation stock. In many cases he is not in a position to dispose of his inferior animals and purchase those of a higher class. It is therefore through the use of the best stallion that can be found that he may accomplish improvement and increase the profit from his horses and from his farm.

The horse-breeder must have in mind a type of animal that he is seeking to produce. That ideal may be formed in a businesslike way by considering the demands of the great central horse markets. Big, sound horses with quality and finish are the ones that bring the top price. The small, inferior, unsound, wooden-legged, awkward ones are constantly a drug on the market. Fortunately the demands of the central market are for the same type of horse as is most suitable for present-day farming.

The first point to be considered in choosing a stallion is to see that he has all the qualifications of a draft horse. Mere size is not enough. There must be quality, finish and action. Mere scale such as is found in many horses, is not sufficient. The animal must be of true draft-horse type—low down, broad and blocky, with wide, deep chest and strong middle. Mere soundness is not sufficient. In order that one may be perfectly safe upon this point the sire selected must be free from features of foot or limb that are apt to lead to unsoundness. It is only by the use of stallions that are strictly high-class in this respect that the really good ones can be produced.

Looking toward Mount Mumm, Line of G.T.P.

The Prepotent Pure-Bred.

None but a pure-bred stallion of one of the draft breeds is worthy of consideration. Of course if a man has pure-bred mares it goes without saying that he will use the best stallion of that breed that he can find. Only a pure-bred stallion can be depended upon to transmit his excellent qualities to the offspring. Having been bred pure and of a particular type for generations, he is almost sure to stamp his likeness upon his progeny. To use a pure-bred stallion that has all the requirements of a draft horse is a long step toward improvement. It is not to be overlooked that a pure-bred stallion which is inferior as an individual is likely to be just as sure to transmit his undesirable qualities.

To ascertain whether the stallion is a breeder is important. A pitiably large number of mares are total or partial failures because they have been bred to stallions that were impotent from overfeeding, lack of exercise or other cause. Investigation upon this point will always pay. When two stallions of equal individual merit are available the one that is more nearly sure or bears evidence of being so should be given the preference.

To use a tried sire has other advantages. A man can judge by the living colts what kind of a breeder the horse under consideration is likely to be. All the great improvers have been men who have used sires that had proved sure breeders of excellent animals. Of the stallions that have won the championships in the Percheron classes at Chicago there has been the widest possible variation in the results of their use in the stud. At least two of them have almost world-wide reputations as sires of high-class colts. One of the others has been almost a failure. The few colts that he has left are very common individuals.

The Foal and the Fee.

A man must not allow a low service fee or the mere matter of convenience to mislead him into using an inferior animal. Twenty or thirty dollars, or even more, for the service of a high-class pure-bred will usually be a better investment in the long run than half or third of that for the use of a grade or scrub. I may well cite here an incident of a splendid high-grade mare bred one year to the best pure-bred in my home country. From that mating she produced a colt that sold at maturity for $500. The following year she was bred to a small, inferior specimen of the stallion kind. The result of this cross was a nondescript that was inflicted upon an unsuspecting buyer for $175. In this case the difference of $10 in price of service fee was returned with an increase of more than 3000 per cent. In considering the difference in fees we always consider the probable difference in the value of the offspring. In almost every case colts from the higher-priced sire will more than pay for the small additional amount required for his service.

A spring stallion show is an excellent place for a man who has mares to breed.

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Every stallion worth considering will be brought out on that day. It gives a man an exceptional opportunity to compare all the horses that will be available for use that spring. Horse enthusiasts from all quarters will be present and by attending strictly to business a mare-owner will be able to pick up many points concerning each horse that will be of use to him. If there is a colt show in connection he can satisfy himself as to the kind of stock each stallion is likely to produce.

The man who owns the stallion must not escape attention. I have found that the best stallions are in the hands of men who own pure-bred mares and with whom outside breeding is merely a side issue. I prefer, too, a man who understands the physiological principles involved. If he can use an impregnator so much the better. Above all we desire him to be a straight-forward, honest citizen, upon whom we can rely for fair treatment.

The Horse-Knacker's Tricks.

"When I hear folk talk about tricks in the horse-trading business," said Uncle Jed Kingston, "it always makes me impatient. No personal feelings, for I never yet entered a horse transaction to dispose of a horse; always to acquire

A Rustic View in St John's Park, Winnipeg

one. No, it doesn't rile me; just wearies me, like my random talk.

"To illustrate. There was a man in our neighborhood named 'Liph Bedloe. He was one of those fellows who leave their farm rolling stock outdoors. I don't know that you've noticed it, but fellows that are hard on their animals are more often than not hard on themselves. A man who doesn't hesitate to overwork himself is hardly likely to hesitate to overwork his animals. The men with cold cattle barns are pretty likely to be men who go out in cold weather without enough clothes on—think it's a Spartan virtue to withstand hardships. They're the sort of men that sneer at a chap who has nicked his leg with an axe in chopping trees and goes home to dress the wound. They would stay the day out at the job and maybe have no trouble, and perhaps be incapacitated for quite a while, because they hadn't washed out the cut and done it up.

"'Liph Bedloe was a hard worker—really was. He'd leave his plows and harrows out in the field all winter and complain of the Government, and let his wagons bake in the sun all summer. And he was awfully down on trusts, and his mowing machine sat in a mud puddle under the barn, and he was righteously indignant over the way farmers were b ng impoverished by the building of macadamized roads. He worked hard and he didn't take care of anything, himself included. His children worked hard, and they usually had colds and were thin and pindling. Just as I say, he left his tools out in the rain and left himself and his family out in the rain. You see, he had his eye entirely on what he made and not on what he lost—on the time he could save by leaving the plow in the field and not the time he lost getting it into gear the next season. Saved time to leave a wagon out in the sun, and he didn't realize that the time spent in having tires reset in consequence more than ate up the saving. I acknowledge that you can err the other way—work so hard to save a dollar that you lose two. What we all want is judgment in these things.

"Well, 'Liph bought a horse of a gipsy. Poor plan, I know, but it looked like a fine horse. It had bright eyes, a lovely, smooth, shining, silky coat; held its head high on a graceful neck, its body was fashioned on fine lines—in short, it was a handsome creature. Some months after that 'Liph was holding forth at the village store.

'Boys,' he said, 'never buy a horse of a gipsy or any sort of horse-knacker. Look at the way they did me. There's the horse now, hitched out there. See how she has changed. Got a cough too.'

"The horse's coat was rough and dull-colored. Her head drooped, her eyes were lack-luster. Her once handsome tail was a knotty thing with ragged, bedraggled ends. Her back actually seemed to have straightened out, and if she was too thin in the neck and flanks she was too big in the paunch.

"'Look at her, look at her!' cried 'Liph. 'What do you reckon that gipsy scoundrel could have given that horse to make her look the way she did for a little while? What sort of dope made her eyes bright? What kind of varnish made her fur so bright and silky? What sort of a stimulant did he give to make her spirited and hold her head up, when she was only the poor old crow-bait you can see out there? It's a mystery to me. The effects of the dope and stuff lasted a while too. That horse didn't flatten right out. The drugs and ointments and polishes and eye-brighteners were such powerful medicine that the horse held up quite a while under their influence. But she was only a poor, played-out thing. Look at her. I'd sell her for fifty dollars.'

"A new man in the township, Ben Pollard, said he would take up the offer and 'Liph didn't give him ten seconds to reconsider. The transaction was finished then and there. The opinion was freely offered that Pollard was a fool and everybody said he would never make a success as a farmer. I had doubts on that, but said nothing.

"The next spring a summer boarder was inquiring round the village for a nice horse at not too high a price and Pollard brought one in for inspection. 'Liph Bedloe happened to be in the village that day.

"'I swan to man, if it ain't the identical horse I sold Pollard last fall!' cried 'Liph. 'And he has somehow learned the secrets of that gipsy, dishonest horse-knacker way of doctoring up a plug so it will pass for a horse.'

"Sure enough, the animal had a bright eye, her coat shone like silk, her head was up, her flanks were filled out and the big paunch had resumed normal size. She was a handsome, spirited animal. Her cough had gone. The boarder had offered two hundred dollars, which was little enough at prevailing prices for a horse of that appearance and action. 'Liph began to take Pollard to task.

"'I ought to denounce you to that city man, and I think I will. But first, I'd like to know just what the dope is that you horse cheats use in fixing up a plug to pass temporarily for a horse.'

"'The process,' replied Pollard, 'is usually the reverse of the one by which men like you turn a horse into a plug. This animal is naturally a horse; you made her a plug. That dope that has made her spirited is a decent ration of grain. That filled her out where you had made her thin and reduced the too large paunch you had caused by giving too much hay and corn stover—probably weather-spoiled stover at that. Her bright coat is one of the results of the grain. It is due partly to carrots, but more than anything else to currying.

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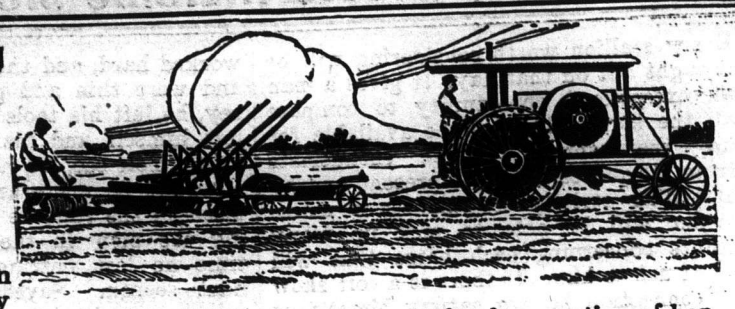

FARM economy consists more of expense saving than of profit making. Heavier crops will undoubtedly be the rule some day, but at present the problem is to raise an average crop at the least expense in order to show the greatest profit.

The chief expenses of wheat raising in Canada are seed-bed preparation, harvesting, threshing and hauling the grain to market. A large part of each of these expenses can be turned into profit by the purchase of an

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I H C tractors are made in various styles, and in 12, 15, 20, 25 and 45-horse power sizes, for use on large and small farms. I H C general purpose engines are made in all styles and sizes from 1 to 50-horse power. The I H C local agent will give you catalogues and full information. See him, or, write the nearest branch house.

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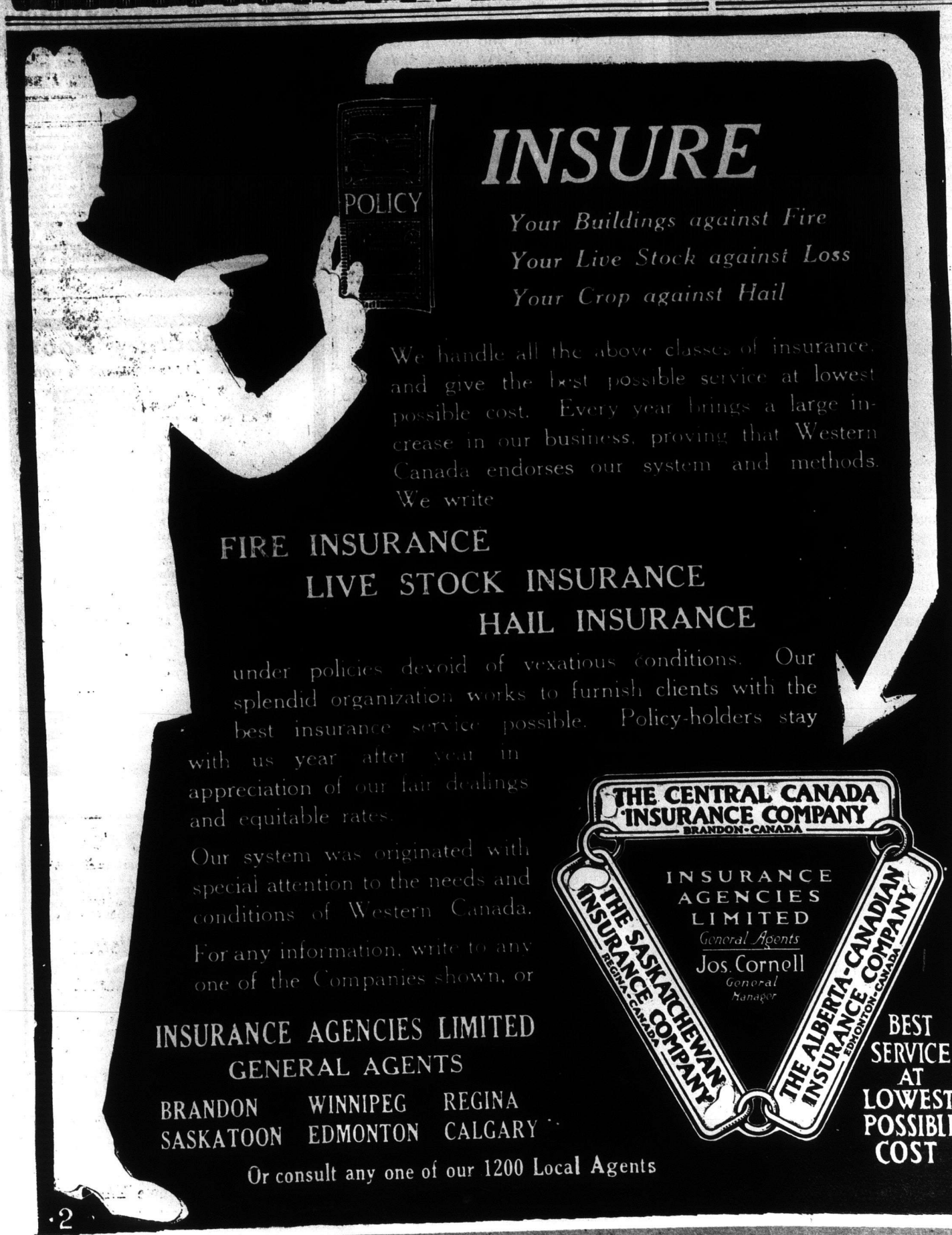
The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U S A



Her tail looks better. The dope used there was merely a pair of shears. I cured her cough—did it mostly by having a rubber blanket on her when she went out in wet weather and covering her up warmly when she stood out in chilly weather. The day you sold her she had no blanket on, and one reason I bought her was because I pitied the cold, dejected creature. I wasn't sure your sort of dope hadn't ruined her; but my sort of dope was able to bring her back.

"'In a great many instances the buyer receives a good horse, spoils him by bad treatment and then declares that the dealer cheated him.'"

When the Hens begin to lay.

Yes, we very well remember
When the snow began to thaw,
And we stood beside the saw-buck
With a newly sharpened saw,
Working hard when of a sudden
There arose a fearful din
And we dropped the saw and hastened
To the henhouse and within
Saw the rooster on the nest walk
And the hens on nests of hay
And we knew the time was with us
When the hens begin to lay.

Long we'd waited through the winter
For the joyful cackling sound,
Often looked and found but nest eggs
In the nest so nice and round.
Long we'd thought of all the good things,
That our Ma and Sal would bake.
Frosted custards, pies and puddings,
That an appetite would wake;
But these much desired dainties
Must appear some distant day,
When the basket we were heaping,
When the hens began to lay.

Oft the mind reverts to boyhood,
With its joyous, happy days,
With its pleasures and its troubles,
And our free and happy lays,
But the memory still will linger,
For it never can depart,
'Cause the way is through the stomach
That you reach a farm boy's heart;
All the tempting rows of dishes,
That the cupboard did display,
Was a feature sure and certain,
When the hens began to lay.

Sulphur in Soil Fertility.

If all the potassium in the average soil should become available to plant growth it would be possible to grow 100 bushels of corn an acre for a period of 3000 years without adding any potassium in the form of commercial fertilizers or barnyard manure. In the same way there is enough lime in soils to last about 6300 years, and enough nitrogen in the air over every acre to last 700,000 years. When, however, we come to sulphur, this 100 bushels of corn could be grown for only 260 years, while phosphorus would be available only for the alarmingly short time of 150 years.

These figures mean that if through careless methods of farming we remove the phosphorus and the sulphur in our soils without supplying any to take their places, in a century or two the problem of food supply in relation to the then enormous population will become a most serious one. Through lack of phosphorus or sulphur the world might easily starve to death, and that not in any distant future either.

The double problem of conserving the sulphur and phosphorus of our soils thus becomes one of the greatest that confront scientific agriculture. This problem is as yet far from being satisfactorily worked out, but enough data have already been collected to arrive at some very interesting conclusions. Phosphorous is so well understood that I need not touch upon it further at present. Common cereals, including the grain and straw, remove about two-thirds as much sulphur from the soil as they do phosphorus; the grasses require fully as much, the legumes require even more, and cabbages, turnips, beets and similar plants use from two to three times as much. In fact cabbages need 100 pounds or sulphur an acre.

When we consider the fact that nor-

mal soils usually have less than a tenth of one per cent. of sulphur, or from 1000 to 30000 pounds per acre foot, it is easy to see that certain kinds of cropping would permanently deplete the soil after a few centuries. There are also other losses of sulphur. Every rain that falls leaches the valuable element away, so that an annual rainfall of 10 inches will remove 50 pounds. To the soil there is added from the air by the rain falling through it only a scant 20 pounds. Some soils cropped for only 50 years have shown a loss of 40 per cent. of sulphur.

One thing which recent investigations have determined pretty clearly, however, is that under a system of livestock farming in which the farm manures are returned to the land there is no decrease and there may be an increase of sulphur in the soil. Another fact which is being recognized is that some of the commercial fertilizers may owe their beneficial effects to sulphur as well as to the nitrogen, the potash or the phosphorus they contain. A ton of superphosphate contains 200 pounds of sulphur trioxide; a ton of potash salts, 900 pounds; a ton of ammonium sulphate, 1000 pounds; and a ton of gypsum, 900 pounds.

Doctor Hart, of the Wisconsin Station, advises a serious study of this sulphur problem by every farmer, especially the one who is not primarily a stockman. He believes the time will come when sulphur in fertilizers will be given a commercial value, and that strict sulphur fertilizers may be put upon the market. Experiments are being conducted to determine some of the points in question, and it may not be long before the farmer will cease to worry about his potash, but will accept sulphur, with phosphoric acid and nitrate of soda, as a limiting element in crop production and soil fertility.—Wm. A. Freehoff.

A Novel Game for Long Evenings.

The London "Ladies' Home Journal" gives the following amusing "Eggs-travaganza" which may be used as a "guessng game" during the long evenings.

What Eggs are necessary in answering these questions?—Eggs-actitude.

What Eggs are always overdone?—Eggs-aggerated.

What Eggs are looked for?—Eggs-pect.

What Eggs are high up?—Eggs-alted.

What Eggs banish?—Eggs-ile.

What Eggs are athletic?—Eggs-ercise.

What Eggs hasten?—Eggs-pedite.

What Eggs burst?—Eggs-plode.

What Eggs investigate?—Eggs-amination.

What Eggs are bartered?—Eggs-change.

What Eggs have a title?—Eggs-cellency.

What Eggs are models?—Eggs-ample.

What Eggs are wide?—Eggs-panse.

What Eggs carry out orders?—Eggs-ecute.

What Eggs are irritated?—Eggs-asperated.

What Eggs travel?—Eggs-pedition.

What Eggs use effort?—Eggs-ertion.

What eggs are fond of digging?—Eggs-cavation.

What Eggs debar?—Eggs-clude.

What Eggs display?—Eggs-hibit.

What Eggs brace up?—Eggs-hilaration.

What Eggs lay out funds?—Eggs-pend.

What Eggs surpass all others?—Eggs-cel.

What Eggs go out?—Eggs-it.

What Eggs are very great?—Eggs-ceedingly.

What Eggs make allowance?—Eggs-cuse.

What Eggs are unusual?—Eggs-ceptional.

What Eggs try?—Eggs-periment.

What Eggs are too many?—Eggs-cess.

What Eggs should be imitated?—Eggs-em-plary.

What Eggs make clear?—Eggs-planation.

Tongue Twisting.

A London paper recently offered a series of prizes for the best "tongue twisting" sentences. The prize winning contributions are:

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black spotted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black spotted haddock.

IN THE EGRET'S NEST.

The Angel who numbers the birds for the God of All Things That Be
Had come afar from his journeying over the land and the sea,
And he spake to the Lord of the Sparrows: "True was my count to-day,
Them that were slain I numbered, and the sparrows that fell by the way;
And down in the reeds and water-grass of an island in the west,
I counted the young of an egret, that starved in the egret's nest.

"And some there were slain that man might live, for so hast Thou made the Law;
And some for the lust of their shining plumes, and all of them I saw;
And counted all whose songs were hushed within their little throats—
The slain for the Law of Living, and the slain for their shining coats.
True have I numbered them all, and the smallest along with the rest—
The young that starved in the rushes, aline in the egret's nest!"

And the Lord of the Little Creatures, who marks where His sparrows fall,
And in the hollow of His hand makes room for the weak and the small;
The Father of the fatherless gave ear, and He listened and heard,
And behold, He has asked a question: "And what of the mother-bird?"
Now answer, you who wear the plumes that were stript from the mother-breasts:
Tell why the young of the egret starved, alone in the egret's nest!

Why the Boy gave thanks.

Alan had played the entire day with Little Brother without an impatient word. After saying his customary prayer that night, his mother suggested that he add: "I thank God I was not impatient with Little Brother to-day." This he did with much fervency; after which he remarked that there were some other things he would like to thank God for, and forthwith he closed his eyes and said:

"I thank God I offered my candy to Father before taking any myself.

"I thank God I offered my candy to Mother before taking any myself.

"I thank God I offered my candy to Little Brother before taking any myself.

"And I thank God there was some left."

A Pill that Proves Its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparation have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

GOVERNMENT EXPERT
Chooses SHARPLES Tubular Cream Separators for His Three Farms

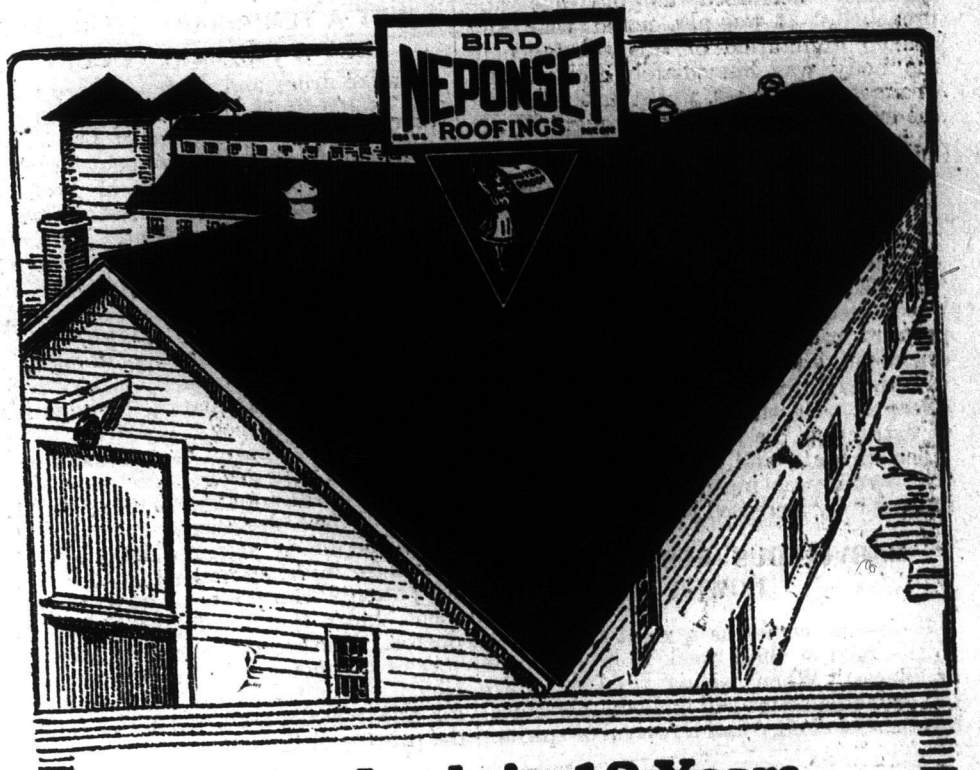
Like other shrewd farmers, Mr. Anson Groh, widely known agricultural lecturer employed by the Government, knows the money to be made in dairying. He has succeeded because he knows profit is of far greater importance than first cost. Mr. Groh is seen sitting in this picture, with his family and assistants, before his country home. Like others making most money from dairying, Mr. Groh selected the Tubular in preference to all others because the Dairy Tubular contains no disks or other contraptions, has twice the skimming force of other separators, skims faster and twice as clean, and pays a profit no other can pay. Mr. Groh says:

"Preston, Ontario, May 28, 1912.—Some years ago we selected the Sharples Tubular. After a few years' use we found it necessary to get another separator for another farm and selected a No. 6. After several years' service of these two machines, we would not think of introducing anything else on our third farm, recently purchased. ANSON GROH."

Now you understand why owners of other separators are discarding their machines by carloads for Tubulars. Follow the example of Mr. Groh and the many others who have succeeded. Buy a Tubular for the sake of double skimming force, easy cleaning, and all the profits.

Get quick attention by asking for Catalog 248

The Sharples Separator Co.
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.



Not a Leak in 13 Years

From a section where the climate is hard on roofing comes this letter:

"John Tupper built a lumber shed 13 years ago and roofed it with

NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING

The building is now partly pulled down and the roof has sagged. There are low parts where the water stands after a rain, but the water evaporates without going through the roofing. No attention has been given to the repair of this roofing for 13 years, and still it does not leak."

The economical roofing is the one that you *know* will last. Actual records prove that NEPONSET Paroid Roofing is the real rival of best shingles in long wear. It costs less to buy and less to lay—in addition gives fire protection.

The U. S. Government has used over a million square feet of NEPONSET Paroid Roofing on the Panama Canal alone. Farmers are buying it for their biggest and best barns.

Remember the name, NEPONSET Paroid, the roofing with the record. Make sure that you get it. Sold only by regularly authorized NEPONSET dealers—leading hardware and lumber merchants.

Send for Blue Print Barn Plans—FREE

They are the kind of plans that appeal to every Canadian farmer.

NEPONSET *Roofings are made in Canada.*

F. W. BIRD & SON, 417 Heintzman Building, Hamilton, Ontario

Established 1795

Winnipeg St. John, N. B. Vancouver, B. C.

NEW THEORY OF LIFE

The Most Revolutionary Physiological Discovery since Harvey discovered the Circulation of the Blood

Wonderful Serum which will Cure any Organic, Nervous or Blood Disorder and Restore Youthful Looks and Strength to the Aged

The origin of energy within the human body has long been a subject for the study of savants. Knowledge that nature has a method of changing matter to energy and vice versa is the basis of many theories, but heretofore the material form of element in which energy exists within the human body has been a mystery. In searching for this element Prof. Brown-Sequard, F.R.S.,F.R.C.P.(London), started from the point of comparison between youth and old age. In the blood and tissues of healthy young persons he discovered infinitesimal quantities of a phenomenally active substance which assumed a crystalline form when associated with phosphoric acid. Careful observations developed the astonishing fact that the quantity of this substance gradually decreased as old age approached. It was also noted that any sudden diminution of this substance in the body was immediately followed by weakness and illness, whilst an increase of the substance as quickly brought about an increase of strength.

BROWN-SEQUARD

F.R.S., F.R.C.P. (London), who discovered the vital principle which is the basis of natural immunity from disease.

THE CAUSE OF DISEASE AND WEAKNESS

These facts led the Professor to assume that Sequarine Serum (as the substance was subsequently named) fulfilled the important role of a vitalizer within the organism, and that its inadequacy was the principal cause of disease and loss of strength. He thereupon found a means of extracting the substance from freshly killed animals, and discovered that when the serum was injected or swallowed it immediately increased the general vitality.

MARVELLOUS RESTORATIVE POWER

Sequarine comes as a great restorative to the aged or those weak from overwork or illness. When feeling tired or worn out a small amount will immediately cause a return of energy and a revival of spirits.

At a meeting of the Tenth Congress of Medicine held in Geneva, Dr. Doyen, the great French scientist, said: "Preservation of his life through several centuries depends solely on man. By multiplying the white corpuscles in the blood (the phagocytes) we increase the coefficient of vital resistance. This departure in therapeutics will soon come to the front." Part of the great power of Sequarine arises from the fact that it increases the numbers of phagocytes with startling rapidity. It is the consensus of opinion that by using this serum occasionally the duration of life may be prolonged from ten to fifteen years. A treatment with it will actually make the most care-worn and depressed look and feel several years younger.

NOT A TEMPORARY STIMULANT BUT A PERMANENT CURE

Unlike drugs and other ordinary methods of treatment, Sequarine does not simply give temporary relief but effects a permanent cure of the ailment for which it is used. In the words of Professor Goizet: "Sequarine is a restorative of strength and not a stimulant. I am convinced that a new force has been discovered with which to fight disease, and certainly intend to confine myself to this method of treatment in the future."

Sequarine is a cure for any ailment or weakness brought about by lack of nerve power or an accumulation of impurities in any part of the body.

Doctors have begun using it personally as well as in their general practice. Many members of the nobility are using it on the advice of their physicians.

The serum is prepared in two forms. One is for injection under the skin; this is for patients who prefer to take the treatment under the direct supervision of a doctor. The second form is for taking by way of the mouth, like an ordinary medicine. The latter form is very convenient for self-treatment, which may be taken in the privacy of the home.

A REMARKABLE BOOK

Sequarine is prepared under the supervision of L. H. Goizet, M.D.,the collaborator of Professor Brown-Sequard. A remarkable book has been prepared giving the details of its discovery, nature and action, and copies are being presented free to the public. Sequarine has definitely been found to cure

NERVOUSNESS	KIDNEY DISEASE	INDIGESTION
NEURASTHENIA	DIABETES	PARALYSIS
ANAEMIA	DROPSY	GENERAL WEAKNESS
RHEUMATISM	DYSPEPSIA	INFLUENZA
GOUT, SCIATICA	LIVER COMPLAINTS	PULMONARY TROUBLES

Every reader is invited to apply for a free copy of the Sequarine Book. It gives instances of cures which at first sight appear incredible, but which are supported by the evidence of medical authorities whose status sets the final seal of truth upon the statements.

Every sufferer and every doctor should become possessed of the Sequarine Book. Between its covers is to be found a large amount of reading matter of essential value and absorbing interest to the lay reader, to the professional man and to the student. The booklet can be obtained free by simply sending name and address to C. RICHTER AND CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 59, New Oxford Street, London, England.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer.

Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

Young People.

Old Pucker.

Said Mr. Frown to Mr. Smile
(His tone was most severe),
"The children's faces shall be mine
You needn't interfere."

Said Mr. Smile, with beaming face,
"Beg pardon, Mr. Frown,
The little faces I would claim,
Throughout this busy town."

With blackest look, said Mr. Frown,
"I'll make the children fret;
When I am near, you, surely, are
The one they will forget."

Yet, Mr. Smile, when last I looked,
Seemed happy and content;
I hope the children welcomed him,
And cross old Pucker went!

—Exchange.

The Queen of Q's.

Emma C. Dowd.

It had come to be expected, in the Chaplin family, that, whenever a twilight hour found the young folks with nothing to do, Aunt Ruth would be ready with a new game.

It was at the close of a rainy Saturday that they had put forth their usual request, and their aunt sat smilingly thinking.

"This is really a test of how much of one's knowledge one is able to recall at a moment's notice," said Aunt Ruth. "I want each of you to choose a title, and its initial letter must be the initial of all your words, as, 'The Princess of P's, 'The Lord of L's,' and so on."

"Oh, can I be a king?" cried Norton.

"Yes; the King of K's."

"I'll be the Princess of P's," said Alice.

"And I the Monarch of M's," added Carl.

"Put me down as the Countess of C's," said Bertha, for her aunt was scribbling the titles at the top of a big sheet of paper.

"What are you going to be, mamma?" asked Alice.

"The Queen of Q's," smiled Mrs. Chapin.

"Now," explained Aunt Ruth, "you will each have in turn a chance to tell me all about yourselves, and you are to put into your story as many words as possible, beginning with the letters that you have chosen—the initial of your title. Remember, you can talk as long as you please; but, in case you can think of nothing to say, I shall not wait for you any longer than half a minute."

"What a funny game!" laughed Alice. "What do you call it, Auntie?"

"I haven't named it yet, but I think we will name it for the one that wins—will that do?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Carl. "'The Monarch of M's' would be a fine name! I'm going to think of everything I can, beginning with M."

"I'll give you a few minutes to get ready in," said Aunt Ruth, taking out her watch. "It wants three minutes of five. We'll start on the hour."

The room was silent for the space of three minutes.

"Time's up!" announced Aunt Ruth. "I'll begin with Carl."

"Well," he responded, glibly, "my name is Malcolm Maxmillian McKinley, and I live in Manchester. I married a maiden from Maine, named Margaret Macy."

"O-oh!" giggled Alice; but her brother sped on undisturbed.

"I am a musician, and love music better than anything else. I have plenty of money; folks call me a man of millions."

Carl stopped, and scowled.

"Oh, there's lots more!" he cried, "but I can't think of it!"

Aunt Ruth's eyes were on her watch. Nobody spoke.

"Oh, bother!" broke out Carl. "I like melons and mushrooms and milk and muskets and monkeys——"

The laughter of the others brought his story to a sudden halt.

"How many monkeys do you eat a day?" chuckled Norton.

"Well, I cant help it," retorted Carl. "I had them all shipshape, and then they got mixed up; but I'm going to get them in, anyway. Now you keep still! I am fond of mustard, and mignonette is my favorite flower, and I'm merry and manly and own a magnificent mansion, and I'm master of mathematics, and—and—I guess that's all I can muster."

"That is very good, Carl," complimented Aunt Ruth. "Now, Alice, see if you can do as well."

"Oh, I haven't thought of half so many things!" sighed Alice. "My name is Pauline Peabody, and I live in a palace, and—dear me, I can't remember! Oh, I like porridge and peas and pumpkin pies! I have a pet parrot that says, 'Pretty Polly.' Once I gave a party. My favorite flowers are peonies and pansies and poppies. I can't think of anything more."

"Very good, indeed," was her aunt's comment. "You are doing much better than I anticipated. Now, Norton."

"I haven't many," began Norton, "because I thought at first it must all be true."

"My story wasn't exactly truth," chuckled Carl, "especially the marrying and the money parts."

"In games like this," laughed Aunt Ruth, "we have to draw on your imagination. Go on, Norton."

"My name is Kenneth Kingsley, and my home is in Kentucky. I have read Kipling's 'Jungle Book,' and I like to fly kites and kick a ball. I wear knickerbockers, and my sister Kate knits. Oh, yes, I almost forgot the best of all! For pets I have a kennel of kangaroos."

"O-oh, that wouldn't be bad!" cried Carl. "Do hurry up and get them here, Norton! I want to see them jump!"

The Countess of C's related that her name was Christine Caroline Curtis; that she lived in Cornwall, Conn.; that she had journeyed in China and Chili, and there she came to a sudden pause.

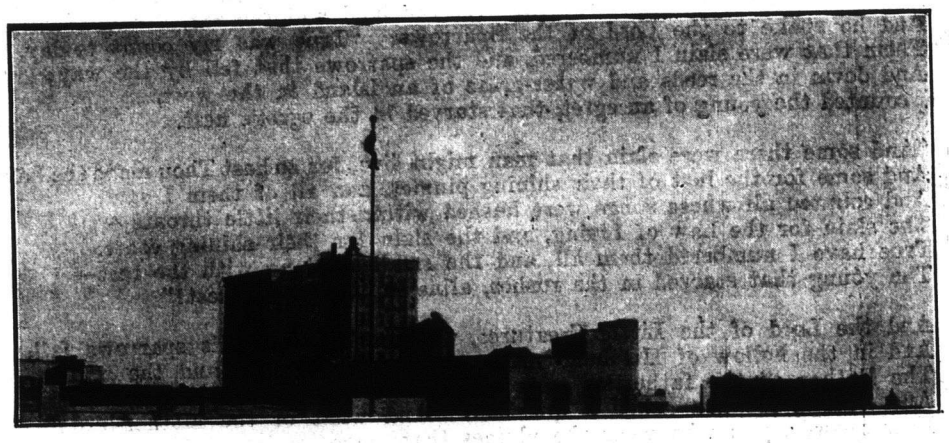
"Oh, dear me!" she fretted, "I can't think! I can't think! I had ever so much more, and it's all gone!"

Just as Aunt Ruth was about to declare the end of the half minute of grace, she broke out, joyously:

"Oh, now I know! I'm fond of custard, cauliflower, cabbage and chocolate candy!"

There was an air of added interest as Mrs. Chaplin began her story.

"I was born in Quebec, and was christened for my great-grandmother, Quen-



A steeple jack at work, painting the flagstaffs on Winnipeg buildings.

HAD DYSPEPSIA FOR TEN YEARS

COULD NOT KEEP ANYTHING ON HER STOMACH

Dyspepsia is caused by poor digestion, and to get rid of this terrible affliction, it is necessary to place the stomach in a good condition. For this purpose Burdock Blood Bitters has no equal.

Mrs. Norman A. MacLeod, Port Bevis, N.S., writes:—"For the last ten years I suffered dreadfully with dyspepsia, and I could not keep anything on my stomach. I tried several kinds of medicines, but none of them seemed to do me any good. At last a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after using five bottles I was completely cured. I would advise any one troubled with stomach trouble to use B.B.B. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

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.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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 to-day 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.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. **Dr. de Van's** are sold at $5 a box, or three for $10. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.** Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.
Orillia, Ont.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC., are completely cured by inexpensive home treatment. It absolntely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1746 Windsor, Ont.

tina Quinn. When I was fifteen I went, with my twin brother, Quentin, to live with my married sister, Quilla, whose home was in Quincy, Ill., where, later, we were joined by our parents and two younger brothers, Quillota and Quackenbos. The Quintards are called a queer, quixotic family, partly, perhaps, because we are so full of quizzes and quotations; but nobody has ever questioned our truthfulness, for we are above quirks and quibbles. Our quaint ways are probably inherited from our quaker ancestors. I never had but one illness in my life, when I was attacked by quinsy, and the disease was quickly quelled by quinine. Once, when I was visiting my Uncle Quintilian, in New Hampshire, where he has a fine quarry, I was out of pocket money; so I rambled over Moose Mountain in quiet quests for quartz, only laughing when people queried as to my daily wanderings. I obtained a quart of crystals, which I sold for a quarter. My favorite book is Don Quixote, and my best-liked dishes, quail and quince sauce. For pastime, I play quoits and quilt bedcovers. My one extravagance is the using of quantities of paper of the finest quality. A quire a day and a good quill pen are enough to make me happy."

"My!" gasped Alice, "I never knew Q had so many words!"

Aunt Ruth ran over her lists, and presently announced, smilingly:

"Won by the Queen of Q's!"—What to Do.

An Oriental Fable.

The eyes and the nose had a falling out. The question at issue was about the Spectacles.

"They are mine of course," said the Nose. "See how the bent silver fits snugly on my bridge. How could the Spectacles find their place without my help?"

"True," rejoined the Eyes. "Yet it seems that they are more mine than yours, since I look through them and use them constantly; whereas they do you no service, except possibly to grace you as an ornament."

The Nose sniffed indignantly. "As if I needed any ornament!" it exclaimed. "But I am willing to leave it to the Lips to say to which of us two the Spectacles really belong."

They submitted the question to the Lips, but the latter declined to act as umpire, pleading their near relation to the Nose, which might possibly bias their judgment. "There is no reason however," the Lips added, "why you should not ask the Ears to decide. They at all events, will hold an even balance and will deal justly. Besides, they have already overheard your little discussion."

So they appealed to the wise old Ears, which listened patiently.

"Brothers," said the Ears, "since the Spectacles cannot speak for themselves, we will do so on their behalf. Their service is of mutual benefit to all of us. But as the Nose itself has raised the question, the Eyes can easily decide it without a word of argument, to the entire satisfaction of us all."

"How? how?" inquired the others in chorus.

"The next time the Nose raises the question, answered the Ears, wagging sagely, "let the Eyes simply remain shut. Then the Nose, having the field to itself, can use the Spectacles as it sees fit, and itself shall be the judge whether such use is worthy or not."

"No! no!" exclaimed all the features at once. We will not be led by the Nose!"

"Nor by any one of us alone, but by the united effort of us all, should you be led," said the Ears.

And thus the great question was wisely decided and has ever since so remained.

Katherine's Fairy Story.

Katherine climbed over the arm of the piazza chair where I sat rocking.

"Now I'm ready for a story," she said, "'cause I've had my brecksit," Katherine meant "breakfast," but her tongue is only four years old.

"Shall we have 'Little Mowgli and

Superfluous Hair

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

MRS E. COATES COLEMAN
224 Smith Street, Winnipeg
Phone Main 996

BEETHAMS La-rola

Is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only **PRESERVES THE SKIN** but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectively prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied for shaving.

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."

If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES.

It is time for you to stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life, this invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness. Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with Special Chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks, England** [Registered.
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Eddy's Kitchen-Ware

made of Indurated Fibre is Ideal in every way for the various needs of the busy housewife.

These utensils are light and durable, have no hoops to fall off or rust; will not taint water, milk or other liquids, and are impervious. They will stand any climate, any fair usage. Made in Pails, Tubs, Keelers, Washbasins, Milk Pans, etc.

"TRY THEM; YOU'LL LIKE THEM."

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Hull, Canada

Note This Corn

See what must be done—and how

If you pare it, that means to take off the top layer. The root is left to grow. If the blade slips, there may be infection.

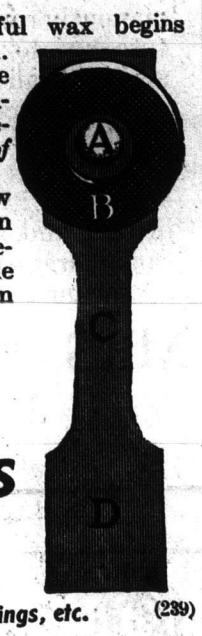
Any old-time treatment means just brief relief. Every few days you are compelled to repeat it.

The only cure is complete removal. And the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—does that without discomfort

Apply the little Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly.

Then this wonderful wax begins to loosen the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness. *That's the end of that corn.*

So many folks know this that a million corns monthly are removed in this simple way. For your own sake, try it now.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adheisve to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (239)

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the Good Wolves.' or 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' or what?" I asked.

"I'd like those pretty soon," said Katherine, with a smile. "But first a new story that nobody ever had before,—about fairies."

"How many fairies?"

"A mother fairy and two little girl fairies."

"Suppose you tell me their names."

Katherine shut her great blue eyes, and thought hard. Then she took a long breath.

"Mrs. Fairy and Margaret Fairy and Dorothy Fairy. And Margaret was good and Dorothy was naughty."

"Very well. Once upon a time a mother fairy and two little fairies lived in the middle of a big red rose. Every morning the rose opened its leaves,—one, two, three,—till they were all wide open, and the fairies would wake up. Then they used to brush off the dust, and bring dewdrops or raindrops to wash the rose leaves until they were very bright and red.

"Now Dorothy was a lazy little fairy and one day she told her mother that she was not going to work any more, Mrs. Fairy said, 'Oh, yes! you must, if you want to live in the beautiful rose. But Dorothy thought she would rather have her house in a large white flower that grew on the vine above them. So when night came, the mother fairy and little Margaret went to sleep in the middle of the lovely rose, and its leaves shut,—one, two, three,—till they were all closed, and the two fairies were safe inside."

"Where was little Dorothy Fairy?"

"Little Dorothy Fairy was out in the garden in the dark, and she was very much frightened at being there alone. She flew up to the white flower and crept inside, but—what do you suppose?"

"What?"

"It was the kind of flower that stays open at night. There Dorothy had to sit and look at ever so many queer things, and hear strange sounds. The owls went by calling 'Hoot, toot! hoot, toot!' The frogs sang Ker-chug! ker-chug!' The crickets and other little creatures down in the grass went 'Tsig-sig! tsiggy-tsig!' Oh, so many noises that she had never heard before! Then the fireflies came along, and she was afraid that her dress or her wings might catch fire,"—

"Would they?"

"No, indeed, but she did not know that; so she shivered all night long, and wished herself inside the red rose. Then morning came, the sun shone, and the birds began to sing. The red rose opened its leaves —one, two, three—until they were all open, and Mrs. Fairy and little Margaret flew out. But what do you think happened to Dorothy?"

"What?"

"The white flower shut up tight, because it always did in the daytime, and there she was, not able to get out. She cried very hard, but that did no good so she had to stay there, and she was hot and hungry."

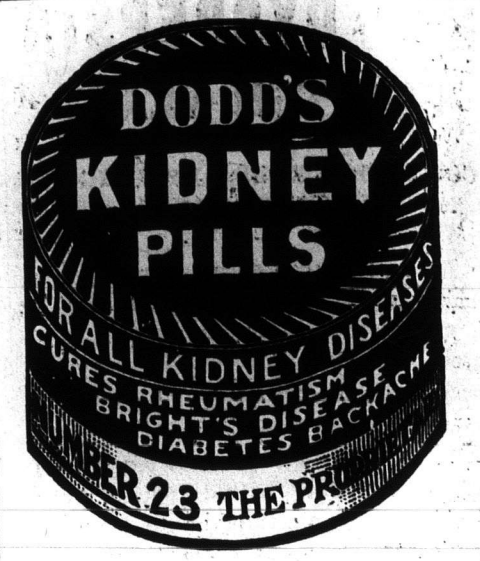
"Didn't she have any brecksit?"

"Not a bit, but after a while something else happened."

"What?"

"The sun went behind a cloud because a shower was coming. The garden was quite dark. The white flower made a great mistake, and thought it was night again, so it started to unfold. Just as soon as there was a tiny crack little Dorothy squeezed out, and flew down to the red rose as fast as she possibly could. She hugged her mother very hard, and promised to brush off the rose-leaves and bring dewdrops or raindrops to wash them every morning. Then the mother fairy was glad, becaues now she had two good little fairies instead of one good and one naughty one. And that is all. Do you like this story. It is your very own story, you know."

"I like it the best of all," said Katherine, and she gave me a fine kiss. "And now let's have 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' please. No: I guess, first, we'd better have little Mowgli-boy and the wolves, and the fat bear, and the panther like a big black kittie, and the silly monkeys, and the nice old snake."



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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

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Correspondence

We invite our readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Happy Man.

Saskatoon, Sask. Sept. 28th, 1912.

Dear Editor—My last letter which was written some two years ago, brought me so many pleasant correspondents that I am tempted to write again. I have been a subscriber to your paper for over four years, but am not taking it this year, as I am living with my parents who also take it. We also take several other papers and magazines, but I am sure The Western Home Monthly gets read over several times while the others just get glanced at.

I have lived in Saskatoon district for over seven years, and think it is the most progressive young city in Western Canada. I think it is a very good idea to start mixed farming in this country, and am sure it is much pleasanter than growing nothing but wheat. How much more homelike it looks to have a few trees around, a few hogs and poultry, and I'm sure nothing looks nicer than a well kept patch of potatoes.

People in Eastern Canada have no idea what a fine country we have out here unless they have seen it. The winters are, of course, a little severe, but then who wouldn't rather have sunshine and frost, than sleet and snow, dry one day and wet the next.

Now I am going to give you a song which just seems to be right for a Western bachelor:—

This song will go well to the tune, Buelah Land!

Prairie Land.

I've reached the land of level plains,
And rolling prairies, deep ravines,
Where flowers abound on every hand,
In this our glorious prairie land.
The white man comes to make his home,
Where once the redskin used to roam,
He's well rewarded for his toil,
Of turning up the virgin soil.

Chorus

Oh! prairie land, sweet prairie land,
Where every one joins heart and hand,
We are a jolly, noble crew,
And we are sure you'd say so too,
If you were here to join our band,
In this our glorious prairie land.

The prairie chickens flip and fly,
And they go splendid in a pie,
And if you are a man of luck,
You'll perhaps sometimes shoot a duck.
The little gophers skip and play,
And oft across the trail they stray;
The badger, too, may be found,
In the hole he digs beneath the ground.

Chorus

The busy, wee mosquitoes too,
They come in numbers far from few,
They sing a song—a kind of grace—,
And then they light upon one's face,
The winters here are very cold,
From ten to sixty-five below,
We dress in big fur coats of skin,
And buckskin mitts and moccasins.

Chorus

The bachelor here lives all alone,
In a little sod shack he calls his own,
He darns his socks, and bakes his bread,
And often wishes he were dead.
Although its very lonely here,
He's waiting ever for his dear,

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John A. Smith and His Remarkable Rheumatism Remedy Cured Himself First and Now Proposes to Cure the World

Cured Many Cases of 30 and 40 Years' Standing

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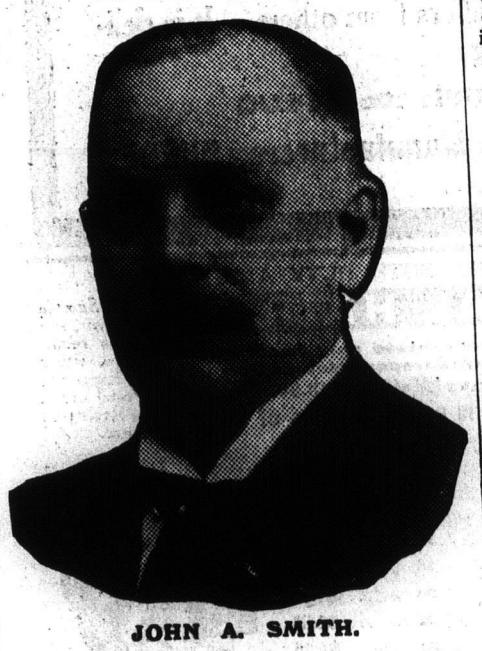

JOHN A. SMITH.

agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism, and after much experimenting, finally found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, U. S. A., wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more, until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply.

At the U. C. College, Toronto, it cured Mrs. J. Whitley, who had suffered exeruciatingly. Fred K. McDonald writes from Sunny Brae, N. S., that "Gloria Tonic" has cured him of a case of rheumatism of many years' standing. From Ambrose M. Melanson, Meteghan River, Digby County, N. S., comes a letter that he has been cured of a severe case.

Even the first sample box cured Mrs. B. Brett, at 12 Powell St., Guelph, Ont. Two boxes left Mrs. Geo. Wright, of Coaticook Que., well and happy.

Mrs. T. Deline, West Plain, Ont., writes that she could scarcely dress herself because of rheumatism, but that "Gloria Tonic" has completely cured her. Mr. George Lees, of Dundas, Ont., says that he tried many different remedies, but found no relief until he tried "Gloria Tonic," while Clarence A. Scott writes from Tooleton, N. B., that he feels that he owes his life to this great remedy.

A case of 13 years' suffering is reported by James McFarlan, of L'Amable, Ont., but "Gloria Tonic" cured it quickly. Even prominent physicians have to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a positive success, among them Doctor Quintero of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In hundreds of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs and Electricity, among them persons of upwards eighty years of age.

Mr. Smith will send a 50c box FREE also his illustrated book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge, to any reader of The Western Home Monthly, for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. Simply tear out this advertisement and send it together with your name and address, to

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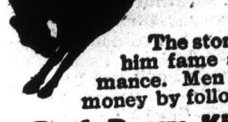

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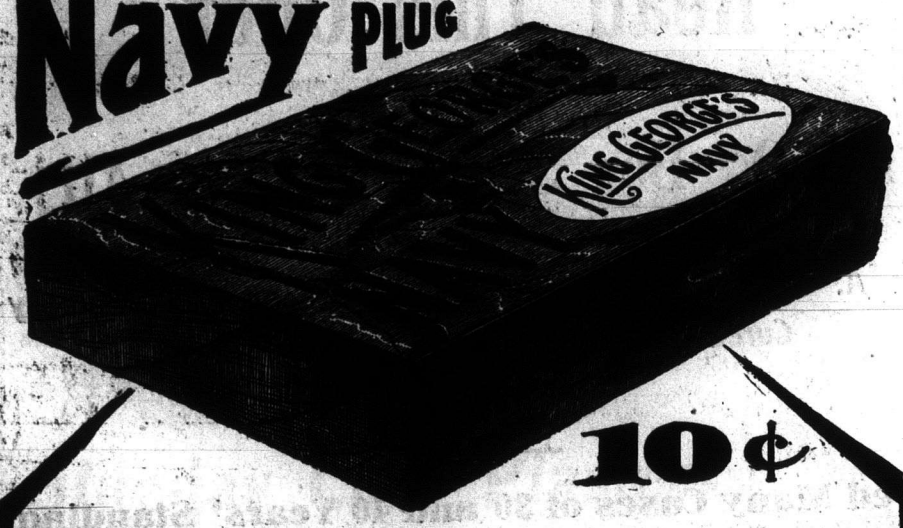

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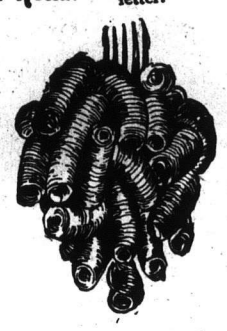

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I will mail, **free** of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure — **you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I 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 **Leucorrhoea** 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.

And soon we know that she will come,
To soothe his heart and cheer his home.

Chorus

I shall be very pleased to see this in print, and to hear from any members of the correspondence column. I will now close wishing you every success, and hoping have not taken up too much of your valuable time and space, I will sign myself as before,

A Farmer's Boy.

P.S.—My address is with the Editor.

One Time Hired Help.

Portage la Prairie, Man.
September, 1912.

Dear Editor—I would very much like a few lines in your paper. Now Mrs. farmer's wife, slow down and cool off a bit, you have had the misfortune to get a certain type of hired man that every one fights shy of, but they are not numerous by any means. My husband was hired help, also myself our first year of married life and I can tell you he is a most hard working man whether it is farm work or anything else, and not one Sunday off did he have that year, no not when the farmer had another hired man. He sat in the house every Sunday and let my husband milk the cows, although he had never milked a cow before. He was simply sat on, the farmer went away shooting or to picnics or any place at all, and left it to the man that was willing. If a man is willing he may just keep on. My husband as a hired man always did his share and a half of some one else's, but I won't say that all the farmers are like that because they are not, neither are the hired men.

Now as to dancing. I say those that like dancing, let them do it and enjoy themselves, those that don't like it, why just keep away. If a person is in a company of people and thinks it isn't the place for him, why then leave it and seek pleasure some place else. I think some of the ruby-lipped girls might leave their charms until one of the many curly headed bachelors write to them.

Country life is not to be compared to town life. I prefer to live on the outskirts of a town, I have country on one side, town another, with the advantages of both. I see Plato is telling the girls to have secrets apart from their husbands and I say don't do it, there should be perfect confidence between husband and wife, I tell my husband everything, and he, I think, tells me most things, and I am sure he respects me just the same, and I don't wish for a better husband. He never leaves the house for enjoyment unless we go along, but I would advise all of you to treat your husband according to your own judgment. You can't cure them all with the same medicine, but remember they are all great big babies and like lots of fussing and all men and women have a kink of good and a kink of bad. We must search for the good, the bad needs no searching for, and I think that under certain positions every person will do their best. Mr. Editor, you have listened with patience, but don't put this in place of a better one, from a

One Time Hired Help.

A Kind Appreciation.

Winnipeg, Sept. 29th, 1912.

Dear Sir—As a reader of your valuable magazine, I wish to say a few words in appreciation of the kindness shown me by the editress of the Young Women's Page (Pearl Richmond Hamilton.)

I cannot speak too highly of her good work in assisting girls, who are strangers to the city, and I have no hesitation in saying, that any girl who is thinking of going to the city, will find every encouragement given her, by this lady.

You are at liberty to publish this letter, should you wish to do so, as I want all our readers to know how thankful I feel for the kind interest shown me through your magazine.

Yours Sincerely,
"A Bit o' Heather."

Old Enough to Vote.

Biggar, Sask., Sept. 9, 1912.

Dear Sir—Will you kindly allow me a small space in the correspondence column of the Western Home Monthly, in which to give some advice to some of the young lady correspondents whose letters appear from time to time in your

WAS TROUBLED WITH HIS HEART

HAD TO GIVE UP WORK

Mr. Alfred Male, Eloida, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my heart for two or three years. I thought sometimes that I would die. I went to the doctor, and he said he could not do anything for me. I had to give up work. My wife persuaded me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. The first box relieved me, so I kept on until I had taken seven boxes, and they cured me. I would not be without them on any account, as they are worth their weight in gold. I advise my friends and neighbors who are troubled with heart or nerve trouble to try them."

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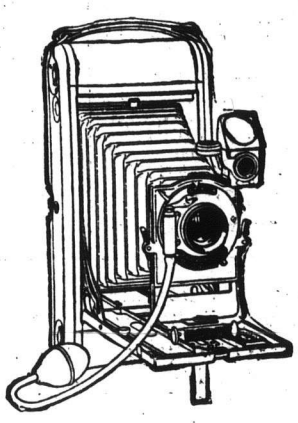

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Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send in entirely free

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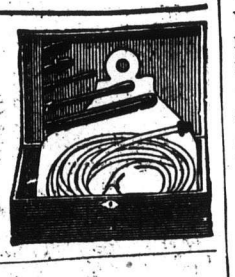

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magazine. A number of the young ladies whose accomplishments consist of dancing skating, and horse back riding, would be sadly disappointed if they were living on these western prairies. We bachelors are the pioneers here as yet, most of us living in shacks about 10 x 12. As for riding horse back, I venture to say, not one in twenty-five of us have a horse which could be urged to canter with a pole. The majority of horses in this district appear more like rustic hat racks than anything else, and some of them are about old enough to vote.

The prospects for skating this winter in the district are a little brighter. All the frog ponds in the country are full of water, and the December frosts will silence the frogs, and freeze the ponds over; then the bachelors who are fortunate enough to possess skates will resurrect them from a miscellaneous pile of sacks, wrenches, rusty cooking utensils, hob-nailed boots, and sundry other things. We bachelors are lovers of dancing, and can dance anywhere, at any time, and under any conditions.

No doubt, Mr. Editor, some of your young lady readers from Ontario would enjoy a western country dance, where the bachelors turn out in their Sunday overalls and hob-nailed boots. The music is generally produced by a violin with three strings, or an accordion with leaky bellows, or perchance some young bachelor who is musically inclined produces a 35 cent mouth organ and extracts strains of melody from it which would put the best artists to shame.

I would advise the young ladies to be school girls as long as possible, as life will produce enough joys and sorrows when they can no longer be avoided in later years. Your letters are only laughed at by the western boys. The majority of us are working hard to make homes on these prairies, and have not much time for these sports except in winter. The young ladies who are needed to help us build up this glorious west, are those of quieter habits and a little older than 16 and 17 years. Thanking you in advance for space in your correspondence column, I sign myself,

23, Skidoo.

A Slow Disposition.

Rapid City, Sept. 13, 1912.

Dear Editor—I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for nearly five years, and I like the paper very much. I am very interested in the correspondence columns, I like reading the letters that are printed therein, and I am always on the lookout and eagerly awaiting the coming of each new issue. I am a farmer's son, and I live on the farm, I am of a slow disposition, that is I do not dance, my favorite sports being, hunting, and skating. I do not drink liquor, smoke nor chew tobacco. I like reading and writing, and if anyone would write to me, I would correspond. Leaving my address with the Editor, I will sign myself,

Nobody.

A Friend in Need.

Vanesti, Alberta, Sept. 5, 1912.

Dear Editor—Have you a corner left in your valuable magazine for one more very interested reader. I have read the Western Home Monthly for some years, and don't know of a better paper published. The correspondence column is not without its good points either, and I think it might be called the bachelors friend. Through its medium he can write to any part of the world, and, if nothing else, he will gain much useful information.

I notice lately that some of the readers are down on the correspondence column, as a means of getting acquainted. I don't think there is any more harm in writing than there would be in talking to the individuals themselves. I have a homestead in the northern part of Alberta, and twenty miles from the nearest town. Still we expect a railroad in here next summer, so our troubles will be over then. This country is suitable for mixed farming and ranching is carried on very extensively. As it is the fashion to describe one's self, I'll do likewise. Am tall with grey eyes and brown hair, I would be pleased to correspond with any one, about my own age, twenty-three. I'll sign myself,

Barry.

Worth Consideration.

Ontario, Sept. 18, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Being a reader and subscriber to your very interesting magazine, the Western Home Monthly, I thought I would like to join the correspondence columns, if you will please afford a little space for me. Some of the letters are very interesting. Much has been said about dancing and I cannot help but write a few lines in reply. Josephus was criticised quite severely by some of the readers, but I enjoyed his letter very much and if you will just wait a few moments I will tell you what I have to say on the subject. Dancing is a great departure from maidenly modesty. Some folks appeal to the Bible in justification of the dance. But Rev. Dr. Patton carefully examined every text of scripture in which the word occurs and reached these conclusions: 1. That dancing of old was a religious act among idolaters as well as worshippers of the true God; 2. That it was an expression of joy for victories and other mercies; 3. That dancing took place in the daytime; 4. That the women danced themselves; 5. That the men seldom danced; 6. That men and women never danced together; 7. That dancing as an amusement was regarded as disreputable, fit only for the "vain fellows;" 8. That the only instances recorded in the Bible of dancing for amusement are of the worldly families described by Job, the daughter of the murderess, Herodias and the "vain fellows;" 9. That the Bible nowhere sanctions such a thing as the modern dance. I know you all do not think just as I think on this subject, but time is short and passes quickly, therefore, do all you can to uplift and raise the moral standard of your fellow-men. Would like to hear from "Plato" of the September issue or from anyone else who would care to write. Thanking you in advance, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space. I remain sincerely yours,

Ontario Girl.

Motoring as a Hobby.

Ontario, July 24, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Although a silent but very much interested subscriber of your valuable magazine, I can stay silent no longer. I fell in love with the letter of Fritz. Bless your heart, Fritz. I truly wish there were a few more in every province of our fair Dominion who would take up the cudgels against the worst evil in the world—drink. He says he puts it too strong but that is impossible. What a sad plight a young lady finds herself in if she finds after it is too late that the man whom she has loved and trusted is a drinker. Perhaps he classes himself as a moderate drinker; but alas, the day comes when he cannot leave it alone as he thought he would. God pity wives and children who have a drunken husband or father. Fritz pictured the whole thing very real. Why a nice young man will take his first glass has always been the mystery to me. Think, boys, before you are tempted to touch the vile stuff of the drunkard down, perhaps, in a ditch not able to help himself in any way. There have been a number of men lost their lives on the railway within a mile of my home. One man was so thirsty he was down trying to get a drink out of the ditch in the track which keeps the water supply. Poor fellow was killed in that position. Hope everyone who reads the correspondence to W. H. M. is a teetotaller. We don't have the pleasure of reading many letters from Ontario. To me it is the best place on earth and I would think a good many times before I would give up my happy life here for the free, great, grand West. Are there any of the correspondents interested in motoring. That at present is my hobby. I can run a car not so bad for a girl and many a pleasant spin I have had this summer. I will sign myself

Motor Girl.

[Kindly send your address. Ed.]

Do Think of Me.

Man., August 12, 1912.

Dear Editor,—We have been receiving your magazine in our home for a number of years and now I am a subscriber myself for about two years and I always look forward with pleasure to its com-

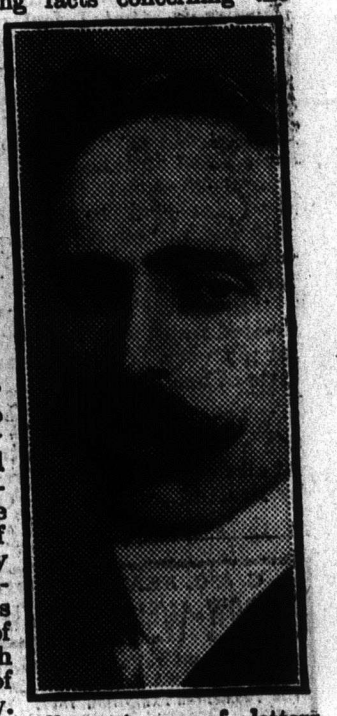
Secret of Mysterious Power Revealed at Last

How Prominent People Have Gained Wealth and Popularity

Famous Hypnotist Perfects Simple Method that enables Anyone to Control Thoughts and Acts of Others, Cure Disease and Habits Without Drugs, and read the Secret Desires of People Though Thousands of Miles away.

Wonderful Book Describing This Strange Force and a Character Delineation Post Free to All Who Write at Once.

The National Institute of Sciences has appropriated £5,000 toward a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderful system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs. The subject of practical character reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away.



The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicate clearly the universal interest in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly and address your letter to:—

National Institute of Sciences Dept. 838, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., Eng. If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc.

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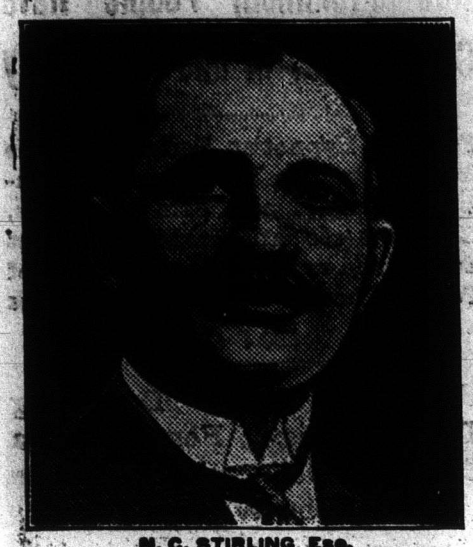

N. C. STIRLING, Esq.

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But "Fruit-a-tives" were so beneficial to me when I suffered with distressing Dyspepsia, that I feel called upon to inform you of the remarkable and satisfactory results I have had from using them.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion as everyone knows, can give you more uncomfortable hours and days than most common complaints.

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WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and reliable, for Ladies. The only genuine. AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation. Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles, 40c and 75c. Agents: THE GORDON-MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg. Mfrs.: C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

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Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity no loss of time from business, and a certain cure.

Consultation or Correspondence invited.

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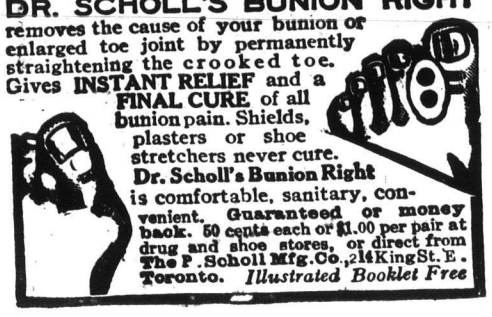
DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT
removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure.



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The P. Scholl Mfg. Co., 214 King St. E. Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free*

ing each month. What bothers me most in summer is that I have so little time to spare and oftimes only glance over its pages but in winter months I always give the Western Home Monthly good attention and I always find it full of good reading and useful hints. I think the "Young Man and His Problem" is a page that should be carefully studied by the most of us in our class; it might help us to mend our faults and failings. I, like many of your readers, have become interested in the correspondence columns. One may become acquainted in this way and help pass away some of the long winter evenings. I notice some of the writers object to those who dance and play cards. I dance and play cards sometimes too and I don't think either of them have done me any harm and I can only use some of the words of the one that signed herself "A Happy Wife" in April number, 1911. Many have been the long winter evenings we have passed pleasantly at a nice dance or a quiet game of cards, but, of course, if one's mind is naturally evilly inclined he will take harm out of the most innocent pleasure. I am a Presbyterian and lean toward those who are not too much one way or the other. I favor a line in one of Harry Lauder's songs of the lassie he loved: "She's an angel every Sunday, but a jolly lass on Monday." I, like many western bachelors, have a homestead which is along a nice little wooded river and within half a mile of one of the main lines of railway through Manitoba and now is a well settled district. When my eyes drop on the word "lonesome" that appears so many times through these columns, it makes me think of the first few nights I thought were so long which I put in all alone in my log cabin by the river and I think ye a bachelor's life is scarcely worth livir even among the best and tidiest ones of us. I notice most of the girls object to men who use tobacco and strong drink. Well, I can say I have never learned either of these habits so far in life. I will not take up any more of your valuable space with this, my first letter. My address is with the editor. I will now sign myself River Side Geordie.

A Traveller Returned.

Man., August, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have just arrived here from South Africa, after having been travelling for nearly two months via England. I am of English parents, in the twenties, height nearly 5 ft. 11 inches, weight 165 lbs. I am at present working on a farm, but I hope to have one of my own before many years are finished. The people I am staying with, or rather working for, get your paper, the Western Home Monthly, which is very interesting and I would advise anyone to be a subscriber. I would be very glad to hear from correspondents between seventeen and twenty-two years of age. My address you will have. I will sign myself South African.

Would Like Some Letters.

Sask., Sept. 21, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Just a line from another poor homesteader. We have taken the Western Home Monthly for three years and think it is the best magazine going for young people and farmers. "The Young Man and His Problem" is very interesting and instructive for the young man. I am greatly interested in the correspondence column. Gee, boys, read Plato's letter in the September issue. She says: "Do not tell your husband any of your friend's secrets and not all of your own and men always admire that which they cannot understand." Now I think that a wife should tell her husband all secrets known to her. They should share each other's secrets, joys and sorrows, but I guess I had better cut out discussing what a man admires, for I am not 21 yet and, of course, single. so I am as yet only a youth and probably I don't know as much as I thought I did. I agree with "The Farmer's Wife," for I have worked out quite a bit and I find if a hired man takes an interest in the farm and helps get along as much as possible, the farmer is quite willing to give him a day off to go to picnics, etc. As my letter is getting rather long, I will describe myself. I am five foot five inches in height, weight 145 pounds, and would not be bad looking if I put a sack over my head; do not indulge in bad habits but am fond of dancing and all outside sports such as horse-back riding, skating, baseball, etc. Now, if any of the fair sex would write, I would answer all letters promptly. Would like to hear from "Maple Leaf" of September issue, if she will write first for I am rather shy. I will close, wishing the W. H. M. every success. My address is with the editor. Notherkid.

Cannot Do Without It.

Darlingford, Sept. 10th, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Will you let me say a word for the first time in the Western Home Monthly. I have been a regular reader of this paper. I must say I can congratulate the editor and writers in the way they have made this paper such a useful and helpful farm paper. I have recommended it to my friends and got them to send for it. I notice in this last issue there are a few excited writers, especially the Farmer's Wife, but I quite agree with her. I really think the hired man of nowadays is getting almost too saucy to be good for the farmer. Now let me tell you I don't think every hired man is of this nature. First is this paper to be considered. So great is the good that the farmer and farmer's wife get out of it that it is almost impossible for one to describe. It is very easy to say it's a good paper and all that but just let one be without it for a while, they will soon miss it. I have been a subscriber for five years. Now, as my letter is getting long, I will not say any more. I am just twenty and a happy son of a farmer. Now, girls, get busy. Thanking you for the valuable space I have taken up.

Sporty Tim.

Plenty of Amusement.

Away down East, Sept., 1912.

Dear Editor,—I am a new subscriber to your valuable magazine and think it is excellent, so full of interesting and helpful information and consider you fortunate in being able to secure such splendid contributors as Rev. J. L. Gordon and Pearl Richmond Hamilton. I read their contributions first always, then I turn to the correspondence columns, which I think is excellent pastime for the young folks. Besides, most of the letters are very interesting and helpful. I am a farmer's daughter, having lived most of the time on the farm, but have gone to business in the city for a few years and must say I think the country is certainly the proper place for people with limited means. The attractions of the city run away with too many of the young folks' hard-earned dollars they can ill afford and which might be put to a more substantial purpose. Now I am not saying that young people should not have a pleasant time and spend occasionally, but it is the habit of continual spending year in and year out that counts up that I am opposed to. The community I live in has telephones in nearly every home, rural mail, women's institutes, missionary societies, good fairs, garden parties and in the fall our churches and lodges give splendid suppers with excellent programmes; then in the winter evenings we have our card parties and dances. What more do young people require? Now I must not take up too much valuable space as I hope to see this in print. I notice that some of your correspondents object to the writers describing themselves but I think a few words given in regard to themselves quite the proper thing to do. I notice most of your lady correspondents are "Sweet Sixteen." But I am not sixteen any longer but thirty-two which, by the way, does not look quite so 'cute' in print. If any of your correspondents care to write to me I will be pleased and will answer all letters. My address is with the editor. Thanking you in advance, I will sign myself, One Who Knows.

Is Very Useful.

Saskatchewan, Sept., 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have been an enthusiastic reader of your page for the last few years. My brother takes the Wes-

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information also state what kind of amputation you have.

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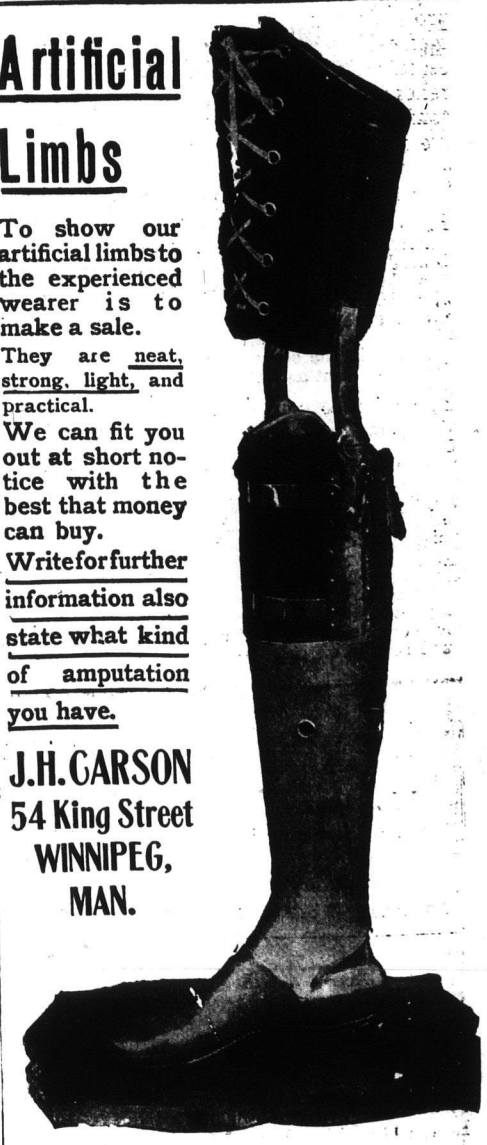

What the Internal Bath Is Doing for Humanity

Under our present mode of living the large intestine (or colon) cannot get rid of all the waste that it accumulates—so it clogs up, and then biliousness, constipation are the result, and that lack of desire to do, to work, to think.

This waste in the colon, as we all know, is extremely poisonous, and if neglected, the blood takes up the poisons—and brings on countless very serious diseases—appendicitis is directly caused by waste in the colon.

If the colon is kept clean and pure you will always feel bright, and capable—never blue and nervous—always up to "concert-pitch."

There is just one internal bath which will keep the colon as sweet and clean as nature demands it to be for perfect health—that is, the J. B. L. Cascade.

Many thousands are using it, and doctors prescribing it with great success all over the world. This "assistant-to-Nature" treatment is most interestingly described in a booklet called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent Efficient." Dr. Tyrrell's treatment is shown and explained in Winnipeg by Harry Mitchell, 466 Portage Avenue.

"SOME HA'E MEAT AND CANNA EAT"

So Bobby Burns tersely describes the rich, but still poor, dyspeptics. But their case is not now so desperate as when Burns wrote. For the man who has the food now can eat without suffering for it, if he just follows the meal with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet.

These remarkable tablets banish the troubles of the chronic dyspeptic—the man who is bilious—the sufferer from heartburn, gas on the stomach or occasional indigestion. You can eat hearty meals of wholesome food—and digest them, too—if you take Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets.

Compounded by expert chemists, after probably the best formula known to medical science, they are quick and certain in their action, giving prompt relief from all forms of stomach trouble, toning up and strengthening the digestive organs and bringing about permanent cures.

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tern Home Monthly, so I always could read it when I was at home and now when I am in town the people I board with take it. There is always a scramble to see who gets it first when the mail comes. My home is in the country and I have lived there most of my life. I work in an office in a medium-sized town and like it fine, though in summer I think I would like the farm better. I see it is the fashion to tell everything you can do, so here goes. I can cook, wash, bake, sweep, sew and most every thing that a farmer's wife is expected to do, only I can't milk cows—I could learn if I chose but I don't choose. I like having a good time and I like working too. I work from nine to six. Perhaps the dear boys and girls would like to know what I look like. I have red hair, gloriously bright red, a yellow complexion and freckles. Oh! my gracious, great big lovely ones, blue eyes, big feet and hands. Height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, well, I don't know, I broke the last scales I got on. My age is somewhere between 15 and 30. I am very lonely, so please write to me somebody, I will try to answer all favors. If any of the readers should be so kind and condescending as to write to me the editor will kindly forward the same. Wishing the W. H. M. every success, I remain, Yours truly, Little Chickabiddy.

Can Bake Bread.

MacGregor, Man., Sept. 20, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As this is my first letter to your magazine I would like to see it escape the waste-paper basket and appear in print. My father has taken the Western Home Monthly for the p t year and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence columns. I, like many other girls, see no harm in dancing. I enjoy going to a real nice country dance. I also like playing cards, skating, concerts, picnics or socials. I live with my parents in town. I can make good bread or do anything in the line of housekeeping. I also don't mind gardening or berrypicking. Well, dear editor, I won't take up any more of your valuable space, so will conclude. I will be pleased to answer any letters received, especially from Lonely Laura and Alone, as I think their letters very interesting. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. I'll sign myself. Brunette.

Who Wants a Pony?

Tugaske, Sask., Sept. 3.

Dear Sir,—I just finished the correspondence, which is the first thing I look for. Your valuable magazine sure is attractive for some reason or other. I guess because it is a good, clean, decent paper that no one need be ashamed of. I see so much about dancing. Now, I am no dancer myself but go to most of them in winter to pass away the long evenings of the prairie province. But I cannot see any evil in it if kept in proper limits. They can go to extremes in any and all games but that is out of the question. As for sport, I am right there with bells on, footracing, jumping, horseback riding, shooting or anything at all a little exciting. Now as for homesteads for women I think it would be the real thing, for if I had some nice little fair one for a neighbor I think I could pass away some of my spare time. Just a few words on the married woman subject. How many married women are there that get out as much as they should? But very few. Some man will say he has an old cranky woman. Why is she cranky? Because she never gets anywhere. I wonder how some of the men would like to be shut up in the house for a life-time; they would soon kick. And other men will go and throw their money over the bar and when the wife says there is something needed in the house why he will say: You don't need that or you can get along without. Say, girls, I have a half section and am very lonely. I am 21. I have a dandy little driving or riding pony. Who will be first to win him? Remember this is leap year. Please forward enclosed letter to Honey Kid of June number. I will sign myself The Barefoot Boy.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS.

Some women complain that they periodically suffer from dull and heavy feelings, or dizziness in the head, nervousness, pain and bearing-down feelings which should not occur to the normal healthy woman. But most every woman is subject to these pains at some time in her life, due to abnormal conditions in life, such as corsets, over-taxed strength, bad air, poor or improper food wet feet, sluggish liver, etc. A regulator and female tonic made from native medicinal roots with pure glycerin, and without the use of alcohol, called

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If in or near the city, take the time to drop in at my office, that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for advice, either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for anyone needing new vigor.

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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Household Suggestions.

Country Cookery, Southern Methods with Fish.

By Phebe W. Humphreys.

The cooking of fish has become a fine art among Southern housewives. Not only in the preparation of specialties, but in the simple processes of boiling, one may gain useful knowledge from Southern cooks. The Northern housewife is wrongly taught to have the water at a bubbling boil before dropping in the fish. Moreover, she is often unfamiliar with the best plans of acidulating the water, and also of providing means of lifting the fish from the water; or she allows the fish to boil too rapidly, so that when it is done it is almost impossible to remove it to the platter for serving, without breaking it into an unsightly mass. The Southern dish of boiled fish offers a pleasing contrast well worth studying. The fish appears on the platter whole or in thick, even, smooth-edged pieces, firm, flaky and white, with bits of butter melting on its appetizing surface, and with rich, piquant flavor in every morsel.

I watched a Southern housewife famed for her sea-food cookery prepare the water for the boiled fish. She explained that there must be just enough liquid in the boiler to cover the fish and cook it by slow boiling until it is thoroughly done. She first added salt to the water to give it flavor. Then a tablespoonful of vinegar for each quart of water to acidulate the liquid and keep the fish white and firm. Lemon juice may be added in the same proportion for some kinds of fish, and may be used alone for the small fish that require little cooking. Lemon juice mixed with the vinegar is added to the water for the larger fish. The flavor may be further varied according to taste and to the kind of fish to be boiled, by adding to the water cloves or peppercorns; carrots or onions for the big fish similar to our fresh salmon and the haddock steaks; or sprigs of parsley and celery for the small varieties. White pepper is in favor, but dark peppers and spices are avoided in the boiler, because they are liable to spot and discolor the white, flaky flesh.

After this careful preparation of the liquid in which the fish is to be boiled, the expert explained that if the water is too cold when the fish is dropped in the flavor will be extracted. If it is at the usual bubbling boil the skin of the fish, in coming into contact with it, will contract and break. If the fish is slipped into the water carefully just as it is beginning to steam no injury will result from either extreme. The majority of the housewives in the famous fishing sections of Florida think that they cannot keep house without a regular fish-kettle for boiling the various forms of sea food. A good substitute is frequently found in the metal sheet, to be slipped into the pan, on which the fish can be placed during the boiling and from which it is easily slipped to the platter without being broken. Others, who do not possess either of these conveniences, use a shallow frying basket from which the fish is quickly drained and slipped unbroken to the platter. Another makeshift for keeping the fish free from scum during the boiling, and for keeping it firm and unbroken, is to wrap each piece in a square of cheesecloth before dropping it into the water.

The Boiling and the Garnish.

For the slow, steady boiling, which is much better than the furious bubble, these experts allow from twenty to thirty minutes for four or five pounds of fish like our cod or haddock. An equal quantity of bluefish or bass will require from forty to forty-five minutes, and fish cut in solid steaks, or a good-sized Spanish mackerel, will require a full half hour's steady boiling. After the water has reached a brisk boiling point the pan is set away from the strong heat and allowed to boil slowly but steadily until the fish is done; but the expert cook watches very carefully to see that the boiling does not cease for a moment until the fish is taken from the water.

Small brown potato balls fried in hot fat, and sprigs of parsley, form the favorite garnish for boiled fish. Sprigs of celery and hard-boiled eggs garnish the platter when mayonnaise dressing is served with the fish. A spicy sauce that frequently accompanies boiled fish in the South is made by rubbing a tablespoonful of flour in a tablespoonful of browned butter in the saucepan, adding a scant teaspoonful of ground mustard and thinning with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar—or one of vinegar and one of lemon juice—and a cupful of the strained liquid in which the fish was boiled. It is seasoned with pepper and salt to taste.

Judging from the delicious fish chowders that are served, one imagines that the fish from Southern waters must have an especially rich flavor. The secret lies, however, in the preparation. When large fish are used the heads add much to the richness of the chowder, and even in case of smaller fish the head is boiled with the rest of the carcass after it has been thoroughly cleaned.

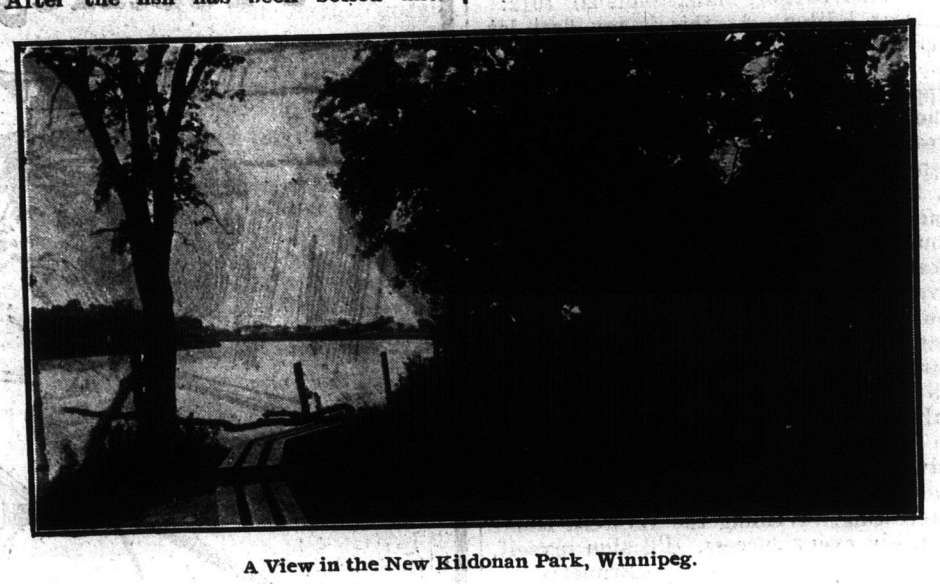
The Mysteries of Chowder.

After the fish has been boiled until tender in the acidulated and onion or parsley flavored water, it is boned and shredded into fine flakes and set aside during the further preparation of the chowder. The rich, glutinous liquid in which it was boiled is strained and also set aside. Then the expert chowder-maker cuts a slice of bacon or fat pork into small pieces and simmers it slowly in a frying-pan with one or two sliced onions, according to the size, allowing it to simmer until all the fat is extracted from the meat, but not until it is discolored. The onion and bacon are then strained from the hot fat, which is returned to the saucepan. A tablespoonful of flour is simmered in fat and a cupful of milk is added, the mixture being stirred constantly to make it smooth and creamy; the fish broth is added to the contents of the pan and when it boils a cupful of potatoes, cut in little cubes, is turned into the hot, creamy liquid and cooked gently until tender. The whole is then seasoned with salt and white pepper to taste, and at the last moment the flaked fish and a generous lump of butter are added to the liquid. Tiny cubes of carrots and sprigs of parsley are sometimes added to the chowder; but the clear, white liquid, with the white potatoes and white fish, is the favorite form.

A baking sheet is invariably used among good Southern cooks for preparing their sea-food delicacies in the form of baked fish. This does not necessarily consist of an elaborate or high-priced fish-pan with an adjustable sheet-iron bottom, but is quite as often home-made or made by a local mechanic—being simply a smooth piece of sheet iron of the right size and shape to fit a large baking-pan, with a ring at each end. By means of this the fish is quickly lifted from the baking-pan and slipped to the hot platter without being broken. It would prove almost impossible to lift the tender baked fish from the pan with a fork and fish-knife.

To make a good-sized turbot the Southern housekeeper flakes sufficient cold boiled fish to make two cupfuls, and rolls very fine enough dry breadcrumbs or cracker-crumbs to fill a cup. She then makes a rich sauce by stirring a tablespoonful of flour into a heaping tablespoonful of hot butter in a frying-pan, gradually adding a cupful of milk and stirring constantly until the mixture is smooth and creamy. She then adds the yolk of an egg which has been beaten up in a little cold milk in order to prevent it from lumping on being stirred into the hot sauce; for a white sauce the egg may be omitted. The sauce is then highly seasoned with pepper, salt, lemon juice and onion juice or whatever herb flavoring may be desired.

A deep baking-dish is then buttered and filled with alternate layers of the flaked fish and the sauce, with an occasional sprinkling of breadcrumbs. A thick coating of breadcrumbs is placed over the top layer of sauce, bits of butter are dotted over the crumbs, and the turbot is baked in a quick oven until the mixture is well blended and the top browned. Exactly the same method of preparation is followed when the alternate layers of fish and sauce are placed in the scallop shells. A grating of cheese is popular over the top of the fish en coquille.



A View in the New Kildonan Park, Winnipeg.

The Control of Flavors in Milk.

High quality will sell any product, and usually at remunerative prices. The milk, butter and cheese manufactured in the dairy when possessing a pleasant, agreeable flavor command top-notch prices, but when tainted, due to improper mixing or sour feeds, or giving too largely of cabbage, rape, rye, silage or pumpkins, they are soon refused by the customer. Flavors may also be absorbed in the cellar or dairy house where the milk is cooled. The most common causes, however, are due to some one feed which is given in too large quantities, and if dairymen guard against this practice and their animals are thrifty and healthy, pure wholesome milk is always secured.

The most common flavor that is noticed particularly is due to turning cows out in spring on rye pasture. Rye gives the milk, as well as the butter, a distant flavor, and usually the consumer is not well pleased with it. This evil requires but a simple remedy. When changing from dry feeds to green pasture it should be done gradually. In that instance there will still be a flavor, but customers are so gradually accustomed to it that they do not register a complaint.

Flavors caused by feeding cabbage, rape, pumpkins and silage occur in the fall and early winter when these feedstuffs are plentiful. These flavors, however, are not entirely disagreeable, and many customers really prefer them after a time, especially the mild silage flavor. Sometimes milk contains an appreciable odor and taste of onions. This is caused by absorption in the milk house, or by onions in the hay or grain. Wild onions are a pest and in some sections of the country, and where they are a part of the feed it is practically impossible to remedy the evil. Flavors caused by certain feeds may be checked by regulating the time of making. These feedstuffs should not be given until after the milk is drawn.

The best flavors of milk are secured when there is a well balanced feed and when cows are thrifty and healthy and are given all the pure, fresh water they desire. Silage mixed in the right proportion with alfalfa or clover hay and some grain, will produce milk of the best quality.

Cookies.

During the winter months cookies are especially welcome additions to the bill of fare and the following recipes will make them the more so.

White Cookies—One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one tablespoon milk, two eggs well beaten, one heaping teaspoon baking powder and two cups flour. Mix and roll on a well floured board and bake in a moderate oven.

Ginger Cookies—Two cups molasses, one teaspoon soda, one cup lard, one teaspoon ginger and three well beaten eggs. Mix the molasses, soda, lard and ginger, adding the beaten eggs last. Stir in flour enough to make a cookie dough; roll, cut and bake in a moderate oven.

Lemon Snaps—One cup butter, and two cups sugar creamed together, two well beaten eggs, one teaspoon soda, two tablespoons sour milk and a dust of cream of tartar. Beat thoroughly, add the juice of half a lemon, and flour to make a light cookie dough. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Cocoanut Cookies—Four eggs well beaten, one tablespoon butter, three teaspoons baking powder, one pound powdered sugar, one cup shredded cocoanut and one and one-half cups flour. This dough will be soft and should be dropped in tablespoonfuls on buttered tins and baked in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes.

Cakes.

Sponge Jelly Cake—Three eggs beaten separate, one cup sugar, one cup flour, two teaspoons of good baking powder put into the flour, and three tablespoons boiling water. Mix all together and cook in jelly tins in a quick oven; place either jelly or chocolate frosting between the cakes.

Cocoanut Puffs—The whites of three eggs, one cup of ground sugar, one teaspoonful of the extract of vanilla, one tablespoonful of corn starch, two cups of desiccated cocoanut. Beat the whites well, then add the sugar, and beat over steam, until a crust forms on the bottom and sides of the dish. Take it off the steam, add the other ingredients and drop in small pieces on buttered tins. Bake rather quickly to a light brown.

Drop Ginger Cakes—Put in a bowl 1 cupful of brown sugar, 1 of molasses, 1 of butter, then pour over them 1 cupful boiling water, stir well; add 1 egg, well beaten, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, 2 tablespoonfuls each of ginger and cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful of ground cloves, 5 cupfuls of flour. Stir all together and drop with a spoon on buttered tins; bake in a quick oven, taking care not to burn them.

Macaroons—Ingredients 4 oz. of almonds, 4 spoonfuls of orange flower water, 1 lb. of white sugar, wafer paper, 4 eggs. Blanch the almonds, and pound with the orange flower water; whisk the whites of four eggs to a froth, then mix it, and a pound of sugar sifted with the almonds, to a paste; and laying a sheet of wafer paper on a tin, put it on in different little cakes, the shape of macaroons. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Preserved Pumpkins — Ingredients: Equal proportions of sugar and pumpkin. 1 gill of lemon juice. Cut the pumpkin in two, peel and remove the seed, cut in pieces about the size of a 50-cent piece; after weighing place in a deep vessel in layers, first sprinkling a layer of sugar, then of pumpkin, and so on, until it is finished; now add the lemon juice and set aside for three days; now for every three pounds of sugar add three gills of water, and boil until tender. Pour into a pan, setting aside for six days, pour off the syrup and boil until thick, skim and add the pumpkin while boiling, bottle in the usual manner.

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