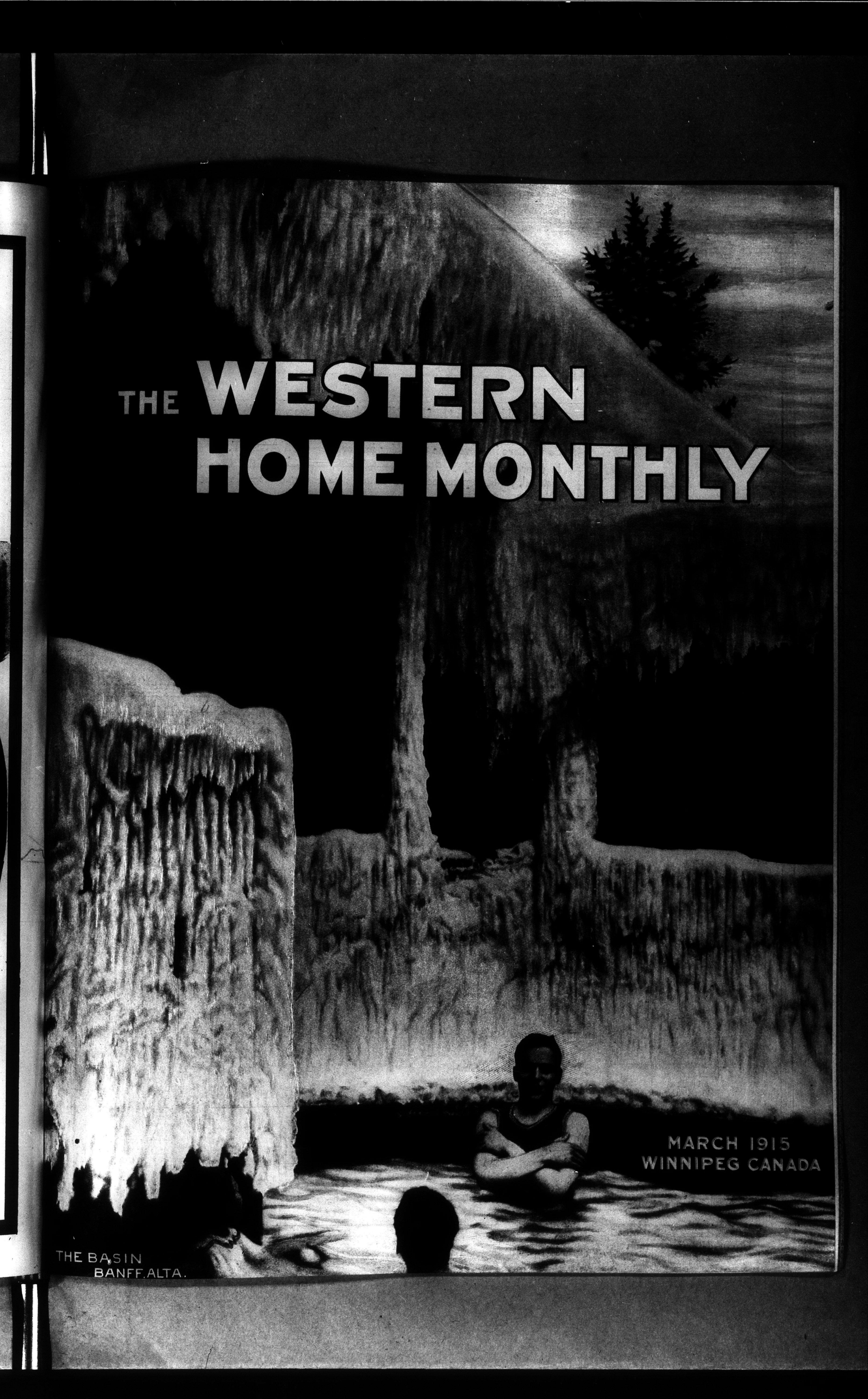


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**THE WESTERN  
HOME MONTHLY**

MARCH 1915  
WINNIPEG CANADA

THE BASIN  
BANFF, ALTA.

# AN ANNOUNCEMENT

By the Proprietors of

## BLUE RIBBON TEA

If we could improve "BLUE RIBBON TEA" we would do so. But we cannot. It is a perfect tea. So we have improved the only thing improvable—the PACKET. In future, "BLUE RIBBON TEA" will be packed in the new, double-material, air-tight parchment and cartridge paper wrappers—the "last word" in tea packing.

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Same price as before — same unequalled blend —  
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We Received over 1,200 New Enquiries in January alone. Many Recommended by our Last Season's Customers.

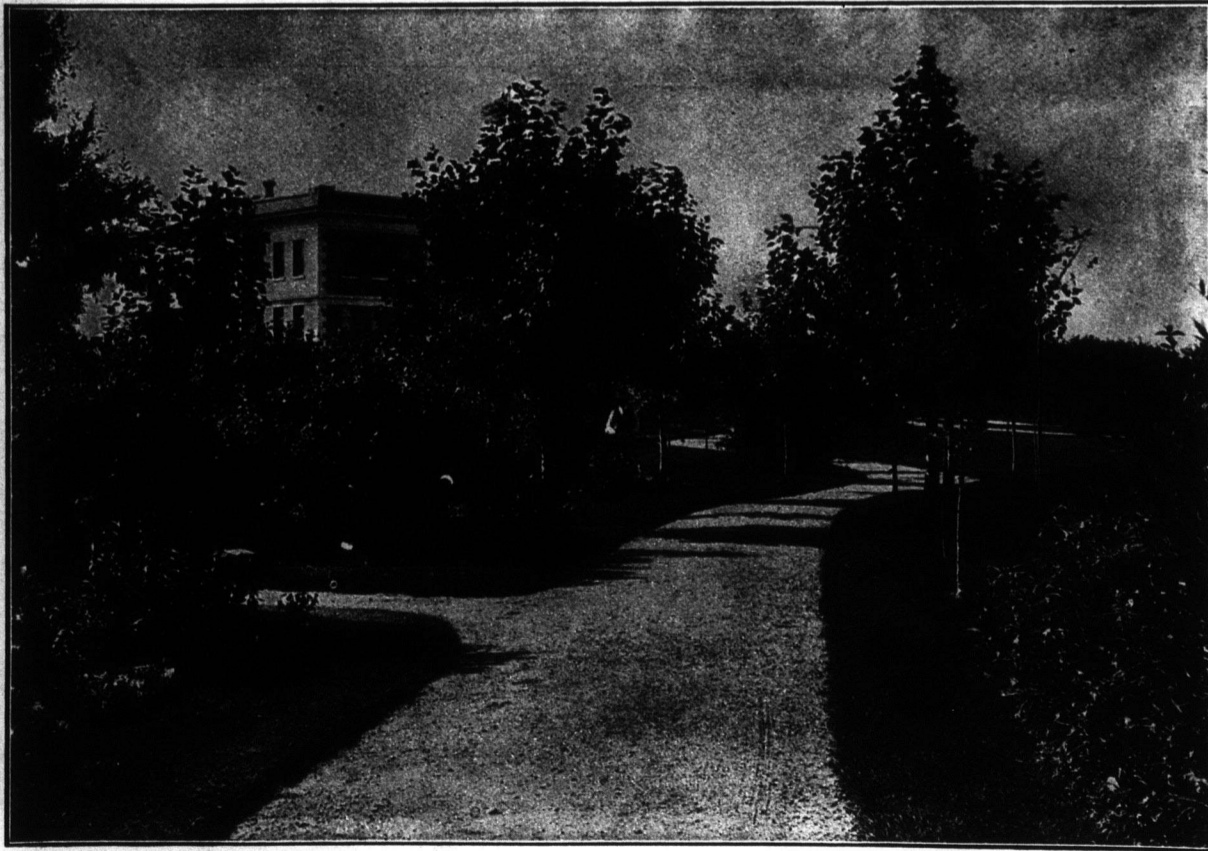
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Send for our Postpaid 25c. Collection of 12 Packets of Patmore Reliable Flower Seed, or our Postpaid 50c. Collection of 15 Lily, Gladiolus and Dahlia Bulbs.

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BRANDON, MAN. SASKATOON, SASK.

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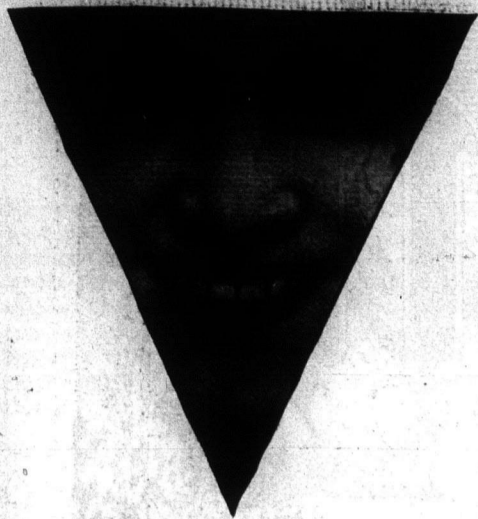
Beans, Canadian Wonder, 25c. per lb. Waxpod, 30c. per lb. postpaid.

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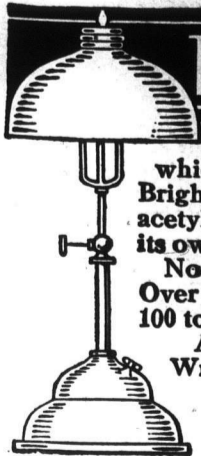
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# The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVI.

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

No. 3.

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

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

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

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

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

## A Chat with Our Readers

The Western Home Monthly is a genuine friend because it multiplies joys and divides sorrows. Articles, poems, and paragraphs, full of encouragement and inspiration, grace the pages from cover to cover, until the world becomes more rosy to the reader. It is our glasses, not the world, that need attention. We impart in our publication knowledge that others may light their candles by it. In short, our magazine is a "balancing pole to those who walk across the tightrope of life."

News stands are covered with special magazines of various kinds. In order to be well informed one must buy seven or eight different publications—while The Western Home Monthly contains the cream of special subjects condensed—thus for one dollar our subscribers may have the value in reading matter that costs non-subscribers from ten to twelve dollars.

### Our Departments

The department "About the Farm" teaches better farming and solves many perplexing problems, and consequently increases the farmer's bank account.

The recipes and helps in the department of "Household Suggestions" make housework easier by changing it from drudgery and monotony to interest and pleasure.

There is as much valuable information on the page of "The Philosopher" as can be found in any other entire magazine of the first-class rank.

Vital topics of the day are discussed in correct, concise and convincing style. The advice of "The Home Doctor" has saved many lives in isolated places where families cannot have the services of a doctor or a nurse.

Our readers express their appreciation of the practical articles on the care of children. The West is peopled by families of young children, because the country naturally appeals to men and women who are anxious to locate where their children will have growing advantages; therefore the welfare of the children of the West is an important feature of our magazine; we realize that in the boys and girls is the potential power of Canada's future.

Furthermore, The Western Home Monthly brings all the great achievements of man, the wonders of his inventions and discoveries, to our subscribers who are shut in by the mountains or are far out on a lonely prairie. Then, too, it makes the reader more familiar with the wonders of Nature. Pictures and articles create interest in the trees and rocks, and birds and brooks, and grass and mountains, and animals. Its editorials are fearless, impartial and well informed, and will prove valuable in arriving at right and healthy conclusions regarding the problems of the day. Another feature of the magazine greatly appreciated is its wealth of beautiful Western illustrations chiefly, but at present the most recent war features. From month to month it reproduces hundreds of interesting views that are in themselves an education.

In the face of what some good people call business depression, the war in which our Empire is engaged and in which Canada is playing her splendid part, this magazine continues its steady progress. People appreciate what is worth while, and The Western Home Monthly by placing before its readers that only which has proved interesting, instructive and helpful, has gained the high place in the popular regard. When we think of the twelve issues that went forth during the past year, and remember all the time, energy and minute care expended—when we remember the thousands of intimate, personal letters received from our readers we are convinced that every copy goes into the right home, and that all the time and exacting care bestowed on the publication was fully warranted. Letters reflecting the worth of the magazine were received in every mail.

With such a warmly appreciative constituency the Publishers, Editors and every one connected with the establishment, are encouraged to even a higher effort during the remaining months of 1915. It is our hope that each number will bring to every home and to every reader, happiness and helpfulness, that amidst all the problems that our people face and struggle with, it may have for each and all the right word and the helping thought.

Iver P.O., Sask., Jan. 30th, 1915.

Dear Sirs,—

I am proud to say I have taken your valuable paper for some time now, and intend to take it as long as I have the money to subscribe. A more helpful and interesting paper would be hard to find.

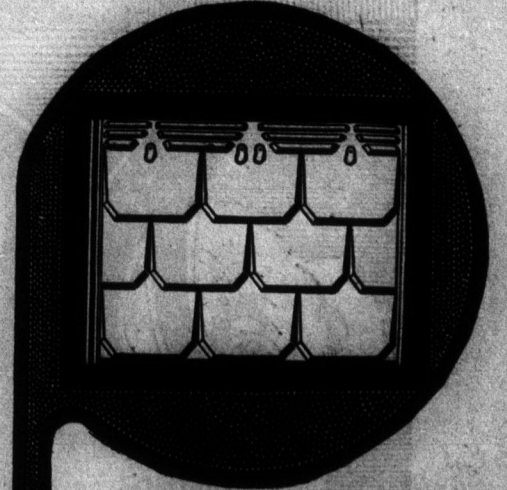
Yours truly,  
Edwin Wilson.

Beaver Hills P.O., Alberta.  
January 25th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—

Please find two year's subscription for The Western Home Monthly. I certainly think the amount cannot be better invested. A magazine that talks so straight to young people ought to be in every Canadian Home, especially in the West. May your eyes never grow dim nor your arm lack strength so long as you talk so plain, thoughtfully and encouragingly to the youths of this country.

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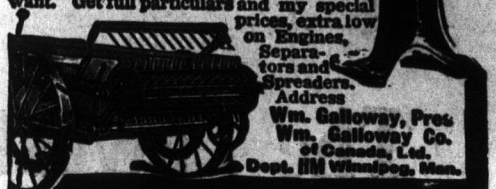


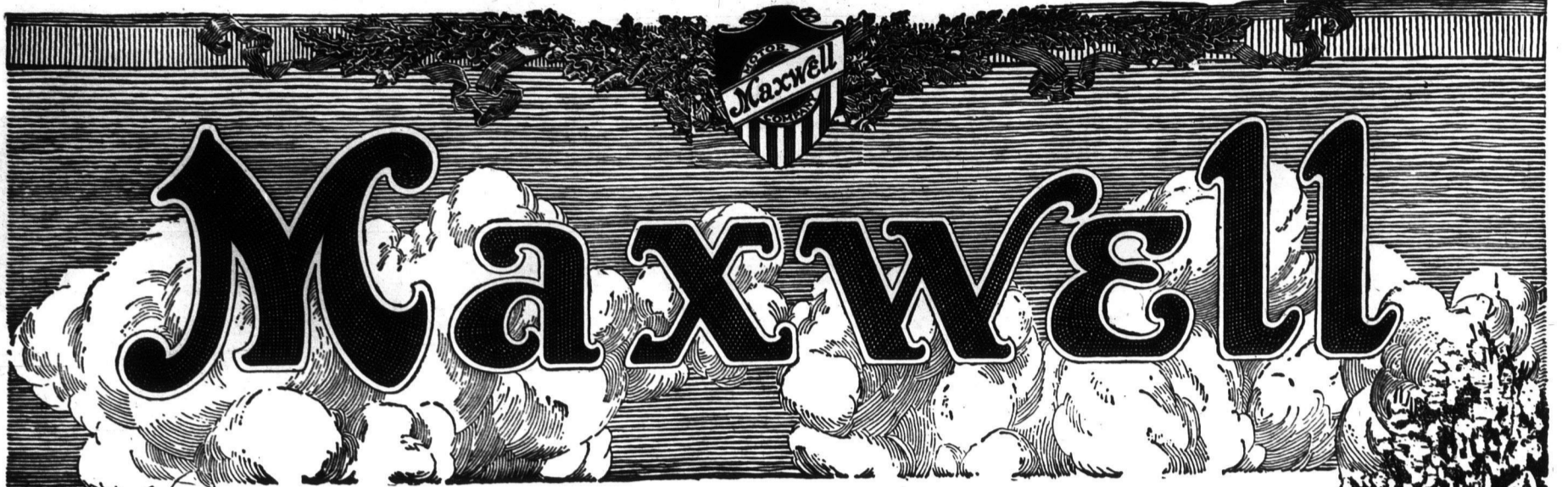
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## Holds the Road at 50 Miles an Hour

Although the price of the "1915" Maxwell has been reduced to \$925, seventeen new features have been added.

Especially notable is the adjustable front seat, which may be moved forward or backward three inches to suit the leg length of the driver. This is an improvement not found in any other automobile irrespective of price. It is typical of the advanced design of the Maxwell Car.

The double shell radiator of the Maxwell is equipped with a shock-absorbing device. This relieves it of jolts and jars, and makes the Maxwell famous for its freedom from radiator leaks.

The other fifteen new features show that the Maxwell is a thoroughly up-to date car, containing the highest grade improvements.

The Maxwell Dealer nearest you will show you the "1915" Maxwell

Maxwell Five-Passenger Touring Car	-	\$ 925
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Any model equipped with electric self-starter, \$70 extra

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# Editorial Comment

## BLOCKADED

A mouse once approached a lion in the forest. He stood erect, pulled his whiskers, endeavored to look as fierce as possible and then squeaked in his loudest tone "You are my prisoner! Let all the world know you are my prisoner." And so that settled it. Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous as this cry of the German Admiralty to Great Britain, "You are blockaded! Let all the neutral nations know it! You are blockaded." That settles it.

## HOW LONG?

The question now is this: If the war is to "begin" in April or May, how long will it likely continue? There can be no answer to this. It will take some time to drive the enemy out of France and Belgium, and after that it is a question of getting the general public of Germany to understand the situation. If the only way to victory were through the taking of German fortresses, the war would necessarily be of some duration; but of course there is a shorter and surer way. The desperation of the enemy just now indicates that something may happen even before the war "begins."

## BREAD

Wheat now one dollar and sixty. Nobody knows where it will end. In some countries they are coming to rye and maize. Here in the home of wheat we need think of no substitutes. Yet would it not be wise if our people were to begin to think more of cheaper food? What a variety of vegetables grown here! Nothing could be more wholesome. Potatoes, turnips and a little meat make a good dinner. Even if bread is high the cost of living need not be excessive. It may be that necessity will prove a good mistress in driving many to make use of means that were hitherto despised. The war may develop good cooks.

## GRATITUDE

In expressing our gratitude it is not necessary to wait till the war is over. To tell a young man that we appreciate his sacrifice and heroism may do him good; it will do us no harm. To tell his parents that we are thankful may make their burden no lighter but it may make them feel they are not alone in their anxiety. Let us not forget. And there are other ways of expressing gratitude than in words. It is one thing for our country to spend large sums for the support of an army. It is another thing for one to do some little thing to help those at the front, or those dependent upon them who are left behind. Directly or indirectly everyone should contribute to the patriotic fund. It is a fitting thank offering.

## BILLY SUNDAY

He seems to strike men so differently. One sees in him a buffoon, a clown, a vulgar egotist; another sees in him a lover of purity, justice and right, a man with a heart and soul yearning for his fellows; a man who in his earnestness despises all the tricks of oratory and all the niceties of diction. He is a fisher of men, and cares not what bait he uses. A dirty slimy worm is sometimes more effective than a costly "Jock Scott" or "Royal Coachman." Why not give Billy Sunday the benefit of the doubt? If his work is on the whole making for the permanent welfare of society, what does it matter whether he follows the customary church routine or not? The founder of Christianity in his time was called some pretty hard names by the religionists of his time. Yet his work remains and theirs does not.

## ADAPTATION

One of the first lessons a newcomer to the West has to learn is to adapt himself to new conditions. This is a very hard lesson for many, especially for those brought up in older lands. Farming here is not similar to that in England. Nor is business the same, nor politics, nor preaching. Some people who have never learned the art of adaptation blame the country. A farmer finds fault with the soil; a man in business says that everything is flat; a preacher that the people are not responsive nor intelligent. It is necessary to adopt another attitude. Here is a country with problems different from those ever presented to mankind. The solution demands original thought and penetration. To transplant ideas and methods is no easier than to transplant flowers and shrubs. Those flourish best which are indigenous to the soil. We have had many clever men fail in Western Canada. They failed in spite of their cleverness because they could not get into the life of the country, because they could not adapt themselves. There is a lesson here for preachers, singers, farmers, and business men of all classes,

## THE FARMER'S TURN

Speaking before the Experimental Farm Superintendents recently assembled in convention at Ottawa, Mr. Geo. H. Clark, Dominion Seed Commissioner, sounded a note which is of special interest at the present crisis in Canadian agriculture. In prefacing his address he said: "Unfortunately farming during the last ten years or more has been less attractive to young men of good ability and to capital than other industries in urban centres. The problem of farm labor has been an exceedingly perplexing one and in consequence farm systems have been modified so as to require the minimum of labor for the maximum yield of net returns. City industries have completely outbid the farm in the matter of labor, and it is probably true that at least one-third of city working men have had experience in farming. I would like to say to those men now that if the opportunities in the city looked brighter during the past ten years, the next ten years, in my judgment, assuredly belong to the farm, and the sooner they realize that the better for themselves and for all concerned."

## A TRIUMPH IN ENGINEERING

People become so absorbed in reading about wonderful things abroad that they fail to note what is occurring at their own doors. Recently, for example, there has been completed at Transcona, near, Winnipeg, one of the most unique achievements in the history of building. A great elevator holding 20,000 tons of grain, owing to weak foundation, began to sink at one side until it was very far

## THE GERMAN BLOCKADE.

The New York Evening Post in a recent issue makes significant comment.

"The Berlin Post to-day goes beyond the exact terms of the Government order, and declares that, after the date notified, February 18, men and freight not only on British ships, but under a neutral flag, are doomed to sink! If this is not braggodocio, it is brutality. It is also arrant stupidity, for, if it were not held to be sheer piracy, it would be an act of war against neutrals—or, at least, an act which if not instantly apologized for, with an indemnity offered, would lead straight to war. And even in their maddest moments of exultation and recklessness, German rulers can hardly wish their country to be regarded as *hostis generis humani*."

from perpendicular. By jacking up one side and jacking down the other, working on the centre of the building as a pivot, the whole building was worked back into position, with the floor a little lower than at the beginning. The new supports are on bed-rock. This may not be quite a correct statement of what was done to restore the building to its form, but it is the best that can be said in a brief sentence. A full account is given in the Scientific American. If we examine into the triumphs of engineering in Canada we shall find much reason for congratulation. It is well that it should be so. It requires more than money to develop a land like this. It requires trained intelligence. It is not without significance that in all the Western provinces great care has been taken by the universities to arrange for the very best instruction in engineering in all its branches.

## MURDER NOT WARFARE

Somebody has remarked that the Ten Commandments are not sound in their teaching because they are found in the Bible, but that they are in the Bible because they are sound. So is it with rules laid down by peace conferences. The raiding of defenceless towns, and the slaughtering of non-combatants are not unthinkably monstrous acts simply because international councils have so decided, but the councils have arrived at their decisions because they have had regard to the laws that men everywhere recognize as necessary. The action of the German nation is not primarily an offence against international law; it is a direct violation of laws which are intuitively recognized by all peoples who have passed the stage of extreme

barbarism. If the practices mentioned were permissible for nations, they would be permissible for individuals. Let any one try to imagine family quarrels being settled after the German fashion. Well has it been said that the slaughter of women and children is not warfare. It is murder. The only right punishment for those taking part in it is that meted out to murderers. The suggestion from Petrograd seems to be eminently just, even if it may not be wise to put it into practice immediately.

## HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

It does us no harm to know just where we stand in this war. The Colonial Secretary has given us the best summary up to date—February 10.

"On the western frontier this line has remained stationary for several months. In the eastern theatre of war Germany has met with no greater success, and the Russians everywhere more than hold their own. The great effort essential to the success of Germany has been foiled, and except for one success in East Prussia, she has gained no single victory; she has lost two and a quarter millions of her best and bravest soldiers, and any fresh effort will now have to be made with greatly inferior and disheartened troops.

"Thanks to the work of our navy, Germany is now feeling economic pressure in many ways. In Austria there are still considerable forces in the field, but her troops have suffered severe reverses, both in Serbia and Austria, and she cannot longer be counted on by Germany as a really powerful ally. Of even less account is Turkey, who has suffered severe defeats from Russian forces, and results have been the same for her as regards the British forces in Mesopotamia and on the Suez canal within the last few days."

Considering next the attitude and condition of the Allies, the Colonial Secretary has this to say:

"The soldiers of France and Belgium, fully confident in the justice of our cause, are burning to clear the soil of their native country from the hated invader. Russia, whose troops have long fought with indomitable courage, is preparing herself for further great efforts. At sea the British navy is supreme, and has recently inflicted a severe defeat on the German navy. Aided by our gallant Japanese allies, most of the German colonies have already been captured. The power of Great Britain and her allies increases daily in strength, whereas the power of her enemies is distinctly on the wane. The existing situation has been brought about without the vast resources of the British empire having yet been called into play."

There is still another side to the matter. The whole empire is more united than ever. Britain because of her devotion to principle has the goodwill of the world, and being conscious of her own rectitude maintains her self-respect. In addition to this, people everywhere are losing themselves in the larger idea. The pronoun I is changing to the pronoun We, and the most important part of the We is the man at the front and those he left behind in need of support.

## CONSCRIPTION

There are two sides to this matter of conscription as one can readily understand. First we can reason that conscription means militarism, and militarism is the very thing we are aiming to destroy. Conscription means casting out Beelzebub by the use of Beelzebub. But in the second place we can urge that if defence is necessary then it is unthinkable that the best and bravest should take up arms—and these are always the people who go—while the poorer material remains behind to father a new race. It is said that in some parts of Scotland where the men formerly were all over six feet, it is now scarcely possible to find one that height. The best and strongest went to war. The weaklings remained behind. Conscription would settle that.

Whatever view is held ultimately it seems that Mr. Carpenter, writing in the English Review, has said something worthy of consideration.

It may, however, be said—in view of our present industrial conditions, and the low standard of physical health and vitality prevailing among the young folk of our large towns—that physical drill and scout training, including ambulance and other work and qualifications in some useful trade, might very well be made a part of our general educational system, for rich and poor alike, say between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Such a training would to each individual boy be immensely valuable, and by providing some rudimentary understanding of military affairs and duties of citizenship and public service, would enable him to choose how he could be helpful to the nation—provided always he was not forced to make his choice in a direction distasteful or repugnant to him. In any good cause, as in a war of defence against a foreign enemy, it is obvious enough, as I have said, that there would be plenty of native enthusiasm forthcoming without legal or official pressure.

## An Independent Man

Written for Western Home Monthly by Chendon Latchford

"I tell you, Jack, you don't measure up. Why boy, you are lazy! You are twenty-two years old and you haven't earned a cent independently yet. When I was your age I was working as a mechanic at \$75.00 a month. Some day I hope you will be manager of this concern, but if you keep on like this I can't put my affairs in your hands. I believe you are lazy, Jack; yes, right down lazy," he added as the boy threw up his head defiantly. "If you are not," he said, as he read the denial in his son's eyes. "Why don't you get out and work? Show me that you are capable!"

"Oh, but say, Dad," said the son in reply, "I do work; why how about all last winter in the shops? I plugged away there. I like it, but you wouldn't let me stay. I was coming on fine when I got hauled up for not living within the wages I made."

"Yes, Jack, my boy, that is just the trouble, I want you to learn the value of money. You can never become the manager of this corporation until you do. I would like to know, if I should be forced to retire, that my business would not go

days later at the little town of Kenting, twenty miles east of St. Louis, with a capital of \$13.90 and a dogged determination to "show the governor."

As he walked up the main street of the little town, deep in the thought of what he could do to increase this capital, he came upon a large roadster, standing in the middle of the road, in front of a hotel; and which, from the gestures of an elderly gentleman, and a man, who from his appearance was the clerk of the hotel; was evidently the object of some discussion.

"I tell you," he heard the older man say, "I positively have to return to the city by five, my business demands it."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Carruthers, but I don't know of anyone who can repair your car. The village livery man is away at present and will not be home till late to-night, and there is no one else who knows about automobiles here," replied the clerk in a harassed voice.

"I know something about them, sir," volunteered Jack, breaking into the conversation at this point. "I think I can repair your car," and then as the gentle-



A German Caricature of the Tight-Fist.  
"We shall give nothing. I've made enough sacrifices for the Fatherland. Don't you realize all the interest I am losing on my tied-up capital."—Munich Simplificissimus.



### Your Two Hands and a Cake of Palmolive

The soothing, creamlike lather softly rubbed into every pore—then thoroughly rinsed out with pleasant tepid water—the result, an absolutely thorough cleansing of the skin. Repeat daily and you will say that there is nothing more effective than daily washing with

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**Palmolive Cream** reinforces the natural oil which keeps the skin smooth and unlined. Apply a little after washing and before going to bed if you value a youthful complexion.

**THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER**—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo, and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

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to rack and ruin just because my son was a spendthrift and ignorant of the value of money. How would you like to strike out for yourself for a while? Be your own boss—I'll give you a ticket as far as St. Louis and a little money, say \$15.00, and with that as capital you can start out. When I was a boy I started with that amount, and I want you to be a better man than your father."

Charles Sherman had been for a number of years the manager of the Sherman Motor Company. His son, Jack, was to follow in his footsteps when the father should retire, and it was with this idea that the boy had gone into the shops to get a technical experience in the building of the cars by which the name of Sherman had become famous. Jack had been delighted with the work and soon became a very good machinist. Tinkering about machinery had ever been a hobby with him, and he was right at home in the factory.

When his father endeavored to teach Jack the financial end of the business, however, he had to confess to himself that the boy was a complete failure. He could grasp the principles that are used in a big organization like that, but he could not appreciate the value of money. Jack had always had a certain amount of money at his own command since his mother's death, and he had made use of it not wisely but too well. This, then, was the reason for the father saying that it was best that Jack should go out and make his own way in the world. The father knew only too well that it would be the making of the young fellow. The son had the same fighting spirit and strong determination that had made the father a prominent man in the business world, and he knew that if Jack once started he would stop only at the finish. So this is how Jack came to step off the train two

man turned around, "I have had a little experience with cars of this kind." He was about to add that his father was the manufacturer of them, but remembering that his father had said he was too dependent, he simply said, "With your permission I will start to work at once."

"Do so by all means," replied Mr. Carruthers, with an appraising glance at the well knit figure, and noting the look of resolution in Jack's eyes. "You are a godsend indeed. If you can repair the car, I shall offer you a permanent position as its driver. My man, McGuire," he added in explanation, "had the bad manners to get intoxicated while I was attending to some business in the town, and I am left without a chauffeur, for I discharged the man immediately. I will not have intoxication among any of my employees," he warned.

Jack, however, did not hear the last half of his remarks, for he was already busy with the motor. The trouble he found was trifling indeed, and it was only the work of a few moments to fix it. Almost as soon as his employer had finished speaking he had the car running and had slipped into the driver's seat.

"You are quick at any rate, young man," said his new employer. "Can you run into the city, do you think, in half an hour? It is imperative that I reach the bank before five o'clock, and it is now 4.20."

"Yes, I can do it I think," Jack said, as he slipped the car into gear, but you must be prepared for a hot ride, sir."

The car glided along smoothly and Jack felt his pulse pound exultantly as he felt the car respond to every touch. This was to be a ride indeed for St. Louis was twenty miles away. As they shot around the fence corners, through farm-yards and out on to the turn-pike, Jack had time to think of the good fortune that had already

placed a good position at his finger-tips; a position that he had no fear of losing quickly, on account of his inability to do the work required, for he knew this car better already than did its owner.

At exactly eight minutes to five, Jack drew the car up in front of a large building on the corner of Broad and Williams Avenues, on which he noticed the sign, "Carruthers & Company" painted in large gilt letters.

"Well done, sir," said the banker, clambering out in haste. "By the way, you have not yet told me your name."

"John—and after a slight pause, "John Smith, sir." He thought it better that he should use an assumed name, rather than his own, for he was going to be independent this time.

"Very well, Smith, you may take the car up home, and from now on you may consider yourself in my employ."

And so it came that John Smith, alias Jack Sherman, became the chauffeur to the prominent banker, William Carruthers, of St. Louis, and already begun to show his independence, and incidentally to increase his capital.

Jack's duties, he learned, consisted of driving the different cars and keeping them in repair. During the months of July and August the Carruthers family spent their holidays on the Okeneo Lakes, a summer resort about one hundred miles from St. Louis, and it was here that Jack came into his own.

Shortly after he had come into the employ of the Carruthers' household they had moved to the Lakes for the summer and Jack had been taken along to look after the car and the launch.

The Carruthers family consisted of the father and mother and the only daughter, Hazel, a girl of twenty summers. In his work of driving the family around the city Jack and the girl had become good friends. She was a vivacious creature with laughing brown eyes, and a wealth of golden brown hair that crinkled up about her ears. She had at once made Jack feel at home, not appearing to consider him one of her father's servants, and Jack had been grateful to her for this. He had often been on the point of telling her that he held as good a position in the world as she, but then the old feeling of independence came back. No he would not tell her until he knew that he was an independent man.

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**And Will Never Forget the Experience**

The tea or coffee drinker who has suffered and then been completely relieved by changing to Postum knows something valuable. There's no doubt about it.

"I learned the truth about coffee in a peculiar way," says a western woman. (Tea is injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "My husband who has for years been of a bilious temperament decided to leave off coffee and give Postum a trial, and as I did not want the trouble of making two beverages for meals I concluded to try Postum, too. The results have been that while my husband has been greatly benefited, I have myself received even greater benefit.

"When I began to drink Postum I was thin in flesh and very nervous. Now I actually weigh 16 pounds more than I did at that time and I am stronger physically and in my nerves, while husband is free from all his ails.

"We have learned our little lesson about coffee and we know something about Postum, too, for we have used Postum now steadily for the last three years and we shall continue to do so.

"We have no more use for coffee—the drug drink. We prefer Postum and health."

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Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

When the family moved to the Lake, Jack and Hazel were thrown together a lot, because the parents did not care for the water, and the daughter loved it. Jack and she took long trips up the Lake, often taking a lunch basket and having a little picnic in the bays along the shore, and it was not unnatural that the young couple should become very good friends indeed. So it was with a certain amount of regret that they saw the days go by so quickly; Jack, because they would soon return to the city where he would no longer be a companion to the daughter, but the father's chauffeur; and Hazel, because she had enjoyed these long brilliant summer days with this young man who had the manners of a gentleman, but was only her father's chauffeur. It was in this mood that they drifted down the Lake one brilliant moon-light night, in late August. Jack had shut off the engine and the boat drifted gently down towards the pavilion on the ripples which a light breeze formed on the water.

"Well," said the girl gently, breaking a long silence, "We will be going back home soon."

"Yes," said Jack moodily, "you haven't long now."

"Cheer up, mournful," laughed the girl, "we are not going to a funeral."

"No," said he fiercely, "but we are going back where we shall be separated again. You shall be the daughter, I the servant."

"You shall always have my friendship," she replied, gently, softly. "Surely that is something to have. This can't go on forever, we must go some time."

"But I don't want it to end," he cried.

"Hazel, can't you see that we can never be the same? I don't want it to end. I want to live this kind of life forever, where we are on an equal footing. Out here where you are simply a woman and I am simply a man. Hazel, I love you—I have always loved you, can't you see the difference it will make when we go back there?" His voice was trembling with passion as he leaned towards her in the moonlight. "Do you care, Hazel?" He breathed her name softly. "Do you care enough to love me just a little? God knows you are the only girl for me. I love—love you—love you—with all my heart and soul. Don't you care a little? If you can only give me one little word of encouragement, I will be satisfied."

The girl had risen now and was standing with averted face. She was so filled with the emotion that his words had caused that she could not speak. The man mistook her hesitation.

"Ah," he said bitterly, "I am only your father's servant, I am only John Smith, a poor chauffeur, you could never marry me."

"You never asked me," she said tremulously as she turned and faced him. "You never asked me Jack, dear," but she hadn't a chance to say more, for he swept her into his arms and crushed her to him.

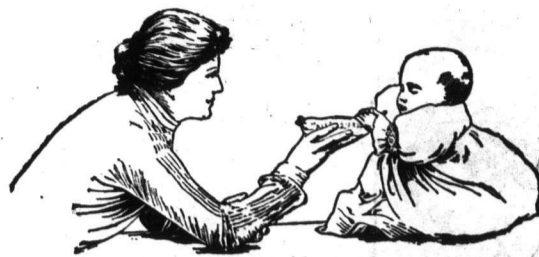
"I do ask you now," he replied, after a few moments. "Do you think you could become Mrs. John Smith, the wife of your father's chauffeur? Do you dearest?" he urged, fearfully as she hesitated.

"Yes, Jack. I could become anything, go anywhere with you. But Jack, what will father say?"

"Oh, don't let that worry you Hazel, I'll fix it somehow. I'll see your father to-morrow morning, but don't let us think of the future; let us live in the present, don't worry about to-morrow, and as for now, well—"

"Well," said the father, an hour later, as they stood on the dock together. "Did you young folks intend staying out all night? I thought I would have to send some one after you if you didn't soon come in," and as Hazel and he walked off together he chuckled to himself gaily.

Jack had always wondered, why for some reason or other, William Carruthers had never treated him like a servant. He had always talked as if to an equal, and the thought of this eased Jack's mind somewhat, for he was not so confident after all, that William Carruthers would give his only daughter away even to the son of—well he would leave it with to-morrow. He was happy anyway. Had not the girl said that she would become his wife? He should worry about the father. And so it was that Mr. Carruthers received a call from his chauffeur next morning.



**Are you worried about Baby?**

HOW to Feed Baby is often a great worry to mothers who are unable to nurse their babies themselves. Ordinary cow's milk—however prepared at home—is not a suitable substitute for the mother's milk. It is acid in reaction, contains harmful germs and forms dense curds in the stomach that cannot be digested. Decide to use the 'Allenburys' Foods which are the only series of Foods scientifically adapted to the growing requirements of the child. You will be delighted when you see how well your baby thrives on this Method of Infant Feeding. The 'Allenburys' Foods are free from all dangerous organisms; they are portable, being in powder form and packed in sealed tins. The Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2 require the addition of hot water only to prepare them for use.

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"Good morning, Mr. Carruthers."  
"Good morning, Smith, is there something you want?"

"Yes, sir, I want to marry your daughter," said Jack bluntly, going right to the point.

"H'm, are you sure you have this right? Do you care enough for each other to get married?" the father said with his eyes twinkling strangely.

"Yes sir," said Jack, "all we wish is your consent. You see, sir," he continued, "I am not what I appeared to be. My right name is—"

"Jack Sherman," cut in Carruthers suddenly, "and your father is Charlie Sherman, of Boston. Why boy," and here he burst out laughing, "your Dad and I went to school together when we were little fellows. I've been corresponding with your father since you came here, and I thought that you would be paying me a visit one of these days anyhow." Here he broke into his little chuckle again.

To say that Jack was surprised at these disclosures was drawing it very mild. He had simply been floored. To think that this old duffer had known all the time. This explained his friendliness, of course.

which the world needs to-day, and second-mile living which would compel weary pilgrims to turn their faces Christward Who is Himself always the inspiration and example of the second mile.

The valley of the Nile is a fruitful valley not because the Nile flows through it, but because the Nile overflows it. It is only when your life overflows that power is in your possession. The world is sighing for this spirit of the second mile, which is the spirit of love.

Problems in our home may easily be settled on this basis. Children recognize the necessity for discipline. They have no regard for the home without it, but their little hearts long for the second mile.

Men are brought to Christ by the spirit of love in the preacher and his people and by the evident presence of Christ in the lives of those with whom they may casually worship. Going the first mile counts for almost nothing; going the second mile will invariably win out.

—J. Wilbur Chapman.



The Misfit.

—Daily Graphic (London)

"Do I get your consent?" he said eagerly.

"You bet your life. Why I anticipated you so far as to send a telegram to your father, telling him that you were going to take my daughter away from me. Here's an answer to it," he said picking up a blank, from which he read:—

"Tell the boy I think he is independent enough to run the factory now. If he can steal Bill Carruthers' only daughter, he can handle the job."

"Chas. Sherman."

"Oh, I say, where are you going?" he demanded, as Jack hurried to the door.

"Why, to tell Hazel," he shouted happily, and then turning, added—"I'm an independent man."

### How Much Shall We Do for Others?

It is said that in the olden days, if one was travelling through a strange country, if he should meet along the way one who may have been going in the opposite direction it was possible for the stranger to stop the one he met and compel him to become his courier. The law made it obligatory for the man who knew the way to turn aside from his own journey and go with the stranger just one mile. At the end of that mile he could stop and could not be compelled to go one foot farther.

Jesus must have had this in mind and so said to His disciples: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile go with him the second mile." The first mile was law, the second grace; the first mile you are compelled to go, the second mile you choose of your own accord to travel, and it is this second-mile Christianity

### THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

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A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients."

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing."

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavouring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress."

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients."

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

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

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(London)

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# As the Shadows Passed

Written For The Western Home Monthly By C. C. Cummings

"We pass the fields of Magic by  
To reach the favored place,  
And sadly find our gods have gone  
With far-averted face."  
—Wilfred Campbell.

"I DO not like this country," complained the carved-stone vertical Sundial. "It's not suited either to my age or importance as a piece of English history."

"Why," said the young Maple in the corner of the garden, "What's wrong with it? For my part, I find it a very good country."

"That's because you've never lived in any other," retorted the other, who as a piece of English history of 350 years' standing, could be pardoned the spice of scorn in its tone.

The Sundial which stood on a little terrace near the street whereon abutted the two-acre lot which formed the garden of the quarter-million dollar, steam-heated, Cement-block residence of a Winnipeg millionaire, had been brought from England—purchased for as much Canadian money as would have covered

"Oh, that can be explained on historical grounds, you know,—ancient lights and other legal enactments. But here you have no history to explain anything, except, perhaps, the extinction of the buffalo. You have none of that reverence for the past and for well-established precedent that you find in countries with older civilizations; you have no influence of heroic deeds done through the centuries—in fact, none of those thousand and one things that have made England England."

"But you of the Wider Vision," quietly answered the Maple, "must know that Time which has brought all these things to Britain will bring them also to this country, if the people be worthy."

"There!" exclaimed the other, with a sudden access of repentance, "that's just like me! There's no fool like an old fool! I always forget that Time will cure all our present discontents. And yet who should know that better than I? I well remember that that was the very thing that the Ensign said standing here by my pedestal, I do not care to think how many scores of years ago—when his father, the old Dean, lamented the decline of England and the



After Kultur—Kul Tourists.  
The scenes of Belgian devastation are already marked out by German tourists as ideal ones in which to spend holidays.—The London Bystander.

it thickly with dollar bills from the top of its time-eroded Cross and Crown to the base of its moss-marked, lion-supported pedestal, with a few bills over to wrap round its wrought-iron gnomon. Its new proprietor was very proud of it and few were the visitors to "The Maples" who were allowed to depart without seeing it and learning some of its history and all of its cost. In fact, the Sundial, ever since it had left the quiet old English deanery where only a few graceless choir-boys from the Cathedral nearby disturbed its age-long meditations, had lived in the full glare of a repugnant publicity. Hence its dissatisfaction.

"The sun is too fierce, the snows are too deep here, and above all, the people are too curious, too irreverent, too hustling," it continued testily. "They come and stare at me as if they had never seen a Sundial in their lives before."

The Maple, though young, was diplomatic. "Well, you must remember that in all probability, they've never seen any one with the remarkable historical associations that you possess," it said ingratiatingly.

The Sundial softened. "I beg your pardon for what I said just now. I am not used to the ways of this country and we old folks are apt to think that the ways we're accustomed to, are the only ways. All the same I would have preferred a more retired situation than this—in full view of the street. Now in the Old Country as you call it—although I think it's as young as it ever was and I've seen 350 years of it—this lawn would be walled in and privacy properly observed."

"Oh," said the Maple, "that's only one of our national characteristics. It's the opposite of your habit in England of erecting the finest city buildings in the little side streets where no one can see them."

wickednesses in Church and State. I remember also how the younger man pointed to the shadow edge on my dial and said that if only her people were sound at heart, Time would bring to England all that England needed for greatness."

"That sounds like wisdom," said the Maple.

"Aye, he was wise beyond his years. It's curious what an impression that young man made upon me, although he's dead these 150 years—ever since Canada became a British country, in fact. Well, well, how true it is what that Elizabethan workman carved when he fashioned me so long ago. You can see it—that Gothic lettering—down there under the Cross and Crown."

The Maple looked and read: "Shadows we are and like shadows depart."

"Now," said the Sundial, "look farther down and read."

The Maple complied. "Let others tell of storm and showers, I mark only the sunny hours."

"Yes," said the Sundial, "that was his favorite. He did not like that one about the shadows—he was a great person for looking on the sunny side of things. I recollect how I saw him one early morning when, as he was waiting near a clump of foxglove in the garden—his regiment even then preparing for the war, the Seven Years' War, you know—he read that over and over and laughed. Then She came and bade him goodbye leaning on the old Sundial, who overheard their whispered words but kept them to himself as he alone knows how. And after She had gone and the sound of her light footsteps had died away down the stone-flagged garden walk, he remained for a moment reading that couplet again. Then he, too, quietly went out of the garden and I was

## Two Minds with but a Single Thought—



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that  
was

Her "Well, well! No more darned old socks, my dear. See what I bought!"

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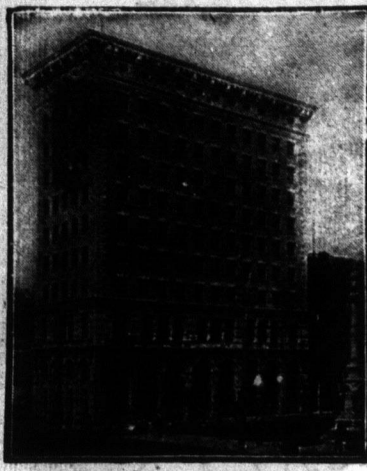
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left alone with their secret. I could only hope that for them I would mark many sunny hours.

"The shadows moved on, and soon I heard the march of feet and I knew the Ensign and his regiment were outside the Cathedral. They entered with band playing and pennons flying. Not since the Civil War had the old Cathedral held such a company. Through my window—I call it mine, because through it when the sun shone, I commanded a view of the interior—I saw the Ensign and his men pass to their places in front of the altar and the service begin.

"I remember only the music. It was by a then-living composer—Handel, I think—and it told ever so vividly of the wars of the Chosen People against their invaders more centuries ago than the Sundial of Ahaz, the Father of all Sundials, could recall even at that day when the shadow went back upon the dial. The regiment joined in with trumpet and drum and fife and cymbal, and I wish I could tell you how finely it all sounded in that grey old building. It threw clamorous battle-calls amongst the ancient pillars and fretted arches and shook the tattered flags above in the clerestory, until I almost expected the old Crusader sleeping stonily in the transept—an ancestor of the Ensign, by the way—to awake and answer the imperative summons. The trumpets shrilled above the triumphant march of the music,



"Now, Sir, here is the map of New York, showing the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the little church around the corner—"

"Mein Gott! I can't shoot around the corner"—Life

and there was not a soldier in the company but stiffened in his place and held his head higher over his leathern stock. His blood answered the call to battle. The cymbals clashed like the blow of sword on steel; the fifes screamed as horses and men do when they are locked in a death-struggle; and the drums beat a cannonade that reverberated from wall and roof as Oliver Cromwell's artillery did when a handful of Cavaliers held the town against him a hundred years before.

"Then, gradually, the battle music died down, the fifes and cymbals and drums ceased to weave spells of conflict in the House of Peace and the organ tones sank into soft whisperings of penitence and prayer. The people knelt to the God of Battles.

"All this time, the sunlight poured through the great rose window and painted in vivid coloring on the stone flooring, just where the Ensign knelt, the victory of the youthful David over the Champion of Gath.

"I wondered whether the Ensign saw it and took it for an omen.

"The service ended and the company formed up outside the Cathedral and marched away. And that was the last I saw of him.

"The seasons swung in and out through the years, bringing sometimes the light English snows that drifted on to my dial-plate so that the shadow fell on soft fleecy whiteness and not on hard grey stone; and sometimes the thick blinding North Sea fogs that closed the eye of the sun and left me in darkness through the chort days. But always when the shadows lengthened on the waving grass of summer and the crows flew higher over the Cathedral, she came, evening after evening, and read my message of hope.

"Let others tell of storms and showers I mark only the happy hours.

"Then she would run lightly down the flagged walk and I could hear her singing to herself as she went,

"About the end of the fifth summer, I think it was, she came one evening slowly and sadly down the walk, and, leaning over my pedestal, shut out the sun's mark on the dial. No need to tell me what had happened; I knew only too well that I could mark no more sunny hours for her.

"As she waited there, the iron-bound doors of the Cathedral opened and a little procession with flag lowered, arms reversed and drums mute, passed in, the old Dean meeting them at the head of the surprised choir-boys. They moved quietly up the nave and then the music broke out. There were no war-calls in this music, but instead the slow beat as of an army moving to bivouac after battle. Throbbing through the measure, the muffled drums brought the clustering shadows down from beneath the carved roof and called the light from the great rose window though the sun was half an hour from its setting and its mark on the dial was still keen-edged.

In and through these shadows, the music journeyed like a questing spirit. It seemed as if it had lost something and was searching the shadows to find it.

"Then quite suddenly it changed. I heard a note of subdued triumph sweep in—not loud, you know, but very insistent. It barely held its own for a moment but then it grew stronger and stronger so that it overcame the sorrowing drums putting them to silence, and drove back the eager shadows again beneath the hammer-beam roof. It called back the light into the great window and I saw the red and gold from the garments of "David Mourning Over Jonathan" settle on the grey floor beside the sleeping Crusader. And where the light fell, I saw also that one of the grave-slabs had been raised from its place.

"When I turned to look for her she had gone. I never saw her again. Ah! yes, it's very true. 'Shadows we are and like shadows depart.'

The Sundial paused a moment. "Now that," it resumed, "was the England I knew and loved—the England of Old Romance. There is nothing like it now—a days and in this country you have never even glimpsed it."

Before the Maple tree could reply an automobile thudded up the boulevard street and a clean-shaven young man in a khaki uniform ran up the steps to the garden walk. He halloed at the windows and a young and pretty girl ran out to meet him.

"It's come at last," he said, excitedly, "War's broken out all through Europe and the militia is called out for service. We may have to sail in a month."

"Oh!" said the girl, coming to a dead stop just beside the Sundial.

"Yes," he said, misunderstanding her action. "We probably have to go to the Old Country first and afterwards anywhere we're wanted on the Continent."

The girl did not move. He noticed her strained attitude and stopped his flow of speech. "What's the matter, dear?" he inquired with concern.

"It's given me a little shock, I think," returned the girl, smiling bravely. "I wasn't expecting it, you know."

"I'm very sorry," he said soberly. "I quite forgot. But you must not worry over it, that's a brave little girl. Come along with me to the Armories and see us parade. I'll take you there in the auto."

Hand in hand, the girl smiling as bravely as ever, they ran down to the entrance, climbed into the automobile and disappeared in dust down the street.

"Seems to me," said the Maple, addressing the garden at large, "that while we may not have the historical perspective nor the reverence for the past, nor the influence of great deeds done through the ages, we have not altogether lost the True Romance."

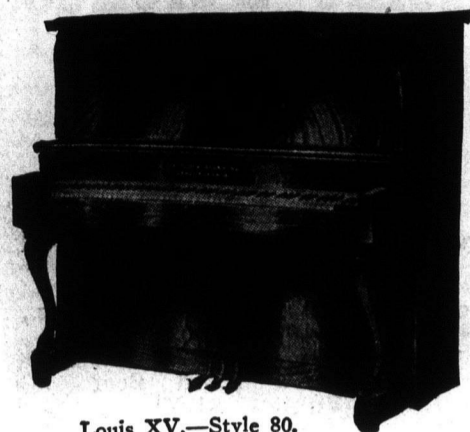
The Sundial was silent for a moment, thinking.

"I must apologize," it said, penitently. "Although the country and the conditions here are different, the hearts of the people are as they have always been."

### "Great" or "Little" Germany?

If Germany, after her diplomatic rascalities of the last few years and her cultural display of the last few weeks, is to be called great, then we had better publish our dictionaries in abridged editions with the word "great" omitted.—Arnold Bennett.

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# Da-Qui-Mona

Written for The Western Home Monthly

[The writer of this interesting story is unknown to the Editor of The Western Home Monthly. The publication of the article will make it possible for him to reveal his identity].

**W**E WERE seated after supper in the smoking room of an hotel in Edmonton, that gateway to the great fur country of Northern Alberta. There were several men there, of various occupations in the city, besides many who, like my partner and I, had but recently returned from fur business in the North.

We were all old friends, and, with pipes and cigarettes going, were talking on every conceivable subject, as men will do when they meet together after a long absence. The room was so full of tobacco smoke that we could scarcely see one another's faces, but that was no hindrance, and passing on from topic to topic we seemed to settle down to a discussion of marriages between white men and Indians. Most of the fellows naturally held such unions in horror, but many of us defended them on the plea that an Indian might be just as good as another man or woman, a Christian, and owing obedience to the same moral laws. It was here a voice broke in from the corner, which we recognised as Tom Cowan's. We had not thought of Tom, and he had evidently slipped into the room and taken his place under cover of the thick canopy of smoke.

"Some of you fellows speak quite fine about a white man marrying an Indian," he said in a sarcastic tone, "but you all know darned well that if any one of you did such a thing, the rest would have as little to do with him as possible."

It was quite true, and coming from Tom we could say nothing; we all knew about Tom. For many years he had been one of us, and a genial favourite on our trips, trapping, or trading for furs. He was well educated—a college man—but drink and other things had driven him West, and the wilds had got a grip on him. The previous winter he had gone off alone from Peace River Crossing, and in the spring he had returned with an Indian "squaw," as we called her, though she was unknown to us. He had settled down to farming and we just dropped him. Some of us had wives, but frankly we hadn't given him a show at all. Tom being always a quiet and reticent fellow waited for us to make the first advances, and they never came.

"What do you fellows know about the Indians anyhow?" he went on. "You form your opinion from the few straggling, tired-looking objects you find away from their reserve in the summer, cutting brush. Some of you say, condescendingly, that an Indian *might* be as good as another man. I say he is very often better."

Here he lit his pipe and puffed away in the darkness, but we could find nothing to say. Then almost abruptly he spoke again, and his tone was bitter.

"None of you know about my trip last winter—I went farther North than any of you—you know nothing of why I quit trapping and went to farming, which few old-timers can do, and yet you presume to judge. Not that I care a cent," he said, and I could imagine him straightening up, in the way he had, as he said it, "But it comes doubly hard on a woman to learn that she has ousted her husband from the companionship of his friends."

He said this last word in such a tone that I guess it struck home all right: it did with me anyway.

"Now, boys, as I've said, I don't care what anybody thinks about me; I've found my happiness, and I could wish no one better luck than mine. But because it might make you look more kindly upon other fellows in such situations, I'm going to tell you just what happened last winter, and how I happened to come back with an Indian wife."

We could see a blaze in the corner again as Tom relit his pipe, and we sat silently waiting for him. He always was a good talker, and he started off in that clear, mellow voice we knew so well.

"You know that we travelled to Peace River Crossing and there parted. Well, for about a month I travelled on, going farther north all the while, stopping at little Indian camps on the way for provisions. It was in such a place that I first met Da-qui-mona, and I thought she was

the most beautiful Indian girl I had ever seen. She was about nineteen or twenty, as we judge age, slim and of medium height, but wiry and muscular, so that it was a pleasure to see the grace with which she moved round. Her face was rather of Spanish than Indian type, and her particularly bright complexion had given her her name of Da-qui-mo-na, or 'Red Cloud of the Morning.' But it was her eyes that attracted one; large brown orbs that seemed to light her whole face; they could express anything, and seemed a complete index to all her ideas and wishes. She had been taught from her childhood by a missionary in that country, and could read and write well. We became good chums while I stayed there, and she called me 'Tommy' as I had taught her, whilst I shortened her name to 'Mona.' She would chat away to me about the animals and trees, for they were her closest friends and seemed like human beings to her. In the morning we would go on snow-shoes together to visit the traps, and to see her lithe little figure bending to the measured step was a glad sight."

It was quite dark now, and the blackness of the room would be lit up, only for a few seconds occasionally, by a blaze which betokened a pipe refilled or a new cigarette rolled.

"Things couldn't go on like that forever," continued Tom, "though after all my business was through I was loath to leave. However, one morning I set out west from the camp, with provisions for about two months, as I thought. Mona, at the time, I know, thought no more of me than that I was a good companion, but she was sorry to see me go, and stood at the opening of the teepee as I set off, whilst I, as I swung along beside my dogs, turned often to glance back at her, until her slim little figure was lost to view."

"I travelled West for about two hundred miles, I guess, and trapped there for somewhat over a month, using an old log shanty in the vicinity for a stopping place. Then the provisions began to run short; the dogs' frozen fish gave out completely and I was forced to feed them from my own grub. I knew it was dangerous to feed them on low rations for there was a lot of the timber-wolf in that pack, but I wanted to put in another couple of days before I started back. I let things run too low altogether, I guess, for one evening when I came back from an inspection of the traps, I found the dogs lying lazily around inside the shack, and all my grub gone. For a few minutes I went clean mad, and went around with a club, never heeding the howling and whelping of the greedy brutes, until one by one they hurried outside. Then the full realisation of my situation came upon me; there was I, about two hundred miles from the nearest encampment, with nothing to eat for myself or the dogs. I tell you, I felt all in, but making my supper as best I could from the scraps that were left, I prepared for an early start next morning. I felt loath to leave the furs I had worked so hard to obtain, and so I packed them in, determining to make those dogs pull the sleigh every inch they could, until they or I dropped."

"The first day's travel I managed all right, but the dogs were by no means satisfied at the meagre meal they made from the scraps of food I had thrown in the sleigh in the morning whilst I could scarcely stand. I got through the night without mishap, but felt hardly able to travel next day. However, I moved slowly along by the pack, revolver in hand, for I was afraid of the brutes, who kept glancing sideways at me, their wolfish ancestry showing clearly in their crafty eyes."

"It was almost noon, I guess, when faint and almost prostrated, I was stumbling along, that I heard the pack sniffing aloud, and glancing down saw that they had turned from their track to follow a snow-shoe trail. I felt cheered, and instinctively lengthened my stride to keep up with the dogs, who began to travel faster. The tracks, I could see, were new; the shoes were small, as also were the steps, and after half an hour's steady running, we sighted the traveller."

"The sky was lowering and threatening; plainly a storm was brewing as I hurried

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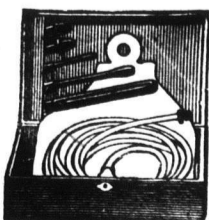
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on as best I could towards the distant runner whom I now perceived to be a woman. The dogs needed no urging, but hurried on, uttering short, sharp yelps which plainly the traveller heard, for she turned in her tracks looking back, and while yet a great way off I knew it was Mona. And I felt glad, boys, not because I knew that her father would be near, and that meant a square meal—I was beyond the pangs of hunger then—but in the long weeks I had been away, I had missed her and her happy little smile. She waited as I went on to join her, and her eyes were shining from out the furs which surrounded her face as she held out her hand and said "Tommy," the name I had taught her to call me.

"I didn't know how weak I really was, but a fellow can't go for days without grub, and when my muscles had relaxed in the reaction, I fell down in a heap. When I came to my senses, I was lying on the sleigh covered with furs, and Mona was urging on the dogs before the approaching storm. I seemed half-dead, but could plainly feel the icy breath of the wind as it blew upon my back, and fell back dizzy, settling down on the bundle of furs, and watched the little Indian girl, as with measured stride she kept pace with the dogs, ever and anon looking smilingly back at me and admonishing me with gestures to be still.

"But her smiles could not hide the anxiety in her face, as the wind howled louder, and its icy needles became more bitter. The snowy mist around me was thickening, when suddenly the sleigh stopped, and I could perceive Mona unharnessing the dogs; again I strove to rise, but I found it impossible. She came round to where I was, tenderly rolled me out into the snow, and then, having placed the sleigh on its side rolled me back under its shelter and covered me with furs.

"Kill the dogs," I managed to mutter, but she said no, they would protect us for some time; nevertheless, I felt her reach into my pocket and take away my gun, and at the same time she moved the buckskin belt around her waist, so that her big hunting knife was on her right hand. Then burrowing inside the furs, she lay down beside me, and the dogs huddled together so that I could see the gleam of their wicked eyes. She cuddled up close to my side, and I tell you, boys, it was comforting to have her there. I was almost senseless, and the deadly numbness and the raging storm without seemed rather events in a bad dream than a reality. One of her mittened hands was in mine as we lay there close together, and I knew that the other one under the furs was holding the big knife.

"We must have lain there for hours, for it was morning when I became conscious again, and Mona was standing over me, rubbing my frozen hands and face with snow. The remains of two dogs, otherwise demolished by the rest, lay around. She had cut the throat of one and shot another when they had attacked her, and I lay there senseless! In this manner she had appeased the rest. Mona, the little smiling slip of a girl had doubly saved me from death!

"I lost consciousness again, and it was some weeks later, in an Indian encampment, that I came to my senses. Mona had hitched the remaining dogs to the sleigh, and taken me to where her father was trapping, not many miles away. Here they managed to get some grub into me, and they took me on to the encampment where I had been raving for weeks.

"A missionary who understood medicine looked after me during the fever that ensued, and he told me that Mona had cared for me during the long days, seldom leaving my side. But I did not have to know this in order to judge her, for she had always carried her soul in those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I clearly remember the first sane day I had; I seemed to wake as from a bad dream, and felt sick and weak and hot. Mona was there looking down upon me and smiling through her tears. We clearly understood each other then, and with the little strength I had remaining I reached up and pulled her face down to mine.

"I guess you fellows know the rest. It was a long time before I could move, but each day Mona would sit by my side and chat away gaily. In the spring, just as the winter was breaking up, and the snows moving, we were married by the missionary.

"You fellows talk a lot of red and white people. Do you think colour can make any difference? Even had Mona not been pretty and refined she had the soul of an angel and a warrior."

"The only thing I can wish you fellows," he wound up, "is happiness akin to mine, but," he added, rising, "there's not one of you deserves it."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe he strode from the room; some of us called after him, but he hurried on and was soon lost in the vast concourse on Jasper Avenue.

In conclusion, I am glad to say that we are now as good friends with Tom as we ever were, and often we visit his farm, in the shooting season. There is no woman we respect more than his wife, and if any one is seeking trouble he has but to make some disparaging remark about Tom's "squaw," Da-qui-Mona, the little Indian girl that was.

### Out of Place

By E. C. D.

Carl Chapin shut his grammar with a yawn of relief. "Let's have a game before supper," he proposed.

"Oh, yes, that new one!" chimed in Bertha. "Out of Place, did you call it, Aunt Ruth?"

"For lack of a better name," her aunt assented.

"May I be it this time?" begged Alice. "If you'll promise not to make it too hard," said Norton.

"If you'll agree not to make it too easy," said Carl, laughing. "Don't put the tongs on the table?"

"You come, too, Aunt Ruth and mama!" called Bertha, as she ran into the hall, and Alice was left alone.

She looked round the library, to see what article she could put out of place and have it least observable, for that was the secret.

"The very thing!" she thought, as her eye fell upon Bertha's golf cape, and she chuckled to herself.

"Is it in plain sight?" asked Norton.

"Enough of it," answered Alice.

"Oh, not all!" cried Bertha. "That gives a clue."

But it did not seem to be of use, for round and round the room walked the five, yet no out-of-place article could be discovered.

"Is it little or big?" queried Norton.

"Is that a fair question, Aunt Ruth?" appealed Alice.

"We all seem to need more light," replied Aunt Ruth.

"Well then," answered Alice, "I should call it pretty big. When it was new it was larger than its owner wanted."

"What in the world can it be!" mused Carl.

"And where?" scowled Norton, pacing up and down in front of the bookcase.

"There!" cried Bertha, suddenly. "I told Clementine Hotchkiss that the next time we played this I would ask her over. She thought it must be fun. Say, you wait for me—don't try to find it!—and I'll run in and get her. Where's my golf cape? I thought I left it right here on the couch. I'm sure I didn't carry it upstairs. Do you know where it is, Alice?"

"I'll get you my jacket," she answered, evasively.

"Oh, I have a big guess that's what she has hidden!" cried Carl. "Yes, it is! I know by the looks of her face. Come on and let's find it! Clementine can wait for the next game. A golf cape can't be in the match-box."

Eagerly the searchers peered into every corner for the missing cape, and although Alice had assured them that it was in sight, cushions were overturned, newspapers peeped under, and even the couch-cover lifted.

"Because she acknowledged it was only partly in view," apologized Norton.

"I wonder if she can have stuffed it in back of the books?" thought Bertha, and then a familiar shade of blue caught her eye. She stepped nearer the bookcase, and there, neatly wedged between the volumes, and folded so as closely to resemble a book, was the missing garment.

With a glad cry Bertha drew it forth.

"That was a bright thought," praised Carl, with a smiling nod toward his sister. "This game may do us all some good."

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# Hunting Wild Creatures with a Camera

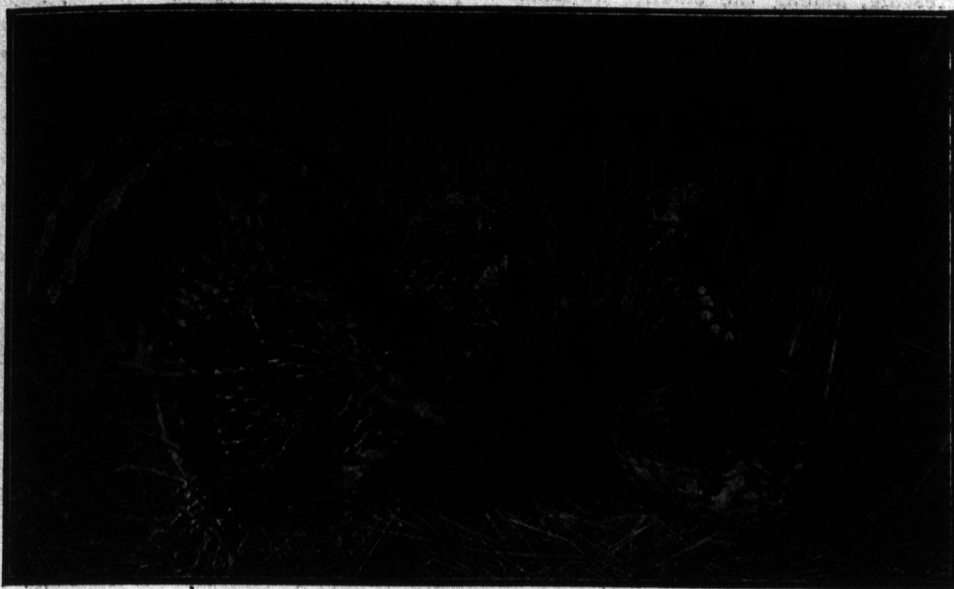
Written for the Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

TO those desirous of thrills, excitement, breathless moments, the hunting of big game, live wild animals and birds in this way offers a pastime that is replete in all three of the above elements.

The sport, for it comes more nearly under that head than any other, is also an arduous one. In comparison, the hunting of animals with a gun is a sinecure. To be successful in the latter, one needs only to have the most super-

tired of slaughtering monarchs of the wilderness have taken up the use of "film ammunition" offering as it does a diversion that is not lacking in the elements of excitement and danger.

Animals of any kind are not good posers and wild ones permit themselves to be taken only unawares. Of the greater game the elk is probably the most difficult to approach. Its fear of noise and habit of travelling sometimes for an entire day away from the spot



Canadian Ruffed Grouse (Partridge) making love. The bird is noted for its drumming sound, and like all drummers, is an ardent wooer.

cial knowledge of the quarry which he sets out to take. This, coupled with fair eye sight, average acquaintance with the art of woodcraft and a modern gun and ammunition will nine times out of ten yield a fair bag. On the other hand the camera sportsman must be thoroughly informed upon every characteristic of the beast or bird which he goes after. Its power of sight, sense of smell, particular locality, wariness or ferocity must all be taken into account and allowance made for each of these before results can be obtained. This information—learned most often with the

where frightened sometimes makes necessary days and even weeks of following on the trail before a situation can be gained in which to capture it. Even the matter of picking up a fresh trail takes often many days of searching and then must be followed on foot as a horse makes too much noise in elk country. However the animal is not without its weak points. Though possessed of a powerful nose its sight and hearing are not nearly so keen as that of the smaller deer. So by taking due precautions and keeping in a position where the wind is from the elk to you, sooner or later it



Rocky Mountain Sheep are numerous in the fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies, making their homes upon the wind swept benches. From midwinter to autumn the rams often travel in couplets and even larger numbers. With the coming of autumn they join the ewes, which also, during this period, keep to themselves. Like the antelope the mountain sheep is polygamous and when two rams come upon a flock of ewes during this time their friendship immediately dissolves. The strongest and ablest fighter claims the flock. After joining the ewes in autumn the ram remains as leader and guardian until about midwinter when he again leaves. The young are born from the last weeks in May to the first week in June; the ewes have one or two lambs.

experienced gained from many failures—added to a thorough mastery of the camera, makes possible a new sport that is to-day finding many followers all over the world. It is intensely fascinating and even more spell binding than golf.

Hunting in this way such big game animals as elk, antelope, moose and bear is hardly a field to be invaded by the man with a small purse unless he be situated right in one of these animal's particular territory. Generally speaking, it offers a welcome diversion to the moderate or very wealthy. Many of these,

becomes possible to take the desired photograph.

In the case of antelope, dwellers on wide, almost bare plains, long weary waits in some hidden spot, generally under a sweltering sun or in intense cold, is necessary; or stealthily crawling long distances along some dry coulee bottom.

With the moose an abundance of time is the chief requisite to successfully get its form on to a film. Its sense of smell and hearing are both acute and it has many little peculiarities that must be

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studied. As with the elk its locality must be always penetrated in the face of the wind. The bull moose in rutting season, September and October, is more reckless than any other time of the year and is also extremely curious, so during this period offers the best chance to the photographer.

The bear, with the exception of the grizzly, is seldom dangerous and when met up with will generally take to his heels. The same general rules that apply to the picturing of deer can be followed in its case.

As before stated the taking of pictures of all of the above mentioned animals requires money and plenty of it. But there is a field, equally as large and interesting, among the smaller animals such as gophers, squirrels, muskrats and many other quadrupeds that make their homes in regions fairly easy of access even to the person not favored with extensive means. In addition to these are the many varieties of song and game birds which are to be found in the country even in old settled communities.

Of the game birds the wild geese and ducks are perhaps the most difficult to snap. Migrating as they do annually they cover almost the entire length of the North American continent on this flight which requires rest at various intervals. Always, wherever the stop, are gunners on the lookout. For this reason they have become naturally hard to approach and only long waiting on the damp reedy shores of sloughs, rivers or lakes with special appliances to the camera will secure their portraits.

The field of camera hunting is however wide and varied. To the person whose sensibilities revolt at the cry of a wounded or dying animal but who has at the same time a leaning toward the wild, the camera hunt offers a pleasing substitute for the gun. To the student and lover of the wild things this form of chase will add materially to his knowledge of bird life and animal habits. For often during long waits for some desired picture little peculiarities of the hunted thing, never before noticed, will be brought to the attention. One thing at least is always guaranteed, absolute accuracy and exactness of detail.

A good camera, not too heavy, equipped with a shutter working at any speed from time to 1-1500th of a second, plenty of patience, nerve, knowledge of the wild and the ability to put up with many failures, are the chief requisites for success in producing on paper the creatures of the wild.

weight, and when baked almost as much, Mutton suffers much more in the same way. Yet meat is less nutritious as well as less sanitary in the uncooked, raw state, so you must pocket your losses accordingly.

Cereals are apt to gain or lose in weight with respect to the pantries in which they are stored. Flour gains three per cent in weight in a damp store and loses three per cent in weight stored in a dry room. One hundred pounds of uncooked cabbage contains less than eight pounds of solid matter and nearly three pounds of these disappear in cooking. Unpeeled potatoes suffer no loss of solids when boiled, but if their jackets are off, good night! The very best as well as most aromatic portions go by the board.

A hundred pounds of spinach contains ninety pounds of water, and only seven pounds of food are left after it is cooked. In other words, for every dollar's worth of spinach you buy, your stomachs only receive seven cents worth—always with the assumption that one cent equals one per cent of the cost price. Celery is about the same as spinach.

On the other hand merely weighing vegetables after cooking without extracting water will show these increases in weight. When cooked one pound of oatmeal becomes eleven and a half pounds; one pound of Quaker oats becomes the same, a pound of Mother's oats becomes nine pounds; one pound of arrow root becomes fifteen pounds, one pound of lentils becomes two and one-half pounds.

The average person in this workaday world needs must eat a pound of sugar and starch, a half-gallon of water, a third of a pound of meat or other protein, a third of a pound of fat, and a thimbleful of minerals to perform a moderate amount of skillful labor in the twenty-four hours. Fats may be increased or decreased at the expense of starches and sugars, for these may occasionally with impunity replace one another. Children and women require amounts more or less according to their age, weight, and physical exertions.

Even the arbitrary average of four or five ounces of daily proteid food may be entirely done away with for short periods without resulting damage. But fats and starches in five times a larger quantity must be substituted for the absent proteids. Then if digestive disturbances appear upon the scene, back to the human hearth must come your meat or other protein. Dr. Harvey Wiley, Professor Atwater and the psychologists under the direction of Professor John Watson of Johns Hopkins University, have shown that muscular as well as sensory efficiency is conspicuously and quickly lowered, if proteins remain away long from the dietary.

**Table Talk From the Kitchen Kemist**

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg A.B., M.A., M.D., (Johns Hopkins)

Not long ago, on my medical rounds, it occurred to me to ask my patients whether they had any scales in their kitchens or in the house for that matter. My reason on that day was to weigh a package of powder that I had with me, but I am now using the information for another purpose. Well would you believe it, I made professional visits that day into thirty-three homes and nary a one of them had a pair of scales downstairs, upstairs, or in my lady's chamber. And although I have written books, delivered lectures and given demonstrations since then to hundreds of patients as to the importance of kitchen scales, with which to weigh foods, it has all been in vain.

There are few housewives indeed who ever weigh samples of their foods, then weigh the scrapings, peelings, and refuse, and the food to be cooked. Still more infrequent, if that is possible, is the weighing of the cooked food just before it is served upon the table. Finally, who in the congregation is there that ever weighed the waste, the bones, and the table remnants? Yet every step thus mentioned, means the health, happiness, and low cost of living to the home circle.

As animal food is cooked it necessarily decreases in weight because of the loss of water, but the vast majority of vegetables, particularly cabbage, sauerkraut, turnips, hominy, corn, and barley increase their bulk by the absorption of water. Four pounds of beefsteak when broiled or boiled loses one-fourth of its weight, when roasted it loses one-third of its

Hence too much stress cannot be laid upon the need of proteins in the human economy. Vegetarians obtain proteins in small and insufficient amounts, and thus are able to deceive themselves sometimes for years before serious troubles follow. Sooner or later, however if hard mental or muscular work is necessary, some serious tissue disturbance follows and efficiency decreases. Meat, fish and eggs are then necessary. On the other hand, retired bankers and manufacturers as well as the great host of nondescript individuals who grow sleek and fat and well groomed with less and less physical exertion, become buoyant, jubilant, and active when they espouse the cause of the vegetarians.

For the reduction in their intake of proteins, which is a necessary concomitant of vegetarianism, is a virtue and an aid to their overtaxed liver and lights that comes irrespective of cannibalism or vegetarianism. In a word it is a sane reduction of the amount of fuel shoveled into their banked fires. A fat and under-worked middle aged man, is like a furnace with the fires banked. All of the heat and energy is yet in him, but combustion is faulty, because his bellows are not sending in enough draft. When such an one overeats, he is adding too much fuel to his ashed-in flame. Since overeating means too much protein—for these foods are the true energizers—and too much protein means too much fish, eggs, and meat, hence, if he is no skilled laborer, no man who works hard twelve hours or more a day; if he works like a banker, a plutocrat, a bartender, a politician, a gambler, or a preacher, an excess of protein food means kidney and liver disease, if not worse. For these privileged classes vegetarianism with all its fallacies, is indeed a boon.

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## Woman and the Home

By Imitation

By Margaret Blaine

The maiden aunt had come to call. It was very early for callers, but Mrs. Marsh knew that the maiden aunt needed help, so she left the baking and went to her cheerfully. The aunt looked quite worn out, and very nearly distracted. But what can you expect when a person without previous experience steps in and tries to take care of four healthy children for six weeks. The aunt had been there only two weeks, but such weeks!

"What is the reason," said the aunt almost tearfully, "that yours are so good, and mine are so bad? Why, do you know, the twins were actually fighting this morning, and Edith is so horrid and selfish. She won't let Edna touch a thing, and Edna cries when nothing at all is the matter."

"Can't you give them something to do?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"But what?" said the maiden aunt.

"Oh! anything. If they suggest anything, let them do it if you possibly can. If not, you suggest something. If your invention runs out, you might look out of the window, and see what mine are doing."

She beckoned the aunt to a window. A hum of busy voices arose from the lawn below.

"Why they're washing."

"Yes, it's the doll clothes, and the boys, not to be behindhand, are washing their baseball suits."

"But they will get their clothes soiled."

"Yes, they're bound to do that in any case. They have on their rompers and gingham aprons, so it won't matter. After the washing is dry, there will be the ironing, so you see they will be busy all day."

"I'm going right home, and ask mine if they want to wash things."

"They will want to. And then tomorrow if you can't think of anything you might telephone over, and find out what we are doing."

The aunt departed with hope in her bearing. Her young charges agreed to the wash-day programme with the enthusiasm of children who have been repressed for two weeks. She took off the pretty clothes in which she had been keeping them, and searched out the despised rompers. Then the children, with arms full of doll clothes, went out to the back lawn and washed themselves into a state of quiet good nature. The dinner hour was absolutely peaceful. The aunt took them upstairs afterward and told them stories. Then it was time for the bath and bed.

The next day a cautious inquiry went over the telephone, "What to-day?"

"They're working in their gardens," was the answer.

"Children, have you any gardens?" said the aunt.

They had had some, but investigation showed that they had disappeared under the onslaught of the weeds. The aunt, who was really a clever person, clothed the reclaiming work in the guise of a battle against insidious dragons that wanted to eat up the lovely flower maidens. With their little tools and watering pots the children worked with a will. When a pot was nicely cleaned the aunt transplanted some blooming petunias from the mother's garden. The petunias stood the transplanting nicely. They were too thick in the garden anyway, and besides the children now had immediate results to show for their work.

The next day's inquiry showed that Mrs. Marsh's children were playing milkman with a tub of water and all the measuring cups in the house. "You'll find that children will play anything that allows them to splash in the water," said Mrs. Marsh. "For this you'd better put on their bathing suits."

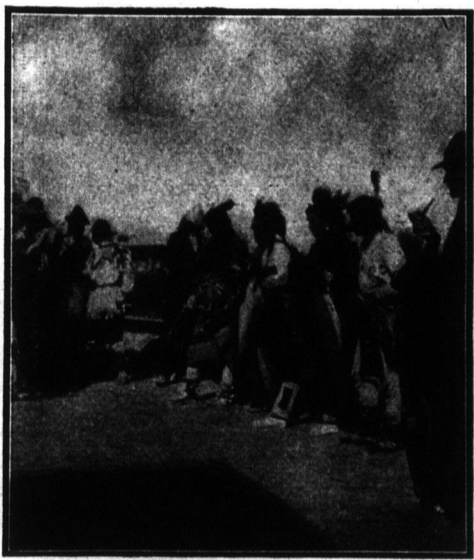
"This can be a lesson in mathematics, too," said the aunt as she gave them gill, pint, quart and gallon measures.

On the succeeding days there were trips to the woods, playing in bathing suits under the garden hose, a day of Indian camp in the back yard, rainy days when they rearranged their post-card al-

bums, strung beads and used water-color paints, they gathered up their despised blocks and laid out an artistic village on the sand pile, they organized a telephone system in the backyard, and gave a circus with the aid of the dogs and cats of the neighborhood.

"Why?" said the mother, "they're heart-broken to have you go, and they do nothing but talk of the delightful times you had together. I never thought you could manage children so well. I was really afraid that you would fairly hate each other by the time I got back."

The aunt visited Mrs. Marsh before she went away. She thanked her quite extravagantly. "It was you who saved me from ignominious defeat," she said. "And I have one golden motto that I am going to carry with me for future use. It is, 'Give the children something to do.'"



Group of Sarcee Indians who, on October 15th, donated \$500.00 to the Canadian Defence Fund.

### Mother's Light

A very beautiful story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw the glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light" answered the daughter.

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said as they wept: "I shall make the harbour, for I am steering by my mother's light."

### Passionate Children

Bursts of passion in a little child must be promptly met by gentle firmness on the mother's part. Loud outcries must be hushed at once, not by angry words or acts, but by grave quietness of speech, which by mere contrast helps to sub-

due. Kicking, stamping the feet and thrashing the arms may be repressed by physical force if necessary, but be calm and do not show anger yourself. Above all, do not ever grant requests or favours that the child thinks he can gain by having a tantrum.



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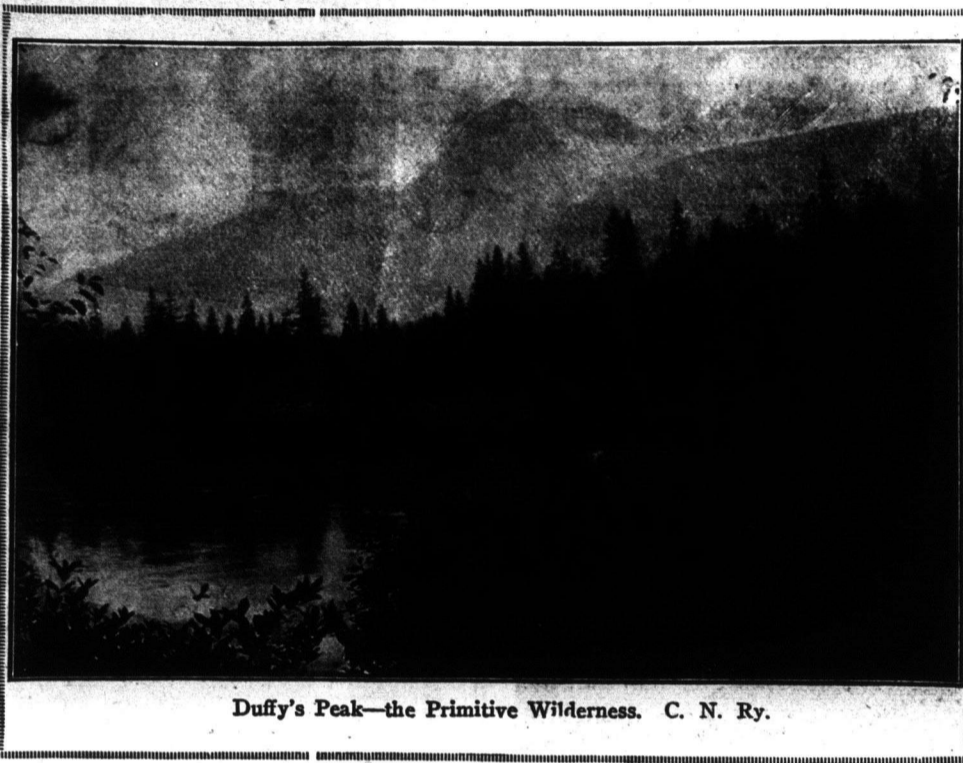


## Through the Yellowhead Pass

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Bonnycastle Dale

ALL the great "ditches" through the Rockies are in use now. First, the C.P.R. laid a double line of glittering rails through the greenery of the Kicking Horse Pass, then the same line discovered immediate use—before the other fellow grabbed it—of the more southern Crow's Nest Pass, then along came the G.T.P. and made a way for the iron horse through the Yellowhead Pass, and now the new transcontinental, the Canadian Northern, has also laid a modern roadbed through the

good, dirty," he meant, and he struck the nail on the head the very first thing. He and I had opened the door of a closely closed construction sleeping cabin where thirty odd of these men were bunked. Bah! the close vitiated air nearly choked me—but to see this coast man jump back and mutter "cultus" made me roar with laughter. I first met him in a Potlatch house on the northern Pacific coast, the tribe he was visiting had found a nice aged, over ripe, dead whale on the beach and



Duffy's Peak—the Primitive Wilderness. C. N. Ry.

last named pass. I was joking with a Thompson River Indian as we stood watching the polyglot navvies throwing up the roadbed for the last line mentioned.

"It-kah me-si-ka mamook wawa yah-ka" ("what do you call it?" in the Coast Indian jargon called Chinook, a bad mixture of French, Spanish, English and Indian). "Tete Jaun Cache" is the name of this town, called after the "Yellow head," a native of Sweden they named the Pass after. The Kicking Horse is where a bucking broncho

were busily "trying it out"—literally boiling the oil out of the blubber. The stench was absolutely overpowering, yet my Thompson River friend was calmly dipping "pilot biscuits" in some of the cooling oil and eating them with great gusto.

They have odd habits these navvies. I remember standing in the hotel office of a friend's rooming house in Seattle. Two dark-skinned men came humbly in. "How much you say for room one night?" mumbled the spokesman. "One dollar," said the clerk glibly.



The Inner Harbor, Victoria.

kicked off its load, and the Crow's Nest Pass is named after a nest of that big black bird.

"Hyas, la pell, you call him," he grunted, waving his hand toward the big shovel loading the cars—very good Mr. Thompson Indian, as hyas la pell means big shovel in your language. "Cultus co shu," he said, pointing at the dark southern Europeans. "No

"All so good—here," and he handed over a big silver "cartwheel."

"Say!" called the clerk, as they turned to follow the bellhop, "how many of you are going to sleep in that room?" "Thirty," answered the dark-faced man. "Goodnight!" said the clerk as he tossed him back the dollar, "what you want is a five-acre patch, not a room—get out," and they got.

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The boy and I wandering ahead of the construction gangs came upon some of the most exquisitely beautiful places—see the river and mountain scene with Duffy's Peak showing. As we crept softly around the bend, our usual custom, we came across an odd sight. The salmon were running up the North Thompson River in millions on their way to spawn and die, as do all the Pacific salmon; all die at maturity of four years. Directly across from us was a big black bear with its fore paw half extended in the act of scooping out a big salmon for his supper. Right in front of him, falling through the air like a flash, was a big osprey, the fishing hawk. The huge bird struck the water with a tremendous splash, sending spray ten feet up into the air. Instinctively the bear reared and wheeled about as if to run away—he had not seen the bird until the loud "screech" of its air-cutting fall had alarmed him. Up came the big bird into the air again with water dripping from its feathers and from the big trout it held in its talons. Now how humanly that bear acted. Enraged, no doubt, at having been unnecessarily alarmed by a silly bird, he turned and squatted again at the river's edge and threw salmon after salmon out in a perfect frenzy. I heard the lad count "one, two, three, four,

We found no pottery here or elsewhere in B. C., all the pipes and arrow heads and spearheads of basalt, pebbles of jasper, tools and weapons made of bone, sadly broken and decayed. It was rather gruesome to take up the well-defined backbone of a fish which had lain in the ground several hundreds of years and "puff, puff" it all away into the air by a few breaths from your lips. We also found graves in the great rock-slides on the hips of the mighty mountains. No sign of ocean shells did we find among these mountainous tribes. We also found a grave made just as an animal would its nest, just a few coarse bits of stalks and dry grasses heaped about a skeleton. Very rarely we found a canoe upset over the grave. I think the bodies had been painted with red ochre, as traces of it were to be found. Also the lad and I found in many places traces of rude paintings, done mainly in red on the boulders. Here some young would-be-chief, during his puberty fast, had sketched, while he ran the wilderness naked in search of his totem. Any bird or beast may be chosen for this household spirit. Alas! none of these tribes had any idea of the God or Manitou, yet, undisturbed by white men, I have met whole groups of "old folks," as the young half-breeds

grass and flowering plants until the whole looked like a common earth mound.

"Crash"—the inquisitive lad had ventured on the rotting pole roof and had most instantly disappeared from human view.

"Hurt, laddie?" I queried through the puffs of dirt and dust that arose.

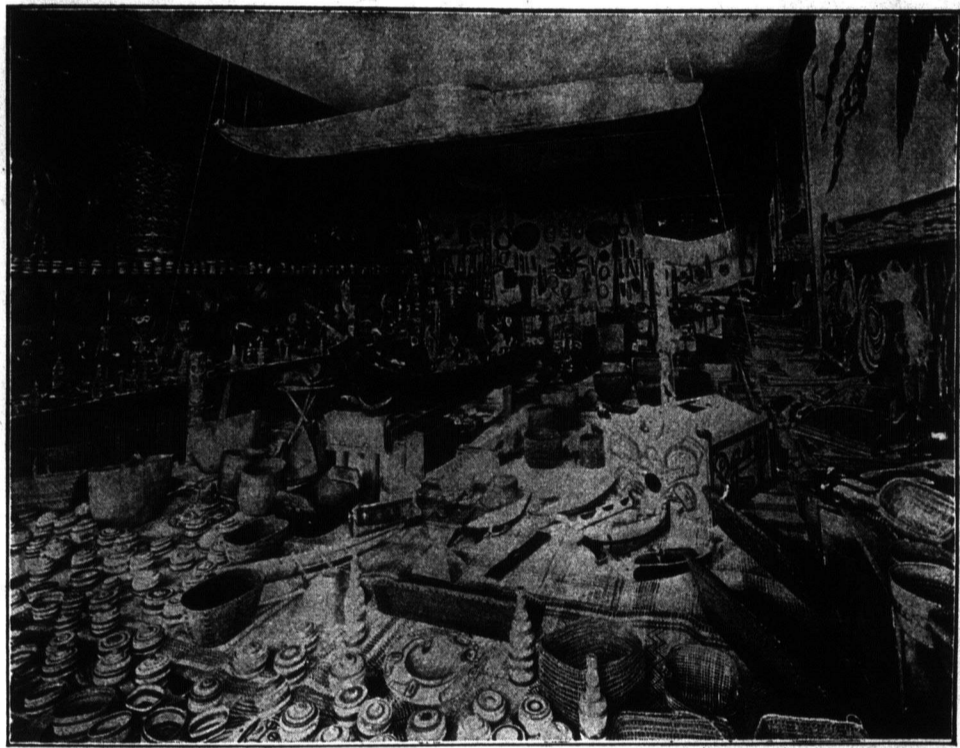
"I've got some animal caught in here. Gosh! I wish I had a club. Now they're gone, dash it!"

"Just marmots," the trapper whispered to me as the lad's dirty face appeared in the broken roof.

We all climbed down the notched log that had in days gone by served the native dweller as a ladder. We now stood in a room about twenty feet wide and five deep. It smelled like the inside of a beartorn musty log. Out came the electric torch—the original dwellers would no doubt instantly have killed us as "cultus" witches, or promptly elected us as "hyas" medicine men had they seen me take this living fire from my pocket. We found a rude stone pestle and mortar under the earthen floor, and the decaying remains of one of the cleverly woven baskets they used to boil the food in. The method was to place the food in the basket, pour water enough to well cover it, then drop white hot stones in until it was boiled. We have had to try this method, using a hollow in a log. Unfortunately, we extracted all the resin, and resined moose meat is "cultus."

Many glad days our little party travelled along the North Thompson and on to the Thompson, along this brawling torrent until at Lytton we met the Fraser River. At Kamloops we had found the C.P.R. and C.N.R. following the same dashing rivers to the sea. Here our party took the "iron horse," and by rail and boat passed through the glories of the Coast Range, the modern city of New Westminster and crossed by palatial passenger ferry the wide, island studded Gulf of Georgia. While aboard the big Empress, watching a game of cards, a tall, lean young fellow laid a card on my knee, as it said, backed by eminent medical opinion, that he had "but a little while to live and sadly needed food to get through even that limited period." I staked him modestly, as did several others.

Arrived in Victoria, seated at a modern cafe counter, we ordered our dinner. This European style of living has to be carefully considered so that your appetite does not run away with your purse. However, I ordered sufficient and almost wished I could dare order as freely as the young man at my right—he was just lavish with himself. Raising my eyes from my paper as he later paid his check, I instantly recognized him as the tall, lean young man with but a short time to live. I smiled, he nodded. "Business good?" I queried. "Oh! it was pretty fair," he answered, recognizing me. I think that porter-house and French fried, and mince pie and coffee, with a few such garnishings



Collection of Indian Work and Curiosities.

five, six. Say, Mr. Bear, you've got enough, now stop!" The big piggyish-looking animal gazed across three hundred yards that divided us and not seeing any moving object, began his supper. We attentively watched him through the glasses. He tore the head partly off and ate the brains and heart and all tender wet portions, about a tenth part of the fish, and promptly tore open the second one. He was just in the act of eating into the daintiest part when he suddenly laid over as if asleep. Almost instantly we heard "ping," a rifle report, and an Indian came running out of the bush, but it was very odd to see that bear die in the focus of our binoculars without any apparent cause.

One day, while we were studying the native tribes of this great high plateau, we came upon the excavations of the biological research party.

"Cultus," again quoth our stolid guide.

"Why?" asked the inquisitive lad.

"Tl' kopeten, as Siwash," he grumbled. We made out that he objected to the white men digging up the bones in the graves of long dead Indians. Notice he used the word Siwash—that means just "Indian" and nothing more; so whenever you read a tale of Siwash Indians you can guess correctly that the writer does not know what he is babbling about, as you meet very few "Indian Indians" anywhere. It is just a jargon word; the true name of all these Northern Pacific tribes collectively is "Coast Indians," with over two hundred tribal distinctions.

call them, as pure as you would ever expect a mortal to be.

In solitary places we would come across the busy scenes of beaver life, whole valleys blocked and flooded by this industrious animal. In one place they had trapped a number of big trout in their dam, or the falling water had left them imprisoned, and this kept eagles and ospreys, and I think otter, as well as mink and martin about.

"Say!" sounded a gruff voice to our instant alarm, "what be you doin', trappin'?" and up from almost our very feet arose a tall grizzled man amid the thickly growing ferns.

"No, not trapping," I answered.

"Well, what you be doin' here then?"

I hesitated, so many times when I have explained that we were studying and picturing the wild animal life, have I had the sarcastic rejoinder: "Are you one of them men that can hear the animals talk?"

You have no idea, until you travel the wilderness, how the hunters and trappers scorn the new writer with his silly tales of animal language and surgery, etc.

"Taking a few pictures and hunting a few facts about the Indians," I told him.

"I've got an underground Indian house back here a mile or so," and he led us to the strangest human habitation we have yet met—a sort of burrow with a rude summer house over it—the roof of "shakes." Axe split cedar boards were laid on poles and covered with earth. This in turn had grown

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as camembert and stuffed olives and strawberry shortcake, not to mention long crusty bread and tall, crisp celery, must have added at least a few hours to that limited lease of life. I paid my check, just half the amount of his, and hastened to the cigar counter to get rid of my small silver ere I met another "invalid."

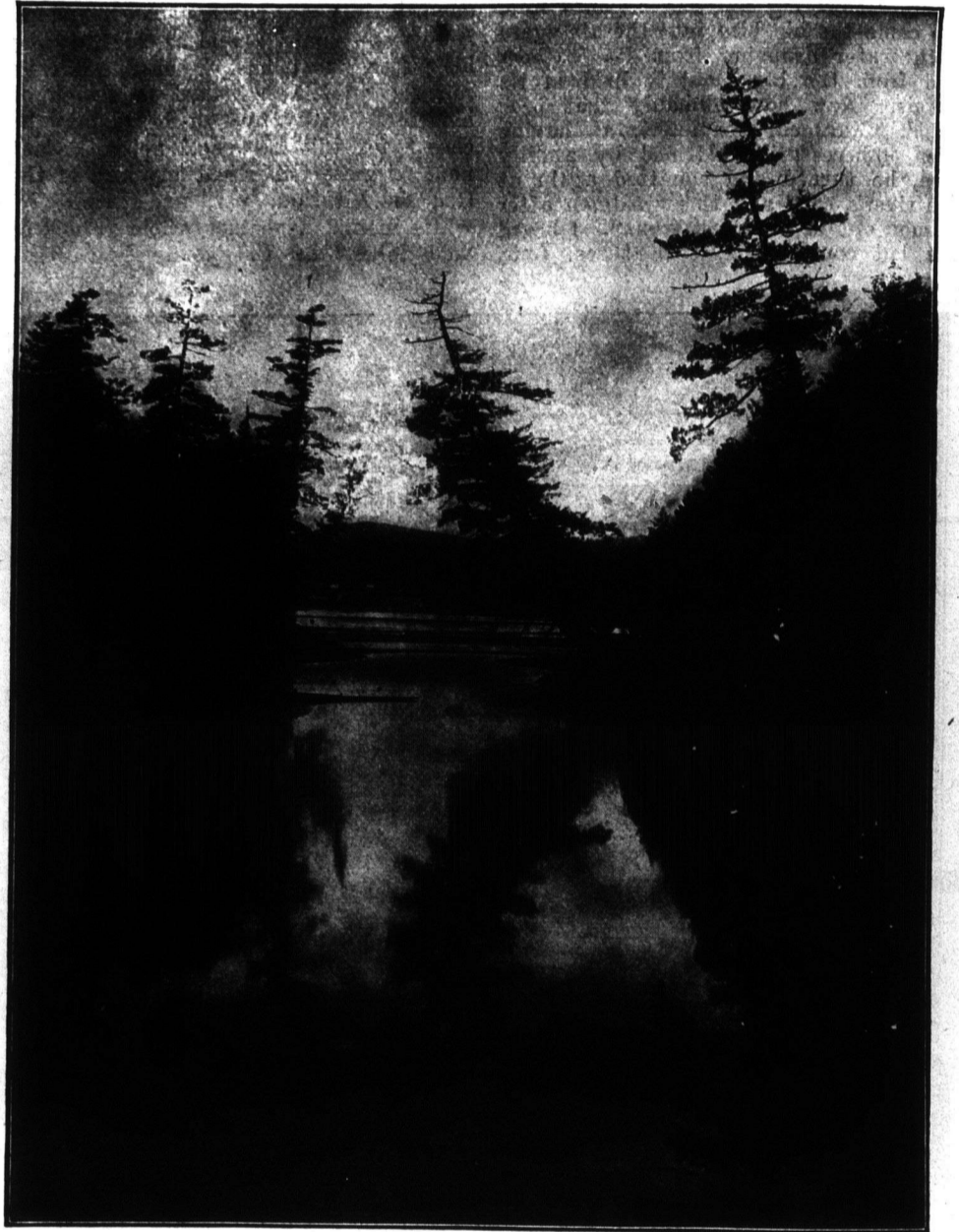
There are some excellent curiosity shops on the coast—Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle all have them. After wandering for years among the native tribes, it is really interesting and refreshing to have a machine made model of a war canoe thrust at you with "The old chief himself made it!" Alas! I too have stood in the place where these "native colors" were made. The dye in the "chilcat blanket" was wondrously beautiful—five cents a package, real Diamond dyes. Of course most of the common objects are of genuine Coast Indian manufacture.

### World's Longest Land Wait

At Grouard, a town in Northern Alberta, as yet unreached by a railroad, there ended recently an eight-month land wait, probably the longest in the history of the American continent.

Here eight men, in order to establish their priority for filing on certain tracts of land in the Hudson Hope and Peace River districts, gathered at the land office. By day they stood or sat in line in front of the door of the building and at night slept in rude shelters at the side of the building. Two men each night stood guard while the others slept, to prevent any newcomer from taking their places.

While the Dominion regulations do not recognize any priority claims as established by lining up and waiting, the principle is respected by men throughout the West and in the past the right



Above the Gorge, near Vancouver.

One day I sauntered in with a Chinese acquaintance, an interpreter.

"What-um wantee—I sabe all talkee," flung out the glib youth behind the counter.

"We wished to inquire," said the Interpreter, in really good English, "if you have any money of my country."

"Sure," said the fresh one, and out poured on the counter string after string of "cash"—a round coin of the size of a 25 cent piece with a large hole in the centre.

"Have you no other?" asked the Chinaman.

"No," as he swept it back and resumed his gum, "no other."

"Thank you, those will not do," said the interpreter, in his precise speech. "It is not Chinese money, those counters were made in Providence, Rhode Island."

to file on certain lands has been established in this way. In the case of the men at Grouard they waited armed with rifles and their claims, when filing day came, were not disputed by any newcomers.

Recently this northern territory has been the scene of active settlement. Following came the railroad surveyors and townsite men and certain tracts of land, by reason of their proximity to a future railroad or their possibilities of becoming future townsites, became extremely valuable. Some of these at various times become open for the public to file upon. Realizing their value, men, closely in touch with the land situation, learning the date for filing, camp before the land office doors long in advance of the date.

The wait at Grouard probably establishes a record, for here the men waited through the rigors of part of a sub-Arctic winter and the hot mosquito infested summer to gain their claims.

### The Prussian Animal

I have seen as dark men in Frankfurt as I have seen fair men in Florence: I do not think there is any such animal as the Teuton. But there is certainly such an animal as the Prussian. And I cannot conceive any system of natural history under which he is anything but a wild animal to be hunted until he is slain.—G. K. Chesterton.

### His Money's Worth

Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost.

Customer—But here I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up.

Laundryman—Quite right, sir. We laundered it before we lost it.

## A Way of Escape

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

IT was not a cage; it was a dainty little room—the front parlor of a country cottage, to be precise—all fresh chintz and pretty knick-knacks, with a picture or two that was "worth money," and one or two pieces of genuine Chippendale. The whole effect was charming in its way, but the big, broad-shouldered man who stood in the centre looked caged. His deep, dark eyes reminded one of a giant of the forest brought to bay, seeking a way to escape and finding none.

By-and-by a lady entered the room—a slight, pretty creature, scarcely more than a girl; she had been cooking and her sleeves were still rolled up.

"Well!" she inquired anxiously. He turned his cavernous eyes upon her, and she was answered even before he spoke.

"No use!" he said. Her color faded perceptibly and her brown eyes filled with tears, for hope had been so strong in her. She sat down on the couch.

The man wheeled round suddenly and spread his arms on the mantelpiece, scattering the frail ornaments to right and left. A groan broke from him.

"Gerald, dearest! If you give way—"

said his wife. "Ruin and disgrace!" he muttered brokenly.

"Sanguine again!" he said miserably. "Well, in two years, then. But it is useless to talk of it; the man will be here in less than ten minutes."

"Oh, I must fly! I don't want to meet the wretch!"

"Don't be too discouraged, Gerry. Whatever comes we will face it together."

He was not to be discouraged, but the bitterest pang of all was the fact that, although the fault was his alone, the sufferings would be hers also. But he must not dwell on such thoughts, for the creditor stood at the door; he must nerve himself to make that final effort to gain time. As the bell rang, he put up a silent prayer for help.

The young wife, in the room above, could hear voices rising and falling, and she mentally followed her husband's arguments, waiting breathless in every pause to catch some note of relenting in the voice of the creditor.

At length the suspense became so intolerable that she decided to go down and learn the result; it was just possible that a hard heart might be touched by the sight of a woman's distress.

The day was not cold, but she was shivering with nervousness, and to hide her shaking hands she wrapped herself in an old Indian shawl—a thing that



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"If only Aunt Eleanor were alive!" she wailed.

At that he raised his head to look at her, his stern lips relaxing into the ghost of a smile.

"What could your Aunt Eleanor have done?" he asked; for what they needed was money, and the aunt in question had ended her days in a home for poor gentlewomen.

"I don't know," she replied, "but she always did help me—somehow she always found a way. Oh, Gerald dear, it can't really mean that we are ruined—that our sweet little home will be sold up? I can't believe it!"

He groaned again. "It isn't like you to give way," she said. "You are always the one to be hopeful."

"Wasn't I hopeful over my book?" he exclaimed. "I thought people were going to crowd round the bookstalls to buy it, and I ordered a large edition so that I should net a good round sum. Oh, I was very sanguine; and the result—ruin!"

"Well, it isn't as if you had got into debt by spending your money in riotous living," she pointed out comfortingly. "The result will be the same; the disgrace will be the same!"

"How hard they all are!" she complained. "Your relatives and mine could help us, if they would."

"My dearest, it was because the debt was incurred through my supreme folly in ordering that large edition; they have decided that I must learn my lesson."

"If only the man would give us longer time," she said, "we could economise more than ever, and you could write articles for the magazines."

"I could pay it off in a single year!" he cried, raising his head.

"Gerry, darling!" she protested, with a tremulous laugh.

had once been of value and was still soft and harmonious.

When she entered the room her husband's face expressed surprise and dismay; his eyes told her the sad truth.

"I have been telling Mr. Sargeant what a capital housekeeper you are, Sybil," he said, with forced cheerfulness, "and how you would try to economise to help me to pay off this unfortunate debt."

The money lender was visibly impressed by Sybil's appearance, but it would require more than that to turn him from his purpose.

"I am very sorry, ma'am," he said apologetically, "but I happen to know what can and cannot be done on a small income. If I was weak enough to give you another year we should be no nearer at the end of it; and business is business."

They exchanged despairing glances. But something had moved the creditor; his face had lost its obduracy.

"Madam, you are wearing a very handsome shawl," he said.

The lady, eager to conciliate him, leaned from her chair and spread out the soft folds for his inspection.

"It belonged to my aunt," she explained—"the aunt who brought me up."

What had happened to so change this stern, unyielding man? His large, firm hands were passing gently, almost reverently, over the finely-woven pattern; his whole face had softened, his eyes had become dreamy. Was it possible that in some long past day he had known Aunt Eleanor?

"I'll buy that shawl!" he said abruptly.

Its wearer started in unaffected dismay and looked appealingly at her husband.

"I am sorry," he said, reading her glance aright, "but I think my wife does not wish to part with it; it is of very little real value, but she cherishes it."

### Sensational Bargains

For Quick Clearance

The Bonspiel rush is over and March finds us with a large number of used Pianos and Talking Machines for quick disposal. These goods are just as good for use as an absolutely new instrument. It is the usual custom to announce these bargains in the city only, but this year we intend to give our out-of-town friends the same privilege which is extended to the city buyer. We can only mention a few of the large number of bargains offered but a letter will bring you a complete list of everything in stock. Rest assured these offerings are by far the greatest we have ever shown.

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#### Phonographs

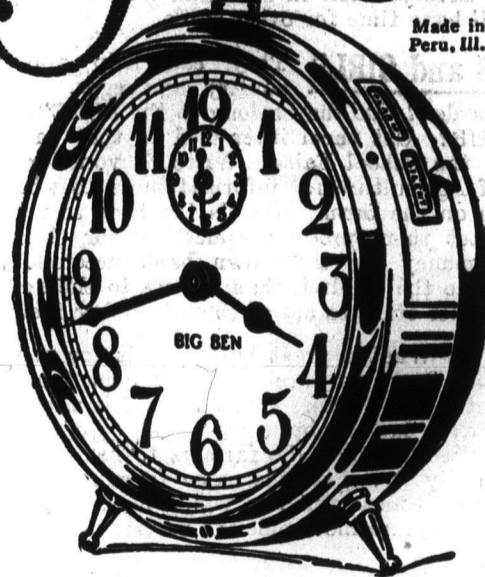
- EDISON FIRESIDE**—Golden Oak, in fine condition. Complete, with 12 records. Price..... **\$25.00**
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## PATRIOTISM and PRODUCTION

"The Women's Institutes of Canada have done a magnificent work since the war began. Your contributions to the Red Cross and Belgian Relief Funds have been truly patriotic. Your example to the men is genuine, for you have given of your time, your labor, and your savings. We shall not really give to these patriotic causes until we give so as individually to feel it. To the Women of Canada my message is: Keep on working and giving, and stimulate the men to doing their full duty in this time of national peril. Canada is passing through a trial that she hardly realizes as yet. May the women of Canada prompt us who stay at home to do our full duty and help us to bear the burdens that inevitably follow war."

Hon. Martin Burrell,  
Minister of Agriculture.

## What can Women Do?

**T**HE Farmhouse is the farm headquarters. Here the situation is discussed and here the plans are made. Have you read the stories in the Agricultural War Book? Have you seen the "Patriotism and Production" advertisements in the farm and other papers? These were, apparently, written for the men; but we know that if the women read them the men will soon hear about them, and there will be larger plans made for 1915.

**POULTRY and EGGS** Do you know that Canada does not produce enough eggs to supply our own people? We are short by 1,500,000 laying hens. The war has cut off Great Britain's usual supply of eggs by 100,000,000 dozen. Look after your poultry, and market your eggs right. Send at once to your Provincial Department of Agriculture for their Poultry Bulletin. Find out about the egg circle.

**VEGETABLES** The farm women must provide for the farm table. The farm garden is yours for the requirements of your own home as well as for others. Make plans now to have a first class vegetable garden this year and see that the men provide for its proper cultivation and fertilizing. Would it not be possible to grow sufficient vegetables to have a surplus, such as beans, onions, potatoes, cabbage, carrots and parsnips? Did you ever try a small hot bed or cold frame? Find out about these articles and try them this year.

**BUTTER** Send your milk to a creamery and factory and save yourself in time and trouble. If you can do this you will have time for other work.

**THE BOYS and GIRLS** They can help you with the poultry and eggs. Have your children a garden? Do they belong to the BOYS' CLUB or the GIRLS' CLUB? Get them interested so they can take their products to the School Fairs. Write to your Provincial Department of Agriculture for information as to what boys and girls can do on the farm. Now is the time to make farmers of them. Let them produce something for themselves and earn some money for their own bank account. This war means more to the children than it does to the adults. Give them the proper start to assist them in doing their share.

**FARM HELP** What a great burden it is for you women to have to care for your own families and to provide for the hired help. What a relief it would be if your farm help were housed by themselves! And what a great assistance it would be to the farmers to have a married man with his family living on the same farm and in a separate house! It would mean relief to you, a more comfortable home for your family, and more efficient service on the farm.

Canadian Department  
of Agriculture  
OTTAWA CANADA

The money lender became embarrassed; his large hands fidgeted with a corner of the shawl. Presently he cleared his throat and spoke.

"Many years ago," he said, "I happened to know a young chap who had ventured every cent he possessed on a picture. It was by a crack artist, and worth a good deal more than he gave for it; the artist was hard up just then and glad of the ready cash. This young chap had hired a room at the back of a Regent Street shop to exhibit it, for he meant to make a big haul that way and then sell out at a profit. There was no electric light in those days; so, to get a good flare, he hung some oil lamps from the ceiling. H'm, it makes one laugh to think of the silly risks that young fools will run. Late one afternoon, when the room was full of tiptop swells, down came one of the lamps with a crash, and there was a pretty scene. The young idiot was outside the door at the time, taking entrance money, and it made him mad that he couldn't fight his way in. He could hear people screaming out 'The Picture! The Picture! It's on fire!' and he thought it was all up with his grand chance of a rise in life. Then, all at once, he saw by the faces of the people who came out that the risk was over, and in a few minutes he squeezed himself in."

the damage. Good day! I'll send you on the receipt. It's not so sentimental as it looks," he added from the doorway. "I sold that picture for six times what I am giving for this; it's a kind of debt. I have an idea that it is coming on rain, confound it! I must hurry up." "Dead hands!" she said softly, as she laid her two living hands upon his breast. "Gerry darling, the dear, dead hands stretched out to us."

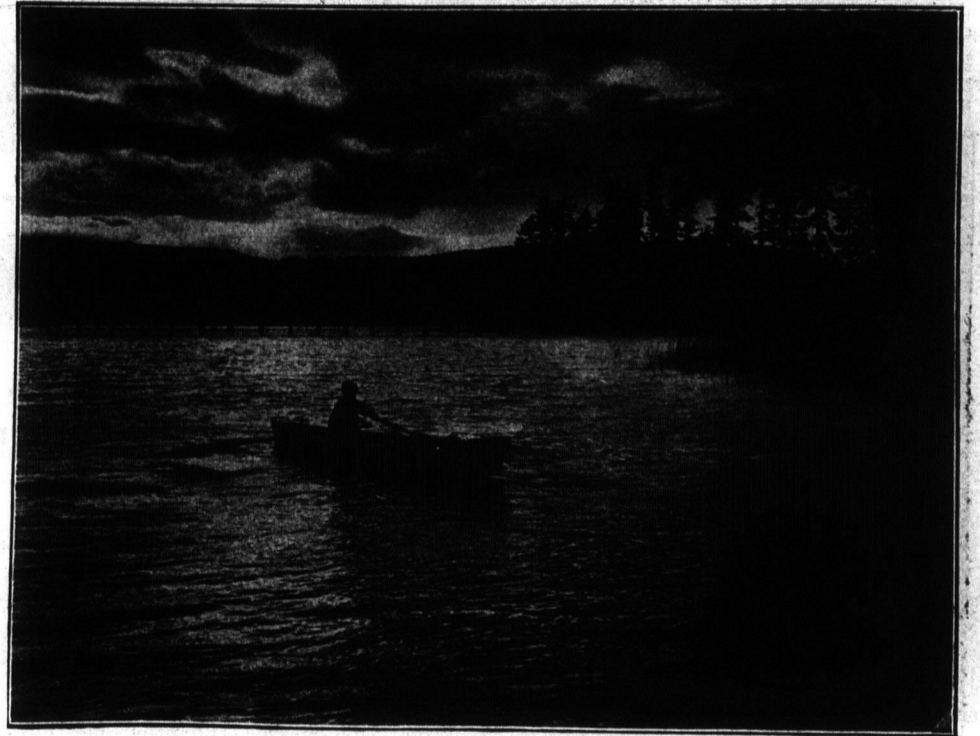
### A Sybarite

In the gray light of the early morning the traveller in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night, I shall look up other lodgings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied, respectfully.

The traveller smiled ironically. "If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir." "I know it is. By a man who snored all night, and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."



Homeward at Eventide. Scene in B.C. Waters

The speaker paused and looked with a whimsical, half-reluctant smile at the eager face bending towards him from above the dull red folds.

"I know the rest!" she said, impulsively. "The picture was saved; a lady had thrown her shawl over it and extinguished the flames;" and with a quick movement she brought a patch into sight. "You see it is not worth much!" she added, with a nervous laugh.

"I saw the lady for a minute," the money lender went on dreamily—"a lovely girl in white. She slipped away without waiting for even so much as 'Thank you!' Most women would have made a fine fuss about the spoilt shawl."

The young wife summoned up her courage. This much-dreaded interview had taken an unexpected turn: the creditor was in a softened mood.

"Don't you think you could give us a little longer grace?" she implored him in a half whisper.

"No!" he replied firmly. At the first hint of business he had regained his upright posture and his usual tone. "No, I am too old a hand to deal in that kind of thing. If I gave you the year's grace we should be no nearer at the end of it, and you would have been dragged down by a year of care and anxiety. No, I will give you no grace, but I will buy the shawl."

"How much!" she asked miserably. There was a queer sound that was something between a laugh and a choke, and then the answer—

"The amount of your husband's debt!" He seemed horribly ashamed, and made haste to go.

"Tut, tut!" he said. "It's worth that to me. I want it. Always thought it so fine of her not to make any claim for

"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

### The Spell of the West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., Winnipeg.

Is it vision of the vastness  
Of the prairie rolling wide,  
Or the distant mystic sky-line  
As we look from side to side?

Is it sense of boundless freedom  
Found in space so measureless,  
Or the starry heavens arching  
That the heart and mind impress?

Is it optimistic spirit  
Breathing hope mid every change,  
Whether in the noisy city  
Or in quietness of the range?

Is it one or all these features  
That inspire the human breast,  
As the Tender-foot and Timer  
Each pays homage to the west?

'Tis the vastness, 'Tis the sky-line,  
'Tis the starry beavens' dome,  
'Tis the optimistic spirit,  
Makes us love our western home.

'Tis the sense of space and freedom,  
In a land where nations blend  
To create a new ideal;  
To attain a lofty end.

Where for race or creed or color  
None shall judge his neighbor less,  
And the mark of all the worthy  
Shall be that they sought to bless.

## The Cause of Dyspepsia.

### The Symptoms and The Cure.

#### THE CAUSE.

Too rapid eating, eating too much, and too often, improperly chewing the food, eating too much stimulating food, and indulging in improper diet generally.

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#### THE CURE.

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B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

### Women and Power

Women of to-day are exerting a very positive influence upon the history of our time. They are a large factor in stimulating national thought. One reads history these days and women of the past seem more real to us. As leaders for good or destruction, women make history.

Maria Theresa was the true founder of the Austrian Empire. She was twenty-three years old when she came to the throne after her father had passed "spasmodically away from eating too lavishly of mushrooms stewed in oil." Maria Theresa had an indomitable and militant will. Her father had made a treaty with the surrounding states but as soon as she came into power the countries broke the treaty. Austria's neighbor, Frederick of Prussia, marched his troops into Silesia and notified Maria Theresa that he had picked this bit of territory for his own. This began an eight years' war. In it were involved at various times Russia, Austria, Bohemia, Prussia, Turkey, France, Holland and England. From time to time two or three of these nations would be fighting together as allies, and a day or two later against each other as savage enemies.

Into this struggle the Empress plunged with military violence. She was not only a general, but marvelous in her power of awakening loyalty among her subjects. During her darkest days she went to Presburg—in wavering Hungary—to be crowned. There were placed upon her head the iron crown of St. Stephen, draped over her jeweled robes his ragged cloister gown, and girded his battered sword about her waist. Thus attired she rode to the crest of the Royal Mount and defied, with drawn sabre, "the four corners of the world." As she uttered the brave defiance she could hardly defend herself and her kingdom against the enemy. But in this dramatic pose before one of the most emotional people of Europe, she removed her crown and let her rich hair fall in masses about her glowing face. As she thus addressed the Hungarian nobles, they rose as one man, and with clanking scabbards and gleaming swords cried out in a chorus, "We will consecrate our lives and arms; we will die for our King, Maria Theresa."

Out of this war Maria Theresa came as one of the great warriors of the day, and by her constructive statesmanship she laid the foundation of the Austrian Empire.

Maria Theresa was responsible for a dark international crime. She divided up the territory of Poland. This was imperial theft, as Poland was unable to resist international piracy. At her incentive the surrounding nations invaded Poland, obliterated its government, and split up the territory. Austria's share was 45,000 square miles and 5,000,000 inhabitants. Thus did a woman commit one of the great crimes of history.

History says that Frederick and Maria Theresa were wholly indifferent to human life and suffering. They shifted alliances so swiftly that sometimes the troops of other nations in the field were in doubt whether they were fighting for Frederick or for Maria Theresa.

This was the fiercest struggle that Europe saw before the time of Napoleon. Cities were razed, provinces desolated, 500,000 men slain, trade and industry paralyzed, and when fought to exhaustion the two contending parties signed a treaty re-establishing the situation precisely as it was at the beginning of the war. She was the mother of sixteen children. It is interesting to note one of her last utterances before her death: "I could wish for life on earth for no other reason than for the power of relieving the distressed." Did the ghosts of a hundred thousand households haunt her last hours?

I like to turn the pages of history over to the Empress Josephine. When her husband Napoleon Bonaparte went to Italy as commander-in-chief of the army, Josephine remained behind, doing

all in her power to maintain his political strength at home. When she went to Italy she made such hosts of friends by urging upon him mild methods in dealing with conquered states, that she said of her, "I conquer provinces; Josephine conquers hearts." She influenced him greatly for good, persuading him to heal the wounds inflicted by the revolution and to make France itself once more. Even though later Napoleon divorced her he could never forget the woman Josephine, who never wavered in her affection for him. Of her he wrote that "Josephine was truly a most lovely woman—refined, affable and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. She was so kind, so human—she was the most graceful lady and the best woman in France. She possessed the most perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most perfect tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. The hand of Heaven fell heavily upon Napoleon as soon as he set aside his marriage vows."

Another woman who made history was Prussia's immortal idol—Queen Louise. Even Napoleon said after meeting her: "I knew I should see a beautiful woman and a queen with dignified manners, but I found the most admirable queen, and at the same time the most interesting woman I had ever met with."

Whenever King Frederick reviewed his troops Queen Louise rode beside him; when the whole army took the field she accompanied it. The troops idolized her and the generals begged that she would remain with them as an inspiration to the men. General Kalkreuth said: "Her presence with us is quite necessary." When Queen Louise died, Napoleon said: "The king has lost his best minister," and the head of the Prussian soldiers said: "Our saint is in heaven."

Going back to earlier history to Isabella of Spain we learn of a great woman captain engaged in the conquest of Granada. Three weeks after the birth of her babe—Katherine—the queen mother—was in her saddle directing the troops and inspiring them with patience and courage, while in a nursery, "established in the heart of the besieger's camp the baby Katherine slept with the bass of the drum roar of the culverins for lullabies"—this baby destined to become the mother of "Bloody Mary." Isabella—Queen of Castille—began her reign—a queen without an army, without a court, without even capital. She spent the first few months of her reign in the saddle, galloping over Spain to seek an army. Her 500 soldiers increased to 40,000, and she took personal command of the army. She drove the Portuguese back into their own territory. In the end Isabella rode 250 miles on horseback, met her aunt—Alfonso's sister-in-law—and the two women settled by treaty the issue which the slaughter of thousands of men had not ended.

The nurseries of Queen Isabella were always in the camps. Once she was so horrified by the sufferings of the wounded that she set aside several large tents for their use. This was the first instance in history of a field hospital. In her support of the expedition of Columbus which produced more far-reaching results than anything done by any one man she alone made the enterprise possible. Lord Bacon said of her: "In all her revelations of queen or woman she was an honor to her sex and a cornerstone of the greatness of Spain."

Back—further back in the annals of history—are Aspasia, the inspiration of Pericles; Hypatia, the female philosopher of Alexandria; Cleopatra, the queen who fascinated conquerors for her country's welfare; Genolia, the empress of Palmyra, who marched great distances on foot at the head of her infantry and shared the lot of the common soldier—all notable women in history. From the early day, history is rich in stories of woman's part in the world's important affairs.

I have discussed here women in wars, but other women have added their share in the making of history. There were



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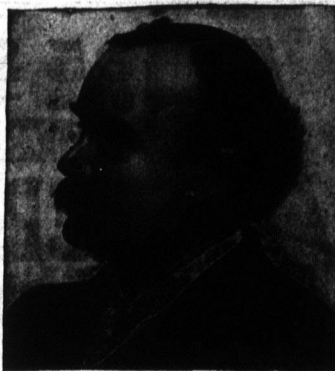
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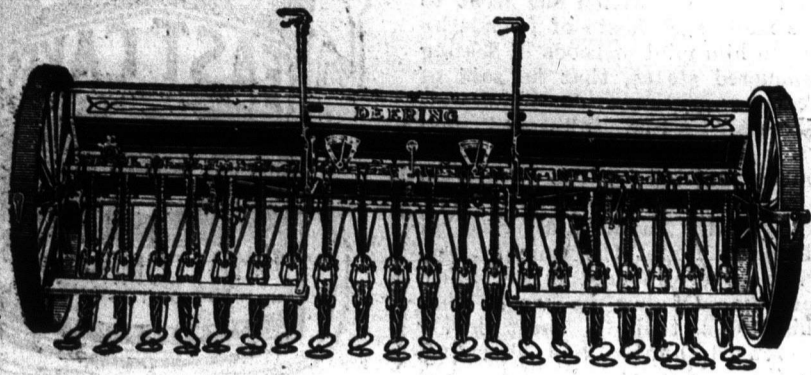
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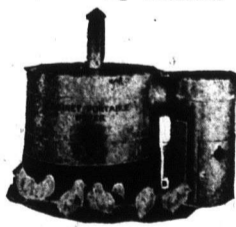
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classic dames, martyrs, women of wit and pleasure, mothers of woman's cause, women of the footlights, women in arts and letters and women who stand alone—all playing a part in the making of history. Shall I give my readers next month a little sketch of the women of the salons of France? The Paris salon was a power that molded the minds of men.

### The Management of Lena.

There was a half-opened Catherine Mermet rose in a glass beside Miss Agnew's plate. She saw it as she entered the dining-room.

"Why, Lena, your first rose!" she exclaimed. "And what a beautiful one!"

Lena said nothing, but her face was full of delight. When presently she went back to the kitchen, Miss Agnew's niece, Mrs. Howell, looked after her thoughtfully.

"How long have you had Lena?" she asked.

"About five months," Miss Agnew answered.

"And here she is adoring you, like all the others. I wish you'd teach me the spell. I'm sure nobody could do more for her maids than I. Yet I never have one look at me the way yours always look at you, whether you have had them ten days or ten years. It's—it's humiliating, aunty! I should like my maids to like me, and not treat me like a—cashier!"

"You are a very pretty cashier, my dear," Miss Agnew replied. "I don't see how they resist you."

Mrs. Howell dimpled charmingly. Then she leaned forward, and her eyes brightened; she was very proud of the way in which she carried her college training into her household.

"I use scientific management," she explained. "I have timed everything; I know exactly how long each thing should take to do, and I let them know that I know. One maid actually wasted forty-three minutes in one morning just standing at the door and looking out the window. She resented my pointing it out to her, and left—for a place where she gets five dollars a month less!"

Miss Agnew looked down at Lena's rose, and a little smile touched her lips.

"I never scientifically managed Lena's morning," she answered, "but I think I can give you a pretty accurate idea of the way it goes. First of all, she runs out into the garden for a few minutes—you know I have given her a corner of it for her own. She gets breakfast fairly quick, but you might allow a few minutes for running to the door if she hears a robin. And through the morning I suppose you might add half an hour more for looking out the window or talking to the delivery men. Quite often, too, little Luella Crane comes in for a cooky. I hadn't thought of it before, but I suppose Lena spends fully an hour every morning in—just living, like the rest of us."

Mrs. Howell glanced quickly at her aunt. "You mean?" she asked.

"I mean, dear, that scientific management may be all right for business places, where work is cut off from the rest of life, but in a home it is different. It is atmosphere quite as much as cooking that makes the home. So every bit of happy, natural living, every bit of responsiveness to the beauty and the true relationships of life, somehow—gets into the salads and desserts! At least, that is the way I've found it."

Mrs. Howell looked puzzled. Was she wrong, after all? It sounded old-fashioned, and yet—there were Lena's rose, and her omelets, and her happy eyes!

In Canada every class of people, every religious denomination, every fraternal society, all the great business organizations, railway, steamship and telegraph companies, banks and manufacturers have subscribed money and other gifts to the war fund of Great Britain. The latest and most unique offering is the sum of \$500, given by a tribe of Saree Indians in Southern Alberta. On October 15th the chief of the tribe called upon the Indian agent of the district and made the gift.

## Was Troubled With Nervous Prostration.

Many people although they know of nervous prostration do not know what the symptoms are. The principal ones are, a feeling of fright when in crowded places, a dread of being alone, fear of being in a confined place, a horror of society, a dread of things falling from above, fright at travelling on railroad trains, and disturbed and restless, unrefreshing sleep, often troubled with dreams.

Mrs. George Lee, Victoria Harbor, Ont., writes: "I am writing to tell you of the experience I have had with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was so nervous I could not do my own work, I did not want to see any one, or would I go any place. My nerves were bad for three years, and my heart was so bad it made me tremble all over. I took three boxes of your pills, and I never was better than I am now. I weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did."

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# The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

As I write the Home Economic Societies are meeting out at the Agricultural College and last week I attended the sessions of Women Grain Growers of Saskatchewan, a most wonderfully successful series of

The H.E.S. meetings, by the way, and W.G.G.'s. Several times the question has been raised, "Why two such societies? Are they not practically covering the same ground?" They have two essential differences. Home Economic Societies and Home Makers' Clubs, are to a considerably extent under Government control and in Manitoba particularly this has meant that they must not discuss any subject which is not acceptable to the Government in power, and while they have received very material aid from the Government through the Agricultural college they are merely an appendage of the College, and the officers of the Home Economics are never called together to discuss what is best for their work but are told what to do, how to do it, to be good little girls and never even remotely hint that they would like to vote and sit on school boards.

developing great keenness on the dower question and the need of women on rural school boards. The women have no trouble in Saskatchewan, at least, in securing a reasonable share of the central funds for carrying on their development work and I presume it will be the same in Manitoba and Alberta. In Regina the other day they asked for \$800 for the woman's central executive for a year, and were promptly voted \$1,000. About the only restriction placed upon them is that they shall not as women's section approach a legislature or parliament independently of the men. As the main organization is pledged to suffrage for women, the dower law and practically every reform which women are asking for this is not a hardship, but merely a wise precaution to prevent overlapping.

So far as her own advantage is concerned the "Woman Grain Grower" is better placed than her "Home Making," "Home Economic" sister, but the general welfare of the community is better served by the other organization, for the



Executive Woman's Section Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. Reading from left to right Mrs. S. V. Haight Keeler, Miss Irma Stocking, Secretary, Delisle; Mrs. J. Ames, Hanley; and lastly, Mrs. J. McNaughton, Piche, the small but exceedingly capable president.

The fact that the societies receive help from the Government should not necessarily tie them up in this way, it does not have that affect on men's organizations similarly situated, for instance the Agricultural Societies, but then all the members of the men's societies have votes and government must reckon with them. The Women's Institutes of Ontario and the Home Makers Clubs of Saskatchewan have not had their freedom so seriously interfered with though they cannot always call their souls their own, but there will always be this danger where a government extends financial help to societies, composed of non voters, be they men or women. "Better an outlaw than not free."

The Women Grain Growers seem to me to be very happily placed. They are now an integral part of the Grain Growers Associations and have full voting powers in both local and provincial associations, and at the same time they have power to form woman's sections where questions peculiarly relating to women and children may be discussed. Men members are not excluded from these meetings, should they ever wish to attend. The admitting of women to full membership is stimulating to men to more earnest efforts in the matter of securing the vote, both Dominion and Provincial for their women, they are

simple reason that the "Grain Growers" must be women on the farms. The "Home Economics" and "Home Makers" take in both town and country women and were, and are a very strong factor in drawing the two more closely together, which all will admit "Is a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Not a few have asked me what will be the best thing to come out of the union of men and women in the Grain Growers Associations. Unhesitatingly I would say "comradeship." The working together for common objects without the eternal intrusion of the feminine and masculine. In other words they will more and more remember they are human beings and the emphasis on sex will be less, to the mutual advantage of both. Sometimes in the not too distant years they will call each other "men and women" and the man in the chair will cease to say "you men" and "now men" let us do so and so and in the next breath "the ladies." These are small things you say. Granted, but straws show the direction of the wind.

Comradship The Keystone Growers Associations. Unhesitatingly I would say "comradeship." The working together for common objects without the eternal intrusion of the feminine and masculine. In other words they will more and more remember they are human beings and the emphasis on sex will be less, to the mutual advantage of both. Sometimes in the not too distant years they will call each other "men and women" and the man in the chair will cease to say "you men" and "now men" let us do so and so and in the next breath "the ladies." These are small things you say. Granted, but straws show the direction of the wind.

Once more let me say, write this page when you have questions to ask or news to impart. You can never please the editor woman better than to write frankly what you think and what you would like.

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(See Back Cover)

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**O**LIVER sulky and gang plows are the ones with a center hitch, which enables you to work four horses abreast with no horse walking on the plowed ground. The center hitch also relieves the bottoms from side-strain. Note also on Oliver plows the long, easy curve of share and moldboard, the extra high wheels, with dust and sand proof adjustable bearings, the extra wide tires, and that the land wheel runs parallel with the frame. These are Oliver features. They mean light running, long wear, better work, the right plow to buy. Oliver tractor gangs are built up of four, five, and six base sections, enabling you to have a gang plow with any desired number of bottoms. This construction also makes the Oliver tractor gang the most flexible of all. The Oliver plow, no matter how large, follows the lay of the land, and plows evenly on irregular or rolling surfaces.

The I H C local agent can show you just why Oliver plows are best for your work, and just which Oliver plow is the best for you to buy. Get full information from him, or write the nearest branch house.



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Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.

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J. Edward Block, M.D., Campbellsport, Wis., January 11, writes: "Please mail me your latest book. I have had several bottles of Save-The-Horse; it is superior to anything I have ever used. One case in particular—I bought for breeding a beautiful black Victor mare for \$375. I got her at that figure because she had one hind leg enlarged to twice its natural size. I paid out over \$100 for remedies and veterinary bills and got no benefit. One bottle of Save-The-Horse removed all swelling permanently, and I sold her for \$950 cash. "I had another mare that had tried to race for two seasons and could not, so last year I put her out on the farm and had Save-The-Horse used on her for three weeks. We then started training and she raced every week and got a record of 2.13 1/4 and could trot in 2:10 before the season was over."

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357 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg

## Keeping the Girls on the Farm

C. C. Leeson

A much discussed problem is that of keeping the boys on the farm. The girls are seldom mentioned, and it is in their behalf that I write.

The possibilities of applied science, the opportunity under its proper application of making money, the drudgery it saves, and the new interest that it gives to one's work—all of these seem sufficient to attract any boy who is at all inclined toward interest in farm life. But one of the most compelling factors in the choice of a boy's future is the influence of the girl—the prospective life companion, who is to share with him the joys and the toils of his career.

The boy who finds his companions among the girls who loathe the farm, or the boy who, because of his bashful nature fails to find companionship among the girls of his own circle, will not ordinarily choose the farm as the field for his life work. He goes to the city, factory or college, and meets there girls who either will not, or cannot play the part of the farmer's wife, and he naturally becomes weaned away from the old interests. Often country, as well as city girls have what they are pleased to call "loftier ambitions" than that of becoming a farmer's wife, and the boy must perforce conform his life more or less to these ambitions, or lose the girl.

So we find that the problem of keeping the boy on the farm has for its most important factor the keeping of the girl on the farm. And how shall it be done? The question finds something of solution in the present day tendencies, but the fact remains that these tendencies are not yet affecting the girls and the mothers on the farm.

In the first place sentiment must be changed from that which belittles the proposition of becoming the farmer's wife to that which ennobles her undertaking. Why it should not be so? There is in the country that joy, freedom and beauty for which many and many a city person longs. There is a freshness and wholesomeness in the diet that can be had only by the producer. There is no better place for the making of sturdy, healthy, happy children who have the freedom of play in the open, and the character-making home duties which are so often left out of the life of the city child. The open fields, the woods and the brook-side are the playgrounds of the country child. Compare these to the city street or the demoralizing nickle show which are the only places of amusement for the city boy or girl.

There are, it is true, city luxuries and comforts which the country woman is denied, but all of these represent the expenditure of money, which, if spent as freely in the country would give as rich a return, and the farmer's wife could have all of these and more, for the natural advantages of the country life are greater. The horse and buggy is always at her command, and now the automobile is becoming a common farm possession, and these are real luxuries which proportionately few city people enjoy.

Two important objections often made to the life of a farmer's wife are those of the heavy household duties and of isolation. These had greater foundation in the past than at present. Labor-saving devices, applicable in country as well as in city, have stepped in not only to lighten but to hasten household tasks. Balance, if you will, the duties of farm and city homes, and you will find that there are few items of difference. The care of milk, which used to be one of the most arduous tasks of the farmer's wife, is now greatly simplified by the use of the separator and the patent churn, or by the taking of the milk to the nearest milk-station or creamery. If butter is made in the country home it is a saving for which the city wife pays dearly. Chickens are now to be found in town or city almost as often as in the country, and wherever raised, have a rich profit as a reward. Washing should be lighter in the country—for the same number of persons—since all dress more simply.

I fail to see wherein, further than these facts, there should be a greater burden in the farm household. The mistake is too often made of giving a girl

## AN EXPLANATION

For the benefit of those who are thinking of purchasing lumber we wish to explain that certain Companies are using such terms as "Grain Growers," "Farmers," "Co-Operative," etc., evidently to make the name bear favor with the organized grain growers of the three prairie provinces. Such concerns in British Columbia or elsewhere have no connection whatever with the Grain Growers' Grain Company, Ltd., of Winnipeg, the real "Farmers" or "Grain Growers" Company. This explanation is given in order that grain growers and farmers may not be confused or misled by a similarity of names.

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this spring and in order to encourage apple growing I will give away free this spring 1,000 Hibernal Apple and 1,000 Transcendent Crab Grafts. These are grafts and should grow two feet this season. I will also give away free 500 Iris, one of our most beautiful and hardy perennials. My price for Willow cuttings is \$4.50 per 1,000; \$38.00 for 10,000, express prepaid on all orders of \$3.00 and over.

I have a fine stock of trees, shrubs and fruits. Anything that is not satisfactory may be returned at once and I will refund the money. My prices are 35% less than agents' prices. Send me your address and I will send you my price list with full printed instructions.

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Satisfaction guaranteed. Send Money Order

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CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

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

freedom from household duties, while her mother slaves on, then when necessity arises the daughter finds housekeeping a bore, and is utterly unable to keep up the numerous duties for which she is unprepared, either in knowledge or in physical endurance. In regard to the isolation factor, it is true that country life is becoming more social every year. The farmer's wife often knows her neighbors for miles around better than the city wife knows her next door resident. The granges, farmers' clubs, schools, institutes and churches are places of common meeting. The telephone, rural delivery and parcel post bring the isolated country folk into city nearness.

Encouragement of Ploughing Matches

Educational Importance of these Contests—How their Scope may be Widened and Usefulness Increased

Ploughs have been modified to suit modern ideas of cultivation, but the change has been more towards speed in turning over the soil than in better methods of doing this. May it not be that speed in ploughing has been gained at the expense of efficiency in the work done?

In Ontario and Quebec there was a time when the annual ploughing match was an event of unusual importance in many localities. Interest in these competitions seems, unfortunately, to have died out, particularly among the younger men. While they may not have been all that could be wished for from an educational standpoint, they were certainly an incentive to good ploughing. The scope of such matches could be widened to include contests in soil cultivation on stubble land and testing the different kinds of implements for cultivating the soil. Usually there are prizes given for the best plough-team and equipment. Why not extend this valuable feature by giving several prizes for teams and also for colts, thereby encouraging the raising of good horses? A few pithy addresses on farm topics would make the occasion still more instructive and interesting.

What's In a Name?

It is interesting to note how many firms operating in the Canadian West endeavor to attract the grain growers' business by the business names they adopt. This has grown particularly noticeable since organized farmers became an important factor and the Grain Growers' Grain Co. was instituted. All kinds of imitations and combinations, most of them mere deceptions, have been brought to the front in an endeavor to work up business by playing on what has been conceived to be a popular name among farmers or grain growers.

With this multiplicity of similar names it is not surprising that farmers have sent orders intended for the Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd., to other concerns. Recently it has been learned that lumber orders, intended for the Winnipeg concern, have been sent elsewhere. Care should be taken, therefore, not to confuse names. The real farmers' company and the pioneer farmers' company of the Canadian West has headquarters in Winnipeg.

Embroidery Patterns

An absolutely new method of transferring initials and designs for embroidery. No hot iron or stamping outfit necessary "just a rub of the thumb nail" transfers all initials, patterns and designs and you can use them over and over again. 300 different designs for every kind of embroidery work. Send 15c stamps or coin for sample package. Agents wanted.

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STAMPS FOR SALE

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send cash price and description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 4

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 6

PATENTS AND LEGAL

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old established firm. Head office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 53 Queen St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Cockerels, \$2.00 and \$2.50. John Ruff, Melkiwin, Man. 3

ALBERT MIDDLETON, Keystown, Sask. Breeder of S. C. White Leghorns. Bred to lay strain. Eggs for hatching, any quantity. Also a few choice cockerels. Prices reasonable. 5

WHITE ORPINGTON SPECIALIST—Importer and exporter. International winners at Buffalo. I breed winners and start beginners. Pens of 3 pullets and cockerel. C. Schelter, Fonthill, Ont. 4

PAKENHAM'S SILVER CAMPINES won at Ontario Winter Fair (Canada's greatest show). Eggs at reasonable prices. Write for circular. W. E. Pakenham, Box 10, Norwood, Ontario. 6

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCKS—My Rock hens made an average of 149 eggs each during 1914. Fine dark well Barred cockerels from this choice laying strain only \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. William La Chapelle, McTaggart, Sask. 5

200 S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS FOR SALE—Utility birds and breeders. Also fine show birds, pure white, long backs and low tails. A number of cockerels for sale sired by cock on photo. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. J. J. Funk, Winkler, Man. 5



BARRED ROCKS—Fine vigorous cockerels. Well feathered. Bred to lay. \$2 and \$3. Eggs. Balmossie Farms, Ltd., Halford, Saskatchewan. 4

43 VARIETIES, poultry, pigeons, ducks, geese, water fowl, incubators, feed and supplies. Catalogue free. Missouri Squab Co., Dept. D.Q., Kirkwood, Mo. 4

WINNERS AT EGG LAYING CONTEST—Write to-day for mating list beautifully illustrated with photos from life. It is free. L. R. Guild, Box 16, Rockwood, Ont. 5

BABY CHICKS, ducklings and hatching eggs, poultry and fruit from paying combination. Strawberry plants 100, 70c; 1,000, \$5; currants, 10c; gooseberries, 15c; raspberries, 5c; rhubarb, 10c; perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue forwarded on application. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver. 1-16

BABY CHICKS, DUCKLINGS and hatching eggs; poultry and fruits from paying combination. Strawberry plants, 100, 70 cents; 1,000, \$5; currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents; raspberries, 5 cents; rhubarb, 10 cents. Fruit trees, perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver, B.C. 10

FREE—We will give free to any person interested in stock or poultry, one of our 80-page illustrated books on how to feed poultry, how to build hen houses; tells the common diseases of poultry and stock, with remedies for same; tells how to cure roup in four days; tells all about our Royal Purple Stock and Poultry Foods and Remedies. Write W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada. 3

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—\$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 351, Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

HELP WANTED

SITUATION WANTED—Running gasoline or oil tractor plow outfit. Satisfaction guaranteed. Jas. McIntyre, Jr., Eganville, Ont.

AN HONEST MAN OR WOMAN to distribute religious literature. Good remuneration to right party. Spare time accepted. Bible League, 325 Carlton Street, Toronto. 3

WANTED—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Write immediately for free sample questions. Marshall & Marshall, Inagora Falls, Canada. T.F.

AGENTS—Salary or commission. Greatest seller yet. Every user pen and ink buys on sight. 200 to 500 per cent profit. One agent's sales \$620 in six days; another \$32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X 534 La Crosse, Wis. 3

YOUNG MEN—Get Canadian Government jobs. Big pay. Summer vacations with full pay. Examination throughout Canada during May. Write immediately for free sample questions. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 177, Rochester, N.Y. 3

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. T.F.

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work! Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press 182 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 3

AGENTS—We want a live one in your locality to sell our Made-in-Canada Toilet Soaps and Family Medicines. Greatest value ever offered; sells in every home. One hundred per cent profit for you. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue and price list. The F. E. Karn Company, Limited, Cor. Queen and Victoria Streets, Toronto, Ont. 4

ONE MAN WANTED in every locality of the Dominion no matter how small the village or how large the city, to show samples to their friends and neighbors for large grocery mail order house selling groceries to families at factory prices. Position will pay \$20 weekly with a few hours work in spare time. Samples furnished free. The Co-operative Union, Windsor, Ont. 3

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED, either sex one in every Canadian town to control sale of new money making clothes washing crystal, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines, absolutely harmless, appoint your own agents, own your business. Big profits, capable men or women make \$50-\$100 per week. Exclusive territory given. Answer to-day. Western Utilities Company, 208 Donalda Block, Winnipeg, Man. 3

FOR SALE

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS—Lands in Moose Mountain District Eastern Saskatchewan, close to two railways, phones, etc. 100,000 acres to select from easy terms, also improved farms, this month have excellent half section wheat land close to town to offer. Open prairie section on half crop plan to good buyer. Dermody & Dermody, Kennedy, Sask. 3

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PONIES

SHETLAND PONIES—Write for particulars. J. Marples, Hartney, Manitoba. 5

MISCELLANEOUS

MOTHERS—Use Zemeto and your children's beds will be dry. Box Free. Zemeto Co., D12 Milwaukee, Wis. 3

CLOVER HONEY—Buy honey direct from the producer. Co-operate. Sample five cents. J. W. Somers, St. Marys, Ont.

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BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles \$5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 3

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TRICKS, puzzles, jokes, marked cards, Dice, ventriloquist figures, magic goods, escapes and illusions. For home and stage entertainments. Big catalogue free. Oaks Magic Co., Dept. 164, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

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# What the World is Saying

## Canada's First Business

The war is Canada's first business until it is over.—*Montreal Daily Mail*.

## The Difference

Britannia continues to rule the waves and Germany continues to waive the rules.—*Vancouver Province*.

## War upon Mankind

Not even Germany is equal to a successful war upon mankind.—*New York Times*.

## The Fruits of Kultur

Brutality on land and piracy on sea seem to be the progeny of Kultur.—*Halifax Herald*.

## A German Specialty

The Allies' aeroplanes don't seem to be gunning for babies.—*New York Tribune*.

## A Comment from Texas

Turkey is now in a position to issue the bluest of blue books.—*Houston Chronicle*.

## The Spade as a Tool of War

Spades are trumps in the European war game.—*Wall Street Journal*.

## War Outdoes Earthquake

As a destroyer of human life and property even the earthquake is a feeble imitator of modern warfare.—*Toronto Star*.

## More Asiatic than European

The German Government's genius for oppression is, as Professor Albert Bushnell Hart has well and truly said, Asiatic rather than European.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Remarkable

It is a curious fact that while General French commands the British troops in France and Belgium, General von Francois is in command of the German troops in East Prussia.—*Washington Star*.

## Airy Navies

Tennyson, who foresaw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue," was born in Lincolnshire, not far from the scene of the first German aerial incursion over English soil.—*Hamilton Herald*.

## The Turco-German Army in the Desert

The Turco-German army now wandering in the Arabian desert has neither nightly crops of manna nor timely flights of quail to replenish its commissariat. Nor is there a German Moses to draw living water from the rock.—*Ottawa Evening Journal*.

## The German Argument

The German argument about Belgian neutrality is that Germany did not do it, that she had to do it, and that it served Belgium right anyway.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## The Only Way

There is but one way to deal effectively with the Prussian gospel of force and violence and the Prussian ideal of absolutism. It must be smashed utterly and completely. The sooner that is accomplished, the better for the German people and for all the nations.—*London Daily Mail*.

## Generals with Length of Years

If Sir William Osler should go to the front at 66, he would be told by 75-year-old generals that his youth is only commencing.—*New York Evening Post*.

## A Month Without a Full Moon

February, 1915, is the first month since 1847 that the United States has had to get along without a full moon. Superstitious readers of history will recall James K. Polk's hard times and the war with Mexico.—*Duluth Herald*.

## Fleeing from Palestine to Egypt

In fleeing from Palestine to Egypt, the Jews may remember that in days long past the greatest members of their race of necessity took the same road. They were Abraham, Joseph and his father, Jacob, and the Holy Family itself, which fled from the edict of Herod.—*Guelph Herald*.

## Wasted Flax Straw in This Country

It is a pity that 3,000,000 tons of flax straw are destroyed in Canada annually, while British linen factories are short of raw materials for thread, aeroplane canvas and other army requisites.—*Monetary Times*.

## A Demand for Canada to Supply

Canadian wheat, coarse grains, meats, dairy products and hay are certain to be greatly in demand by Great Britain and her allies during the period of this war and for many months thereafter.—*London Economist*.

## To Increase Canada's Production

Every Provincial Department of Agriculture is co-operating with the Federal Department of Agriculture in the effort to stimulate this year's food production throughout the Dominion and the aggregate result should be striking.—*Montreal Gazette*.

## "Tipperary"

Music is an appeal to the emotions. Tipperary is a song that cannot be heard dry-eyed. The words do not matter. The harmonies, the form, the cadences do not matter. Behind it all is the unspoken vigor of a vital patriotism, a love which risks all for freedom.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

## The Growth of Winnipeg

According to the new city directory, the population of Greater Winnipeg is now 273,047. As in the last Dominion census in 1911 the population of the whole Province of Manitoba was 455,614 and of its chief city 136,035; it seems that Winnipeg is growing at a great rate.—*Toronto Mail and Empire*.

## War and Divorce

War cuts off luxuries in a surprising manner. Take divorce, for example. Last year parliament heard forty-two applications, this year but twenty-five will come before it. Perhaps couples find that they cannot afford to be separated this year, almost everybody needs support.—*Port Arthur Daily News*.

## "Bad Boys" Who Have Made Good

Considerable comment is being made because two "bad boys" of two English towns have won the Victoria Cross on the field of war in Europe. There is nothing very surprising in the fact. So-called "bad boys" are quite frequently more daring, reckless, brave, or whatever you may call it, and capable at a pinch, than nice good boys.—*Victoria Colonist*.

## Getting Hysterical

Maximilian Harden is always magnificently rhetorical, as, for instance, when he says: "Beat us! Drive us into the sea, into the Rhine! Starve us into submission! We shall die honorably, die standing up with clean arms." How is it that so many Germans have begun to talk the way the French were expected to talk but don't talk? Is the Teuton, after all, more emotional than the Gaul?—*New York World*.

## Foul Fighting

Hitting below the belt is the equivalent to the bombardment of undefended pleasure resorts. The massacre of women and children by dropped bombs, the threat to torpedo passenger vessels like the Lusitania filled with harmless and even neutral lives, and freighted with neutral property, the use of unprincipled press agencies in the circulation of disingenuous peace proposals—all these may be called fighting foul.—*New York Herald*.

## A Big Wheat Shortage

The net result is that the non-war area of Europe has needs of 14,065,000 qr. gross imports, less Bulgaria's 2,000,000 qr., or 12,065,000 qr. in all. The war area's requirements of imports are 9,000,000 qr. for Central Europe, and 36,000,000 qr. for the Allies, apart from Russia. This gives a gross need of over fifty-seven million quarters (456,000,000 bushels), and without the aid of Russia the writer does not see very clearly whence this supply is to come.—*Agricultural War Book*.

## Retribution

What will the word "German" connote for the next fifty years? Not the bespectacled scientist, nor the shrewd trader, but the barbaric Goth, red from the shambles, armed with the torch of the incendiary and the dagger of the assassin. And Emperor William will pass into history bracketed with Attila and Genghis Khan, with Alva and Tilly. "A fixed figure, for the time of scorn, To point his slow unmoving finger at."—*Toronto Globe*.

## What the Result Will Be for Germany

Germany will end the war, at the best, after enormous losses of men and immense sacrifices of capital. Her elaborate structure of commercial treaties has fallen, to be only slowly restored, in any event. Her gross export power will be much reduced owing to the loss of many of her most skilled and enterprising workmen, and she has undoubtedly substituted commercial mistrust in many minds abroad that once were friendly.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

## A Grotesque Declaration

The German Crown Prince says: "We are convinced that the day will come when the people of Russia and France will find out that they are only doing the dirty work for England." This is not quite in agreement with the idea popular in Germany last summer that England ought to welcome German leadership in the Teutonic resistance against the barbarous Russian and the decadent Latin.—*Springfield Republican*.

## The Penalty of Falsehood

German apologists are utterly discredited. Most of them have approached the task from different angles. Their arguments have been contradictory, not only as regards each other, but they also run counter to official documents and utterances. It has been a sad example of lying opportunism. The discredit that attaches to German statements in this war will rise up in judgment against her when peace has been declared, and even for all time.—*London Saturday Review*.

## Apportioning the Blame

"Ignorance on the part of housewives is responsible in large measure for the high cost of living," is the opinion expressed by Mayor Mitchell of New York's Special Supply Committee, which has been investigating this question. Modern man has not progressed very far from the time of Adam, who blamed his fall on the housewife of the day. Undoubtedly ignorance plays a part, but it does not begin to compare with trusts, tariff, unnecessary middlemen and other factors.—*Canadian Journal of Commerce*.

## Worth an Army Corps to the Allies

For thirty years the Teuton has been proclaiming his greatness to the world, and many of us took him at his own valuation. The bold, foolish lying of the German newspapers first shook our faith. People could not be invincible who believed any fabrication that flattered their vanity, and the continually increasing absurdity of the lies is the best proof that things are going well for us. The editors of the German newspapers are, indeed, worth an army corps to the allies.—*London Daily Express*.

## In Regard to Ham and Bacon

The Kansas City Star is stirred up because "a food sharp in the East" has been denouncing smoked ham and bacon as an article of diet. The Star remarks that "this country was pioneered and settled on a diet of smoked ham and bacon." And, continues the Star, "the most stalwart husbandmen the world ever knew are tilling the farms of America on the same diet." All this is probably true, yet ham may not be suitable for a man who spends eight or nine nervous hours in the office of a business establishment every day.—*Brockville Recorder*.

## Population of the United States

According to C. D. Sloane, of the Census Bureau, on April 2 next, the population of the United States will have passed the 100,000,000 mark, exclusive of Alaska and the dependencies. The 1900 census gave the number of the people as 75,994,575, and the figure in 1910 was 91,972,266. As up to last year there was an enormous immigration it is altogether likely that the 100,000,000 estimate is correct. Barring Russia, therefore, the United States is the largest white man's country. The pilots across the boundary have a big ship of state to steer.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

## Beyond the Pale

Of all the fatal mistakes none has been graver than the Germanic outraging of the sense of international morality. If the kaiser had failed only as a warrior, the world would have accorded him and his armies the honor that belongs to courage; but mankind will never forget and hardly forgive the raping of Belgium, the destruction of Louvain, the vandalism of Rheims, the unleashing of the merciless Moslem, and last of all the flagrant violation of The Hague ruling against the bombardment of defenceless towns without warning. It seems now as though the callous jest about "the scrap of paper" were simply the first evidence of a complete abandonment of national compacts.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

# Canada's Winter

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max McD

WINTER is not a skeleton in Canada's cupboard, a thing to be tolerated, but kept out of sight as much as possible.

As I write I am looking out over vast stretches of fleecy drifts like a very sea of billows but for their stillness and whiteness. I can see the air filled with silver spangles of frost, as though the very stars had been ground to icy powder. I can hear the singing of the fence and telephone wires and imagine that cold light of the sky whose very intensity seems to make itself visible. Winter with its blasts and snows, its naked trees and leaden skies, its sleet and frost and rime, its ice and cold, grim winter, at whose very name we shiver with a nameless fear, once more is ruler of our land.

To those of us who love Nature each of her changing seasons is adorable.

Everyone loves the spring when the whole world is awakening to new life, when the earth seems filled with soft breezes, and warm sunlight, and twittering of nesting birds, and kaleidoscope development really marvellous.

We love a sweltering summer day when earth reels with life under the hot love of the sun; when,

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

There is something in every summer's glory that tells us of the touch of the Divine.

And autumn has a glory of her own, decked in crimson and gold, when the fruits of the earth are harvested and barns are filled to bursting, and the song of thanksgiving goes up from every heart.

Then the shadows lengthen into winter, and instead of frost and rain and dampness everywhere, we have clear dry snow that sets the blood in motion, that covers the land like a mantle, bringing to earth and covering up hundreds of tons of impurities and the unsightliness of a spent vegetation, and fertilizing the soil as it can be fertilized in no other way, preparing it to be the birth place of such products as are the wonder and admiration and envy of the world.

When we grumble at the weather in winter what we deplore is in reality a vital necessity to mother earth, a period of rest when the ground may gather vigor for the coming year. If we would but pause to consider we could not but see that:

"All nature feels the renovating force  
Of winter. Only to the thoughtless eye  
Is ruin seen. The frost-contracted globe  
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
And gathers vigor for the coming year.  
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along  
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps  
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gave  
And murmur hoarses at the fixing frost."

But winter bears on its front so chill and unpromising an aspect that we are dismayed and do not wait to pierce beneath the cold exterior to find the hidden blessings. All the world knows that "The Lady of the Snows" has a winter, but all the world does not know how the people of Canada enjoy it, and how it contributes to their health and wealth. We love the winter midnight, when the stars glisten steely and acres of white snow lie dim and lustrous under rampart Orion. It is "a thing of beauty," but not "a joy forever," for under the warm rays of the strong spring sun, the last vestige of winter will speedily vanish.

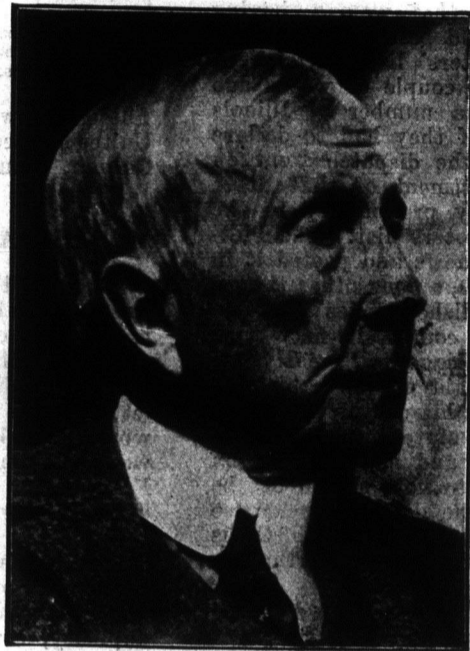
The conception most people have of a Canadian winter is in line with that of Crabbe when he says:

"When winter stern her gloomy form  
appears,  
A sable void the barren earth appears;  
The meads no more their former verdure  
boast.  
Fast bound their streams, and all their  
beauty lost:  
The herds, the flocks, in icy garments  
mourn,

And wildly murmur for the spring's return;  
From snow-topped hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,  
Howl thro' the woods, and pierce the veil below;  
Thro' the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,  
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies."

The poet Thompson in his famous "Seasons" continues in the same strain:

"Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies:  
How dumb the tuneful horror wide extends  
His desolate domain."



John D. Rockefeller, Sr., on the witness stand before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations at its session in the Metropolitan Tower, Feb. 5.

Charles Kingsley has expressed a very original idea in a very beautiful way when he says:

"Every winter,  
When the great sun has turned his face away,  
The earth goes down into the vale of grief,  
And fasts, and weeps, and shrouds herself in sables,  
Leaving her wedding garments to decay,  
Then leaps in spring to his returning kisses."

Tradition has it that, after a fall of snow, men feel stronger owing to the exhilarating effects of the snow-swept air, science, at all events, can not quarrel

with this conclusion, inasmuch as it is easily demonstrated that the air is purer and sweeter after a fall of snow. We of the northern altitudes owe to our winters a debt of gratitude.

Souvestre, in his "Attic Philosopher," has expressed this idea very clearly and well. He says that our cold climates have necessitated in us an activity which has placed us at the head of nations. Deprived of many gifts of nature, we have supplied the want through industry. Necessity has sharpened our understanding, endurance awakened our foresight, while elsewhere man has been warmed by an ever brilliant sun and loaded by the

bounties of the earth, and has remained poor, ignorant, and naked. We, on the other hand, have had to wrest food from the earth, build habitations in defence from the weather and warm the body by clothing from the wool of animals. Work has made us both more intelligent and more robust; disciplined by it, northern nations have mounted higher on the ladder of creation.

But winter is not all gloomy desolation. There is another bright side to the picture. Hear what Bryant says of it:

(Continued on Page 35.)

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# The Philosopher

## ONE GREAT AIM AND PURPOSE

Looking back over the years preceding the war, it is plain what an advantage Germany had in preparing for war, with the determination that when it was ready and the time had come, it would take the offensive. The German scheme was to mass its forces behind a screen of peaceful professions, preparing all the time for the great rush which was to take its intended victims unawares. One great purpose of the Allies in this war is to prevent the possibility of that ever being done again.

## DOMITIAN AND WILHELM

A University professor—needless to say, not one of those wonderful exponents of Kultur, the German University professor—brings before general attention the fact that "Me und Gott" is not so new, after all. The twelfth of the Caesars, the Emperor Domitian, a stupid and pompous tyrant, used to begin his Imperial decrees with the words, "It has seemed good to Me and the Gods." Like Emperor William, he succeeded to the throne under the most favorable auspices. The worst ill-wisher of the Kaiser could not wish him a worse ending than Domitian had.

## A DIFFERENCE IN THINKING

There is not an abler man in Germany, it is generally admitted, than Maximilian Harden, whose Berlin paper, *Zukunft*, holds a unique place in the German Empire, having criticized the Emperor as no other journal has ever dared to do. In a recent issue Herr Harden writes: "We are appallingly far from our goal. We have never had as many enemies around us. Even an overwhelming majority of the neutral nations are against us, not because they are not told the truth, but because they are unable to think as we Germans do." His conclusion is that Germany must fight with greater determination than ever. Nothing could be more typically German than the manner in which he shuts his eyes to the possibility—not to say probability—that when the "overwhelming majority of the neutral nations," as he admits think in a way that is not the German way, their way is the right way, and the German way the wrong way. He can only see Germany in the right, and the rest of the world in the wrong.

## CANADA MUST TAKE A FRONT PLACE

In regard to the war and the conditions created by the war, there is nothing more manifest than the patriotic duty of doing everything that can possibly be done to increase the volume of Canada's agricultural products this year. The campaign inaugurated by the Dominion Government, in which the Governments of all the Provinces are co-operating, with "Patriotism and Production—More than Usual" as its slogan, is serving this national and Imperial purpose excellently well. In this gigantic struggle of the Empire our country is bearing its part, sending men and equipment to the front. Canada also has a duty as a chief source of food supply for the people of Great Britain and for the men at the front. In the organization of this war, all the resources on both sides must be taken into account. Among the resources of our Empire, the possibilities of Canadian food supply hold a very high place. It is a foremost Canadian duty to make this year and next year record-breaking years of Canadian agricultural productiveness in as high a measure as possible.

## CAN A POLITICIAN BE A CHRISTIAN

A sermon preached by a minister in an Eastern town on the question "Can a politician be a Christian?" has started a newspaper controversy, which is chiefly interesting for the amount of light it casts from so many different angles on the current idea that there is necessarily something antagonistic between Christian living and politics. Essentially and necessarily, of course, there is no more reason, as one paper points out, why a politician cannot be a good Christian than why a preacher cannot be a good Christian. Another paper says:

"Politicians are often cowardly, but so are preachers. Politicians are sometimes corrupt, but it is very seldom that even the most corrupt politician does not find the pulpit defenders. Politicians are not all alike, nor are preachers, nor are Christians."

The plain fact of the matter is that the politics in any country is the expression of the intelligence and conscience of the people of that country, the manifestation of the public attitude towards the duties and responsibilities and problems of government. To say that the public mind can manifest and express itself only in a degraded and infamous way would be an exceedingly harsh thing to say of any country. In every country there are people of varying degrees of intelligence and goodness. It is for every citizen to do his part towards making the politics of his country mean patriotic public service.

## SURVIVALS

John Peter Hughes, who arrived in Winnipeg a fortnight ago by dog-sleigh from Peace River Crossing, on his way to Chicago, via the Lake of the Woods, in talking to the Philosopher of his experiences told of seeing a big bull moose cross the Peace River, with a pack of wolves in pursuit. It is not surprising to hear that; but it is surprising to read the accounts of wolves in so old and densely populated a country as Italy. The pertinacity of the wolf is a notable fact in natural history. The wolf is the last of the wild beasts to be exterminated. "If a cycle of wars should thin out the population of Europe, as during the Dark Ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire," wrote Huxley, "we might expect the wolves again to become a menace, as in the days when they used to invade Paris."

## THE WOMAN VOTER AND HER AGE

It is a time-honored joke that woman, having secured the right to vote, would balk when it came to telling her age to the voters' list officials. A news dispatch from Chicago a couple of weeks ago told of the unwillingness of a number of Illinois women to register as voters, if they had to declare their ages—a declaration, so the dispatch went on to say, which the legal department of that State had decided to be a necessary preliminary to the placing of any name on the voters' list. The Philosopher cut out that piece of news and pasted it in a scrap book he keeps, in which, among other things, is a collection of old, established jokes that do actually happen at last. Of course, it may turn out that this report from Chicago is "greatly exaggerated," as Mark Twain said of the cable dispatch from Europe announcing his death. Certainly where a man is required to state his age before voting there can be no good and sufficient reason why a woman with the right to vote should not be required to do the same, if she desires to exercise that right. Moreover, the date of her birth is already a matter of public record at her birthplace.

## A PRECEDENT

A Western Home Monthly subscriber in Weyburn, who describes himself as a native Ohioan, sends the Philosopher a copy of the *New York Evening Post* containing an article, which he has marked, in regard to the attempt of a German to dynamite the New Brunswick end of a railway bridge whose other end is in Maine. The *New York paper* recalls that at the time of the Civil War in the United States there was a like case, that of a Confederate officer, John Yates Beall, who using the town of Niagara Falls as his headquarters, crossed to the United States and attempted to wreck a train near the Suspension Bridge. He was caught by the Federal authorities, tried by court martial and sentenced to death as "a spy, guerrillero, outlaw, and would-be murderer of hundreds of innocent persons travelling in supposed security." President Lincoln declined to intervene, and Beall was hanged in February, 1865. So that the case of Horn, or von Horn, the would-be dynamiter of the C.P.R. bridge on the St. Croix river, is not without a precedent.

## CANADA WILL BE LARGER

When the Kaiser and the other sitters in the seats of German mightiness decided that the time had come for war, they looked forward confidently to wielding their might in a way that would remake the map of Europe. Possibly they looked forward to certain changes on the map of this continent, too, to say nothing of the other continents and the islands of the sea. There will be changes in the map of Europe; but not the changes they counted upon so confidently. There have been changes already in the map of Africa and the map of Asia, not of a sort to cause rejoicing at Berlin. Also the islands of the sea that were German possessions are German possessions no longer. And even on this continent there are already strong indications of a change for which the war will really be responsible. Until the war began the feeling of the people of Newfoundland was strongly in favor of preserving the identity of the Ancient Colony. Not that they did not entertain the brother est of feelings towards us Canadians, as we towards them; but their pride in their island's history and its standing as the first overseas British land made them averse to a merger with this Dominion. The war has brought a change of sentiment. It has promoted the feeling in favor of union. Undoubtedly, as soon as the war is over, negotiations will begin for making Newfoundland the tenth Province of Canada. Then our country will consist not only of a chain of Provinces spanning the continent from Atlantic to Pacific, but in addition the great island, nearly four times as large as Belgium, which stands sentinel at the Atlantic entrance to our great Canadian waterway.

## MR. WEICHEL'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE AT OTTAWA

It is satisfactory to note that newspapers throughout the United States are quoting the speech made in the Dominion Parliament by Mr. W. E. E. Weichel, M.P. for North Waterloo, an Ontario constituency inhabited chiefly by people of German origin. In seconding the address in reply to the speech from the throne. Mr. Weichel said, speaking for people like himself of German blood and with German names:

"German-Canadians are proud of the race from which they sprung; proud of the progress that country has made in science, in art, in music, in literature, in philosophy, in chemistry; gratefully remembering the splendid literary works of Schiller and Goethe; proud of the wonderful compositions of Mendelssohn, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Liszt, and Wagner. But, sir, they are not proud of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, of the burning of Louvain, nor of the destruction of the Rheims Cathedral. German art, German music, German science, is one thing; but Prussian militarism is another; and the reason why so many people of German origin have left their old fatherland was to escape military domination; and to-day they are just as eager and anxious as you are, for the obliteration of this curse which has been weighing so heavily on Europe for so many years."

These are words, say the leading journals of the United States, for German-Americans who are more German than American to ponder over.

## BISMARCK'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

One of the most interesting books that have come to the Philosopher's table in a long time is the translation of "Bismarck's Letters to His Wife," written during the war with France in 1870-71, which has just been published in London. These letters were written without a suspicion that they would ever be made public, and they are in many ways illuminating. Writing from various points in France (for he was with the army headquarters during the greater part of the campaign, especially towards its close) Bismarck, the famous man of "blood and iron," the Iron Chancellor who made the German Empire, as the result of three iniquitous wars and years of the most unscrupulous diplomatic duplicity, complains of the hardships of the campaign, of the annoyance and trouble caused by "these on-looking Royal Highnesses, with their servants, horses, and adjutants," of the incapacity of the German generals—except "good old Roon"—and their needless sacrifices of life. "The prestige of the leadership reposes on the admirable heroism of the troops," he writes. "Only a little less of it, and none of the leaders could stand up before the criticism." A feature in Bismarck's character which is not often mentioned finds frequent expression in these letters—his love of orders and decorations. On August 25th, 1870, he writes from Bar-le-Duc, "Birthday of the Bavarian King, and I have received no decorations!" And he is continually complaining that his sons have not been given the Iron Cross. When he heard at Versailles, on February 5th, 1871, that the decoration had been given to his son Herbert, his comment was, "At last, then, though he deserved it in August. But the Court air in which they grow was absent from him in the hospital." Impatience with diplomatic and other correspondence is another feature of Bismarck's letters to his wife. He is especially impatient with the royalties. "There will always be annoyances," he writes, "wherever there are Princes without any work to do." Throughout all these letters to his wife Bismarck gives constant expression of his trust in God, and he also writes many prayers as well as thanksgiving to God for the progress of the campaign and for the safety of his sons. But the most revealing page in the whole book is that in which his secretary describes how one evening, shortly before he died he sat before the fire in the great drawing room at his residence in Varzin, an old man in his eighties, retired from public life (the present Emperor having dismissed him from the chancellorship) and feeling that he was near his end. He sat for a long time in silence, now and then throwing fir-cones on the fire, when at last he burst into bitter complaint of the fact that his political activity had gained him little satisfaction, and less friendship. By it he had not won happiness for himself, his family, or anyone else. One of his hearers suggested that he "had made the happiness of a great nation." To which Bismarck replied:

"Yes; but the misfortune of how many? But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, would not have been plunged into mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator. But I have gained little or no joy from all my work."

When we remember that the three wars caused by Bismarck were every one of them wars of absolute piracy (the war against France having been precipitated by the forged telegram he sent from Ems in the name of the German Emperor to the French Government), these words of Bismarck in his old age, with the shadow of the tomb upon him, give us cause for wondering reflection.

Canada's Winter

(Continued from Page 33.)

"Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows, Or autumn with his many fruits and woods All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice, While the slant sun of February pours Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach! The incrustated surface shall upbear thy steps, And the broad arching portals of the grove Welcome thy entering."

Exercise in the snow is remarkably bracing, as is seen in the glow of health invariably shown on the face of those who sleigh, ski, toboggan, skate, or whose simple pastime is that of snowballing. There is reason for believing that the vital qualities of air are intensified by some obscure action of snow and cold on the oxygen of the air. Winter has many sports and pastimes and pleasures peculiar to itself. Cowper sings:

"I owe thee king of intimate delights, Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness, And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours Of long, uninterrupted evening, know."

Whatever the beauties or peculiarities of each season, all show forth God. The year is full of Him. In pleasing spring, there walks His beauty, and tenderness, and love. The summer months refulgent with heat and light, show forth His glory. In autumn, His beauty shines forth unconfined—a feast is spread for all who live.

"In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled, Majestic darkness! on the whirlwinds wing Riding sublime!"

Canadians are proud of their winter and they want the world to know it.

Our Front Cover

Bathing in Warm Water Surrounded by Icicles

The Rocky Mountain Park, commencing some 80 miles west of Calgary, and running about half as many miles west thereof, into British Columbia, has been noted as a summer resort for a number of years. It was in 1885 that it first came to general notice, and since then has been visited by thousands who have enjoyed the majestic beauty, handsome flora and invigorating air. Those responsible for this are the Dominion Government, the C. P. R. and Dr. R. G. Brett,



A Natural Meadow in B.C. (One Mile square. No doubt a lake at one time)

Some of the scenes in nature during the winter season are most exquisitely lovely. What sight could be more fascinating than the air full of noiseless feathery flakes, countless in number. Longfellow puts it beautifully in these lines:

"Out of the bosom of the air, Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken, Over the woodlands, broad and bare, Over the harvest fields forsaken, Silent and soft, and slow, descends the snow."

Eliza Cook had an artist's appreciation of the truly beautiful when she said:

"A cheer for the snow, the drifting snow; Smoother and purer than beauty's brow; The creature of thought scarce likes to tread On the delicate carpet so richly spread."

It is an old belief, still held by some, that rival deities had been at work on nature. It was not the handiwork of one god, but of two. And all the sharp antagonisms of the universe, and all the contrasts amid which we live, are but the tokens of their mutual enmity. One made the glory of the day; the other the darkness of the night. The one cheered us with genial heat; the other cursed us with bitter cold. One made the summer; the other the winter. But the writer of Psalm LXXIV assures us that the same Almighty Hand has made both summer and winter.



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# The Blizzara Bride

Written for The Western Home Monthly Ona Bradley Lacy

CHARLIE TRUE and Jack Cline, old college chums, met unexpectedly in the lobby of a hotel in a Northwestern city, after a separation of six years. A few words of surprised greeting were exchanged, when Charlie said, abruptly, to Jack:

"I'm not married yet, are you?"  
"Yes, and bless the Lord, I'm glad of it, too."

"Say, that sounds interesting. How'd you happen to do it? You always fought shy of the girls."

Jack took two cigars from his pocket and passed one to his friend. After a silence of a few moments, in which they puffed away at their cigars, Jack settled himself back in his chair and smiled at Charlie in a well-pleased, knowing sort of way.

"Happened, that's the word. I just happened to do it."

"You know when we drifted out here to this country six years ago, I got the homesteading idea, at once. You were not

such a fool visionist as I, so you went back home. I took up a homestead and a pre-emption eight miles from town, and there I stuck.

"Take it from me, Charlie, it was no snap. When one of those long, cold winters settles down on a fellow—well, he's got to keep looking hopefully into the future or go bughouse. It's no child's play to get up some morning, with the mercury slipping down into the bulb, take out your oxen and drive eight miles for needed supplies. And lonesome—God! man, you don't know the meaning of that word! Imagine a fellow used to gay company and a good time, shut up in a little ten by twelve sod shack, on the bleak prairie, literally, snowed in! Why, I've seen it for weeks that you couldn't get a hundred feet from the shack for fear of losing your way back, there'd be such a blizzard on.

"I've got some English stick-to-itiveness but I've seen the time when I'd be sitting there alone with my feet in the oven,

trying to keep from freezing to death, that I'd make up my mind to chuck the whole darned thing and beat it for civilization.

"But I'd always wait a little too late. The first thing I'd know, the snow would be gone like magic; the wild ducks sporting in the newly-filled ponds; the prairie chickens sounding their mating calls, distinct, in the clear morning air; and there would be your land smiling up at you, rich and black, waiting for the seeds. The feeling of ownership gets hold of a man then; he glories in his wide acres and the knowledge that he can make one more gamble with Mother Nature for a good crop.

"This is the life I'd lived for five years. I'd almost forgotten how to speak to a girl, to say nothing of courting one. The winter of the fifth year had just fairly well set in, when, one morning I decided I'd go into town for the mail and a few more supplies which I needed to complete my winter stores. I arrived in town quite late, having stopped on the road to visit with a friend. I put my horses in the livery stable and went to the hotel to spend the night.

"While I was at supper, a pretty young woman, neatly dressed, came into the

dining room. She paused just inside the door and cast a little frightened look around the room at the tables crowded with loud-talking men. Seeing me seated alone at a table, she came over and took the chair opposite mine. I noticed that she was very young and looked worried about something. She scarcely touched the food placed before her.

"You are a stranger in Parman, are you not?"

"Yes. I came in on the nine-thirty train this morning," she answered.

"We talked on for a few minutes about the weather and town. I could feel she was studying my face the while, trying to decide if I were a person she could trust. At last, she ventured to tell me that she was a teacher and had come out from the East to teach the school at Barton, another town ten miles north of Parman. As there was no train into Barton, she had stopped off at Parman, expecting to be met by one of the trustees. He had not come yet and she was much upset. I soon learned that she had no knowledge of the West and seemed actually afraid among the rough looking men who lounged about the hotel.

"You must have found it tiresome staying in your room all day?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, but there was nothing else to do," she answered.

"If you will come with me I will take you out on the street for a little walk, and then you'll feel more like sleeping after a breath of fresh air."

"Yes, I shall be glad to go," she answered, simply.

"She went up to her room and returned in a few minutes dressed for the street. She looked irresistible in her soft furs and once out of doors, her good spirits returned. She laughed and chatted merrily, and, indeed, was a jolly little companion. We became quite well acquainted.

"Well, when I bid her good-night and held her little, warm hand in mine at parting, I had a queer feeling that life had suddenly changed for me. I carried that feeling up to my room and lay awake for hours, building air-castles and coming to meet me at the door of each, was the sweet, girlish face of the little school-mistress. There is nothing that will make a fellow wake up and want to do things like the desire to appear worthy in some good woman's eyes. I wanted to be a real man and I was sorry for all the meanness I'd ever done.

"I dressed and got down to breakfast early the next morning. Miss Dale, the little school-teacher, was already in her place and smiled a welcome to me.

"She told me she had decided to have a livery-team take her out to Barton and would start in about an hour. I felt pretty blue at the prospects of losing her. But all selfish thoughts were soon forgotten in my anxiety for her. The weather was changing and it looked very much as if we were going to get a blizzard. I told her of my fears and tried to persuade her to wait awhile. She only laughed at me and said she must go. Somehow, I just couldn't stand the thought of that poor, little, helpless thing starting on a ten-mile drive in such threatening weather with only a boy from the barn. I begged her to allow me to drive her to Barton as I had nothing else to do. She consented, finally, and we were soon on our way.

"We had not gone far, however, until the air was filled with flying snow and the wind was stronger. I tucked the robes more closely around my companion and urged the horses on. The storm steadily grew worse. In less than hour, the blizzard was on us in full force. The snow covered prairie stretched out in endless miles; but we could only see a little way in any direction. Even the horses' heads were invisible at times. I could do nothing but go on. There was no shelter for miles, and, if there had been, we could not have found it then. I was afraid of losing the trail, so at intervals, I scrambled out of the cutter and, kicking away the new snow, would examine the under crust for signs of the trail.

"The mercury had slipped down several degrees below zero and it was beastly cold. I put Miss Dale down in the bottom of the cutter and piled all of the rugs around her. The wind tore at my clothing in wild rage and fairly coagulated the blood in my veins. The snow blew in my face, stinging it like the pricking of a thousand needles.

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The New and the Old

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Irene Wilson.

"Presently the sickening realization came over me, that we had lost the trail. The horses had varied from their course and the wind was at our backs. Every step sent the poor, frantic animals plunging into the loose snow up to their bellies. With a mighty effort, I turned their faces to the wind, but they would no longer face the terrific blasts and kept turning away.

"We were indeed lost in a Northwestern blizzard! I explained the situation to Miss Dale and she bore up bravely.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, "that I allowed you to get into all this trouble."

"Trouble! Why, little girl, I should have been crazy by now if I had not come along with you," I answered. "Honestly, aren't you glad I came?"

"Yes," she answered, tears filling her blue eyes. "But why should you care? I was only a stranger."

"I don't know," I told her, "but I do care." Just then I cared more than for anything else in the world.

"After that we drove on in silence. At times, I tried in vain to pierce the shadowy veil about us, hoping to see some friendly object that could offer us some shelter. There was nothing save intense whiteness—impenetrable and baffling. Hope had almost left me. I was conscious of a numbness in my feet and limbs, and I knew that the girl must be almost frozen. Suddenly, the horses stopped. In front of them, was a white mountain. I uttered a cry of joy! I knew what it was at once! A straw-stack!

"I helped Miss Dale out, loosed the horses from the cutter and we fell to work digging our way in. The poor girl was dizzy and seemed only half conscious. I rubbed her hands and jostled her about roughly for some time before I could take the numbness out of her.

"The storm raged on and we spent the rest of the day and that night in the straw-stack. It was so cold, that time and again I thought we must give up the fight and be frozen to death. Through it all, my little companion was very brave and had perfect faith in my ability to protect her.

"There could be but one outcome of such an experience. I loved the girl with all the intensity of my nature, and I believed that she, in a measure, reciprocated my feelings. So I prayed madly that God might spare us to each other.

"The next morning dawned clear, but crisp cold. We found our way out to the trail and continued our journey to Barton. Miss Dale never took her school. I persuaded her to marry me at once and go back with me to the homestead.

"When a fellow meets the right girl, Charlie, he knows it and he isn't going to waste any valuable time in making up his mind to marry if the girl is willing.

"We spent the rest of that winter and this summer out there, finishing up my time. Happy? Well, I should say! It has just been Paradise, that's all. We are on our way back to visit her people now.

"Will you come up to our rooms, Charlie, and meet Mrs. Cline, 'the Blizzard Bride?'"

Not Particular

An absent-minded gentleman, whose absent-mindedness was always present, put down a sovereign at the booking-office at Charing Cross, says a writer in the London Globe, and demanded a ticket.

"What station?" asked the clerk. "What stations have you?" asked the traveller.

Harness for the Spring Work

Horse owners everywhere are looking more to the wearing qualities in harness than to the first cost when buying and this is proper economy of course. The difficulty facing them then, is to know where these qualities are to be found.

On another page of this issue, Thos. McKnight of Winnipeg offers free, his catalogue of 35 styles of harness and horse goods known as the "Square Deal" brand, stamped and guaranteed and as he sells direct to the man who uses the goods, it would be to the interests of all who have harness, etc. to buy to have a copy of this book.

"HERE'S to you and your friends, here's to me and mine." Yes, I am going home—back to old England—to the dear old home nest.

It is ten long years since I left that nest, a boy of eighteen, full of hope, and ambition, and the wonderful things I expected to accomplish. The future looked bright and rosy and my success was a matter of course.

As I fingered with loving care that all-important ticket that was to convey me to Canada, the Promised Land, I felt I was indeed a man. Little did I realize the tempering that I would undergo before I reached manhood.

Today, I again handle with loving care that all important ticket, which this time is to convey me to the scenes of my childhood.

Ten years in the West have changed my ideas and ideals considerably. I have known the meaning of hardships, of loneliness, and sometimes almost of despair; today I feel that I have fought and won—the struggle has been worth while.

Behind I am leaving a snug little farm in good running order; all the necessities to make a successful living—except a housekeeper. On my trip home I vaguely wonder if I might perchance find some friend of my boyhood days who would be willing to fill that vacancy.

I have met many nice girls in the West; good, jolly, capable girls; but the thought that always haunted me was, would Mother approve? Good, gentle, loving mother, with her quiet lady-like manners and her great reverence for the observance of social customs.

Now, as I lay in my cabin or sat upon deck, I had ample time to ponder whatever was uppermost in my mind, and I began to wonder if my relatives would be disappointed in me. My hands were rough—that was sure—my face was sun-burned, and my gait not that of a soldier; but Mother at least would understand. I tried to picture to myself the young folks I had left behind and I wondered what change time would have made in their lives.

When I reached my home town, the sedate old butler was at the station to meet me with the same old horse and rig that had deposited me at the station just ten years ago. I was a little disappointed, I know not why. Perhaps I expected my relatives to be at the station to meet me, a thing that would have been a certainty in a Western town.

I longed for the first glimpse of home, but I need not have been so impatient. It loomed up ahead just as I had pictured it. Not a post or a shingle had changed.

Mother was as sedate and beautiful as ever, and Father, with his gruff, kindly manner, seemed pleased to see me again. My sister, whom I had remembered as a long-legged school girl, was now a prim young lady. My brothers, (for you will probably have gathered that I was the unfortunate younger son) had married in their social class and were doing their utmost to keep up appearances.

I was soon given to understand that they expected me in ten years to make my fame and fortune, a thing they had inherited as their birthright. I think that they had some sort of a vague idea that in the far West a tree, called Fortune, grew by the wayside. All that was required of the ambitious youth was to give the tree a vigorous shake and his fortune was assured.

Nevertheless, my relatives good naturedly set to work to remedy this deficiency, and to provide me with a fortune in the form of a wife. One after another, I was introduced to all the eligible young ladies of their acquaintance who possessed the necessary. Their various virtues were extolled, their failings—nil.

One night I chanced to meet Fred Ayers, who, like myself, had journeyed from Western Canada to visit his English home. Until I met him, I did not realize how completely out of place I felt in my old home. Much against his wishes, I almost dragged him home with me to remain the night. The folks had all retired when we reached home. I shall never forget the look of horror on the faces of my mother and sister, when next morning, Fred came down with me unannounced to breakfast. In our Western home, an extra guest simply meant an extra plate, knife and fork. A friend was at liberty to drop in at any time. English hospitality seemed to mean something different.

I could not enjoy the dances or the various forms of amusements to which I was invited among the young people. Some way, I did not seem to be one of them. Gradually, I came to understand that it was not the people or the customs that had changed. The change was in myself.

Try as I would, I could not adapt myself to the old life, and gradually I realized that I did not wish to, and I ceased trying.

After a month's visit at my old home, the worthy butler again deposited me at the station. It was with a feeling of relief that I purchased my ticket for the return trip. The spirit of the West was calling me and I could not resist.

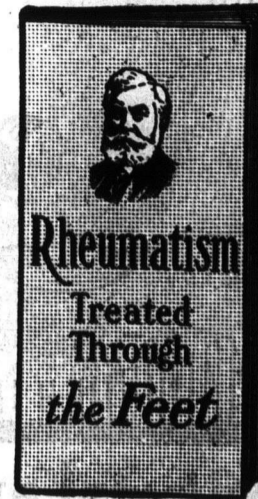
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## "Our Joffre"

A short account of the great French Generalissimo, from "L'Illustration," Paris.

ALL France watches confidently the man who bears the immense responsibility of the protection of her future destiny; but there is a spot in our country where eyes wear a softer look, where tears flow from a deeper emotion, from a more tender pride: the tiny Catalan homeland of the Generalissimo—his "pays," as they call it down there—Rivesaltes, where he was born, where he has grown up, whither he always returned faithfully to rest after his colonial campaigns and from the overwhelming task he had undertaken on the General Staff.

In this little sunny town of Roussillon, with its houses gathered round an old Saracen tower, with its walls skirted by

superiors as a great chief. Then in Africa he relieved the expedition of the unfortunate Bonnier, and entered Timbuctoo victorious.

Major in 1889, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1894, Colonel in 1897, Brigadier in 1901, he then carried out the admirable fortifications of Diego-Suarez, after which he lectured on fortifications at the School of War. General of a Division in 1905, he became Head of the Engineers and Commandant of the 2nd Corps at Amiens. On Feb. 23, 1910, he was made a member of the War Council. On July 24, 1911, he was appointed Generalissimo. To-day he has behind him forty-five years of service and thirteen campaigns.



Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre; the Brilliant Leader of the Gallant French

the torrential river Agly, General Joffre is indeed well known, and long ago they have described his nature and his heart: "Com lo vi del seu endret, lo Moscat de Rivesaltes: fortalera y parfum embolicats de dolcor," which means "He is like the wine of his country, the Muscatel of Rivesaltes—strength veiled in sweetness." There he was born on Jan. 14, 1852, the son of a cooper. The register mentions all his Christian names, but only the last one, Césaire, reminds one of the Midi.

He studied at the College of Perpignan. At sixteen he had taken his degree. At seventeen he entered the Ecole Polytechnique. Even then, as a young man, he had a presence—his head well poised and a glance direct. It was no effort to him to become a man when the war broke out. Sub-Lieutenant on Sept. 21, 1870, he took a part in the Defence of Paris with his fellow-cadets.

Lieutenant in 1872, he was made a Captain four years later, and went to the east of France to organize the military district of Pontarlier. Then he saw service in China and in Tonkin-China with Admiral Courbet; he organized the defence of Formosa under the enemy's fire, was present at the Battle of Bening, and already impressed his

Promoted to the rank of "Grand Croix" of the Legion of Honor, he received on Nov. 26, 1914, the "Médaille Militaire," the greatest reward before the attainment of decisive victory.

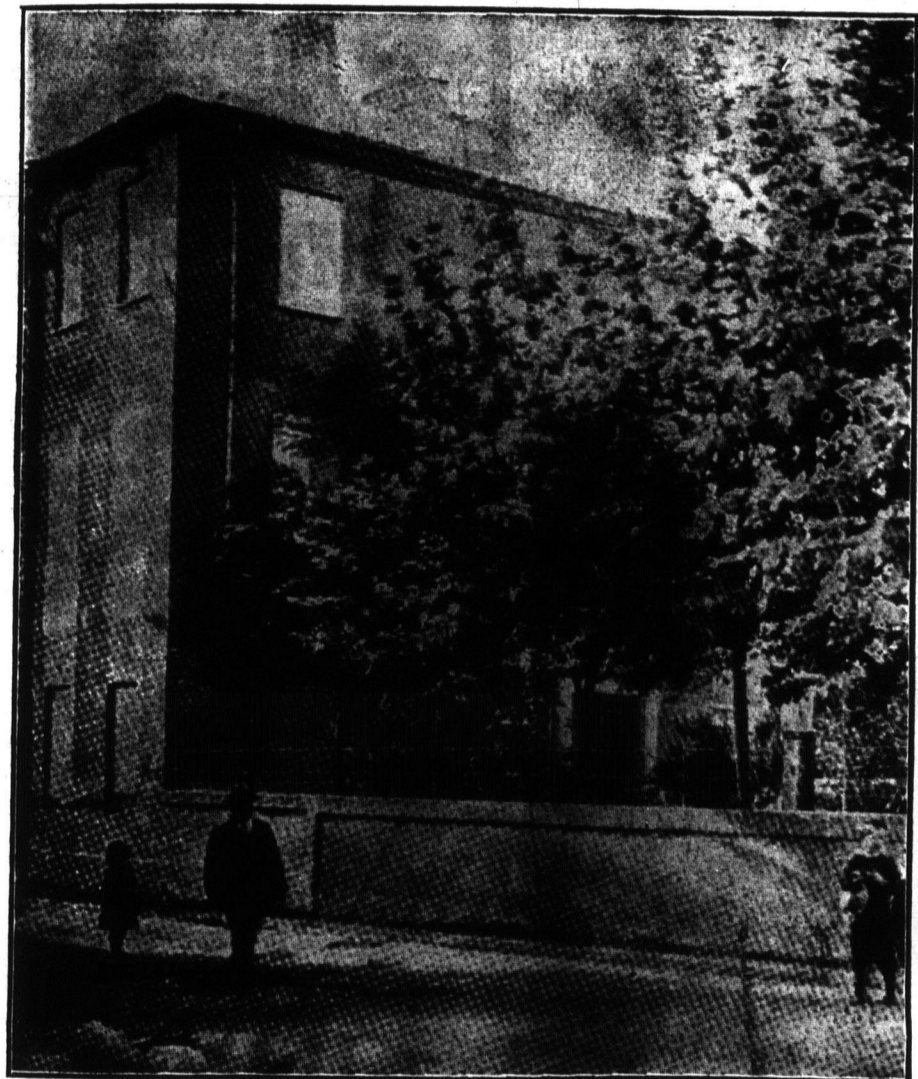
All French people know the glorious career of this soldier, but at Rivesaltes they know it better still, for after each promotion Joffre, radiant with inward contentment, has come back to them. His compatriots are touched with this faithfulness, and whether they pass by the modest house where he was born or the house where he now spends his holidays, on the Place du Pont, just at the top of the boulevard which bears his name, they love to call to their mind the experience which befell him as a young Captain.

One day, when "notre Joffre" was examining in his own country the fortifications of Prats-de-Mollo, the guard had him arrested as a spy. Joffre allowed himself to be led to the police-station, then, opening his coat to show his uniform, he said in Catalan dialect entirely void of German accent, "Soum un Allemany de Rivesaltes que ten tres galons sobre la matelotte."

In the field the Generalissimo retains the same simplicity which once confounded the guard at Prats-de-Mollo.

Captain M— has already described the visit which he paid to the General Headquarters, then at Romilly—the "petit bourgeois" villa where our chief was staying the schoolroom in which he was working. A few weeks later, M. Gustave Babin told us also of the bare background from which the fine figure stood out in bold relief. Other witnesses have told likewise, what an impression of calm and power, of modesty and confidence, they had brought away from their visit. Also we have heard by what self-imposed discipline General Joffre has trained himself to endure the fatigues of the campaign—regularity in his work, sobriety in his diet, regular exercise and sleep. An English journalist has narrated how he saw him arrive at an inn in Flanders, where the cook, in prevision of the coming of the illustrious soldier, had killed her fattest chicken and prepared her most savory sauce. The Generalissimo came in like

orderlies the rooms opening on a peaceful and beautiful garden. He asked that no change should be made from the simplicity of his diet. Here are a few of the menus prepared for him: Dinner of Sept. 1.—"Potage vermicelle à l'oignon, escalopes de veau, pommes sautées, salade, fromage, dessert." Dinner of Sept. 2.—"Potage aux perles, boeuf au gros sel, légumes du pot-au-feu, salade, fruits divers." Lunch of Sept. 3.—"Hors-d'oeuvre, oeufs sur le plat Bercy, côte de boeuf rôtie, purée de pommes-de-terre, fromage, dessert." Dinner of Sept. 3.—"Potage aux poireaux, boeuf sauté lyonnaise, poulet rôti, soissons nouveaux au beurre, salade de cresson, fromage, fruits." Lunch of Sept. 4.—"Hors-d'oeuvre, oeufs durs vinaigrette, blanquette de veau, salade russe, fromage, fruits." Dinner of Sept. 4.—"Potage fermière, brochet sauce verte, entrecôte, grillée, pommes frites, pâté de volaille, salade, fromage,



The Home to which General Joffre always returns after his campaigns. His house at Rivesaltes on the Place Du Pont

a bomb, asked for an omelette, and was gone again; one had time only to notice the clear look in his eyes, the rich fullness of his voice.

This moral and physical health of the man who bears the responsibility of so many lives was shown still more plainly just before the great days of the Battle of the Marne. The General Headquarters were fixed at Bar-sur-Aube. A distinguished Paris barrister, M. Maurice Tassin, owner of a place called "Le Jard," received the order to billet General Joffre. He opened wide the doors of his château, which was thus becoming doubly historical. Indeed, the place, built at the end of the eighteenth century, had already resisted two invasions. During the campaign of France in 1814 the Emperor Alexander of Russia and Frederick-William III, King of Prussia, had stayed there. In 1870, the Prussians, back again, took several photographs of the house which had played a part in their history, and left a signed copy for the *châtelaine*, the grandmother of the present owner.

When M. Maurice Tassin had learnt from the Quartermaster who hurriedly passed through the name of the illustrious guest he was going to have in his house, he wished to give him a welcome and a reception worthy of his rank. But General Joffre declined all offers with as much good grace as firmness.

On the first floor he chose a big room with two windows overlooking the entrance of the château and the faubourg of the town, leaving to his

fruits, etc." All the menus are very simple; and if there is one more dish than usual sometimes, it is because the Generalissimo had other Generals to dinner: had he been alone he would have been content with a simpler meal.

An Army of a Million

Total Cost Nearly Two Million a Day

A million men! What does that mean? How many are a million men? Can the brain conceive of that number of human entities, all distinct and individual, at one and the same time?

We say the thing easily enough—"a million men." It needs only three words. We read them daily in the accounts of the vast war now engulfing Europe. Correspondents write of a German million or a French million with the same ease as they refer to a shipload of passengers or a theatre audience.

Can we grasp what an army of a million men—and there are several of them now in the field—actually is?

To feed them, how much? How much bread and meat? How many railway trains to bring along the commissariat for a million or a hundred. And ammunition for a million? and tents and camping space and wagons, and horses and mules, and the hay and oats for these animals? How long a line would they make in battle array? How long a column on parade?



A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"My advice, my dear fellow, is, 'Go to Curzon.' It is extraordinary how much time most men will give to the consideration of little things. Look how a man will worry about his smoking supplies or his beverages, but when it comes to a question of Clothes it is more often than not a case of 'Oh, any tailor will do!' The sensible man, the man who wants to get on, the man who realizes how much personal appearance counts in the battle for success knows that there is as much difference between one tailor and another as there is between one artist and another. When I want clothes, my dear fellow, I go to Curzon Bros., the Great London Bespoke Tailors. Yes, I know they are a long way off and one has to perhaps wait two or three weeks for one's suit but it is worth the waiting to be able to indulge in the luxury of wearing Real English Cloth, cut and tailored by high-class London craftsmen. Take my advice: Get their patterns and particulars of their business before ordering your next suit or overcoat."

Send for Free Patterns of our Wonderful Materials for Suits and Overcoats guaranteed made to your special measures, at prices immeasurably lower than those ruling in Canada. Together with these patterns will be sent you, forwarded free and carriage paid, fashion plates of latest designs, booklet containing full details of our mode of business and our specially arranged self-measure chart, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. We guarantee to fit you from your own measures or to refund money in full.

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CURZON BROS., The World's Measure Tailors, 60/62 City Rd. & 112 New Oxford St., London, Eng.

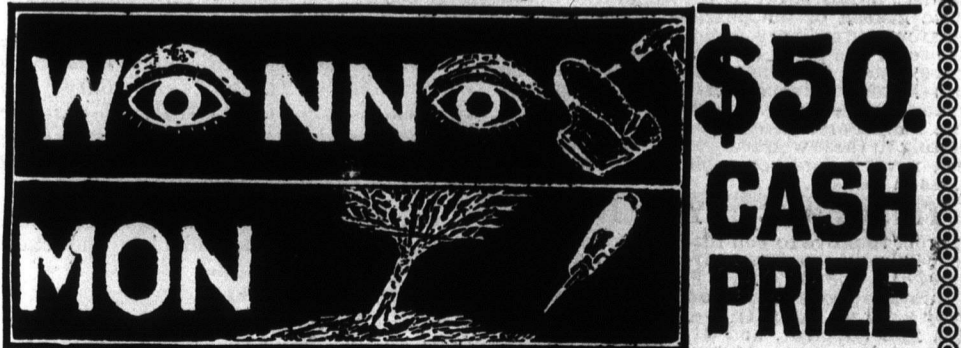


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**ACT TO-DAY**

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These and a hundred other questions naturally occur to any one who gives the matter a single thought just now. But few could answer them off-hand. The problem would be all guesswork; not for everybody, however.

All these figures are kept on hand by army officers whose business it is to know such things—officers who would have to command, feed, transport, encamp and supply with ammunition and equipment, a force of a million men.

The normal unit of an army is a division. Now this is not an arbitrary designation any more than is a company or a battalion. There's a reason, and a real one. Just as a company is the largest body over which one officer can have the supervision of individuals, so a battalion is the largest unit to which one officer can give commands by voice or trumpet. And a division is the largest force that can be deployed into line of battle in one day, marching on one road.

It consists of three brigades, each of three regiments of infantry; one regiment of cavalry, two regiments of field artillery, one battalion of engineers, four ambulance companies and four field hospitals. With it goes an ammunition train, a supply train, and a pack train. A major-general commands a division.

Down to the last man a complete division at war strength numbers precisely

for the engineers of one division—forty-nine trains in all. When extra supplies and the medical troops are figured and a train for head-quarters of the division sixty trains would be a fair estimate for one division at mobilization time.

For a million men then—3,000 railway trains.

This is assuming all were mobilized at once, as they were in France and Germany.

And what are 3,000 trains? Six of them would be a mile long. If all 3,000 were in one long train it would reach five hundred miles.

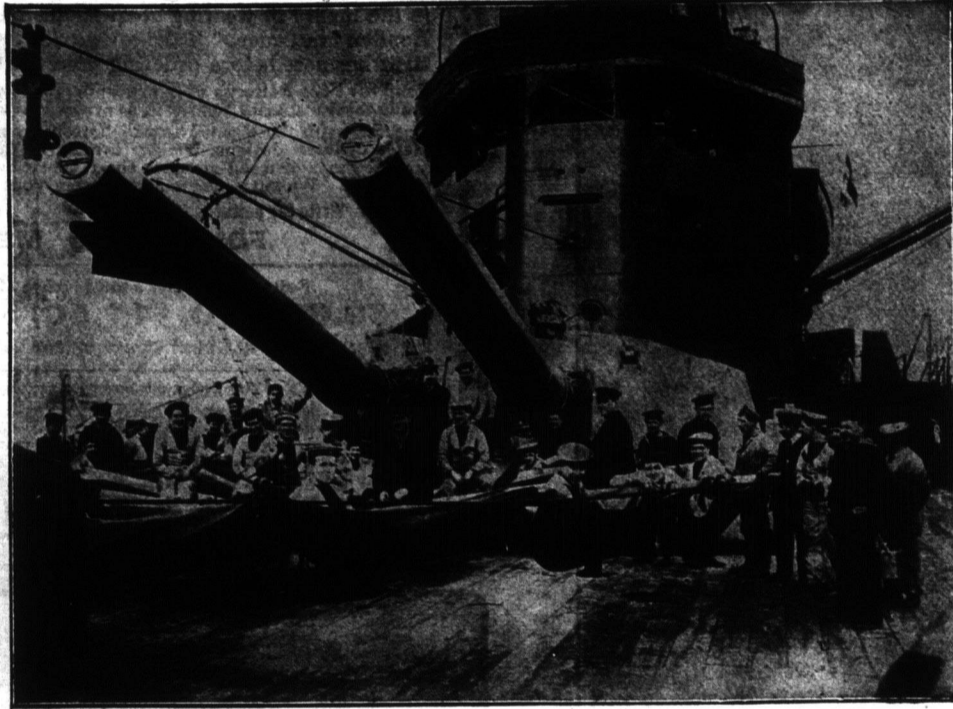
The million are mobilized. They are all in one big camp—how much ground?

A regiment of infantry with all its animals and wagons needs nineteen acres; a cavalry regiment must have sixty acres; an artillery regiment forty-eight acres. A division needs 640 acres, or a square mile, for all its infantry, cavalry, artillery and other troops.

Our camp for a million men, then, would occupy fifty square miles.

And now to feed the vast army of men and animals!

The full day's ration for a man in the field weighs 4.4 pounds. Item—£60,000 a day for food for one million soldiers now encamped. This is just a little matter of nearly two millions a month! This food would weigh 4,400,000 pounds—just



Showing the Forward Turret of H.M.S. "New Zealand"

19,850 souls; it might be as high as 22,000 with auxiliary troops; it could be as little as 16,000, as it would be soon after the carnage and disease of real war. Roughly let us assume a division at 20,000.

Now with this division go animals and vehicles—a lot of them. There are 3,165 mounts and 1,400 draft horses, and many other horses for various purposes—a grand aggregate of over 8,000 animals of all kinds, or in their places motor-cars of various kinds.

Then there are 48 guns and 144 caissons; 107 wagons and carts for combat (ammunition); 48 ambulances and 662 wagons for subsistence and forage. Here are 1,009 vehicles for these 20,000 men and 8,265 animals.

And this is only one division!

For a million men we must multiply everything by fifty—animals, guns, wagons, and the equipment and food that go with them. This takes only the simplest arithmetic. We find for our 1,000,000 soldiers there are needed 413,250 animals and 50,450 vehicles, including cannon.

Now we have this vast army of men, animals, cannon and vehicles, and their supplies, and the order comes—

"Mobilize at Aldershot!"

Railway trains are needed—a tremendous lot of railway trains, too. Remember, all the equipment must go on those trains—horses, mules, guns, wagons, food, forage, ammunition. So it takes a train for one battalion of infantry, a train for two troops of cavalry, a train for a single battery of artillery or a pontoon company of engineers.

There would be twenty-seven trains needed for the infantry, twelve for the artillery, six for the cavalry, and four

the food for one day—or 2,200 tons. For one million men all waiting impatiently for their grub, it would take 109 coaches every day to bring along their rations—five trains of twenty-one coaches each. And this, mind, only for twenty-four hours! And the forage for the animals is yet to come. A horse needs 14 pounds of hay and 12 pounds of oats a day. What a problem for fodder! There are 413,250 animals to be fed every day. Men can go without; animals cannot. The horses must have ten million pounds of hay and feed every day. This will fill 258 cars—hay is bulky you see. If we add medical supplies and countless other items there would be 375 freight coaches working every day to keep going these million men and their beasts for just twenty-four hours.

One railway coach holds as much as twelve army wagons. To transport food and fodder for a million men and their animals would require 4,500 wagons—just for one day's supply. Of course they could go nowhere with this trifling transport. A division of an army must carry food and forage for at least ten days or two weeks. That means 45,000 wagons for one million men!

"Forward!"

The order comes to move. The million men fall in, the wagons are loaded, the beasts harnessed—they have the word and are off.

Germany has really put a commercial price on her head, and the United States is in a fair way to reap an unsolicited trade harvest which she planted. In a word, the trade mark, "Made in America" is very likely to overshadow the familiar "Made in Germany" the world over.—Isaac F. Marcossou.

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for full particulars of the unique bargains we are offering in slightly used and second hand pianos. War times have caused a larger proportion of "returns" than usual—many of them scarcely used at all. It's the best buying opportunity we have ever been able to give to our customers in all our years of business. Do not forget that we have the largest and most up-to-date Victor-Victrola and Victor Record Department in the West. Send to us for your needs.

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# The Home Doctor

## The Age of Prevention

The idea of keeping the body sound and of preventing disease by doing so is by no means a recent one. Even during periods in which recorded history began, were certain attempts of a sanitary nature made. Thirty-five hundred years ago the ancient Egyptians had acquired some very definite knowledge about certain diseases and certain phases of sanitary engineering.

The knowledge obtained from the Egyptians was utilized and modified by Moses, the great pioneer in sanitary legislation, who embodied it in his laws, which up to the modern period were not surpassed by many others.

Ancient Greece and Rome occupied themselves quite thoroughly with hygienic questions and had remarkable systems of personal hygiene and dietetics, while the remainders of their public works yet excite the admiration of modern engineers. Many of their laws testify that the prevention of disease was a matter of serious public consideration. With the crumbling of the great Roman empire, its sanitary achievements became neglected.

Aside from the general chaos then prevalent the early Christianity was not favorable to the preservation of body health. The well being of the soul came to be the main object in life and that of the body became neglected.

During the middle ages comparatively little was undertaken. Civilization had apparently worn itself out and mankind was preparing itself for a future democracy by killing off its predaceous fighting stocks, the very thing that Mexico is doing to-day.

In that period of universal carnage and pestilence, a few monasteries attempted to relieve the great suffering and they were more moved to do so by a noble philanthropy than by a desire to stay the ravages of disease by intelligent prevention.

With the invention and general use of gunpowder, the feudal system finally came to a close and the nations which had survived the murdering tendencies of the past, gradually established a certain degree of order.

Progress was, however, very slow and as late as the latter part of the 18th century, the belief in witchcraft was still very much alive.

Torture was still a recognized part of jurisprudence, schools were few and defective while under the influence of many wars, criminality and disorder were common enough.

All sorts of diseases, the most constant of camp followers, demanded a great number of victims. The science of medicine occupied a very low position and physicians were continually engaged in the most extravagant speculations, as well as in endless arguments.

Hospitals, there were, for sure, but the sick were neglected in frightful manner. The insane were dealt with like wild animals and the sick poor, the insane together with criminals were often packed together in the same dungeons. All sorts of contagious diseases prevailed in such places without challenge.

Improvement came, however, even if it was somewhat delayed by such upheavals as the French revolution. The breaking down of ancient superstitions and dogmas paved the way for experimental inquiry and after the middle of the nineteenth century the value of disease prevention became recognized as a something greatly to be desired, while the better understanding of disease acquired during the latter half of that century opened the way for its realization.

### Important Discovery Leads to Prevention

Especially the discovery that the transmissible diseases are due to certain micro-organisms opened the way towards a rational prevention.

After that discovery, practically every year has witnessed some achievement and while no one believes that all diseases can be eliminated, we are safe to assume that the amount of damage inflicted by each, can be reduced to an almost negligible minimum.

Small-pox has already been eradicated from certain countries by the thorough enforcement of vaccination. Diphtheria has been robbed of its terrors by the use of a specific antiserum. The Pasteur treatment for rabies reduced its mortality. Typhoid fever yields to better methods of sewage disposal and water supplies, while exotic diseases such as cholera and plague are kept out of the country by the enforcement of suitable quarantine regulations.

Malaria and yellow fever disappear when their insect carriers are exterminated, while the enormous waste of infant life can be cut short by the

proper supervision of the milk supply and attention to cleanliness.

Many more examples of this kind could be named were it necessary to prove that of all the great achievements of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the ones along the lines of preventive medicine have done the most for humanity.

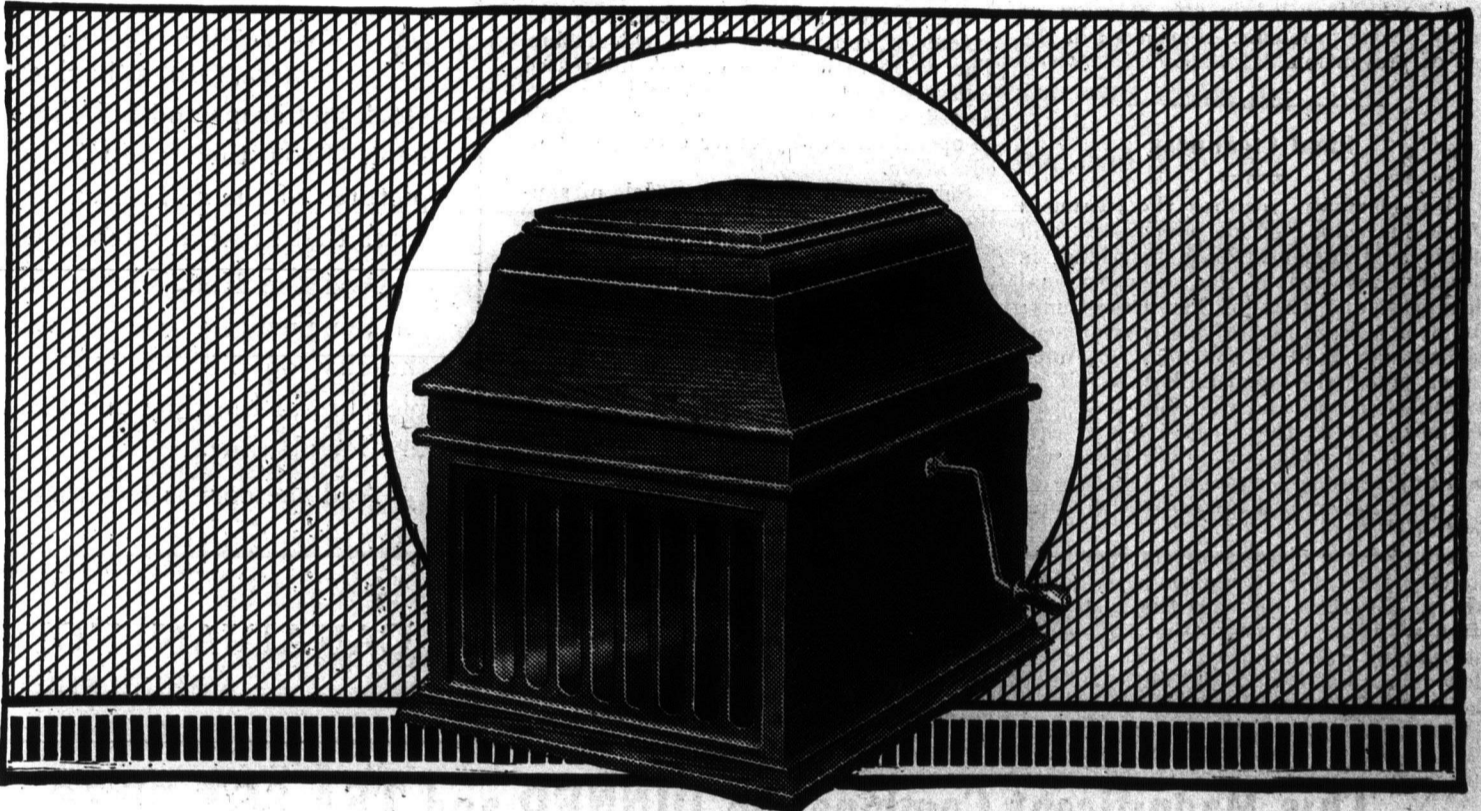
### Causes of Disease Studied

But not only have the direct results been of enormous benefit, but the indirect ones must not be overlooked. The immediate results of sanitation can be traced to those of deliberate medical research and this is distinguished by one predominant feature and that is that it occupies itself primarily with the cause of the disease under investigation.

The sound logic of this feature is so striking and the results of its application have been so far-reaching that the methods universally in use in medical research are being applied to other problems.

We are not nearly so much inclined to endeavor to overcome certain evils by striking at it blindly, as we did a few years ago. Instead of asking ourselves first of all what must be done against it, we are more apt to first make a careful survey as to the possible causes, well knowing that their removal would be the best solution of the problem.

Not only in the field of disease are many problems still unsolved. There are numerous sociologic questions of the most importance which are urgently presenting themselves.



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among all his wonderful inventions is his phonograph. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model. Think of it; over 25 years of work on all these epoch-making inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected!

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the brand new records on an absolutely free loan. Hear all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, old sacred hymns, every kind of comic and popular music, also your choice of the highest grade concerts and operas, as rendered by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and your friends. Then, when you are through with the outfit you may send it back at our expense.

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#### Cause and Prevention of Social Evils

Take the one, for instance, relating to the ever-increasing numbers of the socially delinquent and criminals. Like the medical investigator, his sociologic colleague may well ask, what are the causes?

Similar problems confront us in the case of prostitution, of alcoholism, poverty, etc., and never will they be solved unless the causes have been recognized. This done, we can begin to think of prevention and not before.

Like in the case of our infectious diseases, we must largely deal with our social diseases by intelligent prevention based upon a concrete knowledge of causes and there is plenty of evidence that this is being recognized. This is what we mean by the indirect results of medical research. It points out the road to be traveled in the solution of many of our problems. It ushered in the age of prevention.

#### Ideal Cleanness

Ideal cleanness requires the cleanness of the individual, of his possessions, and of his environment. Each individual is directly responsible for his personal cleanness, and that of his possessions; but over a large part of his environment he has only indirect control. Not until direct personal responsibility is felt in its fullest sense, and exercised in all directions toward the formation and carrying out of sufficient public laws, will sanitary cleanness supplant the cure of a large number of diseases by their prevention.

Many of the diseases of childhood are directly traceable to uncleanness, somewhere. By these diseases the system is often so weakened that others of different character are caused which, though slow in action, may baffle all science in their cure.

The necessity of forming systematic

habits of cleanness in the young is the first step toward sanitary health. They should, then, step by step, as they are able to grasp the reasons for the habits, be educated in all the sciences which give them the knowledge of the cause and effects of uncleanness, the methods of prevention and removal, and the relation of all these to building laws and municipal regulations.

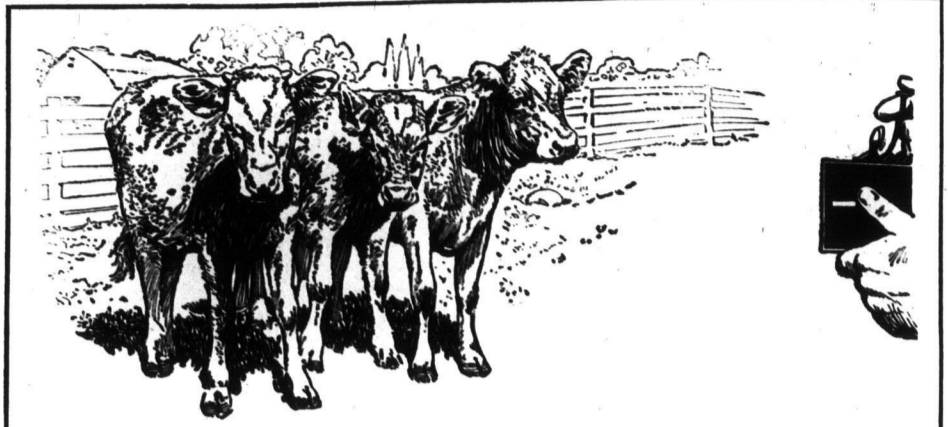
The first environment to be kept clean is the home. But personal cleanness and household cleanness should not be rendered partially futile by unclean schoolhouses, public buildings, and streets.

The housekeeping of the schoolhouses, especially, should be carried on with a high regard to all hygienic details, since here the degree of danger is even greater than in the home. In public schoolhouses the conditions favorable to the presence of disease germs abound. If present, their growth is rapid, and the extent of contagion beyond calculation. The co-operation of all most interested—pupils and teachers—should be expected and required as firmly as their co-operation in any other department of education.

Schoolhouses which are models of sanitary cleanness will cause a demand for streets and public conveyances of like character; then all public buildings will be brought under the same laws of evident wisdom.

Not till the right of cleanness is added to the right to be well fed, and both are assured to each individual by the knowledge and consent of the whole people, can the greater gospel of prevention make good its claims. The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning.

**It Will Cure a Cold.**—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.



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At every turn, country life offers opportunity for the camera. In a business way there are records of stock and crops and buildings and trees and ditching to be kept. From the standpoint of the family album there are pictures of the children and the pets and the home—pictures that grow in interest with every passing year.

And the Kodak adds fun to every wholesome frolic. At the picnic, at every evening gathering, on the trip to the city, on the shooting and fishing trips it adds to the pleasure at the time and the resulting pictures are a pleasure for all time.

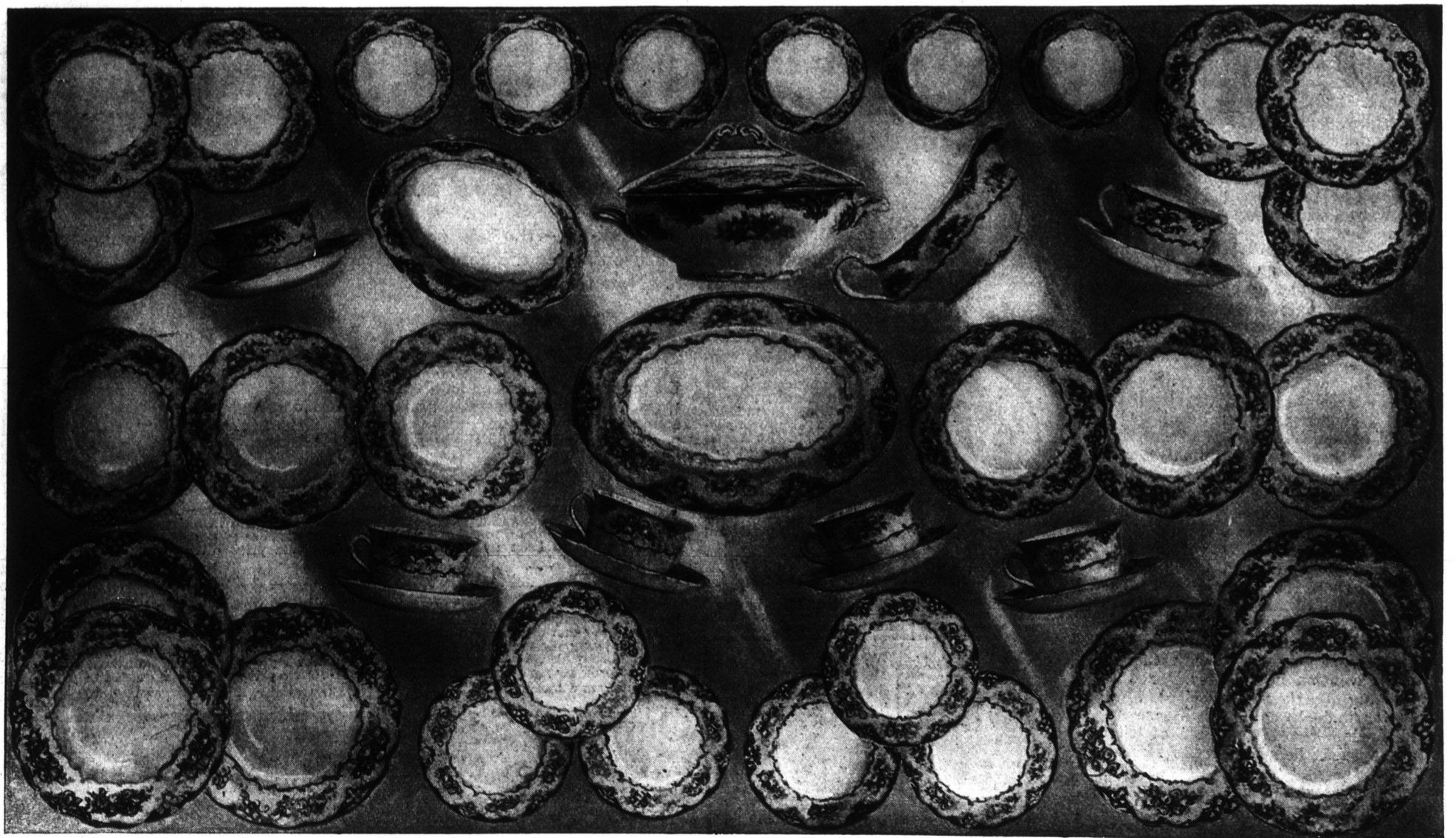
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The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi-Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft

and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs. Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor.

**The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada**



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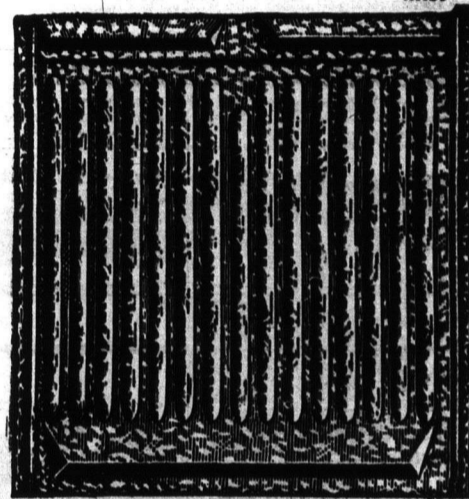
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## Quee-we-Zance---The Sergeant's Yarn

Written for The Western Home Monthly by A. Noel

THE days of early history, when the members of the Mounted Police tracked the elusive Redskin to his teepee after he had stolen the white settler's horses, and there had a hand-to-hand encounter, finally landing their man, are gone by, some people will assert and only belong to wild west talks and movie films. The following story, however, will show that the red man has lost none of his cunning and the moutny none of that cleverness so long a tradition of the force.

Some of The Western Home Monthly readers may remember reading of the exploits of Quee-we-Zance, a notorious horse thief who was a source of much trouble in the country south-east of Prince Albert during the earlier part of the present decade, and it is the closing chapter of his life I now propose to chronicle.

For many years Quee-we-Zance (Little Horse) had been a very troublesome thorn in the side of the force, and about the year 1910 he was brought to book and given two years at Prince Albert for horse stealing. The strict routine of prison life not appealing to his nature, he pined for freedom and by scaling a wall when his guard's back was turned, he found it and travelled far north.

There he was lost to the police and sheltered by friendly Indians for nearly two years, till, the wandering fever having returned, he came again to his old haunts and word reached the police that he was at a certain teepee on the Fish Lake Reserve near Humboldt.

On a Friday afternoon word came to Inspector A—, then in charge of Saskatoon Division, and no time was lost in sending men to bring him in. With the usual brevity of the force, orders were sent to the barracks to Sergeant T— and Constable C— to report at the office. There they were ordered to go in mufti to a certain tent, the location being given, and arrest one Quee-we-Zance on two charges of horse stealing and one of breaking jail and

for them began a trip filled with excitement sufficient to last an ordinary man a life-time.

I shall set forth the story of the trip as I had it from the Sergeant on the Sunday afternoon when he returned and enjoyed his first rest and smoke after the journey.



General Sir Ian Hamilton  
Commanding Huge British Army against Invasion

General Sir Archibald Hunter  
Commanding Third British Army Corps

"Tell you about it?" he said, "why there's not much to tell. We were sent to get him, and we got him, although I had to shoot the poor devil or lose him again."

I scented a good yarn here so kept after "Tommy" till he lit another pill and, settling back in the pillows, satisfied my curiosity as to what had happened before I saw he and the constable alight from a special train carrying the wounded Indian on a cot.

"Well," he continued, "on Friday C—and myself were called to the office and told to go and get this man. We

boarded a freight here at four o'clock and got to our destination about fifty miles east of Warman the same evening.

"Taking a livery team, we drove to a farm about four miles from where we knew we would find our man and stayed there till just before dawn, leaving there about three o'clock on Saturday morning.

"After half an hour's drive, we stopped the team and tied them to a bluff about half a mile from the tent on the windward side. Then began the really ticklish part of our trip for we knew

which would have brought a bullet my way in a hurry.

"I scraped them away from the door of the tent, all the time working and breathing silently as I could, and when I got the flap loose the fun began.

The little noise I made in opening the flap wakened my man, and when I threw the light of my torch on the inside of the tent I saw him leaning on one elbow on a cot to the right of the door and his brother and a squaw sleeping on the other side.

"I just took time to tell him he was under arrest and then made a jump for I saw his hand dive under the pillow and knew he had a gun there. I'd dropped my revolver and torch when I jumped, and I soon saw he was a match for me in strength. He stood well over six feet and was heavily built.

"In about two seconds from the time I got inside the tent we were in the liveliest scrap you ever heard of, for the cot broke under us and we went on top of the other Indians. They joined in and started pounding and kicking me while I hung to my man, and we rolled round there till we brought down the tent and tangled us all in it.

"I yelled to C—, finding three of them too many for me, and on his arrival he got into it and got tangled in ropes, legs and arms, till he went down too and the five of us were mixed up in the most furious scuffle and 'pow-wow' you ever heard.

"Well, finally Quee-we-Zance got away from me and started to run. By the time I got clear of the other Indian and squaw he was about twenty-five yards ahead, going for a bluff about a hundred and fifty yards north-west of us.

"I grabbed my gun and yelled at him to stop but he kept on going. I fired over his head and told him I'd kill him if he didn't stop. He kept going, so I fired again, hitting him in the right thigh. He staggered and then ran on so I fired again at the same place and just then he turned and ran into the bluff.

"I knew then that unless he was hurt badly enough to stop him travelling he would still get away, for he knew that country like a book and had lots of friends. C—and I followed him into

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

the bluff and then saw him standing out in the middle of a small slough about twenty-five yards from the bank.

"I told him to throw up his hands and come to the shore, but when he started to walk towards us he staggered and nearly fell. Then C— waded out and helped him along and between us we got him to the democrat. Reaching the farm again, we got a cot and made him comfortable while we drove to the station.

"There we got a doctor to him and he told us to get him to a hospital as quick as we could. We got a special to meet the train at Warman, an ambulance to meet us here, and he's now at St. Paul's with a man on guard."

Having got so much off his chest, the sergeant lit another cigarette and I was allowed to ask a few more questions before he went to sleep. That was not very long for I learned they had travelled over two hundred miles, and slept about two hours of the forty-eight.

The other Indians, he told me, disappeared during the shooting and near Quee-we-Zance's bed were found a rifle and colts 44, both loaded and cocked.

Not much more remains to be told of Quee-we-Zance, for on Monday morning, despite the efforts of two doctors, his spirit departed for the Happy Hunting

"Most always is," said the florid diner.

"The trouble with goose at a restaurant is that they never cook it right," said the uncertain man. To begin with, they're likely to get some 'tough old gander, and then serve him up with gravy that's just plain grease; and most generally the dressing got too much sage in it. I'm fond of goose, too. I suppose I might as well risk it."

"Wait a moment. Here's pigeon potpie. I don't know when I tasted pigeon potpie last. I don't know but what that would suit me about as well as anything. I kind of had my mouth made up for a boiled dinner, though. Do you have sliced salt pork in with the corned beef?"

"I believe so," said the waitress.

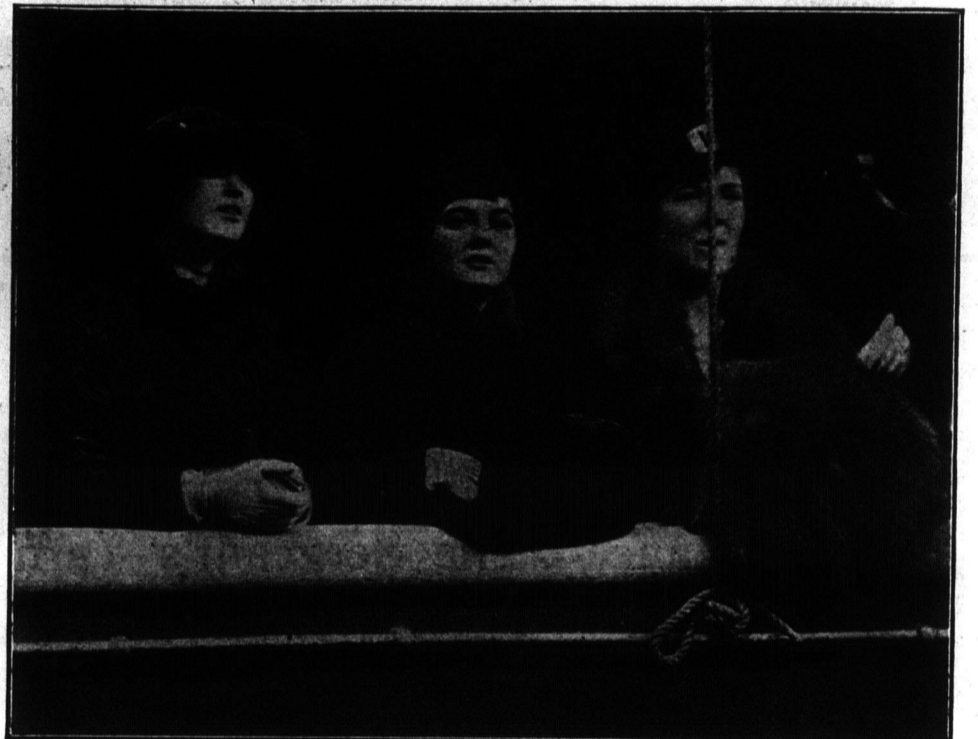
"They ought to," said the uncertain man. "I wouldn't give a snap for a boiled dinner without the salt pork. It just gives the right flavor."

"I can find out for you, sir," said the waitress.

"No, don't trouble," said the uncertain man. "I think I'd rather have the goose or the potpie. Which would you have if you were me?"

"I'd take the New England boiled dinner," said the florid diner.

"Have you ordered yet?"



The Daughter of U.S. Secretary of Treasury sails to nurse the Allies. With Miss McAdoo, who is the centre figure, sailed her chum Miss Catherine Britten of Washington, who will work together with Miss McAdoo, and Mrs E. M. Honse who will act as chaperone of the party.

Grounds, and after an inquest had been held, the body was taken to the reserve and buried there.

I have seen few finer men in the physical sense than this Indian, who, as he was lifted from the train at Saskatoon uttered no moan or sound but stolidly watched the mounties as they carried him. The pain he suffered would have been too much for any white man to stand in the silence which he maintained, even when the doctors probed for bullets.

The coroner's jury exonerated Sergeant T— and a short time afterwards he was rewarded with promotion "for good work."

He is still on the force and a few more stories of his work may yet be heard by The Western Home Monthly readers.

C— is also on the force yet and was given his corporal's stripes for this.

### Ordering Dinner

"I believe I'll take a New England boiled dinner," said the uncertain man. "How is the boiled dinner to-day?" he asked the waitress. She replied that it was excellent, and the uncertain man's companion, a florid gentleman, corroborated her statement emphatically. A writer in the Chicago News tells the rest of the conversation.

"I see they've got roast goose and apple-sauce, too," said the uncertain man. "That looks pretty good—if it is any good. Would you recommend the goose?"

"Why, certainly," replied the girl; "it looks real nice."

"If it's young goose, and not too greasy—"

"No, I'm waiting for you."

"All right, then, I'll take—What are you going to order?"

"I want a New England boiled dinner," said the other, "a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee."

"I'll take the same," said the uncertain man. "No, I won't, either. I wonder if the beef is good? You must excuse me, but I feel as if I wanted something to-day, and I can't just make up my mind what it is. I've been having a good deal of beef at home, though. I think a little change would be good for me, though. Let's see, did I order goose?"

"New England boiled dinner," said the waitress.

"So I did," said the uncertain man.

"Well, I don't believe I'll take that, after all. I'll have—er—yes. I'll take some country-farm sausages and German fried potatoes, and coffee. No, make that tea."

The waitress hurried away, and presently returned with the dishes ordered.

"Gracious!" said the uncertain man, looking enviously at the boiled dinner. "That looks great! They've got the pork all right, too. I wish I had stuck to my first idea."

"If you think I'm going to change with you, you'll get fooled," said the florid diner.

**A Pill That Lightens Life.**—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

## Household Suggestions

### Scrambled Rice with Bacon

Fry bacon as usual, then add to the fat a cup of cold boiled rice and stir with a fork. When the rice is hot add two eggs, well beaten and two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, or two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and cook until creamy. Arrange rice in the center of platter with the bacon around the edge.

### Hot Milk Sponge Cake

Two eggs beaten five minutes, one cup sugar (beaten with eggs three minutes), one cup flour, one large teaspoonful baking powder, one-half cup boiling milk; flavor with lemon or orange extract.

This makes an easy and cheap cake, but like all other cakes, its success lies in the beating of the sugar and eggs and the folding in of the flour.

### Irish Cookies

One cupful of lard, one and one-fourth cupfuls of sour milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes, flour enough to roll. Cream the sugar and shortening and add the eggs and nutmeg. Put the soda in the sour milk, add the potatoes to the egg and sugar mixture and the milk and add enough flour to roll. Cut with a large cutter, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake.

### Cabbage Salad

Remove the center from a solid cabbage and mix with it equal parts of celery. Chop rather fine and put back. Pour over it salad dressing made of one-half box of gelatine, one-half cup of vinegar, one-half cup of water, and a small teaspoonful of salt. Mix the gelatine with other ingredients as soon as cool. Garnish with radishes cut to resemble roses and laid on celery stalks, and serve with ham on one side, and chickens on the other.

### Candies

Eight cups of granulated sugar, two cups of hot water, one teaspoon of cream of tartar dissolved in cold water, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Put the sugar and water into a kettle over the fire and stir until the sugar is all dissolved. As soon as the mixture boils add the cream of tartar, and let it boil, without stirring, from fifteen to twenty minutes. Just before taking it from the fire add the butter. Test by dropping in a little cold water; if done it will harden. Pour at once upon buttered platters and sprinkle over it the vanilla. As soon as it can be handled pull it well, draw it into sticks, and cut with sharp scissors into nice sized pieces. This is much better if made twenty-four hours before it is to be eaten.

### Odorless Onions

Take six large onions over which has been poured boiling water to remove the skins. In the center of each make a hole about the size of a quarter. Boil six eggs ten minutes; take out yolks and mash five, then cream into them one heaping teaspoon of butter, add celery salt, pepper and a little salt to taste, roll out one or two crackers and mix lightly with the egg. Stuff the onions with this until you have used all the egg mixture, then place in a shallow pan with six tablespoonfuls of water and bake until done. Be careful they do not scorch or burn. Cut and spread thinly with butter six slices of white or brown bread and lay on a platter. Make a nice, thick milk gravy, using about one tablespoonful of flour to a pint of milk. When the onions are done, remove carefully from the pan in which they were baked and place them, one on each slice of buttered bread and pour over them the hot milk gravy. Serve while hot. Cold mashed potatoes, either white or sweet, can be used for filling.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

### Celery Soup

Chop into half-inch pieces three cupfuls of celery, one pint of boiling water, two and one-half cupfuls of milk, a slice of onion, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cup of flour, salt and pepper. Wash and scrape the celery before cutting into pieces, cook in boiling water until soft, rub through a sieve. Scald milk with the onion, remove onion and add milk to celery. Bind with butter and flour cooked together. Season with salt and pepper.

### Colored Cake

A pretty idea for a colored cake is to make a batter of two or three colors as desired; if three colors are used the cake should be baked in three layers, or if but two colors are used, two layers will suffice. A pink, a white, and a chocolate batter make a pretty combination. Put in the tins by placing one color round the outer part of the tin for a third of the distance to the center, then another color for another third, and fill the center with the remaining color. Make each layer different; the first tin should contain white at the outside, pink next, and chocolate in center; second tin should have chocolate, white and pink; third tin should have pink, chocolate and white. When these layers are iced and placed together, each slice of cake will show nine little squares of color that prove very mystifying to the uninitiated.

### Fresh Beef Tongue—Boiled

Trim away the root of a beef tongue and wash well. Drop into hot, well-salted water to cover. Add some red pepper. Cook slowly but steadily until a fork thrust into it can be easily turned around. After the meat has cooked one and one-half hours, put in the kettle one tablespoonful lemon juice or two of strong vinegar. When well cooked, remove from kettle, skin, spread over with butter, sprinkle with bread crumbs and put in oven to brown slightly. Garnish with spinach, cress or celery tops, and serve with this sauce. Season one pint of drawn butter (that is, milk, butter and flour, rubbed together and cooked until thick), two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or one each of vinegar and lemon juice, one teaspoonful of capers or finely chopped pickles, and a half teaspoonful of onion juice. If the tongue is served hot the sauce should be hot; if cold, the sauce should be cold.

### Economy of Labor

To do all my housework, and sewing for three boys I find it necessary to resort to "economy of labor," one of the greatest of all economies. I have found that by placing loops of round elastic instead of buttonholes on the back waistbands of trousers, I save many a stitch. When these play-loving youngsters stoop over, all the strain comes directly on the loops, which simply give and do not tear out as buttonholes do. In sewing on the back buttons of their waists, I first run a piece of elastic tape through the holes of the men's pants buttons which I use for the purpose, so that on the under side of each there is a loop and two ends. Catching these together I then machine stitch them over and over to the waist so that, when finished, each button is held to the garment by the flexible elastic.

The knob of the teakettle came off at the beginning of a company dinner, when the danger of burned fingers was greatest. A large screw passed through the hole and a cork screwed into it from above made a convenient handle, and one which would not get overheated.

I have learned to fold table napkins and towels in half before beginning to iron. While taking just as good a gloss the linen acquires body in the process, a loosely woven material seeming twice its weight and firmness when ironed double.

When packing a pasteboard hat box in a trunk for a journey, sew the hat to the bottom of the box. No amount of jolting of the trunk can then crush the hat or trimmings, as it will remain firmly in place. This is an essentially good plan when the trimming consists of expensive feathers.



## This Story Told A Billion Times

Here is a story we have told a billion times in magazines like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the land.

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night, revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them. For their sake we repeat the story over and over here.

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Puffed Grains stand pre-eminent among cereal food delights. They are the best cooked grain foods in existence. They are the only foods in which every granule is blasted by steam explosion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods, endorsed by all authorities. Every atom feeds. Digestion is easy and complete. The one regret is that all grain foods can't be treated likewise.

They are bubbles of grain, airy, flaky, porous. They are thin and crisp and fragile. The wheat and rice kernels are, by steam explosion, puffed to eight times normal size. And terrific heat has given the morsels a taste like toasted nuts. Nothing more unique and inviting ever came to a morning table.

Imagine these bubble-like dainties, with a myriad toasted walls. Do you serve anything else so fascinating as these tit-bits puffed from grain?

**Puffed Wheat, 12c** Except in  
**Puffed Rice, 15c** Extreme West

Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts, or doused with melted butter.

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best. Each has a different flavor. These

are table joys which every home should have. And as foods which do not tax the stomach these stand unique.

There are all these reasons for getting Puffed Grains. Do you know a single reason for not?

Order now the one you haven't had.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

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## Young People

### The "Man With the Eyes that See"

Trouble was on the face of the works manager. Another complaint had been made about "Jack." The lad was lovable, but incorrigible, and no foreman could get on with him owing to his youthful pranks in working hours, which destroyed all discipline.

"Send him to me," said the manager, and when Jack received the message, he knew that his Day of Judgment had come. At the mature age of fifteen he could easily get another job, but his father would be sorry, for he had taken pains to get him into that workshop.

Whatever his feelings were, he strode past the benches to the office with an aggressively confident manner. At length he was on the carpet, though the familiar phrase was scarcely accurate

owing to the fact that there was no carpet. Such things had been viewed with suspicion by the manager since a certain conversation with his landlady many years previously. He had reproved her for her partiality for dust, and she had sought a scape-goat. She had said with upturned eyes and an implied protest against Providence, "Ah! them carpets, them carpets, 'ow they do corrode the dust!" After that the manager had abolished carpets in the interests of public and private health.

The boy came into the office determined to show no concern. He was braced for the worst. As he entered, the manager swung round on his chair, and gave the lad a searching glance. Those deep-set eyes of his were known and trusted and feared. When he had

been in South Africa the Kaffirs had adored him. With appalling celerity he could detect scamped work, and he could size up men just as accurately. He looked both blacks and whites square in the face, and they felt he saw through them. They knew him for a fair-dealing Englishman, and they did not mind working under him. And while the savages gave him the strength of their affection, they called him "The man with the eyes that see."

In the works the men knew those eyes, too. When he came round to look at work they would glance at him sideways as he examined it. Nothing faulty would pass. They knew his dictum, "Nearly true is untrue." The manager was not one to waste words in praise or blame, but his silent approval was a recompense worth striving for.

So the manager turned the searchlight of his eyes upon the boy, and the boy held up his head and did not flinch.

The lad was well made, and splendidly developed, and there was no fear in his face. Altogether, he was good to look upon, and a credit to his Maker.

"I have had," said the manager in his sternest tones, "fresh complaints about your unruly conduct. You give trouble in every department, and I am sick of hearing of you. Do you know what I am going to do with you?"

"I suppose you will give me the sack, sir."

The manager paused, and then remarked, "I shall do nothing of the kind, so don't imagine you are going to get off so easily. I am going to break you in." He wished the idea to penetrate, so he turned for a moment to his desk and began to look at some papers, leaving the boy to wonder how he was going to be tamed. Such a turn in events had not been expected.

Suddenly the manager looked up again, and asked, "What on earth makes you fool about when you ought to be working?"

"I can't help it, sir. I suppose I was made that way; but I get a lot of fun out of it." There was a disarming innocence about the reply. This time the manager found it necessary to pay very close attention to his letters to hide the inevitable smile. He, too, had been a boy, and had not forgotten it. Again the mouth hardened while the eyes smiled.

"Do you know good work from bad?" said the manager.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then. This is what you will have to do in future. You will have to examine the machining done in the shops. You must pass the good and reject the bad. You are to ask no questions. No favor is to be shown. I don't care who has made the stuff. You must consult nobody, but rely absolutely on your own judgment. Now let me know if you understand, and if you think you can do it."

There was no hesitation. The lad was sure of himself. "Yes, sir, I can do it, and should like to."

"By the by, what is your Christian name?"

"They all call me Jack, sir."

"Then they will have to drop it. Your name is on the wages sheets as John, and John you will have to be. You are no longer a schoolboy. I expect you to be a man. Now you may go, but if I hear any more of your fooling in working hours, you won't have another chance."

The boy was about to leave and had his hand on the door, when he turned and said in his blandest manner, "I have been here a year, sir, and I haven't had a rise yet, and I thought I had better mention it now."

It was a piece of effrontery done with such delicacy and calm confidence that though the manager lost his breath he kept his temper. The "man with the eyes that see" saw things in their true proportion. So he enjoyed the humor of the situation, but kept it to himself.

"Come to me a month hence," said he, "and if you have behaved yourself I will see about it." The interview was over.

A week later John was saying to the manager with the solemn air of a man of fifty. "This work is good in its way, sir, but it is not good enough for us. The finish is not up to our standard."

A month after the interview John was again in the office.

"What is it, John?" said the manager. "More stuff to be rejected?"

"No, sir; not this time. I came to tell you that I am going home next week-end, and I should like to tell my father how much rise you have given me."

There was an artlessness about his inquiry which no skilled diplomatist could have assumed.

"I said I would think about the matter if your behavior was good."

"Well, sir, I know that is all right." It was the voice of conscious rectitude.

"How much are you getting? Very well, I will give you half as much again. By the way, you can tell your father that we make men here as well as machines. He will be glad to know."—"Christian World."



### The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."

### The Mothers Like Them

"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."

# BUSTER



### Girls, Too—

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

# BROWN STOCKINGS

Buster Brown stockings for boys are made in Black and Leather Shade Tan, of the best long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and three-ply heel and toe.

Your dealer can supply you.

The  
**Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited**

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada  
Hamilton Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

In the Hog Pasture

By J. S. Ellis.

The domestic hog, grunting lazily about his pen, is as harmless a creature in appearance as can well be imagined. In their wild state, according to the reports of travellers, hogs are fierce and cruel, unrelenting in their fury, and will attack men when roused. Circumstances occasionally arise which show that this wild strain has not been wholly lost, even in the most obese porker.

Mark and Carl Perkins, two Chicago boys, aged eleven and fourteen, while spending their vacation last summer on their Grandfather Triggs's farm in central Wisconsin, had an experience with hogs which they will not soon forget.

One forenoon, the week after their arrival, they started for strawberries, carrying with them two tin pails and a lunch which their grandmother had put up for them.

"Boys," their grandfather called after them, "see if there are any gophers in those traps I set on the hill! The little pests are going to kill all the grass if I don't manage to get rid of them somehow."

"I guess it's too early. They haven't come out yet," said Carl.

old hogs were making a deafening uproar round them. Even Carl began to get nervous.

"You'd better get out?" he shouted to Mark. "Run and climb over the fence."

"Shall I take the berries?" asked Mark.

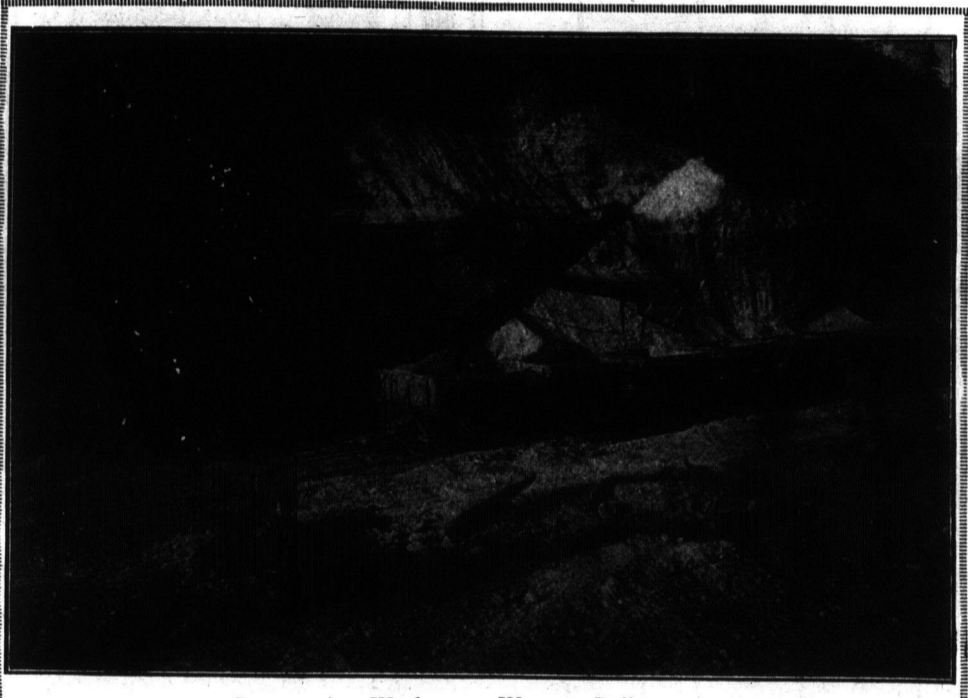
While Carl hesitated, a snout struck the back of his leg, and he heard his trousers rip.

"Run quick!" he cried, and the next instant he was knocked down.

A babel of hoarse grunts and the snapping of tusks surrounded him, above which rose the shrill squeals of the pig. Carl had clung to the stick, and, half-rising, he laid about vigorously, and soon had a circle cleared, round which the hogs stood with snapping, foaming jaws.

In this moment of relief he saw that Mark had reached the fence. He sprang toward the hogs that stood between this and them, and beat them over the head. They gave way, and he started to run, when he was jerked back by something that tugged at his hand.

In the excitement he had slipped a finger through the ring in the end of the chain and could not withdraw it. He was chained to the pig! The danger of the situation really came to the boy



Construction Work on a Western Railway Roadbed.

The boys went on to the strawberry pasture. After their pails were filled, they sat down to rest, and suddenly remembered that they were hungry. They brought out their bread and jam and cold chicken.

"Let's go back by the traps," said Carl, after they had finished their lunch.

The traps were near the centre of the field. When they were near them they heard a big squeal. The squealing grew louder. "Well, that's queer," said Carl "It must be hurt."

"Maybe it's lost," suggested Mark.

"Come on, Mark!" cried Carl. "I see it. It's in a trap!" He began to run, holding the pails carefully so as not to spill the berries. "Take them," he said, handing these to Mark, "while I get it out. Its leg may be broken."

He stooped to bend the spring, but the pig made such frantic efforts to escape that it jerked up the stake which held the chain and hobbled away, with the trap clinging to its foot.

"Carl, I'm afraid of the hogs!" cried Mark.

They were indeed acting strangely. They were running toward them from all quarters of the pasture, uttering a noise that was more like a roar than a grunt.

"Hogs?" said Carl, scornfully. "Hogs won't hurt you. See, I can drive them away with this stick." He picked up a stick and rapped a hog smartly over the back. The animal squealed and ran to one side.

Mark was reassured. His confidence in his older brother was unlimited. Together they set out after the crippled pig, chasing it hither and thither, in and out of the drove of excited beasts. Finally Carl caught the end of the chain and stopped its progress, at which the pig squealed more wildly than ever. The

now for the first time. He struggled madly to release his finger, but the ring had slipped above the knuckle, and his struggles only served to blacken and disorder the finger.

To increase his difficulties, the drove winding his legs in the chain, and threatening to overthrow him. Carl was becoming terror-stricken, frantic.

He could see Mark running about excitedly on the other side of the fence and—whistling? Yes, whistling.

Carl turned eagerly toward the house and his heart gave a great bound. Help was coming. Up the long slope that led from the house Mack was coming like an arrow sped from a bow. Would he be in time?

Carl turned and began to kick savagely at the hogs. The frightened pig ran between his legs, and whirled about, wrapping him hopelessly in the chain. He struggled to keep his footing, but fell under the rush of the hogs. For a brief moment they ran over him, and he covered his face with his hands, expecting with each breath to feel their teeth. Then to his amazement they left him, and he was lying alone in the sunshine, unmolested. Even the pig had escaped by freeing itself from the trap.

Carl got up slowly, crossed the fence, and sat down. The world seemed to be travelling round in a circle. Mark, the clouds, the trees and the two pails of berries all seemed a part of a huge merry-go-round.

"I'm glad you didn't spill them," he said, thickly. "Grandma—" Then it suddenly became dark.

When he opened his eyes again he was in the cool north bedroom, and his grandmother was rubbing his forehead with arnica.

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1197—Costume for Misses and Small Women—Brown broadcloth was used for this design, finished with simple machine stitching. The model would also look well in green, serge, or in taffeta in any of the pretty new shades of this season. The plaited skirt with yoke top is new and graceful. The waist is cut with low neck outline and finished with a smart collar. This model will also be desirable for wash fabrics, such as linen, cotton crepe, poplin or gingham. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 6¾ yards of 40-inch material for a 16-year size. Pattern 10c.

1174—Ladies' Apron—For percale, gingham, drill, sateen, lawn or cambric.



1186—Ladies' Dress—Brown and white checked gingham, with facings of white linen is here portrayed. The waist shows the latest expression of new lines in shirt waists, with yoke sections over the fronts, tucks, and panel effect. The waist pattern 1186 is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 1185 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.



1175—Child's Rompers—For this desirable model, galatea, kindergarten cloth, linen, linene, percale, gingham or khaki would be very serviceable. The right front overlaps the left in closing. This style is a one-piece garment and easy to develop. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size. Pattern 10c.

1185—A Stylish Dress—Brown and white checked gingham, with facings of white linen is here portrayed. The waist shows the latest expression of new lines in shirt waists, with yoke sections over the fronts, tucks, and panel effect. The waist pattern 1186 is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 1185 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

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It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size for the entire dress. Two patterns, 10c. each.

1087—Girls' Dress with Long or Short Sleeve and Tunic Blouse—Brown serge, combined with plaid woollen is here shown. The model would be equally effective in blue velvet, with cashmere for blouse and tunic. The style is smart and becoming. The skirt is a three-piece model and is joined to an underwaist, over which the blouse is worn. The tunic is attached to the waist under the belt, but it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

1199—Ladies' "Over Basques" — For



wear with a guimpe of net, lace, batiste or other material, these styles will be found very suitable. As here shown, No. 1 was made of brocaded silk, with bindings of black velvet. The basque is made in the popular "tie on style," with long sash ends draped over the fronts. The other style, No. 2, has a pretty collar outlining the deep neck opening, and sash ends that confine the fullness of the loose back. The pattern for these models is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1197—Girls' Dress—What "little woman" will not be pleased with this dainty model for a best dress for party or dancing wear. It is made with soft, clinging fullness and deep tucks in the skirt. The long shoulder is comfortable and the sleeve stylish in either wrist or elbow length. The blouse waist, so becoming to youthful figures, has a vest front which may be of contrasting material, together with the collar and cuffs. In blue, pink or white batiste, with lace or embroidery, this style will be charming. It would also be nice in soft crepe or voile; the vest fronts could be daintily embroidered. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

1198—Girls' Dress—What "little woman" will not be pleased with this dainty model for a best dress for party or dancing wear. It is made with soft, clinging fullness and deep tucks in the skirt. The long shoulder is comfortable and the sleeve stylish in either wrist or elbow length. The blouse waist, so becoming to youthful figures, has a vest front which may be of contrasting material, together with the collar and cuffs. In blue, pink or white batiste, with lace or embroidery, this style will be charming. It would also be nice in soft crepe or voile; the vest fronts could be daintily embroidered. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Pattern 10c.

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**1189—Girls' Apron**—This neat and simple model is so easy to develop, and such a "dress saver." At play or while helping mother, habits of neatness and care may be established, and a pretty apron such as this will gladly be worn by a little girl who likes to keep her frock clean. Percale, lawn, gingham, chambray, crossbar muslin or dimity may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 6-year size. Pattern 10c.

**9793—Ladies' House or Home Dress**—Grey and white checked gingham was used for this model, with facings of grey on cuffs and collar. The dress is equally appropriate for chambray, percale, challie, flannelette and serge. It has a waist cut in surplice style, finished with deep tucks over the front,

cuff for wrist length. In short length it is shaped in points. The neck edge may be made round or "V" shaped, and an empire effect produced by ribbon beading as illustrated. The gown may be made with a front closing for warmth, if made of flannelette or flannel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

**1184—Girls' Dress with or without Vest Portion**—As here shown, blue figured woollen was used with red serge for trimming. The waist may be developed with the vest section, or with the girde alone, and the sleeve may be finished in wrist or in short length, with band cuff or trimming. The skirt is attractive in gathered or plaited style. Velvet, poplin, cashmere, percale, ging-



and a neat low collar. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. Pattern 10c.

**1187—1190—A Stylish Coat Suit**—Distinctly chic is the coat of this model, with its plaited skirt portion and jaunty collar. Serge in a dark burgundy shade, with braid trimming and jet buttons would be nice for this model. Green broadcloth with satin facings is also good. The Coat Pattern 1187 is cut in 5 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for ladies, and for misses in 3 sizes: 14, 16 and 18 years. The skirt is cut in the same sizes for misses, and in 5 sizes, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, for ladies. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the coat, and 3 3/4 yards for the skirt in a medium size for ladies, and 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for the coat, and 3 yards for the skirt for a 16-year size. Two patterns, 10c. each.

**1179—A New and Pretty Night Dress**—As here shown, white batiste was used, embroidered in self color and trimmed with "val" lace. This model is also good for lawn, nainsook, dimity, cross-bar muslin, crepe or silk. The sleeve is in raglan style, with a band

ham, galatea, linen or linee are all appropriate for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

**1193—A New Vest and Stylish Girdles**—The models here shown will be found serviceable and attractive in any development of silk, cloth, velvet or ribbon. No. 1 shows a girde in draped sash style. No. 2 is popular and smart, with or without the sash ends. The vest is suitable for wear over a blouse or underwaist. These patterns are cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. White or black suede is fine for No. 2 and the vest could be of black satin with pipings and buttons of white crepe or silk. Pattern 10c.

**1183—A New Frock in Moyen Age Style for Mother's Girl**—Blue poplin was used for this design, embroidered in self color. The model is also good in red cashmere, or brown serge, with braid binding or trimming. It may also be combined in plain or plaid or checked woollen. The skirt is joined to an underbody of lining and the waist is worn over that. The closing is at the centre back. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. Pattern 10c.

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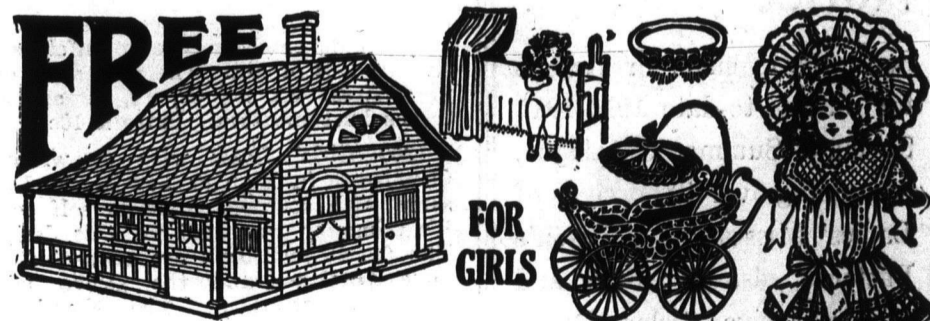
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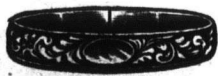
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9999—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve—For utility, comfort and convenience this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. The dart fullness may be cut away and the opening thus made be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1203—Ladies' Overblouse with Tucker—These little "over waists" are so effective and so becoming that it is a pleasure to know they are inexpensive

above the flounce portion. The tunic is joined to the over blouse and forms a deep plait over the back. The under-waist may be made with sleeve in wrist or short length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17, and 18 years, and requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe for a 14-year size. Pattern 10c.

9981—A Unique and Comfortable House Apron—The body and sleeve in one idea has been carried out in garments of every sort, hence the busy sewer and home dressmaker will welcome this mode in an apron that is not only simple but practical in that it covers most all of the dress worn underneath, and is easy to make because of few seams. The design is suitable for percale, alpaca, lawn, gingham, seersucker or chambray. The pattern is cut



and easy to make. The neck is cut in "V" outline, and the closing may be made at both shoulders or on one side and shoulder. A pretty combination would be black velvet, with facings of green satin, and a guimpe of chantilly lace. A less expensive combination would be charmeuse or taffeta and shadow lace or net. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1200—Girls' Dress with or without Chemisette in High or Low Neck—Blue serge with soutache braid in self color for trimming was used for this design. The fronts and back are connected by yoke portions, and the sleeve joins the long shoulder. The chemisette may be omitted. Galatea in a pretty shade of brown, seersucker in neat pink and white stripes, gingham in blue or brown checks, also novelty suitings, plaids or voile may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

1188—Over Blouse Costume for Misses and young women with Underwaist and with Separate Underskirt—Plaid woollen in green and brown tones combined with white crepe for the underwaist is here shown. The underskirt may be of lining

in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1177—Ladies' Combination Garment, Corset Cover and Drawers—Cambric, nainsook, batiste, crepe, flannelette or silk may be used for this style. The garment is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams and darts and may be finished in square or round neck outline and with or without the ruffle. It would be pretty in white nainsook, with hand embroidery on the fronts and the free edges embroidered with scallops. With prevailing long waist styles this garment is very practical. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1202—Ladies' Costume with or without Vest—As here shown, novelty suiting in brown tones was used, with trimmings of brown satin and vest of organdie, edged at the collar with plaited net. The yoke skirt has deep plaits at the side, which fulness affords comfort and gives added width to the skirt. Serge, broadcloth, velvet, gingham, crepe, voile and poplin, taffeta and linen are all equally good for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

## As The Result Of a Neglected Cold He Contracted

### SEVERE BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

Mr. W. T. Allen, Halifax, N.S., writes: "I feel that I would be doing you and your great remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a gross injustice if I did not write and let you know the wonderful results that I have obtained from its use."

"Last spring I happened to contract a cold. Of course, this is a common occurrence, and I did not take any particular notice of it at the time. However, it did not break up as quickly as colds generally did with me, so after two weeks, and no sign of improvement, I began to get alarmed, and went to my local physician who informed me that I had contracted severe bronchial trouble as a result of neglecting my cold. He prescribed some medicine for me, which I took for about two weeks without any sign of improvement. I was getting pretty much discouraged by then, but one day a friend happened to be in to whom I was relating my trouble, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, saying that he had obtained very beneficial results from its use in a similar case. I took his advice and procured several bottles from my druggist. After taking it, according to directions, for about two days, I noticed a decided improvement, and from that day on I began to get better, and in ten days I was in my usual health. I consider this an excellent showing for your remedy, and can highly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. I shall always put in a good word for it whenever the opportunity offers itself."

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer. Price, 25c and 50c. The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## SAVE HALF

### The Cost of Your Dresses

Make your dresses at home—using a Hall-Borchert Adjustable Dress Form for the fitting on. Save half the expense of tailor made gowns, and sacrifice nothing in appearance.

**HALL-BORCHERT**  
Perfection Adjustable  
**DRESS FORMS**

Learn what you can do with one of these inexpensive forms. Write for booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"—It is FREE  
**Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.**  
of Canada, Ltd.  
43N Lombard St. Toronto, Ont.

Why Not Learn Nursing at Home

YOU can stay at home and yet become a qualified nurse by studying our correspondence course, which fits you for a nursing position in 10 to 25 weeks. Owing to the war, nurses are now very much in demand. You owe it to yourself to

**Earn \$20.00 to \$25.00 PER WEEK**

at least by taking up nursing work now when the demand is good and the opportunity is great. Remember, you can earn up to \$40.00 per week or more at nursing. Why not send a postal now for our "Special Offer to Women"?

**THE Royal College of Science**  
709 C Spadina Ave.  
TORONTO - ONTARIO

One Dollar pays for THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for Twelve Months.

The Best Magazine Value available. Send it to your friend at a distance.

Correspondence

We invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received.

Hail Insurance

Sask., Dec. 21st, 1914. Dear Editor—I enclose herewith my renewal subscription. Allow me to congratulate you on your publication.

majority of cases the land is not naturally divided up into quarters of arable land and pasture land. Whilst there are also various objections as to the manner in which the Act has been administered, I would not start in to pick holes in that part of the scheme as I am a firm believer in mutual co-operation in everything for the farmer, and I have no doubt but what time will remedy any minor defects in this respect if the administrators are given a fair show.



Lieutenant Kenneth Edmiston, of the 19th Alberta Dragoons was married at Netheravon, Salisbury, to Miss Marion Allan, also a Canadian. They were to have been married before the Lieutenant left Canada but there was not time. As he found he was to remain in England for some time he sent for his sweetheart, and all ended happily. The couple are here seen leaving the church.

Hail Insurance system will be found eminently satisfactory. But I would like to draw his attention to municipalities where only part of them is suited to exclusive grain farming and other parts of them only suited to mixed farming or possibly almost entirely fit for ranching purposes only.

I am afraid this letter is rather long but I trust I have made my ideas on the subject plain. I may say I am very glad to see subjects such as these (subjects vitally important to residents of Saskatchewan), being discussed in your columns.

Hail Insurance

Capporn, Alta., Jan. 15, 1915. Dear Editor—I have been reading The Western Home Monthly for some years now and must say that it is the best journal in the West. It seems to bring the young people closer in touch with one another.

Constipation, Indigestion and Horrible Backaches

Searched for a Cure for Years—Advised to Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Was Cured.

Where there is poison there is pain. This is a provision of Nature to warn you against conditions that are likely to prove serious. Constipation of the bowels is undoubtedly the greatest source of disease and suffering.



PROF. SMITH.

Kidney-Liver Pills will help you to form this habit, add to your years, and bring comfort in old age. Professor A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—“I suffered for many years from bad digestion, constipation and horrible backaches.

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.

Mrs. E. COATES COLEMAN 224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG

Broadenaxe Hair Food

Is not a dye but a food that soothes the dry scalp and lifts the dead skin off thus allowing the hair to come through in its natural shade. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00 postpaid. ESTABLISHED NINE YEARS

BROADENAXE CO. 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles and Warts successfully removed. Eczema and acne treated. Facial treatments. Scalp treatments. Soft water Shampooing. Manicuring.

Mrs. McConechy, Suite 5, Credit Foncier Bldg., Regina, Sask.

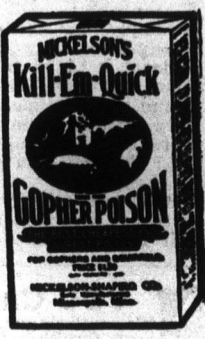


Have Gophers Eaten Your Automobile?

Perhaps you've wanted an auto and couldn't afford one. Gophers have damaged your crops and robbed you of part of your ripened grain. One pair will eat or destroy a bushel of grain a year.



It Kills Gophers. It's the only way. You can't trap or shoot enough to make any impression on the increase. But Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison will clean them out in a day. Its odor attracts them. The sweet taste suits them. The tiniest particle eaten kills instantly. It's the one absolutely sure way to destroy gophers, prairie dogs, squirrels, mice, etc.



MICKELSON-SHAPIRO CO., Dept. G Winnipeg, Can.

Mar., 1915

sult

old

ROUBLE.

S., writes: ing you and d's Norway if I did not wonderful d from its

contract a ommon ocny particu- However, it y as colds two weeks, t, I began o my local that I had ouble as a

He pre- which I without any s getting then, but o be in to ble, and he 's Norway d obtained its use in advice and my drug- g to direc- noticed a from that and in ten h. I con- g for your mend it to small always enever the

's Norway or dealer. genuine is . Milburn

Dresses home-adjustable ting on. of tailor e nothing

one of booklet is FREE m Co. e, Ont.

res- which nursing 25 weeks. are now owe it to \$25.00 when the is great. 00 per e sent Offer

for RNLY ths. alue your

## WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved  
Their Value In Thousands of  
Cases

WONDERFUL RECORD OF A  
WONDERFUL CURE

Only Remedy That Acts On All Three  
Of The Organs Responsible For The  
Formation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the  
Skin is one of the three great elimina-  
tors of waste matter from the body.  
As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the  
system of more Urea (or waste matter)  
than the Kidneys. When there is  
Kidney Trouble, Pain In The Back and  
Acrid Urine, it may not be the fault of  
the kidneys at all, but be due to faulty  
Skin Action, or Constipation of the  
bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore,  
aching Kidneys, not only because it  
strengthens these organs but also be-  
cause "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels,  
sweetens the stomach and stimulates  
the action of the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers  
at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size,  
25c. or will be sent postpaid on receipt  
of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited,  
Ottawa.

## DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!

Brooks' Appliance,  
the modern scientific  
invention, the won-  
derful, new discovery  
that cures rupture  
will be sent on trial.  
No obnoxious springs  
or pads. Has auto-  
matic Air Cushions.  
Binds and draws the  
broken parts together  
as you would a  
broken limb. No  
salves, no plasters,  
no lies. Durable,  
cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue  
and measure blanks mailed free. Send name  
and address to-day.



C. E. BROOKS, 1705 B State St.,  
Marshall, Michigan.

## FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly  
Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of  
feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the  
prescription othine—double strength—is  
guaranteed to remove these homely spots.  
Simply get an ounce of othine—double  
strength—from your druggist, and apply a  
little of it night and morning and you should  
soon see that even the worst freckles have  
begun to disappear, while the lighter ones  
have vanished entirely. It is seldom that  
more than an ounce is needed to completely  
clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear com-  
plexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine  
as this is sold under guarantee of money back  
if it fails to remove freckles.



### YOU CAN BE A NURSE

We positively guarantee to train you in your own  
home, furnish uniform, and assist you to positions  
paying \$12 to \$25 a week. Send for free catalog  
and illustrated book of "National Nurses."

National School of Nursing, Dept. 22 Elmira, N.Y.

Banish the Bar question, which I am in  
favor to have banished.

One correspondent asks opinions on the  
compulsory hail insurance, so I will ex-  
press mine. I don't think it is  
worth 2 cents. In the district where I  
live if we did not pay before the 1st  
day of Nov., 1914, a penalty of \$1.00  
was added. I know neighbors of mine  
that had not received their hail insur-  
ance money last August for the year  
1913. I believe in hail insurance, but let  
every man insure where he likes and  
when he likes. The insurance compan-  
ies that do hail insurance have always  
made prompt returns. There are some  
sections of the country that are hailed  
out almost every year and I don't think  
it is justice for those that never get  
hailed out to pay hail protection for  
what they never get. I have been farm-  
ing twelve years in the West and never  
was hailed and neighbors of mine have  
been thirty years and never any hail. I  
think that is all I know about the  
government hail and all I want to know.  
Perhaps some others had a brighter hail  
experience than I had. If so opinion  
would be welcome. If any of the fair  
sex would like to write, I will answer.  
I will close by signing myself

A Knocker.

Sedalia, Alta., Jan. 6, 1915.

Dear Editor—As I have just been  
reading your magazine which I always  
read at my first opportunity, I came  
across a letter discussing some points  
on compulsory hail insurance. I would  
like to express a few of my thoughts on  
that subject.

Now in the first place, where does this  
money come from that is being paid to  
the farmers that are hailed out? Do the  
farmers not pay for it themselves? Not  
only that, but does he not also pay  
hundreds of dollars to men that are do-  
ing nothing but walking around with  
their hands in their pockets looking  
after this business. I want to tell you  
something that is happening in Alberta  
now. I am what they call a mixed  
farmer, having twenty-five head of  
cattle, pigs, etc. I had over one hundred  
acres in crop last year and was com-  
pletely burnt out. Under the circum-  
stances it was almost impossible for me  
to pay my tax. What do the hail insur-  
ance people suggest? Make the  
stockman come through. What am I  
receiving from my stock through the  
hail insurance that I should be forced  
to pay? I think it's nothing but a lot  
of red tape all through, and the sooner  
the country turn such laws down the  
better it will be for the people. If any  
man wants his crop protected against  
hail let him go and insure in a private  
company and not pile the taxes on the  
rest of the poor farmers. I am willing  
to stand my own losses whatever they  
may be. There were a number of  
farmers here who were so narrow-  
minded that they actually believed if  
they were not hailed they would not  
have to pay the tax but to their sorrow  
they found their mistake and would  
willingly vote against it now. Even the  
government will not endorse this act,  
nor will the banks advance a cent on it.  
There is something wrong some place.

Wishing your paper continued success,  
I will sign myself

Alberta Farmer.

### Get Busy Girls

Alta., Jan. 4th, 1915.

Dear Editor—As I have just been  
reading the December number of your  
paper, I have made up my mind to  
write a few lines to the Correspondence  
Column. I enjoy reading your paper  
every month, as it is full of good read-  
ing and the war pictures are fine. I  
wrote to the column before but did not  
see my letter in print so hope I will  
have better luck this time. I have been  
a subscriber to your paper since I came  
to Canada nearly six years ago and I  
may say that I intend to remain a sub-  
scriber. I would like to get a few girl  
correspondents, about 18 to 25 years,  
of the Protestant faith. I would like to  
hear from some Irish girls who have  
come from the "dear little Isle," as I  
came from there myself but this need  
not stop others from writing. I am at  
present homesteading in Sunny Alberta  
and find the long winter evenings lone-  
some some times. I have a good half

section here and I like the fine, healthy  
climate of this part. Now, I will close.  
Hoping to hear from some of the "fair  
sex" and wishing The Western Home  
Monthly a prosperous new year. Will  
sign myself

Kilkenny.

### Improvement Necessary

Dec. 29th

Dear Editor—May I join your corres-  
pondence columns? The Western Home  
Monthly is sure the best magazine in  
circulation in the West. It receives first  
attention on its arrival. I believe women  
should have a vote as there is room for  
improvement in our government. I am  
sure that if women voted as poorly as  
they could for the next century, the  
conditions would not be any worse than  
they are under the present system, mak-  
ing all due allowance for the effects of  
the war. Though the women that have  
come before the public to date do not  
conduct themselves in a manner to en-  
courage trusting the affairs of nations  
to them. Really only about half the  
women of to-day know enough to dress  
themselves. If a few of the swell  
dressers would just go to the front in  
full dress, the Germans would sure be  
put to full and complete route. As for  
myself, am not faultless but try to be a  
gentleman. Would be pleased to receive  
any amount of correspondence. As type  
setting is a very tedious job, will close  
in terror of the waste basket.

Sincerely,

Djin.

### The Best of All

Bethune, Sask., Jan. 24th, 1915.

Dear Editor—This is the first time I  
have used your correspondence columns  
and if you do not like me put me in the  
basket. I must say I like The Western  
Home Monthly the best of all papers. I  
have got interested in the correspondence  
page and I hope you will find a little  
corner for me. I agree with "Hotcake  
Pete" when he says bachelors can get  
along without the fair correspondents, as  
I have batched for myself many times  
and I must say it is fine for a time but  
I do not know how it would be to always  
have to do it. I guess I could get along  
somehow. I am thinking of homestead-  
ing some day and then I will tell you  
what I think of it. I think farming is a  
fine thing once you get started; you do  
not have to squeeze a nickle until it looks  
like a quarter then. I was interested  
in "Greenhorn's" letter and hope she can  
unsaddle by this time, but if she cannot,  
I would advise her next time she gets  
in that trouble to cut it off or not have  
any saddle at all. I am English and the  
first time I got into the saddle I was  
nearly "piled." But never mind I guess  
I shall get over these difficulties some  
time.

Well, I guess I must not write too  
long a letter or else I shall take up too  
much room in the paper. I am thinking  
of going to Big River, Sask., so if any-  
body in that part of the world would  
care to tell me about the country up  
there I should be pleased. My address  
is with the editor.

I will sign myself

Scout.

P.S.—I imagine "Greenhorn" to be a  
girl; but I don't say girls are always  
doing things like that.

### Homesteading and Girls

Bethune, Sask., Jan. 26th, 1915.

Dear Editor—I am deeply interested  
in the Correspondence Column of The  
Western Home Monthly. I should like  
to join the merry circle. I must say I  
look forward to the coming of The Wes-  
tern Home Monthly each month. I am  
an English girl. My age is 20. I have  
been in the West for eighteen months  
with my mother and brother and we all  
think it simply grand—free and open.  
I am wanting to know if I can home-  
stead as well as my brother. Why not?  
I think Hotcake Pete quite right in  
saying the bachelor can get along with-  
out the fair correspondents. But alas!  
When it comes to washing and mending.  
I wonder when they get their own work  
finished and the woman's as well how  
much time they have left to indulge in  
dreams. Not much, I guess and I  
wonder how often the bed gets shaken  
up and the floors washed; also clean  
curtains up to the windows. Does Hot-

## Don't Allow Your Bowels To Become Constipated.

If the truth was only known you would  
find that over one half of the ills of life  
are caused by allowing the bowels to get  
into a constipated condition.

When the bowels become constipated  
the stomach gets out of order, the liver  
does not work properly, and then follows  
the violent sick headaches, the sourness  
of the stomach, belching of wind, heart-  
burn, water brash, biliousness, and a  
general feeling that you do not care to do  
anything.

Keep your bowels regular by using  
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They will  
clear away all the effete matter which  
collects in the system and make you think  
that "life is worth living."

Mrs. Hans McKittrick, Wakefield,  
Que., writes: "For several years I was  
troubled with sour stomach and bilious-  
ness and did not get relief until I used  
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I had only  
taken them two weeks when my trouble  
was quite gone, and I will recommend  
them to all suffering as I did."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c per  
vial, 5 vials for \$1.00, at all drug stores  
or dealers, or will be mailed on receipt  
of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,  
Toronto, Ont.

## CATARRH TRUTH

Told in a Simple Way

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions,  
Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

## Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely  
different. No lotions, sprays or sickly  
smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or  
any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to  
smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or  
injections. No electricity or vibration or  
massage. No powder; no plasters; no keep-  
ing in the house. Nothing of that kind at



all. Something new and different, something  
delightful and healthful, something instantly  
successful. You do not have to wait, and  
linger and pay out a lot of money. You can  
stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you  
how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is  
not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I  
am cured and my friends are cured, and you  
can be cured. Your suffering will stop at  
once like magic.

## I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It  
made me ill. It dulled my mind. It under-  
mined my health and was weakening my will.  
The hawking, coughing, spitting made me  
obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and dis-  
gusting habits made even my loved ones avoid  
me secretly. My delight in life was dulled  
and my faculties impaired. I knew that in  
time it would bring me to an untimely grave,  
because every moment of the day and night  
it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.  
But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell  
you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

## RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and ad-  
dress on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam  
Katz: Please tell me how you cured your  
catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's  
all you need to say. I will understand, and  
I will write to you with complete information,  
FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal  
card or write me a letter to-day. Don't  
think of turning this page until you have  
asked for this wonderful treatment that can  
do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Room F 2714  
142 Mutual St., Toronto, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention  
The Western Home Monthly.

cake Pete bake his own bread, I wonder, and how much does or has he had to throw away. No good too heavy, but the more bread one makes the better it gets. The old proverb "practice makes perfect" is quite true. Now, just before I left the Old Country I had a pamphlet given to me telling of how two young English girls came out to Alberta and took up their homesteads and started poultry farming and made good at it. Now I want to do the same but cannot find out if I can homestead as well as my brother. I hope someone will be able to answer this question for me concerning homesteading for women. I think I have said about all for the first time. Hoping you will be able to spare me some little space on a page of the paper we all enjoy so much. Hoping to hear from some of the correspondents and wishing the editor and correspondents the compliments of the season.

Yours sincerely,  
A Kentish Hop.

The Girl I Like

Mere, Alta., Jan. 11, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have been a silent but interested reader of every page of your valuable paper for a long time and no longer can I keep from writing and expressing my gratitude to you for the pleasure you bring to the Western homes through the columns of The Western Home Monthly. I am a bachelor but still twenty-three, so I am just going to tell Freda what I think of her letter about the blondes. Well, Freda you just raised my wrath when you tried to impress it on all our readers of The Western Home Monthly that a man's ideal for a wife is one with prospects of a fortune and who will dress up to the fashion no matter whether it means a new hat and costume every month and last, but not least, she must be a blonde. A fellow that looks for just these qualities in a girl deserves to get henpecked after marriage, which, no doubt, he will. A man that is looking for a wife that

will always be happy and who will do her part to help her partner through life is in my opinion one of the following: I like the girl who is fond of the boys. Who will join in their fun and share all their joys; The girl that can sew and cook a good meal, (This point's important, I eat a good deal.) In trouble a cheer, in sickness a nurse, Who keeps a bright face, though empty the purse, Whom I could love the whole of my life, This is the girl I want for a wife.

Wishing you all and The Western Home Monthly a prosperous new year. Will sign myself,  
A Mere Bachelor.

Please send name.—Ed.]

From Over the Border

Spalding, Sask., Jan. 17th, 1915.

Dear Editor—As I am a newcomer here (a Yankee, if you please) from across the line, I thought I would write a letter

to your interesting column to "while away the day." Did any of you ever stop to think of how hard it is for foreigners to adapt themselves to altogether new surroundings? Many people think that we Americans are as much at home as people that were born here because we speak the same language, but we are not. I realize something of how a foreigner feels from my own experience and I can sympathize with them. So dear friends, if any of you are tempted to slight them, try and think how you would feel if you were placed where they are. It is a compliment to our country that they seek a better home and living. Therefore, they know where to "land at" (pardon the slang). So here they are and it is our pleasure and duty that we make them feel at home and welcomed.

We have a beautiful country, lakes, trees and unbounded prairies, waiting for the plow and woodman's axe.

Most of you, I notice, describe yourselves at the beginning, but I tried to

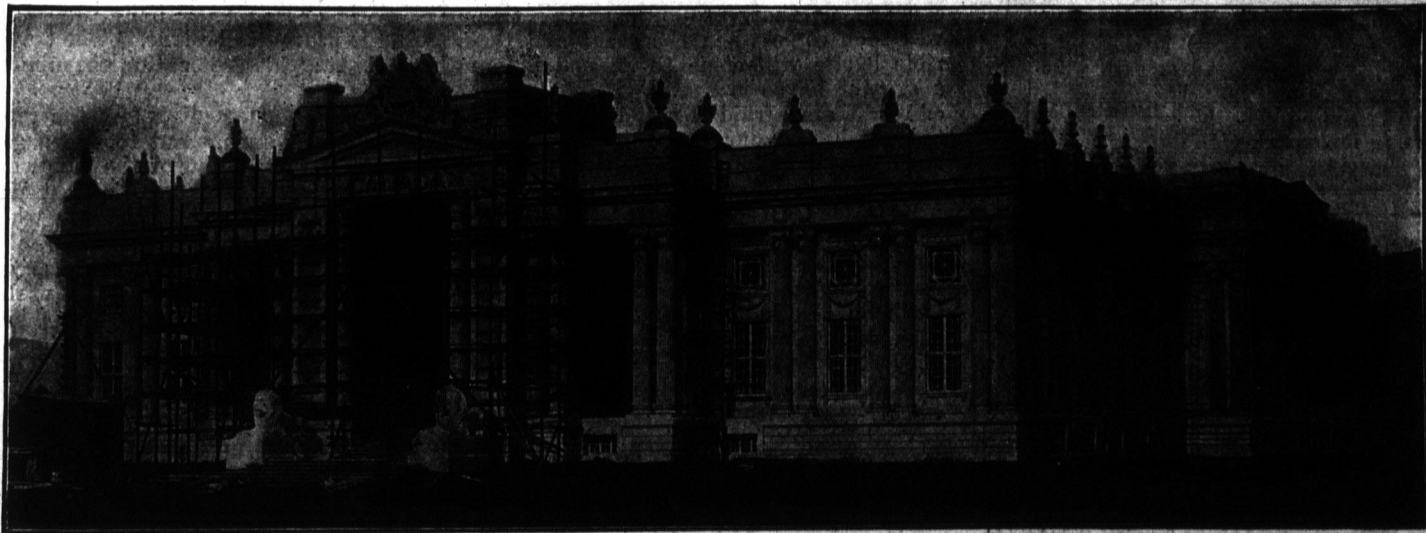
write the most important part first. I am a young woman between twenty and thirty, rather small and jolly, keeping house for father who is seventy-two his next birthday and trying to prove up on a homestead. Sometimes I find it rather dull (a feller can't always work), so if you choose to write to me I will be very glad to answer.

A Yankee Foreigner.

Sympathy and the War

Vanguard, Sask., Jan. 22, 1915.

Dear Editor—I wish once more to beg a small space in your valuable paper as I have a few moments to spare and the weather is not what a person would call comfortable outside these 40 below evenings, the fireside seems to be the best place. Well, Mr. Editor, this is rather late to wish you a Happy New Year but its "better late than never." I must say I like The Western Home Monthly better than ever. It contains a wonderful collection of very helpful reading and I always look forward to



Main Facade of Canada's stately pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The scaffolding shown in the picture has been removed since this photograph was taken.

# BABY JUST WASTING AWAY

Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy of World-wide Popularity, restored her to Bright, Joyous Health and Strength.

That Dr. Cassell's Tablets are as suitable for the youngest child as for adults will be evident to all Canadian mothers when they read the following true testimony. "I am sure I can never sufficiently praise Dr. Cassell's Tablets; they were the means of saving my baby's life," so says Mrs. Bate, of 8, Queen Street, Quarry Bank, Brierley Hill, England, and her praise will be echoed by every mother who has ever used Dr. Cassell's Tablets for those common and dangerous ailments of babyhood, sickness and diarrhoea.

Mrs. Bate, telling the story to an interviewer, continued: "Baby had not been strong from birth, and when he began cutting his teeth he got ever so weak

and ill. First there was a breaking out on his little body, and then he just seemed to waste away before our eyes. We had the best advice, of course, and were told it was severe bowel trouble; but though everything possible was done to save him, poor baby appeared to be beyond hope of recovery. He was always in pain, with severe diarrhoea, and he got so thin that you could almost have blown him away, as the saying is. Whatever kind of food we gave him returned.

"Nothing at all would stay on his stomach. He was very restless and hardly got any sleep. I attended to him in every way I could, and neither my husband nor myself ever knew what it was to have a proper night's rest. We were constantly in fear that baby would die when we were not watching. We had sat up with him all one night, when next day by a lucky chance we read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and at once sent for some. Very soon there was an improvement, the sickness stopped, and the diarrhoea, and from that time baby got better and better till now he is as well as any child could be. I think it is just wonderful."



## Dr. Cassell's Tablets

It is cures like the above, the genuineness of which has been thoroughly investigated, that have made Dr. Cassell's Tablets one of the most-talked-of remedies of modern times. Their entire safety and purity, their suitability for young and old alike, and their peculiar efficacy have ensured a high reputation throughout the world. Test their reliability as a remedy if you suffer from

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Trouble	Malnutrition
Nerve Failure	Sleeplessness	Dyspepsia	Wasting
Infantile Weakness	Anaemia	Stomach Disorder	Palpitation


and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

## SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-st., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.



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getting it and if I don't happen to get it I am rather disappointed. I have just been reading Cleopatra's letter in the December number. I think her opinion of this dreadful war is correct. I certainly agree with her being sorry for all concerned, no matter what nationality they may be. There's always somebody depending on them to keep the wolf from the door. I am English, yet I do not say that England is altogether free from blame. I believe there's faults on all sides. All seem to be trying for fame at the expense of poor humanity. I think if the promoters of these great fights had to go to the firing line and take their place with the common soldier, I do not think there would be as much fighting as there is now. I feel sorry for the poor women and children left behind to fight for themselves, the breadwinner taken away. We sometimes think that we are hard put upon here in Saskatchewan and are not satisfied with our lot but I think we should be thankful to be where we are. We have enough to eat and a home to live in, but there's a whole lot over on the other side that cannot say that. I do hope the time will soon come when the great and terrible battle will come to an end before a greater havoc is wrought. Well, dear editor, I am afraid I will be taking up too much of your space if I continue much longer and I don't want to impose on good nature.

I am glad Cleopatra you have a large heart full of sympathy for not only one but for all; that's certainly the right way to look at the situation, as none of the men can help being there to shoot each other down. Duty calls must be obeyed. Don't be afraid to drop me a line Cleopatra. My address is with the editor.

Well I think I must close for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print if it's not asking too much.

I am yours as ever  
Western Sun.

**On the Prairie**  
Idyle Wyld Farm, Jan. 18, 1914.  
Dear Editor—  
In a cottage on the prairie,  
Lives two little Western maids.  
One is dark and one's a fairie,  
And their beauty never fades.

They're the belles of all the prairie,  
So the boys all seem to say;  
Hotcake Pete would be always merry  
If he saw us in the month of May.

For our hair is tinged with roses,  
And our eyes a sunny hue,  
For our neck is like the swansdown  
And our cheeks are touched with dew.

Oh we are two broncho busters  
From the good old Idyle Wyld.  
When we hear the cowbell ringing  
Then we have to put on style.

For we have two little ponies,  
One is Star and one is Pride,  
And on a lovely moonlight evening  
That's the time we like to ride.

Now, dear editor, if this letter  
Is a little long you see,  
And if it's not very interesting  
Please let it jump the w.p.b.

Now how many of the bachelors  
Would write to us two prairie kids?  
We will gladly answer letters,  
So everyone answer all our bids.

So farewell to all the readers,  
Yes a long and sweet farewell,  
For if we don't get no nice letters  
We'll never write again, farewell.  
Two Broncho Busters.

**If we Imitate**  
If the Prussian military spirit were to be approved and imitated by the Allies of to-day, their claim to represent human and national rights would be betrayed, and with it would go the hope of the peoples to reach, through this immeasurable agony, an organised and lasting peace.—G. H. Perris.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy, sure, and satisfactory relief.

### When the Gate Closes

The other day a man whose train was late asked the conductor if he thought they would get into a certain city in time to make connection with another road. The conductor looked at his watch.

"I am afraid we cannot do it. The only thing I can do will be to telegraph on ahead and ask them to hold the train on the other line."

"That would be kind of you, sir."

And the conductor did as he had said. The traveller found his train waiting, steam up and hissing through the escape. He hurried across, and the next moment was speeding away over the country once more.

"How much late are we?" the passenger asked the new conductor when he reached his seat in the car.

"Five minutes."

"But you can make that up?"

"That five minutes is gone. We never will see that again. We are running on fast time. It will be impossible to get that time back. It is gone forever."

And it proved to be true. The traveller arrived at his destination six minutes late.

At a certain moment before the great ocean steamer swings out to sea, a gale closes at the shore end of the gangway; the planks are drawn in; the last passenger is on board; the truckmen wheel no more baggage up the way that leads to the deck. In vain does anyone cry out after the ship now that he wishes to go aboard. The gate is closed; it is too late now.

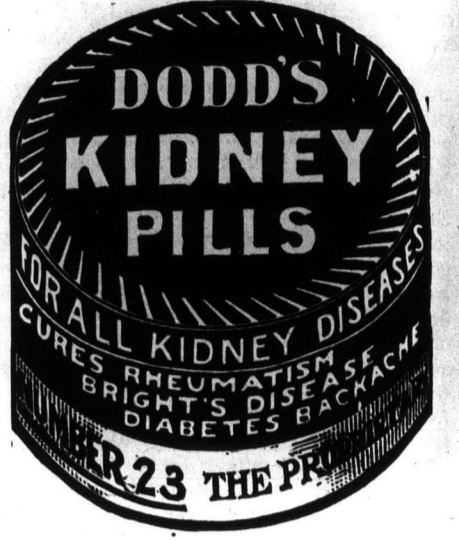
Life is full of places like that. The gate closes. The five minutes slip away. Things we prize go down out of sight, and are gone for all time. What are some of these things?

The time to smile is one of them. Just now you met a friend who seemed sad. Did you notice the wistful look in her eyes as she passed by? She had a heart hungry for a smile. Did you give it? No; you were not "in the mood for smiling" just then, and you went by coldly. All day long the friend went on her way missing the happiness she might have had if you had only smiled into her face.

The chance to do a kindly deed is another one of these gates that may close against us. You like to have your fellows drop a pleasant word or do a helpful thing. Is it not true? But do you always do that yourself?

Still another gate we need to watch, lest it close before we want it to, shutting us out from peace of mind, is the opportunity to speak a word for Him who was always so ready to speak for you and me. Sometimes it seems as if this is the hardest of all to do. You know how it is. You were in a little company of other young folks. There was joy in the hearts of all. That was right; young people ought to be happy. But before you parted there was a moment when you might have dropped a word for Him. Did you do it? Ah, you know best whether you did or not! If not, the gate has closed. The ship has sailed out to sea, and it will carry no blessing for you. Let us stop a moment and think that it is the moment that is not lost—the opportunity saved—that brings its meed of blessing. Why are you so happy to-night? Your very soul is full of joy. You cannot help singing. Your face is all smiles. You can scarcely keep from shouting out your happiness. Why? Is it because of some triumph of the day? Have you gained the victory over some hard task? That is enough to make one glad. But it is not the highest source of joy, after all. Was it because the teacher gave you a good mark for the class recitation? You like to win those marks, but they are not worth being so supremely happy over, are they? Was it not the loving thing you did for someone? Surely that swung the gate open before you and let a flood of real, heaven-born joy into your heart. So be ready while the way is still open. Win the blessing while you may.

"Slang is the most expressive of all languages," says Mr. B. Fitton. Why not call it "slanguage"?



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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
CURES RHEUMATISM  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES BACKACHE  
No. 23 THE PR

## 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 alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" 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 tearing 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 the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don'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 50 to 75 cents a week over that on 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 50c 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 six minutes.



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

Address me personally—  
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### About the Farm

#### Selling in the City Market

The writer has been selling some of his poultry products on a city market. The products must be got ready the day before and put up as attractively as possible. The next morning, the day of the sale, get an early start so as to get a good location. Remember they all know this, and if you get there late you are very apt to get a poor location and may be obliged to sell from your wagon. Anyhow it pays to get on the job early in the day. The greatest sales are made between 6 o'clock and 10 o'clock in the morning. Equip yourself with a set of standard scales, some wrapping paper, string and a few towels. In the line of poultry products it is a good idea to have as much of a variety as possible, like broilers, fowls, spring chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Another good plan is to have some to sell alive, some just killed and dry picked and some drawn. In so doing you will be able to dispose of more than twice as much as you otherwise would. Put up your products as attractively as possible. We find it advisable to wrap the heads of all our dressed poultry in fancy white trade-marked wrapping paper made especially for this purpose. It is marked so the trade mark will show very plainly. We find that the people are willing to pay for this paper. But we wrap only our best products thus, the poor quality is sold without these wrappers. Thus can be built up a fancy trade with fancy products. Always sell a product for what it is, never misrepresent anything. Be ready to stand back of all statements. Always give correct measure and exact change, because if you don't you are liable to a fine, and in the future may not be able to sell any more in that place.

Eggs are another very staple article to sell at these sales. They are in demand. Here again it pays to have a variety, like fancy firsts, firsts and seconds. It is advisable to candle all eggs so that you know exactly what you are selling, and also can grade them properly. The fancy firsts call for strictly fresh white eggs two ounces heavy or more apiece, with perfect shells. The firsts can be either white or brown in color, of average size and perfect shells. The seconds should not be older than 14 days, may be small in size, any color and cracks. Sell all fancy firsts and firsts in trade-marked one-dozen-egg size cartons. The seconds can be disposed of most any way. Display eggs in the most attractive way possible. In grading be sure to get them as uniform as possible, both in color and size.

Let us compare two methods of marketing, the public city market and the old way of marketing through middlemen. In the former the producer and the consumer come in direct touch with each other. The producer can sell a better grade of products for a greater net return to himself and at a lower figure to the consumer. The producer can take half of the profit going to the middlemen and the consumer the remainder, the consumer at the same time gaining by getting fresh eggs, which would be impossible the old way of marketing. The consumer would be gaining although he had to pay as much as to the grocer or the local butcher, because he is getting a much better product. The public market cannot help but be a benefit to both producer and consumer alike.

To further illustrate this take for instance a case of eggs. Under the old way of marketing it is sold to the local dealer who disposes of a few locally; but these do not amount to much; the majority he keeps for several days, then

Most infants are infested by worms, which cause great suffering, and if not promptly dealt with may cause constitutional weaknesses difficult to remedy. Miller's Worm Powders will clear the stomach and bowels of worms and will so act upon the system that there will be no recurrence of the trouble. And not only this, but they will repair the injuries to the organs that worms cause and restore them to soundness.

packs them, delivers to the express company, they deliver to the commission house in some of our larger cities. The commission house sells them to the jobber. The jobber candles and grades them and sells them to the grocery or egg retailing store, from where they finally get to the consumer. On the average they are from ten days to three weeks old by this time. Of course none of the middlemen work for glory, but every one attaches his expense and profit to each egg, first the local storekeeper, second the express company, third the commission house, fourth the jobber, and fifth the local grocery or the egg retailing house at the end. During all of this time the quality of the egg decreases in value, yet the price must and always does increase. Hence the reason the producer must pay for part of these expenses in being obliged to sell his products at a lower figure; and the consumer at the other end has to pay part of the middlemen's profits and expenses by being obliged to pay more for the product. All this is unnecessary where the public city markets are established and everywhere they are meeting with the greatest success.

New York. F. W. KAZMEIER.

#### How Cattle Lose in Transit

Every cattle grower knows that cattle lose in weight from the time they leave the farm or ranch until they reach the market. Most men who raise cattle in large numbers and shippers and speculators know approximately how much loss in weight, or shrinkage, to expect on any particular bunch of cattle. The average farmer, however, who raises but a few cattle and sells them to the local buyer does not have the experience of the large shipper and cannot, therefore, make so close an estimate.

All conditions, at present, indicate that the greater part of the future supply of beef cattle must be produced on the farms of the country rather than on the range and that the cattle must be finished on the farms where they are raised. There will be more co-operation among farmers in the future and more farmers will ship their own cattle. Every grower will then find that it will often be an advantage to be able to approximate, fairly closely, the amount of shrinkage to expect.

#### What 265 Shipments Show

The United States Department of Agriculture has recently determined the shrinkage on 265 shipments, comprising more than 19,000 cattle, from western farms and ranches. The results of this investigation will be of value to every farmer who must decide whether it will pay him to ship his cattle or sell them to the local shipper. The length of time the cattle in these investigations were in transit ranged from less than 24 to more than 72 hours. The net shrinkage ranged from 15 to 75 pounds a head, or from 2.14 to 7 per cent. The conclusion is drawn that the normal shrinkage may be regarded as from 3 to 6 per cent of the live weight.

It is pointed out in the report made of the investigations, that the extent of the shrinkage depends upon various factors, among which are the treatment during the drive to the loading pens; the length of time the cattle were held without feed and water before being loaded; the nature of the fill before loading, the greater losses occurring when this consisted of succulent grass, beet pulp or silage; the weather and climatic conditions at the time of loading, while in transit, and at the market; the character of the run to market, greater shrinkage naturally being caused by slow, rough runs; and the time of arrival at market. If the cattle arrived just before being sold the fill was small. Cattle that were shipped a long distance and arrived at market during the night usually did not fill well. If they arrived the afternoon before or about daylight of the same day they generally took a good fill.

#### The Large Fill

These conclusions will also be of interest to every cattle shipper. An exceed-

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- Afraid of clothes on line.
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- Afraid of sound of a gun.
- Afraid of band playing.
- Afraid of steam engine.
- Afraid of the touch of shafts or harness.
- Running away.
- Kicking.
- Biting.
- Striking.
- Hard to shoe.
- Bad to groom.
- Breaking straps.
- Refusing to hold back while going down hill.
- Scaring at hogs or dogs along the road.
- Tail switchers.
- Rolling the tongue.
- Jumping fences.
- Bad to hitch to buggy or wagon.

To the first 100 men owning horses, who answer this advertisement, I will positively send my introductory course in Horse Training and Colt Breaking ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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Twenty-five thousand FARMERS and horse-owners have taken my regular course and found that it does the work. Even if you have only one horse, it will pay you to master my wonderful system. The Beery Course is the result of a lifetime's work as a tamer and trainer of horses. As one of my students has said, "The horse has never been foaled that Prof. Beery cannot handle." My record proves it.

**Master Any Horse**  
The Beery Course gives you the priceless secrets of a lifetime—enables you to master any horse—to tell the disposition of any horse at sight—to add many dollars to the value of every horse you handle—and my students are all good traders

**Break a Colt in Double-Quick Time!**  
You can do it by my simple, practical, humane system. There is a lot of money in colt training. **Make \$1,200 to \$3,000 a Year**

Many of my graduates are making big money as professional horse trainers at home or



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A. L. Dickinson, of Friendshtp, N. Y., says: "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several men. I got them for \$100, gave them a few lessons, and have been offered \$400 for the pair." Fred Bowden, R. R. No. 2, Keokuk, Iowa writes: "It's worth many times its cost." I have many similar letters from graduates all over the world.

traveling. I made a fortune traveling and giving exhibitions. You have the same opportunity.

**Send the Coupon** and get the Introductory Course in Horse Training FREE. This special offer may never be repeated. Act now. Tell me about your horse.

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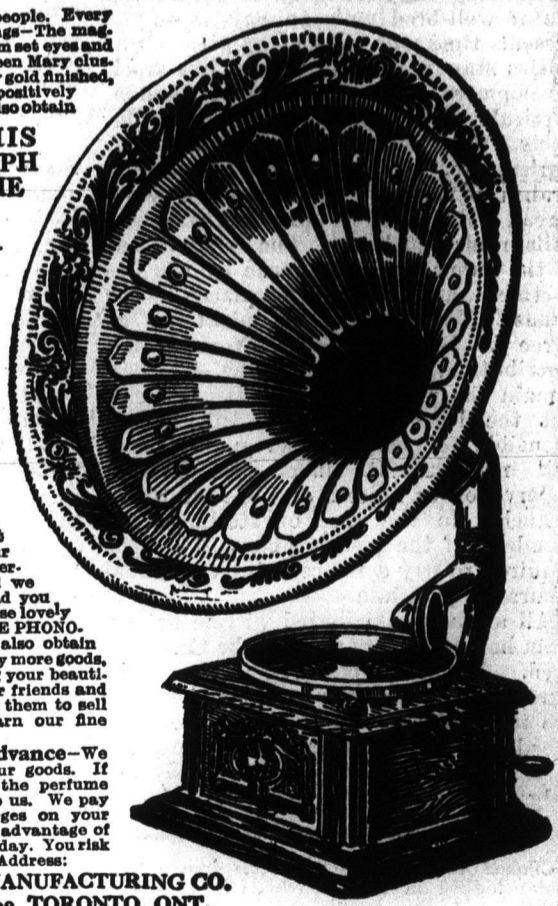
Here is the chance of a lifetime for bright people. Every Canadian wants one of these handsome rings—The magnificent British Lion Ring with sparkling gem set eyes and mouth for men and boys, and the pretty Queen Mary cluster for girls and ladies. These rings are being offered \$400 for the pair. Fred Bowden, R. R. No. 2, Keokuk, Iowa writes: "It's worth many times its cost." I have many similar letters from graduates all over the world.

#### ABSOLUTELY FREE THIS MAGNIFICENT PHONOGRAPH COMPLETE WITH 12 OF THE NEWEST RECORDS.

This is genuine high grade disc machine playing any make of disc records. It has fine walnut finished case, beautiful flower horn and superb reproducer, playing any make of disc record; vocal, instrumental, orchestral, etc., clearly and beautifully. It will bring hours of entertainment to everyone in your home.

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**No Money in Advance**—We trust you with our goods. If you cannot sell the perfume simply return it to us. We pay all delivery charges on your premiums. Take advantage of this great offer to-day. You risk nothing. Try it. Address: **The REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. B 499 TORONTO, ONT.**



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ingly large fill at market is not desired, as it will detract from the selling price.

The shrinkage of cattle was found to vary in direct proportion to their live weight when conditions were the same and all other factors were equal.

The shrinkage during the first 24 hours is greater proportionately than for any succeeding period of the same duration. The shrinkage on cattle is proportionately smaller for each 12 hours they are in transit after the first 24-hour period is passed.

The difference between the shrinkage of cows and steers is not as great as is ordinarily supposed. Steers will usually shrink somewhat less than cows of the same weight.

The shrinkage on calves seems small, but under normal conditions it holds about the same proportion to their weight as is found with grown cattle.

The shrinkage of range cattle in transit over 70 hours during a normal year is from 5 to 6 per cent of their live weight. They are in transit 36 hours or less the shrinkage will range from 3 to 4 per cent of their live weight.

The shrinkage of fed cattle does not differ greatly from that of range cattle for equal periods of time. Cattle fed on silage have a large gross shrinkage but usually fill so well at market that the net shrinkage is small. Pulp-fed cattle shrink more in transit than any other class of cattle, and also present a greater net shrinkage.

For a long journey the common method of unloading for feed, water and rest is to be preferred to the use of "feed and water" cars.

Cattle should be weighed before being loaded wherever practicable, since a comparison of this weight with the sale weight will show the net shrinkage. Moreover, this weight at point of origin may be of material benefit to the shipper in case of a wreck or a very poor run to market.

There is no way of entirely preventing shrinkage in the shipping of cattle, but by judicious care in handling and feeding the cattle just previous to shipping, the shrinkage may be lessened. If cattle are to be in transit for 24 hours or longer it is a good plan to feed about two bales of nice bright hay for each carload a few hours before loading. An excessive fill of water or green fodder or grass just before loading is not good for cattle, as it may cause them to scour in transit; then, too, they will not stand up as well in the cars.

#### Pure-bred Male Animals will be Distributed

Realizing that inability to secure the use of well-bred male animals is at the present time one of the greatest difficulties standing in the way of live stock development in many parts of Canada, particularly in the newly settled districts, the Dominion Department of Agriculture, through the livestock Branch, is this year undertaking a wide-spread distribution of pure-bred stallions, bulls, rams and boars. The original cost of the animals will be borne by the Department, and they will be placed in the hands of such local organizations as agree to the conditions governing the distribution. In a word, these sires will remain the property of the Department, but the local associations will be responsible for their proper maintenance and management under the general supervision of officers of the Live Stock Branch. In the case of stallions, the members of the associations will also be required to pay a fee covering an annual insurance premium.

All animals distributed will be bought from home breeders and will be Canadian bred. As far as possible, they will be purchased in the province in which they are to be placed. In this way Canadian breeders will receive encouragement, and their market will be increased not only directly, but also indirectly through

Choked for Air. Some little irritant becomes lodged in the bronchial tubes, others gather, and the awful choking of asthma results. Nothing offers quite such quick and positive relief as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. The healing, soothing smoke or vapor penetrates the passages and gives untold relief. Usually it completely cures. It has behind it years of success. It is the sure remedy for every sufferer.

the emphasis given throughout the country to the value of pure-bred sires. It may be added that it is not the intention to place the animals in districts where suitable male animals of the same class are already owned by private individuals. The aim is rather to aid sections where pure-bred sires are lacking, and as well to encourage new communities in following a proper and intelligent system in breeding.

All bulls distributed will be purchased subject to the tuberculin test, and only stallions which have passed a rigid veterinary inspection for soundness will be selected.

In order to take advantage of this form of assistance, it will be necessary for interested parties, in any section, to undertake the organization of a local association, in whose hands such sires as are required may be placed. Complete information regarding the rules and regulations governing the distribution may be made upon application to the Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa. Whenever possible, an officer of the branch will render assistance in the perfecting of the necessary local organization.

#### Early Potatoes

A practice that has been carried on for a long time by the Old Country growers is to place the early potatoes in boxes or flats, as they are called, and expose them to full sunlight. To all of us who are anxious to get the early crop

this practice has much to recommend it. Take the quantity of potatoes you want to plant and place them in boxes, the eyes uppermost. Place them as close together as possible; it is surprising how many you can put in one fair-sized shallow box or flat. Place the box in full sunlight, where there is no danger of freezing. Once a week they would be the better of a sprinkling of water to prevent shrivelling.

If you have a well-lighted room to spare it would pay to spread out a quantity of potatoes on the floor. Instead of the long white sickly sprouts they will have very short, plump sprouts, and will produce a great many more potatoes than if taken straight from the cellar to the field or garden. These potatoes will also stand the handling better than the ones from the cellar at planting time, and every time a sprout is broken from a potato is so much vitality gone. A cool room is better than a close, warm room, for the potatoes.

Anyone who has not tried this method should give it a fair trial, and will be surprised at results obtained. It also has the advantage of keeping late potatoes in better shape for planting in June, and a great many do not plant their main crop until then. Of course this takes a little extra labor, but it will be found well spent. In boxing potatoes for sprouting, those of an average size should be chosen. Medium sized ones are best and planted whole.

If seed has any scab on them it is well to soak them in "formalin" using a solution of half a pint of formalin to fifteen gallons of water. The potatoes should be soaked in this for two hours, and the best time for doing it is when bringing them out of the cellar to start sprouting. The second week in May is early enough for planting these sprouted potatoes.

#### Gems of Thought

If you would be happy, you must obey Nature's laws.

If you cannot strike while the iron is hot, make it hot by striking.

If we all lived beautiful lives, what a beautiful world this would be.

You are not fit to govern your child if you cannot govern yourself.

Do not fill your day with regrets, postponements, omissions, idle talk and idle silence.

Our culture is not measured by our great knowledge, but by the nicety of our expression.

We have a right to air our convictions, but we should respect the opinions of others.

How can a man praise his wife's sunny disposition when she makes it warm for him whenever he goes near her?

That day is indeed beautiful wherein we have done our duty not only to ourselves but to our fellowmen.

No man is perfect, but he comes nearest to it who leaves no trail of regrets for the days that are past.

If you make a comrade of your boy, the chances are that he will not care to seek company at questionable places.

You and I have only to-day; yesterday belonged to the ages and to-morrow may belong to our heirs and assignees.

Remember the influences you throw around the child contribute to form the character of the child and will endure through life.

There is nothing in this world that

more than double, and feed bill goes down to more. As soon as my birds run on alfalfa pasture every one can make that much profit with S.C. White Leghorns, if they are handled right.

J. P. Funk, Winkler.

#### Breeding Horses for Market

Prof. E. A. Trowbridge, Missouri.

The standard classes in the main are draft, carriage, roadster and saddler. The other classes consist of those which do not fill the four above-named specifications. Observation of quotations will show the really high prices are received only for the high-class drafter, carriage roadster or saddle horses. If breeders of horses are producing horses for their own use, they should be able to discover the type that best suits their needs.

To the country horseman in the Union stock yards at Chicago, one of the most noticeable things is the condition in which the draft horses are kept. These teams which haul the wagons for the packing houses and extensive transfer firms are in higher condition, so far as flesh is concerned, than the average farm horse. Here weight is of the utmost importance where horses are to be worked over comparatively smooth pavements. On such streets a horse's greatest ability to pull comes from his own weight, because of the fact that he has no opportunity to get a good, firm footing and exert his muscles. Those



An Alberta Herd of Fine Cattle

goes so far to make a perfect man or woman of a normal child as environment. Surround your children with beautiful things, and teach them beautiful lessons by precept and examples.—Scalopo, the Scribe.

#### A 31 Days' Record of 120 S.C. White Leghorn Pullets from Jan. 1 to 31, 1915

I have a poultry house 14 x 22. The west and north sides and roof are covered with straw, over half of the south side is glass. When the sun shines I open the cotton sash to let fresh air in. At cold nights the thermometer drops down to 10 below, but by day time when the sun shines the house is fair warm.

I have 120 S.C. White Leghorn pullets in that house; 20 of them are late hatched and do not lay yet. These 120 S.C. White Leghorn pullets lay from Jan. 1st to 31st 1,347 eggs, or 112 doz. Over 43 eggs per day. I sold those eggs to private places in Winnipeg at \$5.00 per 12 doz. crate. I got \$46.45 for those eggs.

The feed cost in the 31 days is as follows:

13 bus. oats, at 50 cents per bus.	\$6.50
9 bus. barley, at 55 cents per bus.	4.95
300 lbs. shorts and wheat bran	3.75
Dry bone	1.00
Oyster shell and grit	30
	\$16.50

Gross \$46.45, cost of feed \$16.50, net profit \$29.95.

Now I may say I have experience with this breed for a number of years, and I am sure that those 120 pullets will average that much profit for 10 months up to Nov. 1st, although I do not forget that the egg price drops down to half. But I know that egg yield increases to

horses which stand the wear and tear best, and have been in service longest are those with good feet and legs. With the great weight necessary and the hardness of the streets, a good set of feet and legs is absolutely essential to longevity of service in draft horses.

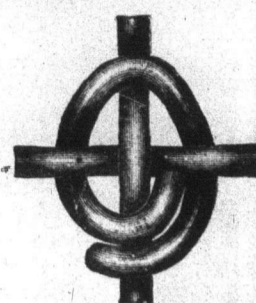
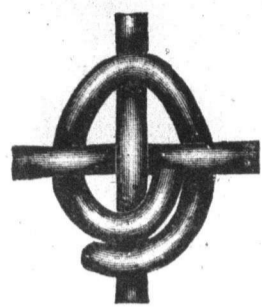
The same general conditions apply to light horses in the cities. They are of a comparatively uniform size and type. They possess an ability to get over the ground at a reasonable speed, are well broken, and possess a conformation, showing constitution and vigor, and most desirable feet and legs.

Soundness is a factor even more important among city horses than farm horses, because horses used for city work yield their only income through the work which they perform. Any unsoundness which hinders the service they can render greatly decreases their value. Farm horses which possess some unsoundness can still do much farm work, and in the case of mares can be used for breeding purposes. I do not argue that the use of unsound mares is advisable, yet surprisingly large numbers of mares will be found performing just this function on the average farm.

#### Follow Market Classes Closely.

It is highly advisable to give the matter of markets a close consideration. The high-class drafter is the horse with size, substance, constitution, quality, action and ability to haul heavy loads over hard streets or roads. High-class carriage horses possess smooth, evenly turned, symmetrical conformation with ample quality and true high action both in front and behind. Excessive speed is not necessary. Beauty and symmetry are of particular importance. Size is required up to the point of being able to haul the average carriage or other pleasure vehicle.

# Sarnia Fence Sold by New Method in Western Canada



By new arrangement you can buy your fence at our low price f.o.b. head of lakes, plus the actual freight to your station.

In this way we can quote a very close price as we know just what we are getting for our fence which is not the case when we equalize the freight over so large a territory as we have in the past.

By our old method where we equalized the freight in each Province it was necessary to put the price high enough to cover the freight rates to all points of the province, while by our new way you have only the actual cost of your own fence to pay for.

Buying in this way saves expense and you get the benefit of the saving in price.

Take for example our style 7-26 with 24 stays to rod, or 8½ in. apart which sells for 17c. f.o.b. Fort William. In small lots this style will cost you about 20½c. at Winnipeg, 23c. at Regina, and 26c. at Calgary. In carload lots it will cost 19½c., 21c., 22c. respectively at above named points. From this example you can figure about what it will cost you at your station. If you cannot tell close enough from this, write us and we will tell you exactly what your fence should cost you laid down at your station.

All wire used in the above style of fence is full Imperial Gauge No. 9 and No. 12 wire.

Owing to the difference in the freight rates to the different parts of the Western Provinces we foresaw that some change must be made in the way of handling the business as the farmers in the nearer sections, where the freight rate is low, were helping pay for the fence received by the farmers in the farther localities where the freight rate is high, which was not fair to all.

You are all no doubt familiar with the fence we manufacture, as it has been sold for the past few years to farmers of the West at a great saving in price. Sarnia Fence to-day is the best known fence in the Dominion of Canada, which is due chiefly to the fact that it has lived up to every claim we have made for it. We have always used a most rigid system of inspection which insures our customers of getting the most perfect fence possible.

For the coming season we are making a specialty of service and will carry a large stock of our product at the head of the lakes from which we will ship your orders promptly.

**WE SET THE PRICE. OTHERS  
DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY  
TO MEET OUR PRICES.**

F. O. B.  
Head of  
Lakes

**5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.** Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 10, 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod .....

16c

**6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.** Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9. Weight per rod, 7½ lbs. Price per rod .....

18½c

**7-26 HEAVY HOG FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 26 inches high, 16 stays to rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod, 10 lbs. Price per rod .....

25c

**7-40-0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod, 8½ lbs. Price per rod .....

21½c

**7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod .....

22½c

**8-34 SHEEP AND HOG FENCE.** Has 8 line wires, 34 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 3, 8¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6, 8. Weight per rod, 10 lbs. Price per rod .....

25c

**8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.** Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. Weight per rod, 10½ lbs. Price per rod .....

26½c

**9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.** Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod .....

27½c

All Fence put up in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls.

## GUARANTEE

We guarantee our fence to be made from the best galvanized hard steel wire, both stay, line wire and knot, and to be as perfectly woven as any fence on the market, and of full Imperial Gauge hard steel wire.

We also make special styles of Fence according to your specifications.

Please Note—Quotations at other points in Canada and United States on request. Carload freight rates are based on 24,000 lbs. or over.

**Owing to the tariff placing duty on free sizes of wire, these prices advance 1c per rod on March 15th.**

When placing your order remit the amount of your order, based on the prices quoted in this ad. and we will forward same to you "freight collect." If you wish to know the amount of the freight and your freight agent cannot tell you, write us, giving the amount of your order in rods and we will tell you what it will cost you at your station. Another advantage of this way of doing business is that you have the use of the money you have to pay for freight until the goods arrive.

Remit direct to THE SARNIA FENCE CO., LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT., by Post Office Order. Money Order or Bank Draft.

We want your order whether for one bale or a carload. Mail us your order to-day.

**CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES  
EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE  
BENEFIT OF THE SAVING  
IN THE PRICE.**

F. O. B.  
Head of  
Lakes

**10-50 HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP and HOG FENCE.** Has 10 line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9. Hard steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6, 8, 8, 8. Weight per rod, 13¼ lbs. Price per rod .....

33c

**7-26 MEDIUM HOG FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high, 30 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9, filling No. 12 hard steel wire spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod .....

18½c

**7-26 MEDIUM HOG FENCE.** Has 7 line wires, 26 inches high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9, filling No. 12 hard steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod .....

17c

**15-50-P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE.** Has 15 line wires, 50 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9. Filling 12 hard steel wire, spacing 1¾, 1¾, 1¾, 2, 2, 2½, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7. Weight, 12 lbs. Price per rod .....

35c

WALK GATE, 3½x48 .....

\$2.50

FARM GATE, 12x48 .....

3.75

FARM GATE, 13x48 .....

4.00

FARM GATE, 14x48 .....

4.25

FARM GATE, 16x48 .....

4.75

STAPLES GALVANIZED, 1¼ in. per box of 25 lbs. ....

.75

BRACE WIRE, No. 9. Soft, per coil 25 lbs. ....

.75

BARBED WIRE GALVANIZED. Two point per spool of 80 rods .....

1.95

BARBED WIRE GALVANIZED. Four point per spool of 80 rods .....

2.00

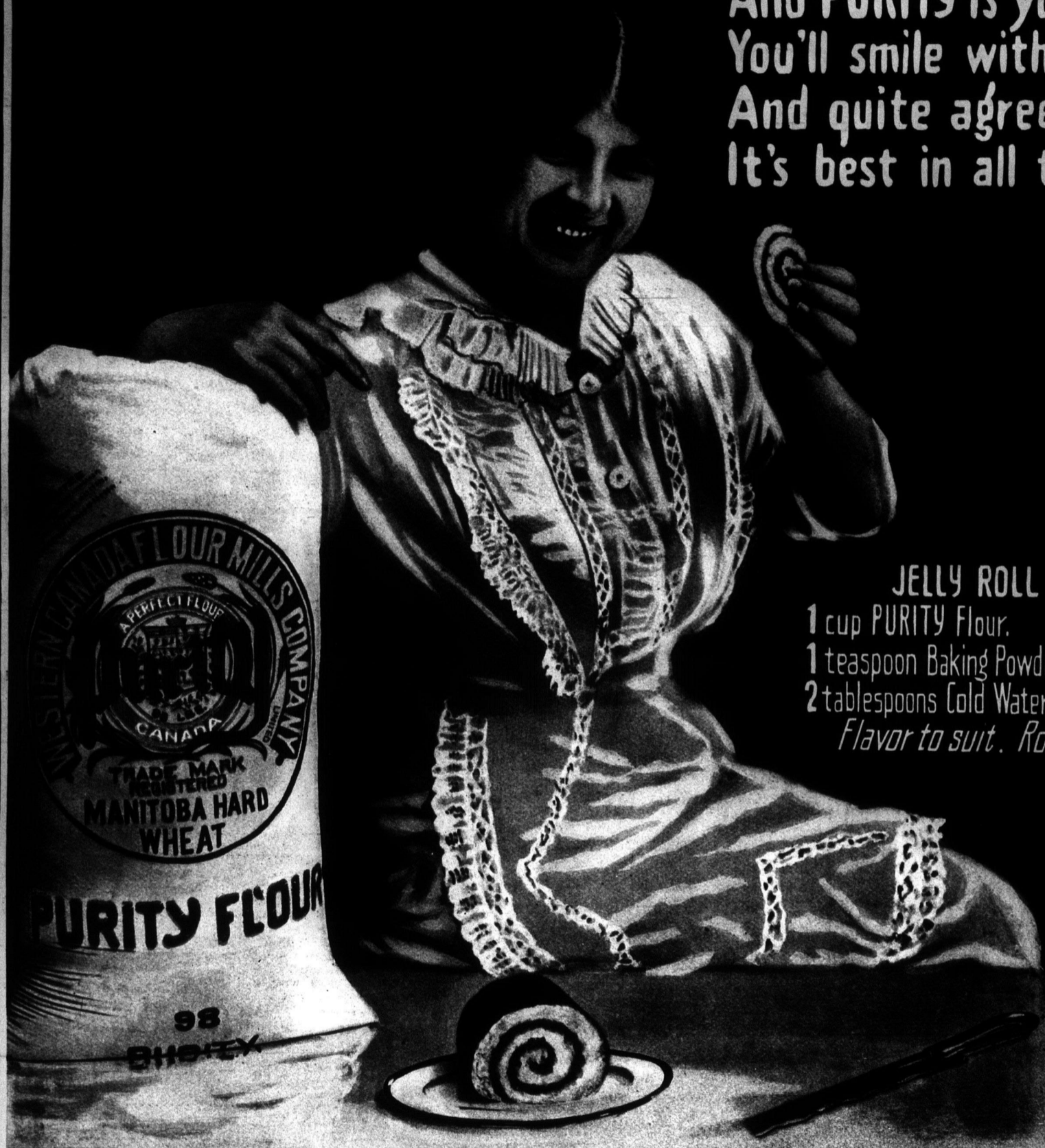
STRETCHER. All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer, the best stretcher made at any price .....

7.50

The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited

Sarnia, Ont.

"When e'er you bake  
A dainty cake,  
And PURITY is your brand;  
You'll smile with me  
And quite agree  
It's best in all the land."



JELLY ROLL RECIPE:

1 cup PURITY Flour. 3 Eggs.  
1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 1 cup Sugar.  
2 tablespoons Cold Water. 1/2 teaspoon Salt.  
*Flavor to suit. Roll when hot.*

# PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread ✓

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED  
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE ✓