

The **WESTERN**
HOMÉMONTHLY

Winnipeg, Man.

January, 1918



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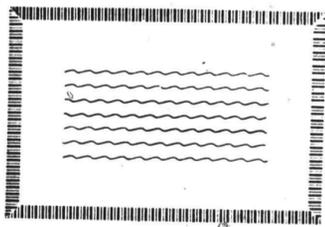


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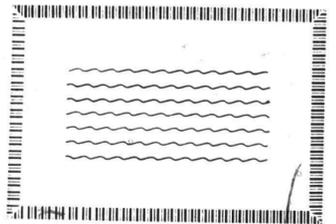
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FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS
The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg

Remember

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TO THE GIFT SEEKER

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G. DETBERNER
Watrous Sask.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XIX. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 1

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

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

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

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

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

Chat with Our Readers

Kind Words and Gentle "Kicks" From Our Readers

I am sending in my renewal for one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. Yes indeed we do think we get our money's worth when we get the Monthly for one dollar. We enjoyed the November Number so much. I wonder why Bonnycastle Dale does not tell us how Soldier Laddie is getting along since he was wounded. I know that all the readers would like to hear. Yours very truly, E. E. S., Eye Hill, Alta.

Note.—Soldier Laddie is still in hospital.—Editor.

You asked me to tell you what part of The Western Home Monthly I like best. Now I hardly know. I like it all and very much enjoy reading it. I have taken it for a number of years and am always pleased when it comes. The stories are good, and the many points of interest for farmers and homemakers are very helpful. Yours respectfully, Mrs. W. M., Fletcher, Ont.

In reply to your letter of last week, would say we are all delighted with The Western Home Monthly. We have taken it for quite a number of years and each member of the family awaits its coming with pleasure. Yours truly, Mrs. R. J. M., Havelock, Ont.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. You ask how we like The Western Home Monthly? Well, we like it all from cover to cover; a paper that should be read by all, nice short stories and good reading for young and old. I know it is a rush who will get it first here and I would not do without it now. May it always publish such good reading. Wishing it every success. Respectfully yours, A. A., Black Hawk, Ont.

Am a very busy woman, so do not have time to read or write much, but must say I intended to renew long before this. I like the paper and hope I shall not have to do without it. I like the Fancy Work best, but like it all. The only fault I find is it comes only monthly, and I would like it semi-monthly at least. Our crops were light here this year, and so we are having rather hard times, but when the long evenings come I like to have something to read. Yours respectfully, Mrs. J. M., Senlac, Sask.

I received your sad news that my renewal was due this month, but I trust you will recover when you find the enclosed dollar. You ask for my criticism on The Western Home Monthly. Well, as I am only an old Western bachelor I deem it advisable to let good alone and leave The Western Home Monthly staff in peace and quietness. But, of course, we have all ideas, but very often they never mature. Would suppose that as winter is on us we have lots of time for reading. How would it be to add just one more page to The Home Monthly and publish, say, a chapter of Black Rock or the Sky Pilot, or any one of such books. If this idea meets your approval and you decide to raise the subscription kindly let me know and I will send it by return of mail. Wishing you every success. My honest criticism is a six year reader. Yours faithfully, J. B. M., Gravelbourg, Sask.

Please find enclosed \$3.00 for subscription to The Western Home Monthly. You asked me to tell you what I like and do not like in The Western Home Monthly. To be frank I do not think there is anything at all that I can say I do not like in it, and on the other hand there is a great deal I do like. It is a very welcome visitor in my home, and I enjoy the pictures and the correspondence page very much, also the short stories. One thing I like about the stories is, that, unlike many other magazines there are no continued stories, and one does not have to wait a whole month for the next chapter. Yours very truly, Mrs. H. C. C., Ghost Pine Creek, Alta.

I am renewing my subscription for The Western Home Monthly for another year, and I must say I like the book very much, as it contains such nice helpful reading. Wishing you a very Happy Christmas. Yours sincerely, Mrs. D., Hamiota, Man.

As to how we like the paper we think it fine. Never saw but one copy we were disappointed in, and that was when Bonnycastle Dale accused a Yankee of trying to look like an Englishman. That was sure some joke, for it could not be done, as I am a Yankee and I know. Wishing you success, I am, yours truly, R. C. L., Roseray, Sask.

As my subscription to the grand magazine expires next month, and as I do not want to lose one single copy I am again sending in my subscription for another three years of the most valued paper which I cannot be without. I have taken it now for I think about fourteen years, and still look forward to its coming with as much pleasure and interest as ever. Wishing you every success, I am, yours very truly, Mrs. G. S.

In accepting your invitation to send you \$1.00 and to state what I like and dislike about your paper, I would submit the following: First, I like the good quality of paper used; second, the entertaining part of reading matter; third, good clear type; fourth, neat and convenient shape of journal. What I do not like—First, the peculiar and lopsided views you express on Canadian politics; second, too much space given to advertising. Yours truly, R. W. B., Birch Hills, Sask.

As you invite your readers to tell you what they like and what they do not like about The Western Home Monthly I will begin by saying that what I do not like is waiting a whole month for the next number. I like, first, stories and articles about pioneer days in the Canadian West; second, editorials and the philosopher's page; third, women and the home, young people's page. Would like to see more children's stories and more good poems. The Farm Department is good, too, but might not that be left to the strictly farm papers, and let us have a little more about what our brave boys are doing away there in France where they are dying every day that we may live here in comfort. Yours very truly, Mrs. H. C., Bladworth, Sask.

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Set with rose bud or box sparkling. Your also for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 5 years. Gold Filled.
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A Paper Knife from Ypres

By H. D. Ranns

RECENTLY there came to me a little, narrow, oblong box, wrapped in paper bearing a foreign stamp. When the box was opened there lay revealed a neat silver paper knife of chastest design, reposing on a bed of dainty and delicate blue silk. Everything about that box and the knife itself suggested leisure and culture and charm, and spoke of happy and dainty old world homes and places where books and pieces of fine artistry were to be found. If you were of an imaginative turn of mind you might dream all manner of bright dreams from the inspiration of that little article of library furniture, as it lay there in its narrow bed reposing. But your dreams would have a rude shock as you noticed across the handle of the knife the magic word "Ypres". It was the sight of that word of such tremendous import among the war words of this unspeakable war that arrested my glance and set me thinking—but not of leisured homes and happy ease.

The picture the sight of that word brought to one's mind was vastly different from that which the daintiness of the knife itself might have prompted.

Instead of the gentle arts of peace and homes of smiling prosperity, one saw a vision of a ruined city, battered and broken by the devastating hand of war, with inhabitants scattered and joyous homes laid bare to the unholy sight. Again, one saw noble buildings, well-nigh perfect in proportion and in poise, touched gently by the kindly hand of Time, softened and beautified until their ancient, grey grandeur made them a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Then there came to mind the beautiful description by the greatest of Belgians, Maurice Maeterlinck, of the Grand Place in Ypres. "This square" he says, "with the enormous but unspeakably harmonious mass of those market buildings, at once powerful and graceful, wild, gloomy, proud yet genial, was one of the most wonderful and perfect spectacles that could be seen in any town on this old earth of ours. It constituted a peerless specimen of art, which at all times wrung a cry of admiration from the most indifferent, an ornament which men hoped was imperishable". But now the ruthless German guns have done their work—and the scene is changed. Great gaping wounds, torn and twisted masonry, ravished beauty and unutter-

able desolation, tell of the work of the Hunnish guns and wring a cry of indignation from the most apathetic beholder. One who has seen it recently writes to me that "to see the city on a sharp, frosty morning, with the snow on the ground and a slight mist hovering about the ruins is a sight that makes one instinctively tighten his grip on his revolver. Both the sight and the feeling are past description". This is something of the vision that came to me as I gazed at the name of the city written across the paper knife.

And yet that was but the beginning of the vision that came to me. The city forlorn, which John Buchan in his "History of the Great War" says is like one visited by an earthquake which caught the inhabitants unawares and drove them shivering to a place of refuge—this is food enough for sober thought on man's perversity. Did the feelings provoked by the sight of the word stay there, it would be pitiable enough. For these old world cities have their own atmosphere which cannot be reproduced and to have destroyed them is to have made the attempt to slay a soul. But fortunately even the Germans cannot destroy souls, and the soul of Ypres has not died, but lives in the lives of those who have loved her imperishable glory. The memory of what the city was will never die, and we may leave it, in ruins,

but beautiful and appealing in its heroic fall, leave it until the horror is over and the new city shall arise on the site of the old.

Now let us look at something more that the name of Ypres brings inevitably to the mind's eye. You are a strange Canadian if that name does not stir the foundation of your being as you recall the undying deeds done by the sons of Canada on that terrible Ypres Salient. For there it was that Canada faced fearful odds. There it was that the citizen army of Canada "wrested from the trenches the right to stand side by side with the superb troops who, in the first battle of Ypres, broke and drove before them the flower of the Prussian Guard". There it was that, on a peaceful day, warm and sunny, on April 20th, 1915, after a terrific bombardment of the city, the Germans launched their frightful gas, the French on the left gave way and the Canadians were left "in the air, enormously outnumbered. And there, through the day and through the night, and then through another day and night, fought under their officers until, as happened to so many, these perished gloriously and then fought from the impulsion of sheer valor, because they came from fighting stock." Of the glory and the terror of those days we who stayed behind can form no conception. We can but gratefully and reverently acknowledge the debt we owe to those men who made the name of "Canada" to be eternally and gloriously associated with the heroic and titanic struggle which saved the ruins we call Ypres to the Allies.

Standing out amongst many glorious deeds, we can recall with pride such incidents as how, when the 4th Canadian Battalion wavered for a moment, their commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Birchall went to the head of the battalion, swinging a light cane, rallied his men and fell dead. We can, as Canadians treasure the glorious memory of such men as Col. Hart McHarg, Major Guthrie and Col. Boyle, who played such gallant parts in that drama of splendid terror. The cemetery of the little Belgian town of Poperinghe holds some sacred Canadian dust. Then we can be glad to remember, how the 8th Battalion (Winnipeg 90th "Little Black Devils") held the extreme left of the position at the most critical moment, and under their able and valiant commander, Lieut.-Colonel Lipsett managed to keep their flag flying, though with sore losses, as many a Winnipeg household later learned. All these things we can see before us as Canadians when we are confronted with the word "Ypres".

And so when we think of Ypres we have a vision of that grim line on the Salient, which has cost us so terrible a price to defend. Many a time and oft has the effort seemed too much and the price too exacting, and many a military expert has advised its evacuation. But there we are to-day, and the ruins of Ypres are still behind the British lines.

"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said Mr. Erastus Pinsky.

"You want to be what?" demanded the conductor.

"Don't lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary myse'f befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate' means 'put off.'"

The Voice of the Sluggard

Now and then the best-laid plans of the housewife go wrong, as a certain matron discovered not long ago. Her cook could not rise in the morning in time to get breakfast, so the housewife bought an automatic phonograph, which could be set running at any desired hour. She put this machine in the cook's room, and promptly at six o'clock the next morning there came from the corner where it was concealed the words of the song beginning, "Tis the voice of the sluggard."

Breakfast was on the table to time that morning, but that night the cook concealed the contrivance in her master's room, and set it for four o'clock. The man of the house was awakened at that unseemly hour by a ghostly voice from under his bed singing, "Tis the voice of the sluggard I hear him complain." And now the housewife has neither cook nor phonograph, for her husband parted with both.

FAIRWEATHER'S JANUARY FUR SALE

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LADIES' BLACK RUSSIAN MUSKRAT COATS—50 inches long from best undyed skins, good roomy style with large armholes and high storm collar, heavy guaranteed satin lining. **\$160.00**

Regular \$200.00 for...
LADIES' RACCOON COAT—Handsome motor or driving coat made from carefully selected fine-furred dark Raccoon, light in weight, full roomy skirt, large deep square collar, deep cuffs, lined with brown Skinner's satin, finished with large inside pockets and change pocket. Also outside slash pockets. 45 inches long. Regular \$175.00. **\$140.00**

NATURAL WOLF SET—Animal shaped scarf, extra quality fur, medium size pillow-shaped muff, lined throughout and beautifully finished with soft grey silk. Set complete. Regular \$45.00. **\$36.00**

RED FOX SET—Made from very choice Australian Red Fox skins. The stole is animal shape, lined throughout, extra quality grey satin, large shape melon muff to match, with head and tail. Set complete, regular \$42.50. **\$35.00**

MEN'S NATURAL HAIR BEAVER COATS—Made from extra fine dark skins, lining of Skinner's guaranteed satin, extra large collar. This coat is made from the finest of Beaver skins and in every way a high class garment. **\$280.00**

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MEN'S PLUCKED BEAVER COATS—These garments are made from carefully selected northern beaver skins with extra large collar and lined throughout with best quality Skinner's guaranteed satin. 50 inches in length. **\$280.00**

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Ladies' Fur Coats

BLACK MONGOLIAN DOG COAT—Extra large shawl collar, black quilted lining, a very well made and very durable driving coat. 50 inches **\$35.00**

long. All sizes...
MUSKRAT LINED COAT—With Russian Otter collar, Black Beaver shell, 50 inches long; the sleeves are also fur lined. With the advance price of muskrat skins this coat represents exceptional value. Regular price \$65.00. **\$52.00**

Selling for...

Ladies' Fur Sets

LADIES' MINK SETS—Made from fine Eastern Mink, stole is shaped style made from six natural skins and trimmed with tails. Muff is six-skin pillow muff, reversible style. Set complete **\$100.00**

Set complete \$125.00, for...
AMERICAN GREY OPPOSSUM SET—Stole is the animal style, trimmed with head, tail and paws, muff to match, melon or pillow style. At regular price \$36, set selling for **\$27.50**

Men's Fur Coats

MEN'S FUR LINED COAT—Oxford grey melon cloth, lining of finest quality Canadian muskrat, has a beautiful shawl collar of natural otter, dark in color. Price regular \$150.00. **\$120.00**

for...
MEN'S RACCOON COAT—Selected full-furred and nicely matched skins, made with extra large collar, lined throughout with good quality quilted Farmer satins. All sizes, 50 ins. long. **\$180.00**

Regular \$225.00, for...

LADIES' MINK MARMOT COATS—Made from good quality Russian skins, 50 inches long. These are made in box style with double-breasted effect and slash pockets, guaranteed satin lining. Regular \$90.00, for... **\$72.00**

LADIES' HUDSON SEAL COAT—42 inches in length, extra full skirt, made from carefully selected skins, beautifully matched, lining of broadcated silk or broadcated satin, has large storm collar. Some have outside pockets and fancy inside pockets. These coats are extra good value. Regular \$200.00. **\$180.00**

for...

NATURAL WOLF SET—Animal shaped scarf, extra quality fur, medium size pillow shaped muff, lined throughout and beautifully finished with soft grey silk. Set complete, regular **\$36.00**

\$45.00, for...
NATURAL RACCOON SETS—Includes curved animal scarf with natural trimming and lined with hard-wearing grey satin. Muff comes in melon style. These skins are undyed and give no end of service. Price for set, regular **\$36.00**

\$45.00, for...

MEN'S AUSTRALIAN COON COATS—Made from full prime skins and perfectly matched, dark grey in color, with large shawl collar, lined throughout with quilted sateen. Extra good value. **\$68.00**

Regular \$85.00, for...
MEN'S PERSIAN LAMB CAPS \$12.50 to 22.50 for... **\$8.40 to \$18.00**
MEN'S OTTER CAPS \$25.00 to \$45.00 for... **\$20.00 to \$35.00**
MEN'S ALASKA SEAL CAPS \$25.00 to \$40.00 for... **\$20.00 to \$32.00**
MEN'S HUDSON SEAL CAPS \$10.00 to \$18.00 for... **\$8.00 to \$14.40**
MEN'S MUSKRAT CAPS \$5.00 to \$10.50 for... **\$4.00 to \$8.40**

FAIRWEATHER & CO. LIMITED
297-299 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

Editorial

Hardly Fair

It is not fair that the boys at the front should give all their best energy and risk life itself for a beggarly pittance of \$1.10 a day, while great, big, healthy aliens should choose their own wage, and remain behind to seize the fat of the land. There are aliens who refuse to go out on cold days for any wage, and who demand and receive \$4.00 a day during the fine weather. The thing is grossly unfair. It is one of the anomalies that must be righted by the Union Government. That it will be righted there is no doubt. It may not be fair while farmers are receiving such prices for their productions, to ask all citizens, whether naturalized or not, to work in the fields at \$1.10 a day. That would be making one man pay too high a toll to another, but it would be possible to name a reasonable wage, and part of it might be paid over to the government as the contribution of the aliens to the prosecution of the war. Every German and Austrian who is receiving protection and education here, should pay quite as much to defray the expenses of the war as the Canadians, who are gladly taxing themselves to equip and support the forces in the field.

Halifax

The saddest city in the whole world is Halifax—the city by the sea. In a crisis such as hers, it is no wonder that from west and south came messages of sympathy, and generous aid of every kind. The unity of the Dominion was never more clearly shown than by the action of the people in responding to the call for aid. The kind brotherliness of the American nature was manifested in the prompt assistance furnished by a score of cities. Surely sorrow cements friendship and heals all estrangement.

The desolation and destruction at Halifax are but an illustration of what would take place in all Canada were the heartless Hun to win the war. The death of innocent women and children, the destruction of property, and the arresting of industrial activity are all in line with the policy of the German war-lords. If we are to save ourselves from destruction, if we are to save a world from slaughter, if we are to restore peace and happiness to a death-sick race of beings, we must kill the hydra-headed monster who is the cause of all our woe. There is no other way out of it all than the way so clearly outlined by Wilson, by Lloyd George, by Poincaré.

The calamity at Halifax is one of the by-products of the war. If we allow our imaginations to picture it as universal, we get a fairly correct idea of Prussian frightfulness. And so the call is "To Arms!" The war is to the death. *Prussia delenda est.*

A Worthy Institution

The war is making and un-making reputations. It is giving standing to individuals and to institutions. When all is over there will be no single institution that will stand higher in public estimation than the Young Men's Christian Association. It has been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. Stronger in practice than in profession, richer in humanitarianism than in theology, it has gone about its work in its own way and with small regard for the methods of other religious organizations. It has, indeed, differed from most other organizations in giving a new meaning and content to the term religion. It has aimed not so much at preaching dogma as at upbuilding life, and it has considered life in a broad way—as physical, intellectual, social and religious. The scriptural foundation for all its efforts is set forth in the words: "The child increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Carrying on its activities in a generous, unselfish way for the good of men, it has commanded the admiration and respect of all.

There are two lessons the religious world may learn from the work of the Association during the war. The first of these is that in times of supreme need denominational differences count for little, and clerical dignity and majesty for less. Strong men welcome as comforters those who are close to them in nature and in suffering, those who have common passions and desires. They have no regard for professional religious leaders, unless they appeal by their manhood and their daily walk as well as by their prayers and rituals. In other words, the spirit of democracy has entered the field of religion.

The second lesson to be learned from the Association is that religious organizations to obtain and retain the sympathies of the people, must broaden their activities and widen their outlook. The "house of worship" will in the years to come give way to "the house for service." Working in a mine or factory is just as religious an act as praying or fasting; caring for the body is just as imperative a religious duty as caring for the soul. The church of the future will, in a practical way, aim at the development of the whole man for service to God and humanity. It can not remain content with emphasizing

ing the formal acts of prayer and worship that, in many minds, constitute the essence of religion. The world has for ever forsaken the ideals of the middle ages, and has taken up in a new sense the ideal of the early church—the consecration of all men and the full power of every man to service.

After the war we look for more religion among the people rather than less; but the religion will be of a more practical kind. It will be recognized that the only piety worth while is that which touches a man's action in the home, the vocation, and in every other institution; the only righteousness that will command universal respect is that which finds expression in holy living in a world of men. Professional religion has had its day; the mere theologian has ceased to be a power; creeds, and artificial observances no longer bind the superstitious multitude. The world has moved on towards freedom, simplicity and worship of the real. In all this the Young Men's Christian Association has nobly done its part.

In The Belgian Trenches

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing

The sturdy forms, breast-high in rifted clay,
Stretched their tired limbs awhile,
And as the breeze sprang up at close of day
A few could even smile.

For fighting lulled then, and the menace high,
The mighty, man-made bird,
Swooped not upon its quarry from the sky;
No rifle bullet whirred.

Across that gloaming landscape lay a waste
Of ravaged homes, once glad
With hearth light, where the mother, rosy-faced,
Smiled on her lass and lad.

Remembering this meant madness! Fighting men
Must turn and look away
From home sights, that their work may bring them then
Such solace as it may.

As fell this dusk, there stood upon the field
A person, dim of face,
But in whose manner was his kind revealed—
A stern yet regal grace.

"Men are born equal"—easy word to say,
To live's another thing;
Crowned heads may stoop, but some reach up—display
God's model of a king.

Your bleeding land with piteous wreckage sown
To bear, who knows what fruit?
Calls such a king, a king of deeds, its own,
That all men must salute!

Be Prepared

The Boy Scouts have a motto which, at this particular time in our history, might well become our national motto. It is composed of the two words at the head of this paragraph. Canada has need of preparation both for next year and the years after the war.

The need for next year is contained in the words production, conservation, consecration. The world looks to us for its food supply; the armies look to us for men and munitions. Our country looks to us for life, and peace, without hardship. We cannot afford to plunge wildly into schemes of production. Those whose duty it is to measure world needs and world supply must be our guides, and no thought of personal gain must be allowed to influence us in our efforts. We shall surely be willing to be conscripted for service. If we are needed in the shop or on the farm, or in the trenches, it will be our pleasure to follow the path of duty. Where we can be of highest service to our fellows, our country and the world, then it will be our delight to enlist.

And as we serve, we shall also attempt to conserve our wealth and our forces. The food controllers may not have pleased us in some ways, but their advice in the matter of conservation is right to the front. The world is running short of supplies. We must go on short rations. If we cannot do this voluntarily, there is nothing for it but that we shall do it from necessity. We have much to be thankful for that we are in a land of plenty. This should not make us

forgetful of the miseries of others. Everything saved in food and clothing is so much to the good in preserving life elsewhere.

Above all is consecration necessary. It is voluntary giving which is going to win the war and save the world. Our men have given all; mothers and fathers have given all. Why should any Canadian at this time refuse to give all that he is and has? A man has but one life to live. Why should it not be saved from eternal loss? He who loathes his life for his fellows saves it? He who saves his life and his wealth loses his own soul. And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

There is, also, a need not for next year, nor the year after, but for the ages to come—the need of a new life and spirit in our own land and in all lands. We hope to see a time when righteousness and peace shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. We have but to will it to make it so. The world is sick to death of militarism and of autocracy in all its forms. This land of ours is the home of the last of the nations. It is fitting that we should show what is possible in the way of right living. If we wish it with all our hearts we shall succeed in blending together in a broad Canadian citizenship all races, classes, creeds, so that there shall be neither bond nor free, rich nor poor, believer nor unbeliever. Each man shall live for all, and all for each. The big interests will cease to be, for all good citizens will be members of a common brotherhood. And this feeling of brotherhood will, by degrees, extend until it embraces a world. Surely after the sickness of this damning war, the world is ready for peace and quiet.

The Community as Educator

The most powerful influence in shaping the lives of growing boys and girls is the spirit of the community in which they live. Usually we think very little of the fundamental part which the common forces and elements of the community play in the actual education of our young people. We are blind to the deepest facts of our educational situation. Blessed be that community in which the leaders understand that the activities, the industries, the interests and the social necessities of the district may be the central facts in the education of the young.

The physical resources of a community should be known to every child. They determine very largely the progress that is possible, and the effort that must be put forth. These, however, are not so important to understand as the human resources. There is nothing sadder in the world than the sight of a community that was once spiritually prosperous, now fallen into decay, and nothing more stimulating than the sight of a community that has been developing naturally and healthfully in a consistent progress. It is a fortunate child who lives in a community of the latter kind. He catches its spirit. He knows what it is to live.

A man who perceives the influence of community environment upon young children, will be interested in economic conditions of his neighborhood. Land improvement, farm labor, value of property, drainage, roads, condition of live stock, yield of grain, fruit production and the like, will all be matters of concern to him. The spirit of the industrial life of the people is the greatest influence on the life of each child. Poor, half-starved animals on a farm usually find a counterpart in the appearance of the children. The streets of a city are a fairly good index of the cleanliness of the minds of the boys and girls. And so it is all around.

More important even than this is the relation of sanitary conditions in a community to the physical and moral health of the people. Filth begets filth. Cleanliness is akin to morality.

Nothing does more to influence young life than the beauty or ugliness of the community. Naturally, all outdoors is beautiful. Often man destroys and degrades. Where people congregate, ugliness is likely to appear. Sometimes taverns, sometimes village stores, sometimes factories with their smoke, or bill-boards with their gaudy signs, deface the landscape. On the other hand some good people make gardens, plant trees and add color and order. Everything that is added, good or bad, has its effect upon growing life. Often the beauty of the farm and of the street counts for more in education than the beauty of the home or the unattractiveness of the school.

It is unnecessary to go farther. Social life-play as illustrated in a community, are the very essence of the lives of boys and girls. How foolish it is, then, for men and women to live in isolation, and to act as if the education of their children were something they could carry on, as it were, in private. The wisest thing many a parent can do is to forget his own home for a time and turn his attention to community betterment. Self-interest, if nothing else, should prompt one to be public-spirited.



What has he said to her?

Does your glowing face cause an exclamation of pleasure?

Brilliant lights revealing every grace and every flaw; eyes fixed upon you ready to admire—can you face them unembarrassed?

Don't spoil your evening wondering about your complexion. Descend the stairs to meet your friends radiant and blooming—thrilled by the knowledge that you are looking your best.

You can have this confidence

Any young girl has a right to a soft glowing skin. Youth should not endure the thought of wrinkles, of colorless faces, of blemishes of any sort. Constant care of the skin in youth insures a clear, fresh complexion later.

You can make your skin what you will. Nature does

her part. You can do the rest. Every day the old skin dies and new skin forms in its place. What this new skin is depends on the care you give it.

Skin specialists say that the best way to build up a clear, beautiful complexion, to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap was prepared by a skin specialist after 30 years of experience with the skin and its needs

Let this treatment give you the charm of a flawless skin

Begin tonight to get the

benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin. Use this Woodbury treatment every night and watch your skin lose every flaw; watch it take on a smooth texture, a soft glowing color.

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. With the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry your skin well.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at druggists' and toilet counters everywhere in the United States and Canada. Watch your skin gradually improve so you can face the most glaring light, the most critical eyes—confident of its smoothness and freshness.

Send for week's size

For 5c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment, with the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 12c we will send you in addition to the soap and booklet, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2401 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold



Salmon, Strangest of Fish

By Francis J. Dickie

WHERE the mother salmon spawns, there will her young return in four years time to spawn in turn, overcoming all obstacles, or die in the attempt. Magic of earth is this, far more strange, more wonderful than any tale of old Arabia. Out of the mysterious and unfathomed deep of the far floored Pacific from no man knows where nor why, the salmon horde, uncounted millions numbering, moves upon the Pacific coastal line of North America in answer to the primal urge of that abysmal fecundity which down through all the ages, at the bidding of the Divine will, has stocked and restocked earth and sea and sky with all manner of living things.

It is early December as these lines are written, and the salmon season has just closed, even in Alaskan waters where the run is latest. From early March until the middle of November the great annual breeding of the salmon goes on. Upon 1700 miles of coast line, from Bristol Bay in Alaska to the Fraser River in British Columbia, the salmon swarm moves in regular and wonderfully regulated procession up the various fresh water streams and rivers to spawn and die, as their parents did four years before.

Though all the varied species—the King salmon, the Cohoe, Sockeye, Steelhead, Humpback and Dog—apparently reach coastal waters in one great drift, they are yet governed by some marvellous force of organization that allots to each kind a time and place for spawning. And there is never any failure in the salmon generalship. How far this strange scheme is carried may be best instanced by the fact that even two salmon of the same species coming from rivers very adjacent still have marking which vary. To a white man the difference is not apparent, but to the Indian, whose race have taken the salmon for uncounted generations, the very locality from which a fish comes is apparent. Thus, for example, while far out at sea, as he hauls in his net and lifts therefrom the silvery prizes, an Indian fisherman will tell you when questioned: "This fish from the Naas river," or again, "this fish from Fraser, Skeena," etc., as the case may be.

The first salmon of the year is the King. As its name denotes, it is the royalty of the species. In addition to being the highest priced and best food, the King is a game fish, giving royal battle to the fisherman using light tackle. The first run of the King comes about the beginning of March into the northern rivers, such as the Skeena, Oxtail, etc., and lasts until the end of June. The fish is both red and white and runs in weight from 8 to 60 pounds. Commercially, practically the entire take of the species is cold stored for shipment fresh to the tables of the Eastern States and Canada three thousand miles away.

Following the King comes the Cohoe, both a cold storage and cannery fish. It runs from 12 to 14 pounds in weight. And almost on its heels the sockeye, the best and until recently the principal species canned. The Sockeye is a red salmon and weighs between 6 and 10 pounds. With the Sockeye comes also the Steelhead variety, similar in weight and color of flesh. A great many of these were salted in the past. Next come the Humpback. This species is a pink salmon, and run from 5 to 10 pounds in weight. Like the camel this fish has a large hump on its back, and just as the camel swells after drinking heavily of fresh water, so does the salmon's hump get larger after it strikes the fresh water. The run of this species last from the beginning of July to the end of September. Moving about the same time is the Dog salmon, a fish terribly ferocious in appearance, though this is as far as it goes, the dog variety being no more belligerent than any of the others. Great teeth stick out on either side of its mouth, which, like the hump of the humpback, become more noticeable after the fish has been a short time in fresh water.

Though the salmon is one of the most important food fish of the human race, its history still remains largely a mystery to man, though exhaustive experiment and careful watching of the species has been going on for many years. That the salmon comes and spawns where it was laid as an egg is known. That this return

occurs in four year cycles has been satisfactorily established. Beyond that? Question and conjecture. Out into the deep go the new hatched young to where no one knows. All over the seas of the entire hemisphere men travel, and still none yet have found the salmon in the intervening time.

height of fifteen feet. This feat, one seeming contrary to natural laws the salmon still performs. Choosing a point where the fall of the water is heaviest it rushes up it with all its great swimming powers, the thickest point of the fall being chosen because it gave greatest resistance to the fins. In 1913 a transcontinental railway while building through the Canadian Rockies followed the bank of the Fraser river as the easiest passage way. This river is one of the greatest

department rushed to the rescue. Gangs of men worked day and night clearing the rock away so the rush of the water might be lessened sufficiently for the fish to pass. While the work was going on, men with great dip nets worked to aid the salmon. The fish as they came up to make the attempt were lifted a few at a time in these nets and dropped into a trough of running water which was extended around the too swift water. In this manner thousands of salmon were helped up the river while the big rock was being cleared way. But only a small number of the grand total reached the spawning beds.

Research has fairly well established the fact that the salmon comes to spawn on the fourth year after its birth. Here again is shown another of the many strange things connected with this fish, for in this horde, all the same age, or so presumed, are salmon of widely different size, some weighing ten, some fifty pounds.

Once the eggs are laid and the male has swam over them the salmon parents do not leave the spot, but continue in the vicinity, moving very little, and exerting the fins only enough to maintain their position which is always in quiet waters. Tens of thousands gather in such a spot, remaining but faintly moving, and these, their maternal and paternal duties performed, remain actually rotting away alive. In late Autumn the upper reaches of all streams where the salmon runs present the ghastly and awful odored sight of great masses of these fish rotting away alive, and dead. And hurrying to the feast comes the bear, the crow and the eagle, to gorge upon an inexhaustible supply of food that lasts until the fall rains raise the water sufficiently high and strong to sweep the putrid mess away.

The exact time taken in spawning is not known, but is about ten days. In twelve weeks the salmon eggs hatch into pollywogs, which grow very rapidly, attaining the length of eight inches in about ten weeks, when they go out to the open sea and disappear from the sight and knowledge of man until they return full grown, and ready in turn to propagate the species.

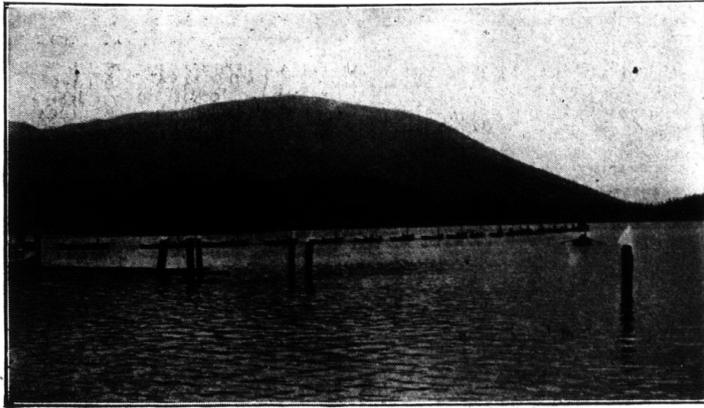
From the time the mother salmon, in answer to the primal urge leaves the ocean, until the young return, the salmon faces and is preyed upon by more varied enemies than any other denizen of the deep. Man, bears, birds, eat the mature fish, as do also the hair seal and the sea lion. The eggs are a rich and eagerly sought food by trout and ducks, and other fresh water fish and birds. The young fish, too, are preyed upon by many species of larger fish. Yet, in face of such tremendous odds, the salmon for countless ages has maintained the balance of numbers largely in its favor.

But slowly of late years, with the rapid expansion of the fishery industries, the salmon is being depleted until now in 1917, unbelievable as it may seem to many, even the former uncountable millions of salmon have been so largely killed before spawning that extinction of the species in the Fraser river at least looms large as a possibility for the near future.

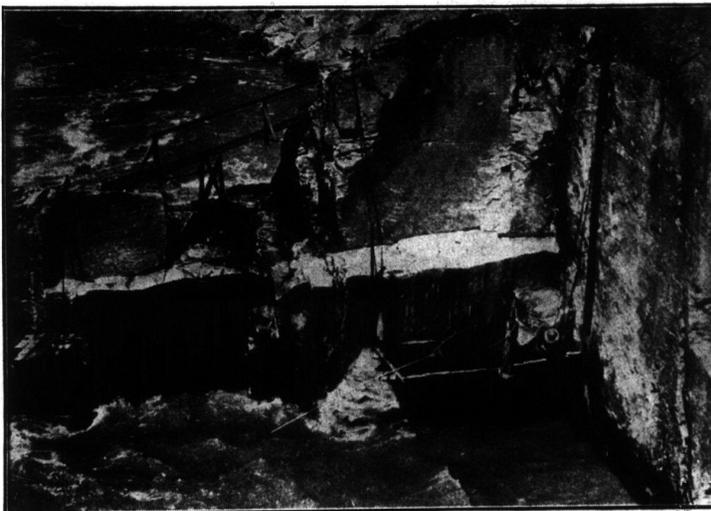
Man, the looting vandal indiscriminate, the ruthless, lustful, uncaring, by his own wasteful blindness, is slowly but surely emptying the food lockers of the world, built up and hoarded by a careful nature through toilsome generations of labor.

Salmon fishing and canning are among the most important industries shared in common by the province of British Columbia, the State of Washington and the territory of Alaska. The 1917 output of Alaska salmon was exceedingly good, and, according to packing officials, broke all records save that of 1913. In all 3,500,000 cases, valued at \$25,000,000, came out of northern waters this year. This was fortunate to make up the shortage of the world supply occasioned by the terrific shortage in British Columbia and State of Washington waters. To handle the shipments, many solid trains loaded exclusively with canned salmon moved eastward in the late fall to supply the great centres of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other great cities and communities in the east and middle west.

In Washington State and British Columbia, the 1917 output was the poorest in history. As has already been stated the salmon returns when four years old to spawn. This does not, of course, mean that spawning only occurs



Salmon Fleet being towed out to the grounds.



Unique method of helping salmon over blocked Fraser river.



One hundred thousand fish on floor of cannery.

Leaving the salt water of the ocean for the fresh water streams of the Pacific coast the salmon quickly changes color from silver to blood red. In tune with this metamorphosis the fish also gradually loses the firmness of its flesh. A slow but steady deterioration sets in. The fish, once its appointed time has come to move to its appointed place, runs in with a big tide that goes far up the rivers. And in reaching the desired grounds in quiet fresh water far from the sea the salmon performs almost unbelievable feats. Small waterfalls it will jump, greater ones it swims up to the

salmon breeding grounds in the world. But in making the right-of-way the railroad builders at one point blasted thousands of tons of rock into the river, partially choking the channel. The force of the water through that remaining, open was so increased that the fish coming up to spawn could not reach the beds beyond. Uncounted millions marched up the river and made the attempt again and again. The situation was a very serious one, the effects of which were felt in the year 1917 when the smallest catch in history was taken. Government officials of the fishery

By the Grace of Joan

By E. G. Bayne

every fourth year, for there is a yearly run of fish. At the same time, and marking another peculiarity of many already cited in connection with this fish, every fourth year the swarm to spawn is greatly in excess of the former three. Among fisher and cannery men the years are known as "big" and "lean" ones; the various great rivers have their own big years, occurring at years different from each other. On the Fraser, 1917 should have been a big year in the cycle. But owing to the already related accident of the rock slide in 1913, and the fact that too many salmon were taken, and not enough allowed to reach the spawning grounds, the take was seriously affected. In former times the sockeye was the chief species taken by the cannerymen, and the dog and humpback were hardly bothered with. In 1917, however, these latter fish were sold as high as fifty cents apiece, while other species, taken for table use, brought as high as 20 cents a pound, where a few years formerly a whole fish could be bought for the same money. And in 1918 the people of the country will pay dearly for their salmon. All of which is directly due to proper conservation methods not being exerted.

The salmon are taken by fishermen in gasoline and sailing boats, the latter being chiefly used in Canadian waters. A fleet of these boats make a strikingly picturesque sight coming in from the grounds, their single brown sails filling to strong, fresh breeze. When fishing with drift nets in the open sea the boats are towed out in long strings by a steamer about two hours before sundown, so they reach the grounds just in time to drop their nets just before the orb of day disappears. This is to avoid the phosphorous, for after sundown any object dropped into the sea is affected so as to become plainly visible. With the nets this would be disastrous. When fishing with drift nets in the rivers the men work both day and night. This gives them an hour to an hour of fishing in every six. When fishing in open water the fleet arrives back at the cannery a little after sun up, and unload upon great receiving scows, where tally-men count the fish each man has taken. With the exception of spring salmon, the fishermen are paid so much apiece for each fish irrespective of size. The spring or king salmon is paid for by the pound. In 1917 fishermen got as high as 65 cents apiece for fish.

When the scow has taken the nightly catch it comes into the cannery and the fish are thrown on to the elevator which carries them to the first room known as the gut shed. Here is a wonderful machine, almost human, and called the Iron Chinaman. To it the fish are fed one at a time but with great rapidity. It cuts off the head and tail and cleans the body. From the "Chinaman" the salmon go on a conveyor belt to the washing troughs, where men and women generally Chinese, Indians and Japanese, thoroughly scrub the fish in trough supplied by continually flowing fresh water. This is known as sliming. The perfectly clean fish now moves to the slicer. This cuts the fish into streaks, varying in size according to the kind of cans being used. The chiefly used are known as "talls" and "flats" and hold one pound and half weight.

From the slicer the steaks stay an hour in the pickle barrels filled with salty water. They then go to the tins. These are loaded about a thousand at a time on to trucks and wheeled into the steel cooking rooms, where the fish is cooked four hours by steam process. The tinned salmon is then brought out, cooled, labelled and cased, generally forty-eight tins to a case. These are piled awaiting the arrival of the coasting steamers.

This, in brief, is the history of the salmon from the egg to the tin. Some of the stages of the life of this most valuable of fish man is familiar with, but they are but a brief part of the whole history of this mysterious and wonderful denizen of the deep. And in closing, the words of that famous scientist and philosopher, Henri Fabre, when speaking of the gnat, may well be repeated: "Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us." This, too, of the salmon.

"I don't like New York, mother," said the little girl. "Everything is in such a hurry—even the wind."

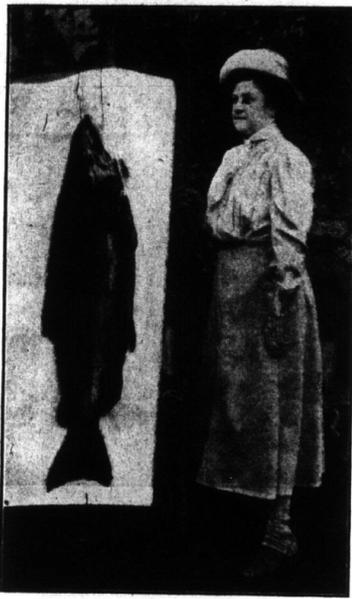
ONE of the most remarkable (and perhaps most significant) features of this war is the absolute immunity with which statues and pictures of the Maid of Orleans have come through fire and bombardment.—Press Despatch.

We had occasionally read items in the papers like this, but we generally passed them up with a knowing smile. Press agent dope! Oh, sure! Anything to spring a thrill on the folks back home when real war news was suffering a slump!

Well, we have learned better. "I hope this isn't going to be another of those blood-and-thunder war stories." I hear somebody groan. "If those writers who work their imagination overtime on the battle stuff would leave it to the ones who have really experienced—"

Sh! Sh-h! Podds and I have really experienced it at first hand, so don't jump on us, please. We have been through most of it from the first battle of Ypres on, and we are still going strong.

Well, I had just finished reading one of those items about Joan's marvellous escapes. It was in the Morning Chronicle—a greasy, mud-spattered, month-old copy—and we were sitting in a front line trench waiting for Fritz to open up, as



A sixty-pound king salmon.

he usually did just at that ghastly hour of the winter dawn. Podds had a bit of candle and we were sharing the feeble ray between us, he reading over for the eleventh-seventh time a letter from his girl received several days before. We both hail from Saskatchewan, but I can tell you it's a long long way to the Qu'Appelle Valley from where we were, and still are.

"Say, did you ever see one of those famous statues of the girl warrior?" I asked Podds.

"Yep. Country's full of 'em," he replied. "Don't you remember that swell one on horse back in front of Rheims Cathedral?"

"Was that her?" I asked innocently.

"Yes, bonehead. She is the spirit of France, the guiding star of its destiny so to speak. The most devout among the French believe that she actually saves souls, that her invisible form leads the troops to-day to victory, just as her real form rode before the French army centuries ago, inspiring courage in their shrinking hearts."

"Oh, piffle!"

"I'm only telling you what they believe—the simple peasant folk hereabouts."

"Do you believe that she does?" I demanded.

He shrugged his shoulders, a trick he had learned from the chasseurs in the billets.

"Well, remember the Marne. Wasn't that checking of the Huns there something in the nature of the supernatural?"

"It certainly was close to a miracle," I agreed.

"And then Verdun—with only that one narrow road left to the French to get supplies and men—up to the forts. The Huns swept everything else with shell fire. Think of that, one road chock-full of transport wagons day and night! The maid walks along this road," said a simple little Poilu to his captain, and in that short statement was embodied the man's whole philosophy."

At this moment our officer, the one in command of our platoon, rounded the corner of the intersecting trench and came up to where we were sitting.

"McDermott, and you, Podds, I want you two to go back to L—and bring up that consignment of bombs, or find out what has happened to the army transport. I've been trying to telephone, but something has queerer our connection," he said, and we could detect an accent of deep anxiety in his voice. "Go at once, one a little ahead of the other, so that if one of you—"

He broke off significantly and we rose and nodded. These bombs should have arrived hours ago, as a raid had been arranged for five-thirty.

"Go down to trench three, climb the parapet there and follow the road to the wood on the left," he continued, recovering his old manner of cool courage. "Then skirt the wood, unless the bombardment comes on before you get that distance in which case you'll have to go through the wood, which will take longer. Don't run any fool risks but carry the message to Garcia. Do you get me?"

There was nothing we wouldn't have done for him. Silently we nodded and passed down to trench three. We both knew the risk we ran in crossing open territory under the almost continuous flare of the Hun star-shells which exposed every moving object to those watchful enemy eyes. Neither of us thought so much of danger though, nor even of our bounden duty, as of the fact that we were doing something for our platoon commander. He was the most lovable officer we had ever known.

Now I am going to skip a whole lot of local color, war atmosphere, description of dodging shells (you never really dodge them you know, you just think you do because you never, of course, hear the one that's meant for you, it puts you out of business too speedily), and I shall spare you the account of the awful ground—mixed snow and mud and putrid water and disintegrating cadavers—and shall only say that we each got along with a whole skin until we reached a certain crossroads and there observed the tardy transport crawling cautiously along to the front with that precious load of munitions. It was just a question whether it would make the distance before dawn, but we couldn't help any. We knew it was doing the best it could. Our little trip had been a sort of wild-goose chase, and it was up to us to look out for ourselves now. We were nearly four miles from our little wet home in the trench, three from the village of L—, it was getting on toward daylight and we were trying to decide whether to make a run for it and follow that transport or proceed to L—and chance the return trip in the evening.

We were hurriedly debating this question when a shell came along unexpectedly and decided it for us. It made such a rumpus and came so close that we ignominiously beat it in the direction of the village and when we paused for breath we found that we had been hit by flying fragments. Podds rather seriously. His wound was in the leg. The bombardment was in full swing by this time and the earth quaked under us, so we ran on, scarcely knowing where we intended to bring up but looking for some shelter such as a wood or a shell hole.

Podds fainted once and I had to carry him for nearly a mile. Then I spied a little school-house, one of those quaint stone buildings with a bell tower and a cross, and a flag pole sticking up in the front yard. It had little or no roof to speak of, having undergone a peppering at no distant period from Fritz's big guns, but into that tiny building we gratefully crawled and I bound up Podds's wound and my own slighter one, and then I

guess we both must have either slept or swooned for a time. Anyway the next thing I knew, someone was prodding me gently in the ribs.

I rolled over, opened my eyes and sat up. Two men stood there, one a little cockney sergeant of an English regiment, and the other a Hun and evidently his prisoner.

"'Ello," said the former cheerily. "Wot's happened to you blighters?"

In a few words I told him.

"Grite scott, wot luck!" he exclaimed. "Ere I been 'opin' an' pryin' fer to knock hinto some person as speaks God's langwidge an' 'ere you are! I'm fed hup listenin' to this cove 'ere an' tryin' to myke 'im hout. I s'y, that chap beside you looks done in. Give 'im a shot o' this 'ere bellywash. Hit 'll buck 'im hup."

I took the battered water-bottle with the German ensign on the sign (it had evidently been taken from the prisoner) and poured some of the contents between Podds's white lips. He had lost a good deal of blood, but I had a good firm tourniquet on his leg. Presently he came to and, though very weak and sick, sat up.

Almost the first words he said were: "I told you so!"

This was spoken in his half-bantering way and he pointed up to the teacher's platform behind us where, in an alcove of the wall looking down over what had once been the pupil's forms, stood a white marble—or perhaps it was plaster—figure of Joan of Arc. Although all about her was indiscriminate destruction she stood forth unharmed amid the debris. Crumbling walls, weather-beaten woodwork, rain-sodden books and maps, broken furniture—all told the terrible tale. But Joan rose from amongst the desolation like a pure white flame, the very incarnation of immutability! And it wasn't her alcove that had saved her, for the arch only was left and behind her we could see the dull December landscape and a little flurry of snow falling.

"My word!" declared the sergeant, softly. "This is the plice where thirty children were killed by a shell. Hi'm not superstitious but to ply slye hi shall cross myself like I see the poilus doing hat their mass."

And he crossed himself earnestly.

"What time of day is it?" asked Podds.

"The sua—wot there was—as gone down long since. Hi should fawncy it to be six or seven of the clock," answered the sergeant.

What was the use of mentioning hunger when there was nothing with which to satisfy it? So we huddled together in the only sheltered corner of the place and tried not to talk dismally, a feat that has been mastered by the British Tommy and which we Canadians are rapidly learning. When things are going smoothly and the goose hangs high, our friend, T. Atkins, is a confirmed grouser, but he is the cheeriest soul alive under conditions that would make even a Spartan shrink.

Not that we thought ourselves in any great peril. We were just sticking round until dark when Podds and I would return to the trench and the sergeant proceed on his way to the village with his hostage. At least Podds thought he would return to the firing line and we humored him so far as to seem to assent. But his fever was mounting steadily and we made up our minds to rush him back to the base hospital as soon as the merciful darkness set in. The assiduity of a Hun sniper was what had driven the sergeant into the school-house and he entertained us with a graphic account of his wonderful escape.

"Ad hi been a 'Un now, hi should 'ave put this 'ere bounder between the sniper hand me, but that's not plyin' the gyme," he said. "Ere you, wot tykes you to that window so hoften?"

The prisoner, who seemed restless, had been pacing about, stopping from time to time at the gaping hole across from us that had once been a window. From it he could look over the shell-torn fields to the east, across two miles of country to where a yellow gash in a hillside far away marked a flank of the enemy lines.

"The blighter's lonesome!" laughed the sergeant, and pulled a deck of cards out of a pocket of his muddy uniform. "Ave a 'and at rummy, sir?"

"Don't sir me," I said. "Sure. Deal her out."

We sat around on the floor and played as long as the light permitted. Because I haven't said anything about the noise

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

of shells don't think that they were letting up. They were coming over at their usual rate and more than once the concussion of a nearby explosion almost stunned us. Our ear-drums ached. Once I looked up at Joan after such an impact as rattled the little building, stone as it was, and for an instant she seemed almost to totter.

"Don't be alarmed, she won't fall," said Podds with a faint smile. "Where is the iconoclast, deliberate or accidental, who can shatter the symbol of such a nation's faith?"

"Aren't you mixing her with the Virgin, old man?" I asked. "Joan, you know, was but human."

His own faith was great. But I thought he was beginning to wander in delirium. We had made a cushion of coats for his head and he lay near us in a sort of semistupor, broken only occasionally by quiet remarks, mostly irrelevant, and generally half humorous. Fate or the fairies had not left a silver spoon in his mouth at birth, but they had left something of far greater value, the gift of a spicy wit.

"Ungry, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Me? Not 'arf!" returned Podds in such delightful imitation of the other's accent he could take no offence. "But I've been thinking if we only had some ham we could have ham-and-eggs, if we had some eggs."

"Well, hit's a merry Christmas Heve we're a-havin'!" remarked the sergeant cheerfully, as he packed up his cards. "Hi s'y you! (to the prisoner) hif you lean

crisp cinder on the Day of Judgment if I do not speak the truth—as I live and breathe and move she had lifted one arm and was pointing to the open door!

"It's a sign—an omen!" cried Podds. "Run for your lives, you fellows! Never mind me."

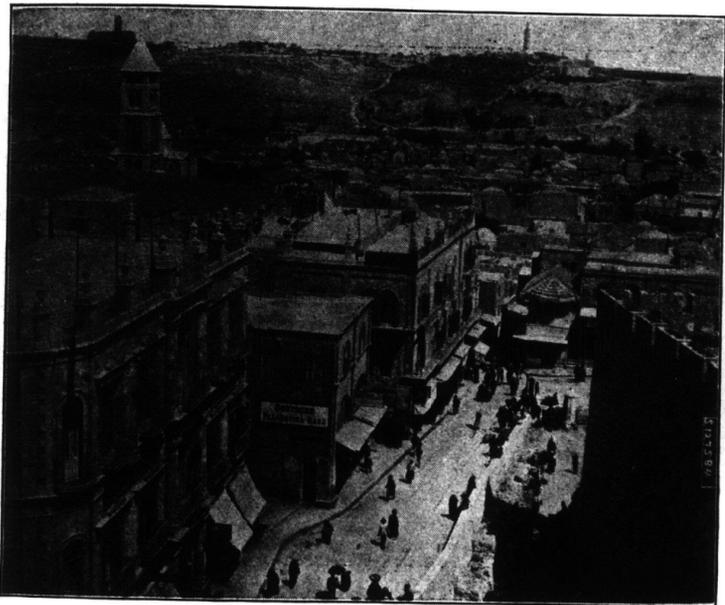
"My Gawd!" gasped the sergeant, and his face was ashen, his eyes bulging.

"Do you see it? Do you see it?" I kept repeating, foolishly. "Or am I in a trance of some kind?"

It was evident, however, that we were all under the spell, if spell it were.

Well, we came to our senses with a jolt and seized the hint that marble woman was giving us. The cockney grasped Podds' feet and I braced his shoulders and we dug out that door like mad. Down the steps with our burden we stumbled and had reached a group of naked ash trees on the opposite side of the road when, with a thunderous sound like a railway train crashing through a steel bridge, a huge shell struck our school-house. As in a dream we watched a heavy, dark, mushroom-shaped mass of stone and wood and what not rise in the air, and then subside. We blinked our eyes and when we tried to make out some definite object across there, we failed. There was nothing but a flat heap of rubbish and a thick cloud of dust above it.

"Funny. The place was of no military value," I remarked. "It's another case of wanton destruction. Curse those brutes anyway!"



The above is a remarkable photograph of the heart of the City of Jerusalem which surrendered to the British forces recently. The photograph was made from the Tower of David, at the Jaffa gate. In the background can be seen the Mount of Olives, crowned by a modern Russian tower. Directly in the centre is the Dome of the Rock, or the "Mosque of Omar," the site of Solomon's Temple. It covers the traditional rock where Abraham made ready his offering and David built his altar. Directly at the back of it is the Garden of Gethsemane. The new pointed tower at the left belongs to the Church of St. John, the headquarters of the Knights of St. John during the Crusades and, until the British capture, the property of the German government. Winding up the Mount of Olives are seen the three narrow paths that lead to Bethany. In the immediate foreground is the business centre and the principal street. On the left side of the street is the Deutsche Palaestrina Bank, and alongside that the Central Hotel, well known to all tourists.

too 'ard on that bally window-sill you'll fall hout!"

"Christmas Eve!" I echoed. "You don't mean to say it's Christmas Eve?"

"Hit his hindeed. My ol' woman she'll 'ave a parcel for me, hi hexpect. 'Ow hi wish hi were in Blighty though, swankin' abaht to-night hand chuckin' hall the pretty girls hunder the chin."

Scarcely had the speaker finished his last remark than another shell, closer than any heretofore, whizzed over the school and exploded in a nearby field.

"This is a bit thick," I observed, my heart in my throat. "I believê they're trying for this building."

We looked around. The prisoner was gone! How or why he had disappeared was not the question. He must be brought back. It was quite dusk now and the task would be difficult. The sergeant had sprung up and was muttering blasphemies. In a moment, before he had reached the door even, a sharp cry from Podds arrested us. Again he had sat up and was pointing at the image of Joan which stood out luminous and clear in the dim light.

As I live—and may I shrivel up to a

"Most hextraordinary," agreed the sergeant.

"Not at all," quoth Podds, who in the haste and excitement seemed to have forgotten his leg. "Not at all. It's as plain as a pikestaff."

"Where do you get that stuff?" I asked.

"How do you account for Joan lifting one marble arm and pointing us to safety?" he countered. "It was heaven sent."

"Well, my prisoner saved 'is own 'ide, hand just hin time, too," said our companion.

"There!" exclaimed Podds. "Aren't you chaps able to put two and two together? Are you solid ivory from the neck up?"

Even so we could not grasp the association of ideas, all at once. It wasn't until we came within sight of L—that we knew. For a little off the road we stumbled upon our Hun friend. He had been killed by a sniper's bullet, a Hun sniper probably, and the sergeant almost wept with disappointment.

"Hi hexpected to get 'im haliye!" he mourned.

"Search him," suggested Podds, whom we had laid gently down.

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<p>THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, \$948 per yard.</p>	<p>IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, \$156 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from \$138 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from \$118 each. Mercerised Twill, from \$994 each. Cellular, \$108. Medium Weight Flannel, \$142 and \$166. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, \$118. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, \$228 each. Size 14 1/2 to 16 1/2 inches in stock.</p>

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The sergeant did so, though observing that he had already searched him twice. When he rose he held a small cylindrical-shaped object in his hand and suddenly, as he turned toward us, a blinding white glare shot forth from one end.

"A signalling device. Put it out," advised Podds, hurriedly. "Land alive, man, it must be a hundred candle power. Did you see the long swath it cut across the countryside?"

"So that's why he was so fond of leaning out the window! He was signalling his friends to blow us up. I feel quite important," I said, trying to be humorous. "Just imagine a whole big shell wasted on us three, as though we were an army corps!"

"We're a bright bunch," agreed Podds. "To think of us letting a square-head like him doublecross us like that!"

"That lady—Joan of Hare—" began the sergeant, "Ow do you myke'er hout?"

"She has fallen, I suppose," said Podds. "Yet somewhere amid the ruins she lies absolutely intact. I'll take my oath upon it!"

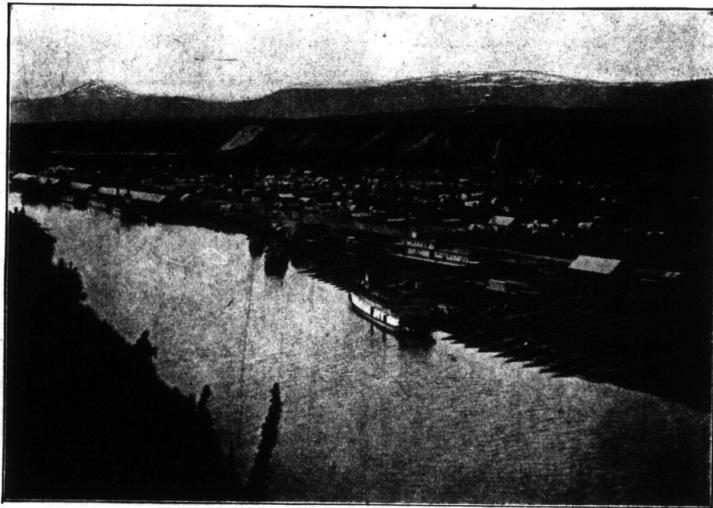
We spent Christmas at the base hospital and received some mail. In the early dusk of evening I returned by devious routes to the front line where duty, of course, called me, as my wound was but trifling. Part of my way led me past the ruins of the school and to satisfy my curiosity I stopped to see if Joan really had escaped. It seemed impossible that she could have, and I called myself a jackass for wasting precious time poking about on such a fool's errand.

Ypres

Much desperate fighting has gone on round the Belgian city of Ypres, because it is the only town of importance that the Germans have not taken from the soldiers of King Albert and their allies. It has appeared so often in the news from the battle field of Flanders that something about it will be read with interest.

Although the old buildings of Ypres, including the Cathedral of St. Martin, the famous Cloth Hall, and numerous old houses, survived the ravages of time until the German shells began to knock them to pieces in 1915, the town itself has suffered more than most Belgian towns in the past. In the thirteenth century Ypres was perhaps the most opulent town in the whole country, and its inhabitants numbered 200,000. But famine, the plague, and the hand of invaders and iconoclasts played so much havoc with it that after the persecution by the Duke of Alva not more than five thousand people were left in it, and acres of ground that had been covered with houses had become a wilderness.

Ypres, which the inhabitants pronounce very nearly "ee-per," with the accent on the first syllable, never really recovered from the cruelties of Alva, and although many of its former inhabitants afterward returned, the population to-day is not more than 17,000. The Cloth Hall, which fills about half of one side of the Grande Place, is about 450 feet long, and it will easily be understood that to a visitor standing at the far end of the Grande Place the people at the other end



White Horse, Yukon Territory.

I found her. She was half buried in dust and rubbish, but she was, as Podds had prophesied, quite whole. Tenderly I dusted her off and wrapped her up in my tunic and carrying the bundle beneath my greataot I succeeded in bringing the lady into the trenches where she has been greatly admired. I might say that her arms are not extended in any way. They lie close to her sides and her chin only is lifted, as though she were seeing visions. Some statues of her depict her holding a standard, others show her riding a magnificent horse. Mine seems to be a portrayal of her as she was when listening to the marvellous "voices" back in old Domremy when she first became imbued with the desire to save France.

I don't know how it was that if she had been "on the job" those thirty children of the school were killed, and I don't know whether or not it is owing to her benign influence that we have had so much good luck recently. Perhaps it is another case of "those who have eyes to see." The boys pooh-hoo the idea but I notice they won't hear of my taking her back to base. She is our Christmas box par excellence, our "great big boo'ful doll."

A negro had been caught in a watermelon patch. The owner of the patch had loaded his shotgun with beans, and Rastus was given the impression that he was wanted elsewhere. He started down the road at a rate that defied all speed limits. A friend stopped him and asked, "Whar yo'all gwine, Rastus?" Rastus answered, "I ain't gwine nowhar. I's comin' away from some place."

look almost like pygmies. The building of the Cloth Hall began in the year 1200, but the hall was not completed until about a hundred years later, when it became the centre of a vast trade in cloth. In the middle of the last century it was carefully restored. Before its destruction it was chiefly used as a market, but the upper galleries contained some remarkable frescoes with subjects drawn from the history of the town.

Although Ypres contains a large number of interesting old houses, it is not an ideal place for artists, for most of the houses are surrounded by ugly modern buildings. The explanation is that in 1823 the municipal authorities decided to give subsidies to all owners who would pull down their old houses and replace them with new ones. At the same time the owners of wooden houses were prohibited from repairing them, and the order was still in force ten years ago. As a matter of fact, a large number of the houses at Ypres in the fifteenth century were built of wood; but, thanks to the municipal order, they have all perished except one.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Ypres was strongly fortified, but in 1886 many of the ramparts were destroyed to make room for new houses, which were, however, never built. Some of the ramparts still remain, and make very pleasant promenades.

First Idiot—"Terrible accident in the victrola factory."
Party of the Second Part—"How's that?"

First Idiot—"This year's sales broke all the records."
Harvard Lampoon.

The River Road to the Yukon

By Aubrey Fullerton

THERE is a way into the golden North that, in season, makes good going and leads impressively to the wonders that lie beyond. It is a summer highway, not as much travelled yet as it will be, but already a busy road of commerce and adventure. At the nearer end of it is the town of Whitehorse, and at its other end is Dawson, the goldhunters' capital. Between is a stretch of 350 miles of rugged watercourse, as distinctively northern as the country through which it flows.

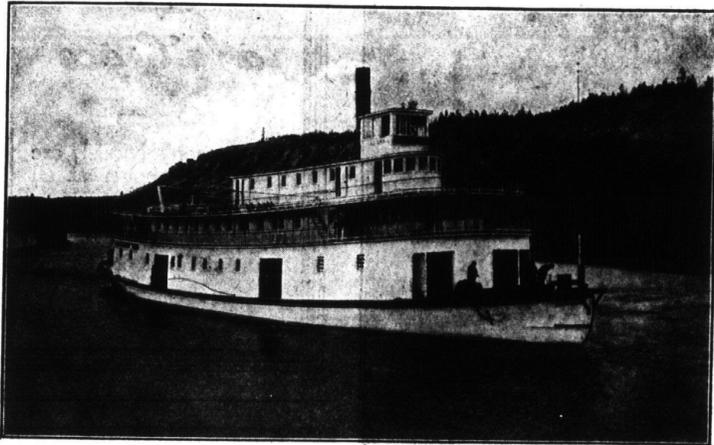
Whitehorse and Dawson are the two northernmost towns in Canada. They are connected in winter by only a stage route over the trail, but during the season of navigation the Yukon River and its branches give an open way for steam traffic to and from the North. The people of Dawson have been complaining of the recent increases in the cost of living, and apparently with reason, but were it not for the summer water route that gives them a freight connection with the outside world they would be much harder hit and would now be paying even higher prices for all they ate and wore. When nature made a townsite away up there in Klondike, at a latitude corresponding with the extreme top of Hudson Bay, she provided also a means of access.

Like everything else in the North, this natural waterway is laid out on a generous scale. It begins in a chain of lakes in the border country of British Columbia and

not as big a thing as on the Atlantic seaboard, for the Yukon boats are flat-bottomed, stern-wheel craft that draw only four or five feet of water. They are capable, nevertheless, of heavy loads. Their cargoes are made up of mixed freight, in which mining supplies always figure largely, and when things get back to normal after the war they will carry an increasing number of passengers, too, for Yukon and interior Alaska are certain to be on the tourist map one of these days.

The miners, it is reasonably safe to say, don't think of it, but a modern, somewhat dapper steamboat, plying on a wilderness river of the far North, is one of Canada's striking contrasts. It is a lonely route, grand, picture-full, and pleasant, but still wild, and a first trip at least will suggest the strangeness of it all. That the traffic of commerce and even pleasure is finding its way over such a route into the country beyond is a sign of the times.

But Whitehorse is also a railway town, and thereby doubly wins its place as a transportation centre. It is the end of the line for railroad traffic from the coast, just as it is the first of the line for the river steamboats. The White Pass & Yukon Railway runs from Skagway, Alaska, to the summit of White Pass and down again to Whitehorse, a distance of 110 miles. It is thus the connecting link between tide-water on the Pacific coast and the head of navigation on the Yukon River, and by reason of that fact opens up to freight and passenger service a



The Alaska, built at White Horse and running between Dawson and Fairbanks, Alaska.

Yukon Territory, where Lakes Atlin, Tagish, Marsh, and Laberge, linked up with short connecting rivers, lead into the Lewes branch of the Yukon River. When the main stream finally gets its pace it goes on, north and west, through Yukon and Alaska, till it runs out into Bering Sea, a total stretch of 2,000 miles. It is easily one of the great waterways of America.

Hundreds of men have followed the Yukon River route in quest of fortune. Before steamboats ran, they went on clumsy rafts, exploring its creeks and examining its sandbars, lured on by visions of gold. Sometimes they met with hard adventures, from which they barely escaped. To-day the goldseekers are not so many, and they go more comfortably, for steamers have largely taken the place of the old log rafts.

So it is that Whitehorse has become an inland port. As the southern terminus of the Yukon River traffic, it has developed an importance it never could have had otherwise, for Whitehorse is essentially a transportation centre. It is a town of not more than half a thousand people, and except for five or six copper mines, as yet hardly past the infant stage of development, is dependent for its existence upon the receiving and re-shipping of freight and the forwarding of passengers for the goldfields farther north. That is to say, Whitehorse is vitally related to Dawson, the town at the other end of the line. If there were no Dawson—or at any rate if there were no Klondike goldfields—it is doubtful if there would be any Whitehorse.

As it is, however, the southern terminal town takes color from its business and its geography. Not only does it dispatch steamboats, but it builds and repairs them. To be sure, shipbuilding in the North is

greater territory than any other hundred-mile road on the continent.

It cost \$100,000 a mile to build the railroad from Skagway to White Pass summit, which is only a little short of 3,000 feet above the sea level, and there were difficulties in the construction that perhaps have never been equalled in railway engineering. On the way to the summit the grade, which averages 2.66 per cent, was cut through solid rock, and often it went up mountain sides so steep that the men were suspended by ropes while they drilled the holes for blasting. At one point a cliff two hundred feet from top to bottom blocked the way, and the whole mass of it was cleared out with powder. Machinery and supplies were packed up the mountain, and even the steel for a cantilever bridge across a 215-foot canon was taken in from Skagway. To all the difficulties of the country itself were added those of bad weather and distance from the supply base.

The railroad was completed to White Horse in 1900, and has since been in regular operation. The trains run daily throughout the winter, with rarely more snow through the mountains than can be taken care of, and connect with the winter stage line to Dawson. The river route is open from early June till mid-October. Whitehorse is thus assured, one way or the other, of a constant traffic, and maintains its importance as a doorway to the North.

If comfortable steamers on the Yukon River are reason for sensations of strangeness or contrast, what shall be said of up-to-date parlor cars attached to steam trains, at a fairly good speed, in the heart of the mountain wilderness? The road is built on narrow gauge, but it is surprisingly well equipped, and does credit to the courage and far-sightedness of its builders.

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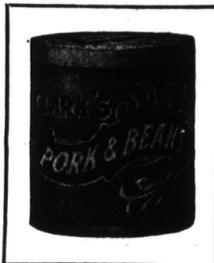
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The Price of Victory

By Rev. Edward C. Cumming

THE WAITING ROOMS of the great London Terminus were crowded to their fullest capacity with those who had been drawn from their homes on the chilly spring morning as though by some common purpose or some irresistible force. They had come from all walks of life and grades of society, and yet on the faces of all of them there seemed to be the same look of a common sorrow—the same stare of anxiety.

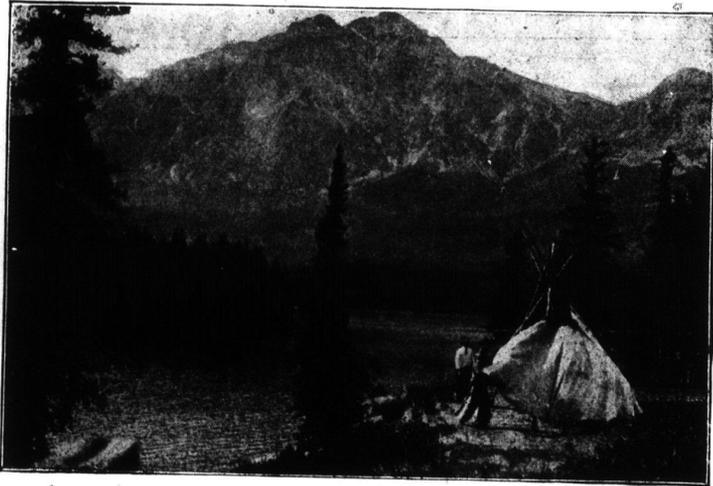
Here stood a girl who had evidently been raised in the very lap of luxury and whose long sable coat spoke of extravagance. She had been reared with all the accomplishments that the modern ladies college could give her and a period of foreign travel could perfect. Her life had hitherto been one long round of social engagements and expensive excursions, with no greater concern than the marriage that would secure for her a place in the society to which she belonged. At her side stood another woman who had long since learned to rise at the call of the factory bell summoning her to her day of drudgery and toil. She had come from the other end both of the city and the social scale. Every day she had trudged her way to the crowded factory after she had made the necessary arrangements for her brood of little tots, in order that she might augment the all too small family income and thereby provide them with

those all too numerous streams of pain which flow back to those at home, reminding them of the grim struggle into which they have entered.

Outside the city had not yet awakened to its day of teeming life and big things. The sun was just beginning to tinge its chimneys with the golden promise of a new day in the great tragedy which had fallen upon its life. The historic spires of Westminster glittered in the morning light, while beneath them the halls wherein debates that would live on the pages of history were strangely silent.

There has never existed such a strange city as this. Within a couple of hundred miles the great guns of the mightiest armies in all history are belching forth their streams of molten death and hundreds of her sons are going to their honored deaths—yet this city sleeps on—goes about its business as in the piping days of peace. The government has called for millions of men, and it has given the flower of its manhood and has promised to spend the last shilling if need be, yet there has been no demonstration and no flag waving.

It has buckled on its armor with a grim determination to lay upon the altar of her service its very life that the struggle may have a successful issue. There have been those who have laughed at the conservatism of this people, but in the crisis it has stood the test and men have gone



Pyramid Mountain and Lake, Jasper Park, Alta.

the bare necessities of life. Beside her stood a little boy of two summers whom she had found impossible to leave at home, and who was sobbing because of the cold. In her attempt to stop the wail she wrapped him in the already threadbare cloak she was wearing, that he might be just a little warmer. Here stands a middle-aged couple whose hair showed the signs of the approaching frost. They were waiting patiently, engaging in a low conversation regarding the incoming train. Over yonder stood a bride of but a few months, with the tears upon her still blooming cheeks, while near to her was a man bowed down with the weight of many years.

It is a strange crowd this, so different to the crowds which are usually found here, bent on pleasure and business. The smiling faces, reminiscent of the holiday, with the smell of the sea and farm upon their clothes, is almost absent but in its place there is a look of sorrow—the uncanny look of unshed tears. Most of them had possessed themselves of the little red government "permit" which had given them access to the station, although there were some who had not been so fortunate and who were waiting outside in the vain hope that some unforeseen cause would bring a temporary lift in the already stringent rules. They had already waited a long time, but if the two hours lengthened into twice that number they were still willing to wait on and keep their vigil, for they had come to wait.

The train had not been scheduled, for it was one of those long government trains bearing back to the city those who had given themselves in the cause of a great ideal which, while they may not be able to understand its greatness, believe at least in its righteousness. It is one of

from all classes of its life into the struggle. There have been no hymns of hate, but with grim determination, it has gone in to win in the war for the rights of a larger humanity.

The streets were almost deserted except for those great lumbering wagons making their way to the markets. The newstands were opening up to receive the papers with the stories of those great fights out there on the blood-soaked fields of Flanders. The clang of the ambulance bell breaks the strange silence as it hurries on its way to join the already long line waiting in the approaches to the station the disgorging of the river of pain.

Inside the station the crowd still waits; its members were trying to pass the time entering into the secrets of each other's lives and on every hand could be heard the names of French towns whose names take to themselves new pronunciations.

"Yus Miss, my bloke was 'it in the 'ead in the last scrap. That plaice wiv a funny name," the East-ender confides to the society girl. She supplied the name of Neuve Chappelle with a perfect Parisian accent.

"Yus, thets it, I knowed it was sumthin' about a chipil in it. Yer see 'e went aut wiv the fust lot and got potted; they sends 'im 'ome but 'e gets better so they sends 'im back agin. Bill was allays great for a scrap and 'e says ter me, 'waall, ole gal, I've got ter go—if I gets potted, why yer'll get the penshun fer yer-self and the kids."

It was the same old story of a humble sacrifice and the girl winced as she heard it and looked into the careworn face of the woman.

"Well, my dear, I hope it will not be too bad this time, and that he will be able to stay at home now. He may get

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his discharge this time, and then your worry will all be over. After all, that is all we can look for in these days of tragedy."

She could not help wondering what had come into her life to bring her into such close contact with this factory worker from the slums of the city, with her strange speech and her uncouth manner. But a common sorrow had bound them together, breaking down all social barriers and they found themselves members of that great army of suffering womanhood that knew no nationality and no class. She, too, had sent her lover in all the bloom of successful manhood, and he had willingly paid the greatest price of all, the price of his life. She came each morning to wait with the others and to lend a helping hand to the other heart-broken sisters in their pain.

"I wonder who that girl is over there; she seems to be strange to this life, and appears to be quite nervous. I'll go over and see if I can help her; after all, it's all we can do in these days—just help each other out. God bless you, my dear; I hope he will not be so bad after all; cheer up for his sake."

Without waiting for a reply she made her way over to the girl who had attracted her attention. She was a small, fresh-faced girl about her own age, but whose manner and habitue proclaimed to the world that she had come from some other land. In her hands she clutched the permit until it had almost lost its very shape and had become a mere pulp rather than a respectable card, and she looked at the crowd with a look of great consternation. "You are new to the city, aren't you?" she said in a voice that immediately brought confidence and set the stranger at ease.

"Yes and to the country, too," was the reply.

"You see I'm not expected here, but I just had to come to be near him when he came home. But oh, I wonder whether he'll be pleased to see me now?" she said as she held back the tears which threatened to break out.

"You see we had waited so long for each other—five years, while he finished his course at college, and then the war came; he so much wanted to go. We talked the matter over and I grew tired of the whole thing and said that it meant either what he thought was his duty to the Empire or me, and he chose—his duty to the Empire. I shall never forget the look of disappointment when he told me about his choice—it was awful."

"He went away a few weeks after with the other men of his class, and I saw them go, but I would not let him see just what I felt then; I thought I could forget. I tried to just have a good time—but, oh, somehow one does not forget—you know."

"Then I thought I would train for a nurse and come out here to forget. I heard a few days ago that he had been badly wounded, so I came down here to meet this train to be near him when he arrived. Do you think he will want me now after the way I treated him back there, do you think he will want to see me?"

"Yes, my dear, you just go to him as though nothing had ever happened. You see out there they see life as it really is, and when they come back they are all changed. Oh yes, I'm sure it will be all right. But here comes the train; keep a smiling face for his sake."

The clanging of the great train drowned all other sounds as it made its way into the sheds, and the crowd seemed to have taken to itself new life. The barriers which had been set up by the officials threatened to break down before the pressure of the throng, while on every hand people were asking a thousand impossible questions of the porters, who seemed to have forgotten their usual brusqueness and to have become the very element of kindness. Gradually the train came to a standstill, and almost before it had stopped the platform was crowded with men who in other days had dropped off the morning trains to the city in an effort to be first at the barrier. Their heads were mostly swathed in bandages, and their arms were in slings. They were the cases which are officially designated "slightly wounded," and who to some degree are able to care for themselves. They were received by friends who had waited so long on the cold station and who now, with little cries of joy noticed their heroes and were willing to care for them until they were able once again to take their place on the dread battle line.

The middle-aged couple had seen their son and the mother was holding him to her despite his six foot of stature and the tears were streaming down her careworn cheeks.

"Thank God, Bill, it's not so bad after all, eh, I'm so glad to see you home again,"

and making their way through the crowd they carried him off, proud that their boy had had his part in the great struggle for the larger rights of humanity.

Very soon the stream of pain seemed to have been staunched, as all the walking cases were disposed of. Many of the watch-

ers turned away sick at heart that their loved ones had not come—turned away to come another day to wait in the crowd or to go home and wait the dread news of a great sacrifice. This, after all, is the saddest sight of all in the great tragedy. Very soon, from the far end of the train



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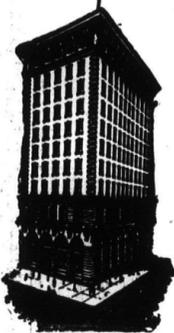
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there appeared a long line of ambulances, making its long slow way up the platform. Once more the crowd seemed to steady itself as with eager eyes the women watched each load. Here and there a cry of recognition is heard from some as they recognize the battered form of the one whom they had come to seek. They are glad to have them back from the hell out there, even if they are broken perhaps for life.

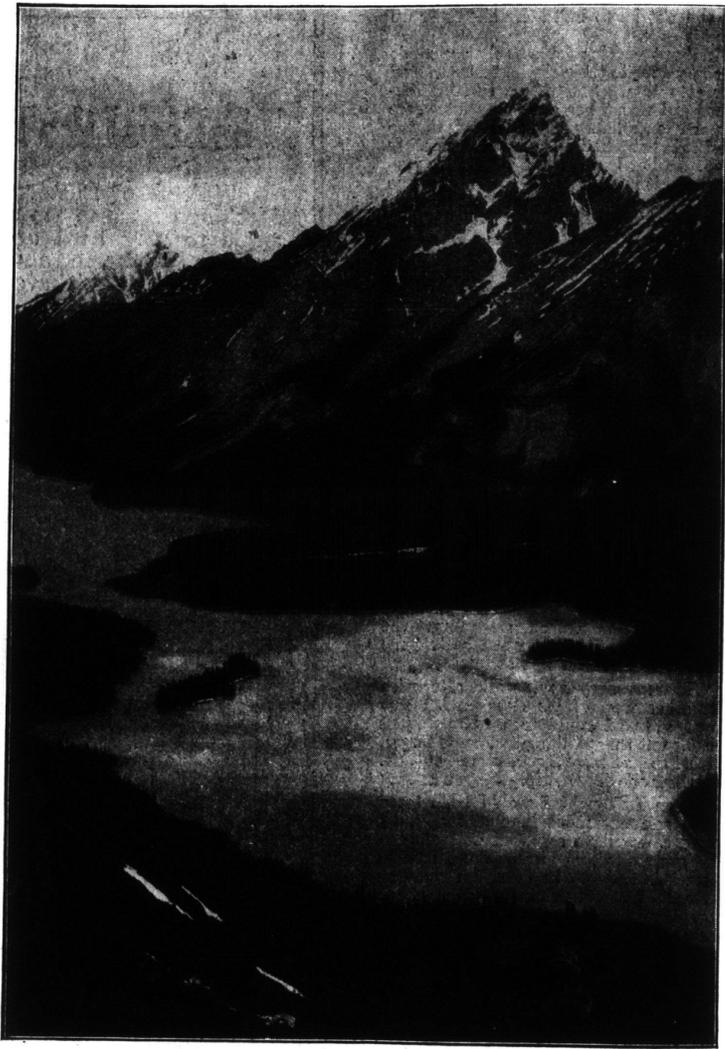
The woman from the East-end has seen her "Bill." He has left a leg out there in the blood soaked trenches of Flanders, and comes home to her a broken wreck, and yet with little demonstration, but with a wonderful love she receives him back again. "Hullo, Bill, old pal; yer've come 'ome 'ave yer? I'm glad ter see yer, maite. Say, y've got potted bad this time, eh; still yer'll soon be pushin' that there moak arand agin." With a wan smile and a tear that would not keep back, Bill receives this welcome as though it had come from the queen herself, and

in bandages, but upon his lips there is the smile of satisfaction as of a duty well done. The Canadian girl clutches the ticket in her hand as she sees him, and recognizes his sturdy form, and as he approaches the barrier she rushed to meet him.

"Hullo Fred, I've come to meet you." As the man's face clouds over in an attempt to recognize the voice, she says: "It's Daisy, I thought you might need me; are you glad to see me?" Their hands met, and with that wonderful language which is unlearnable and unteachable, he conveys to her the greatest message of that dreary day; the long wait has been worth while.

The officers were busy making disposition of the cases, and this one had been designated to the big Canadian hospital at Clivedon. Orders were being given for his removal when the girl stepped up and countermanded them.

"I should like to take charge of this case if I may be allowed, and I have made



Mount Samson, showing "The Narrows," Maligne, Lake Alberta

surely it had come from a queen, for here in this rough heart there was all that goes to make up the queenly character, and he feels that after all it was worth while.

Here is a young fellow being led by two of his companions; he is not yet used to the crutches he must always wear now. Even in his pain he shows the spirit that has made him the hero that he is. On his shoulder strap he bears the name of the dominion he has made glorious, for he is one of the men who "saved the line at Langemarck" on that great day of her history. The mud of Flanders still sticks to his uniform, but it has been made sacred by his blood, which has been poured out in the interests of a great ideal. The story of his deeds and of the little cross he will soon wear upon his breast will be told to many future generations, and the men of the great western land will glory in his bravery for many years to come.

Behind all the rest, at the very end of the platform, a young man is being led by the men of the Medical Corps. His head too, was almost entirely swathed

all arrangements for his care," she said. The officer remembered that there were hundreds of other cases and these were the days when hospitals were short and accommodation limited.

"Very well, Miss. We shall be glad to allow the friends to take charge of the men where it is possible for them to do so; if you will come this way I will fix up his papers and give you instructions as to his medical attention."

The girl seemed to have lost her nervousness, and with a step which had in it the vigor of a new life, she followed the officer to his quarters.

The afternoon sun was shining through the window of a small flat just off the Edgeware Road as these two sat talking over their experiences and dreamed of the future; it was as though in benediction.

"You know, Daisy, I am afraid this must be the end. After all we cannot go on like this, and I am afraid I must send you home again. Your folks will never

hear of you marrying me now, and of course they are right. In the old days I had everything in my favor, and if I had been successful I could have made life worth while for you. Then I had health and position and prospects, but now I am a helpless wreck, and the doctors tell me it may be years before I see again, if ever.

"No, my dear, it was splendid of you to come, but I can't ask any girl to tie herself for life to a helpless hulk like myself." His face showed the pain of the renunciation and he spoke with a tremor in his voice that showed the immensity of the sacrifice he sought to pay, the price in the long years of loneliness with the light of his fondest dreams gone out.

The girl took his hand in her own as she looked towards the sunset, thinking of those days when he would never see its beauty; she, too, counted the price and to her, while the world would pass its opinion, it was the best she could give for before her there stretched a long series of years filled with the service of love.

"Yes, Fred," she said at length, "but you need somebody to read to you and to do things,—to be eyes to you while you have no eyes. I know what people will say at home about my choice, but then you need me and after all you did this for me, you know. I am just going to stay by you as long as you want me, and then when your need is past, why I'll go away, but, oh, don't send me away now. Don't you think that in all these months I have counted the cost and looked into the future; oh yes, I know what it will be, but then all the hardness will be taken away if I can just have my hero with me. Yes, Fred, dear, you must let me stay until you need me no longer, and then I'll just slip away."

The soldier sat silent for many minutes as though contemplating the greatness of this love which had sought him out in his blindness; then with his face glowing with the new sunlight he said:

"Well, Daisy, if you wait until I send you away you'll never go. Yes, I do need you now more than ever, and if you mean to stay we need not trouble what the world thinks."

The busy city went on with its business, playing its part in the great world tragedy, regardless that in these two heroic souls there had been a compact to pay through the years together the price of the Empire's honor.

A few days after the crowd still waited in the station, and to look at it one would think it was the same crowd, waiting the stream of pain. The Canadian girl has left her charge and once again come to mingle with the throng. Eagerly she watched for her friend of the other morning and after finding her, she says:

"I found him the other morning, and, oh, he was so glad to see me. We are going back home as soon as he is able, and out there we are going to make home together."

Her companion turned away for a moment in order that she might keep back the sob that seemed to be rising to her throat. For a moment she saw the dreams of the other days before the tragedy, and now she knew that these were gone forever. She belonged to those, the widows who bear not the name of the hero that has gone but who, nevertheless, had entered into that sacred relation; they are the great sisterhood whose price in the war is the years of disappointment and of broken hopes. Morning by morning she came to the station trying to lift the burden from the shoulder of some other woman, and to help by her sympathy and advice those to whom the experience was new.

"You'll come and see us, won't you? I so much want you to see my hero."

"Oh yes," she said, "I'll come, but of course I'll not be able to stay long as I've become so busy with the others, you know."

Outside the newsboys are shouting the news of another great victory, and among those who rejoice are the women who wait in the station, yet among all those who rejoice there are none who know the price as do these who have given so much for an Empire's honor and the great ideal of humanity.

"Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the street-car conductor.

"Yes," the bell ringer answered, "I can, but I have to stay with my car."

An Adventure

It was on Christmas Eve, and the Ohlsen family was brewing the yule ale that every Norse household makes at that season. They needed a larger barrel than they had, and the father told sixteen-year-old Samuel to take his hand sled and go over the snow to the Sjepstad farm, two or three miles away, where he could get a barrel from the farmer, who was an old friend of the family.

Samuel started off unarmed, except for the little hatchet that every Norse farmer takes with him when he goes out with sleigh or wagon. It is a useful thing to have if a tree be found fallen across the road, or if anything break, and hammering or cutting be needed.

Samuel hauled his sled up to the Sjepstad farm gate. The friendly dogs barked a welcome round him; the woman of the house came out, and Samuel went in to sit by the fire, to give her the news from the folks in Mandal, and to tell her of his errand. Soon the farmer himself came in, tall, jolly and red-faced. He, too, had questions to ask about the fishing and the shipping, the fishers and sailor folk, and the births, deaths and marriages of Mandal's seafaring population, nearly all of whom were personal friends and acquaintances of his.

It was still early in the afternoon when he and Samuel went outside to get the barrel. They lifted it up on the sled—a big barrel it was, too, about the size of a sugar hogshead—and Samuel, with a cheery good-by, went out of the gate. It was colder than it had been and the wind was strong, but Samuel pulled down the cap over his ears and went on, whistling.

Once when he stopped whistling for a moment he thought he heard dogs behind him.

He looked back, and to his horror saw a pack of six or eight wolves racing toward him. At first he hurried forward, for he was only half a mile from the first houses of the town.

But he at once saw that it would be madness to go on; he could not reach a house before the wolves would be upon him. He snatched the hatchet from the sled to protect himself; but then, as he turned to face the brutes, a bright idea suddenly came to him.

He fell on his knees by the side of the sled and turned the big barrel, open end downward, over himself upon the road.

In an instant the wolves were upon him. But inside that wall of stout oaken staves and iron hoops Samuel was safe enough from their jaws. The fierce beasts howled dismally. They tore with their caws upon the wooden staves and

grated their fangs upon the iron hoops. Of course, Samuel was afraid that they might overturn the barrel, but he braced himself tightly in it to prevent such a misfortune. He also dreaded lest some one, seeing the wolves, might shoot at them, and perhaps send a bullet through both his wooden fort and himself. But there was still another danger that he did not think of; for a wolf, more knowing than the others, began to dig in under the barrel.

Samuel's heart almost ceased to beat when he discovered that; he gave himself up for lost. Still he gripped his little hatchet tightly, resolved to do his best. Soon light began to appear at the spot where the digging was going on. Samuel watched the place anxiously and held his hatchet ready.

At last the digging wolf pushed in one paw, and down came the hatchet, cutting it completely off. The blood spattered on the snow in the opening. With the handle of the hatchet, Samuel pushed the severed paw out through the hole. Instantly there was a most terrific uproar. He peeped through the spigot hole and saw the cause of it.

The wolves had fallen upon their unlucky comrade and were tearing him to pieces. Samuel watched them with a feeling of considerable relief, he hoped that when they had finished they would go away and leave him in peace.

And his hope was realized; for they troubled his barrel no more, and soon went off along the road to Sjepstad. Samuel counted six, so there must have been seven at first.

When they were quite out of sight, he turned the barrel over, rolled it up on the sled and hurried away into Mandal as fast as ever he could, with a story that people would not believe until the farmer from Sjepstad came in and said that it was quite true, and that he himself had witnessed it all as he sat in the branches of an oak tree by the roadside. He had set out to rescue Samuel, but when he saw the ruse he played on the wolves he dared not fire at the beasts, lest one of his bullets should strike the barrel and wound Samuel, instead of saving him.

Little four-year-old Bessie was putting on her shoes for the first time and got them exchanged.

Going to her mother, she said triumphantly, "See, mamma, I got my shoes on."

"Oh!" said mamma, "but you have them on the wrong feet."

Bessie looked down doubtfully and said, "I don't see how that can be. These are all the feet I got."—The Christian



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By Malcolm D. Charleson

The Dispatch Rider is one of the finest water color art productions of the year 1917. It is from the brush of Mr. M. D. Charleson, a well-known western Canadian artist, and was produced by him while a member of the famous Fort Garry Horse. Many months ago Mr. Charleson was commissioned by the management of The Manitoba Free Press Company, Limited, to create a watercolor that would make a suitable premium for taking advantage of this special offer, can also secure a copy of this picture.

"The Dispatch Rider's" face as he dashes along the old Roman road, with a century-old village just behind in the fierce grip of the red flames of war. There is something about the peaceful valley and the exploding shrapnel that is inexplicable, and both the horse and rider glaringly convey the absolute necessity and the urgency of the situation existing in the background.

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Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario

A Waiting Game

By Marvin Leslie Hayward

ARTHUR BOWMAN thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat, strode across the room, and stood gazing moodily out of the narrow window at the fleecy swirling flakes of snow.

"It was folly, utter madness, for you to make an appeal to old John Manzer," he declared gloomily.

The girl stood by the old-fashioned fireplace, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals.

"I thought it could at least be no harm to explain the situation to him," she began hesitatingly, "and I merely told him that he must have known that father merely endorsed the Shepley note because Mr. Manzer had endorsed it, too, and had assured father that he would never be called on to pay it."

She hesitated, glanced appealingly at Bowman, and went on bravely.

"I told him just how father's affairs were involved when he died and that if we had to pay this note it would leave mother and me absolutely penniless," she went on.

"And I suppose the old scoundrel laughed that wolfish laugh that he puts on whenever he has a poor wretch in his clutches," fumed Bowman.

"No," defended the girl; "but he merely said it was a straight business transaction, that the Royal Bank advanced Shepley the money on father's endorsement, that the bank had compelled Mr. Manzer to pay them the note,

clared Arthur pointing eagerly to the writ. "It appears by this document that the note had been due six years on the twenty-eighth of last month. Manzer was sued by the Bank on the twenty-fifth, but didn't pay the bank and issue his writ against your father's estate till the thirtieth. By that time the note was outlawed and you can go into court and beat him."

"But would that be right, morally?" hesitated Laura.

"Nothing can be morally wrong where John Manzer is concerned," averred Arthur, "and I'll take the blame if there is any possibility of any one being blamed for beating Manzer at his own game."

"I hope you're right," sighed Laura.

"I'm no lawyer," admitted Arthur, "but just to show you I'm right about this I'll call up Barnwell's office and ask him about it, if he's in."

"Do what you think best," agreed the girl.

He soon had Barnwell on the wire, and, at his request, read over the writ.

"Now," demanded Arthur eagerly, "can't you beat him out on the ground that the note's outlawed?"

"The writ, I am sorry to say, contains a count for 'money paid.'"

"I hardly understand that," hesitated Arthur.

"It is like this," explained the attorney, "if Smith requests Jones to pay money to Brown, and Jones does so, he (Jones)



United States lads who are now busy doing their bit to drive the Kaiser from France and Belgium, will have to keep at their work through the snow and cold of winter. Cold weather has gripped the war area, and the boys in training have had to keep at the work of fitting themselves, even though snow covered the ground. This photograph, taken at one of the camps, shows them coming out of their trenches and making the best speed possible over the slippery snow covered ground.

and that when he issued the writ against papa's estate he was merely asking for his plain legal rights."

"If he'd got his legal rights he'd have been in Dorchester years ago," Bowman said.

"We'll simply have to make the best of it," was the brave reply.

"But, Laura dear, I wouldn't mind so much if Harry Manzer—the contemptible cad—hadn't wanted to marry you before we were engaged," grumbled Arthur.

"Mr. Manzer suggested that under different circumstances he never would have thought of collecting the Shepley note," was the faltering reply that brought Arthur around from the window with a furious whirl.

"The old Judas," he exclaimed, "I'll beat him at this game if I have to think my head off. Show me the writ that was served," he demanded, and Laura placed a folded document in his hand.

"Supreme Court—King's Bench Division, John Manzer versus Edith A. Davis, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Blair Davis, deceased," he read as he glanced over it. "It's Greek to me, I'm sorry to say," but he continued reading the typed pages, and then turned to Laura with an eager question on his lips.

"Did your father ever pay anything on this note?" he snapped.

"Nothing at all."

"Has your mother paid anything since his death?" persisted Arthur.

"Certainly not."

"We've got him dead to rights," de-

can sue Smith for 'money paid' at his request."

"But Mr. Manzer was not asked to pay."

"That is true," was the reply, "but an express request is not necessary. The law is that a request is implied in many cases, and the party paying has an action on an implied the same as on an express request. The general rule is that a request is implied whenever A has been legally compelled to pay a debt for which B is primarily liable, and A has a right of action against B for 'money paid' on the implied request. In this case Mr. Davis endorsed a note which was held by the bank and Manzer also endorsed it, and when he was compelled to pay by the Regal Bank that gave him a right of action against the Davis estate on the implied request to pay. You see Mr. Manzer will not rely on the note but can recover on the payment to the bank, and that payment was made less than six years before the issue of his writ, only a few days in fact. Do I make myself plain?"

"Too d— plain," Arthur muttered into the transmitter and rang off.

Laura knew the result of the conversation without being told, and Arthur returned to his dejected post of observation at the narrow window.

"Let us forget it and talk of something more pleasant," urged Laura.

"Say," declared Arthur as he turned from the window for the second time, "I'm no lawyer, as I said before, but

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I'm going to know for sure. I went to college with a chap named MacKenzie who afterwards studied law, and for some reason which I never understood he never engaged in active practice. He is located in the city, however, seems to have a good income and simply takes a case whenever it suits him. It is his boast that he practises 'justice' and not 'law,' and that when he is once convinced of the justice of a case he can find some way of his own to win out. When father got in a tangle with the Commercial Bank MacKenzie brought him out all right, when the Attorney General and all the other lawyers here advised him that the case was hopeless."

"It might be worth trying," agreed the girl.

The next day Arthur hunted up MacKenzie and placed the matter before him, with an apology for occupying his time with what looked like a hopeless case.

and sat down at the long barrister's table. Bowman sat beside him and wondered at his nonchalant manner.

As soon as the case was called Sutton, Manzer's lawyer, started in to prove the signing, endorsing and presentment of the note in the usual way.

"We admit the signing, endorsing and presentment of the note, and that due notice thereof was given," MacKenzie announced, "and rely on the Statute of Limitations," while Arthur twisted uneasily in his chair.

"Can you prove a payment or written acknowledgment within the last six years?" asked the Judge.

"No," replied Sutton, "so we abandon our claim on the note and rely upon the count for 'money paid.'"

"To which we also rely on the Statute of Limitations," interposed MacKenzie. Sutton smiled in his superior way, placed Manzer on the stand, proved that



Final Appeal Judge Gives Ruling on Exemption of Farmers

Mr. Justice Duff (the Final Court of Appeal) Declares it is Essential that there shall be No Diminution in Agricultural Production.

(Published by authority of Director of Public Information, Ottawa.)

Hon. Mr. Justice Duff gave judgment on December 6th, in the first test case brought before him, as Central Appeal Judge (the final court of appeal), for the exemption of a farmer. The appeal was made by W. H. Rowntree in respect of his son, W. J. Rowntree, from the decision of Local Tribunal, Ontario, No. 421, which refused a claim for exemption. The son was stated to be an experienced farm hand, who had been working on the farm continuously for the past seven years, and ever since leaving school. He lives and works with his father, who owns a farm of 150 acres near Weston, Ontario. With the exception of a younger brother, he is the only male help of the father on the farm. The father is a man of advanced years.

In granting the man exemption "until he ceases to be employed in agricultural labor," Mr. Justice Duff said:

"The Military Service Act does not deal with the subject of the exemption of persons engaged in the agricultural industry; and the question which it is my duty to decide is whether the applicant being and having been, as above mentioned, habitually and effectively engaged in agriculture and in labor essential to the carrying on of agricultural production ought to be exempted under the provisions of the Military Service Act.

"These two propositions are indisputable:

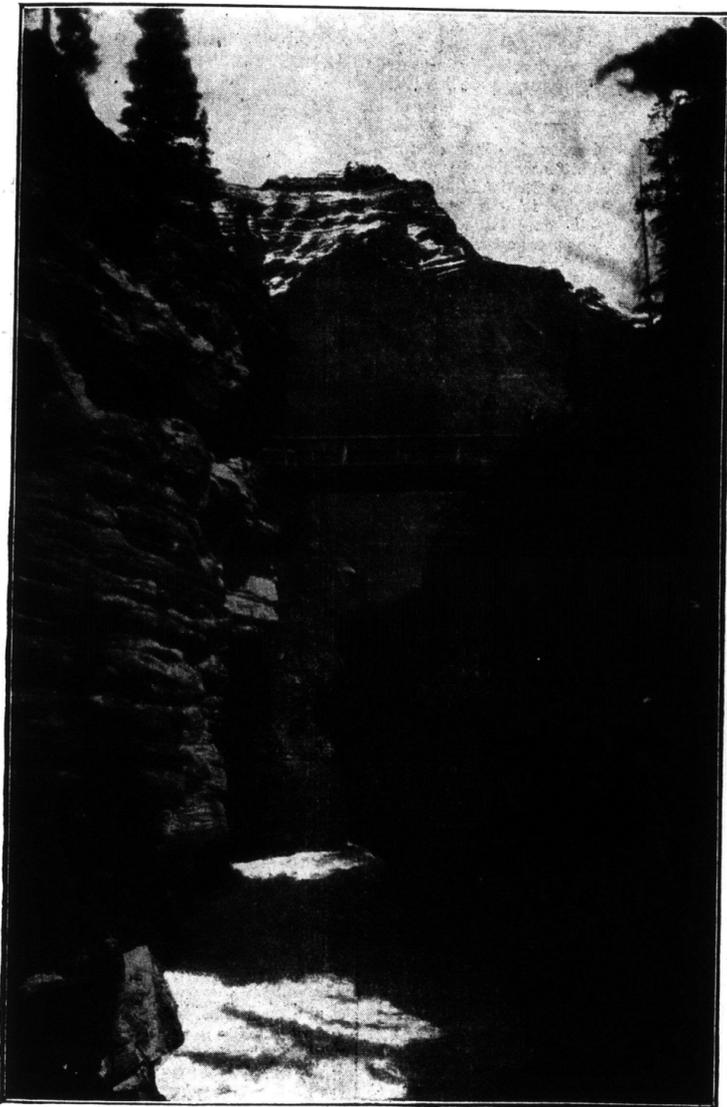
"(1) In order that the military power of the allies may be adequately sustained, it is essential that in this country, and under the present conditions, there should be no diminution in agricultural production.

"(2) The supply of competent labor available for the purpose of agricultural production is not abundant, but actually is deficient.

"The proper conclusion appears to be that the applicant, a competent person, who had been habitually and effectively engaged in labor essential to such production, ought not to be withdrawn from it.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to say that such exemptions are not granted as concessions on account of personal hardship, still less as a favor to a class. The sole ground of them is that the national interest is the better served by keeping these men at home. The supreme necessity (upon the existence of which, as its preamble shows, this policy of the Military Service Act is founded) that leads the State to take men by compulsion and put them in the fighting line requires that men shall be kept at home who are engaged in work essential to enable the State to maintain the full efficiency of the combatant forces, and whose places cannot be taken by others not within the class called out."

Ottawa, Dec. 8, 1917.



At Hardisty and Athabasca Falls canon, showing flying trestle over top.—C.N.Ry.

"I am not concerned in the hopelessness of it," replied MacKenzie. "What I want to ascertain is whether in justice you should or should not pay Manzer's claim, and if once convinced of that the difficulty can take care of itself."

Bowman briefly outlined the circumstances under which the note was given, and Manzer's action in regard to it.

"That is enough," declared MacKenzie. "Let Mrs. Davis have her lawyer put in a plea setting up the Statute of Limitation and I'll be glad to handle the case at the trial."

Lewin, the Davis family attorney, demurred quite strongly in putting in a defense on what he called an "absolutely hopeless case," but Bowman insisted that MacKenzie knew what he was about and had agreed to handle the case when it came to trial.

"That saves me making a fool of myself, then," grumbled Lewin.

A few months later the case came to trial. MacKenzie sauntered into Court

he was the endorser of the note, and that he had been sued by the Regal Bank and compelled to pay the amount of the note.

"That is all," Sutton announced pompously.

MacKenzie rose, adjusted his gown with a languid air, and asked one question.

"On what date did you pay the money to the bank?"

"On the 30th day of last November" was the reply.

"That is all."

"That closes the case for the plaintiff," said Sutton.

"The defense calls no witnesses," MacKenzie promptly announced and Bowman felt that the case was lost.

"I would, therefore, ask for judgment on the count for 'money paid,'" began Sutton, "and the point seems so plain as to hardly call for argument. The law is that where A is legally compelled to pay money which B is primarily liable to pay the law implies a request from B

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There's Many a Slip!

By W. R. Gilbert

EILEEN was hanging out the washing in the back green, when she glanced over the hedge, and saw the motor draw up in the lane behind the house.

Within, in the front room which Eileen called the parlor, and Leonora designated as the "boudoir," sat Eileen's elder sister, the said Leonora, arrayed in her prettiest white embroidered gown, awaiting the coming of the lover whom little Eileen had never seen.

Leonora, though romantically inclined, would hardly have gone so far as to call Maurice Tregarthen her "lover." It was only Eileen who had dubbed him so.

Maurice Tregarthen was old Uncle Jacob's nephew; though no blood relation to the girls, who only recognized Uncle Jacob as Uncle Jacob by his marriage with Aunt Emily.

But now Aunt Emily was dead, and Uncle Jacob himself fast dying. He had always loved to poke his fingers into other people's pies, had Uncle Jacob, and now it behoved him, before he finally bade farewell to this scene of things, to find a suitable wife for his nephew, Maurice—Maurice, who would be the richest man in the countryside some not far distant day.

Uncle Jacob, in his will, had bequeathed the bulk of his wealth to Maurice, and it was perhaps some twinge of conscience on the old man's part which in those, his last conscious days, had directed his

upon this, the day arranged for Mr. Tregarthen's second visit, she attired herself in her prettiest and most becoming gown, and sat in the "boudoir" while Eileen, like Cinderella, hung the linen out in the back green to dry.

It was not out of absolute perversity that Eileen had chosen that particular day of all others for drying purposes. Eileen knew that Maurice Tregarthen was expected, and would have furthered her elder's sister's interests by every means in her power. But Leonora had informed her junior that she need not appear unless she so desired, and Eileen, who, unlike Leonora, had no pretty dress to display, had, no particular wish to make the acquaintance of this unknown young man. Yesterday had been wet, and the washing had had no chance to dry. Therefore, the little maid of all work, having been forbidden to move from the kitchen, upon pain of "missing the bell," Eileen took advantage of the fresh breeziness of the afternoon, and set about getting the washing hung out with what speed she might.

It was at this juncture, while she was fastening up the last sheet, that Eileen, craning her fair head over the hedge, met the motorist's interested glance. The motor had come to a pause by then. He touched his cap.

"I've had a breakdown, nothing very serious, if only I could get hold of a screwdriver and a little oil. Like a fool



Crossing the Athabasca—Colon Mountains in the background.

thoughts to dead Emily's orphan nieces, dead Emily, whose going, thirty years earlier, had left him so desolate and all alone. It had seemed a fitting thing that Maurice should atone for his Uncle's neglect by marrying one of the girls.

Uncle Jacob himself might have left some of his hard-won wealth to Emily's young relatives; but Uncle Jacob, money-grasping to the last, had shrunk from the idea of distributing the fortune which had taken him so many years to win. The girls had never looked for, or expected it, so no harm was done. If only Maurice was amenable, and would listen to reason, things would right themselves by and by. Maurice was amenable, and indeed quite ready to listen to reason.

He had no objection to marriage in the abstract, and was entirely willing to make the acquaintance of Uncle Jacob's nieces with a view to possible matrimony. Not but that he was singularly content in his single state, but Uncle Jacob was dying—Uncle Jacob's wishes must be respected.

Therefore, to gratify the old man's desire, he motored over the fifty intervening miles, and made the acquaintance of Leonora, Eileen being at that time absent on a visit. Maurice had vaguely admired Leonora, though in no way had he desired her for a wife.

As for Leonora, pleased and flattered by the letter which, unknown to his nephew, Uncle Jacob had written to her acquainting her with his desires, she felt she could not do enough for Uncle Jacob's young relative.

A wealthy marriage had been Leonora's ambition from her earliest years, and now it seemed as though her desire had come almost within hand-reaching. So

I've come away just without the things I most needed."

"Oh! if it's only a screwdriver," Eileen said.

She was naturally a helpful little person, much given to assisting "lame dogs over stiles," which was possibly the reason that, whereas Leonora usually enacted the part of fine lady, Leonora's sister played the part of necessary drudge. "If you can wait a moment I will get one from the house."

She secured her last clothes pin effectually, and hurried away, a rather untidy little figure in a tumbled green linen gown. Leonora put her head out of the parlor door as she passed.

"Have you everything ready for tea when Mr. Tregarthen comes, Eileen? I hope you reminded Hannah to go for the muffins and cream."

Eileen had not reminded Hannah. She had forgotten the muffins and the cream altogether. But she did not tell Leonora so. Instead she fled onwards to the kitchen to find the screwdriver and to despatch Hannah to the baker's and the dairy without delay.

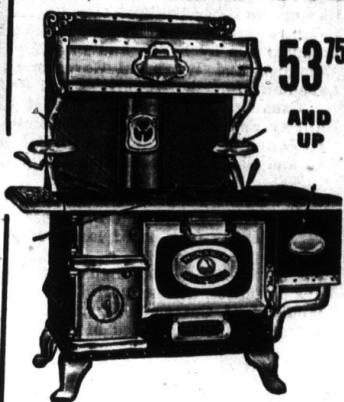
But Hannah, usually only too ready for an outing, for once in her life absolutely refused to budge. It was as much as her place was worth, the almost tearful, maiden asseverated. The bell might ring when she was absent, and "Mr. Three Gardens," as she called him, make his appearance, and then whatever would Miss Leonora say or do to Hannah for deserting her post?

Hannah proving impervious to solicitation or persuasion, Hannah's mistress went her way a little lugubriously to the back green with the necessary screwdriver. The motor man was just alighting from

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FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

of

The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th November, 1917

LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:

Deposits not bearing interest.....			
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	\$ 70,498,667.26		
	182,488,715.55		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....		\$252,987,382.81	
Balance due to Dominion Government.....		28,159,351.49	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....		14,582,659.38	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries.....	\$ 364,787.53		
	5,801,808.96		
Bills Payable.....		6,166,596.40	
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.....		297,494.63	
		5,510,310.96	

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

Capital Stock Paid in.....			\$307,703,795.76
Reserve Fund.....		12,911,700.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	\$ 14,000,000.00		
	564,264.53		
Dividend No. 121 (at 12 per cent per annum) payable December 1st, 1917.....		14,564,264.53	
Dividends Unclaimed.....	\$ 387,351.00		
	7,075.23		
		394,426.23	
			\$335,574,186.52

ASSETS

Current Coin.....	\$ 16,079,830.91		
Dominion Notes.....	18,284,444.75		
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	\$ 34,364,275.66		
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	16,000,000.00		
Notes of other Banks.....	645,585.00		
Cheques on other Banks.....	5,308,203.91		
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	15,283,364.45		
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	229,868.41		
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value.....	10,704,338.84		
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value.....	22,322,197.31		
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value.....	21,586,545.77		
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	12,777,503.85		
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	12,040,687.27		
	14,574,136.32		
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	\$165,836,706.79		
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	\$102,358,027.10		
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for).....	53,764,037.92		
	490,064.82		
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....		156,612,129.84	
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....		1,114,552.61	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....		6,371,329.36	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....		5,510,310.96	
		129,156.96	
			\$335,574,186.52

R. S. HOLT, President.

FDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL, General Manager.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada:
That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.
That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1917, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act, and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.
That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.
That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

Montreal, Canada, 18th December, 1917.

JAMES MARWICK, C.A.,
S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A., } Auditors.
of Marwick, Mitchell, Peat & Co.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1916.....	\$ 852,346.28	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	2,327,979.51	
		\$ 3,180,325.79
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Dividends Nos. 118, 119, 120 and 121, at 12 per cent per annum.....	\$ 1,549,404.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises Account.....	250,000.00	
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	128,357.26	
Contribution to Patriotic Fund.....	60,000.00	
Transferred to Reserve Fund.....	528,300.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	564,264.53	
		\$ 3,180,325.79

(Continued on page 19)

his motor. He had removed his disfiguring goggles, and exhibited himself as a pleasant-faced young fellow with merry blue eyes. Those same eyes were smiling now.

"Too bad to bother you when you are busy, but I'm single-handed, and if anything had happened to the machine I don't expect the owner would ever have forgiven me. Thank you ever so much. I shan't be a couple of ticks, and then I can let you have the screwdriver back again."

He was on his knees on the dusty roadway, peering and tapping at the machine with troubled brows. Eileen looked interestedly on. If she was a trifle disappointed to discover that the blue-eyed young man was merely a chauffeur, with a probably wrathful master in the background, she did not admit as much to herself. The peering and tapping took decidedly more than a "couple of ticks." Eileen recalled Leonora, and the lacking cream and muffins, and grew uneasy.

"I am afraid I must go now. I have a message to do in the village. But if you will lay the screwdriver when you are finished on the bank, just beneath the hedge, I will get it when I come back. Here is some oil. It is salad oil, but it is all that I could find."

The chauffeur raised a heated face from the wheel of his machine.

"You've done me a good turn, and now I wonder if you'll allow me to do you a good turn in exchange. Let me go to the village for you. It's a good step away, and I'd be there and back before you'd even time to go indoors and get your hat."

Eileen hesitated, and was lost. She was tired, there was no denying it, and the village lay a good dusty half a mile away. She glanced gratefully up at him.

"Oh, if you would be so good! It is only for some cream and muffins, the dairy is next door to the baker's, and they will give you it in a covered pitcher. How can I ever thank you for your kindness? I am tired, and I have been dreading the hot walk so."

"Then, that's all right," the "chauffeur" said. "It's awfully good of you letting me do this for you, you know. That's the machine all correct, thanks to the screwdriver. Cream and muffins, I shan't forget."

He sprang into the motor, and was gone almost before Eileen had time to realize the enormity of the favor she had accepted at this stranger's hands. She stood by the high green hedge, waiting for his return, and wondering what Leonora would say if she knew. Leonora would have died rather than accept a favor at the humble hands of a paid "chauffeur."

The "chauffeur" returned in an incredibly short space of time. He had spilt some of the cream over his coat, and Eileen did her best to repair the damage with a pocket handkerchief from the washing green. It transpired that his motor required some further lubricating, and Eileen stood patiently by the garden hedge till he was done with the oil can. A closer observer might have noted that the lubrication was in name only, and not in actuality.

"Thank you a thousand times," he said, when he had returned both screwdriver and paraffin can to her. "It is fortunate that my breakdown occurred just where it did." The "chauffeur" did not define in actual words in what precise way it had been fortunate, but innocent Eileen supposed that he referred to the screwdriver and oil.

Leonora's guest had not arrived when she returned to the house. Hannah still sat with her best cap on, and her ears strained to the expected ringing of the bell. But, as the afternoon wore away, and "Mr. Three Gardens" came not, even Hannah became restive.

"An' the grate to clean, an' the brasses wantin' polishin', not to speak of your havin' had to hang out all 'em clothes, Miss Eileen. I could roast that Mr. Three Gardens, that I could."

Eileen laughed.

"Don't pity me for having the clothes to hang out, Hannah. I rather like hanging out clothes—sometimes."

Eileen did not think it necessary to add that that "sometimes" was when a blue-eyed "chauffeur" chanced to appear upon the scene.

And then, at last, one day Maurice Tregarthen came, and with Maurice Tregarthen Uncle Jacob. Uncle Jacob

(Royal Bank—Continued from page 18)

RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit 30th November, 1916.....	\$ 12,500,000.00
Premium on New Capital Stock issued to Quebec Bank Shareholders	911,700.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.....	528,300.00
Balance at Credit 30th November, 1917.....	\$ 14,000,000.00

H. S. HOLT,
President.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

Montreal, 18th December, 1917.

had changed his mind about dying. His doctors had prophesied death in the near future, his friends had consoled with him over the prospect, and Uncle Jacob, as though to defy both them and the grim King of Terrors, had made up his mind to live. And when Uncle Jacob had made up his mind to a thing he usually carried it through.

"So Maurice must just settle down to be a poor man for the next twenty years or so!" cried Uncle Jacob jovially.

He darted a keenly-scrutinising glance at Leonora as he spoke. He had no intention of condemning Maurice to that poverty of which he spoke so lightly, but he had his reasons for not enlightening Leonora on that matter just then.

"But poverty is no barrier to love, they say, and need make no difference in your young people's arrangements. Love in a cottage, and all that's romantic—eh, Miss Leonora?"

"Mr. Tregarthen and I have made no arrangements." Leonora drew down her pretty lip stiffly. Wed with poverty, no, not she, she had had enough of poverty as it was.

And then the door opened, and Eileen came into the room—Eileen, with her green linen gown freshly washed and ironed, and walking meekly at Leonora's bidding.

For when Leonora had learnt that Uncle Jacob as well as his nephew was in the parlor, she had decreed at once that Eileen must come and entertain Uncle Jacob.

"You?" Eileen said. But it was not to Uncle Jacob she spoke, not for Uncle Jacob her blushes came thick and fast.

Tregarthen took the little hand in his. "Yes, I, Cousin Eileen, if you will let me call you so. Ah, you did not know when I petitioned you for the loan of the screwdriver, that I had an ulterior object in view. The sight of my little cousin—though it was not until I had spoken to you that I even so much as guessed that you were my cousin—made me long for an introduction. The motor was not so bad as I made it out to be; in fact, to be truthful, the motor could have dispensed with the services of the screwdriver and the oil can altogether."

But it was not till later that Eileen had another question to put to this untrustworthy guardian of Uncle Jacob's motor car.

"Leonora was expecting you that day. It was for you the muffins and cream were bought. Why did you not go on to Leonora?"

"That," Uncle Jacob's nephew said, with an inscrutable smile, "you must ask me another day." There was a strange, new thrill in his voice. "But I think it was when I saw you hanging out the washing, little Cousin Eileen, that I changed my mind slightly—about Leonora."

* * *

But when that "other day" came little Cousin Eileen quite forgot to call Maurice Tregarthen to account for his non-appearance in Leonora's boudoir upon a certain never-to-be-forgotten day. Indeed, by that time she had quite forgiven his default with regard to Leonora. A woman will forgive much, very much, to the man who loves her.

No Duplicates Wanted

"Mary, why didn't you sound the dinner-gong?"

"Please, 'm, I couldn't find it."

"Why, there it is on the hall table!"

"Please, 'm, you said this morning that as the breakfast-gong."—The Sketch.

A Technical Term

"You do not speak to him?"

"No," replied the scholarly girl.

"When I passed him I gave him the geological survey."

"The geological survey!"

"Yes. What is commonly known as the stony stare."—Washington Star.

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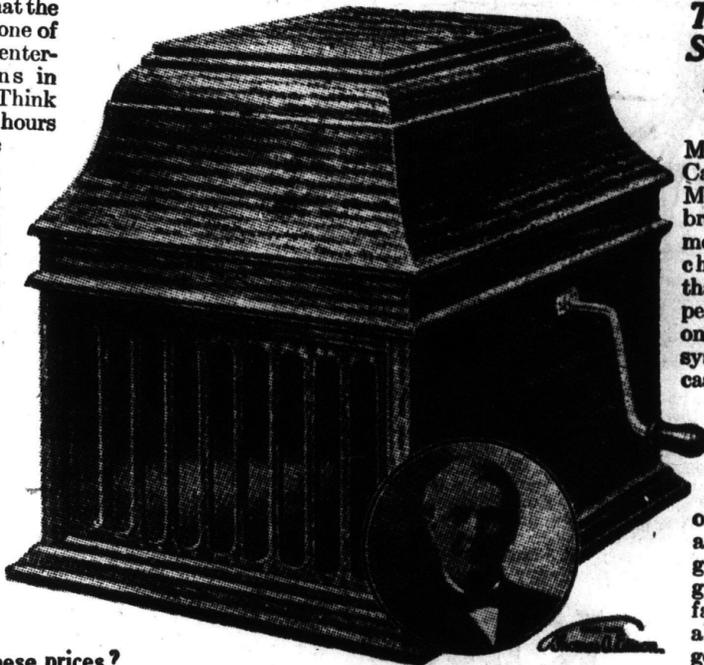
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Gentlemen: You might read me
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The New Woman

"Be a woman, on to duty
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thine influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature's human,
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled true woman."

The above is a picture of the new woman as we see her to-day in the home, in business, and in every walk of life that beckons her to the field of service.

The symbol of hope for any nation must be the young woman. Our great ambition in life is to render service to others and in rendering that service we make them happy.

"Lord help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others.

"Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that what I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for others.

"Let 'self' be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for others."

I believe our lives are of value in proportion to the blessings we infuse into other lives. We must breathe the spirit of gladness or happiness. Let us think

for a moment of our acquaintances. Who is the most cheerful girl I know? Who is the most cheerful woman I know?

Cheerfulness is contagious and just now, at the beginning of the New Year, we need to spread the epidemic "All happiness in living comes from loving and from giving."

I know a man whose face suggests the power of wonderful peace. He is old in years but very young in mind. I asked him one day for the secret of his strength—his physical, mental and spiritual strength. His answer was given in two words "Keep sweet." He said one time a great friend called him by name and said this to him. Such a disposition stamps the person of gentle birth, it convinces one of the power of self control. We should all be in a state of preparedness. Only by sowing consideration do we reap content. A cheerful contented disposition is no mean talent.

All life is connected and whether we wish it or not our life affects other lives. We are all a part of life's forces. In my spiritual algebra I see this formula for beauty:

Sincerity plus truth equals beauty. No human face, however comely, has obtained the highest quality of loveliness without spirituality.

Beauty is not resident in tubes and fashion plates. Are the eyes deep? Is the mouth tender? Is the brow one that thinks and feels sympathetically?

Dr. Hillis says: "Heart qualities are

artists that work, indeed, behind the screen, yet at last they strike through the canvas and become manifest in facial illumination. No thought that is good in mind but soon looks good in the face. Contrariwise, men and women that are so long inured to vice and crime that sinful thoughts within have so disposed the facial tissue without as that the countenance has in it something of the wolf, and something of the imp, and something of the crawling serpent."

The New Year will be a period of development of the new woman beautiful—since everywhere women are serving their country together, regardless of rank or station, and they are growing beautiful for—

"Beautiful faces are those that wear, It matters little if dark or fair, Whole-souled honesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes, where earth fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below."

Knitting

The habit of knitting is helping our young women. It is better for the nerves than all the patent nerve tonics advertised in our papers. Our grandmothers knitted and who knows but they kept their nerves under control in this way. If you do not believe that knitting rests you—try it. Besides, when we knit we are helping the boys over there. I take it for granted that our readers are knitting for the soldiers and not sweaters for themselves. There will be time after the war is over to knit for ourselves. We shall have so formed the habit of knitting that it will

be hard to stop. But now let every stitch we make be for the boys—every skein of yarn is needed for them—so we will knit, knit, knit, as a part of our "bit."

Eternal Youth

The word "New Year" is full of the idea of youth. Association with the young keeps one happy and young. Girls in the country have an unusual privilege in this respect. They see so much of the young—young colts, young calves, young pigs, little lambs, downy chickens, and tiny birds in their nests. Then there are the first flowers in the spring—the birth of plant life—and all Nature's babes. What a wonderful privilege! I read with pleasure of the girls who won prizes on their cattle and horses. It seems to me there is a wonderful opportunity for girls in stock raising. A few years ago I wrote an article on this subject in our department. I wondered then why girls did not take more interest in raising cattle and horses.

Rosa Bonheur found books monotonous and hated sewing, but she loved animals. She would take long walks into the country to study animals. Though obliged to mingle with drovers and butchers, no indignity was ever offered her. As she sat on a bundle of hay, with her colors about her, they would crowd around to look at her pictures and regard her with honest pride. "The world soon learns whether a girl is earnest about her work and treats her accordingly." The animal pictures of Rosa Bonheur have done much to create an interest in animal life.

There are many fields open to the girl who studies animal life on the farm. The years are not far off when there will be keen competition between men and women farmers. Indeed there is now.

Conservation of Food

It would not be fair to the cause to leave this subject out of the department for young women and while I am writing this I am thinking of girls who have worked for me. I have never yet had a girl who peeled potatoes economically. Most girls peel all of the good part away and then cut them into small pieces for boiling. I finally asked for all potatoes to be cooked with the skins on. I believe girls do not realize how much they waste in this way. I have seen in my kitchen a pudding for another meal, scraped of its contents into the garbage can. Within three months six silver teaspoons found their way to the garbage in carelessly gathered refuse. Cakes of soap lay soaking in boiling dishwater until melted, and all kinds of scraps from plates made the dish water too dirty to turn out clean dishes. So many girls have very little knowledge of the cost of food and furnishings for a home. Fifteen dollars a month barely covered the cost of unnecessary wastage in my kitchen. It was this wastage and lack of system more than anything else that made me decide to do my own work. This reminds me of a bride near me who went to the corner grocery store for her dinner. She bought canned chicken, a canned vegetable, canned fruit, store biscuits and then asked if they had a salad in cans. It did not take long for that bride to "can" her husband's salary.

There cannot be too many classes in domestic science for our girls. So many do not realize that cooking is the very finest of arts. A girl came to me last summer asking for assistance to a position in domestic service. She said she had never cooked but she supposed any one could cook if she had plenty of material. It is astonishing to see how little some girls know about housework, and yet these same girls marry men of small salaries. It is not fair to their husbands. I have found that the most efficient cooks and home makers. Cooking requires a mixture of brains and common sense.

Some young women think that when they can do nothing else they can do housework. This is a serious mistaken idea. Every patriotic girl should know the art of housekeeping and homemaking, join a domestic science class whenever possible unless they have learned in their own home from a capable mother.

True Culture

Any hobby cultivated intelligently may develop into a science. One of



The Quick, Cheap and Easy Way to Clear Your Land

Here's the Puller that you and thousands of other farmers and settlers have long been waiting for. Ten thousand now in use. Letters from everywhere tell of sensational results. Pronounced a big success by Government Officials, University Experts and Land Clearing Contractors. Pulls ordinary run of stumps or trees out of the soil so easy—it's almost play.

The KIRSTIN is a marvelous puller. It's light in weight and convenient to handle. One man can carry it—can set it up anywhere; which makes it easy to operate on hillsides, or in wet, swampy places where you couldn't use a horse.

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Now is the time to clear your land if you ever expect to. Don't delay! Prices on farm products are bound to be higher. Prepare now to get the benefit of these top prices. If you only clear up one acre you will make a lot of money.

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proposition. This is an actual 30 Day Free Trial. No matter when you order or when your Puller arrives, you can actually use it for 30 days before you decide to keep it.

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One man can clear an acre a day—cost about 4c. a stump. Think of clearing land so cheaply. Think of pulling all your stumps by hand—and alone—no horses or extra help required—a stump every 3 or 4 minutes. It's true, every word of it.

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A Money Cut and Heartsease

By Charles Dorian

England's most successful censors studied puzzles and riddles in her girlhood. She became so interested that she studied codes. When the war broke out she applied for a position in the censor's office and has proven herself very efficient in discovering important plots.

Our leisure hours successfully used may determine our future calling. Culture in its broadest sense is the result of keen readiness to see, just as charity is the result of keen readiness to understand. Keen wide-awakeness leads to education. An education may be had by any girl in any walk of life if she is willing to work for it. Strive always to associate with those who inspire you. I always watch with keen interest the girls who choose books from my library. A girl is helped into a higher sphere of life if she associates with fine books.

The highest culture puts one in touch with big sympathies and many subjects—love of books, love of art, poetry, love of Nature and love of humanity, all lead one into a bigger broader life. Keep notebooks. A deep love of beauty is a great beginning in a girl's education.

A Request

Will the woman who wrote me the beautiful letter enclosing pictures of her children kindly send me her address? I want to write to her personally. Letters are very much appreciated by the contributor of this department, and any time a letter is received from a girl troubled with a personal problem it will be given prompt attention.—P.R.H.

Royal Bank Establishes a Series of New Records

The annual statement of the Royal Bank of Canada for the fiscal year ending November 30th, 1917, is the most convincing exhibit ever issued of the almost amazing progress the Bank has made during the past few years.

The advantage to Canada of having large and strong banking institutions has frequently been commented upon in the principal outside financial centres, more especially since the Dominion has been thrown on her own financial resources due to war conditions.

Assets have increased at the rate of \$7,000,000 a month; Deposits at rate of over \$4,500,000 a month; Reserve Fund stands at \$14,000,000, against paid up capital of \$12,911,000. Bank co-operates in large government financing.

Under ordinary circumstances, bank statements have little of interest to the general public. It is just the opposite to-day and the various accounts of our leading banks are being closely scrutinized, not only throughout Canada, but to a still greater extent in the principal financial centres of the world, where it is necessary that bankers should have a thorough knowledge of how the country is working out its principal financial war problems.

A glance at the general statement of the Royal Bank would seem to indicate that it has enjoyed one of the most remarkable periods of expansion ever reported by a Canadian financial institution. This follows partly because of the absorption made of the Quebec Bank, but to a very much larger extent it is undoubtedly due to the organization and important connections which it has effected in every part of the Dominion.

Following on the almost incredible success of the recent Victory Loan, a statement such as is being sent by the Royal to its shareholders is bound to lend a great measure of confidence, not only in the Bank itself, but more especially as regards the outlook of the Dominion in attending to her own affairs.

A Doubtful Compliment

The politeness of the Japanese is proverbial. At a social occasion in Washington a young woman happened to say to an attache of the Japanese embassy:

"In your country you compress the women's feet, do you not?" "No, madam," responded the Japanese. "That is, or rather was, a Chinese custom. In Japan we allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size."

And then, after a bow, he added in the politest of tones:

"Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam."

THE splentific management shot a bolt at General Superintendent Squares that made him sit up and take particular notice. His was a job built on taking notice, and it sort of staggered him to think that the management could be dissatisfied with the least detail of his organization. Indeed, it was only a short week before that he had been complimented on having controlled twelve hundred miles of railroad during the grain rush without a single serious mishap. That was a record on the Huron District of the Canada Provincial.

He read the letter twice and then tossed it over to his secretary.

"Acknowledge receipt and say I'll do it if I have to close up half the stations on the line."

It was his way of doing things—given an order he carried it out without protest. So far he had been able to keep the respect of all who worked for him and the friendship of not a few of them. His secretary had a great affection for the steel-eyed boss—which is saying a heap. If no man is great to his valet, no boss is great to his secretary.

Young Gilpin McAlpin scanned the letter, with a serious glance and then dashed off the reply. His nimble fingers performed magic scales on the typewriter for upwards of an hour, turning out sheaf after sheaf of letters, while the General Superintendent sat in the observation end of his private car watching the road and pondering that trenchant missive.

Gilpin got off at Peridot to file a message. Peridot was a jewel set in a golden valley. It took its name from the pale green river which circled around it. It was in a richly productive agrarian section and flowers abounded in great variety.

The railway premises there were the gem of the district. The velvety green lawns and the prolific beds of flowers won the keenest admiration of residents and travellers alike. Just now the hyacinths, tulips and daffodils were in full blaze, while the green perennials showed hearty signs of early development.

"It's just a darling spot here," remarked a young lady whose face vied with the freshness of the blooms she extolled, whose teeth gleamed as the snowy tulips and whose eyes sparkled as the blue hyacinths with the dew still on them.

"Yes, isn't it?" acknowledged Gilpin,

with his best smile, pausing to admire it with her.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she apologized. "I thought you were my brother—he must have gone back on the train."

"Come on Bec," called a clarion voice from the sleeper. "Train's starting."

"There's five minutes yet," corrected Gilpin, addressing the girl, and passed on to the telegraph office.

Coming back he covertly secured one of the healthiest hyacinths growing there and handed it to the girl.

"Come Bec, quick," called her brother again. "It's starting now, sure."

Gilpin heard the conductor roar his "Bo-ard!" and yet the girl remained. The train had actually started before she became alive to realities, and was about to run for the car.

"This way," directed Gilpin; "get aboard here and you can walk through." She accepted the suggestion accusing herself of crass stupidity.

Squares recognized her as the daughter of one of the biggest shippers over his line at North Quay, his headquarters. He proffered his hand.

"I know your father, Miss Lynd," he bowed. "Sit in this chair until we come to a stop. Then you can go to your car with greater ease."

"My brother," she started to object,

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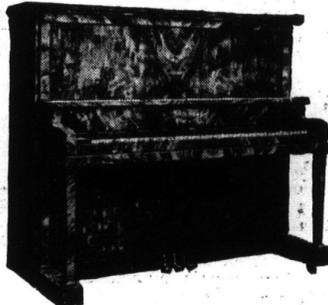
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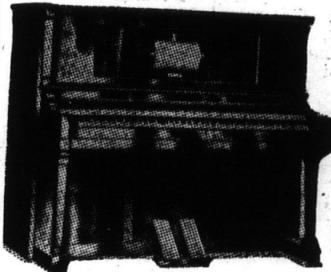
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\$375 CANADA PLAYER



\$590

12 music rolls and combination player and piano bench free. Customers may exchange rolls at any time on paying 10 cents each.

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Not only that but we guarantee safe delivery of your piano to your nearest station.

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MEN WANTED EVERYWHERE—No matter how large the city or how small the village. Large grocery corporation wants men to act as branch managers in their home town. Position will pay \$20 weekly and be permanent. All goods sold at factory prices to the consumer. Address The Independent Grocery Co., Windsor, Ontario. 1-18

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RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35¢ per dozen; Ever-ready 25¢ per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. T.F.

DO YOU WANT WATER—I have an instrument with which I have located over 400 wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Registers only on springs, no soakage shown. Terms moderate. This instrument not for sale. E. A. Hobart, Water Expert, Brandon, Man. 1-18

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"will wonder whether I really got on or not."

"Gilpin will go and get him and we'll have a comfortable chat in here." Gilpin started to obey. "Let me introduce my secretary, Mr. McAlpin, Miss Lynd," and, bowing, Gilpin passed out to the car ahead.

Miss Lynd sank into the soft, leather-upholstered chair with a murmur of delight.

"You railroad people do things so grandly," she remarked to Mr. Squares, hinting at nothing in particular, but meaning without doubt, everything that had come under her observation while a passenger.

"The railroad," observed Squares, "is composed of a lot of little perfections rolled into one, and it is the people who use the railroad that make it so."

Gilpin returned with the girl's brother, and for nearly an hour conversation serious and frivolous, passed the time. Then the visitors went to their car and the General Superintendent resumed business.

He took up the letter again and read it: "General operating expenses are three thousand dollars a month too big on your district. Cut!"

Simply that! Easy? His remark about cutting out half the stations conveyed more than anything how difficult it would be. He could not do that, but he meant to do something to save that three thousand a month.

What did it mean to a district that was reduced to the last notch of economy? Some bosses would have made a five or ten per cent reduction in salaries and turned the trick. Not Squares. He was not built that way. He knew that every last man on the Huron district worked to the bounds of honest effort and instead of cuts, raises were in order.

He had skinned the district to the bone in other ways. By a clever rearrangement he had put the coaling plants on a better producing basis at less cost for operation. He saved several hundreds of dollars on painting stations and other buildings by a system of placing the gangs where the least time was lost in travelling and by installing paint sprayers for much of the outside work. He had cut down track maintenance by getting his extra gangs on a month earlier than usual, thus getting men when they were plentiful and at the minimum rate. He paid attention to the elimination of wastes. He had scrap picked up systematically and assorted. Even waste paper brought in a good revenue. He had done everything, it seemed, to save the last cent and keep up a high efficiency at the same time.

At the end of an hour he was no farther ahead in the solution of this new problem. He admitted to himself that he was stumped. And McAlpin, who had studied every expression of his chief, understood. He saw him hesitate when he came to the reply to be signed—but he signed it.

"It's got to be done," he grunted, half-aloud.

"It's a hard nut to crack, but not impossible," remarked Gilpin, casually.

"Eh?" queried the boss.

"That letter—cutting down the payroll, I mean," explained the secretary.

"You've an idea?" asked the chief, quickly.

"Yes," nodded Gilpin, the fire of conquest in his amber eyes. "You can reduce the roll by increasing it."

"Impossible," grunted the chief. "I've done that before. There isn't a man that can be taken off so that half his salary can be saved and the rest split up among the survivors. That's been done to the limit."

"I don't mean just that," said Gilpin.

"I'd increase the payroll by five hundred dollars in prizes for agents and section-men who can produce the most attractive flower gardens on company's property."

"But we're giving prizes now," said the boss, disappointed. "True, they only aggregate one hundred and fifty dollars."

"That's the idea. Make it more worth while and then stop giving seeds and bulbs free," went on Gilpin.

"Preposterous!" blurted Squares. "Make the poor devils pay for their bulbs and seeds? Not that way. Not that way, my boy," he added, more kindly.

"You don't get me yet, Mr. Squares. Let me explain. You have an appropriation of six thousand a month for beautification of grounds. It is nearly all swallowed up in seeds, bulbs and plants.

The work is done gratis by the parties interested in the prizes. Result is two star gardens on the whole district and a lot of measley ones. That is because some seeds do better than others, some places have water handier, and so on. Now, the pansy plant will grow anywhere and first planting is the last—they live summer and winter if properly looked after. Spend your first month's appropriation on the plants and save all the rest. They won't look much for a few months, but you won't have to plant bulbs in the fall."

"We'll do it," agreed the chief. "And if it succeeds you'll quit your job. There is a better one for a head with ideas."

Gilpin thanked him, adding: "It can't fail."

There was opposition, of course. When the spring allotment of seeds failed to

"I surely do, Miss Lynd. And more than that; it is to be the standard for the whole Huron district."

"Oh, oh, oh! Whatever possessed them to make such a silly change?"

Now Gilpin was sensible of the hurt he was causing but was himself hurt that anyone could condemn the idea that his boss thought so brilliant.

"I'm afraid I'm responsible," he admitted. "We had to save money and it was the only feasible way."

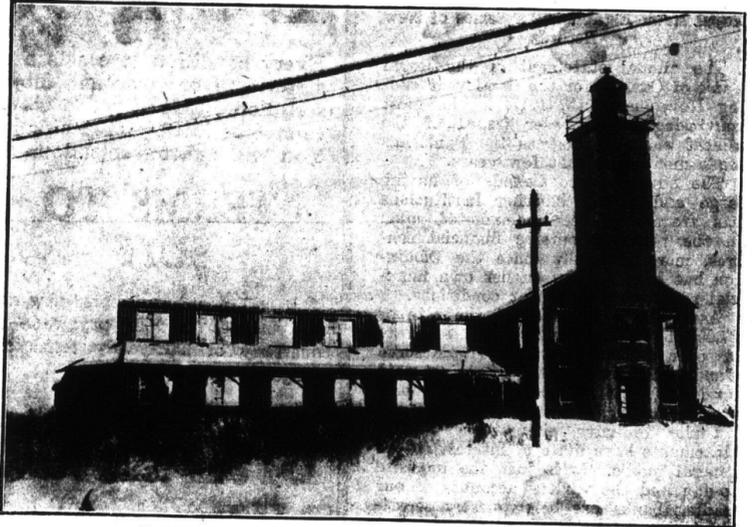
"Sacrificed beauty for a few dollars! Mr. McAlpin, I can hardly believe you guilty of a part in such a mercenary deal. I wouldn't work for a concern that ground out dollars that way."

"There are worse ways," he retorted. And she left him to dance with another.

So he had gained favor with the boss and lost the regard of the one girl in all creation he would have kept. She danced no more with him. He danced with no one else. He tried to stay the event out with cheerful composure but his heart was heavy. It was done. He could not change it. He knew only too well what a miserable display half-grown pansies would make, and right there in North Quay were that kind.

He went over next morning and looked at the station garden. It was not very promising. The plants were small and weedy, groggily drooping. They were of all colors with yellow predominating, like a mess of mustard pickles.

Gilpin turned away in disgust. He deserved all the opprobrium his idea had elicited. The General Superintendent was



Halifax disaster—Lighthouse and sheds badly shattered.

arrive, the employees became peeved, and it took more than crates of pansy plants to appease them. It required a personal call on each and every employee by the General Superintendent or his assistants before the idea was made to sink in. Even then it was necessary to enlist a platoon of expert gardeners to go over the district to give the necessary tuition in pansy culture.

Gilpin McAlpin was generally too busy to follow social life, but he was especially attracted to the Red Cross ball in North Quay. Rebecca Lynd was there. In her he found an ideal mentor for the successful accomplishment of light, fantastic stepping. In fact, they agreed that their dancing was wonderfully suited to each other. They even went further and admitted that they were a unit in most things.

"I'll never forget that lovely Peridot," she remarked, apropos of the general happiness which pervaded their new relationship.

"It's a beauty," he returned, looking upon the pendant at her throat.

"Silly! I don't mean that," she flushed.

"I mean that station with all the lovely flowers."

"You will not think so now," he told her.

"Oh, why?" she asked, a note of alarm in her voice.

"We've uprooted all the bulbs and perennials and planted pansies," he announced with that curt business-like manner which does not mix with sentiment.

"Oh, Mr. McAlpin, you don't mean that? The hideous things!"

likewise disappointed. "They don't take to the idea in the right spirit," he declared, "and they don't water 'em enough."

"We'll just have to talk up the prize feature," replied Gilpin. "They've all got an equal start. It's a question of who can do the best with a poor subject. We'll have to show them what a can of water a day means in dollars."

"Go to it—get out the stuff and give it to me to sign," ordered the General Superintendent.

At North Quay and other terminals the gardens were in charge of the section foremen—the small station plots were handled by the agents. Squares called Donovan, the North Quay section boss, into his office.

"You wouldn't have your section looking like that garden," he admonished.

"I don't seem to get along with it, Mr. Squares. I just can't make thin pansies grow right. And I don't get time-o'-nights, wid the misses and me two b'ys sick."

"Oh, I didn't know there was any sickness, Tom. I'm glad you've been trying anyway."

"I have that, sor. It'd be a godsend to win the big prize, but try as I will I can't make them darlins show their pretty faces," commiserated Donovan.

"Let me try a hand, Mr. Squares," proffered Gilpin. "I know a little about flowers, and if Mr. Donovan will do the laying out of the beds I'll care for the flowers."

"Now, that w'd be foine," said Donovan.

"All right," said Squares, and that was settled.

There were two large grass plots with

three scraggy flower beds in each. Gilpin had Donovan sod up the end beds, leaving only one in the centre of each plot. Then he designed these two on the cart-wheel plan, the rims a foot wide, spokes the same width, and an inner rim representing the hub, on the same scale. These, filled with black loam, were in themselves an artistic contrast with the fresh green lawns.

Then Gilpin tried his pansy culture. He placed the yellow ones in the outer rims; along one spoke he would have deep purple, in another pale blue, in another white, and so on, in no wise mixing the colors. He planted pure white blooms in the hubs for striking contrast.

And he watered them often until reward came—the little flowers gained vigor and blossomed bountifully. After a time he gave the full care over to Donovan.

Donovan's boys recovered and went back to school, but Mrs. Donovan lingered on. Now, before she was married, Mrs. Donovan was a maid in the Lynd home, and though Rebecca and her brother were small children then they never forgot the many kindnesses of the maid, and every now and then inquired after her or sent her gifts. When Rebecca heard of her protracted illness she ran over often to do what she could. She brought flowers of the aristocratic order and noted with gratification how Mrs. Donovan smiled at them.

But the day came when the pansies had to be picked in great numbers to keep up the display. These Donovan brought home and placed in many bowls here and there in the sick room. Rebecca noticed the terrible reinforcements, but she also noticed that Mrs. Donovan was pleased with them.

"I keep lookin' at the wee faces in them," she told Rebecca, whose face seemed to resent the encroachment of these common flowers. "I do be seein' new ones every little while, and they kape me mind off me troubles."

Rebecca was there one evening when Donovan was starting out to water the beds and pluck the flowers.

"It's a great secret," he said. "The more ye pull av thim the bigger they grow, and they're the divils fer dhrink!" "Won't you let me go with you," she begged, "and help?"

She went every evening thereafter to help. And she saw pansies grow as she had never dreamed possible. Of a texture soft as her own skin, smooth and satiny, and of a size that made her dainty hands seem smaller, she fondled them as if a living soul were in every one of them. She soon became an enthusiastic admirer of the one-flower standard adopted by the railroad, and once again admired the railroad's penchant for having things just right.

It was thus that Gilpin, returning after a long trip on the road, saw her. He did not have to ask who she was or how she came there. He knew that if North Quay's garden came up to expectations she would be attracted to it—and possibly again to him. So he had hoped.

He went over and shook hands with Donovan and whispered something in his ear. A grin overspread the Celtic features and then lengthened into glumness. Gilpin then went over to Rebecca and bowed, smiling.

"I've just told Mr. Donovan," he announced, "that he is the winner of the main prize for the best garden on the Huron district. It may interest you to know that Peridot comes second."

"I can well believe it," she said, a slight catch in her voice. "I'm so sorry I made such a fuss when you told me about your scheme. But I was shocked at the idea of such ruthless destruction. But that seems to be the way with progress—always destroying to make room for something better. This garden is as beautiful as any I ever saw, and Mr. Donovan is to be congratulated for both the design and the way he cared for it."

"He is, indeed," said Gilpin. "Now none av that," put in Donovan. "Sure it was himself started the thing so the darlin' would grow at all at all. It's not right that I'd be takin' the prize whin I don't deserve it."

Gilpin wheeled around and mischievously caught Donovan by the shoulder and, whispering something to him, sent him in the direction of the flower bed. He shook his fist at Gilpin and went. "Gilpin, you tried to make this garden

a success so that Mr. Donovan could win the prize and help his family—I see it now. What a little fool I am!"

"Don't say that, Rebecca. Let us say, rather, that I made it a success to bring you back to me," he said. "Mr. Squares has received the congratulations of the management, and he is happy. I should be happy, too, but it rests with you."

"Oh, Gilpin, I'll do anything to make you happy," she said, swaying toward him. He caught her in his arms and the descending dusk protected them from the gaze of the platform promenaders.

He did not tell her until some time after Donovan had grown tired waiting for further orders and gone home that he had been made assistant manager of the floral department. There was one thing more important.

Silent Years

"Girls," John Robertson looked at his sisters almost sternly, "do you know that you have got used to mother's deafness?"

"Used to it? How do you mean, John?"

"I mean that you have grown so accustomed to her being left out of nearly all conversation that you forget what a deprivation it is to her. Why, when I was talking with her about all these six years that I've been abroad, I found out that she didn't know a lot of family gossip that I—away across the ocean—had got from letters. Mother, who used to be at the very head and beginning of everything in the house, has grown into an outsider almost—an onlooker, at any rate. That patient, absent smile of hers takes most all the joy out of my home-coming."

"We do try to tell her things, but she so often misunderstands and gets facts confused that I suppose we have grown a little negligent perhaps about relating the small, unimportant matters. You know, John, it's awfully wearing having to scream trifles at the top of one's voice." Marian smiled rather apologetically, but her brother still looked severe.

"Why haven't you tried to get her something that would help her to hear?" he asked.

"She did have an ear-trumpet, but it seemed to make her nervous and uncomfortable," answered Jessie.

"So you never tried anything else? You know there are a number of inventions for aiding the deaf. We'll have her test every one of them until she gets some help."

Somehow, although none of the first contrivances that John brought to his mother proved efficacious, a brighter look came into her face. Perhaps it was the constant, cheery society of her big, broad-shouldered son that brought back some of the old sparkle to her eyes and made her smile less wan and more happy.

At last a little electrical device was discovered which, pinned on her blouse and connected with her ear, made it quite possible to converse with her in an ordinary speaking voice, and John, elated at his success, proudly led his mother to the piano.

"You haven't made any music for me since I came home," he said. "Give us that good old 'Blue Danube' you used to play when we youngsters wanted a dance."

"I haven't touched the piano for five years, John. It was no use when I couldn't hear."

"But maybe you can now, mother."

She sat down at the instrument, and with rather uncertain fingers played the first few bars of the old waltz. Then she stopped, and looking at John with wonder and surprise, exclaimed:

"I hear every note, every note, my son, and it's been so long, so long!"

She leaned against the piano and burst into tears—such unrestrained weeping as her daughters had never seen before.

John sat down on the piano bench beside her, and gently raised her head until it rested on his shoulder. His sisters looked at each other with misty eyes.

"We never understood" murmured Jessie, brokenly.

According to Rule

"Do you know, my dear," asked the young husband, "there's something wrong with the cake? It doesn't taste right."

"That is all your imagination," answered the bride triumphantly, "for it says in the cook-book that it is delicious."



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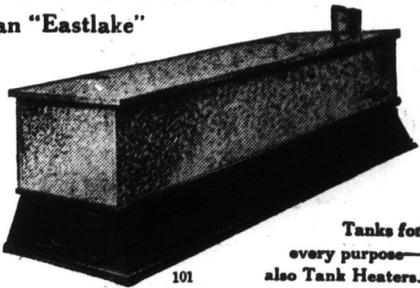
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Read How to Win This Car

Can you tell us how many kernels there are in five pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat? Our Official Contest Judge, Prof. S. A. Bedford, Supt. Manitoba Demonstration Farms, has personally selected, with the aid of the Winnipeg Grain Inspection Department, a thoroughly representative sample of cleaned wheat, No. 1 Northern grade, weighing exactly five pounds. This weight was checked by the Inspector of Weights and Measures so closely that one grain would tip the scale, and then sealed up in the container and deposited in the vaults of The National Trust Company by Professor Bedford. It will remain there till the close of the contest on May 1st, 1918, when it will be opened and counted with great care. The contestant whose estimate is correct or nearest correct will win the big prize which will be delivered to his station free of charge. In case of a tie the estimate first received will win. Read the following paragraphs and learn just how to forward your estimates.

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How to Estimate

In order to win you must use intelligence in estimating. Do not just guess. Secure several clean samples and count a certain portion of each. By taking an average it will be easy to estimate the number of kernels in five pounds. Many people will be careless in figuring and if you exercise a little judgment you will have a splendid chance to win.

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The subscription price of The Nor-West Farmer is \$1.00 per year; two years \$1.50; three years \$2.00; four years \$2.50; five years \$3.00. Estimates will be allowed on your own subscription, if you are a farmer, according to the number of years for which you subscribe, while double credit is given on farmers' subscriptions (not your own) which you collect and send in.

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Length of term	Cost of Subscription	Number of Estimates Allowed on your own order	Number of Estimates Allowed on orders not your own
One year	\$1.00	2 estimates	4 estimates
Two years	1.50	5 estimates	10 estimates
Three years	2.00	8 estimates	16 estimates
Four years	2.50	11 estimates	22 estimates
Five years	3.00	15 estimates	30 estimates

Forward your own subscription and as many others as you are able to secure. By registering several different estimates you are able to protect yourself against any error in your calculations, thereby having a better chance to win the prize. Here it is in short—you get from two to fifteen estimates on your own subscription according to its length and if you will induce some friends or neighbors to give you their orders as well, you get four estimates on each yearly subscription, and up to thirty on longer terms, as indicated in the above schedule.

Prof. S. A. BEDFORD

Is Official Judge of the Contest.

We feel that every contestant will be satisfied with this selection. He has acted in two previous contests with great success. No other man in Western Canada is better known to the agricultural public. He has been engaged in important government work for years and is now Superintendent of Manitoba Demonstration Farms. His decision will be final and absolutely impartial.



A photograph of the jar containing the wheat. Weighed and sealed at the office of the Inspector of Weights and Measures.

Read These Figures from Previous Contests

In the 1916 contest our sample weighed 10 lbs. and contained 175,339 kernels. In 1915 we used 4 lbs. and the correct count was 59,811 kernels. A comparison will show that the kernels ran somewhat more to the pound in 1916 than in 1915. How will they be this year?

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The Philosopher

The New Year

Once more the whole world is asking, Will the New Year bring the end of the War? There is a sense in which it must be said that the part of true courage and wisdom is not to ask any such question, but face with fortitude the necessity of fighting the war to a finish. There cannot be for any of the Allied nations that are fighting the good fight for freedom and for the future of humanity any talk of compromise, or talk of anything but the one ending of the war as possible. "You ask me what my war aims are?" said that great Frenchman, Clemenceau, in making his first speech as Premier to the Chamber of Deputies. "My aims are to defeat the Germans." That is the steel-hard determination animating all the Allies. To talk of any other ending of the war than victory for the Allies is to sin against the right. Words are thoughts, and thoughts are things; and thinking victory is an absolute condition precedent to gaining it. All the free peoples fighting shoulder to shoulder against the menace of despotic might have their feet more solidly planted than ever upon the rock of dauntless resolution.

"Steady!"

The watchword that the New Year should bring, the lesson that the forty months of war should impress deeply on every heart and mind, is "Steady!" We must give way neither to pessimism nor to optimism. The Germans will be defeated in the end, but the end will not be brought any nearer by underrating their remaining strength at one moment and overestimating it the next. We must cultivate steadiness, the staunch, resolute purpose that expects ups and downs, and goes through them without undue elation and undue dejection. This much we know—that the Germans fight for booty, the Allies for right and justice. The Germans, who were promised by their rulers rapid, brilliant, sweeping and most profitable victories, are having it forced into their minds that the war is bound to result in their impoverishment and general ruin. Sooner or later the realization of this must become general in Germany. Sooner or later the light must begin to penetrate the German darkness and the Germans must begin to have a perception of the truth that the war was not forced upon them by the Allies, but was deliberately begun by the Kaiser and his regime out of ambition for world dominion. The despotic military system has abolished in Germany

the freedom of the press, and the freedom of public meeting. It has tightly screwed down all the safety-valves. If only there was an indicator which we could read and so learn what the pressure to the square inch is in the boiler, we might judge of the likelihood of its bursting!

Patriotism and Food

The New Year is destined to bring to the people of Canada a more actual realization of the connection between patriotism and food production and control than we have known anything of as yet. The Canadians at home must become a national army of food-savers, in co-operation with the armies fighting in the Old World for civilization and freedom. M. Bloch wrote in his famous book: "The future of war is not fighting, but famine." Despite the terrible fighting of incredible numbers of men, using inconceivable quantities of munitions, with such amazing methods of warfare as would have been beyond even the most fantastic imaginings of the romancers of a decade ago, the national and international phases of the food problem and the general economic problem are the predominant features of the war situation now. There is nothing base and sordid in this necessary association of patriotism and food. It is, on the contrary, as fine as the true spirit of democracy, and as ennobling as the struggle for democracy. It has become, in truth, an essential part of that spirit and of that struggle. If the self-governing peoples were to fail in this world-crisis to organize their effort by the individual spirit, initiative and consent of the people, then democracy would stand exposed as a faith based on foundations of slippery sand. Autocracy has shown that it can organize its effort; it does it by imposing organization by force from the top down. We democratic peoples must do it from the bottom up, and voluntarily. It is to be the final test of what our form of government is worth.

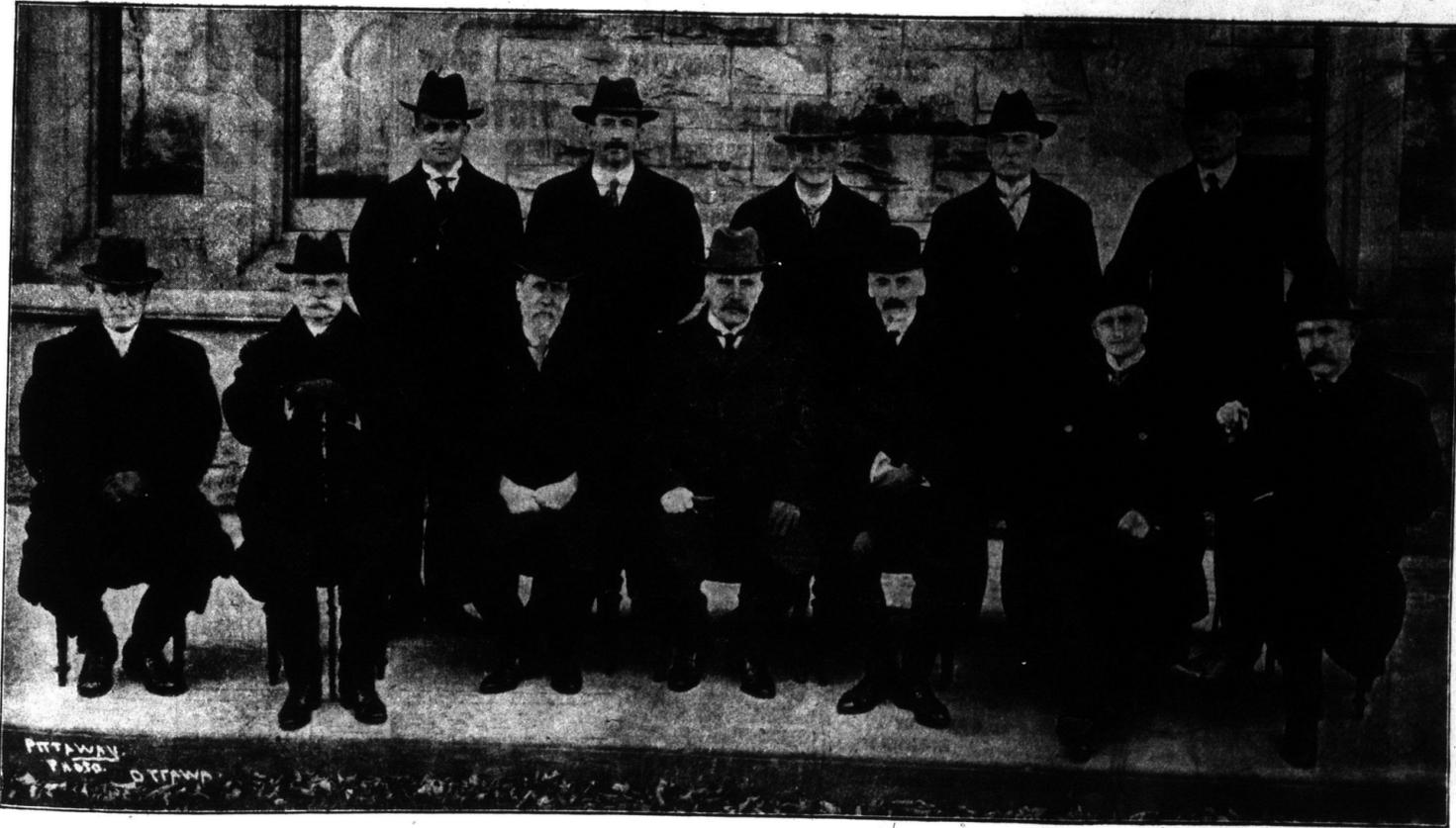
Posterity's Point of View

The beginning of one more of the ever-flowing river of years that carries all things human onward towards Eternity seems somehow to bring us a more vivid realization than we have at other times of how the generations of mankind follow one another. Less than three and a half years ago we used to look back to the Napoleonic wars, without realizing, as we do now, that our point of view then was that of posterity, which gives attention only to

the great, spectacular events in times past. The Napoleonic wars meant chiefly to us Trafalgar and Waterloo—Nelson and Napoleon and Wellington. A few great battles (great as battles were accounted then) and a few great personalities stood out, but what did we know of the years and years of "darkness, doubts and fears," the hope delayed, "the waste, the woe, the bloodshed and the tears" (to quote a great poet of the generation after Waterloo) "that tracked with terror twenty rolling years?" Now we can form a better idea of how it felt to live in the time of the Napoleonic wars. The sorrows of bygone wars can never make an appeal to a generation which does not know what war is, and on whose mind the great triumphs of war leave a deeper impression than its bloodshed and its tears. But may we not believe that generations to come will know more of the Great War which is now being fought than living men and women in the world have ever before known of wars that were fought before they were born? Letters, newspapers, photographs, books and other records of the Great War will go down to posterity in unprecedented abundance.

The Three Conditions

There are in the Scripture, as there are in the natural conscience, three conditions of forgiveness. The first is plain repentance of the sinner. "Even God cannot forgive the unrepentant," says Dante, giving expression to the thought that such a thing is a moral impossibility. The second is that the wrongdoer make atonement and reparation, as far as lies in his power. The third is punishment. Must not these three conditions apply to Germany's crime—the most atrocious in all history? Must not Germany, before civilization can consent to take her back into the family of nations, repent first of all? As for reparation, it is but a meagre measure of reparation that Germany will ever be able to offer now, even for the destruction she has wrought which is irreparable. She cannot restore the countless lives for which the guilt of murder lies heavy upon her. But such reparation as she can make for evil that she has done she must make in proof of the sincerity of her repentance—without that the family of civilized nations has no moral right to restore her to her standing as one of their number. And as for punishment—meaning a just retribution for her criminality—that, too, is no less necessary. Are not these plain and undeniable considerations which are not to be gainsaid by the conscience of humanity?



Twelve members of the New Canadian Union Cabinet. Top row, from left to right: Hon. Gideon S. Robertson, minister without portfolio; Hon. T. A. Crearer, minister of agriculture; Hon. John D. Reid, minister of railways; Hon. T. W. Crowthers, minister of labor; Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, minister of marine and fisheries. Bottom row, from left to right: Hon. Frank B. Carvell, minister of public works; Hon. C. J. Doherty, minister of justice; Hon. Sir Geo. E. Foster, minister of trade and commerce; Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, prime minister; Hon. N. W. Rowell, president of the council; Hon. A. L. Sifton, minister of customs, Hon. J. A. Calder, minister of immigration and colonization.

Western Canada Before the War

By Helen McMurchie

The above is the title of a book which deserves to be read widely in Canada; it will be especially interesting to Westerners, for we all love to see ourselves with new eyes, but all Canadians should welcome the book as a convincing picture of Western conditions as well as a trenchant criticism of Canadian life in general. Miss Mitchell, the author, is a Scotswoman and an Oxford graduate, who spent a part of the years 1913 and 1914 on the prairies; she sees the new world with the eyes of the old, but she has been happily delivered from that spirit of hasty and ill-considered criticism which has too often antagonized us in our Old-World visitors. Miss Mitchell has learned that sympathy is the first step towards understanding, and her work is done in a spirit as generous as it is discriminating. As a rule we Canadians are too much one with our conditions to be able to appraise them or ourselves; being in the picture we have not yet learned to step outside it occasionally, but Miss Mitchell, coming from another society is able to judge, even to understand us as we cannot ourselves. Perhaps it is because she comes from north of Tweed that she is able to criticize so justly and so sympathetically. "It is impossible," she writes, "for a Scot in Canada to feel like an outsider; and it was never our Scottish custom to refrain from all criticism of our brothers and sisters. It is all in the family, and I do not think the family will misunderstand."

In all Canadian life, but most particularly in the West, Miss Mitchell notices a great line of cleavage; that is the line which separates the city from the country. Economically the towns and cities are the favored communities, and socially they enjoy a prestige which the land does not convey. This surprises the Old Country visitor who is accustomed to see in land ownership either a mark of social distinction or else a means thereto. In England the country gentleman is pre-eminent, but in Canada, Miss Mitchell remarks, the ideal of society is the well-groomed company director. So she found during her sojourn in a western town, that the country of the waving fields of grain which had lured her from many a poster on her journey was largely terra incognita to the townfolk who earnestly tried to dissuade her from any attempt to penetrate it. The town was a separate entity, rather scornful of the country and not eager to serve the interests of the farmers.

Since the towns were so chary of any relation with the country, what did they depend on for the wealth that was so evident on all hands? "The towns," Miss Mitchell writes, "are in essence big posters to attract first the investor in town lots and second the capitalist manufacturer who will make town-lot values still higher." There is much talk of the development of industry in the West, but Miss Mitchell's conclusions were that there was more talk than actuality. This insistence on real

estate, with its artificial values, coupled with the indifference of the towns to country needs (evinced, for instance, in the 'combines' among merchants to lower the prices for farm produce, resulting in the dependence of the farmer on distant markets for his produce as well as on the big mail order houses for his supplies) constitutes a serious problem for town and country alike. For "the towns should be the distributing and collecting centres on railways for the farming community," and again, "the town in the West depends absolutely on the country, and the country must be developed or else the towns will collapse in a few years like certain boomed cities in the U.S.A."

When Miss Mitchell went to the country she was amazed to find that for a radius of about five miles beyond the city the land lay waste; this area, she was told, was held by speculators, Easterners mostly, who were holding it against the city's hoped for "boom." One wonders if the people in Ontario whose money is tied up in these lots rejoice over this prospect. The land that should be used for market gardening, thus being made a source of true wealth, is left unproductive, in the hope of ultimately producing a wealth which is only falsely so-called. So, in the country. Although she saw some of the waving fields of the posters, Miss Mitchell saw, too, many fields once broken but now deserted, along with many acres of unclaimed, or, at least, unworked land. She began to realize that farming in the West is not as easy as it is sometimes pictured; all she saw confirmed her in the belief that politically and financially,

conditions favored the towns and placed the country at a tremendous disadvantage.

But leaving these tremendous questions of markets, or banking and the tariff, one comes to the more congenial problem of the social life of the country. Here Miss Mitchell's praise is unstinted; she turns gladly from the fashionable and superior lady of the town to the simpler countrywoman, whose ways are much more to her mind. So she writes of the country society:

"My general impression was of men, strong and rugged, of women, grave and capable, of sturdy, fearless, happy children, loving the pigs and the horses and the dogs with a natural and devoted affection."

The Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan interested Miss Mitchell greatly, and she speaks with enthusiasm of their work. Here is her description of a meeting:

"... There were fine faces among the countrywomen who assembled, strong mouths and straight eyes, and quiet foreheads, as of those who had looked fate in the face and had not been cowed. They were full of hospitality and kindness, but who was I among these Mothers of Gracchi? I felt myself a poor spinster from a smaller world, and I went and hid in a corner with the schoolmistress, who was a spinster too, and marvelled at the goodness of the babies, who attend all ceremonies in the West. After the address there was a splendid tea, with homemade cakes and ice cream brought by the members; then there was business conducted in a most

(Continued on Page 28)



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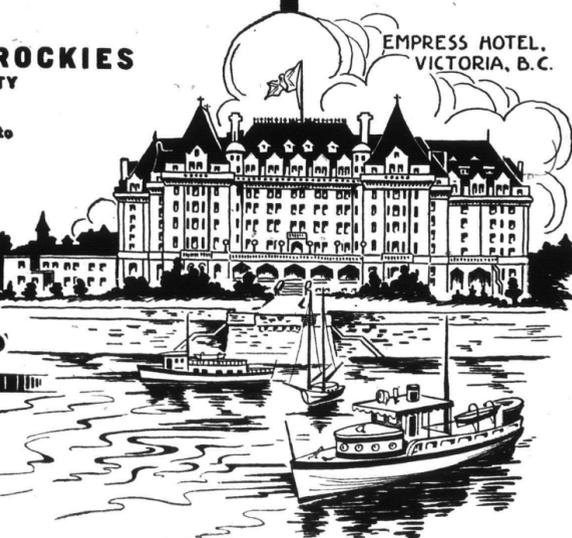
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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

The Splendor of Youth

It is magnificent to be young. Age is apt to bring disillusionment. The man who is "disillusioned" is shorn of power. There is a very real sense in which it may be said that power lies in illusion. The magnificence of youth is, of course, a moral magnificence. What it is due to is the element of potentiality. The man of forty—as a rule you know just about how far he will go. The lines are pretty well set by that time. But that youth of twenty—how far he will go, no one can tell. Wordsworth, in a sonnet on The French Revolution says:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven."

Really, it is always heaven to be young. One of the regrettable things is that we do not realise our privileges while we have them.

The Pity of Not Seeing

Tennyson has a stanza that comes often into my mind:

"Or is it that the past will always seem
A glory, from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star,
We saw not when we moved therein."

We mortals are perverse creatures. With many of us the present, our present I mean, is the least attractive of all times. From sixteen to nineteen I was in the old university town of Cobourg, Ontario. I thought most of the time I was having a pretty dull experience. I look back now, and the incidents of those years seem set in a golden light. What a pity that my eyes were holden, so that I could not see, at the time. I see to-day in my mind's eye the columns before the old college building; I see the broad sidewalk of a certain fine old avenue littered with the golden and russet leaves of autumn; I see stately old professors walking to and from their classes. It was all poky and dull at the time. Now, as I say a golden haze rests over all. That, by the way, was the process that Goldsmith went through with respect to the little village he was reared in. Palos is said to have been a very squalid little place. And yet the day was to come when Goldsmith would look back and call it: "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

Let us pray for the grace—which is another way of saying, let us cultivate the habit—of seeing in the things that now are, the beauty we shall one day see they actually possess.

The Mind is King

In these days when we see the change that has been worked in a once lovable people by a false set of ideas, it should be easy for us to be convinced that the mind is really king. Think of such great words as these "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Out of the heart are the issues of life." "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Think again of the often iterated word of Christ: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." It would not be a bad thing for a young man to keep constantly before him those brave, austere words of Henley:

"I am the captain of my fate,
I am the master of my soul."

Secrets of Power

Talking of self-mastery, I was long ago much struck by the wisdom of two lines in Tennyson's "Oenone." One of the goddesses says to Paris, the young Trojan prince:

"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

By "sovereign" power I suppose she means real, as opposed to superficial or factitious, power. The Romans had an adage: "Each one is the architect of his own fortunes." We hold in our own keeping the issues of life. Not much could go wrong with the life that was characterised by those three habits: Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control. The first, would place us rightly, and would keep us from trying what we are unfitted for. The second would save us from much danger—both gross and subtle. The third is imperative if we would succeed in any high way.

Selfishness

Make no mistake about it, selfishness is the mother of unhappiness. The selfish man, in the first place, cannot be happy himself. And he is bound to make others miserable. Precisely to the extent that selfishness appears, it destroys joy. Selfishness can make a home that has all the potentialities of happiness, a little hell. One selfish individual in any group you like to think of, can spoil the atmosphere and spirit of the whole. Wherever selfishness intrudes, faction, intrigue, jealousy, embitterment follow. Selfishness always provokes reprisals. Play the selfish game and you will always get back blow for blow. Practically all the trouble—indeed quite all of it—between Capital and Labor is due to selfishness on one side or the other, or

on the part of both. A corporation employs spies to break down labor's organization. Labor replies with all the means at its disposal. And so a condition of exasperation is apt to reign on both sides.

Life as an Adventure

Zest is one of the saving salts of life. We should take life more or less as an adventure. This should, of course, not lead us into irresponsibility. One should somehow steer between the Scylla of too great seriousness, and the Charybdis of an unseemly levity. Here, as in so many other respects, Horace's "mediocritas aurea," the golden mean, is, I suppose, the ideal. And to hit the exact ideal is more easily said than done. But the truth is, too many of us are mastered and submerged by life, rather than triumphantly in control of it. Read Tennyson's Ulysses, and imbibe some of the spirit of the old land and seafarer. He is "game" to the end. The lights of the cottages of Ithaca are twinkling on the rocks. The night is falling. "The deep moans round with many voices." The old Ulysses is about to step into the frail bark that may carry him beyond the sunset. His aged comrades press about him. He fires them with his own spirit. They are playing for big stakes. Some gulf may wash them down; but, on the other hand, they may see the great Achilles, whom they love. Finally Ulysses conveys to his friends the whole spirit in which he addresses himself to his last task, in these words: "That which we are, we are; one stalwart temple of heroic hearts, made weak by time and fate, but strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." There is another motto that one might well put on one's table: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The Danger of Temperament

Temperament is at once a strength and a weakness, a resource and a temptation. Some of us go through life picking out the easy ways and the easy things. We have all our feelers out and we are very sensitive to the approach of what we think difficult. Watch a caterpillar. He undulates along while the way is smooth. Suddenly an obstacle looms. He stops, and presently, with a sort of ignoble capitulation, he turns aside, anxious to continue a smooth rather than a difficult way. We should make war on our laziness, on our softness, we should inure ourselves to the doing of hard things. Temperament needs to be watched. Of course often, and particularly from the artistic point of view, it is a strength. Two girls play the same piece of music. One plays faultlessly but woodenly. She excels in technique; she has no temperament. The other's execution of the piece is marked by color, warmth, animation; she is brimful of temperament. The fact is, temperament is an admirable slave, but a most desolating master. Make it do your bidding, and it will carry you far. Become its slave and disintegration is not far away.

A Strange Vicissitude

Going to — not long ago I found myself chatting with a man whose refinement and intelligence had struck me in a rather pronounced way. He was getting off the train, I found, at —. He was a Dane and a graduate of Harvard. His grandfather had been the Danish war minister at the time Germany tore Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, and later he had become Prime Minister of the country. What a far call from Copenhagen to this little town in North-western Canada? How different the backgrounds that lie behind us!

Quiescence of Races

I asked him the population of Denmark. He said, about two million; of whom 600,000 are in Copenhagen. The position of Denmark, like that of all the small states bordering on Germany, is very delicate and even distressing. She is between the devil and the deep, blue sea. Whether Great Britain is in this case the deep, blue sea, or not, Germany is certainly the devil. Denmark has to steer an extremely precarious course. But what I had in mind by the title to this paragraph, was as follows: how hard to realise to-day that the Danish race for a number of centuries flamed in wreckage and ruin over the face of Europe. Think of Alfred's struggle with them; Recall the pathetic incident of Charlemagne's weeping as he gazed out of his palace window at some Danish Viking boats. Asked why he wept, the great Emperor said he wept to think what chaos those strangers would work on his Kingdom when he had gone. From English kings they wrenched money in the form of the Danegeld, and land in the form of what was called the Dane-lagh. Bulwer Lytton says this part of the country, settled by Danes, became the seed-bed of many of the most progressive constitutional movements in our national history. From the French the Danes similarly wrenched the country lying along the lower reaches of

the Seine River. This became Normandy, with its capital Rouen, the city of Rou, or Rollo. Then think of the three Danish kings that actually sat on the English throne—Sweyn, Canute, and Hardicanute. After one hundred years residence on the soil of France, these wild Northmen had become the most accomplished courtiers in Europe. Norman became a synonym for "elegant." I remember a certain incident on this head in Scott's "Ivanhoe." At the close of a banquet given after the tournament, Cedric the Saxon there is represented as dipping his fingers in water and then wiping them with a napkin. The more fastidious Norman knights present waved their hands daintily in the air until the moisture evaporated. The point is that the Normans had come to be recognized as the arbiters of taste.

Stricken Halifax

By the time this page appears the mystery surrounding the Halifax catastrophe will probably have been cleared up. It certainly brings the war home very closely to Canada. Whether there was any element of treachery involved in the event or not, at any rate the calamity is closely related to the war. A ship laden with munitions for use in Europe blows up on this side of the Atlantic, kills and maims some thousands of people, and does property damage estimated to-day at \$25,000,000. The violence of the concussion and the extent of the desolated area constitute as yet a mystery. I was in Halifax this summer for the first time, and was much attracted by it. It was founded, I think, at about the exact middle of the 18th century, 1749 runs in my mind as the date. It was named after the Earl of Halifax. It has a rather impressive Anglican cathedral. Its public gardens are about as beautiful as those of Boston. In Dalhousie University it has an institution with an excellent reputation. Halifax has a naval training college, the only one so far as I know in Canada. I should have said "had," because I believe this building is one of those destroyed. The main importance of Halifax lies in its harbor. This is one of the most secluded and capacious in the world. The promontory or tongue of land on which the citadel and city stand, rising loftily, shuts out the inner harbor from the sea. Ships entering follow a comparatively narrow channel, which finally debouches into Bedford Basin, an almost land-locked lake of great extent and huge depth. Here a vast navy could ride at ease wholly unseen from the ocean without. The rise and fall of the tide is very slight at Halifax. This constitutes one of its main advantages over St. John, where, as at most other points on the Bay of Fundy, the tidal variation is very great.

Canora

Not long ago I passed for the first time through Canora, Saskatchewan. I was interested to find that it is still a Doukhobor centre. I remember a few years ago reading a rather good novel written by W. J. Dawson, part of the plot of which is laid at Canora. The book deals with the reappearance of Jesus on the earth; and it is to certain Doukhobor men at Canora that Dawson makes him appear for the first time. On the night in question a number of men are represented as being gathered together waiting for Jesus. At length down the middle of the village street at midnight comes the risen Christ. He turns in at the little gate, knocks at the door, and appears in the midst of the little company. Thereafter the scene of the story is shifted to New York. The story is called "A Prophet in Babylon."

Homage to Literature

It is strange how literature gives a touch of romance to what would otherwise be prosaic. The mere fact that Canora had figured in a book of some little consequence made it interesting in my eyes. Strange how the world doffs its hat in the presence of literary genius. Shakespeare did not cut a great figure in his own day, but everybody who can now journey to Stratford on Avon. And when you get there Shakespeare is the only thing you are interested in. As you stand on the bank of the Avon your eye searches for Trinity Church. Why? Because Shakespeare is buried there. You visit his birth place, and if you walk to Shottery it is because he used to walk thither when he was courting Anne Hathaway. I once spent an afternoon at Farrana in Italy. Why did I linger there when Florence was awaiting me? Because Goethe laid there the scene of a drama I had once loved to read. I have watched for hours the old Manse at Concord, Massachusetts, where Hawthorne, living with his young bride, wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse."

"A thousand cities claimed great Homer, dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Literary fame somehow exerts a witchery over the mind and imagination of posterity out of all comparison beyond that exerted by the renown of the soldier or the statesman.

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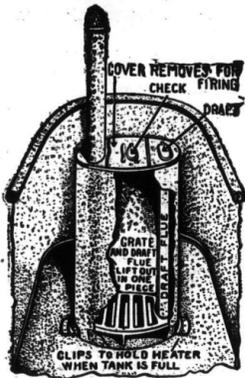
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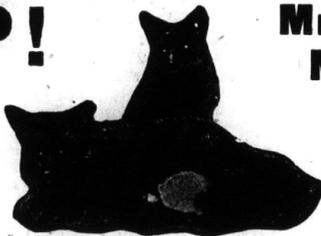
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Western Canada Before the War

(Continued from Page 26)

business-like way by the president. There was to be a Homemakers' Week at the University of Saskatchewan (in Saskatoon). Could any members of this club go? They were to live in college and have lectures and a great time. A delegation was arranged and the meeting came to an end, and I went away not knowing which to admire most, the business gifts of the Canadian farmer's wife or the practicability of the University of Saskatchewan.

For the Canadian housewife she has golden words which should bring a glow to many women who do their daily work without praise, perhaps without even realizing themselves how fine it is:

"Ordinarily, it is marvellous to see how the Canadian country housewife manages. She is the product of generations of pioneering, and difficulties have called out her powers. She is most able and competent, she applies her brains to housework, and also she has a tradition of how to do things best with simple apparatus. Thus the Canadian house is generally neater than that of the recent Old Country immigrant, and at the same time the mistress is not so burdened and perpetually rushed. . . . The prairie woman arranges the work and the house, wastes no steps, and puts through an extraordinary amount of work with no fuss or scrimmage; and at the end, whatever her sufferings and labors, at any rate, she is not a drudge, but a strong and generous personality—as I described the Homemakers—one in whom the heart of her husband can safely trust, and does trust. If the prairie women want anything that their husbands can get for them, they will not have to ask very long."

When our author says that on the prairies she has found what seems the "nearest approach in the world to perfect democratic equality," one wonders what remains to be said.

Miss Mitchell discusses the Woman of the West, their occupations, hopes and ambitions. She writes of the Church—or churches, one should say—and she is particularly interesting on the subject of education. She admires the skill of the country teacher, but regrets the lack of stability in the teaching profession, especially on the prairies, where the teachers are almost always women, who, as one superintendent put it, seem to "disappear into the sandy soil." Both the superintendent and Miss Mitchell seem to have shrewd ideas of what happens to the teacher, but although this may mean a gain to the community, it involves a loss to the school. I must quote what Miss Mitchell says of education in Saskatchewan. It must make all Canadians proud to read it:

"One may wholly disapprove of extravagance, and yet admire the chief form it takes in Saskatchewan. This province plunges in education and educational buildings in the wildest and noblest way; and the towered proud palaces that dominate the cities are schools. I never saw anything like this proportion of expenditure in any other country or in any other province of Canada that I have visited. It almost suggests the concentration of the early Middle Ages when the great cathedrals first soared heavenwards from the little huddled towns. There may be mixed motives, a contractor's interest here, a touch of advertisement there—so there probably were with the cathedrals—but still these great schools and the wonderful university stand for an aspiration neither selfish nor material. 'Their children shall see it.' The schools are a standing challenge to the meaner spirit that declares: 'I'll make my pile and get down to the Coast.'"

I have only touched on some of the outstanding points of a book rich in many-sided interest—a book full of suggestiveness for the thoughtful student of Canadian problems. One feels that whatever the rightness of the detailed statements, Miss Mitchell is sound on all main questions, as, for instance, when she emphasizes the prime importance of agriculture in our national economy, and also when she advances the unfashionable and neglected doctrine of the country as a school of "true religion and sound learning"—in other words, of

character. Lastly, one can only rejoice in a critical effort which may help us to the self-consciousness which is a necessary step in the development of a national spirit.

Why Don't They Cheer?

By Robert J. C. Stead

"Why don't they cheer," the stranger said,
"Why don't they cheer when the troops go out?"

He thought our hearts were cold or dead
Because we raised nor song nor shout.

But we had known them in the past,
That ancient past when peace we knew;
And all our hearts were heavy-cast,
And all our eyes were wet with dew.

Yon lad—he is a farmer's son,
And yon his work was in a store,
And yon—he only joined for fun,
He'd never been from home before.

And yon his hair is streaked with grey,
He heard the call and knew the cost;
With calm resolve he joins the fray
That younger lives may not be lost.

No dress parade is this to-day;
No skirmish with the lesser lands;
Red-fanged war obstructs the way
And murder crouches where he stands.

No boast is ours as out they go,
For God forbid our boast were bold;
The end we hope, but cannot know,
Is His to hasten or withhold.

We only watch our marching men
With silent confidence aflame,
For though they may not come again
Sharp is their steel and true their aim.

"Why don't they cheer?" the stranger said,
When hearts too full for cheap acclaim
Were beating to their martial tread
The deathless honor of their name.

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The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

"I know not what the future hath Of sorrow or surprise, I only know that life and death His mercy underlies."

The outlook for 1918 is not a cheerful one. The most sanguine feel that it is full of doubt and uncertainty. It is at times like these the old faiths and the old promises come back with comfort and assurance. 1918 will be a year of stern duties for both men and women in Canada a year of sacrifices, of learning to take orders of learning to do without.

We are only just beginning to realize the war, we have not fully realized it yet. We have gone on day after day, saying "business as usual," and though we did not say it, we thought "pleasure as usual also" and now we have come to the time when we must realize that neither business nor pleasure can ever again be as usual, in our time.

But even so, life is not without its compensations. There are no more care freed days and dreamless nights, but there is the honor and satisfaction of work well done; of responsibility shouldered. There is the solemn joy of feeling that we are helping not only in making history but in making a nation. Will the women of Canada measure up to the tasks required of them? I hope so and with the hope goes the fervent wish that the verse quoted above may echo the sentiment of the heart of every reader.

Many will have already read Mrs. McClung's new book "The Next of Kin." It is a very human document. It is taken almost entirely from the incidents she has met with in her personal work among the foreign peoples of the West. She speaks with authority. Not the least interesting part is the introductory chapter in which she describes how she came to write the book. The story of the little Russian girl who came seeking an education is a strong lesson on our neglect of the foreigners within our gates. There is some excellent verse and the "Prayer of the Next of Kin" will find an echo in thousands of hearts. It is a book to buy and keep, wholesome and wholesomed as the woman who writes it. One of these days, perhaps when this hideous war is over, Mrs. McClung will write another novel. She has been gathering material for it during the years and the ripening experiences of her own life will make of it a deeper and stronger work than she has yet done. That, in the rush of helping with election campaigns; lecturing for the red cross; managing a household and helping with every good work and word in her community, she has found time to write a book with chapters as strong as some of those in "The Next of Kin" is the best proof that someday, when there is more leisure, she will bring forth from her treasure house a great and

good book, a monument to the women of the West among whom she has lived and worked and whom she has loved and helped, as no other woman of her time has done.

In December I wrote something of the need for the saving of actual food stuffs, for our soldiers overseas and the civilian population in the warring countries.

Since that was written the need for saving has increased enormously. First because returns show that there is less wheat in Canada even than was supposed. Second because \$25,000,000 worth of food stuffs have been destroyed in the United States through fires which have nearly all been of incendiary origin. Third because, through the Halifax disaster, large supplies of foodstuffs ready for overseas have been destroyed. Every loss of this kind means that there must be increased saving to make it up.

I would like to say to the women in the country and in the small town, where it is the habit to lay in considerable stocks of flour, try and substitute, oatmeal, oatmeal flour, cornmeal and if you can get any, rye flour, to such an extent that your present supply of flour will last twice as long as usual. In country homes it is possible to control the use of white bread much more easily than in the cities, where the great bulk of the population must eat baker's bread. The millers and bakers of Canada are not behaving well in this matter of wheat and flour saving and only very drastic measures will bring them to time, but the housewife who makes her own bread has the whole matter under control. Even such small matters as a few cups of well boiled oatmeal or cornmeal porridge put into the weekly or tri-weekly baking will make a material saving and produce an equally wholesome loaf. It is the many mickles that will make the muckles needed to send overseas. Remember it is not possible to increase our supply of wheat until next August; we can only accumulate sufficient for their needs overseas by saving and substitution.

There will be a concerted effort to induce people to keep pigs on the outskirts of the smaller towns and villages so as to grow their own meat supply and thereby lessen their demands on the commercially raised hogs at the same time utilizing the kitchen and garden refuse which at present is not only wasted, but which causes heavy expenditure to get rid of. Germany in her back yards, long before the war, raised more pigs than are raised in the whole of Canada, and at the same time had a higher rating for sanitation than our smaller towns and villages have ever enjoyed. A pig and a few chickens in the back yard need endanger the health of no community. They would furnish a wholesome interest for growing children and would teach a lesson of thrift to all.

One lesson that Canada must learn and that is to save, to utilize waste material and to support herself. We must cease to spend money abroad and devote ourselves to the task of producing practically all that we need. If the war were over to-morrow the burdens left behind would be enormous and we would have to strain every nerve to meet them, but the war is far from over, democracy and freedom still tremble in the balance. To end the war in such a way that permanent peace may be secured will need every resource of men and money that the allies can muster. To this end rigid economy and ceaseless deligence are needed, and as yet we have not made a faint attempt at practising them. The indifference to thrift on every hand makes one long for the fiery cross to be carried through the land to arouse the people to the danger. At present the attitude of Canada is very much that of the old scripture "to-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant."

The Change Should be Gradual

Weaning is not a difficult process when undertaken in a systematic manner, and if done gradually there is little fear of upsetting the baby's digestion. A baby who has had one or two bottle feedings daily during the last month is well on the

way to being entirely weaned. Otherwise the process takes about one month. During the first week the baby may have daily two breast feedings, alternated with two feedings of milk and water (three parts milk and one of water). During the third week there should be three substitute feedings to one at the breast and the baby should be entirely weaned during the fourth week. If the baby has been raised entirely on the breast up to the tenth month, he may be fed with a spoon in preference to a bottle, thus doing away with the danger and annoyance of bottles and nipples. It sometimes happens that a baby will not take very readily to the change of diet. Then it is better to wean him abruptly and let him remain without food until he is so hungry he will be glad to take whatever is given him. This plan, followed for two days, is usually sufficient to produce a willingness to take anything. If the mother can have some one take charge of the baby at this time so that she can keep out of sight as long as possible, the weaning will be accomplished with less annoyance. If the baby is very delicate he may be given a few feedings of mother's milk that has been pumped into a bottle. However, when there is any question of debility it is always advisable to have medical advice.

The proportions of three parts milk and one part water are given only as a guide. Some babies require more milk and others less. The following is a good formula to use when the weaning is completed:

Six ounces of milk, two ounces of water, two teaspoonfuls of cream and one teaspoonful of sugar.

After about the tenth month some farinaceous food should also be added to the baby's milk. This serves the double purpose of supplying more nourishment and also of making the milk more digestible. As the ordinary cereals require at least four hours' cooking, it is better to use one of the prepared infant foods. They are made expressly for infants and delicate stomachs and being manufactured under the most hygienic principles with this end in view, are always safe to use. They also require less cooking than the ordinary cereals. When using a starchy food, experience has shown that the addition of extra cream to the milk is not necessary. These foods are usually prepared by mixing one or two teaspoonfuls of the food with a little water and then stirring it into one pint of boiling water and boiling for ten minutes, adding a little water to make up for that lost by evaporation. This is then used instead of plain water. Begin by using it for the last feeding in the evening. If it agrees, add a little to the first feeding in the morning and so on until the baby can take the quantity specified in the directions sent out by the manufacturer of the food you are using. These are always calculated and arranged by physicians and are always about right for the average baby.

If there is any decided change in the diet there will also be a change in the action of the bowels. There may be constipation or there may be looseness. This may be due to overfeeding or to the change from mothers' to cows' milk, or in part to the starchy food. Try relieving the constipation by making the food weaker and the looseness by making the food thicker. Experiment with one ingredient at a time. There may be too much milk or the milk may be too rich in cream. As mothers' milk is alkaline and cows' milk is generally acid, you may add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the day's feeding when prepared in the morning. Try to regulate the bowels by regulating the food. Do not give any drastic medicine; but you may give the juice of half a sweet orange, a little apple sauce, or freshly prepared prune juice. Up to the fifteenth month the diet should be much the same as indicated above, excepting that beef, mutton or chicken broth may be given for the mid-day feeding, and a few teaspoonfuls of tapioca by way of a change.

At this time of the year, the diet of older children should consist of more starchy material than is customary in hot weather. The increased activity of children at this time means increased appetite so that to supply enough material to meet the demand for more heat and more energy, they should be allowed to eat heartily; always, however, forbidding eating between meals. A good diet for cold weather should be selected.

Dan Cupid, Democrat

By Nan O'Reilly.

I always knew that street cars were as full of stories as they are of germs, but I never realized until I became a regular devotee of the East Shore Factory Line, just what a slice of human destiny is compressed within the confines of one of these miserable conveyances.

All the passengers were, I think, with the probable exception of myself, employees of the huge East Shore Dye Factory and the Winton Steel Company, representing every type from utter failure to well-fed prosperity. There were the Company's old scrub women, going out to face the day's monotony with a world of pathos behind their tired eyes; even more pathetic, perhaps, was that nondescript crew of middle-aged men, struggling along on fifteen or twenty dollars a week; there were eager eyed youths and maidens out to conquer the universe; and there were Jack and Marjory. Last, but not least, there was myself, gymnasium teacher in the East Shore Orphan Asylum, fascinated observer of life and love in general, and of the life and love of Marjory and Jack in particular.

In my mind I always associated them together, although they entered upon my vision and interest separately. Marjory came first, hopping on the car one dripping morning in November, wearing a rough tweed suit, for all the world as if off for a picnic. In that crowd of fallow faced women, she bloomed like a dew-touched English rose, for I knew America had never produced such a complexion. It looked like one of those Woodbury ads, "The skin you love to touch" (but never see), at least I hadn't till my eyes fell on Marjory. And once they fell, I found it hard to take them off. She sat down in front of me, that is, I was on the long seat running down the car, while she was on the first one going across, so I could examine her at leisure while she buried herself in a book.

Her hair was bronzy and seemed to quiver with life from under the close little hat she wore, while occasionally I caught a glimpse of eyes blue-gray as the sea. Altogether I liked Marjory uncommonly well, even more so when I saw the book she was reading. It was one of Conrad's, Victory, as I remember it, and since it was a favorite of mine, I concluded that

Marjory and I must be kindred spirits. Then with a detective instinct inherited from some ancestral Sherlock Holmes, I tried to figure out what an exquisite creature like this girl, who was evidently on friendly terms with Joseph Conrad, could be doing on the East Shore Factory line. The anomaly was too much for me, and as I was staring in front of me in deep concentration, I discovered Jack.

As I said, I was staring straight in front of me, which brought into my field of vision a row of men across the aisle, buried from the waist up behind their morning papers. My glance rested idly on their feet, running curiously down the line. Do it some time, and see what an index to personality those feet are. Some wore those awful round toed shoes that one inevitably connects with the cheap sport; others were muddy, and still others run down at the heel. Then my eyes stopped at a pair of very large, very long-lasted brown oxfords. They looked decidedly hopeful, but what, I thought impatiently, is his mother or wife or sister thinking of, to let him go out on such a morning in low shoes? I looked again. He was wearing silk socks. The plot thickened. What manner of man was this, who wore nine dollar oxfords and silk socks to work, on the East Shore Factory Line? The edges of his trousers were frayed, but my keen scrutiny revealed the fact that they were of good material, and turned up at the most correct angle achievable. He was as much of a puzzle as the girl, so I again turned my attention to her, and then back to the man, when at that identical moment Marjory looked up, Jack emerged from behind his paper, their eyes met, and well, I still insist it was love at first sight. Not that I blame them. From what I've said about Marjory, you'll agree it would be next to impossible for a man to remain immune, and now I saw that the shoe test had not failed, and that Jack was just as interesting looking for a man. He had one of those square cut faces, with nice straight eyes, and smooth brown skin. I liked Jack uncommonly well too, more so as I watched his eyes dwell in a startled way on the girl, and then drop with an, "I beg your pardon," sort of look when he saw her flush.

Well, that is the way it began, and I tell you it was the strangest courtship I ever saw. Morning after morning, Marjory jumped on at her corner, her eyes growing a little brighter, and her cheeks a little rosier, and her suit a little shabbier each day, the inevitable book tucked under her arm; and at the Junction, on would leap Jack, his eyes quick and dissatisfied until they found her. Then a funny little tender look would come into them, and he would sit where he could watch her from behind his paper. I noticed he always looked to see what she was reading, and would smile contentedly when he saw that it was unflinching something worth while.

It was January before he found the courage one morning to drop into the vacant seat beside her. I was in my customary vantage point, and it was really funny to see the red creep up over Jack's collar, and how Marjory's small ears grew pink to the very tips. He just sat, scarcely daring to breathe, until his eye happened to fall on the book she was reading. It was a volume of poetry, and I can't tell you the author's name for that would be giving the whole thing away, but when he saw it, the boy's face simply lit up, and without thinking he blurted out,

"I say, do you like these?"

Marjory lifted shining eyes.

"Very much," she answered, in a soft voice with an English accent. (I knew she was English.)

"I'm glad," the boy answered. "My dad wrote them."

There was no sign of boasting. He was just glad something of his had pleased her, but to his dismay her eyes filled with quick tears.

Jack couldn't say a thing. He just looked at her, wondering what he could have said to make her cry, when suddenly she laughed shakily through the moisture.

"Don't mind me," she pleaded, "I'm just jealous because my father didn't write them."

The shower was over, but under the umbrella of her confession, they had found

friendship, and before many days were gone I heard him tell her some of his hopes and ambitions—how he was learning the steel business from the bottom up, being still pretty near the bottom; how his dad had expected him to go in for literature, but that this berth pleased him better, and did she like this book and that one, and so forth ad infinitum. Marjory lent a willing ear, but though the man did not notice it at first, I observed that she did not return his confidences in kind. She was a mixture of charming frankness and quiet reticence. There was no limit to their delight in books, but of what she did, aside from the fact that she worked in the Dye Factory, what she hoped for, or even where she lived, there was never a word.

And as I marked this, I added to a surmise I had made that first morning when Marjory had cried. The simple little explanation she had given for her tears had told me something that had passed by the boy, told me so surely that I scarcely needed to hear its verification from Marjory's lips some months later.

Don't think me a dreadful old eavesdropper. Somehow I had seen tragedy ahead for these two young things, and they had grown so close to my heart that it didn't seem wrong when I overheard some of the things they said.

After that first morning he sat beside her every day. I could see how eagerly she watched for his corner, and how much they had to say to each other. I noticed that as time went on, he brought her something almost every day, a book, a box of candy, or some other package, probably containing sweets. By this time her first name was tripping familiarly from his tongue, while she called him Jack, but gradually, their gay little conversations took a serious turn, and when the winter snows began to melt I realized, with a sinking at my heart, that the roses were fading out of the girl's cheeks, and that Jack's lean jaw was getting squarer and leaner every day. Had the tragedy I had been waiting for begun its work?

I did not have to wait long for my answer, for it was that very morning that affairs came to a crisis. Marjory and Jack seemed to be arguing, when suddenly Jack broke out impatiently.

"But why won't you let me call for you nights, and take you home, or come to see you evenings," he was pleading. "I can't understand it at all, Marjory. There's so much to talk about that I can't say on the street car, and then there are those rough men at the factory—why some of them might talk to you, or try to take your arm nights on the way home—it makes me miserable even to think of it."

During this tirade the girl stared miserably out of the window. She was swallowing bravely, but she put out one shabbily gloved little hand and patted his arm.

"You don't understand, Jack," she whispered, while he grasped the little hand hungrily, "you don't understand, but I'll try to tell you to-morrow." And she was gone.

It seemed to me like an eternity till the next day, so just imagine what it must have seemed to the man who loved the girl. But at last to-morrow came, and I heard the details of the situation I had imagined that first morning when Marjory had cried.

They both looked as if they hadn't slept a wink, but there was an air of determination about them that would have been funny if it hadn't been so pathetic.

"Look here, Marjory," the man began in a low firm voice as soon as he had found her, "before you tell me any of these imaginary reasons why can't I come and propose like a human being. I want you to promise to marry me."

"Oh, I can't, I can't," the girl wailed, lifting her beautiful desperate young face to his. "I told you that you didn't understand, and you don't. Listen, Jack. You've read and heard thousands of times of men and women marrying who didn't match, and almost always they were miserable, and if they weren't it was usually because one or the other had to sacrifice pride or family, or something like that. Well, that would be the way with us. No, don't interrupt. You know I'm poor, but you think perhaps we come from an old English family that lost its money but kept its traditions and culture. Well, that's all wrong. My father kept a small butcher shop over in

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England, and is doing the same thing now. He can read and write enough to keep his books, and that's about all. Mother can't do that much. I'm just a misfit, and I wasn't found on the doorstep either," she added with a pitiful attempt at a smile, "but am a legally proven member of the family." She lifted her head proudly. "Don't think I'm ashamed of them, or want to apologize for them. It's only that I love them too much to subject them to what I know they would have to go through if—we were anything more than friends. Oh, can't you see how hopeless it would be? Think of what your father is, a leading writer of the day. Your mother is doubtless a woman of the highest culture. Jack, can't you realize how hopeless it would be, worse than a difference of money, that awful difference of ideas and experiences and bringing up?"

She poured out her arguments rapidly, as if she had rehearsed them so often that they had grown absolutely convincing and flawless to her, but the man was staring straight ahead, as if stunned. Her words had fallen on deaf ears. He loved her, that was enough, and some barrier over which he had no control was keeping him from her.

With a cruelty of which he was unconscious, he stumbled off the car and left her sitting there, her hands stretched out in her lap, pleading with him to come back.

The next day I watched with unusual eagerness for Marjory, but when she came I could have wept for her. All the springing youth was gone from her step. She lagged into the car and sat there suffering dumbly, until Jack's corner was reached. Her face flushed painfully as the car stopped, and then whitened as it started up again and no Jack had leaped up the steps. She huddled down in her place, almost forgetting to get off when the conductor called her street.

All day I was wretched, thinking of that stricken little figure on the car. How could Jack have done it? It was like hitting a sick child. Indeed that was what she looked like the next morning when she got on the car, all the light gone from her blue-gray eyes and the color from her lovely face. When we reached the Junction, I was as nervous with apprehension as she, but there was Jack waiting to get on, his face drawn with pain, and his right arm carried in a sling.

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He sat down beside her, ignoring her exclamations of pity and anxiety.

"I want you to get off this car, Marjory, and go home," he ordered peremptorily. "You know they have had floods out here every spring. This year it's worse than usual, and to add to the danger, the trestle is positively swaying. It has been condemned for years, only they're waiting for it to cave in before they can be sure it isn't safe. The day before yesterday, I broke my arm dragging a laborer out of the ice jam—cake of ice hit me as we came up, and that's why I wasn't here yesterday. This morning they phoned up that the ice has moved down to the trestle, so what with the melting and the jam it's—hell down there. You mustn't go, Marjory."

But Marjory shook her head firmly. She thought, as I did that Jack was exaggerating conditions to prevent her going to work. The East Shore Factory Line was owned by the Dye Factory where Marjory worked, and the rules of the Factory were so strict that such an open criticism as absence on account of traction difficulties would doubtless spell dismissal. Jack knew this, and would be only too glad to have her lose the hated position. This would be an added advantage for him, and so she shook her head again.

"Nonsense, Jack, you're overwrought. It's pay day and the rent is due, so you see I must go. I'm quite sure it's safe."

Jack sank back. I could see he was frightfully nervous, and that his arm was paining severely.

"All right," he said quietly, "if we go down, at least it will be together."

Marjory began to protest, but just then the car started across the trestle. At first all went well, but just as we reached the middle, there was a deafening crash. The ice had struck the big centre pile, for immediately the car swayed sickeningly. Instantly the people were thrown into a mad panic. They screamed and yelled like frightened animals, but in all that wild frenzy, my eyes still saw those two young figures ahead of me, and the swirling, ice-crammed water beneath us. There were two children beside me. Instinctively I gathered them to me, and looked about for something to break the window. Then with a sinking fear I remembered Jack's broken arm. What could he do, disabled as he was? What if Marjory couldn't swim? All these thoughts flashed through my head, while the car hung there dizzily. Then Marjory had thrust her elbow through the window, and was pushing out the rest of the pane with her bare hands. Jack tried to thrust her aside but before he could help her, there was another horrible jolt, followed in a moment by the rending and splitting of timbers. The floor of the trestle snapped in two as easily as a cracker, and through the opening the car with its human freight toppled like a child's toy into the black, ugly water.

When I came to, I was fighting with one arm, while with the other I towed the two terrified children. All about the groans and screams of the injured and the helpless made the air horrible, but my thoughts were mostly of my charges and of Jack and Marjory. My gymnasium training stood me in good stead. I could feel my muscles working splendidly in the cold water, but I thought with horror of my two young friends. Then I saw them. He was trying to swim with one arm, but something must have hit the injured arm and turned him faint, for I could see his stroke weakening. I struggled desperately to reach them, and then I saw what Marjory was doing. She had managed to pull off her coat, and now with the skill born of long seaside living, she had twined Jack's good arm around her neck and was gaining safety sooner than I.

When I saw them next, she was sitting on the shore, cradling his head in her arms, while he was just opening his eyes from the faint. The first thing he saw was her arm and hand, torn and bleeding where she had thrust it through the window. He tried to get up but she held him close, as if she would never let him go again. Leaving my two dripping children, I took off my petticoat and tore it into strips. I might have been as invisible as Cupid, for all the notice they took of me as I lifted her torn arm and bandaged it carefully. They just sat there looking into each other's eyes.

"To think you might have been drowned, Marjory, and for me," the man groaned. "The only time I could do anything for you to think I fainted like a woman."

But Marjory's face was shining with a wonderful light.

"Please don't, Jack dear," she pleaded. "Even if I had been drowned it would have been worth it. Somehow out there in that death struggle, things grew wonderfully clear. I saw how little any of those superficial things mattered beside the big realities. My pride was hurting me, that's all. I was afraid that I would have to receive too much, but I see now that perhaps you'll need me other times as you did out there in the water, and at any rate I'm glad now even to be the beggar maid to your Cophetua."

Jack looked up into her glowing face, bewilderment in his eyes. Then still dazed he stole his one good arm about her neck and she leaned over him. There was a beauty in that stooping figure that brought the foolish tears to my eyes, and I turned away, but not before I had seen the problem of her woman's reasoning dissolved in the eternal logic of her kiss.

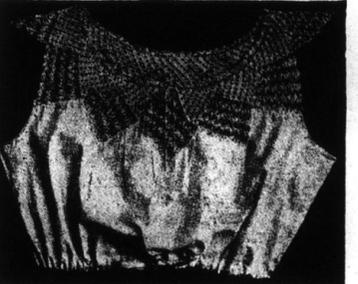
Round Yoke for Corset Cover

Material—Two balls of No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton. Start with 40 ch sts.

First row—1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into the next st, *2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 d c, repeat * twice; 4 ch sts skip 3 sts, * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, repeat * until you have 4 d c all into the same st, forming 1 fan; 4 ch sts, skip 4 sts, repeat until you have 4 fans, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second row—Make 1 fan over last sp of fan of preceding row, 5 ch sts, repeat for 4 fans, 5 ch sts 1 d c into each st, 2 ch sts, 1 more d c into the last st, 5 ch sts, turn.

Third row—2 d c over the 2 ch sts, * 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 d c repeat * until you have 4 sps, then make 4 fans, Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows alternately, increasing by 1 sp on every row of sps



until you have made 14 rows, then start with the 1st row.

Beading, * 1 d c, 5 ch sts, repeat.*
Scallop, 1 fan 1 s c over each sp.
Hem the armhole, over this hem make d c close together into the material.
Cord, make length of ch sts, turn 1 s c into each st.
Drop 5 ch sts, join forming a circle, 1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c, into circle, repeat twice, join and break thread.

Edges for Bath Towels

No. 1—Material—No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton, color to match towel. For this filet pattern 6 d c form 1 gr, with la, next 7 d c together.

Make 43 ch sts, 1 gr, 1 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.
Second row—3 d c, 1 sp, d c over d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 8 ch sts, turn.

Third row—1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 5 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.
Fourth row—Repeat third row making sp, above la.

Fifth row—1 gr, 2 la, 1 gr, 2 la, 1 gr, 2 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.
Sixth row—Repeat fifth row, sp above la.

Seventh row—1 gr, 3 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 4 d c, repeat backward.

No. 2—Material—Perle cotton No. 5. White and color to match towel. Fasten white thread into hem, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, 3 d c into first ch st, * 1 d c leave space of 5 ch sts on hem, catch d c, make 4 d c over this d c, repeat * for 2 rows of white and one row of color. Featherstitch hem with color.

No. 3—Material—No. 34 shaded violet mercerized crochet cotton. Start each pansy separately and when finished join. Make 7 ch sts, join into a circle.

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From one to six weeks—according to weather conditions—is required to reduce (or slack) lump lime into the putty state by mixing it with water in a mortar box or a mortar bed of sand. This often causes delays, or introduces the dangerous alternative of using partially slacked lime in the most important parts of construction work.

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is a uniform product, manufactured by processes which remove impurities and the physical defects developed in kiln practice. Every pound and ounce of it is useful and active in every possible mixture in which it can be used. Every useful property of the original lime from which it was manufactured is present in the Hydrated Product.

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The addition of a small percentage of "LION BRAND" HYDRATED LIME—say ten pounds to each bag of cement—gives greater strength, lubricates the mass, increases the density and uniformity; waterproofs, by filling up all the voids, and makes a smooth finish job.

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WINNIPEG

First row—3 ch sts, 1 d c, *3 ch sts, 2 d c, repeat * for 5 sps.

Second row—5 ch sts, 8 t c over each sp, 1 t c over d c.

Third row—1 p over each st, 5 ch sts, turn to back, 1 s c to top of d c, of first row, * 7 ch sts, 1 s c to top of d c of next gr, repeat, * making 2 loops, 5 ch sts turn 14 t c over each loop, turn 1 p, over each st. For connection make 7 ch sts, * 1 d c skip 1 p, 3 ch sts, repeat * for 10 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 t c, catching 1 p of each pansy and joining them by this st.

Last row—5 ch sts, 1 s c over ch, repeat.

No. 4—Material—No. 30 shaded mercerized cotton to match towel. Make s c across towel, catching into hem.

Second row—* 7 ch sts, 1 s c skip 3 sts, repeat * for 3 rows.

Last row—1 s c, 1 d c, 6 t c, 1 d c, 1 s c, over each loop.

No. 5—No. 5 mercerized crochet cotton, white and color to match towel. Of white make 5 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, all over fourth ch st, forming a fan, 3 ch sts turn, repeat for 8 fans, 7 ch sts, 1 s c, over ch between sixth and seventh fan, repeat for 3 loops, turn, * 12 s c over loop repeat * 7 s c over third loop, turn, * 7 ch sts, 1 s c to centre of loop, repeat *, turn 12 s c over loop, 7 s c over next loop, turn 7 ch sts, 1 s c over centre of loop, turn 12 s c, over loop, 7 s c over each of next 2 loops, 1 fan completes row.

For the next two rows make sps around the scallop, completing pattern. For the colored edge, make * 3 d c, 1 p, 3 d c, skip 1 sp, repeat *.

Where Honor Dwells

She was one of the worst women with whom the ladies of a certain church in lower New York had ever had to deal. She had sunk to the point where she begged money of the church only to spend it in the nearest saloon.

Finally, in answer to one of her appeals for money, the spokesman for the women's society said, "No, Maggie, we can do no

more for you. The women of this society have given you up."

A young man, Walter G— by name, who was a worker at the settlement connected with the church, overheard the closing remark, and as Maggie turned away he said, "Yes, Maggie, the women of the society have given you up, but God and I will never give you up."

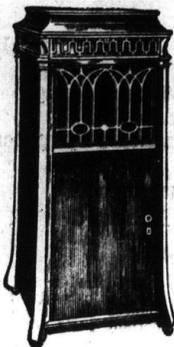
She passed out into the welter of slum life, and it seemed as if oblivion had swallowed her, for no one heard of her again for years.

Meanwhile, the young man who had said that he would never give her up had died of a disease that he contracted while nursing a human wreck. Some account of his dramatic career together with a picture of him appeared in one of the New York papers.

Two years more slipped by; then one Sunday evening the minister of the church was shaking hands with the congregation as they filed out after service, when he noticed a woman standing off at a distance and weeping convulsively. When all had gone, he looked at her more intently. A faint shadow of recollection crossed his mind as he scrutinized her face more closely. Then as she approached him he saw that she was Maggie; yet not the old Maggie of a few years ago, but a new Maggie of redeemed womanhood.

Maggie opened the conversation. "Doctor B—," she said, "you remember that some years ago the women of this church told me that they had given me up? Walter G— said to me that he and God would never give me up. I saw the account of his death in the paper, and I cut his picture out and had this medallion made from it. I worked two years scrubbing offices before and after hours to save money enough to have it made. It has kept me straight ever since. But I want you to take it now for fear that, if it should be found in my possession, it might bring reproach on his name. When you preach, you might sometimes tell the people that what saved Maggie D— was Walter G—'s saying to her, 'Maggie, the women of this church have given you up, but God and I will never give you up.'"

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Children

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Mrs. Holden was wiping the shining new glass and silver with the pretty new towels. Her niece, a bride of a month, was washing them and talking happily of her hopes and plans.

"I'm so thankful you stopped off, even if it's only for three days, Aunt Marcia. There are lots of things I want to ask your advice about. Has my bread too much flour in it, or did it bake in too slow an oven? I only know that it is too hard. I am going to systematize all my work, with a task for each hour, and each task is to be completed in its hour. I think I—"

There was an imperative ring at the door-bell, and Ethel wiped her hands, took off her kitchen apron, and hurried to the door.

"It was only a messenger boy who wanted to be directed to Judge Merrill's," she explained, upon her return, plunging her arms again into the dish-pan. "As I was saying, the only way to accomplish anything is to have a system. If that boy hadn't interrupted me we'd have had these dishes done promptly at eight. From eight to nine I make my dessert, prepare the vegetables and chop the meat; from nine to ten I dust and do chamber work. That gives me an hour for sewing and mending before I have to get luncheon, and immediately after luncheon is my study and reading hour. Don't you see what a fine plan it is, Aunt Marcia?"

"Ye-es," agreed Mrs. Holden, "but what—"

She in her turn was interrupted by the door-bell, and Ethel hastened away to answer it, and this time she did not remove her apron. In half an hour she came back, with her face flushed uncomfortably.

"It was Mrs. Morton, the secretary of the church guild. She apologized for coming so early, but said she had twenty calls to make to-day. She is lovely, and I should have enjoyed seeing her if I hadn't felt sure that the clock would strike nine before I had that dessert made. Now I must fly round."

The Bull-Terrier

The bull-terrier is by instinct, breeding and qualities, a man's dog. No woman or child should ever seek to own or handle him. He is often confounded with the bulldog, but although they are of the same family on one side, they do not resemble each other either in conformation or character.

With jaws much like those of a wolf, the bull-terrier can inflict severe punishment upon a victim. To his owner and his immediate family he is affectionate and obedient. To strangers he is often the very opposite. Being of an aggressive nature, it needs the strong hand of a man to control him. In turn, he stands ready to defend his master in any emergency. In his youth he is very gentle, but after he gets to maturity and has his first real fight, he becomes dangerous to man and beast, and his owner should not, except under exceptional conditions, permit him to roam at will.

There is no better watch-dog. He knows no fear, is a very light sleeper, and alert in every way. He is an unobjectionable house-dog, for he is quiet and cleanly in his habits. He will watch the house and protect the premises and the members of the family against marauders, and he will rid the neighborhood of all cats, for cats are his especial prey. The other dogs in the neighborhood, except the little ones, are soon likely to know who is master. The bull-terrier is too much of a gentleman to bully dogs smaller than himself.

He is very intelligent, and never forgets either an unjust punishment or a favor. Owing to his light, wiry build, he can travel for miles at good speed, behind a wagon or a bicycle. He is strong and easy to raise, unless he has been too much inbred. Some of the show dogs of this breed have this fault. He has a nervous temperament, and is a great barker—another trait in which he differs from his English cousin.

The bull-terrier of to-day bears little resemblance either in character or in color to the old-fashioned bull-terrier of twenty years ago, so much has the type been affected by breeding. The origin of the bull-terrier is clearly estab-

lished. He is a cross between the Spanish pointer and the bulldog, for he has inherited the conformation of the pointer, and the courage and devotion of the bulldog.

The terrier's fine short coat, whip-cord tail, slender limbs and perfect feet, all show his descent from the bird-dog. The color, which should be pure white, has been bred in. The ears are upright, but as they are almost invariably cut and trained, it is hard to tell what nature intended them to be.

If the man who owns a bull-terrier is consistent and kind in his treatment of the dog, he will have a watchman who never tires or deserts his post, and a friend who will lay down his life for him.

Picture Transparencies

These transparencies are prints, colored or otherwise, mounted on glass so that the light is permitted to pass through, bringing out the form and color.

There are, therefore, planned to hang either in the window, against an artificial light, as a screen for a lamp, or to be incorporated into a lampshade.

Prints cut from magazines, colored lithographs, photographs or postcards may be used. The prints done in oil inks are the easiest to manage.

The fact that there may be printing or other pictures on the back does not matter, as the back is removed in the process of mounting. Cut the prints with a liberal margin, say three-eighths of an inch. Half pieces of ordinary picture glass cut the exact size of sheets. Procure some liquid white shellac—made of white gum shellac dissolved in alcohol—and some pure raw linseed-oil. Mix in the proportion of four parts of shellac to one of oil. The oil is added to keep the shellac from drying until you have time to arrange it properly. This mixture will have to be stirred frequently, as it does not readily amalgamate.

With a fairly wide brush coat one side of the glass, then laying the print on a flat board or newspaper, coat the face of it with the same preparation. Place the print face down on the wet glass and rub down. If the glass is turned over and held at an angle, any air-bubbles between the surfaces can readily be found. These must be removed. The best method is to have a rubber roller. With this they can be removed at once, otherwise it will be necessary to press them out with the fingers. This is difficult, but may be accomplished with patience.

When the print is flat, let the glass dry for an hour or two. When thoroughly dry, place it in a basin of water and let it soak until the paper is thoroughly saturated with water. It will then be found that by rubbing gently with the fingers the surface of the paper can readily be removed, leaving only a thin film of print on the glass.

To finish, either give the back a coating of clear varnish or back it with another piece of glass. Bind the whole with passepartout tape, and attach two hangers.

If shellac is not available, good clear varnish may be used, in which case a long time will be required for the varnish to dry before any attempt is made to remove the paper.

How to Have Strong Hands

In almost all athletic games it is of great importance to have strong, supple hands; in many vocations, too, strength in the hands is a valuable aid. Fortunately, hands respond to training; even the person who is undersized and none too robust may acquire remarkable strength in his hands. It is a physiological law that the smaller muscles when in action require proportionately less organic support than the larger muscles; to use the legs in running quickly "winds" you, but you could milk cows all day and feel no organic distress, although very likely you would feel muscular distress. Other things being equal, of course, the possessor of general strength will acquire the stronger grip.

There are marvelous records of feats by professional "strong men," such as lifting 987 pounds with the grip of one hand alone, doubling iron bolts half an inch thick, and tearing a tennis ball in two. Great agility and suppleness of the hands are more common but scarcely less wonderful.

Why You Need Not Fear Cancer

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

IN the United States, although nearly 100,000 persons will die this year of cancer, you can be of good cheer, those who will do more than merely read what is here set down.

If you will not only remember, but apply to yourself the action and practice, which this knowledge offers, you will escape from among the 100,000 who succumb. This means Canadians as well as Americans. Do not be like the average sinner, who hears a sermon and applies it to some one else.

Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise, the light that searches to the bottom of the pit. Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.

The doubt, that cancer can be prevented is unjust; the doubt that it can be cured after salves, herbs, prayers, surecures, and any temporary disappearance has delayed correct treatment is eminently proper.

"Why cannot science and discovery control cancer?" is a frequent query.

You, friend, have the answer in yourself. Your neighbors and acquaintances think they are able to decide about the treatment and the prevention of this scourge as well as the United States Government officials, the scientific investigators, and the institutes for medical research.

One of the reasons tuberculosis is somewhat less a menace to-day than it was twenty years ago, is because people have begun to avoid alleged "cures" and elaborate claims as to its treatment by medicines and ointments, salves and drinks.

Cancer nowadays causes more deaths in persons over forty years of age than does consumption.

Why? You ought to suspect the reason. Your dear ones, ill with tuberculosis no longer seek easy, pleasant remedies. They do not delay treatment, but go at once to a distant sanatorium and suffer the torments of cutting winds and cold, fresh air and sunlight.

Would you be safe from cancer? Then seek no handy-pamby "cure". Shun "royal roads to health" and quick reliefs.

Instead, go to a thorough conscientious and conservative surgeon and submit to the cutting—not winds this time—that will set you free from its sneaky, penetrating tentacles.

Happy thoughts and an agreeable point of view, will help those, who may have or think they have cancer. The information necessary to tell a cancer from a crow's foot, to recognize, prevent, and treat the condition should never be heard or read with fear in the heart.

A beloved relative told me recently that I had preserved one life by the narration of what I now set down for all. If this shall be the means of helping some more of you a little bit, if it does not help many a great deal, it will be reward enough. However, unless you put this into action and use, instead of merely carrying the facts in your memory, my will and wish to do good is vain.

It is onset, the early, neglected, ignored, and lightly dismissed origin of cancer, which should frighten you and your dear ones. If you pay no attention to the beginnings of a cancer, it is a waste of emotion to be afraid of the last stages. It is then too late.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of cancer," said a devoutly religious woman, after one of my public lectures. She was told that cancer is most dangerous for those who are "not afraid" of it. What is meant that a little bit of fear does no harm, but makes you a bit cautious; and sane enough to remove the first signs of some harmless thing which might take on a malignant nature of a cancer.

A little bit of fear at the earliest sign of something may be the best thing in the world for you. It will whisper to you to seek advice from no half-baked healer, but to go and to go quickly to the highest medical and surgical guide.

Never look for pain. Pain is no symptom of cancer in its curative, early stages: Ere pain appears, it is almost too late to cure. One hundred per cent of cancer cures can be wrought by the best surgeon's knife, if you present your-

self to him before the slightest sign of pain has been felt.

When pain comes into the cancer or pre-cancer, chances of cure often flies away, cancer of the muscles, the breast, the throat, the skin, the tongue, and the lip has no pain in its curative stage. Once pain appears, it means you have delayed too long. This happens to those who fail to believe such knowledge as is here presented, and seek to avail the surgeon's knife by dallying away valuable time with the remedies of nice honest old maids, male and female; quacks; patent medicines; travelling doctors; and the like.

How can the average man tell cancer disease from non-cancer disease. He cannot! No more can the busy doctor of only one life time of experience. What's to be done? Why err on the safe side: conquer this unfortunate state of affairs by playing safe. When in doubt have the surgeon remove even a harmless sore or a harmless tumor. If this is thoroughly done, no disaster can follow.

While it is true that cancer does not ever begin in a healthy spot, you may be sometimes in doubt as to which is or is not a healthy spot.

Sores; unhealed wounds; scratchy, continuously irritated spots; warts; moles; scabs; lumps; nodules; fatty tumours; swellings; enlarged glands; while all of these do not often become cancers, one in a hundred does change into these deadly growths.

Is it not wiser, is it not a better form of life insurance to cut away completely

all of the one hundred than to take the reckless, American chance; the modern foolhardiness and let a few or any of them escape thorough excision?

Unhappily, human nature in you—and also me, when I'm inattentive and off guard—induces two dangerous conditions, to wit, "not afraid of certain diseases," and the feeling that "it cannot happen to me," but applies to the other fellow.

Cancer is par excellence a disease, made to awaken man from these human weaknesses. It is a malady of benighted carelessness. It assails those who are "not afraid of it". It eats into those who will not listen or obey the inexorable facts here set down which unselfish scientists have discovered for them. It devours the rich and ignorant; those who delay operations, the sceptic and the negligent.

The victim who delays the use of the preventive knife and the doctor, who at present abets or encourages the use of anything other than the knife is participant crimini. Better not leave any abnormality or unhealthy bit of tissue alone, than to take an average chance that it is not or will not become a cancer.

Cancers of women, internally or even in the breast are placed by my former friend and teacher, Professor Joseph C. Bloodgood among the preventable diseases.

He points out that internal cancers in women usually begin, when there is a discharge of a different appearance, or at a different time, or long after the natural one has disappeared, or when it comes for longer period than was expected. Then is the time to operate

and prevent the cancer. Not later on, when pain appears.

When these irregularities are observed, few women and doctors are impressed with the warnings. And they are distinct warnings of possible cancer. Not always, to be sure, but suppose you are or are not the one in the hundred. Can you afford to gamble with the matter and ignore the storm signals?

No woman adds to her modesty or her life by concealment of these symptoms. Nor can the woman of 25 escape cancer by hiding a lump in her breast. Such mock modesty are sometimes paid like the wages of sin, with death.

A member of the American Society for the Control of Cancer has asked me to write you these and the following facts with the hope that you will not forget to put them into use and action and not merely memorize them as a parrot does for mere satisfying of curiosity.

The tongue and lips have cancers. Every man is warned in time; there is always first to be seen and felt on the lower lip or on the tongue some abnormal defect. This defect is often a burn from smoking, or an irritation from ragged teeth. When men heed this warning and receive treatment within a few weeks the probabilities of a cure are one hundred per cent.

Any irritation is the little skin defect, or injury to the nodule beneath the skin increases the probability of the development of cancer or, if cancer is already present, of its more rapid growth. No one should treat such apparently innocent lesions himself, but immediately consult a physician.

Cancer of bone. The early warn-



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Picture a concert hall filled with critical music lovers. One of our Metropolitan stars, Marie Rappold, for example, begins to sing. Her brilliant soprano voice soars through the building. Now watch the audience. Note that sudden stir. Each face depicts wonderment—astonishment—bewilderment. What miracle is this! The singer's lips have ceased to move. And yet the beautiful aria continues. Surely Rappold is still singing. She must be. Every lingering overtone, every subtle shade of color is there. But her lips are motionless. It is incredible. The explanation is simple. The New Edison which stands beside her is playing one of Rappold's records. Madam Rap-

pold begins to sing with the record. When she stops, the record continues. And so complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that the listeners refuse to credit the evidence of their senses. Such is the Edison tone test.

With the lights lowered to hide the singer's lips, not one of the two million or more who have attended these recitals could detect when the artist ceased and the instrument sang alone.

Thirty great artists have figured in these tests. Invariably the result was the same. Over a thousand unprejudiced newspaper critics have united in this assertion.

Call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant's and receive a demonstration. He advertises in your local paper. Perhaps, too, you'd like to see our literature. A postcard brings our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

ings here are usually obscure. If anyone receives an injury to bone and the swelling and discomfort do not disappear in a few weeks, the physician's advice should be sought and an X-ray examination made. The experience of pain or discomfort in the region of any bone should be looked upon as a warning for an immediate examination and an X-ray.

Cancer of the stomach and colon. The problem of early recognition of internal cancer is a very difficult one, because there are no very definite signs. One, however, is always warned by a feeling of discomfort and some sensation never before experienced, and this is usually associated with what is called "indigestion". But such symptoms are so frequent in many individuals in whom no serious disease develops, that the majority do not know that these sensations may be the first warnings of internal cancer.

The finding of blood in the stools or in the urine should be looked upon as a definite warning.

The early recognition of cancer. The recognition of the earliest stage of conditions that may lead to cancer, or of cancer itself, indicates a treatment which in the majority of cases accomplishes a permanent cure.

In cancer of the skin, lip and tongue, the operation in this earliest stage

should accomplish a cure in one hundred per cent of cases. The operation is a simple one; it can usually be performed under local anesthesia. There is no danger.

The operation for cancer of the breast is neither serious nor dangerous, nor is the operation for cancer of the uterus.

Few people realize that operations for cancer of the stomach, colon, and kidney are by no means dangerous. The failure to cure is due to delay not to surgery.

People, however, can not be treated unless they seek advice, and as a rule they do not seek advice in this earliest stage unless they are educated to do so.

Therefore the price of protection is the education of the public and the better education of the physician.

The education of the public. The education of the people seems a difficult problem. They cannot be taught a great deal at once. Too much fear must not be excited, or the timid will turn their heads away as the ostrich places his head in the sand to protect himself from impending danger.

It seems unnecessary to present the gruesome, hopeless, agonizing side of cancer, but the people must be taught about the simple apparently innocent beginnings which may be cancer. The people must be told that treatment in this earliest stage is devoid of danger,

gives little or no discomfort, and that even those operations which they may consider expensive involve a minimum risk and disability.

The message is so simple that most people will be disappointed when they learn how cancer is to be controlled. No miracle is needed, unless the education of millions at a time may be considered miraculous.

Remember that if you are to have an operation that you may as well submit to it when it is least dangerous and offers you the greatest probability of a cure.

Examination first: When you consult a physician, insist upon thorough examination first, and not on treatment.

Bernard Shaw in a Doctor's Dilemma, claims that most doctors practise medicine as patients wish them to, or, in other words, do that which the patients themselves think is best, rather than what the physician knows, is best for the patient.

There is no doubt that until recently the majority of people when ill, wished immediate relief, and strenuously object to any unusual preliminary examination. The briefer the examination the better the impression the physician makes. If you wish protection from cancer, or from any serious disease, you must sub-

mit to a thorough examination before treatment.

The easier the diagnosis, the worse the prognosis. The "snap" diagnosis or a diagnosis made on a superficial examination, if correct, simply means that the disease from which you suffer is in such a late and hopeless stage that its nature is written in capital letters on the surface of the body. For it is in the beginning of most diseases that the diagnosis is most difficult and can be made only after a most painstaking examination, often only with the help of instruments of precision and laboratory investigations.

It is more difficult to prove absolutely that there is nothing the matter with an individual, or to recognize the disease in its earliest stages, than to make a diagnosis in the later and usually more unfavorable or hopeless stage of the disease.

Let us make Bernard Shaw's statement true. Let the patient force the doctor to practise medicine as the patient wants it to be done, but let the practice be for the benefit of the patient as well as of the doctor, and not as has often been, for the benefit of the doctor only, although the patient may have been satisfied. Let the "doctor's dilemma" be a strictly scientific one and not a commercial one.

Startling Facts Brought Out By Strict Medical Examination

THIS great war, with all its suffering and terrors, is teaching us many lessons. As the result of strict medical examinations many are learning of defects and of derangements which they had not even suspected.

Recently a record was kept of several thousand men who were examined. The average age was 60, and 97 per cent. were found to be defective in one way or another. Most of those included in this class were unaware of any impairment of health.

35 per cent. were found to have derangements of the kidneys and 23 per cent. hardening of the arteries.

Many of these men would live for years, but life could be greatly prolonged by immediate steps to improve health, and in many cases the derangements would entirely disappear.

**35 Per Cent. of Several Thousands Examined Had
Kidney Trouble**

The Evidence

Mr. J. F. Robson, R.R. No. 4, Komoka, Ont., writes: "I am certainly glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble. I suffered for a long time from kidney disease and pains in the back. I commenced using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found that by using two pills a week the kidneys and bowels were kept in perfect order, and that I had no more pains in the back. We always keep these pills in the house for general use."

Mr. A. D. MacKinnon, Kirkwood, Inverness Co., N.S., writes: "I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to all suffering from weak kidneys. I suffered from kidney disease for a long time. I may also say that for three years I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and no treatment seemed to do more than afford temporary relief. I was finally told of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using a few boxes was completely cured. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment, with the best results, and never fail to recommend these wonderful remedies."

You may know something of the reputation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a means of overcoming derangements of the kidneys. Reports of cures are appearing in the leading newspapers throughout Canada. There can be no doubt of the efficiency of this great medicine. But how are you to be aroused to your condition?

Backache is one of the early symptoms, headache, loss of flesh, dryness of the skin are others. Deposits in the water after standing for twenty-four hours are a positive warning.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective when other treatments fail, because they awaken the action of the liver and bowels as well as the kidneys. They reach the source of trouble when most complicated. You can depend on them for splendid results.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

About the Farm

Are You a Slacker?

The editor of The Scientific Farmer is not a preacher. He has no desire to point out the way for others to travel while taking the beaten track himself. He therefore speaks with a certain feeling of confidence derived from treading the thorny path of experience. It is said that God hates a coward. It may be so. We all know that most men despise a slacker. A slacker may not be a coward. Cowardice originates in a lack of nerve—the slacker lacks enterprise and a purpose.

The reason why so many farmers fail to meet their own expectations is because they are slackers. They are not workers. They put off until to-morrow what they might do to-day. They are always one beat behind. Every season they come trailing in on the home stretch. If the season happens to be favorable they get along fairly well; if the season is unfavorable they lose out and charge it up to bad luck.

Franklin said that "He who riseth early may walk, but he who riseth late must trot all day." Franklin had evidently drawn this observation from his farmer friends, for nowhere does early work count for so much as on the farm. Once ahead of your work you can push it; once you get behind it will push you.

Now that we who are not in the trenches feel the pressure of the necessity to feed the armies in the field, let us see that there are no slackers. He who does not exert himself to the utmost—the farmer who does not make his soil produce to the limit—who does not utilize

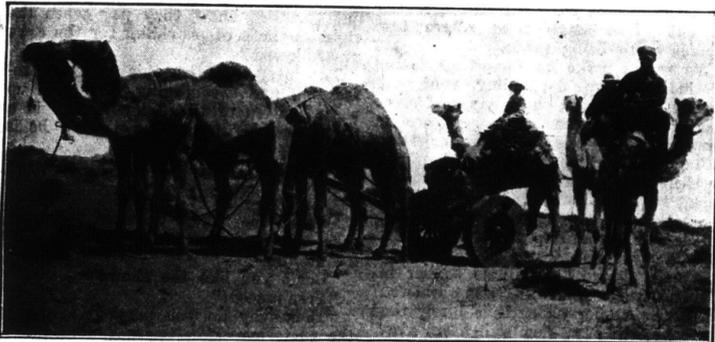
several years and discarding inferior hills, those that owe their superiority to favorable environment will be weeded out and only the offspring from productive hills will remain.

Best Use for Skimmilk

All skimmilk should be used—none wasted. It should furnish the maximum of food to human beings and does this better when used direct, as cottage cheese, prepared buttermilk, or other by-products, then when fed to animals and converted into meat. Surplus skimmilk may be used economically to feed hogs, yet 100 pounds of it, which will produce 15 pounds of cheese, produce only 4.8 pounds of dressed pork if fed with corn. Skimmilk if made into cottage cheese, furnishes nearly seven times as much protein and nearly as much energy as the dressed pork it would produce. Of course the most nourishment is obtained when skimmilk is used direct, either for drinking or cooking. As far as possible, therefore, skimmilk should be used for human food and only the excess fed to live stock.

Buttermilk is equal to skimmilk for feeding hogs, while whey is half as valuable. Whey, being low in protein, is not well suited for young pigs and should be fed to older animals.

Ordinary grass pasture, or green rye, oats, sorghum, rape, clover, alfalfa, peas, or beans can take the place of skimmilk after the little pigs get a start. Much green feed can be raised without greatly reducing the acreage of other crops.



This is one of the most remarkable pictures of the war. It illustrates how the war has brought about a combination of the ancient and the modern. The camel and the chariot are the most ancient of transportation methods. The telephone is of the most modern of inventions. In this British official photograph, they are linked together, for the camel team is drawing a chariot laying a telephone cable in the desert for the British forces operating in the Egyptian area.

ize every means in his power to increase his yields is a slacker, no better than the young man who evades service in the field. Are you a slacker?—From The Scientific Farmer.

Hill Selection Increases the Potato Yield

Continued selection of potatoes from the highest yielding hills through several years will result in increasing the productivity of the variety. Yield, form and quality of the tubers can be noted at digging time.

By selecting seed from the highest yielding hills at digging time rather than by the usual method without regard to productivity, potato yields were increased 9 per cent in a test made at the Ohio agricultural experiment station. A difference of 55 per cent was found in the crop from seed chosen from the highest yielding and that from the lowest yielding hills.

When the best seed from the hill selected potatoes was planted the second year, it yielded 26 per cent more than seed chosen in the ordinary way. The product of the highest yielding hills was 228 per cent more than that from the hills of lowest yield two years previous.

High yielding hills grown under average fertility and moisture conditions of the soil and in a full stand of plants can be chosen when the crop is dug. Form and freedom from disease as well as yield must be taken into account in the choice of seed potatoes. Single tests may be misleading. A hill may yield unusually well because of its environment and not because of inherent tendencies. By continuing the selection

Calves and pigs do well when some skimmilk is fed, but they need it only for a short time and in limited quantities. Except when fed to very young animals, skimmilk is fed most economically when supplemented with grain. For dairy calves skimmilk may be substituted in part for whole milk on the tenth day. If the calves are vigorous, they should receive a little grain and hay at two weeks of age, and it is safe to discontinue the skimmilk five or six weeks later.

By substituting grain, green feed, buttermilk, and whey for skimmilk in animal feeding, much skimmilk may be released for use in cooking, for condensing, or for making cottage cheese.

Canned Chicken

A good way to handle the chickens to be used on the table is to can them. This can be done at any convenient time or when they have reached the desired size. Draw as soon as killed, wash carefully and cool. Cut into convenient sections, place in wire baskets or cheesecloth and boil till meat can be pulled from bones. Remove meat from bones; pack closely into glass jars; fill jars with pot liquid after it has been boiled down one-half; add one level teaspoonful of salt per quart of meat for seasoning; partially seal jars; set on a rack in a vessel with water enough to cover jar 1 inch and boil 3 hours, then seal tight.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

Meat Is The Best "Fighting" Food

The fighting forces of the Allies are fed heavily on meat.

There is a reason. The nutrients in meat are more readily and completely digested, and give vim and energy to a greater degree, than nutrients in cereal grains.

Cereal grains supply little fat but a great deal of starch, whereas meat, especially bacon, supplies much fat but very little starch, and fat is worth more than twice as much as starch for producing energy.

In other words, no other food is equal to meat as a producer of driving force and stamina—it is the food with "the punch."

The armies of the Allies must be ensured adequate supplies of this "fighting" food. This means that a great increase in meat production is required by Canada and the United States, because the demand for meat overseas has been so enormous that there are to-day 115,000,000 fewer animals in the herds of Europe than before the war. Great Britain, France and Italy are dependent upon Canadian and American producers to save the day so far as meat is concerned.

There is no time to be lost. The shortage of meat overseas must be relieved as quickly as possible.

Hogs The Solution

The supply of meat can be increased more quickly through hogs than through any other stock animal because hogs are very much more prolific, and they are ready for market at an early age.

The most efficient meat-making machine in existence is the hog:

- (1) It produces more meat from a given amount of food than is produced by any other animal.
- (2) It gives more dressed carcass in proportion to its live weight.
- (3) The carcass of the hog contains more edible meat in proportion to bone than the carcass of any other animal and it is about 50 per cent fat which is so vitally needed in the rations of our fighting men.

An Urgent Call

Canada has responded nobly to every call that has been made for men, for money and for farm produce. To-day's call for increased hog production is of the utmost urgency.

The Government now controls and restricts the profits of the Packing Houses. The hog producer is assured **HIS FAIR SHARE** of the price paid by the consumer.

The Flour Mills are under a form of license with restrictions on profits. Bran and shorts will be available at reasonable prices.

The huge new corn crop of the United States, estimated at 600,000,000 bushels greater than last year's, will be available to Canadian producers. This crop is under effective United States Government control to prevent speculation.

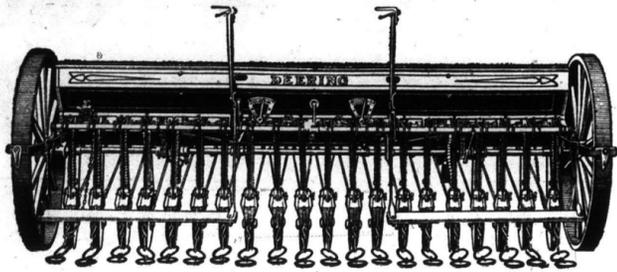
One Commission representing the Allies will do all the buying of the meat for export overseas. This will be an influence in stabilizing the market and preventing wide fluctuations in price. This fact, considered in association with the great meat shortage in Europe, justifies confidence in the profitable possibilities of hog raising in 1918.

Save The Young Sows

Young sows which are slaughtered now only produce about 150 lbs. of meat per sow. By breeding them, many times that quantity of meat can be produced ready for market in ten to twelve months. Every pound of pork that it is possible to raise will be needed. It will take an enormous quantity to meet even a fraction of the present European shortage of 32,425,000 hogs, which is ten times the number of hogs there are in Canada to-day.

Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture
LIVE STOCK BRANCH
OTTAWA

Bigger Crops of Better Grade



BIGGER CROPS and a better grade of grain result from planting with **DEERING** drills. They plant the seed at a uniform depth, giving the whole crop an even start and producing an even stand. Even ripening, better color, better grade and higher prices for the grain follow naturally.

DEERING front seed delivery, the long leverage of the rear pressure springs, and the slanting feed run openings in the fluted force feed, are a few of the features that make **DEERING** drills do such good work. These features are worthy of special attention from any drill buyer.

The **DEERING** drill line is complete. It includes double disk, single disk, hoe, and shoe drills in sizes from 14 to 22 markers, 6-inch spacing. The different styles of markers are interchangeable. Grass seed attachments can be supplied for any **DEERING** drill.

The local dealer carries the drill best suited to your work. See him and choose a **DEERING** drill that will plant your seed so that you have a much better chance of a bumper crop; or, if you like, write the nearest branch house listed below for full details of all **DEERING** drills.

International Harvester Co. of Canada, Ltd.

BRANCH HOUSES:

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

EAST—Hamilton, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; St. John, N.E.

Both for
One Year
for
\$1.25

**SPECIAL
WINTER OFFER**

Both for
One Year
for
\$1.25

Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS enjoys a large circulation in the Prairie Provinces. All the important news is given in length from the various theatres of war, domestic news, and also latest grain prices. Use this coupon and secure a very remarkable bargain.

COUPON:

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG

Enclosed find \$1.25. Send me THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY and WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND PRAIRIE FARMER for one year.

Name.....

Address.....

FOR CAREFUL, RELIABLE WORK, SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO

Donald Morrison & Co.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Established 1904
Licensed—Bonded

751-759 Grain Exchange
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Selecting a Herd Sire

In selecting a young herd sire we would take three qualities into consideration; breeding, individuality and color. The price of a bull is determined most largely by the seven-day butter record of the dam regardless of whether the cow tested three and one-half per cent or six per cent, or whether the dam made a good 30-day record or could not finish her test for a month. While we would prefer the dam of a bull to be a high tester, if she made her high tests in yearly work, we would discount any percentage of fat over four and one-half per cent for seven days as being abnormal and not likely to be the true indication of a cow's natural test. We would demand that the dam of the bull make a 30-day record and would not buy a bull out of any cow no matter how large her seven-day record if she could not finish her test for a month. It happens only too often that a cow will test five per cent or six per cent for seven days, and will not be giving three per cent milk at the end of the month and her record is never reported for more than seven days.

If a cow has made a yearly record in addition to her seven and 30-day test it adds just so much more on to the value of the bull, as persistency is one of the most valuable points to look for in a dairy cow.

We would prefer to buy a son of a bull that has some great record daughters, but this fact is not important providing the sire is in good hands where his daughters will have the proper opportunity. If one buys a bull in one of the leading herds the bull has more chance to increase in value by his dam increasing her record or his sisters making large records than if he were selected out of a small herd where few records were being made.

We would make an important factor of individuality demanding that the bull be straight on the rump and show good depth and constitution. Under no circumstance would we ever select a bull no matter what his breeding may be if he was not carried out well on his back, for a sloping rumped bull will generally get sloping rumped offspring which will be hard to sell at any price. It is a good plan where possible to inspect the dam of a bull as to her individuality for if she is "wasp waisted" or carries a poor udder it is likely that her sons will have such daughters also.

In regard to color it is hard to give a definite answer as the locality in which the breeder is situated is of great importance. Here in California there is a strong demand for white or nicely marked bulls among the grade dairymen, and it is sometimes hard to get rid of a black bull. In other parts of the United States there is little preference between the white and the black.

We have noticed, however, that many of the biggest breeders have taken care to see that their herd sires were nicely marked and have made money by it for the reason that their offspring were easier to sell. There is no doubt but a Holstein evenly marked is a handsomer animal in general than a Holstein that is mostly black and also takes a better photograph. If a bull is black but has fairly white ancestry he should not be discriminated against especially if the herd is nicely marked, but it is well to stay clear of the bull that is black, and that comes from black ancestry unless one has very light females to breed him on to.

The tendency of the breed is generally towards the black and while it is easy to get a herd that will be mostly black it is sometimes difficult to get out of the "rut," and have a nicely marked herd again.

A Good Farm Manager

"Let the price of wheat go up if it wants to. I have raised enough for my own use and so have my neighbors." This is a statement from a dairy farmer made to Hoard's Dairyman recently. He said further: "I have raised a larger variety of crops this year than in other years, and I will have to purchase very little food for the family and but a small amount of alfalfa hay."

There is a lesson in the statements of this farmer. His situation shows what good farm management means.

He has raised the greater part of his food and must buy but little and has raised crops which are suitable for making rations for his live stock. He will have to spend but little for mill or other kinds of feeds in order to provide the very best of rations.

He is not complaining of his lot but has planned to meet the present situation in an intelligent manner. He is not depending upon the feed dealer for all his feeds, but is making his farm produce the kind of crops his stock needs. No cows are leaving his farm because of the high prices of feeds and because there is no money in milk.

We said to him: "Would it not be more profitable to sell your cows and then sell the feed instead of making milk?"

"Well, I do not think so. In keeping cows I am making use of all my corn crop, otherwise I would lose one-third of its feeding value, for I could make no use of the cornstalks. I realize alfalfa is selling for \$17 a ton, but milk will be sufficiently high in price this winter to pay a profit on hay costing more than \$17 a ton. On the other hand, supposing it would pay me to sell my grain, hay and the cows this fall. Next year I would have to buy another herd, and that would not be profitable. This year my cows have produced well on nothing but grass. The land which I have in pasture will yield more that way than in any other way, in fact, some of it cannot be plowed.

"There would be no money in dairying if I had to purchase all my feeds or all my meal, but no good farmer does that. He may purchase a little ground feed to supplement what he raises, but that is all. I use my cows to utilize the feeds which would go to waste without them. I know they pay when the right methods of providing for the cows are followed."

The interview with this man was refreshing and encouraging. He sized up the situation of the dairy farmer in a very sensible way, and we know he is making good with the cow.

Complimentary

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-an alive, I w-aasn't his-sing! I w-was s-s-s-aying to s-s-ammie that the s-s-inging is s-s-uperb."—Judge.

Talk—Then a Speech

A Washington newspaper man was once a member of Congress from an Ohio district. He is not an orator, and rarely makes a speech. When he was running for Congress he got word that he must come to a small town on the edge of his district to attend a meeting. A famous "spellbinder" had been secured, and the candidate was expected to be there, to shake hands and show himself.

When he arrived at the village he was horror-stricken to find that the speaker of the occasion had missed his train and would not be there.

"Come right up to the hall," said the chairman of the delegation that met him. "There's a big crowd there, and they are anxious to hear some talking."

The candidate went in fear and trembling. He was introduced, and talked for fifteen minutes. He started to sit down, but the chairman motioned him to continue. He went on for another quarter of an hour, and by that time had told all he knew, or ever expected to know, that was of interest to his audience.

Then he dropped into his chair. The man who was presiding came cheerfully forward and said, "We have heard our candidate. Now, if there is anyone present who can make a speech, we shall be glad to hear him."

Miller's Worm Powders destroy worms without any inconvenience to the child, and so effectively that they pass from the body unperceived. They are not ejected in their entirety, but are ground up and pass away through the bowels with the excreta. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels and leave them in a condition not favorable to worms, and there will be no revival of the pests.

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble
Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



HATTIE WARREN

Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915.

"We have used 'Fruit-a-tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives' and would never be without them".

WILLIAM WARREN.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Free to Mothers of Children with WEAK KIDNEYS



"My child cannot control his kidneys during thought." Mothers—save yourself the trouble of either lifting your Weak-Kidneyed Children out of bed at night or drying their bedding the next morning by giving them Zemet. A harmless medicine that should quickly banish this disease (for it is not a habit but a disease). Zemet is equally as good for older people who can't control their water during the night or day.

Write us to-day—send no money, not even a stamp. Just your name and permanent address and we will send you absolutely free a package of Zemet. If it conquers your disease, you need pay us nothing—just tell your friends what it did for you. Show this advertisement to your friends, as it may not appear again.

ZEMETO CO., DEPT. 89, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Artificial limbs are admitted DUTY FREE. SOLDIERS and others should get the best



POULTRY BOOK Latest and best yet; 144 pages, 216 beautiful pictures and color plates. Hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information; describes the busy Poultry Farm handling 58 varieties including Indian Runners. Tells how to properly choose fowls, eggs, incubators and secure cheap feed. This practical book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents. **Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 41, Clarinda, Iowa**

Young People

A Journey to Fairyland

Chrissie was looking out of the window again the morning after the bears' visit which I told you of in my last story. "Boys," she called out. "Come quickly! Here are the Teddy Bears." Geof and Jack rushed to the window and were just in time to see Bear and Forbear getting out of a very grand automobile which was standing in front of their gate. The children ran out to welcome them.

"Have you come to 'play with us again?' they shouted all together. "We thought you might like to come for a ride with us," said Bear. "Hurrah!" cried Geof. "Of course, we will," and in they all clambered. It was a wonderful automobile and shone as if it were made of silver.

"How do you like our car?" said Forbear, after a short silence, during which the children had been taking it all in with wide open eyes. "It is lovely," said Geof. "I have never seen one like it."

"Oh, well, you know," answered Bear, "you earth people have your autos made by different firms from ours. All our motors are made by Messrs. Fancy and Co., of Make-Believe Town, and they take you anywhere you want to go. You just hold on to the steering wheel, the name of which is 'Let's Pretend,' and away you go to the place where you want most to be."

"And where are you going now?" asked Chrissie.

"Where would you like to go?" said Bear. "Would you like to visit Fairyland?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" answered all three together.

"Well, you can choose which part you go to, Good Fairyland or Bad Fairyland," replied Bear.

Now it is a curious thing that all little people seem to like best stories about naughty children, and I suppose it was for the same reason, whatever that may be, that our three little friends all voted immediately for Bad Fairyland; though little Jack added rather fearfully, "They won't hurt us, will they?"

Forbear looked at him kindly. "Oh, no," he answered. "The bad fairies cannot hurt you as long as you do not make friends with them; they never come near you unless you allow them to."

There was not much talking after this, as the auto went so fast that the children were quite breathless, and scarcely saw anything on the way, until at last they drew up in front of a tall iron archway, which looked very gloomy and dark. It led into the street of a busy looking town, which the Bears explained was the capital town of Bad Fairyland. They at once began to drive slowly and point out to the children the places of interest as they went by. Their attention was attracted by a large stone castle, standing back from the road.

"That," said Bear, "is Castle Pride. It belongs to an old giant called Mammon. I have heard it is very grand inside, and the walls of his rooms are papered with dollar bills."

"There," pointed out Forbear, with a wave of his furry paw, "is the largest store in the town. It belongs to I. Cheatem, and his son, Do-you-neighbor, and his daughter, Shortweight, help him in his business. He has a whole staff of Imps, that he is always sending into your earth world, and it is surprising what a good time they have there, they are never long out of employment."

The next thing that the children noticed was a kind looking old gentleman who seemed to spend his time offering to give people rides on his buggy.

"Surely he must be a good fairy come here by mistake," said Chrissie. Bear and Forbear shook their heads gravely. "His name is Mr. Easy-Way-of-Doing-Things, and he is always busy giving people lifts, but the trouble is that after going about with him for hours they always find themselves in the same place they started from, and no nearer to their destination. He is very often in your world, too, and is a constant visitor at your schools. He just loves young people, and is always trying to persuade them to ride with him. When you come with me to Good Fairyland I can introduce you to some of the fairies we send out to stop his tricks."

They now came to a very dismal and dirty part of the town, and as they

passed along looked down a narrow and muddy lane. "That is Mouth Alley," said Bear, "and a lot of horrid fairies, imps and goblins live there. The largest house in the Alley belongs to Old Goblin False Tongue; I daresay you have heard of his twins, Cram and Fib, they are always paying visits to your world, and next door to him lives old Mrs. Talebearing, and a little further down Mrs. Gossip, Mrs. Scandal and a great many others of the same kind."

"I think you must have been quite long enough in this bad air," said Bear at last turning his car slowly round, "and so we will be getting home again, though there is still a great deal you have not seen."

"Who does that great red house belong to?" asked Jack, "it looks as if it were on fire."

"That is Mr. Bad Temper's farm," replied Bear; "he employs a lot of imps. The one I turned out of your nursery yesterday, Imp Discontent, is one of his farm hands, and he has scores of others that I hope do not visit you—Imp Pinch, Imp Slap, Goblin Scratch, Gnome Pout, and many more, and he grows all sorts of dreadful crops on his farm which are very poisonous if used for food."

The children were not very sorry when at last they left this dismal town and were out again in the fresh air of the country. It seemed to take only a few minutes for them to get back to their own gate. "Another day," said the Bears as they waved good-bye, "we will visit Good Fairyland together, and you will be sure to like it better and feel more at home than you did to-day."

Military Discipline Among Animals

In these days of general interest in things military, it is interesting to know that certain animals are governed by what appear to be almost military regulations. Among animals only the gregarious, of course, show qualities of leadership and discipline.

Wild horses obey their leader more implicitly than any soldiers however well disciplined. Mustangs are wary, difficult to approach, and almost impossible to capture, owing to the devotion with which they follow their leader and to a code of signals that they never disregard.

A short, shrill neigh is the command to flee; a long-drawn, far-carrying neigh is the rallying call when the herd is scattered; a squeal orders the stallions to stand ready to fight off dangerous beasts; and a wild snort indicates the sight or scent of man. The snort of a mustang can be heard half a mile or more.

Certain movements are also important as signals. At the first hint of danger, the horse that detects it throws his head and tail high in the air, stands motionless, and gazes fixedly in the direction from which he anticipates trouble. Usually that is enough to put the entire herd on the alert. Should the enemy prove to be bears, wolves or any foe against which the drove can defend itself, the "signal horse" dashes forward, prancing from side to side, rearing, and striking the ground. Should their most dreaded enemy, man, be approaching, the horse will circle far in toward the main body, and as he turns for one last look he will snort out a trumpet-like blast. Then with a rush, a roar, and a clatter of hoofs the entire herd is gone—the leader in front, the stallions in the rear, the colts in the middle.

Even old, well-trained work horses when turned out to pasture will generally select a leader and be governed by him. The herd commander may be an old and gentle mare or the wildest and warriest horse of the drove. In the latter case, the herd often becomes almost as difficult to handle as so many wild horses, whereas the old mare will keep her drove in the most tractable condition.

The peccaries of Mexico have a battle cry that is never disobeyed—a short, vicious squeal, quickly repeated, and kept up without ceasing. That noise drives the little beasts frantic; all within hearing rush to get into the fray, and nothing short of death stops their charge. If the hunter does not shoot his peccary so dead that it cannot emit a single dying squeal, his only safety lies in instant flight.

The peccary has also a note that sounds the retreat. It is a grunt something like the, "woof! woof! woof!" of a bear as he dashes

KIDNEYS SO BAD WOULD FAINT AWAY THAT WAY FOR TWO YEARS.

Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble do not know the suffering and misery which those afflicted undergo.

The dull pains, sharp pains, and quick twinges, all point to the fact that the kidneys require attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles.

Mrs. Albert Williams, Edam, Sask., writes:—"I have the greatest pleasure in telling you what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me. Ten years ago I was so bad with my kidneys that I would faint away, and could not stand to do anything. I had been that way for two years, and had done all I could, but did not get any better until one day some one put a little book in our door, and I saw how another young girl had suffered like I was then, so I thought I would try them, and I am glad to say that after taking four boxes I have never had the same thing again. Thanks to 'Doan's.'"

When asking for "Doan's Pills" see that you get the oblong grey box with the trade mark of a "Maple Leaf." Price 50c; put up by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Backward, Weakly Children

Dr. Cassell's Tablets Strengthen Feeble Little Folk and fortify the constitution.

Every mother should know that Dr. Cassell's Tablets are just as suitable for children, even for babies, as they are for grown-up people. Dr. Cassell's Tablets strengthen the constitution of children and generate that vital energy which enables the little body to develop naturally, and therefore healthily. This they do because they promote digestion and ensure perfect assimilation of the nutriment which digestion provides. The result is that pure rich nourishment is carried to every part of the little body for sustenance and growth.

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address: Harold F. Ritchie and Co. Ltd., 10, McCarroll-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Nervous ailments, and Nerve paralysis, and for weakness in children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube, six tubes for the price of five, from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Proprietors, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. Manchester, Eng.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

And we will make a water color enlargement 14x20 for \$2.95 Soldiers' pictures a specialty. Heasley's Portrait & Frame Co. 440 Bleury St., Montreal



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The Right Medicine in Many Cases Does Better than the Surgeon's Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Doctor Said Operation or Death—But Medicine Cured.



Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

away from danger. An American guide who lives in Sonora, in Mexico, can imitate that note, and says that he can stampede a gang of the brutes at will with it.

The baboons of Africa probably have the best military regulations of any of the animals. While they are feeding in a dangerous place, they set sentries on every side—big, wise, veteran baboons that sit perfectly quiet and keep a vigilant watch. At a sharp bark of warning from one of these outposts, every ape ceases his occupation; even the babies hush their cries on the instant. At another bark, all may resume work or play; or, again, the second note may carry a different message; then the leader gives an order, and all retreat rapidly to the denser parts of the forest.

When traveling, these creatures have both a front and a rear guard. A half dozen powerful apes scout well in front of the main body, now inspecting the woods from the ground, now climbing to the tops of the tallest trees. If the traveler comes on a tribe of baboons, he usually sees only one of the scouts, which bares his teeth savagely, barks once, and is gone. Farther away, the hunter may observe the whipping of branches, as the rest of the tribe retreat so rapidly that no man can overtake them. Should the observer happen upon the rear guard, he will observe that they behave differently from the scouts. Not silent or cautious, they constantly give quick, sharp commands, now angrily chiding some lagging youngster, or giving another a slap and a bite.



Preparedness

"The funniest sight I ever saw!" the American pronounced it. "And one that could only have happened in France."

That is not so sure, however. Other Latin races would be likely to do as much for needed and loyal allies. Besides, once at least, a French ally was welcomed to our shores with a kiss. To be sure, he asked for it.

When, in 1777, Baron von Steuben, the sturdy German soldier who had been a friend-of princes and an officer of Frederick the Great, came to America to help organize and drill our untrained armies of the Revolution, he was accompanied by a French secretary, Peter Duponceau.

Young Duponceau was an accomplished linguist, a brave soldier, and a gay and winning young man. He was also a handsome one. On the way over he had borne a creditable part in putting down a mutiny on board ship, when officers and passengers had to fight, fourteen against eighty-four, to secure the ringleaders and quell the crew. The vessel, the Flammant, had also been three times on fire; and she carried seventeen hundred-weight of gunpowder. But at last, after a tempestuous and perilous passage of sixty-six days, she arrived in Portsmouth harbor on a fine, clear day in December, and Baron von Steuben ordered his secretary to don his dress uniform of scarlet regimentals turned up with blue and to go ashore in the first boat with a message to Governor Weare announcing their arrival. Duponceau was none the less eager to obey because, on the way over, he had accepted a wager with his fellow-passengers that he would kiss the first girl he met on shore. They laughed at him, but he meant to win.

As he stepped to the wharf, very trim and smart in his brilliant costume, his eye fell upon a young girl, exceedingly pretty and bright-eyed, who was surveying the landing party, with innocent curiosity. He approached her, swept off his gold-laced chapeau with an air of the greatest deference and courtesy, and explained that he and his employer, the distinguished general, Baron von Steuben, were foreigners, come over the sea to fight for American liberty, and that, like a cavalier of old, he had made a vow to ask a kiss from the lady he first met on American soil, as a blessing for their undertaking. The girl hesitated, laughed, blushed and then frankly accorded the kiss.

Later in the day, when the fortress guns crashed a welcome, and Steuben and his secretary made their formal landing, and were welcomed at the wharf by cheering crowds and carried off by the governor to dine, she may have viewed the scene and shared the popular enthusiasm. Perhaps it enabled her to forgive, if she ever learned, the stratagem by which an ingratiating ally had won a warmer welcome than he was entitled to.

Yet Once More

This hour that wakes thee with its morning chime To common tasks that change not, year by year; How knowest thou but for the latest time Its measured strokes have rung upon thine ear?

This hand outstretched to thee for help to-day, From the fierce current where the world sweeps past— Stop! ere thou shut thine heart and turn away; This one appeal to thee may be the last.

This cry of flesh and soul in agony, This silence of forsaking, chill and dim— Wait on His will, and suffer. This may be The last of suffering thou shalt bear for Him.

This love thou mightest pour upon His feet, This strength to help, to bear, to strive, to be— O let them not be lost in vain defeat! What if this day were all of earth for thee? —Mabel Earle.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure cure for all disorders of the digestive system which so many suffer.

REDUCE YOUR FAT NOW!



These Pictures show Gradual Reduction of Excess Fat.

We haven't space to tell of all the good ADIPO is doing, but as an instance, Laura A. Fouch, McClellanville, Ohio, says: "ADIPO took off 84 pounds 3 years ago and the reduction has been permanent. Edie Clark, Keokuk, Iowa, says: "ADIPO made a new woman of me. It took off 70 pounds 2 years ago and I have not regained a single pound." Mr. John McGowan, Memphrecook, N.B., Canada, says: "I believe I would be in my grave to-day but for ADIPO. It reduced me 105 pounds and now feel fine." What ADIPO has done for these and hundreds of other men and women all over the country it should also do for you. We are particularly anxious to reach those who have tried other methods and failed. Just send your address by letter or postal and receive the Free 50c box and illustrated book by return mail, post-paid. We send thousands of these Free trial packages all over the world. Address: The Adipo Co., 4077 Beard Bldg., New York City.

We extend this FREE offer to you, reader, because we want you to learn from your own actual experience what ADIPO, the new health-giving Fat Reducer, will accomplish in safely and easily taking off excess fat, without starving, sweating, ridiculous exercising or other inconveniences to the user. As one of our friends put it, "You can eat and grow thin," for you have merely to take ADIPO and live naturally—that's all. Some report losing a pound a day, and a Constant Improvement in Health.

50c. Box FREE

Also Book on Self-Reducing

As far as we know, the baboons are the only apes or other animals that post a sentry at nights. Commonly, they sleep in caves among the cliffs, and when all have retired to rest, you may be sure that one of their number will be wide awake, sitting on some exposed rock or other point of vantage from which he can see in every direction. Not even the leopard, the most determined foe of the baboon, dares to attack them at night unless he can surprise and kill the sentry. When attacked, they will fight in defense of their families until the last "man" is dead.

To Welcome An Ally

In the early days of the war, when English troops were first landing in France, they were often greeted by their allies in the French fashion—with eager kisses and embraces. An American who witnessed the debarkation of a troop of tall English cavalrymen laughed to tears—so he reported afterward—at the spectacle of small and excited Frenchmen excitedly waving little English flags and reaching up, or actually jumping up, to peck the abashed Britons first on one cheek and then on the other. The victims of the affectionate onslaught endured it patiently, although unhappily; occasionally a resolute sufferer would even rise to the point of reciprocally patting a French back. But no kisses were returned, even when bestowed with laughing audacity by pretty girls, dashing out of the crowd for the purpose and hastily running back. The only difference was that the man-kissed dragons looked dazed and miserable; the girl-kissed ones, dazed but complacent.

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?



Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and aware that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co., Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl. 2316—This will be good for serge, gabardine, corduroy, velour, poplin, velvet or satin. The right front of the waist overlaps the left at the closing. The skirt is a gored model, plaited over back and front. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 5 3/8 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A good Costume for General Wear. Waist—2317. Skirt—2313. This model comprises Ladies' Shirt Waist Pattern 2317 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2313. The models may be combined in one material, or, the waist may be of linen, crepe, madras, satin or flannel and the skirt of serge, broadcloth, gabardine, mixed or plaid suiting. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in

2320—This model will make a very pretty dress for "best" or party wear. One could use batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, cashmere, taffeta, or a combination of silk and velvet. The overblouse or jumper could be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the jumper. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Serviceable Garment. 1604—Ladies' Apron with or without Belt. Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, sateen, drill or alpaca may be used for this model. It is made with a box-plait at the centre front, under which the closing may be finished. The full pocket is a new and desirable feature. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this



7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require for skirt and waist 5 3/8 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures 2 1/4 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock—Ladies' Dress. 2296—Satin and lace will combine nicely in this model. It is also good for serge with Georgette crepe for trimming, lovely for cashmere, velour, velvet or corduroy. The waist and jumper portions are crossed in surplice style. The skirt is a two-piece model with gathered fullness and side closing. It may be finished separate from the waist. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the jumper. The skirt measures a little over 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Girls' Dress with or without Jumper and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Set of New Collars. 2307—These styles are very attractive and smart, and suitable for silk, crepe, linen, batiste, velvet, satin and faille. No. 4 is especially good for satin and linen. No. 2 will be pretty with embroidery in white or colors. It shows the new square neck outline. No. 3 is good for pique, silk, faille or linen. The pattern includes all styles illustrated. It is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Size medium requires for No. 1, 1 yard of 27-inch material; for No. 2, 1 yard of 36-inch material; for No. 3, 1 1/2 yard of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. 2294—This will make a charming and becoming dress and one that will be real comfortable. The front forms a panel with points that overlap a belt which holds the fullness of the dress at the sides and back. The sleeve has a neat cuff stitched over a straight band. This model is good for gingham, lawn, batiste, chambray, repp, pique, serge, cashmere, velvet or corduroy. It is nice, too, for plaid or

All Made with Oats



How We Reduced Our Table Cost With Delicious Quaker Oats

In the writer's home, when foods began to soar, we made a study of food values and costs. We figured by calories, because all rationing is based on this unit of nutrition.

We found that 1000 calories cost five cents in Quaker Oats. We found that in eggs the same nutrition cost over 40 cents.

In steak it costs over 27 cts.
In ham, 19 cts.—In potatoes, 16 cts.
In bread and milk about 13 cts.

Our average meal, measured by calories, costs four times as much as Quaker Oats. So I figured that every dollar's worth of Quaker Oats would save us about \$3.

We used Quaker Oats in bread and muffins, in pancakes and cookies, as well as in porridge. Then I discovered that Quaker Oats made most things more delightful. That luscious flavor, found in no other grain food, has made our new meals twice better than the old.

We were missing all that before.

Quaker Oats Just the Queen Oats Flaked

Quaker Oats are made from only the rich, plump, flavory oats. In this selection a bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

famous for its wealth of flavor. Among oat lovers everywhere it is the favorite brand. Yet it costs no extra price. The way to make oat foods doubly popular is to make them with Quaker Oats

So Quaker Oats has become world-
30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in far West where high freights may prohibit.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

Quaker Oats Bread

2 cups Quaker Oats 5 cups flour
2 cups boiling water 1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup molasses 1/2 tablespoon butter or other fat
1 cake compressed yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water

Add boiling water to oats and let stand one hour, add molasses, salt, butter or fat, dissolved yeast cake and flour. Let rise until double in bulk. Knead thoroughly and shape into loaves. Put into greased bread pans, let rise until double in bulk and bake 45 minutes.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

2/3 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 egg, scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered 1 1/2 inch pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 1/2 cups uncooked Quaker Oats. Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

SHARP PAINS SHOT THROUGH HEART.

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it.

Every once in a while a pain will shoot through the heart, but little attention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent.

There is only one cure for the weak heart and that is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. H. A. Young, 83 Hayter St., Toronto, Ont., writes:—"I used to have sharp pains shoot through my heart, suffered from shortness of breath, and was so nervous I could not sleep at night. A friend advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after one box I found great relief. Three boxes completely cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Special, \$1.95
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY
Send sample of your hair.
15c. postage.

Ladies, send us your combings, not less than three ounces. We make them up 50c. an ounce.

DR. KLEIN
ELITE HAIR PARLORS
207 Enderton Block
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

HAIR GOODS

Our 1917 Catalogue contains full particulars and prices of Transformations, Wigs, Toupees, Curls, Switches, etc., also a high-grade line of Skin-Foods and Cosmetics.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR A COPY

SEAMAN & PETERSEN
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
301 Kensington Bldg. WINNIPEG

Catalogue Notice

SEND 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Fall & Winter 1917-1918 Catalogue containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

PATENTS Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circular, terms, etc.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH & CO.
Fred. B. Featherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

checked suiting. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 8 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Serviceable Model. 2301—Muslin, cambrie, lawn, crepe, flannelette, domed and canton flannel are good for this design. The waist could also be of drill or jean. The waist is slightly full over the front. The drawers are cut with ample fullness and comfortable lines. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 1 3/4 yard for the waist and 2 1/2 yards for the drawers, of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress. 2144—This model is splendid for gingham, chambray, linen, lawn or percale, and also nice for gabardine, flannel, cashmere and challie. The closing is at the centre front and the fullness is held at the waistline, over sides and back, by a belt. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46

A Popular, Up-to-date Style. 2318—In satin, corduroy, velvet, cashmere, serge and poplin this style is very attractive. The closing is at the centre front. This model is good for home or afternoon wear, and may be developed in any seasonable material. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ever Popular Middy Style. 2143—For linen, gingham, lawn, chambray, galatea, drill, khaki, gabardine and serge, there is no style so appropriate as this. The blouse is of the slip-on style and the skirt is joined to an underwaist. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good School Dress. 2322—Blue or brown serge with trimmings, in white or self color, would be very nice for this style. The pockets could be omitted. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fullness confined at the waistline, by a belt. The fronts are rolled low at the throat. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Apron. 2305—This is a good "housekeeping" model, having no unnecessary fullness and yet affording ample protection for the garment worn beneath it. It is good for gingham, seersucker, lawn, muslin, cambrie, drill and alpaca. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

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A Smart Combination. Waist—2308.

A Good School Dress. 2322—Blue or brown serge with trimmings, in white or self color, would be very nice for this style. The pockets could be omitted. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fullness confined at the waistline, by a belt. The fronts are rolled low at the throat. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Thousands of people suffer from kidney diseases because they do not know how to take care of their kidneys. The only way to cure them is by taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the only pills that cure all kidney diseases, including rheumatism, bright's disease, diabetes, and backache. They are sold everywhere.

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Skirt—2291. For a practical, serviceable costume you will find a good combination in Ladies' Waist Pattern 2308, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2291. The waist of linen, satin or crepe, and the skirt of serge duvety, Jersey cloth, broadcloth, shepherd check or plaid suiting. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. It measures about 2½ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Top Garment. 2292—This model is good for cheviot, broadcloth, velour, vicuna, zibeline, double-faced cloakings, corduroy, velvet and pile fabrics, like plush or chinchilla. The coat may be finished without the cape, and the cape may be worn separately, the coat collar serving as a collar for the cape. The model is in box effect, with a belt at the waistline, which confines the fullness. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Comfortable Play or School Suit. 1592—Dress or Apron with Bloomers for girls. This design will readily appeal to the busy mother who appreciates comfort and simplicity. The

Poor Children of The Rich

A certain mothers' club devoted one of its meetings recently to the suggestive and profitable theme of children's clothing.

The small boy's leather gaiters, for one thing, were roundly denounced. It was charged that they condemn him to a stiff-legged strut as far as possible removed from the graceful freedom of childhood.

Possibly children of both sexes have a grievance in the summer use of sandals for foot-wear, although boys who have gone barefooted will not admit it. Then, too, the huge, be-ribboned hats of the little girls in summer were condemned. A recent writer called them "the first step towards St. Vitus' dance," since to keep them on and in place is a perpetual strain on the nerves.

The melancholy conclusion of the mothers' club was that the worst offenders against hygiene and common sense are people who have plenty of money. Such parents, or some of them, make their children lead "an almost adult life," and the evil influence of their example affects many persons who wish above all things to be wise and kind.

The Children's Eyes

Children under seven or eight years of age, who have ordinarily good eyes, with proper illumination for their work, will not suffer from eye-strain in



Halifax Disaster—All that could be found of the household goods. Officer is looking over Bible for purposes of identification.

dress which may serve as an apron and the bloomers may be of the same material. The bloomers will take the place of petticoats. They are ideal for play and school wear, giving freedom of movement and fullness under the dress. For warmth, outing flannel, serge or flannel could be used. Gingham, galatea, percale, repp, poplin, linen and line are all appropriate materials for these two practical garments. The pattern comprises both and is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires for a 6-year size 3¼ yards of 27-inch material, with 2¼ yards for the bloomers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl. 2302—This design in serge with white pique, or faille for the collar trimming, will make a smart dress for school or general wear. The model is also nice for taffeta, velvet or corduroy, for linen and other wash materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Poor Little Fellow

A Canadian newspaper calls attention to an advertisement of a nursing bottle that concludes with the words: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

the infant school if their bodily health is good. No child should be allowed to study without the permission of an expert physician if its eyes cross or squint, if it holds an object habitually so near as nine inches to obtain clear vision, bends the head far forward, or twists it sidewise, or persists in confounding X with K and H, S with B, F with P, Y with T, or the like.

Near-sightedness, which begins in young eyes, is likely to be progressive and ultimately dangerous to sight if not checked in early life.

Children cannot thrive without proper light and air, so their rooms for play or study must have plenty of daylight. Eyes should not be exposed to direct or reflected sunlight, but have good illumination from the rear and one side, preferably the left. The life of a young child should be so regulated that no task or play requiring hard use of the eyes should be allowed by artificial light.

Not the Same

Mrs. Exe—"I'm going down town this morning."

Exe—"Shopping, my dear?"

Mrs. Exe—"No, I haven't time for that; just to buy some things that I need."—Boston Transcript.

In Close Companionship

Little Mary, who often appears in Lippincott's Magazine, had been sent to the store to get some fly paper. She was a long time in returning, and her mother began to feel anxious. Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street, and called:

"Mary, have you got the fly paper?"
"No, mother," replied Mary; "it's got me, but we are coming together."

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THESE books are little pocket editions of stories by well-known authors. Each book consists of 36 pages, and is printed on coated paper with illustrations in colors. Every set is enclosed in a neat green box, and is certainly the daintiest premium ever offered by any publication. Look carefully through the list of authors, and we feel sure that you will immediately send us in a subscription, so as to secure one of the sets. If your own subscription is paid up, get one of your friends to subscribe, and have set of books sent to your own address.

TITLE	Set No. 1	AUTHOR
THE BELOVED MURDERER		James O. Curwood
TAKING OF LUNGSTUNPEN		Rudyard Kipling
MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE		Edgar Allan Poe
THE IMPROMPTU COUSIN		Montague Glass
U. S. SPELLS US		Geo. Vaux Bacon
LOVE and THE BEAUTY DOCTOR		Wallace Irwin
Set No. 2		
THE HONEYMOON		Geo. Randolph Chester
HIS WEDDED WIFE		Rudyard Kipling
CASE OF AMONTILLADO		Edgar Allan Poe
"POP" IN VOX POPULI		Henry F. Doust
A MIDAS OF THE STREET		Alma Woodward
WANTED A FOREMAN FOR Z STAR		Clarence L. Cullen
Set No. 3		
THE TWO MUSKETEERS		Rudyard Kipling
IN THE HOUSE OF BUDDHO		Rudyard Kipling
SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD		Montague Glass
A 20 TO 1 SHOT		Jerome C. Beatty
HIS GREAT PLAY		Geo. Middleton
THE RANGE RIVALS		E. K. Culver
Set No. 4		
AND THE GREATEST OF THESE		Montague Glass
TERRE AND—AN EXTRA		Rudyard Kipling
THE BLACK CAT		Edgar Allan Poe
THE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL		Frank Condon
A SISTERS SCHEME		H. C. Sumner
BUDDY FINDS BOHEMIA		Edward Boltwood
Set No. 5		
GEN. PERCY WHIFFLETREE		Maurice Brown Kirby
MY FINANCIAL CAREER		Stephen Leacock
WITH ACCRUED INTEREST		Frank M. O'Brien
TWO TALES OF INGRATITUDE		Montague Glass
HE BET ON NEITHER ONE		Clarence L. Cullen
DOLLAR OF THE SEEDY MAN		Clarence L. Cullen
Set No. 6		
ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS		Susan Glaspell
MANTLE OF RED EVANS		Hugh Fenwick
THE LION GIEL		Bailey Millard
WITH DOC COOK AT THE NORTH POLE		W. J. H. Nourse
GENTLEMAN JIM		C. S. Thompson
ON GREAT WATERS		Eleanor Ferris
Set No. 7		
BLUE PETE'S ESCAPE		Geo. Randolph Chester
OUT OF THE REAL		Geo. Allen England
THE REMITTANCE MAN		Isola Forrester
COURTING OF MISS PARKINA		Olive M. Briggs
THE YELLOW PERIL		W. E. Maxwell
CHITS AND A CHINAMAN		E. J. Peersall
Set No. 8		
THE MISTER CLINK THURSTON'S DUEL		Edward Peole
THE PERFECT NURSE		Geo. M. G. Cain
BIDDLE'S RALLY ROUND THE FLAG		Frank X. Finnegan
WHEREIN CUPID TAKES A HAND		W. J. H. Nourse
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THE DISTANCE BACK		John Amid
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TRAVELS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN		Rudolph Erich Raspe
FUR		E. H. Munro
Set No. 10		
THE OPEN WINDOW		E. H. Munro
DISMISSAL OF SILVER PHIL		Alfred Henry Lewis
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Biting on Germs

Someone told a certain young woman, says the Orleans Progress-Examiner, that the family physician had said that there were thousands of germs in ice cream. "And all the time," ran her comment, "I thought they were just strawberry seeds."—Youth's Companion.

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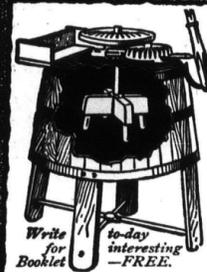
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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER
Calendar sent on application

Woman and the Home

The Value of Good Manners

Martha J. Nichols, B.L.

"If you could give your children but one of the two—manners or money—which would you give?" asked a mother when chatting with a friend.

"Manners, my dear, manners, of course. How could I endure to see my son or my daughter constantly blundering around, treading on other's toes, being disliked, coming to limitations because of rudeness and awkwardness, even if they had a mint of money?"

"Well, I suppose you are right, yet I am constantly hearing that 'fine manners' are the stock of trade of those who are insincere and want to carry selfish schemes through."

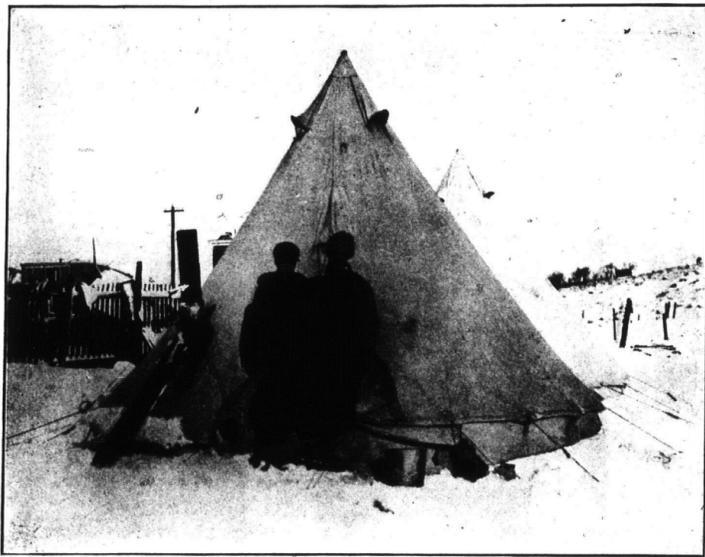
"That is sometimes true, we all know—a phase of hypocrisy—but it makes no difference in the high worth of really good manners, the kind that can rightly be called the 'minor moralities' because of being in line with the Golden Rule. I am sure that if 'manners don't make the man,' they do make a man—and a woman—too, of far more value in the world than they could otherwise be. Oh, I wish I could just make every boy and girl know the real worth of good manners and a good manner."

Courtesy, a pleasing way, gentleness, as an asset in life, can hardly be

first causes, he would find that a large percentage of them have their beginnings in lack of home politeness. The party of the first part is heedless as to personal habits at the table, in the living-room, in other rooms; is selfishly forgetful, is rude, or peevish, or inconsiderate; is unnecessarily severe in speech; and the party of the second part is annoyed, hurt, discouraged, "says things," begins to play at tit for tat. All-round courtesy would be as oil on troubled waters.

A bright, pretty girl who might be an ornament to society is "snubbed," slighted, left out in the cold and grieves over it, all because she will not wake up to the fact that she must be considerate, pleasant, sweet in her intercourse with others. Well-behaved people who, may like her in some ways and could befriend her socially must be sure that she will not make bad breaks before they are willing to introduce her to other well-behaved people. A good many young men are just a little sour, or defiant about social life simply because they ignore the laws of simple good behavior. They let themselves be "impossible" socially and thereby lose many advantages.

A merchant employing many clerks once said that if young people could or would only realize the value of ordinary politeness they would be surprised at



Halifax Disaster—Refugees in tent.

overestimated. The diamond in the rough and the diamond set in gold as a jewel are not farther apart in beauty and worth than are the unmannerly person and the person he might be if only he had the polish that some one has called the "regalia of civilization."

We classify some people as "nice." They may not be wealthy, fashionable, brilliant, highly educated or highly connected, yet they are popular, welcome everywhere, doors of privilege open before them, questions as to whether they may move in really "best society" never trouble them.

Why are these things true? A careful study of the "nice" person's ways would reveal the fact that the charm has its roots both in what they do and what they leave undone. They offer little kindnesses in simple ways, they appeal to the best in others in such a way as to please. They leave out disagreeables so gracefully that others forget what might be. They make situations pleasant for others. They leave out snarls and angry tones, accents of contempt; they say what they think best in a tactfully pleasant way. They refrain from asking questions or making comments that can annoy others; they conduct themselves with regard to others' physical comforts and little personal rights without seeming to do so. They have good table manners, good parlor manners, good church manners, good railway manners and so on and on. It's impossible to tell all that they do or refrain from doing.

If one could go about the world sifting family troubles of all kinds down to

their own successes. Another man controlling large business interests was talking with an old-time friend and relating some of his trials. At last he exclaimed: "Ten thousand a year to the live young man who can come into my outer office and be sincerely polite to all who enter before he knows whether or not they are customers or beggars." The great railroad companies are more and more requiring their employees to be patient, polite, kind, simply because the managers have learned that courtesy is a valuable asset in dealing with the public.

No mother will find it easy to bring up a child so that he will be habitually polite, gracious, pleasing. A good deal of teaching and drilling is needed to help the child to know just the outward forms that are best. But this is not all. Heart culture is necessary to real grace of manner, and heart culture is by no means an instantaneous process.

Nevertheless, to give patient, thoughtful, purposeful help so that the child grows into pleasing ways is to give him power in the world; it is to clear his path of many pitfalls; it is to provide for him pleasure and joys and successes that money can not buy.

Asthma Cannot Last when the greatest of all asthma specifics is used. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy assuredly deserves this exalted title. It has countless cures to its credit which other preparations had failed to benefit. It brings help to even the most severe cases and brings the patient to a condition of blessed relief. Surely suffering from asthma is needless when a remedy like this is so easily secured.

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Weaning The Baby
Mrs. Horace P. Cook

I want to tell you my plan for weaning the baby. My mother raised seven children, and when my first baby was almost old enough to wean, mother began to pity both me and the baby, as she had always had such a time with the baby, herself, and the process of drying up the milk. She would sometimes send the baby to grandma's to stay several days. Then she would have a terrible time in getting rid of the milk. Grandma would have a terrible time with the baby crying, and in getting him to take food. He would almost starve before he was willing to change his mode of eating. Then they had to run the risk of the sudden change of food making him sick. But this method is all nonsense. When I got ready to wean my baby I did not change the food suddenly. I began by nursing her one time less each day and substituting the modified cow's milk for the breast. I fed the milk through a nursing bottle, warmed in hot water. In a short time I fed her twice a day with the cow's milk. I kept nursing her less often, until finally she was weaned and did not know it. Then I began with her food in the same way, first by giving her one feed a day of coddled egg, soft toast or cream of wheat. In this way she became accustomed to food and it did not hurt her. I did the same way with my little son and I never had the least trouble in any way with them at weaning time. The milk will generally dry up by less frequent nursing, but the process may be aided by bathing the breast with camphor. Do not draw the milk with a breast pump unless absolutely necessary and then only enough to relieve the fullness. If I had a dozen babies I would wean them all in this way. The old-fashioned way is cruel to both mother and child.

Household Jottings

If it is too much trouble to stoop to the toaster in your gas stove, try putting a thin piece of sheet iron or tin over the burner. Hold the bread over it in a bread toaster and it will neither blacken nor taste.

Do not keep food of a damp juicy nature in paper bags. Chemicals are used in preparing the paper and when damp it should not touch food.

If the spurs of a chicken are over a quarter of an inch long it is an old bird. Remember that the skin of a young fowl peels easily.

Turpentine will quickly remove tar stains.

Keep a sharp watch over the bread box. Bread moulds in a day in summer. Besides scalding the box, air it frequently.

Did you ever try soaking ham that is to be boiled or fried, in sweet milk overnight? The flavor is greatly improved.

A few drops of lemon juice added to the water in which rice is boiled will make the kernels whiter.

Every housekeeper experiences, from time to time, annoyance in finding stains on delicate fabrics. There is a way to use the sun and moisture in removing such stains. I spread the stain on a large platter and wet it with whatever is best for that kind of stain: lemon juice and salt for ink; oxalic acid for fruit, tea, coffee, etc.; soap and water and starch for scorch. I cover this with a sheet of glass and place it in the sun, wetting from time to time.

Carbolic Tallow—Shred mutton suet fine and put it in a glass jar. Place the jar in a pan of cold water on the fire. Let it cook until the oil is dissolved. Pour off the clear oil and as it cools beat in a few drops of carbolic acid. This tallow is excellent for chapped hands or face. It is also good for sensitive or tired feet. I get the kidney suet for this tallow.

Cleaning the Soiled Edges of Books—Rub the edges with a rubber ink eraser and they will look fresh and new.

Effect of Acids on Brass and Copper—A strong acid, like oxalic acid or vinegar, will remove the coating of oxide from brass or copper, leaving it bright and clean. But if the acid is not immediately washed off it corrodes the metal, producing copper acetate (verdigris), a deadly poison. Articles cleaned with an acid do not remain bright for any length of time unless they are afterward rubbed with rottenstone and oil or Tripoli and oil.

A Crust on the Tea Kettle is generally caused by lime in the water. Acid will dissolve the lime. Try vinegar, or dilute sulphuric acid. When the lime scales off wash the kettle in plenty of clear water, then rinse with hot soda water. The acid must be removed the moment it has done its work.

When the Drain-Pipe Freezes—I have frequently found that pouring salt down the pipes was one of the best means of thawing the ice. It will hasten matters if, in addition, hot woolen cloths be wrapped around the pipes.

To Destroy Moths in Stuffed Birds take the birds out-of-doors and saturate them with naphtha. Keep them in the open air until the naphtha has evaporated.

To Prevent Beds from Creaking—If you can trace the sound to the place where it is made oil that place. If it is not possible to trace the noise to its source oil all the joints in the bed, even places where one piece of wood might rub upon another. I think you will find the trouble at an end after this treatment.

Spots on the Dining-Table—Methods for removing spots caused by heat on a varnished surface have been given several times. I give a few of them again: If the stain is slight hold a hot plate over it for a few minutes. A hard rubbing with kerosene and a woolen cloth will remove stains that are not deep. When these simple remedies fail rub with a mixture of rottenstone and linseed oil.

Household Hints

Tomatoes are most hygienic when uncooked.

Too rapid boiling makes most vegetables tough.

As a rule, vegetables should be cooked uncovered.

Rapid boiling dissipates the flavor and spoils the color of vegetables.

Potatoes should be cooked unpared, as the mineral matter is near the skin.

Bread mixed with skim milk is more nutritious than when mixed with water.

Milk is a very nutritious drink, containing all of the elements of nutrition in a quickly available form.

Never pierce anything, while frying, with a fork, and in place of a basket use a long-handled skimmer.

The use of tin vessels is in general to be avoided, because of their tendency to rust, and the liability of open seams.

All uncooked vegetables used in the preparation of salads should be fresh and crisp; the cooked ones perfectly tender.

Nothing appeals so much to the appetite in the spring as fresh green stuffs of various kinds, and it is unfortunate that there is usually a scarcity of these foods and that they are often very expensive.

We can partially overcome the difficulty by making use of fresh fruits, which are easier to obtain, and furnish a variety of pleasing flavors together with wholesome fruit acids. Half an orange or grape fruit, or a few prunes (which have been soaked in a little cold water over night and eaten raw without sugar) if eaten the first thing for breakfast, will be a good tonic for the system.

Daily Cooking Recipe—Hashed Mutton on Toast

This appears to be a season when many people indulge in roast mutton, which is all right when it is hot. Cold roast mutton is the abomination of desolation as the chief dish for any meal. Why not hashed mutton on toast? Cut the mutton in small squares and put it in a stew pan, add any gravy left from the roast, a good large cup of strained tomato and if this does not make sufficient moisture, a little water. If there are a few cold green peas put them in, also a finely chopped onion, and if possible a few shreds of green pepper, though peppers may be difficult to get at this time of the year. Thicken with some flour and a good sized piece of butter rubbed together and a couple of tablespoonfuls of condensed cream. Let the seasoning be pepper and salt with a good dash of red pepper, which by the way should rarely be omitted from any dish to which pepper is to be added, as it has a flavor all its own. Keep the hash piping hot, set it in a double boiler if necessary, but keep it hot. Have thin slices of crisp toast, butter lightly, arrange on a hot side dish and pour over them the hash and send to the table at once. Any man who has this substitute for cold roast mutton will rejoice and be exceedingly glad.—T.M.

Retaining the Attractiveness of Youth



There is no good reason why every woman should not continue to increase in attractiveness as she grows older, until long after she has attained middle life. The most fascinating women in history were well along in years at the time of their greatest triumphs. Josephine was 34 years old when she captivated and married Napoleon; Cleopatra was upwards of 40 when Anthony sacrificed the whole world rather than be separated from her at the battle of Actium; and Madame de Maintenon was almost 50 at the time of her marriage to Louis XIV. In everyone's list of acquaintances are women no longer young, but well preserved, and possessing a charm and graciousness of manner that make them extremely popular.

And yet, how often does it happen that women who were belles in their younger days, sought after and admired by their acquaintances of both sexes, lose, to a large extent, as they advance to early middle life, the attractiveness that used to be theirs. The eye loses its lustre, the bloom on the cheek gives way to an expression of care, and she becomes fretful, easily discouraged and irritable. She is keenly conscious of this condition and is inclined to become moody and fearful of losing the regard of her husband and friends.

Why is it that some women continue to improve in appearance and womanly qualities, while others rapidly lose their beauty and their agreeableness? The explanation lies wholly in the perfect or imperfect operation of the female functions. If perfect circulation be maintained in the womanly organs, all waste matter is regularly eliminated, and the nerves and tissues are properly nourished by the blood circulating freely and without obstruction. There is a very close sympathy between the nerves in these organs and those of the face and eyes are strengthened and invigorated, giving that happy, contented and magnetic feeling and expression that goes with true womanliness.

If, however, the circulation in these organs is imperfect or obstructed, the blood becomes stagnant and congested, the nerves and tissues are not properly nourished and they are oppressed by the presence of waste matter which should have been eliminated, but which is still held on account of the impeded circulation. This condition is bound to cause fretfulness, irritation, lack of confidence, etc., as well as more or less physical suffering, and unless it is corrected it will certainly lead to some of the graver forms of what are usually called female disorders.

To overcome this trouble and restore the right conditions, it is evident that the circulation in the organs must be improved. This is exactly what ORANGE LILY is designed to do. It is applied direct to the suffering parts and is absorbed into the circulation. The first effect is that the waste matter which has been accumulating is discharged, giving a feeling of immediate relief, and the nerves and tissues are toned and strengthened, so that in a comparatively short time Nature restores normal circulation, with all which that implies.

Dear Mrs. Ladd,—I have been intending to write to you for several days because I want to tell you how much better I have felt since I commenced using ORANGE LILY about four months ago. Before I started I felt half the time as if I didn't have a friend in the world, and I was always worrying over something. I would be so despondent I could cry by the hour, and I could give no cause. I have used three boxes of ORANGE LILY, and feel like a new woman. I never bother about the trifles that used to worry me and wonder how I could be so foolish. I am cheerful and keep in good spirits and know I am looking better. I enclose \$1.75 and ask you to send me one box of ORANGE LILY and one bottle of Blush of Roses. I have not used ORANGE LILY for the past few weeks, and I do not feel that I need it now, but I do not want to be without it in case any of the old symptoms should return. I will always remember you with gratitude, for I know that this great change is due to ORANGE LILY.

Kingston, Ont., May 10, 1904.

MRS. B. C. C.

There are hundreds of women in every part of the country who are suffering more or less like this lady. They are not sick in the ordinary sense of the term, and yet they are far from being well. They can easily be cured if they attend to the trouble now, but if they will surely get worse if left to itself. As ORANGE LILY acts entirely and only on the nerves and tissues where the trouble exists, it effects a rapid and positive cure, and the result is noticeable from the start.

Free Trial Offer

I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends, to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of ORANGE LILY, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 stamps, Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

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'It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there'

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Concerning the Spider

You may talk of the ant and the little busy bee,
But another the sluggard might turn to,
I say;
And that is the spider,—did ever you see
An insect so busy by night and by day?

In every available corner she weaves
Her gossamer trap for the insects that fly;
She might do some good, but the housewife believes
It's far better not to allow her to try.

So the broom and the duster are brought
into play,
And away goes the web that was spun with
such care,—
But the spider is left, and the very next
day
Another web makes its appearance just
there.

And out-of-doors also, wherever you go
You'll find Mistress Spider as busy as can
be.
From high in the tree tops to far down
below,
Her silvery threads float from brush and
from tree.

They blow 'cross the pathway, and when
you pass by
Your face will be caught if you're not look-
ing out,
It's not pleasant to feel in your mouth or
your eye,
But be thankful you're not a fly meshed
round about.

Her motto, I think, must be "Try, try
again,"
For 'tis one she acts up to her whole life
long,—
Just think of the spider, all ye who
complain,
When your first attempts fail, and all
things seem wrong.

Good luck to the spider! Long, long may
she thrive,
A living example to all those who fail!
But I'd rather that out of doors she should
strive
To show that persistence at last shall
prevail.

—Wenonah.

There's Always a Reason

"Look here, Jane," said the mistress
reprovingly, "this chair is covered with
dust."
"Yes-um," answered the impertur-
able Jane, "I reckon nobody ain't sat
in it lately, mum."—Chicago News.

When Ages Meet

By Carola Craig

SKY and prairie, prairie and sky—day after day and week after week; how infinitely weary Courtlandt was of it all! For 10 endless months he has existed here—one could not say had lived—and exile from family and friends and all that made life worth living, till his sickly body had strengthened and he thought his diseased lung had healed. Then, in response to his urgent letters, for he was wild with hope and sick with loathing of his prison, his family sent out a specialist to examine the lung, pronounce him cured, and take him home; but the specialist had found one spot, such a little thing, and yet he had returned alone, leaving Courtlandt to face the dreary days and weeks of sky and prairie, prairie and sky.

The doctor was six days gone now and Courtlandt was again at the end of his resources. He could not smoke, there was no game to gun for, nor trout to hook. His great touring car was as far away as his family and friends. A taciturn old half-breed, relic of by-gone days, attended to his small wants and kept house in a slothful, mannish fashion in the tiny cabin. As well question the sphinx as attempt to carry on a conversation with him, yet once, in a communicative mood, he had told Courtlandt of a deep fissure in the prairie and labyrinthine caverns in which dwelt, according to the traditions of his race, evil spirits and monsters and multi-headed reptiles.

As Courtlandt stood gazing moodily over the endless prairie stretching to meet the cupping sky, he remembered the tale. He had nothing to do. Better trace an elusive tradition than fret out his mind and soul against this barrier which only time could surmount.

Turning abruptly, he ordered his pony saddled, a lunch put up, and his six-shooters and riding togs brought. Silently the old man obeyed, and as silently swept his knotted, brown hand toward the north, "twenty miles," he said briefly, and Courtlandt, compass on saddle bow, rode away.

Miles of prairie he crossed—brown sage-brush, gopher holes, and occasional jack-rabbit or coyote, always the deadly sameness which he had come to know so well. Then suddenly, as though it had leaped from the ground, he saw a faint, ragged blue ridge in the distance. His plain-bred pony, wiry and untiring, quickened his pace. Instinct told him of water and rest where the rocks projected.

Arriving at the ridge, Courtlandt saw a deep, ragged fissure, two score feet wide, perhaps, and a dozen times as long. How deep it was, he could not tell, for the bottom was lost in purple shadows, and a dropped pebble bounded from crag to crag until the noise of its fall was lost in its echoes. Far down were black blots on the face of the cliffs, doubtless mouths of caverns. Courtlandt had visited the mammoth caves as a boy. The glamor and lure of their splendid aisles and vaults still hung over him.

With the nearest approach to eagerness he had shown since the specialist left, he threw the reins over his pony's head, and made fast his lariat to a projecting rock. With his six-shooters, knife and searchlight in his belt, and his luncheon slung over his shoulder, he commenced lowering himself into the abyss. He passed the mouth of one cavern and arriving at another, swung inward and set his feet firmly on its stone lip. He was practically at the end of his rope, and as he looked down at the crevice at his feet—its bottom still shrouded in purple mists, he was sorry that he had not brought a longer rope.

But his muscles, unaccustomed to this strenuous usage, reminded him that the opening of the pit was very far away, and that he must retrace the distance. As he speculated on the depth of the crevice at his feet, a long, slim shadow suddenly cut the light which flittered down to his resting place. A snaky, finger-thin reflection it made on the rock at his feet. Fascinated, he raised his eyes, and there above him, projecting from the mouth of the cavern he had passed, was a long, snake-like neck, crowned with a flat head, set with beady, smouldering eyes, and sharp yellow teeth fringed with dripping jowls. He stared, horrified, as the neck wavered uncer-

tainly, then slowly, surely, swayed toward him.

Retreat by the rope was impossible, as the thing lay across his way. Downward he could not go for the rope end was reached. Casting a last, terrified glance at the loathsome head, stretching slowly toward him, he dashed blindly into the thick darkness of the cavern, at whose mouth he stood. On and on he ran into the impenetrable blackness which rose like a huge black wall on either side, till catching his foot on a rock, he fell to the ground. Half stunned, he sat up and felt in his belt for his searchlight. None was there. His revolvers also were gone, and his knife only remained, which seemed to have lengthened curiously, and become rough and heavy. He drew it out and examined it. It seemed to be made of crudely hammered metal, and the wooden handle was gone. His body felt singularly free and unrestricted by clothing. Looking down, he saw that, except for the heavy hair which covered his arms and legs and chest, he was unclothed except for a hairier skin, which was bound about his loins.

Surprise at first overcame him, yet every moment his memory of what had been leaving him, and he was accepting his present state as the accustomed thing.

As he stood, uncertainly weighing his knife in the darkness, twin lights ap-

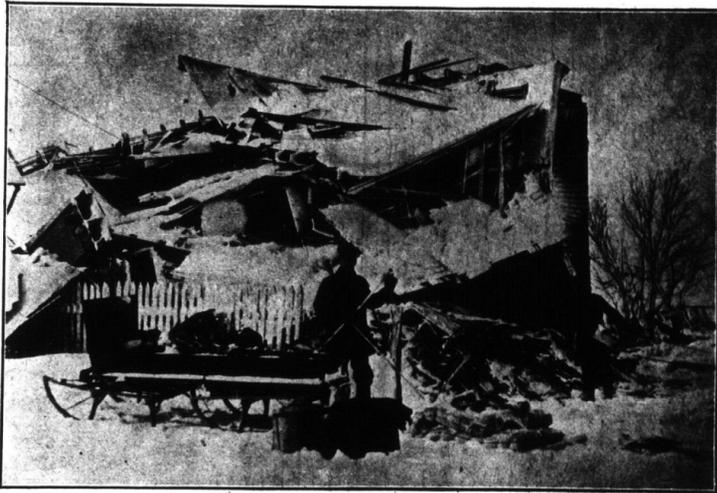
pear in the distance, which slowly evolved themselves into eyes, as the head and snaky neck of the monster from which he had just fled, came into view. This time he had no thought of flight. With a half-animal-like roar, he caught up the huge boulder over which he had tripped, and launched it with all the strength of his hairy arms at the sinister head. And then began a battle in this black cavern such as must have been waged ages ago, when man had a world of monsters to contend with. Lightning-like lunges of the snaky head were met and parried by equally quick knife thrusts. The monster and the man writhed in fury, slipping in thick blood, and stumbling on the rock floor. Both were exhausting their strength.

Feeling in his belt, he detached his flashlight and began to retrace his steps to the cavern's mouth. Cautiously he looked out and up. The slanting rays of the setting sun illumined no gruesome head nor snaky neck. His rope still hung, securely fastened from above. With determined hand, but uncertain heart, Courtlandt began to climb. Up, up he went, past the yawning cavern where the monster had been, and on to the lip of the abyss. He detached his rope and secured his pony, which stood with trailing reins, where it had been left, after the manner of western horses. As Courtlandt looked down for the final glance into the pit, he could have sworn he saw a snaky head swaying from the face of the cliff, and beady, smouldering eyes staring up from the purple shadows; but he concluded he had been mistaken.

He rode home in the deepening dusk, and finding his half-breed asleep, put up his pony, and went to bed. The following morning it all seemed like a fantastic dream, and he did not mention it to his man.

He felt that what he had undergone was only a figment of his disordered imagination, due to his loneliness and uncertain health.

Six months later, the incident had nearly passed from his mind and his lung was healed. The great specialist pronounced the welcome words at last, and Courtlandt left the eternal prairie he



Halifax disaster—Roone Street residence. Salvaging household goods.

had come to loathe. He returned to the city of his home and friends where, among the old scenes of work and happiness, his experience drifted further and further into the region of forgotten things until, one day, he attended a peculiar lecture. It concerned a theory that there are still in existence some species of pre-historic animals, and that while there are no actual pre-historic men alive to-day, there are men who, having had many previous existences, return at times, for brief periods, to their pre-historic states.

The lecture failed to arouse interest so it was not repeated, but before the lecturer left the city, Courtlandt found opportunity to meet him and to tell him of his experience. At once the man set out for the land of prairie and sky in search of the monster, which, he declared, he would bring back as proof of his theory.

Courtlandt's old half-breed guided him to the fissure, and waited two days and nights on its brink for the lecturer to return. Then the Indian went home and sent word to Courtlandt.

A search party failed to find the lecturer or any trace of the monster so, after a time, the hunt was given up, and when the newspapers began exploiting a new sensation, people forgot. It was assumed that the lecturer had slipped and fallen into some bottomless hole among the rocks. But sometimes, when Courtlandt sits alone in his den, dreaming over a pipe, he wonders if somewhere in those subterranean caverns, a pre-historic man and a pre-historic monster are living their primitive life until such time as they shall be re-discovered.

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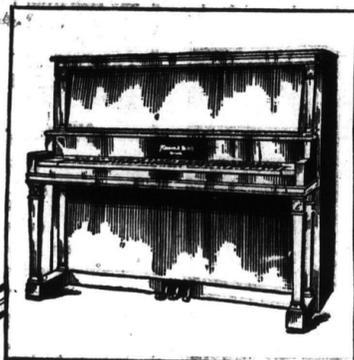
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Correspondence

"Great Sport"

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been taking a great interest in the correspondence page in "The Western Home Monthly," and am now taking the liberty of writing a few lines. My chum, Tiddly Winks, and I have great sport reading the letters together.

By way of introducing myself, I am short with medium brown hair and brown eyes, and am very fond of good sport.

I would be very pleased to hear from any who would care to write. I will leave my address with the Editor.

Wishing the club every success, I remain,

Jolly Seventeen.

Let Us Help One Another

Dear Editor,—I notice that in your magazine for November the correspondents are few and scattered. I know that there is always enough to do, and plenty of work to occupy everyone's time, but even so, that excuse is but a poor one. Surely, in these times of horror and bloodshed we should be more united than ever; it should serve but to bind us more securely together, and the motto of the soldiers at home should be the same of the ones at the front: "United we stand." From far and wide, east and west, we should come together in thoughts. We ought to write our experiences on the field of life's daily battle. Give advice and offer a helping hand. Actions, of course, are the best, but often words count very much. They help and steady, encourage and cheer. They in reality make up a person's life, not only when speaking face to face, but when written as well. Good and beautiful books give one good and beautiful ideals; they inspire one to face difficulties and hardships with a smile and an unutterable longing to accomplish that which is good and beautiful. Why should not letters be able to do the same, if written in the same spirit?

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way,

With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?"
Oh! a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce.

A trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
that counts;

But only—how did you take it?

At this moment I happened to look out upon the sinking sun in the west. It is a ball of fire, and the clouds above it purple and crimson and streaked with pink, and even on the blue heavens, high overhead is a beautiful pink hue, as if a veil of light rose had been drawn over a mantle of blue. The red and purple reminded me that somewhere in Flanders and France our men were shedding their blood and laying down their lives for us. Somewhere here on this side of the Atlantic, watching the same glorious sun sink to rest, were others mourning and weeping for those heroes. How were we taking our little troubles safe and sheltered in our home? It was not my trouble I saw, but the way I was taking it.

I teach a small country school in an isolated place in the west. The children are not many and neither of a quiet good behaviour, nor apt scholars. I have my troubles and more than once have decided to give up, but here I am still holding on, even if I face every Monday with a shiver and look forward to Fridays as days of joy, which never seem to come quick enough.

If this letter is fortunate enough to pass the W.P.B. I will sometime again speak to the correspondents of The Western Home Monthly through its columns.

I will sign myself

Freckles.

Will "Freckles" kindly mail her name and address to the Editor, so that letters intended for her may reach her without delay.

Chief Pleasure—Letter Writing

Dear Editor and Members,—I have just been reading the last issue of our splendid paper and decided to write a

few lines to the correspondence column. I would like very much to become a member. One of my chief pleasures is letter writing, and I would be very grateful if someone would correspond with me. Would be very pleased to hear from some of the soldier boys, as I have one brother who has enlisted and I'm proud as Punch of him, too.

My home is in a rather lonely part of Saskatchewan, though it is very pretty.

Some of the members write very interesting letters. I see someone was talking about girls wearing overalls. I am a farm girl myself and when I help outside, as is often the case, I wear them and think there is nothing better.

Must close now, hoping to hear from someone and wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I remain

Shamrock.

Why Call Them Slackers?

Dear Editor,—Will you pardon my intrusion and allow me a space in your correspondence column. Being an English girl, I may get turned down but I feel I would like to write a few lines. Well, about slackers, I think it is a hard word to use. What must the boys think who are working indirectly for their country? We all need food, therefore why call the boys slackers who are busy on farms doing their best to get us flour for our bread for the coming months. There are some interesting letters in your paper from time to time, and it gives one a good idea what your country is like. I would be glad of some Canadian correspondents, as they would be very interesting to me, if anyone would care to write to me my address is with the Editor. Yours sincerely,

English Peggy.

Prize Rider

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have one correspondent through The Western Home Monthly and I look for his few lines as often as I look for the paper. I was just wondering how many cowboys write to The Western Home Monthly. I wish I was a cowboy, but am afraid skirts would not look very good on a saddle, but never mind, I can ride horseback without a saddle. We have ladies' pony races at our fair and I have won three firsts. I have a horse to break in to ride now; she has never had a bit in her mouth, so I am going to have a jolly ride soon.

I helped stook during the harvest and drove a stook wagon all through thrashing. I have been working outside since harvest. We must not call all the men who are not in khaki shirkers, as I think, mostly all the districts in the Dominion are like the one I live in. Nearly everyone who can go has gone. I must close now, wishing your paper every success.

Flora.

Took the Men's Place

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I have written to your wonderful paper, so I thought I would try again. I am going to use a different name this time, though everything seems to be quieted down in the correspondence page at present—no discussions about overalls or bachelors. As far as overalls go they are all right, my sister and I both wore them all fall, and we stooked and drove binders. We went to the farm and worked as it was almost impossible to get men; then we helped to thresh. I think it is all right for a change, but I would not want to be at it too long.

I would like very much to know who Spitfire is, as she only lives about ten miles from my home. She and Pocahontas seem to be very strong minded. Hoping to receive letters, I remain

Tomboy Ted.

Gets Lonesome

Dear Editor,—For sometime I have been receiving copies of The Western Home Monthly through a kind friend, who has been forwarding them on to me. I enjoy very much the different articles that appear therein, also the correspondence page. I think it a very clean and interesting book, and would like to join. Will send in my subscription shortly.

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My occupation necessitated my leaving home, and at times I get very lonesome. I would like to correspond with any boy or girl of about my own age—21. My address is with the Editor.
Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and hoping to see my letter in print. Yours truly,
Rosalee.

Happy High School Days

I look forward to receiving The Western Home Monthly. I always make a rush for the correspondence column and am most interested in the opinions given about love and matrimony. I very often laugh over different comments brought forth, and think it fine for the young ladies and men to have their say as well as the grown up folks. So, come along now, boys and girls, give us some good reading, for the weary months will soon begin and your letters cheer a person up.

I am going to teach school this winter if the trustees don't think I am too young, but I will be real serious while in school, even if it is not my nature. Are any of the writers fond of dancing? I am. I find it the greatest enjoyment, especially during the long winter months in the country.

Don't you all agree with me that high school days are the sweetest days of one's life? I wish they lasted all one's life. During high school days the future is a golden country where all is pure and noble and true. Life to us then is "one grand, sweet song," and our ideals and ambitions reach the clouds. It is well that it is so, for all too soon must the

I do, even though there is almost every kind of amusement.

Now I am not going to waste any valuable space, providing this is published, but if any lonely girl cares to write to me, I will take great delight in answering it.

Yours truly,
"A Young Man From The City."

Jolly and Good Tempered

Saskatchewan, Nov. 4
Dear Editor—I have read with great interest the columns of your paper. The correspondence page especially is very interesting to me, as I am rather lonely. I live on a farm and the time passes very slowly, especially in the winter. I am short with black hair and brown eyes, very jolly and good tempered. I am very fond of music and can play the piano and also sing a little.

I would like very much to go overseas; but it seems impossible at present, though I may get the chance later.

Now I am very anxious for correspondence and will answer all letters promptly, and will gladly exchange photos. Please write and comfort a poor lonely

Bachelor of Eighteen.

He Had Seen One

The little folks in the first grade were reading about a dandelion, and the teacher asked who had seen one.

Up went Ben's hand, and the teacher asked, "Where did you see a dandelion?"
"In the circus!" was the confident reply.—The Christian Herald.



Looking 'em over at the close of the day.

dreams of these golden days give place to the realization that real actual life cannot be brought up to this ideal of youth.

As this is my first letter I will close now, hoping some of the boys and girls will write to me.

So, hurry up, I will answer every letter I receive and would love to exchange snaps. Wishing The Western Home Monthly all success. My address is with the Editor.

Happy Western Kid.

Admires the Farm Girls

Dear Editor—Not being a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I may be trespassing on forbidden ground, but as a young man living in the city, and an interested reader of your paper, which is loaned to me by a regular subscriber, I am going to try my luck at being accepted among the numerous correspondents.

I have read many of the letters published, and while some are rather amusing, others are real interesting and contain some very broad minded statements. However, I am not out for criticism, for that is something I have never made a practice of, since I believe in thinking a lot and saying little.

I am a great admirer of farm life, also the farm girls, and although my position has confined me to the city most of my years, I enjoy getting out in the country and go there at every opportunity. I have no doubt there are times when it is lonesome on the farm, but one becomes lonesome in a city too, at least

"Can February March?" he asked.
"No; but April May," was the reply.
"Look here, old man, you are out of June!"

"Don't July about it!"
"It is not often one gets the better of your August personage."

"Ha! Now you have me Noctober!"
And then there was work for the coroner.

The Pact

"We shall never sheathe the sword until . . . military domination is wholly and finally destroyed."—Asquith. Before the flaming eye of history

Our country stands, all honors laid aside
Save her deep scars, for those alone abide—

The mounds in Flanders, the nobility
That sleeps beneath the thunders of the sea,

The bruised heart of mother, orphan, bride,

The glory of heroic men who died
Or maimed live—broken for you and me!

The bright immortal hosts bend from afar,
To whisper thro' the land in this great hour

Their consecration, fortitude and power—
Their warning lest we miss the morning star—

Beseeching, by the sacred blood we shed,
Break not your solemn compact with the dead!

Albert D. Watson.

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What the World is Saying

The Busy Needles

Darn 'em, ladies, as well as knit 'em.—Toronto Star.

The Spike-Helmeted Dove

There are indications that the German peace dove is about to scream again.—New York Sun.

A Name with Inspiration for the Huns

General Hell is a prominent officer of the German army. Wonderful how one can inspire an entire nation!—Hamilton Herald.

What Russia Needs

Russia needs a large supply of little red school-houses, and a few thousand high schools, and quite a large number of colleges.—Ottawa Citizen.

As to Sugar in Coffee

A whole lot of people are beginning to find out that what they have been addicted to is not coffee, but sugar.—Boston Transcript.

One Very Good Answer

What is the British Navy doing? Among other things, helping us to get our soldiers across without loss of life.—Chicago Herald.

Canadian Cavalry and German Trenches

It seems that trenches sometimes have certain disadvantages, as when the Canadian cavalry jumped down on the Germans in them.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Docility That Has Made Them Tools

Before Germany gets through with this war its unfortunate people will realize that they have paid a high price for their inherited docility.—Toronto World.

He Will Have to Explain More Than That

One of these days the Kaiser is going to have a bad half-hour explaining to his pious subjects how the British without Divine help were able to capture Jerusalem.—Tokyo Japan Mail.

Villa Is, By Far, the More Insulting

Hot language is flying in Mexico. President Carranza denounces General Villa as "a pestiferous bandit," and the General, in reply, says that the President is "a yellow Hun."—Washington Star.

Endurance the Price of Victory

Victory is not to be snatched quickly in this war, nor will bravery and dash alone suffice. The side that wins will be the side that can endure the most.—Montreal Gazette.

Not an Inviting Proposition

How would you like to be the first after-the-war German travelling salesman, trying to dispose of Made-in-Germany goods in Canada or Australia?—Dundee Advertiser.

Of a Retiring Disposition

On meeting the British ships the German fleet can change its mind about wanting a big high seas fight quicker than any navy afloat.—Madrid Diario Universal.

Napoleon and the Kaiser

Napoleon conquered vastly more of Europe over-ran a great deal more of Russia than the Kaiser has done. Yet Napoleon's grip loosened and he went down and out. London Truth.

Concentration to Win the War

Go back over the literature of Germany and you will discover an amazing record of constant thought, all bearing in the same direction. We must do the same if we are to win the war. The power of combined thought in a nation cannot be overestimated. It is supreme.—Glasgow Herald.

Germany's Reptile Methods

There is no corner of the world where the Berlin propaganda has not gone, no class too exclusive or sacred for it to invade. It has scattered its germs of treachery in Italy as in Russia, and its boasts of military advance is largely due to this campaign of falsehood and bribery. Paris Gazette de France.

Unconquerable France

Glorious the French have shown themselves in the war, a people with a soul above all trials, and not less are they their great selves in the manner they are rebuilding the France of ashes.—London Times.

Pie Conservation

The open-faced pie is the latest conservation diet; but somehow or other the man who dines at lunch counters feels that he could better spare the bottom crust than the top one.—Minneapolis Journal.

German Guile and Treachery

The disingenuousness of the German statements on peace is as brazen as the gigantic conspiracy of sedition and disintegration which German statecraft has added to the evils of warfare.—Rome Giornale d'Italia.

A Matter of Taste

Some of the postoffices are using the "Don't Waste Food" motto on their cancellation stamps. Is that meant to make a fellow go easy when he's licking a stamp, or is it calculated to make him pause and enjoy its flavor?—Duluth Herald.

We Cannot Live for Ourselves Alone

The war is teaching us to give. We are being taught to devote serious thought to the needs of other people. We are learning that we cannot live simply for ourselves. We are getting a vision of our responsibilities.—Kansas City Star.

His Eclipse Is Coming

Only folk in Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado and Kansas will get a good view of the total eclipse of the sun next June. But, cheer up! Maybe the rest of us will be getting a good view of the total eclipse of the Kaiser.—Washington Herald.

The Disaster at Halifax

Frightened citizens of Halifax thought that the Germans had come when the terrific explosion shook their city. Even had the Germans come they could not have effected such a mighty destruction in so short a time.—Vancouver Province.

The Fleet, and the Liars

When the war broke out in 1914 the air was filled with lies and rumors of lies, most of them concerning great disasters to the British fleet that never occurred. The fleet is still on watch and so are the liars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Memory of the Subdivision Era

Los Angeles, with sixty-six more square miles than New York, claims to have a larger area than any city on the continent. At that we know of some Western towns that would have given it a close race if the real estate boom had not collapsed.—Peterboro Examiner.

Sugar Wasted in the Teacup

The food conservation speaker who declares that the sugar washed in the bottom of the average American cup of tea and coffee would supply the sugar wants of our army in Europe gives the great American people food for thought. Watch your cup!—Indianapolis News.

If the Aim Had Only Been Better

It appears that a battery of artillery fired on the train carrying the delegates of the Bolsheviks to arrange the armistice with Germany, but missed it. No punishment can be too severe for faulty artillery service in war times.—Branford Expositor.

The Charge of the Fort Garry Horse

Some Canadian Tennyson may sing the feat of the Fort Garry Horse, in their dandy attack on the German guns, as a worthy replica of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.—Paris Figaro.

German "Freedom of the Sea"

The German theory of sea freedom is that Germany shall have power to stop the commerce of the world as she pleases. Her notion of freedom on the seas is like her notion of freedom on the land, that is, the right to give German commands. This is of course the exact contrary of the American notion of freedom of the seas, yet we may be sure that certain elements in this country, either because they wish to deceive or are ignorant, will continue to assume that the German, when he speaks of freedom of the seas, has in mind what an American means when he employs the phrase.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fine and Honorable Emblem

A place ought to be found on America's coat of arms for the knitting-needle.—Providence Journal.

A Favorite German Device

In Chicago a pair of bandits who were cornered used a woman as a shield. They should be put in a Prussian internment camp once. Or, on second thought, better shoot them at once as German spies and be done with it.—Detroit Free Press.

Their Fame Undying

The noble little band that constituted the British regular army, which sacrificed itself at the beginning of the war to hold back the Hun until the Allies could develop their resources on a war basis, will shine in history and will be enthroned in the hearts of humanity, for their work in giving the German military power its first set-back.—Rochester Herald.

Food and the War

We have to feed our armies, and the women and children and workers of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Serbia and Italy. Are we to let people starve so that we may over-eat, and eat luxuriously? Canada must greatly help to win the war with food. Only by the mobilization of the women can Canada defeat our Allies' enemy, starvation.—Toronto News.

Women Working in New Ways

Women are to be employed as conductors on the surface lines of the New York City railways. They have successfully filled similar tasks in England, France and other belligerent lands since the early days of the war, and will be equally successful in America. The greater employment of female labor is but beginning on this continent, but it will gradually increase as the ranks of the war battalions grow. The work must be done.—Toronto Globe.

The Issue

The present war, then, is manifestly a struggle à outrance between democracy and feudalism. To Americans as well as to Europeans falls the task, not only of preserving their corporeal independence, but of saving our common civilization. This can be accomplished only by the destruction of Pan-Germanism.—Paris Liberté.

A Tribute to French Frugality

Frugality is a virtue which is not only not practised, but hardly known, in the households of this country. Contrivance and selection have not been inculcated. Neither the skill nor the will to make the most of available supplies has been exercised, with the result that unparadoxable wastefulness has become a national characteristic. If only the habit of frugality had been acquired, as in France, the food problem to-day would be infinitely less anxious. The difficulty now is to shake people out of their deeply-settled extravagance in consuming, and still more in not consuming, but throwing away, the food that is becoming so dangerously scarce.—London Morning Post.

A Fitting Comparison

If a man owns a savage dog which breaks out of his house and attacks passing pedestrians, the law will compel him to kill it or to chain it up at home. It is on the same principle that the Allies call upon the German people to deprive the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers of their power for all. There is no ground for the Hohenzollern claim that Great Britain, the United States, and the other Allied nations are improperly "interfering in the domestic affairs of Germany" when they say that they cannot deal with the Kaiser or his government.—Aberdeen Free Press.

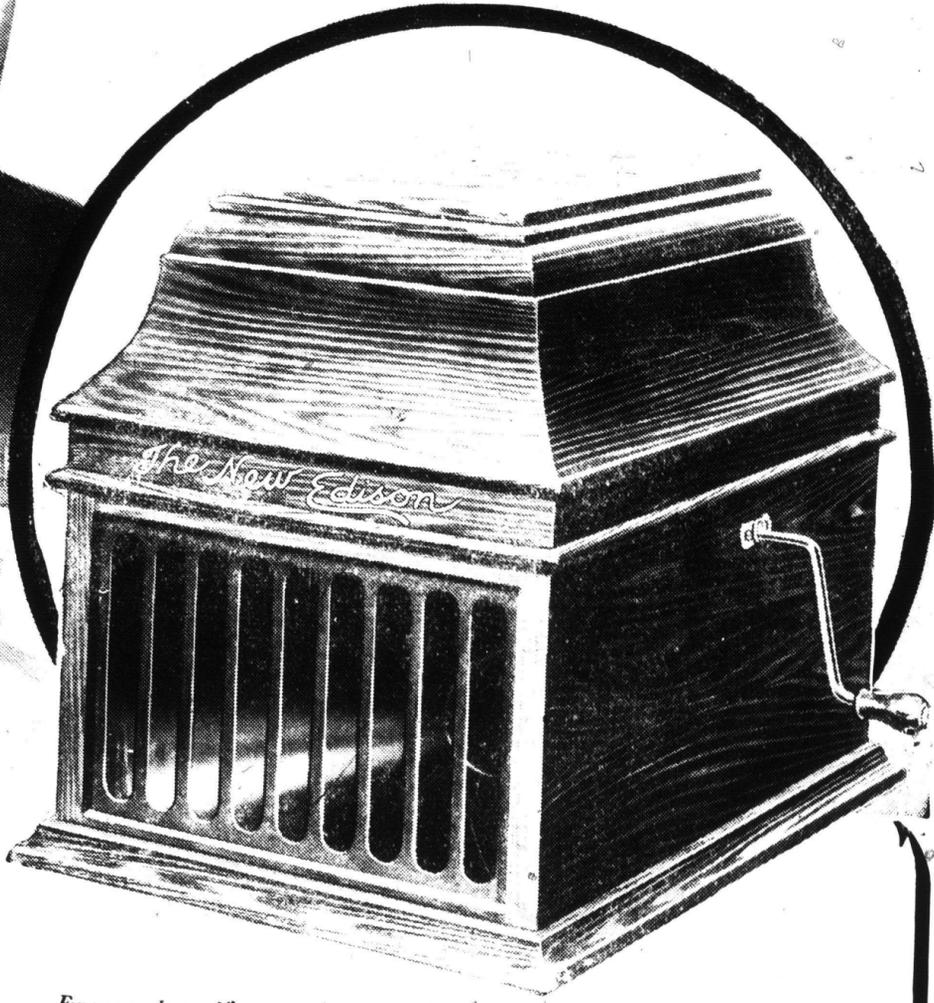
Seeing with World Eyes

Joseph Chamberlain urged the nation to "think imperially." Now we must go further. We have left the parish pump behind. We must now look beyond even the bounds of the British Empire. We must, indeed, see with world eyes. We should have done so long ago. Germany's war strategy is directed with a single purpose. Her blows are delivered where they appear likely to be most effective. Her general staff is not hampered by consideration for the ambitions or the susceptibilities of different nationalities. It is true that the Kaiser has no Allies, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria are his vassals. They must obey when he orders. In war this is an enormous advantage. The Allies can only counter this advantage by using world eyes all the time, by realizing that the Allied armies must be one army if the German terror is to be destroyed.—London Daily Express.

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A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a real home I do not mean a place with a roof or four around you, but a real home—the place where the happy, united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison Amberola makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and recreation, more than an hour of amusement, yes, it will mean pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.



Entertain Your Friends

Get the New Edison Amberola in your home on free trial. Entertain your family and friends with the latest up-to-date song hits of the big stars—Laurie R. King, Al Jolson, and the funniest of funny musical shows. Hear the grand old church hymns. Hear the grand old church quartettes, the tenors, the sopranos, the choruses and quartettes. You will not be satisfied with the wonderful grand operas and songs by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes and choruses and melodies that you have heard only in the past. And your choice of Mr. Edison's entertainment. All on free trial. Then, after the trial, send the outfit back at once, or keep it on our great rock-bottom offer. Send the coupon today!

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