THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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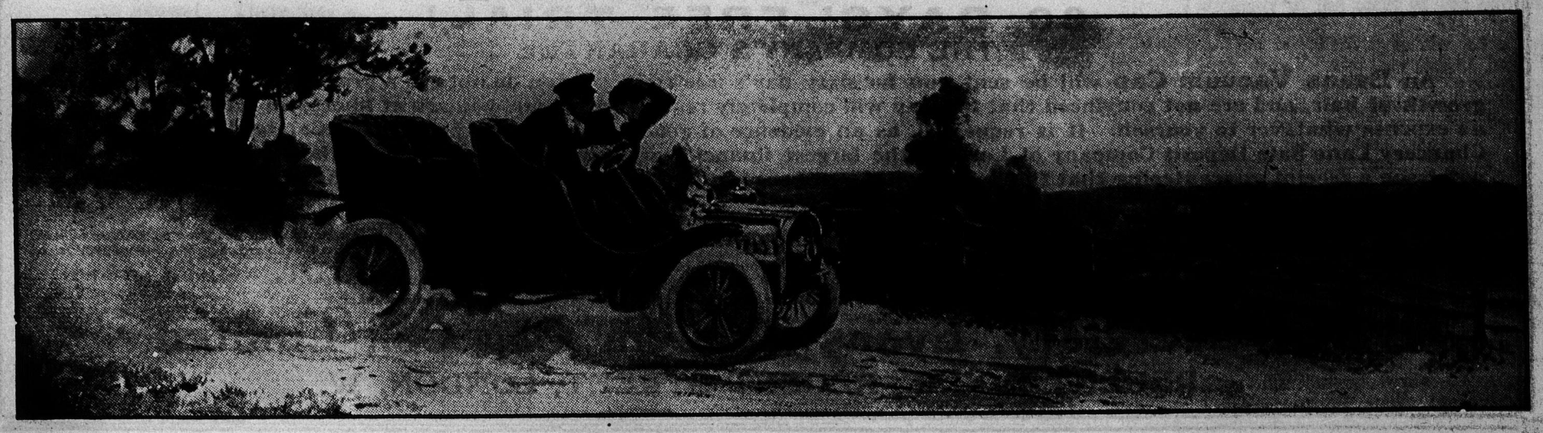
Entertained by Angels.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.



THE touring car dashed over the crest of the hill, down a bit of steep grade that to any but two imperturable youths would have been alarming, and sped smoothly out on a long, apparently endless plain. The youth at the wheel relinquished his grip a little and allowed his eyes to scan certain cloud-banks to his left.

"Looks nasty out there," he remarked, as he might have said: "Fine sunset, isn't it?"

"Sure," rejoined the other, calmly. "Bet you a dollar we're in for it."

Sundry houses scattered sparsely along their way shot by in rather a startling way, indicating more steam on. A white church spire in the distance came rapidly to meet them.

"We must be getting on. What time have you, Kit?"

"Four-twenty. Where are we down on the bills to light, anyhow?"

"Lord knows, I don't. One thing's certain, I'm not going to have the Old Girl get a wetting."

"Never!" agreed the other with enthusiasm. They might have been talking of a pet child of delicate constitution.

"Think it's going to rain soon?—cricky, it's raining now! I'll send her ahead—look for an open shed or barn, Kit. Both sides o' the road, sharp!"

"Sure. I've got two eyes, haven't I? When I say 'Ready,' pull her up."

The two of them—George Holland and Christopher Dill—were college fellows out on a vacation jaunt. They had left the beaten paths they both knew and were "discovering Nature," as Kit said. Kit claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Christopher of historic renown. He was fond of discovering things, which trait may or may not have been his only title to the claim.

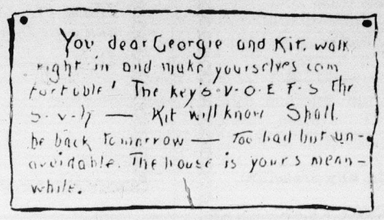
"Here we have it!" he exclaimed suddenly, but the machine sped on unchecked.

"Aren't you going to run her in? I tell you I've found a place!" he roared above the din of progress.

"Where?"

"Oh, back there a mile or so," he said nonchalantly. "Wouldn't trouble to go back. It's nice and—er—moist out here."

"This," proving to be a large card tacked to the little battered door, read in this wise:



"Why in thunder didn't you say 'Ready'?" The owner of the delicate-constitutioned child was palpably cross. "How was I to know?"

They shot on over the level roadway, searching for other places of promise, but finding none. The rain slanted steadily into their faces.

"This won't do," George Holland shouted. "What sort of a place was that one back there?"

"Good sort—open barn. Folks away, I should say."

"Best to go back?"

"Sure The Old Girl's getting it wet at this rate. Doesn't look much like letting up."

"Back there" they found barn doors hospitably wide open, and with small ceremony entered in. After rubbing the Old Girl down with solicitous tenderness, they stood in the great doorway and gazed gloomily into the rain. The prospect was not cheerful. Night was coming on, the storm was getting under headway and bade fair to become a tempest; they were in an undiscovered country—wet, famished, uncomfortable aliens.

"We can sleep on the hay up—er—up attic," suggested George Holland with praiseworthy philosophy. "What's the matter with that, Kit?"

"Oh, no matter at all, only there doesn't happen to be any hay. I've been 'up attic.'"

"No hay! What kind of a barn is this with no hay in it?"

"Probably it was designed as an asylum for itinerant Old Girls. In which case hay doesn't seem——"

"I'm going to tackle the house; you can do as you please. Maybe some nice Christian bedridden party left at home who'd let us go in and camp down somewhere till the clouds roll by. Ta-ta——"

"Where thou goest, I go. Guess I've got as good a claim on the nice, bed-ridden party as you have!"

It was a little, rather battered old house, with a tiny front porch as the sole ornamental feature. No signs of life were anywhere visible to the naked eye. Kit got ahead and reconnoitered the tiny porch.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed; then, "Well the dickens!" then in climax, "By thunder!"

"What's up?" queried George Holland, coming up with his usual leisure. "You don't tell me the bedridden party keeps a dog—or a gun?"

A

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WRITE CHRISTIAN NAME IN FULL.

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SIZE REQUIRED.....

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"This," proving to be a large card tacked to the little battered door.

They read it separately, over each other's shoulders, in concert. The miracle—for miracle it must be—took away their breath. They eyed each other askance, as though each had suspicions of the other. But neither of them had left the barn until they went together. The thing took on mystery unfathomable.

"I told you it was spooky," remarked Kit, in an appropriate undertone.

"'Kit will know,'" quoted the other. "Where's v-o-e-f-s s-v-h, Kit? I want that key! We may as well take what the gods provide." But Kit did not know. It was not his brains, but his big feet that solved the puzzle after a bit, by scuffling aside the rug on the tiny porch and bringing the key to light. He caught it up with a shout.

"Queer, though, I can't remember that Rooshian combination of the alphabet," he commented dryly. "It sounds so familiar!"

"Probably you forgot it when you put on long trous—hold on, I see light, myself—*Georgy* knows! There was a gibberish the girls at home talked. You took the next-to-the-right letter every time—listen, will you?—u(v)n(o)d(e) e(f)r(s), r(s)u(v)g(h)—*under the rug!* Didn't I tell you Georgy knew!"

Inside, the battered little house held further surprises—further miracles. For one thing, there had been nothing outside to suggest luxury or daintiness or, as Kit put it, a soul. But here were all three! Here were gay cushions thrown about at random, dainty draperies at windows and doors, bits of rather good sketches and altogether bad watercolors, and one or two rare prints, pinned to the walls on all sides. Here was a banjo, there was a violin; here a chafing-dish had a small shelf to itself, there somebody had draped a college flag over an unsightly blotch in the wall-paper. The effect of all things as a whole was surprisingly harmonious and pleasant. To come, wet, hungry, disgruntled, out of the storm into such a place, was a thing as agreeable as it was miraculous.

"We've died and gone to heaven," rumbled Kit, solemnly. "But where are the angels? I always supposed we should find no end of ang——"

"Kit, will you read this?" There was startled awe in the other's voice. He was pointing dramatically to another placard on the wall, that they had mistaken at first for some sort of a poster. A raggedly-sketched herald flaunted a ragged banner, on which appeared these mystic words:

"Ye hungry, listen! A mince-pie waiteth!—doughnuts!—tarts that your mother used to make! Take your first door and go straight ahead. Don't stop till you get to the last crumb!"

"Spooks!" ejaculated George Holland.

"Angels!" murmured Kit, "and we're on their trail, old man." As, indeed, it seemed they must be. Who but angels could know how hungry two great boys could be? how mince-pie, doughnuts, tarts that their mothers used to make, could appeal to them?

"This is great!"

"We're in luck, Kit, for sure. Come on. Think we're going to refuse any of the goodies the gods provide!"

"Never!—not when they're mince-pies and such!"

On the kitchen door was a placard, announcing that there were kindling and dry sticks in the wood-house, longing to be useful. "Keep warm!" urged the placard. And what could two shivering, damp youths be expected to do but obey? Probably the angels knew how it felt—er—that is, probably they could appreciate, being angels, how it felt to be caught out in a driving rain with the Old Girl. Next to "mince-pie and such," a warm fire would be agreeable. If Heaven had sent it, why wonder and question and waste time?

On a door that might be—that was, the cellar-door—they found the most astonishing poster yet

"Oh, I say, Kit!" expostulated George, in tones of remonstrance.

"Don't say anything. Come on down, old man, and take their advice. They're the right sort of angels!"

For the poster read: "Strawberry jam downstairs, Kit. Have some. Suppose we've forgotten your strawberry jam tooth?" Could angelic intuition—inspiration—knowledge—go further? From his kilt-days up Christopher Dill had pined for strawberry jam—more! more!

"But," reflected Christopher Dill, "I never mentioned it in my prayers; now, how did they get hold of it?"

A hearty meal and a thorough drying by the little well-polished kitchen stove, and the two collegians felt refreshed indeed. With true philosophy they had settled down into calm acceptance of their good fortune—"theirs not to question why." The embarrassing possibility of the angels' return at any moment was spared them, since the angels had so explicitly stated that they would not be back until to-morrow. Between now and then stretched a com-

"Two long, shadowy figures slipped over the window-sill and dropped to the ground beneath"

fortable interval of rest and luxury. Theirs to enjoy and make the most of; then sudden flight with the Old Girl, and forever after firm belief in the kindly guardianship of the angels. Forever after they would believe in miracles; the supernatural would henceforth hold for them no foolish terrors.

"This, now, is my idea of great!" purred Kit enjoyingly. "But, oh, I say, old man, wouldn't it be greater still if we could have a smoke! But I don't suppose angels approve of smoking."

"Look there and see!" George Holland commnaded oracularly. He had discovered this fresh notice some time since, but had kept his find for just this moment. Kit was to be relied upon to arrive at this moment.

"'Smoking Allowed!'—I'll be hanged!" ejaculated, as one dazed, Christopher Dill. The gracious permission beamed benignantly down upon them from the old-fashioned mantel. It had been tastily and hastily framed in splashes of vivid paint that the angels might have applied with more economy if not with greater effect.

"'Smoking Allowed'—looky here, old man, that sure scares me! I feel cold chills beginning to creep."

"Oh, go ahead and smoke 'em off; I'm going to."

The question of sleeping had hitherto not troubled them in any wise; but the matter was brought into sudden prominence by a new discovery, and, as it proved, the last one to be made. Kit had been pacing the queer, bright little room, smoking comfortably, when his big strides were arrested at a door that might—that did!—lead upstairs. It was in the shadow a little, which was doubtless the reason of the discovery not being made earlier.

"My uncle, if here isn't another spirit communication!" cried Kit. The other strode across to him and read it over his shoulder. Because they were by this time wonder-proof, they read it with stolid calm.

"To whom it may concern—and you needn't pretend it doesn't concern you both!—the bed in the right-hand front chamber is the softest, also the springiest, also the conducivest to sound and refreshing slumber. Kit always did want a feather bed. Better choose the right-hand front!"

They faced each other with fine imperturbability, but each was distinctly conscious of the other's lurking amazement.

"Well?" muttered Kit.

"Let's go to bed," George said. "why not? In the right-hand front. No use refusing a good thing when it's offered to you as polite as that! We can—er—get up early, you know. It's healthy to get up early."

The storm without showed not the slightest inclination to abate its fury. It was intensely dark—even the Old Girl with her keen, bright eyes that defied the ordinary night, could not safely travel through this inky void. No; the Old Girl was vastly safer out there in her comfortable quarters, and the two young men were vastly safer in here, in theirs. It would be folly to tempt fate by leaving all this comfort and safety behind and sallying foolhardily out into the night.

"*Resolved*: That it is wiser to be dry philosophers than sopping wet fools," declaimed Kit to the much-decorated four walls of the gay little room. With a final wave of his hand he caught up the lamp and flung open the stairway door. "Fall in line for the right-hand front!" he cried, and led the way.

It may have been midnight—may have been later—when sundry noises below stairs woke the lighter sleeper of the two and sent him up on his elbow in haste. The shaft of pale moonlight across the bed showed that it was George Holland. He listened intently, dismayedly. For sure, Voices were down there, and if Voices, then—angels! The angels had got home.

"Kit—Kit, you!" he whispered in sudden panic, "wake up; I tell you they've got back! *'Sh*, for the Lord's sake!"

The Voices were by now distinctly audible. The stairway door must have been left ajar.

"Do light something quick, Georgy; I think I'm going down cellar—no, it's *up* cellar!"

"How can I light a banjo or a teakettle, and I haven't found anything else yet! I say, supposing this is the wrong house, Kit——"

"It won't be if you ever get anything lighted—everything's wrong in the dark. I'm afraid I'm going upstairs."

"Good Lord!" sweated the listener above. His fingers clutched Kit's hair in desperation, whereupon Kit promptly growled remonstrance, but the growl filtered harmlessly through smothering fingers. With a jerk Kit came upon consciousness and the Voices. It was his turn to sweat.

"My uncle, they've lit!" he groaned. "We're in for it, old man!"

From below: "Georgy, where are you? Why don't you do something?"

"Great heavens, haven't I barked both shins, put out both eyes, run a violin bow into both ears—always had an ear for music—and stepped on a pincushion. What more——"

"I've found a match! I've scratched it! Oh, Georgy, you blessed, I feel like shaking hands, I'm so glad to see you again! Look, there's a lamp—bring it over here quick, before it goes out!"

"Hope you don't think it would go out in that flimsy lace petticoat—not in this weath——"

The soft Voice put on scorn, but as quickly put it off. "Do stop jok—— There, what did I tell you! There's Mig's violin. Perhaps now you think you're in the wrong house!"

"Is this Mig's overcoat?" the big Voice's turn now. "Nice long one, isn't it? And so many pock——hullo, here's a cigar spilling out of one of 'em!"

"Georgy!"—a soft Voice no longer—"put that coat back! I don't care whose it is, or anything about it! What I care for is, that my old Mig's asleep upstairs, and I'm going up and——"

"Hold on, Kit, not so fast! Don't you know people die of joy sometimes? We must slam something first and warn 'em. I'll whistle—no, see here, play something becoming on this banjo, will you? That'll bring 'em 'round easy."

"Oh, Georgy, what fun!" giggled the soft Voice. "What shall I play—'In the Good Old Summer Time'? Oh, no, I know—'The Campbells Are Coming,' only it ought to be Have Come!"

The gay little melody burst forth trippingly and ascended the stairs, two steps at a time. It seemed to dance elfishly through the pale light and laugh wickedly in the faces of the two listening ones.

That it should have cleared off while they slept!—that they might have been speeding the Old Girl toward safety now, instead of gibbering here like a choice pair of idiots!—that there was no way out of this trap!

"This is infernal!" ground out one in his throat.

"Did you hear what they called each other?" lisped the other. "'Kit,' 'Georgy'—oh, my uncle!"

"*Your* uncle?—mine, too!"

The elfin music tilted on, jibed on, laughed on. And down there below: "Why don't they wake up, Georgy? Did you ever see such sleepers?"

"The poor things are probably all done up getting ready for us. All those things we spoke for, you know—I say, Kit, did you mention tarts, the kind that——"

"The very kind! Georgy, you think of it, at this minute while we famish and die, *there are tarts somewhere near us!*"

"Oh, now look here, and strawberry jam? Not strawberry jam, Kit?"

"Strawberry jam. Do you think Mig would forget how I adore that? Maybe you think she's that kind of a sister!"

"Come on, then. Stop making a noise and we'll tiptoe 'round till we tree 'em. 'Sh, 'sh, the Campbells Haven't Come! What's the use of disturbing the poor, tired things?"

It may have been fifteen minutes later when the Voices came back. They were now much more subdued, and the lapses into silence were suggestive of tarts and strawberry jam. The Voices themselves had a mumbly suggestiveness.

"Oh, Georgy, aren't we having a lovely time! Aren't you glad you married me?"

Strange there was no answer! Strange how breathless the soft Voice sounded next time!

"But I don't understand about the crumbiness and those crusts of pie—and the pies all cut into. Oh, Georgy, wouldn't it have been dreadful if there'd been tramps here and they'd *eaten it all.*"

"They should have hung for it!" the big Voice growled.

"Well, they left us half, so I almost love 'em!" laughed softly the soft Voice It was the soft Voice that did most of the speaking.

"Isn't this a lovely room?—if we only had a little better light to see it by! College girls are such fun—I'm going 'round to-morrow and read all those posters we found stuck up 'round. Why couldn't you have let me stop to-night, Bad Boy? Georgy, I wish I'd gone to college; but then, of course, you couldn't have waited."

"Never!"

"Then—oh, wait, I'm all crumbly! Can't you wait?—then I'm glad I didn't go. Mig'll know enough for the whole family."

More silence, which might mean—it did!—more tarts. Then again the laughing soft Voice:

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286 Loss Claims Paid by this Company Last Year
Amounting to $51,485.47

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SOME OF MANY UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

North Brandon, 2nd Aug,, 1906

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Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of the 30th ult., enclosing cheque for $100.00 in part payment of damage to my crop from hail. I have to thank your company for the satisfactory adjustment of the loss and for the prompt business-like manner of the settlement. I am more particularly pleased as the matter was adjusted during my absence from home. I will have much pleasure in recommending my friends to insure in The Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) DUNCAN McEWEN.

Underhill, Man., Oct. 17th, 1906.

The Manager, The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Co., Winnipeg.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of payment of Hail Insurance. I was hailed out the 9th of August and I received my cheque for 50 per cent. of the claim on Insurance on the 16th—about a week. I consider this very quick work. This is the first time I have been hailed out and when your agent solicited my insurance I was very loath to insure. I considered I was out of the hail belt yet I lost the whole of my crop. I am much pleased at the gentlemanly treatment I received from your agent and your adjuster and would commend your company to the patronage of the Farmers of Manitoba as I consider they have managed their affairs economically and well.

Loss claim $1250.00

Very truly yours,
(Sgd) E. J. IRETON

The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company

W. C. GRAHAM, Manager - Box 513, WINNIPEG

"Georgy, we must find somebody splendid for Mig. I'm not going to have her wasted! It's up to us to find the best man in the world and make Mig marry him."

"Go ahead yourself, Kit. You don't need anyone to collaborate. You had such success marrying off her sis——"

"Gracious, I hope she'll do better than her sister! There, Poor Boy, I take it all back! Mig *can't* marry the best man in the world, after all."

In the silence that followed, two long, shadowy figures slid noiselessly across the floor overhead and, one at a time, slipped over the window-sill and dropped to the ground beneath. The rain-soaked earth stood them in good stead, muffling the fall and easing the jar of it. Utterly ashamed of themselves, they crept away toward the Old Girl.

"We ought to be sent up for this," mumbled Kit.

"Oh, sure—sure!" groaned the other, "for six months' hard labor! I never sneaked before—it's a nasty feeling! But how were we going to help hearing, I'd like to know? And wouldn't we have lighted out long ago, if it hadn't been for our confounded togs down there? Nice pickle we'd be in if we hadn't brought some old hunting things along—shooting the country in our shirt sleeves, bare-headed!"

Kit's thoughts harked back dismally to the abandoned "togs." "Think of leaving 'em behind, will you!" he groaned. "There's circumstantial evidence enough in my overcoat pocket to hang me! If they get on our track——"

"They won't—trust the Old Girl for that. We'll make a record-run first. It's jolly good luck the moon's turned on."

But luck was against them. The road developed a depraved rockiness most unkind to rubber tires, and for the Old Girl's sake they were obliged to run cautiously. Even then disaster came in the form of an accident to the low-speed gear, and valuable time and patience were lost in repairing the trouble. That the repairs were inadequate was proved by the recurrence of the disaster at intervals of more or less regularity. It was maddening.

"Is there any trouble?—is anyone hurt?" they chorused."

"I know now how it feels to be a fugitive slave—absconder—thief-in-the-night!" agonized Kit. "Can't you hear 'em coming after us? Thud—thud—hear 'em, will you!"

"I've been hearing 'em 'way back!" sighed the other. "I don't believe we'd make good criminals, Kit—too tender! And I believe to my life it's got on the Old Girl's nerves, too!"

In one of their rare spurts of speed over a fairly good stretch of roadway, Kit waxed sentimental.

"I say," said he, "I hate to come away without seeing 'Mig,' old man. Aside from one's natural curiosity, it doesn't seem—er—courteous. After those tarts my mother used to make, you know——"

"I know. Same reluctance here. Georgy hates to."

"She must be about right, that 'Mig.' Jolly and no end smart and all that sort of thing. It's hard luck never to see her."

"Well, what say to going back along, then in a day or two and stopping for—er—a—drink?"

"Will the kind lady give two wayfarers a drink of water?"

"The kind lady will, but will not the wayfarers first tell her if they have run across two fugitive slaves—absconders—thieves-in-the-night? The kind lady has been robbed. There were mince pies, strawbery jam, tarts that your mother——"

"Ah-h, the miscreants!—to rob a kind lady of tarts that your mother! No, kind lady, but the wayfarers will run them to earth! They shall hang! Could the kind lady give any description——"

"The kind lady sadly could not. Has she not said they were thieves in the night. But there are coats, ove coats, caps——"

"Oh, I say, what rot!" This from Kit, tired of the foolish play. It was now faint daylight. The east flamed with rosy outrunners of day, and

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things hitherto invested with the mystery of night, stood revealed in their own nakedness of prosaic ugliness or their beauty. The tourists were in the midst of a houseless plain; there seemed no sign of life anywhere. Yet, surely—what were those moving specks? One speck was red.

The Old Girl shot nearer—the specks were human beings. Nearer still—they were women. Kit uttered an exclamation softly.

"Girls for sure!" he breathed. "I believe they're in some kind of trouble."

The red speck resolved itself into a young person in something red and summery and gay, her face white in startling contrast. She was crouching beside the road, nursing her foot. The other speck proved white all over.

The Old Girl came to an abrupt stop and both young men leaped out.

"Is there any trouble?—is anyone hurt?" they chorused.

"Oh, dear, yes!" the White Speck cried. "I'm so thankful you've come—I mean somebody has! We're lost and we've broken our ankles, and I can't help it if we haven't been introduced!"

"Oh, Jess!" It was the little Red Speck quite cheerfully, though she winced with the pain of moving. "Oh, Jess, you're so much like yourself! I should know it was you said that if it was somebody else! I'm afraid"—turning to the strangers—"being lost has gone to her brain. It's gone to my ankle. We're awfully ashamed of ourselves—it's too silly to get lost in a place you've camped out in all summer! But it was the dark did it. We got turned 'round."

She made a wry face at a fresh twinge of pain. Kit noted the drawn look about her sweet mouth and his big sympathy sprung forthwith into action.

"I wish I'd chosen medicine!" he burst impulsively. "Can't I do something? Once I—I set a cat."

Her fresh laugh rang out irresistibly.

"You mean a hen, Kit," laughed George Holland.

The young women had started out to walk across country from the railway station in the darkness of very early morning.

"We were so anxious to get home," explained one of them, rather pathetically. "We were so perfectly delighted when we found there was that early train! They couldn't scare us telling us we'd have to walk; but we didn't plan to get lost!"

"Or to step on rolling stones, That was such a mistake! When we wanted so much to get—and now it doesn't seem as if we'd ever——"

"There is room in the tonneau; we can easily stow the luggage," eagerly interrupted one of the strangers. "If you'll give us the pleasure of assisting—I'm George Holland; this is Kit—er, I would say Christopher—Dill. Where's your card, Kit? And I gave you mine, too, didn't I?"

"Yes; they're in my overcoat pocket," nodded Kit sweetly. "Can't think where I could have left that coat. I'll go back——"

"Shut up!" muttered George in his ear. Then aloud: "If you are equal to being jolted a little, Miss——"

"Warren—Margaret Warren. This is my chum, Jessica Hoyt—aren't you, Jess?"

"I was," sighed Jessica Hoyt, "in my other state. I don't feel enough acquainted with myeslf in this one to know my name. Here, poor darling, lean on me! Try not to let it kill you; if you shut your eyes maybe 'twon't hurt so much. We'll all shut our eyes if it will be any help—oh, you dear, is it killing you?"

"Yes," smiled splendidly the white lips; "but I'm r-ready to die."

They were presently all bestowed snugly in the Old Girl's lap, d the man at the wheel turned ab. for orders.

"Which way?" he asked.

Which way?—why, of course, which way! But how were they to know? As if they hadn't tried north, south, east and west.

"I haven't an idea!" sighed Margaret Warren. "Jess, why don't you say which way? You haven't sprained your ankle."

"Worse—I've sprained my weathervane. It won't go round."

"We might cruise about a little till we hit something familiar, you know," suggested Kit, cheerfully. "Somebody could sing out when we hit."

So for an hour they cruised, taking the turns as they came to them and doubling on their tracks in an apparently wild manner—always on the look-out for familiar landmarks. It was the suffering little Red Speck who made the first discovery.

"Whoa!" she cried. "I mean, stop, please—there's a hen exactly like Mrs. Catherwood's. Look. will you, Jess!"

"Oh, my dear," laughed the other girl, "your poor ankle's gone to your brain. When you get to seeing biddy-ghosts——"

"I know that hen," stoutly. "She's an old caller of mine. You watch—she's got a funny little hitch when she walks. My old nurse used to walk like that. If you'll follow that hen ——" She turned to the man at the wheel.

"We'll follow that hen," he nodded.

'This is great!" laughed Christopher Dill. "I've seen the Old Girl do no end of stunts, but I never saw her follow a hen!"

Te Old Girl did her best and in the end crept slowly to victory in tow of the little hitching hen. But there were exciting crises in between; when the hen crossed a field and they dodged about by devious ways to intercept her, when they lost sight of her altogether and found her again when hope was dead, when she doubled. retreated, misled them. . It was a queer chase.

"Why! Why, here we are! This is home! ejaculated Jessica, suddenly.

"What did I tell you!" triumphed the other. "There's Mrs. Catherwood's, and that blessed biddy's hitching into the yard! I could hug that biddy!"

"I'd rather eat her," sighed Jessica; "I'm ravenous—oh, Mig, think of those tarts and pies we made."

"Jess, we'll treat!—if Georgy and Kit have'nt eaten 'em all up. There's Georgy now! There's Kit!"

"And they look so prosperous, I know they've eaten 'em up," from Jessica.

The two young men had exchanged startled glances as the motor rounded a corner suddenly and brought them in sight of the house they had fled from a few hours previously. Then had come the "Mig," the "Georgy" and the "Kit,"till nothing more was needed to make the dénoument more tragic and convincing. This, then, was whither that beastly little hen had led them! Thus was their downfall to be celebrated; thus they were to be confronted with their ignominy!

"Georgy, Kit, you dears! Is it you! Have you come? Did you find our notices and the jam and things Oh, Georgy, wait, I'm mortally wounded! Don't touch me!—This is Mr.—Holland, and this is Mr. Hill——'

"Dill," corrected, Kit, softly.

'They've saved our live——"

By George, Dillie, now are you!"

What! You, Campbell? Not you?"

"The very same, old man? Well, if this isn't—Kit, do you hear, this is my old chum in the Academy at home! This is my wife, Dillie. We're on our wedding trip. Well, if this isn't great!"

Explanations and introductions trod upon each other's heels. There were merriment and laughter enough to set the echoes a-ring. In the midst of it all came hitching back Mrs. Catherwood's hen.

"It's such fun being a chaperone!" the little bride confided to her husband that night when the summer "camp" had settled down to quiet and rest. "I guess it paid to marry you, Georgy; I couldn't have been a chaperone if I hadn't, could I? Makes me feel so dignified and old and grandmothery!"

"And me grandfathery."

"You! Georgy, you're not in it. I'm chaperoning you, too! But, Georgy——"

"What say?"

"Of course I don't know yet, but I'm not sure but what I've found the Best Man in the World for Mig."

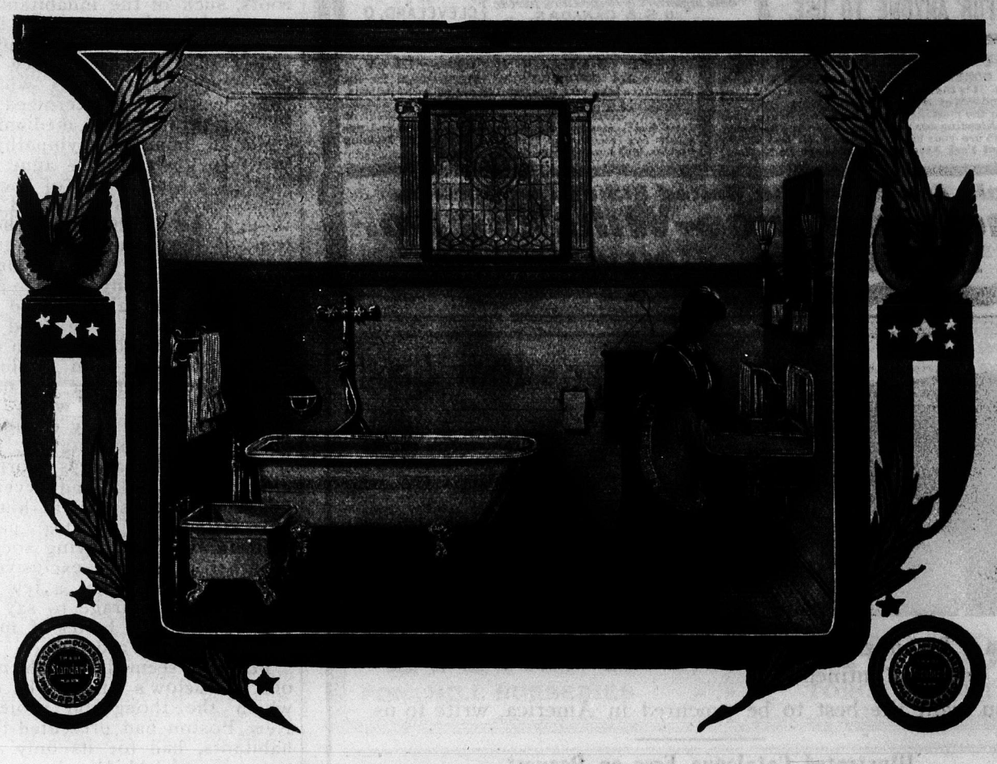
"You found—hear her!"

"The only trouble is, there are two of 'em, Georgy. I can't make up my mind which one——"

"Might leave it to Mig."

"Mercy, why so I might!" laughed the little bride. "Georgy, what a smart boy you are!"

So, as in the end turned out to be wise, the matter was left to Mig—and Jessica.



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Wardelow's Boy.

By John Habberton.

New Boston has once been the most promising of the growing cities of the West, according to some New York gentlemen who constituted a land improvement company, distributed handsome maps gratis, and courted susceptible Eastern editors. Its water-power was unrivaled; ground for all desirable public buildings, and for a handsome park with ready-grown trees and a natural lake, had been securely provided for by the terms of the company's charter; building material abounded; the water was good; the soil of unequaled fertility; while the company, with admirable forethought, had a well-stocked store on the ground, and had made arrangements to send to the town a skillful physician and a popular preacher.

A reasonable number of colonists found their way to the ground in the pleasant spring time, and, in spite of sundry local peculiarities not mentioned in the company's circular, they might have remained, had not a mighty freshet, in June, driven them away, and even saved some of them the trouble of moving their houses.

When, however, most of the residences floated down the river, some of them bearing their owners on their roofs, such of the inhabitants as had money left the promised land forever; while the others made themselves such homes as they could in the nearest settlements which were above water, and fraternized with the natives through the medium of that common bond of sympathy in the Western lowlands, the ague.

Only a single one of the original inhabitants remained, and he, although he might have chosen the best of the abandoned houses for his residence, or even the elegant but deserted "company store," continued to inhabit the cabin he had built upon his arrival. The solid business men of the neighboring town of Mount Pisgah, situated upon a bluff, voted him a fool whenever his name was mentioned; but the wives of these same men, when they chanced to see old Wardelow passing by, with the wistful face he always wore, looked after him tenderly, and never lost an opportunity to speak to him kindly. When they met at tea parties, or quilting bees, or sewing societies, or in other gatherings exclusively feminine, there were not a few of them who had the courage to say that the world would be better if more men were like old Wardelow.

For love seemed the sole motive of old Wardelow's life. The cemetery which the thoughtful projectors of New Boston had presented to the inhabitants, had for its only occupant the wife of old Wardeow; and she had been conveyed thereto by a husband who was both young and handsome. The freshet, which had soon afterward swept the town, had carried with it Wardelow's only child, a boy of seven years, who had been playing in a boat, which he, in some way, unloosed.

From that day the father had found no trace of his child, yet he never ceased hoping for his return. Every steamboat captain on the river knew the old man, and the roughest of them had cheerfully replied in the affirmative when asked if they wouldn't bring up a small boy who might some day come on board, report himself as Stevie Wardelow, and ask to be taken to New Boston.

Almost every steamboat man, from captain and pilot down to fireman and roustabout, carried and posted Wardelow's circulars wherever they went—up Red River, the Yazoo, the White, the Arkansas, the Missouri, and all the smaller tributaries of the Mississippi.

New Boston had long been dropped from the list of post-towns, but every cross-road for miles around had a finger-board showing the direction and telling the distance to New Boston. Upon a tall cottonwood tree on the river bank, and nearly in front of Wardelow's residence, was an immense signboard bearing the name of "New Boston Landing," and on the other side of the river, at a ferry-staging belonging to a crossing whose other terminus was a mile further down the river, was a sign which informed travellers that persons wishing to go to New Boston would find a skiff marked "Wardelow" tied near the staging.

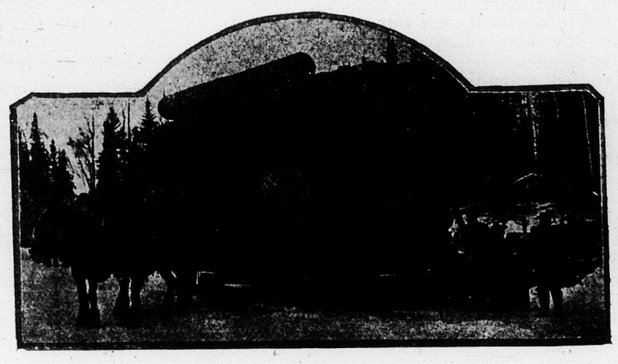
The old man never went to Mount Pisgah for stores, or up the river to fish, or even into his own cornfield and garden, without affixing to his door a placard telling where he had gone and when he would return.

When he went to the cemetery, which he frequently did, a statement to that effect, and a plan showing the route to and through the cemetery, was always appended to his door, and, as he could never clearly imagine his boy as having passed the childhood in which he had been last seen, all the signboards, placards and circulars were in large capital letters.

Even when the river overflowed its banks, which it did nearly every spring, the old man did not leave his house. He would not have another story built upon it, as he was advised to do, lest Stevie might fail to recognize it on his return; but, after careful study, he had the house raised until the foundation was above high-water mark, and then had the ground made higher, but sloped so gradually that the boy could not notice the change.

When one after another of the city's "plots," upon which deserted houses stood, were sold for default in payment of taxes, old Wardelow bought them himself—they always went for a song, and the old man preferred to own them, lest some one else might destroy the ruins, and thus make the place unfamiliar to the returning wanderer.

Of friends he had almost none. Although he was intelligent, industrious, ingenious, and owned a library which passed for quite a large one in those days and in the new West, he cared to talk on only one subject, and as that was of no particular interest to other people, and became, in the course of time, extremely stale to those who did not like it, the people



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of Mount Pisgah and the surrounding country did not spend more time upon old Wardelow than was required by the necessities of business.

There were a few exceptions to this rule. Old Mrs. Perry, who had passed for a saint, and whose life did not belie her reputation, used to drive her old pony up to New Boston about once a month, carrying some home-made delicacy with her, and chatting sympathetically for an hour or two.

Among the Mount Pisgah merchants there was one—who had never had a child of his own—who always pressed the old man's hand warmly, and admitted the possibility of whatever new hope Wardelow might express.

The pastors of the several churches at Mount Pisgah, however much they disagreed on doctrinal points, were in perfect accord as to the beauty of a character which was so completely under the control of a noble principle that had no promise of money in it; most of them, therefore, paid the old man professional visits, from which they generally returned with more benefit than they had conferred.

Time had rolled on as usual, in spite of Wardelow's great sorrow. The Mexican war was just breaking out when New Boston was settled, and Wardelow's hair was black, and Mount Pisgah was a little cluster of log huts; but when Lincoln was elected, Wardelow had been gray and called old for nearly ten years, and Mount Pisgah had quite a number of two-story residences and brick stores, and was a country town, with court house and jail all complete.

None of the railway lines projected toward and through Mount Pisgah had been completed, however, nor had the town telegraphic communication with anywhere; so, compared with localities enjoying the higher benefits of civilization, Mount Pisgah and its surroundings constituted quite a paradise for horse thieves.

There were still sparsely settled places, too, which needed the ministrations of the Methodist circuit-rider.

The young man who had been sent by the Southern Illinois Conference to preach the Word on the Mount Pisgah circuit was great-hearted and impetuous, and tremendously in earnest in all that he did or said; but, like all such men, he paid the penalty of being in advance of his day and generation by suffering some terrible fits of depression over the small results of his labor.

And so, following the example of most of his predecessors on the Mount Pisgah circuit, he paid many a visit to old Wardelow, to learn strength from his example of patient faith.

As the circuit-rider left the old man one evening, and sought his faithful horse in the deserted barn in which he had tied him, he was somewhat astonished to find the horse unloosed, and another man quietly leading him away.

Courage and decision being among the qualities which are natural to the successful circuit-rider, he sprang at the thief and knocked him down. The operator in horse-flesh speedily regained his feet, however, and as he closed with the preacher, the latter saw, under the starlight, the gleam of a knife.

Commending himself to the Lord, he made such vigorous efforts for the safety of his body that, within two or three moments, he had the thief face downward on the ground, his one knee on the thief's back, one hand upon the thief's neck and in his other hand the thief's knife. Then the circuit-rider delivered a short address.

"My sinful friend," said he, "when two men get into such a scrape as this, and one of them is in your line of business, one or the other will have to die, and I don't purpose to be the one. I haven't finished the work the Master has given me to do. If you've any dying messages to send to anybody, I give you my word as a preacher that they shall be deivered, but you must speak quick. What's your name?"

"I'll give you five hundred dollars to let me off—you may holler for help and tie my hand, and—"

"No use—speak quick," hissed the preacher—"what's your name?"

"Stephen Wardelow," gasped the thief.

"What!" roared the preacher, loosening his grasp, but instantly tightening it again.

"Stephen Wardelow," replied the thief. "But I haven't got any messages to send to anybody. I haven't a relative in the world, and nobody would care if I was dead. I might as well go now as any time. Hit square when you do let me have it—that's all!"

"Where's your parents?" asked the preacher.

"Dead, I reckon," the thief answered. "Leastways, I know mother is, and dad lived in a fever an' aguerish place, an' I s'pose he's gone, too, before this."

"Where did he live?"

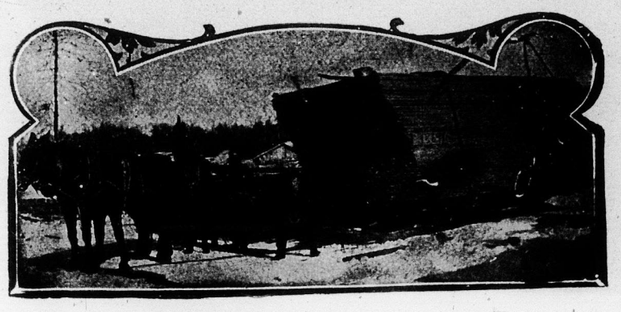
"I don't know—some new settlement in Illinois. I got lost in the river when I was a little boy, an' was pick'd up by a tradin'-boat an' sold for a nearly-white nigger—I s'pose I was pretty dark.'

There was a silence; the captive lay perfectly quiet, as if expecting the fatal blow. Suddenly a voice was heard:

"Not wishin' to interfere in a fair fight—it's me, parson, Sheriff Peters—not wishin' to interfere in a fair fight, I've been lookin' on here, where I'd tracked the thief myself, and would have grabbed him if you hadn't been about half a minute ahead of me. And if you want to know my honest opinion—my professional opinion—it's just this: There was stuff for a splendid sheriff was spiled when you went a-preachin. How you'd get along when it come to collectin' taxes, I don't know, never havin' been at any meetin' where you took up a collection; but when it come to an arrest, you'd be just chain-lightning ground down to a pint. The pris'ner's yours, and so's all the rewards that's offered for him, though they're not offered for a man of the name he gives. But, honest, now, don't you think there's a chance of mitigatin' circumstances in his case? Let's talk it over—I'll help you tie him so he can't slip you."

The sheriff lighted a pocket-lantern and placed it in a window-frame behind him, then he tied the prisoner's feet and legs in several places tied his hands behind his back, sat him upon the ground with his face toward the door, cocked a pistol, and then beckoned the preacher toward the corner. The sheriff opened his pocket-book and took out a paper, whispering as he did so:

"Ive carried this as a sort of curiosity, but it may come in handy now. Let's see—confound it!—the poor old



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A healthy stomach does two things.

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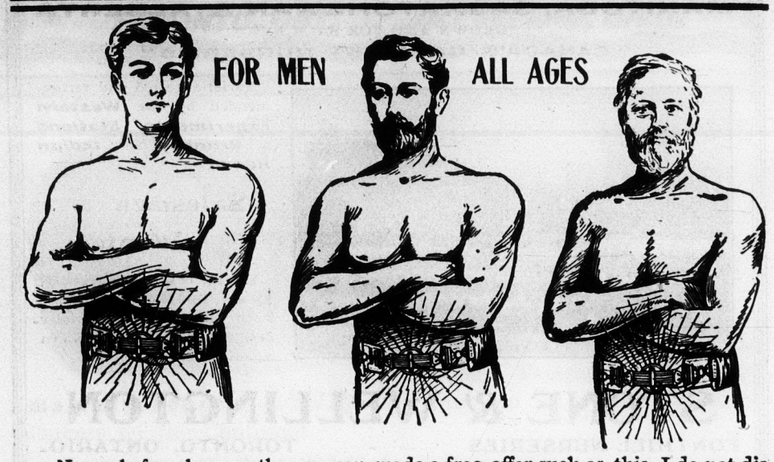
109

My Free Electric Belt



Never before has another person made a free offer such as this. I do not distribute cheap samples broadcast, but am daily sending out dozens or my full power Dr. Sanden Electric Belts absolutely free of charge, and they are the same in every respect as though full cash prices were paid. The proposition is simple. If you are ailing, call at my office and take a Belt home with you. Or, if at a distance—no matter where—send your name and address, and I will at once arrange to deliver to you one of my Belts, with suspensory or other attachment needed. Use same according to my advice until cured, then pay me—many cases as low as $5. Or, if not cured, simply *return* the Belt, which will close the transaction. That's all there is to it. If you prefer to buy for cash, I give full wholesale discount.

Not One Penny in Advance or on Deposit

Not a cent unless you are made well. I make this offer to show men what faith I have in my own remedy, and I can afford to take the risk because not one in a thousand, when cured, will cheat me out of the small amount asked. It pays me and my patient. My business was more than doubled the past year. Each Belt embodies all of my exclusive inventions (latest patent March 7, 1905) and all patients receive the benefit of my 40 years' experience, a knowledge of infinite value, and which is mine alone to give. I am the originator of the Elecric Belt treatment, and all followers are imitators. This I will prove by any guarantee you may ask. You wear my Belt all night. It sends a soothing current (which you feel) through the weakened parts, curing while you rest. Used for lost manhood, nervous debility, impotency, varicocele, lame back, rheumatism, lumbago, dull pain over kidneys, pains in all parts of the body, kidney, liver, bladder disorders, constipation, and stomach troubles. Send for the Belt to-day; or, if you wish more information, write me fully of your case and receive my personal reply. I will also send my descriptive book, sealed, free of charge. I have thousands of recent testimonials from grateful patients. Would you care to read some of them?

Let me take charge of your case at once. I will put new life into you in two weeks' time. Don't you do the worrying. Put that on me. I will take all the risk. I have something to work for. Unless you are cured I get no pay. Address.

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fellow as describing the child as it was fifteen years ago. Oh, here's a point or two!—'brown eyes, black hair'—oh, bully! here's the best thing yet!—'first joint of the left forefinger gone.'"

The sheriff snatched the light, and both men hastened to examine the prisoner's hand. After a single glance their eyes met and each set of optics inquired of the other.

At length the sheriff remarked:

"He's your pris'ner."

The circuit-rider flushed and then turned pale. He took the lantern from the sheriff, turned the light full on the prisoner's face, and said:

"Prisoner, suppose you were to find that your father was alive?"

The horse-thief replied with a piercing glance, which was full of wonder, but said not a word. A moment or two passed, and the preacher said:

"Suppose you were to find that your father was alive, and had searched everywhere for you, and that he thought of nothing but you, and was grown old before his time, all because of his longing and sorrow for you." The thief dropped his eyes, then his face twitched; at last he burst out crying. "Your father is alive; he isn't far from this cabin; he's very sick; I've just left him. Nothing but the sight of you will do him any good; but I think so much of him that I'd rather kill you this instant than let him know what business you've been in."

"Them's my sentiments, too," remarked the sheriff.

"Let me see him!" exclaimed the prisoner, clasping and raising his manacled hands, while his face filled with an earnestness which was literally terrible—"let me see him, if it's only for a few minutes! You needn't be afraid that I'll tell him what I am, and you won't be mean enough to do it, if I don't try to run away. Have mercy on me! You don't know what it is to never have had anybody to love you, and then suddenly to find that there is some one that wants you!"

The preacher turned to the officer and said:

"I'm a law-abiding citizen, sheriff."

And the sheriff replied:

"He's your pris'ner."

"Then suppose I let him go on his promise to stick to his father for the rest of his life!"

"He's your pris'ner," repeated the sheriff.

"Suppose, then, I were to insist upon your taking him into custody."

"Why, then," said the sheriff, speaking like a man in the depths of meditation, "I would let him go myself, and—and I'd have to shoot you to save my reputation as a faithful officer."

The preacher made a peculiar face. The prisoner exclaimed:

"Hurry, you brutes!"

The preacher said, at last:

"Let him loose."

The sheriff removed the handcuffs, and said:

"Fix yourself up a little. Your hat's a miz'able one—I'll swap with you. You've got to make up some cock-and-bull story now, for the old man'll want to know everything. You might say you'd been a sheriff down South somewhere since you got away from the feller that owned you."

The preacher paused over a knot in one of the cords on the prisoner's legs, and said:

"Say you were a circuit-rider—that's more near the literal truth."

The sheriff seemed to demur somewhat, and he said at length:

"Without meanin' any disrespect, parson, don't you think 'twould tickle the old man and the citizens more to think he'd been a sheriff? They wouldn't dare to ask so many questions then, either. And it might be onhandy for him if he was asked to preach, while a smart horse-thief has naturally got some of the p'ints of a real sheriff about him."

"You insist upon it that he's my prisoner," said the preacher, tugging away at his knot, "and I insist upon the circuit-rider story. And," continued the young man, with one mighty pull at the knot, "he's got to be a circuit-rider, and I'm going to make one of him. Do your hear that, young man? I'm the man that's setting you free, and giving you to your father."

"You can make anything you please out of me," said the prisoner.

"As you say, parson," remarked the sheriff, with admirable meekness; "he's your prisoner, but I could make a splendid deputy out of him if you'd let him take my advice. And I'd agree to work for his nomination for my place when my term runs out.

Think of what he might get to be—there are sheriffs gone to the Lgislature, and I've heard of one that went to Congress."

"Circuit-riders get higher than that, sometimes," said the preacher, leading his prisoner toward old Wardelow's cabin: "they get as high as heaven!"

"Oh!" remarked the sheriff, and gave up the contest.

Both men accompanied the prisoner toward his father's house. The preacher began to deliver some cautionary remarks, but the young man burst from him, threw open the door, and shouted:

"Father!"

The old man started from his bed, shaded his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Stevie!"

The father and son embraced, seeing which the sheriff proved that even sheriffs are human, by snatching the circuit-rider in his arms and giving him a mighty hug.

The father recovered and lived happily. The son and the preacher fulfilled their respective promises, and the sheriff, always on meeting either of them, so abounded in general winks and effusive handshakings, that he nearly lost his next election by being suspected of having become religious himself.

One of Strathcona's Beauty Spots.

AN

"Poured billows of organdy
a much pompadoured head

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OUR NAME
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AN ABSENT-MINDED COURTSHIP.

By LYDIA P. WILSON.

"She began bravely with Alexander, then it was Sanderson, then Anderson, and Andrews."

"Poured billows of organdy over a much pompadoured head."

AS Priscilla Penrose is the heroine of this tale it goes without saying that she was beautiful. It is a time-honored precedent, too important to be ignored, that for the position of leading lady in a romance none but the young and lovely need apply. If Angelina's exquisite features are not poetically portrayed in the first chapter, and one is deluded into thinking that at last an ugly heroine has had the courage to assert her rights, on page 126 it is stated, "For the first time in her life our heroine looked beautiful," and, somehow or other, beautiful she stays until the end.

So it is boldly announced that Priscilla was a beauty. Even under the blasting influence of a purple veil she would have been charming, but when her brown eyes looked forth from the depths of a mystifying, idealizing, soul-intensifying white veil, she was irresistible! Even Bob, with the indifference of a brother, admitted that Priscilla was "all right for *looks*." But there was a sinister emphasis on the word "looks" which indicated that in Bob's opinion his sister had her limitations, and it is only too true that the fair Priscilla possessed a mind and a tongue of a peculiar order. Her mind was a good one—when it stayed at home, but it persisted in straying away at inopportune moments, going wool-gathering, much to the distress of her family. Her tongue, too, was a trial. It was not an ungovernable, shrewish, unladylike member, but a mischievous, tricksy little imp whose naughty deeds brought dire confusion on its luckless owner. Priscilla could create more havoc in the English language that a cockney stage manager or a Chimmie Fadden. Words entered her brain in their normal state. They emerged from her ruby lips distorted, upside down and wrong side out. The properest noun, the most superlative adjective succumbed to her malign influence. Bob's chum, Teddy Winslow, was in the habit of proudly announcing that he was junior partner in a large wholesale boot and shoe store. But since Priscilla one day called it the "shoot and boo business" Teddy's pride has had a fall, for he now suffers an internal convulsion before those words can come forth decently in order. Teddy kept a list of her sayings and doings, and shad-

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We carry no trashy goods but only those of the highest quality and ones which time and experience have demonstrated to be the best.

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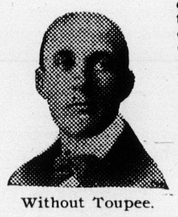
This illustration shows one of our beautiful perfect fitting transformations. Observe how effective and true to nature it is Our wig department is under the personal supervision of a competent wig maker, who gives this branch of the business his undivided attention. Our switches, wigs, toupees and pompadours **are absolutely undetectable** and are made of **live hair.**



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16 in. long	$ 2.00	16 in. long	$ 1.00 to 1.50
18 " "	3.00	18 " "	1.50 " 2.50
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GENTLEMEN!

We do not, however confine our attention entirely to ladies, and business men are some of our best customers. They, too, are quick to realize that a smart appearance is essential to success. Don't spoil the ship for the sake of a ha'p'orth of paint, especially when we can fix you up in a manner which will both surprise and please you.

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Waves

Gloria Curls

Bangs

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Advice Free

owed her continually in the hope of catching her "latest." When he took her to the florists for some American Beauties he counted those roses cheap when she asked for a bit of "slimax" to decorate her dinner-table.

If Priscilla were reading a novel the house might burn to the ground and she would not know it. When her brown eyes wandered dreamily off into space she had been known to put the butter in the oven and the hot muffins in the refrigerator; to appear in a ball-room in white tulle and fur-lined overshoes, and to carry Bob's "American Whist Leads" to church instead of her prayer-book.

* * * *

Priscilla, aided by good old Mrs. Brown, kept house for her brother, an army surgeon, on the top of the windy hill where the fort is perched. She wasted her sweetness on the prairie air and gazed at Old Glory flying from the flagstaff with a chastened mien when unmarried officers were lacking; and she bloomed like a sweet wild rose when those blessings were vouchsafed her, and made her brother's home the most popular in the garrison. To be sure she sometimes forgot to order the dinner, she seldom remembered the names of Bob's friends, and often had to be sent for in hot haste to welcome a specially invited guest whom she had forgotten. But these oddities only made one remember longer the sweetness of Priscilla.

It was somewhat disconcerting to Bob to hear his dear old Professor Twining called "Doctor String," and dignified Miss Butts (the sister of the Commandant addressed as "Miss Push"; also to hear Priscilla promote his friend, Mrs. Prince, to the rank of King. But as Bob and Mr. Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" And Priscilla was so adorable when she blushed, was so heart-broken over her blunders, and showered such amend-making attentions afterward, that one rather liked being a victim.

"Priscilla," said Bob one morning, as he prepared to get into his automobile for a twelve-mile spin to town, "I am going to bring Nathan Alexander back with me to-night. He is a great swell from Boston, and just be a little extra nice to him, won't you? He has done many favors for me, so have a good dinner, and remember, Priscilla Penrose, that his name is Alexander. He is a touchy chap, so don't, for goodness' sake, call him Smith or Jones."

"Now, isn't that nice," quoth Priscilla as Bob steamed off noisily, "to have a Mr. Nathan Alexander thrust upon one when I was going to have such a lovely day golfing with Captain Fenton."

The Captain was Priscilla's latest captive, and was the one officer in the post whom her brother heartily disliked. He was what might be termed a sort of brevet gentleman, and Priscilla would never have been led into bestowing even a portion of her attention upon him if a rumor had not travelled down the line from Miss Butts that Miss Penrose was allowing a man to escape.

Priscilla sat on the porch of Number Eleven and listened to the strains of music floating across the parade, gossiped idly with the group which gathered in the open air at guard mount, then sped into the house to interview Mrs. Brown and the marketman who stopped daily at the post. The rest of the morning she spent flitting about in a distracting white sunbonnet, despoiling the landscape of every wild rose that pinkened the prairie, and, using Captain Fenton as caddie to carry her trowel, scissors and a tangled mass of sweet things which he never knew were to help enchant a rival. The roses were placed in a bowl in the centre of the dining-table, and then Priscilla proceeded to don her glad rags to do honor to the coming guest.

"This pampered darling from the East must have everything he wants, bless his heart!" she murmured, standing in front of the mirror. "Well, I won't be sure of the dinner, but I do know that the hostess is going to wear a stunning new gown." And Priscilla with satisfaction poured billows of organdy over a much-pompadoured head.

* * * *

"Now, Mrs. Brown, look me over carefully. Am I quite right? Any strings loose? Have I forgotten my sash or mismated my shoes? Very well, then, I am prepared to meet even the wisest man from the East."

"Using Captain Fenton as caddie."

The dinner was a perfect success—so was the guest. "Bob never told me that he was so good-looking," Miss Penrose said indignantly to herself. And then the small craft "Priscilla" opened all her batteries upon the "Alexander," which surrendered without a struggle. As Bob listened to the words of wit and wisdom which dropped from his sister's lips he thought, "Priscilla is improving. She is not nearly so absent-minded as she used to be."

At the end of the dinner the charming little hostess rose, "to leave the men to gossip and cigars," she said.

Mr. Alexander politely held the door open, but half-way down the room Priscilla paused. Betty was bringing in the pretty cigar-tray, and in spite of heroic efforts to control herself she was shaking with laughter. In a flash it came to Priscilla the cause of this mirth. Her cheeks grew scarlet and she held her hand to her face like a child discovered in a naughty deed.

"Oh, Bobby, do you know there is a horrible conviction in my mind that those cigars have been on ice since morning!" Then, seeing the ghost of a smile on Mr. Alexander's face, she fled precipitately, adding apologetically, "You know you told me to put *something* on ice!"

When Bob could speak he inquired softly if the guest would have some "nicotine frappé"! "Alexander," he continued, "I am sorry to intrude private troubles upon you, but you see, Priscilla is the family skeleton, and I cannot very well keep her out of sight."

"Please don't apologize," said Mr. Alexander. "I never knew before how jolly it was to possess one."

* * * *

Possibly owing to her late confusion, for the rest of the evening "the skeleton" showed herself in her boniest light. She did not call the guest Smith, but she tried nearly every other name in the directory. She began bravely with Alexander, then it was Sanderson, then Anderson, and Andrews. At this point Bob's tottering reason gave way, and he left the room to get a breath of reviving air. When he returned Priscilla was playing the piano, and the guest looked so miserably unhappy and re-

(Copyright).

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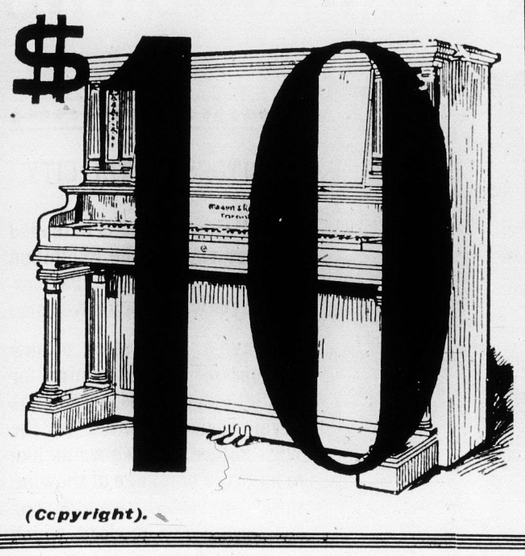

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Mason and Risch, The Newcombe, The Dominion, The Classic, The Harmonic, The Dominion and Doherty Organs, The Weber Steck, Wheelock and Stuyvesant Pianola Pianos and Metrostyle Pianola,

Also an immense stock of Second-hand Pianos, including nearly every Piano made in Canada. We sell Pianos at a lower price than they have ever been sold for in Western Canada. Every Piano is fully guaranteed by us. During the Winnipeg Fair we will sell Eighty Pianos at regular Wholesale Prices. New Pianos from **$135** up. Second-hand Pianos as low as **$60.** Organs from **$25** up.

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sentful that Bob glanced at his sister in surprise. The big letters on the sheet of music caught his eye. "Good-night," they said in fierce black ink, and Bob, looking at the auburn locks of his friend. groaned in spirit.

When Mr. Alexander had been safely stowed away in the pretty guest chamber for the night Bob returned to deliver a lecture.

"Well, Priscilla Penrose, you have put your foot in it this time," he said severely to the vision in white, who was putting away the best silver teaspoons in a little wicker basket. "Do you know, unhappy girl, how many names you called Alexander to-night?"

Priscilla flushed clear up to the fluffy roll of hair that was caressing her brow. Then she tried to appear unconcerned. "Called him names, did I? Well, I can think of lots more I might have called him. Never mind, Bobby, dear; don't look so blue about it. He isn't offended and he isn't gong to leave town for weeks. He is going to stay to amuse me," she said, disdainfully sweeping from the room, and Bob whistled softly as he turned out the lights.

* * * *

It did, indeed, seem as if Nathan Alexander's sole purpose in coming West was to contribute to the pleasure of Miss Penrose. In a few days Miss Butts had good reason for communicating down the line that the little flirt had made another conquest. And Priscilla was delightfully happy. To be sure, as Nathan was touchy and Priscilla trying, there were numerous "scraps," but trains were few and far between, and Nathan only walked that twelve miles to town once in his anger. It seemed a great deal better to make up, and they did. There was but one thing to mar Priscilla's happiness. There would come little prickings of remorse at her treatment of Captain Fenton, who was now relegated to second place—no, to the original zero place—in her affections. The first time he passed without glancing up at the windows of Number Eleven she gave a sigh of relief, and as the days went by and no explosion occurred, she was grateful to escape getting her "just deserts." "I shall never, never, *never* flirt again," she would say solemnly to herself.

One lovely June evening an irresistible desire to go to town on the six o'clock train seemed to have seized all the younger members of the garrison. One after another from the houses along the line they emerged, some with satchels, all on pleasure bent. The Colonel's wife was to stay in town all night and have a whole day's delightful shopping on the morrow. Captain and Mrs. Webster were going to a dinner-party; several officers were going up to a concert. Priscilla, arrayed in a

"Good night," they said in fierce black ink."

charming gown, and a big black hat tilted over her brown eyes, was off for a jaunt with her aunt, who had been spending the day at the post with her. Nathan Alexander was also taking the six o'clock train, having spent an unprofitable day wasted on Bob instead of happy hours in the presence of Priscilla. He hoped aunts did not come from town often.

* * * *

They all wandered down the hill, occasionally stopping to gather wild strawberries, to the two small railroad stations which solicited custom at the gates of the post.

Last of all the passengers to gather on the platform for the train now whistling in the distance was Captain Fenton. To the casual observer the Captain appeared as usual: his gait was steady and his manners suave. But the few acquainted with the Captain's idiosyncrasies saw that he had taken enough of the "stuff that steals brains" to make him an unpleasant person to deal with. It was too late to try strategy to keep him in the post, for the train was steaming up to the platform.

The Captain bowed graciously to Priscilla and offered his hand to help her into the car. It was quietly ignored as Nathan Alexander assisted her with more expedition than grace in his efforts to relieve an uncomfortable situation.

"Ah, Mr. Alexander," said the Captain, smilingly turning to that gentleman. "So you are the lucky dog who is now having his day. Miss Penrose is generosity itself, so that we all have our turns."

Poor Priscilla, with flaming cheeks and drooping head, made for the nearest seat, her aunt beside her. Alexander waited by the door, inwardly praying for patience.

The Captain also stopped by the door. "Yes, Mr. Alexander," he said with a supercilious air, "you have had things pretty much your own way lately, haven't you? And I know from experience just how charming that is. But I think we can dispense with you now. Miss Penrose, I fancy, will be glad to welcome me again."

Priscilla looked at Alexander's white face with beating heart, tears of humiliation in her eyes. "Oh, he will kill him in a minute," she thought. "It is dreadful, but I must talk just as fast as I can so that odious man will be quiet."

So Priscilla leaned forward and spoke to the Captain with as much of a smile as she could summon. "Sit down, won't you?" she said, trying to be easy and natural, while her heart was in her mouth. "Auntie, let me present Captain —— ah — Captain ——" she hesitated. A blank look came over her face, and she stammered, "Oh, I beg your pardon, but I simply *cannot* think of your name!"

For once in her life Priscilla's failing did her a good turn. No man, not even this unmannerly military man, could truthfully boast that a girl was sighing out her heart for him when—she had forgotten his name!

The Captain stared at Priscilla uncomprehending for a second, then, apparently too hurt and indignant for words, he marched to the other end of the car. Alexander, with a beaming smile, slipped into the seat opposite Priscilla and began an animated conversation, while Aunt Penrose and the Colonel's wife talked excitedly across the aisle.

But Priscilla looked out at the landscape with a chastened spirit. "It serves me right, it serves me right," she repeated to herself again and again, while outwardly she said "yes" and "no" with lips that trembled. In the midst of a fit of abstraction she became aware by an intuitive feeling that she had been asked some question and that an answer was evidently expected.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "what under the sun has he been talking about! I haven't any idea, and he will be so angry if I tell him that. I'll say 'no' this time. That is safest."

But her "no" produced such an effect that she felt bound to repeat it. "I must stick to it," she thought with trepidation. Then the brakeman threw open the door, everybody got up, and in the bustle and confusion of arrival Priscilla had only the chance of a hasty good-by to Mr. Alexander.

When Bob came down to a solitary breakfast next morning, as was often the case when Priscilla had been dissipating, he found sitting in the library a pale, disconsolate little sister, looking gloomy enough to darken the sunniest prospect.

"Well, Sissy," he said, staring at her in surprise, "why this early-birdness? and why so pale?"

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SOLE AGENTS—HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS, WORMWITH & CO. PIANOS. LARGEST PIANO AND ORGAN DEALERS IN THE WEST.

Priscilla produced a handkerchief to have ready in case of an emergency and looked at Bob imploringly. "Now, don't laugh, Bob. I am in great trouble," she said in a tearful voice. "I must tell you, for I don't know what to do."

"Fire away," said Bob, composing his features.

"Well, you know," said Priscilla, twisting her handkerchief, "Nathan Alexander went to town with me last night."

"Yes," said her brother dryly; "I have known of his being with you occasionally."

Priscilla went on.

"We were talking together, and I did

"The hot muffins in the refrigerator."

not pay strict attention, for—something unpleasant had happened, and I really could not listen. I said 'no' to a question he asked, and he seemed so surprised that I was sure I had given the wrong answer. But I still said 'no,' for you told me once, Bobby, that if I ever did tell a lie to tell a good one."

Bob exploded with laughter. "Now, Priscilla, don't say those awful sentiments are mine! and I must say that I don't yet see why these tears."

"It came over me afterward," she said, blushing vividly, "that perhaps Mr. Alexander was—proposing to me; and oh, dear, I wouldn't have said no to that!" and she dropped into a big chair.

"Rubbish!" said Bob. "Don't you know a rejected suitor when you see one? He was probably inquiring if you believed the Bible or if you had read the latest novel. How did he behave? Was he in the doleful dumps?"

"I don't know," replied Priscilla. "Auntie whisked me away so fast. Then I had the blues and made Dorothy Winslow come down to the eleven o'clock train with me, and we came back with Mrs. Webster. And Dorothy will be down in a minute."

At this announcement Bob straightened his tie and looked expectantly at the door. "Priscilla, I don't see how I can help you. Your love affairs are always too complicated for my simple mind to deal with. But cheer up, Sissy; if Alexander is knocked flat by the first 'no' that hits him he is easily killed. Good-morning, Miss Dorothy."

"It was *twice* I said 'no,'" murmured Priscilla as she led the way to the breakfast-room.

Fortunately, Bob and Dorothy found plenty to talk about, and Priscilla was left to her own reflections. She was filling Bob's coffee-cup with lumps of sugar when Dorothy's look of mild surprise caused Bob to remonstrate. It was a matter of importance what that young woman thought of him.

When the door-bell rang, and Mr. Alexander was announced, Priscilla excused herself to two people who got along very well without her. They were still lingering at the table when Priscilla returned. She looked radiant. "Bob," she said shyly, "will you go in and ask Mr. Alexander to breakfast? He walked down from town; and just think, Bobby, I have been engaged to him since last night *and I never knew it!*"

"Well," said Bob, "I suppose, being from Boston, Alexander is such a grammarian that he knows two negatives make an affirmative."

"No," said Priscilla with a happy laugh; "but that question he asked was, 'Would you object to marrying such a quick-tempered fellow as I am?' And he looked surprised when I said 'No,' for he really thought I did not care for him."

Bob kissed the sweet little face of his sister, and left. Priscilla moved about arranging a place for the unexpected guest. She absent-mindedly put all the spoons at Alexander's place, quite unaware of the deep significance of these symbols.

"Dorothy," she said earnestly, "this will be a lesson to me. I am going to reform, and I shall never let my woots go will-gathering again."

What was the longest day in Adam's life? When there was no Eve.

Athletic Ground, Peachland, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

Correspo

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Who Wants Blue-

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Somerville Steam Marble and Granite Works,

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Correspondence

A letter below in this column will reveal to our readers the good work we are doing for Western men and women.

The young lady referred to addressed a letter to us and it appeared in our April number 1906. As a result of that letter she made the acquaintance of a young farmer who is now her husband, the happy pair being united in matrimony on April 10th, 1907. We will continue to allot a certain amount of our space each month to correspondents in order that our readers in Western Canada may avail themselves of this means to get acquainted. When writing to these columns you must sign your full name and address, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith otherwise no notice will be taken of your letter.

Who Wants Blue-Eyed Biddy?

Winnipeg, April 16, 1907.

Editor.—In your March number I read a letter from Carroll, Man., in defense of the farmer. It starts off with the dear boy being so very much surprised that there are so many bachelors, while marriageable women are so plentiful. He also states the chief reason for this that girls prefer working in towns and cities before the farm.

Now, Mr. Bachelor, can you blame girls for working where they get the highest wages and their work according to their strength? Don't for a moment think that I am slighting the farm, for I prefer the country by a long way. When a girls goes to the country, what is she expected to do? She is expected to milk cows, feed pigs, calves, carry in wood and water any distance from a rod to an acre, beside all the work of the house. Mr. Observer, I am writing from experience. Is the above work fit for any young women? Remember women are not machines as some men take them to be. Observer also makes the startling statement that girls prefer the counter jumpers and sports for husbands. True, there may be some of the kind, but let me tell you, Mr. Bachelor, there are plenty of good honest, hard working girls here in the city who would be willing to go on the farm (self included and work, also share the joys and sorrows of some of the lonely industrious bachelors, and we don't expect them to be clothed in broadcloth nor all have rubber-tired buggies and gas ranges or electric fittings throughout the house. Mr. Observer tells us that he would not marry by correspondence. I agree with him for marriage is far too serious to make it a lottery business. I am in turn surprised that he would be willing to correspond even only for a short time, while there are so many of his fair country girls at his door. Be wise, don't delay, for should a city gent drop in, as true as I write, they will leave you and your fresh air. Before closing I must say that I feel for the lonely bachelors. Their lot is a hard one, no doubt; working hard all day, coming home to find a fireless house and a bare table. I hope it will be my good fortune to run across one of those thrifty, temperate fellows, providing he is not a widower with 8 or 10 children. I will draw the line there. Although at present in the city, I could cook him a good square meal, keep his house tidy and milk a few cows if he were in a hurry and not need any assistance.

"Blue-Eyed Biddy."

Red Haired Girl Tackles Plow Boy.

Sask., April 16, 1097.

Editor.—I have followed with great interest the columns of your magazine and am glad to say that I have had many a hearty laugh.

I just wish to criticize a few tart remarks by "Plow Boy," poor fellow, and his disgust for red heads. He either must have red hair himself or some of his family. As it is, I am a very red headed girl and guess I am every bit as good as he. Plow Boy should be neither proud nor particular as any one, who ever she is, is too good for him.

"Carrot Top."

Likely Prospect for Young Woman.

Dundurn, Sask., April 20, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a reader of your paper for some time and taking a great deal of interest in your correspondence columns, I would like to write a short piece about myself. I am a bachelor, 27 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, with dark brown hair and eyes, and am generally considered handsome. I have a fine house and a half section of land, 6 horses, 2 cows, 100 acres of land ready for crop, $1,000 in the bank. I am a moderate smoker but do not drink or chew. I would like to correspond with any young lady who will care to write, with a view to matrimony. Thanking you for your kindness in granting this space in your paper. "Duffer No. 1."

Free Drinks No Charm for Him.

Alberta, April 20, 1907.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine and find it second to none. Especially are your correspondence columns interesting, and also very beneficial to the young people in the West, as it gives them an opportunity to exchange ideas and become acquainted.

Some of the ladies write very sensible letters, while others are trying to denounce us bachelor farmers in as strong language as they are able to put forth. I wonder where the lady from Strathcona, signing herself "One Fair Maiden of Alta.," got her wisdom from when she stated, "Everyone knows, a farmer, when in town, will never refuse a drink if offered." Now, I claim to be a farmer myself, though on a small scale yet, and have been offered drinks in the metropolis of Strathcona more than once and refused, and I do not think I am an exception at all. I have had some experience in the city life as well, and find the young men in the country far superior in temperance and general morality to the city dudes.

Please forward enclosed letter to "Pauline," Portage la Prairie.

"T. Umble Weed."

Winnipeg, May 4th, 1907.

Editor.—Every month I watch for the appearance of the Western Home Monthly and am amused and interested by the letters in the matrimonial columns. In some letters the characters of the individuals appear very strongly. For instance, look at the production of "Bob of Saskatoon." If ever conceit existed, poor Bob has a very big share. It must be positively painful to feel oneself so superior to everyone else. I am much struck by the number of fellows claiming to be nonsmokers and teetotalers. If they are really so, I am very glad to hear it. Although I have not been in this country long, I have been out West a great deal and there seems to be an awful lot of drunkenness in every town. If I were a girl I would never marry a man who was known to have been drunk once even. I will not make this letter too long, or I shall be classed among the long-winded, but will say in conclusion that if any girl, about 19 or 20 who is good looking and lively, will write me a letter and send a photo I will answer the letter and send a photo in return. What I am looking for is a small-sized girl, with blue eyes and a love for music, and who has been educated beyond the point of saying "It don't" and "Was you." For my part, I am 25 years old, and not a bit ugly, and anyone wanting to know more must write to "Pharos."

Thinks Canadian Girls All Right.

Carberry, Man., March, 13, 1907.

Editor.—I am greatly interested in the correspondence columns of your paper, and would like to correspond with some of the young ladies who would be willing to be my wife. I am a miller by trade, 20 years of age, and I am American, but I think the Canadian girls are all right. I have a number of mining stocks and I think I will be a Western farmer some day. I would like to hear from young ladies under twenty years of age.

"Happy Hooligan."

Chance for Englishman.

Spy Hill, Sask., May 30, 1907.

Editor.—I would like to join your correspondence circle. I am a young girl eighteen years of age, play the piano, considered very pretty and a general favorite of the boys around here but none of them suit me, so I would like to correspond with a young Englishman about 21 or 22, who does not smoke, chew or drink.

"Daploni."

Cactus Ike Takes Pen in Hand.

Saskatchewan, May 14, 1907.

Editor.—I have read your paper for some time and ask a favor of you to forward to the parties whose letters are enclosed, one to "Blue Bell No. 2," Saskatchewan, dated Dec. 1, 1906, the second to "One Fair Maiden of Alta.," Strathcona, Nov. 14, 1906.

"Cactus Ike."

Fancy Frank Prefers "Starlight."

Indian Head, Sask., May 18, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your valuable paper and have taken much interest in your correspondence columns and would like to correspond with one or the other of these nice young ladies, viz.: "Nothing Too Good for the Irish," or "Starlight"; "Starlight" preferred. Will you please forward enclosed letter to the lady "Starlight?"

"Fancy Frank."

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VISITORS at the Exhibition are cordially invited to inspect our beautiful exhibit of Art Pianos

In the South Manufacturers' Building. The Chickering and Gourlay Pianos will be well represented. Do not fail to see the celebrated Haines Brothers Pianos and Estey Church Organs. We will also have an exceptionally large and beautiful stock at our store at 302 Portage Avenue. The Chickering Piano has for nearly a century been accorded the highest position in the musical world, and still maintains its superiority in richness of tone and artistic beauty. The Gourlay Piano is noted as the leading Canadian Piano, and its sweet tone, perfect touch, and durability explain its popularity.

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CHICKERING PIANOS

ALFRED A. Todd & Co. 302 PORTAGE AVENUE WINNIPEG.

Gourlay Pianos

Married as Result of Letter in this Magazine.

Manitoba, May 29, 1907.

Editor:—Enclosed please find fifty cents for one year's payment for Western Home Monthly. Will you please send a copy of the letter sent to you from —— in January, 1906 signed an "Interested Reader." Miss —— and I were married on the 10th of April this year.

You will kindly accept my fullest thanks for your assistance in this matter. Miss —— is a very worthy person and makes a grand farmer's wife and I am certain we will always be happy and prosper.

Companionship is truly one of the very greatest pleasures of life.

Yours truly,

—— ——.

Note.—The writer of the above letter does not want us to publish his name or post office address for reasons best known to himself.

We regret that the above writer did not give us permission to use his name. We would have been pleased to publish the photo's of the happy couple, and we would stand the expense of making a half tone cut if we were furnished with a photo.

Red Deer. Alta., May 19, 1907.

Editor.—As I am a subscriber to your valuable paper I read the correspondence and thought I would answer one writer. You will find a letter enclosed in the stamped envelope which you will kindly address and forward. You will find the party's address in the other envelope, so hoping you will hand my letter to the correspondence department and oblige. "Julia."

A Seasoned Veteran.

Edison, Alta., May 20, 1907.

Editor.—I should like to shake hands with "The Devil," to use the "Nom de plume" of your correspondent in the February number of your publication. His is the only sensible contribution on the matrimonial subject that I have seen.

It would seem to me from a perusal of several letters in the correspondence columns to be the usual thing to give a brief description of one's self; mine I humbly submit as follows: Height. 6 feet 1 inch, weight 190, age 45. I cannot claim to have curly hair or blue eyes; in fact my hair is just the plain straight forward natured that any barber will fix up for a quarter; my eyes, which are usually brown, have on several occasions been black.

Previous to settling here five years ago I travelled the greater part of the world in my capacity as 'Enquiry Agent.' I have 640 acres, considerable stock, and a pension of $75 a month. My house of six rooms is as clean and tidy as any in the settlement, I have every comfort, even a hot water bath. If I am sick, the lightest and most appeasing dainties are served to me. I can boast of clean table cloths, clean curtains, carpets on four floors, and on the plastered walls have pictures chosen by an artist friend. If anyone calls to see me they are shown into my room—the room where I smoke and read, etc. No frightful noises emanating from a tortured harmonium falls upon my ear, no family jangles, no baby's yells disturb the even tenor of my way—peace, perfect peace, and all for $17 a month! Oh, love sick laddies, curly headed, red headed, black headed, bald headed, home seeking homesteaders, how I pity you!

Pretty Polly! Saucy Sally! Black Maria! I want none of you! I have a helpmate who is worth a dozen of any of you. Your game is to take a fellow in. In fact, I have seen many a poor wretch 'taken in' by Black Maria.

Listen! my helpmate is an old seacook I met in Montreal—a Chinaman!

"An Old Sleuth."

Marjorie Write to Widower.

Medicine Hat, May 22, 1907.

Editor.—Would you please put me in communication with "Marjorie," of Edmonton, who wrote in your issue of February, as she wants a widower or bachelor. I am a widower and would like to get in communication with her, with the purpose of marriage. I am a rancher and own a farm near this city. Kindly ask her to write soon.

"Widower."

Nothing to Pay, Pete.

Tompkins. Sask., May 25, 1907.

Editor.—I would like to know if you keep a matrimonial bureau. How much shall I have to pay for the service. I would like to see the pictures of girls so as to choose one. I would like to get one very much. I am a German American, born in the State of Massachusetts, near Boston, Protestant, 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weight 165 pounds, light brown hair and fair complexion, strong and healthy, good looking and good form. Strictly temperate. never smoke, chew or drink, good character, quiet disposition, age 28. I have a good homestead. Please send the paper and photos at once and I will send the money. Enclosed herewith find my

"Rattlesnake Pete."

A Pretty Good Prospect.

Inga, Alta., May 12, 1907.

Editor.—I have been very much interested in your letters published in this paper and would like to be of some good service to lonely boys. I have been looking for a hubby for some time but the right ones have not come to me yet. I am an English girl and am "sweet sixteen." I am pretty good looking, so the boys tell me. I have dark blue eyes and golden brown hair. About five feet seven inches high and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Have a fair income and hope my future hubby has the same.

"Lady Betty.

Pincher Creek, Alta., May 10, 1907.
Editor.—Send enclosed letter to "Woodland Violet," in April.

Letellier, Man., May 14, 1907.
Editor.—Re-mail enclosed letter to "Twin Sisters," in April.

Davidson, Sask., May 11, 1907.
Editor.—Send enclosed letter to "Myra" in March.

Estevan, Sask., May 15, 1907.
Editor.—Forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie,' in February.

Kennedy, May 19, 1907.
Editor.—Kindly forward the enclosed letter to young lady designated in my letter.

Tisdale, Sask., May 28, 1907.
Editor.—Forward inclosed letter to "Scotch Girl.'

Red Willow, Alto., May 24, 1907.
Editor.—Address enclosed to "Fair Maiden," Strathcona, Alta.

Red Willow, Alta., May 30, 1907.
Editor.—Kindly forward enclosed letter No. 1 to "Scotch Girl," letter No. 2 to "Annie Laurie."

Ponoka, Alta., May 12, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward letter to "Bob of Saskatoon,' in February.

Madford, Man., May 14, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Ponoka, Alta., May 27, 1907.
Editor.—Address letter to "Scotch Girl," Edmonton.

Walsh, Alta., May 10, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Leford, Sask., May 14, 1907.
Editor.—Forward letter to "Marjorie," Edmonton, in February number.

Carstairs, Alta., May 12, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Alice Montrose," in April.

Macoun, Sask., May 10, 1907.
Editor.—Forward letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Melita, Man., May 11, 1907.
Editor.—Please send enclosed letter to "Starlight No. 1." Radisson, whose letter appeared in April.

Dauphin, May 12, 1907.
Editor.—Forward letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Wheatland, Sask., May 4, 1907.
Editor.—Send letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Maidstone, Sask., May 11, 7907.
Editor.—Forward letter to "Blue Bell" of Stony Plain, and oblige.

Kennedy, Sask., May 20, 1907.
Editor.—Send enclosed letter to "Clover Top," in July number, 1906.

Keyes, Man., May 14, 1907.
Editor.—Address enclosed letter to "Pauline," Portage la Prairie, Man.

Waldeck, Sask., May 19, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Irish Molly Oh," in April.

Arcola, Sask., May 18, 1907.
Editor.—Please re-mail enclosed letter to "Woodland Violet," Montreal.

Drinkwater, May 20, 1907.
Editor.—Kindly address enclosed letter to 'Blue Bell," from Ontario in April.

Eastview, Sask., May 28, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward letter to "Alice Montrose," in April.

Moose Jaw, Sask., May 18, 1907.
Editor.—Forward my letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

BRA

Neckwear and Belts, Magnificent

Stylish New Coats, from the Best
Take a walk t
whether you wa

Leather Handbags,

Nothing to Pay, D

Carberry, Man., M
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Trixie Writes Sensi

Manitoba, M
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chance. Better be den
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A. D. RANKIN & CO.
BRANDON'S GREATEST STORE
BRANDON, MAN.

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Nothing to Pay, Dear Sir.

Carberry, Man., May 13, 1907.

Editor.—Will you kindly put this letter in the W. H. M. and if there is anything to pay let me know and I will pay. You will no doubt observe that I am a subscriber of your valuable paper. I have read lately with great interest the many letters from young ladies. I am a bachelor and would like to get acquainted with a respectable young lady between 19 and 25. I want a wife, not a chore boy. "A Farmer."

Rosabella Wants a Farmer.

Spy Hill, Sask., May 15, 1907.

Editor.—I would like to join the correspondence circle. I am a young girl somewhere around twenty years old, with a fair complexion. Always worked on a farm, play the piano and sing. I would like to correspond with a dark young man about 22 or 23 years old, who lives on a farm. "Rosabella."

Mermay, Sask., May 27, 1907.

Editor.—Send enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie" in March.

Coleridge, Sask., May 10, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward the enclosed letter to "Housekeeper," Prince Albert, "Lilly," of Pense, and "Blue Bell" from Ontario.

Winnipeg, May 27, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward letter to "Doctor" in April number.

West Bridgport, Sask., May 28, 1907.

Editor.—Send letter enclosed to "Prince Albert Lassie."

Lang, Sask., May 29th, 1907.

Editor.—Forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie."

Trixie Writes Sensible Letter.

Manitoba, May 19, 1907.

Editor.—I enjoyed the letter of Alice Montrose very much, and quite agree with her sentiments. Can we girls, of small means, marry men we will be proud to introduce as "My husband?" This greatly depends on what our young men of the West aspire to. However, if such a young man is not within our reach, let us stay single, and boldly face the undying horrors of "The Bachelor Maid, (sounds less real than old maid). But let none of us be guilty of marrying merely because seemingly all our girl friends do, (if they get the chance. Better be denied the chance than be unequally yoked together. Marry for love, but be sure it is love and not a passing infatuation, which passes with the first cloud, not to reveal the sunshine but an everlasting gulf that cannot be repaired. Love can not exist where there is not a proper degree of harmony. Let us choose partners as near our own equal as possible in education and refinement, then exercise good common sense and live happily ever after.

I am seventeen, fond of company, and think boys good companions. I am especially tender in my feelings towards the "Westerner," and hope some poor lonley bachelor may condescend to correspond with "Trixie."

A Rare Chance for Bachelors.

Brandon, May 22, 1907.

Editor.—Having by chance seen some copies of your valuable paper and read its correspondence page, we thought we would write.

Some of the letters pleased us in their simplicity and straight forwardness, particularly those of "Big Ben" and "Big Bill." We should be delighted to receive letters from them if they desire to write.

(1) "Brunette," aged 24 years, very black hair, dark eyes, fair skin, 5 feet 9 inches tall, and slight.

(2) "Blonde," age 18 years, fair hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, medium size. We both have lived on the farm, are good cooks and are capable of keeping house. We both have good education, having obtained teacher's certificates. Hoping some will find this letter sufficiently interesting to warrant a reply. 1 "Brunette." 2 "Blonde."

Don't Marry a Drunkard.

Golden Plain, Sask., May 4, 1907.

Editor.—Please allow me space in your correspondence columns to express my opinion to the girl who signs herself "Irish Sallie" in your February number. Now, I think this girl must be love sick for a man or she would not marry a drunkard to reform him. If all the girls would put their foot down and say, see here, young man, if you want one of us you have got to quit this drinking habit at once, the liquor habit would soon be forgotten. Girls, take my advice and never marry a drunkard to reform him, for I have seen too much of it in my young days. Now, I think this girl must have smelled the cork two or three times herself. This lady cannot be a member of the R. T. of T. or she would not speak as she has done. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your column, I will leave it to the girls.

"A Temperance Man."

A Home for a Muscular Woman.

Kenlis, May 27, 1907.

Editor.—I am interested in the letters in your paper and am an old widower and would like to correspond with some nice young ladies who would not object, ones between seventeen and fifty. I would like a girl with a red hot temper and red hair as they make the best wives.

The girls around here are all stuck up frumps. I am six feet three inches tall and wear number ten shoes, have buried two wives and have three youngsters. They are fine strapping youngsters and will require a good firm-minded stepmother. I will now close, hoping some nice girl will take pity on me. "Jim Doolittle."

Must Be a Protestant.

Lacombe, Alta., May 19, 1907.

Editor.—I have read a good many letters, all of which were interesting in the Western Home Monthly. I am a bachelor and have bached 6 years. I have 320 acres of land, 9 head of horses and implements to work the place with. There are about 80 acres under cultivation. It never was intended that a man should farm alone. I don't chew or smoke tobacco and I don't make a practice of drinking whiskey or beer. I never bought as much as a glass for myself. I would like to correspond with some young lady or widow that wants a good home and not having a bad temper, who was either raised on a farm or worked on a farm. Must be a Protestant, with good fair weight and anywhere from the age of 21 to 35 years, with a fair education. Please send my name and address to any young lady or widow that might be suiable. Don't take it by this letter that I am hard to please. "Farmer."

Piccolo Dick Turns Up.

Slocan City, B. .C., May 22, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your magazine, The Western Home Monthly, and in the correspondence columns I see that a great many young men and girls are writing letters, so I will follow suit. I wish you to give my address to some young lady who means business. I am a mining foreman, am 28 years of age, weigh 170 pounds, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 8 inches. I have a fair bank account and a farm in the eastern states. My salary is $7 a day. I am tired of single life. Forward the enclosed letter to the girl that signs herself "Prince Albert Lassie."

"Piccolo Dick."

Wants Woman of Tender Years.

Estevan, Sask., May 29, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable paper and take special interest in the correspondence columns. I am a bachelor farmer. I would like to correspond with some nice lady between 18 and 25 years of age. I am 25 years of age and 6 feet tall. If I could meet a really suitable partner, I should not object to matrimony. "Emil No. 1."

Not Too Goodie-Goodie.

Holmfield, Man., May 20, 1907.

Editor.—Will you kindly mail enclosed note to "My Irish Molly Oh!" of last issue? I take a great interest in the letters in the W. H. M. but I think some of the writers are a little too cheap; they want a partner and will not mind a few weak points such as the dirty and wicked habit of smoking or dancing, etc. I am not a goodie-goodie, but a common sense Christian and my life "partner" (not pet or servant) must be the same. "Happy."

Claims They are not Too Tough.

Paynton, Sask., May 26, 1907.

Editor.—I am of late a reader of your well known magazine, the Western Home Monthly, and must say it is a boon to the single farmers, especially the correspondence columns which is, I think, an excellent way for some of us bachelors that live a little bit out of the way to get acquainted with girls that want homes in the West. Some might call them bold and forward, but for my part, I think they are brave and plucky, but some of you must remember that all of us fellows are not too tough to love and expect the love of an honest true-hearted girl in return.

"Interested Westerner."

Would Like to Be Loved Lots.

Penhold, Alta., May 10, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your correspondence column in the Western Home Monthly and think it is a fine plan for girls to get husbands. I am 19 years of age, weigh 150 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches in height. I have dark hair and black eyes, and am a perfect beauty. I am a good housekeeper and would like a fellow who is jolly, as I like all sorts of amusements. I would like a fellow that will love me lots and love me ever. I would correspond and exchange photos with "Sunny Jim" if he would please write first. Hoping to receive a letter from him soon, I will close.

"Black-Eyed Beauty."

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Have been made and sold in Canada for half a century, and are to-day known the length and breadth of the country as the leaders.

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Larry Getting Busy.

New Warren, Rouleau, Sask., May 21, 1907.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber, I have been a constant reader of your valuable and interesting magazine. I am a young bachelor, 25 years of age, fair complexion, blue eyes, brown curly hair, and don't believe in tobacco or whiskey. Kindly forward enclosed to "Irish Molly." "Larry."

A Useful Kind of Girl.

Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your most valuable paper for a considerable time and I have followed with much interest the letters from your many readers. I am much interested in the letter of "Bachelor 23" in your April number, or "Young Bachelor No. 10." I am used to farm work, but I quite agree with "Bachelor 23's" idea of a wife. There is plenty of work indoors for a woman to do unless in a busy time and I am sure any woman would be willing to help either milking or anything else then. Please forward my letter addressed to either, and if they see fit to correspond with me it will be a pleasure to me.

"Brown Eyed Lassie."

Tommy's Got it Bad.

Penhold, Alta., May 20, 1907,

Editor.—I am a young fellow in the West looking for a pretty girl. I live with my mother and older brother and I would so like a pretty wife to love me. I wouldn't ask her to work hard. We'd go to a dance every night in the week if she wanted to. I am about 5 feet 6 inches tall and have dark hair and light eyes. I would like a girl about 21 years old, with dark hair and dark eyes, about my own height and well-proportioned. I would like to correspond with "Western Cow Girl," as I think she would suit all right, if she will please write first."

"Tommy No. 1."

"Casey", Your're Too Young.

Penhold, Alta., May 23, 1907.

Editor.—I am an interested reader of your correspondence column and have decided to join it. I am a hard working young man earning enough to keep a woman fine. I would like to get a nice young woman about seventeen, not necessarily pretty. I am eighteen years of age, five feet six inches tall and have dark hair and dark eyes and am considered a great match for any girl. The girls around here are not very anxious to get married and are all too old for me. I am at home but am going to strike out whenever I get a young girl to go with me. Hoping "Berry," of Minto, Man., will write to me.

"Casey."

A Wild Rose of Tender Years.

Sask., May 20, 1907.

Editor—I have just finished reading a copy of your last month's W. H. M. I am a young lady of fair complexion, age sweet 16, weigh about 120 and have fine health. Have been brought up in town but like farm life. Would like to hear from some young man who does not drink (liquor).

"Canadian Rose."

Would Correspond With Nice Fellow.

Saskatchewan, May 21, 1907.

Editor.—I will join your correspondence circle if there is room for one more. I am a girl who was raised in town but like farm life. I am nineteen years of age and good looking, my weight is about 130 pounds, and can do all kinds of housework. I am very fond of amusement, especially dancing. I do not care for a man who uses tobacco or liquor, but would like to correspond with some nice fellow.

"Yankee Girl."

Terre Haute, Ind., May 19, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward my letter to "Rider of the Plains," Alberta.

Bawlf, Alta., May 29, 1907.

Editor.—Forward letters enclosed, one to "English Widow," Red Deer, the other to "Marjorie," Edmonton.

Condie, Sas., May 20, 1907.

Editor.—Addrss the enclosed to "Young English Girl."

Milestone, Sask., May 24, 1907.

Editor.—Forward enclosed letter to "Cheerful Bessie."

Content, Alta., May 21, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Fancy Free," Red Deer.

Redvers, Sask., May 15, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward letter enclosed to "Hayseed."

"Laughing Jennie."

Terre Haute, Ind., May 17, 1907.

Editor.—Forward enclosed letter to "Danger." "Silly Girl."

Terre Haute, Ind., May 17, 1907.

Editor.—Forward enclosed letter to Danger." "Dolly Dimple."

Swan River, May 16, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "One of the Many."

"A Yankee Girl."

Red Willow, Alta., May 18, 1907.

Editor.—Mail enclosed letter to Marjorie, Edmonton.

Nutana, Sask., May 30, 1907.

Editor.—Re-mail enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie."

Tees, Alta., May 22, 1907.

Editor.—Please mail enclosed to "Ada."

Davidson, Sask., May 25, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie."

Alameda, Sask., May 30, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie."

Condie, Sask., May 22, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward letter enclosed to "Jess."

Edberg, Alta., May 30th, 1907.

Editor.—Please address letter enclosed to "Prince Albert Lassie."

A Billet-doux for Sandy.

Dunnville, Ont., May 30, 1907.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your paper and have for some time followed the correspondence page with quiet enjoyment. Now, I have seen a letter in your paper written by a young gentleman who signs himself "Sandy," and who wishes for a correspondent. Will you please forward the letter I shall enclose to him? Thanking you for your cheery paper and hoping I shall hear from the young man shortly, I remain respectfully yours. "Forget-me-not."

Violet Throws Out Line to "Jolly Boy."

Wapella, May 28, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly and see some very interesting pieces in the correspondence page. I am a young lady of fair complexion and have blue eyes, am about five feet four and a half inches tall and I am twenty-one years old. I can keep house very good and am a good cook. I am a girl that takes things as they come, and am not particular if things go a bit rough for a year or two. I play the piano but prefer the organ. I would like to correspond with "Jolly Boy," Brandon. "Violet."

A Chance for A Protestant.

Alberta, May 22, 1907.

Editor.—I have read your correspondence columns with considerable interest and wish to join your circle. I would like to become acquainted with some farmers or ranchers, about forty years of age or over, Protestant, men who do not use liquor or tobacco. Would exchange photographs. I am a Canadian. "Estelle.

Nancy Would Shake Old Ontario.

Lanark, Ont., May 30, 1907.

Editor.—I take much pleasure in reading your paper and prefer it to any other. My brother in the West first sent it to my sister and since that time it seems we can't do without it.

I take delight in the correspondence column, "'tis just too sweet for words"—surely they don't mean all they say. I'm in sympathy with "Limber Jim," January issue, and if I was near by and was "fancy" enough I'd really sooner have him than the fellow with the new boots, sure. I intend going West next summer to visit my brothers and if I can get a real nice bachelor, I'll say farewell to Ontario. "Nancy."

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USE

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

FOR THAT THIN HORSE.

Irish International Exhibition.

By J. J. O'Flaherty.

The Irish International Exhibition, which was inaugurated by His Excelency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen, on the 4th of May last, is causing immense interest in the United Kingdom, and recognised by Irishmen as an important element of education, that is destined to benefit the whole country.

Up to the time of writing over 300,000 people, principally residents of the Green Isle, have visited the Big Fair and it is safe to say that this number would have been more than doubled only for the vagaries of the atmospheric conditions that have delayed thousands from across the Channel from coming to Dublin to inspect the mammoth exhibit. Besides the United Kingdom and its colonies, all European countries as far as Japan, are represented, while the home industries of Ireland, one of the principal features, are exhibited in a special section that is the centre of great interest.

His Majesty King Edward VII, accompanied by His Royal Consort Queen Alexandra, together with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, with their retinues, will come to Ireland on July 10th to visit the Exhibition. The king, it is reported, had heard such complimentary reports of the Canadian section, that he is determined to see it, and it is to the credit of Canada that the Canadian pavilion contains the most interesting exhibit of the whole show.

The principal features of the Exhibition are strikingly effective in character. There are two main entrances, one of which is at Ballsbridge and consists of a magnificent facade and flight of steps leading into the vestibule or entrance hall, which is embellished with views of Irish scenery; the other is at Morehampton Road, Donnybrook, and is of similar design but less imposing dimensions. The Grand Central Palace, with its towering dome, occupies the centre of the park and is built in the style of architecture known as the Italian Renaissance, recalling in its salient features many characteristics of the Florentine school.

Radiating from it are four immense rectangular wings devoted to exhibits of manufactured products, in which Irish firms make a creditable display, and in the centre under the dome are a bandstand and a great circular promenade capable of accommodating several thousand persons when weather conditions in the open may be unfavorable. The floor space is equal to 2½ acres.

The Palace of Industries with its beautiful facade and colonnade has a floor area of 72,000 square feet, and like the Grand Central Palace is largely occupied by manufacturers, but Italian and Japanese exhibitors have important sections in this building, containing a collection of exhibits of a most artistic and attractive description. New Zealand occupies the central section with a splendid representation of the products of the colony.

The Palace of Mechanical Arts is a huge building of 900 feet in length and 100 feet in width, or 90,000 feet superficial, divided into four sections, viz: transportation, engineering, machinery in motion and generating plant for power and lighting of the exhibition. This will be to many visitors the most interesting department of the exhibition. The great railway and steamship companies are making a superb display, while the up-to-date installation of generating plant and electrical appliances and various manufacturing processes on view will be sure to command attention.

The Palace of Fine Arts is a building of great beauty but severe in style and it accommodates in its area of 33,000 square feet a number of sections, viz: the Irish art collection brought together by the labour of the Dublin committee, the British and foreign collections of pictures, statuary and tapestries organised by the London committee of distinguished art connoisseurs who have so generously given their services for the purpose. This collection in extent and importance surpasses anything hitherto accomplished outside of London. The Irish historical collection of objects of interest which is the result of the successful efforts of an active local committee; and a photographic section under the auspices of the Photographic Society of Ireland. There are numerous important buildings besides, including the group especially devoted to Irish home and cottage industries. The Canadian pavilion erected by the to Irish home and cottage industries. scale in which the products of the Dominion are so arranged as to constitute one of the greatest attractions of the exhibition. The French pavilion erected under the sanction of the French government for the exhibition of French products and presenting a delightful example of what can be done by those past masters in the art of exposition of arts and manufactures.

There is also a very fine pavilion for the display of the numerous industries connected with gas, and Irish dairy, working bakeries, and many handsome kiosks for various purposes.

The dining rooms, restaurants and tea rooms are numerous, spacious and luxuriously appointed. In the splendid "Palace" restaurant, the service is equal in all respects to that of London's best hotels and restaurants.

There is a concert hall of noble proportions to seat two thousand persons, besides orchestra. A new specially built organ has been provided and a programme of musical entertainments of exceptional merit and attractiveness are constantly in vogue.

A very large sum of money has been spent in altering the levels of the park and laying out the grounds on a plan which combines beauty and charming variety. An extensive lake with picturesque bridges and islands has been constructed, and a water chute, rivers of Ireland, switchback railway, helter-skelter, light house, shooting galleries and Somali village are some of the numerous side shows which afford amusement to visitors. There are continuous band performances daily, and the best known and most popular military and orchestral bands have been engaged in succession for the entire season.

The Canadian section of the Irish International Exhibition, is evidently the most popular drawing card, judging by the way people flock to the pavilion before proceeding elsewhere. Everywhere you go in Dublin you hear the Canadian exhibit eulogized, which no doubt accounts for the rush made by visitors to see it, the very moment they enter the spacious grounds.

The pavilion is located in close proximity to Morehampton Road entrance and catches the visitor's eye as they pass through the turnstile. The building is the highest on the grounds, towering above all others in majesty of size, and no matter how the eye revolves it becomes centred on the word "Canada", emblazoned on its four sides, while the flag of the Dominion unmistakably denotes the superb colony of the British Empire.

As you approach the building through a labyrinth of garden plots, beautifully arranged in plants and shrubbery of every description, you read the letters "Irish Canadian Entente Cordiale" standing out in bold relief on the facade.

The building is constructed on the line of Elizabethan architecture, half timbered and though somewhat plain, most pleasing in artistic design.

As you ascend the wide staircase and enter the pavilion, you are amazed

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MASON & RISCH, Light walnut case in perfect condition. Good instrument for school or church. Regular $450.00 now..... $225 00
Terms $7.00 per month.

CORNISH & CO., Mahogany Upright with handsome carved panels. Price..... $200 00
Terms $7.00 per month.

PRINCE, Upright medium size, mahogany case in good condition..... $200 00
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R. S. WILLIAMS, Ebony case, Upright Grand. Excellent value..... $175 00
Terms $6.00 per month.

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Every instrument on above list will be shipped F.O.B. Winnipeg in good condition and the amount paid on each will be allowed in exchange on a new instrument at any time within two years.

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H. G. TAYLOR, President
J. H. GARIEPY, Vice-President

Full Government Deposit
Registered in the Province of Saskatchewan

The location of our Head Offices places us in close touch with the people of the three western Provinces to which our business is confined.
Our rapidly increasing business proves the loyalty of Western people to the Western institutions in which they have confidence.
Enquiries addressed to Brandon, Regina or Edmonton regarding any of the lines we handle will receive prompt attention.

at the size and varied exhibits that meets the observation, which is at once significant of the greatness of Canada.

The very first thing that catches your attention to show that while the Canadian government is taking part in the Irish International Exhibition, there is no intention to allure the native from a comfortable home in the old world. A tableau located on the right entrance, reads as follows: "Canada wants settlers, but she does not want people who are satisfied with their present conditions to leave their native land".

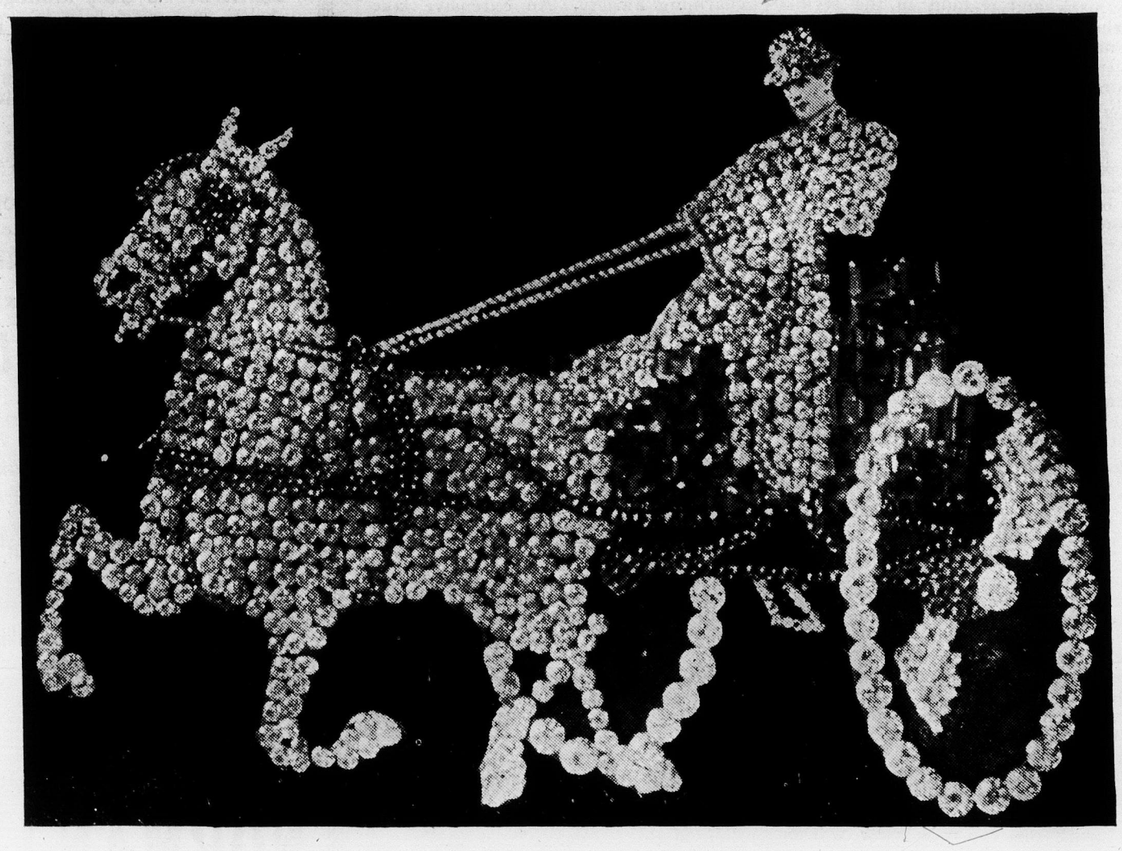
On the other side of the entrance are pictures of the Grand Trunk Railway system and a graphic illustration of railway terminals, stockyards, etc., that portray the progress of the land across the sea.

But when you enter and gaze around, you are indeed surprised, at the wonderful resources of Canada. Facing you are immense plate glass showcases over which is stationed a life-size transparency portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII dressed in his royal robe, which is an excellent photograph, while on the opposite side is a life-size transparency portrait of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. In one of those big cases is a display of ornamental butter, artistically and ingeniously wrought to demonstrate a Canadian North-West farm scene. You see the house and farm yard, in which is grazing cattle and sheep, together with fowl and little chickens in the grass, and surrounding this marvellous picture made of pure Canadian butter is a garland of roses that encircles the whole scene, that are very realistic in their conception. On either side of this scene is a display of Canadian cheese, butter, ham, bacon and apples in export preparation and plant that keeps fresh this perishable exhibit.

In the other large show case, you view a pyramid of asbestos from the Province of Quebec, also a large exhibit of corundum from Ontario, also showing 15 wheels manufactured out of this mineral in use throughout the different centres of Europe, the result of Canadian output. You also look upon specimens of apatite from Quebec and Ontario, nickel from the Sudbury mines, Ontario, and a large and splendid collection of mica; coal from the mines of Nova Scotia and British Columbia, copper in quartz, magnetic and hermatite, iron pyrites, and gold and silver quartz, etc.

Piled in a central place at the south side of these cases is an immense and varied display of Canadian granite, lime stone and marble, colbalt silver and nickel too extensive to enumerate.

Looking through a niche made in the centre of the granite pile, you are



A $12,000 HORSE SHOW ATTRACTION.

The above is a reproduction in diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds and olivines of the Horse Show lithograph "Get Away." The horse, driver and wheels of the cart are composed of fine diamonds, the harness of rubies, reins of pearls, while the body of the cart was studded with rich emeralds, and the gearing of olivines. Over 1200 stones were used with a total value of $12000. We make mention of this display as it was one of the principal attractions in the city during show week, and was made and exhibited by D. R. Dingwall, Ltd., Jewelers and Silversmiths, from stones selected by Mr. D. W. Dingwall, who has just returned from Europe.

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A Piano and P
Play it with hands
You may produc
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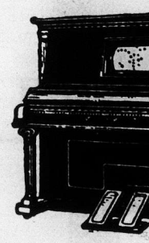
Special display du



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We offer you
of Talking Machines
also at our Store wh

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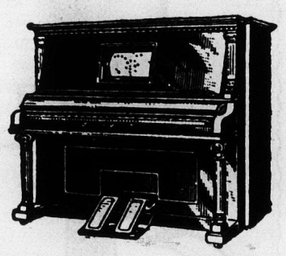
of Canadian products.
alcove to the right as
displayed specimens

Grand Piano Display

WINNIPEG EXHIBITION 1907
and at
Our Magnificently Re-fitted and Artistic Show Rooms
now second to none throughout the whole Dominion

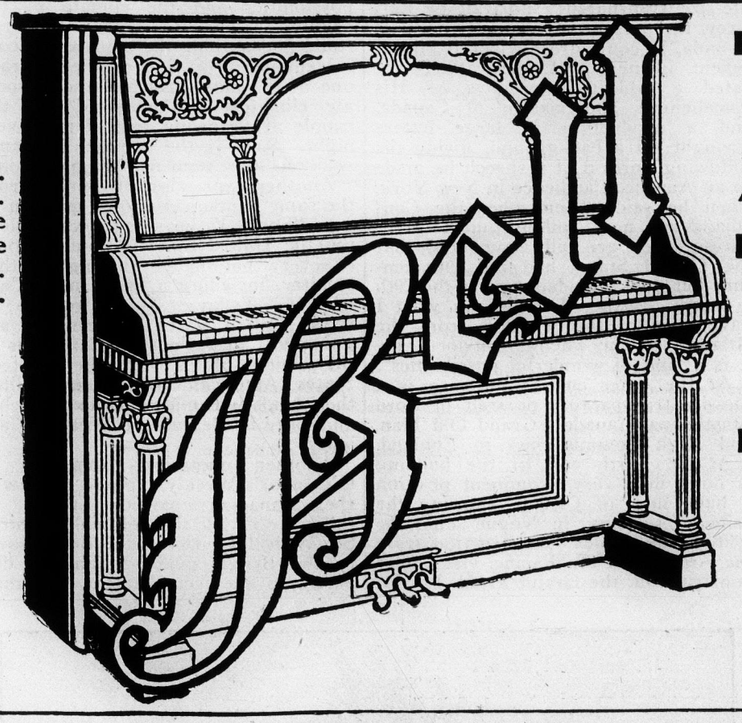
The Autonola Player Piano

A Piano and Player Combined. Play it with hands or automatically. You may produce music on the Autonola in the home such as rare artists only would dare to attempt. Special display during exhibition.



Descriptive Catalogue Sent on Application

Other Pianos Taken in Exchange



Bell This celebrated Canadian Piano is an Art product of the largest factory over which the flag of Great Britain floats.

Always Satisfactory!

Knabe A name throughout the world revered. A guarantee of the highest attainment of perfection known to the Piano maker's art.

Broadwood Used and endorsed by Royalty and of the Highest Order.

With this truly Great Trio we challenge comparison with any Piano among the world's productions.

We offer you advantages in buying not obtainable from small houses. Our Gramophone business is now the largest west of Montreal. All leading makes of Talking Machines and everything in Records compose our immense stock. Special 10% off all goods during Exhibition week at the grounds in our old stand, also at our Store where our staff will be complete. Visit Winnipeg's palatial Piano Emporium.

The Winnipeg Piano & Organ Co., 295 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

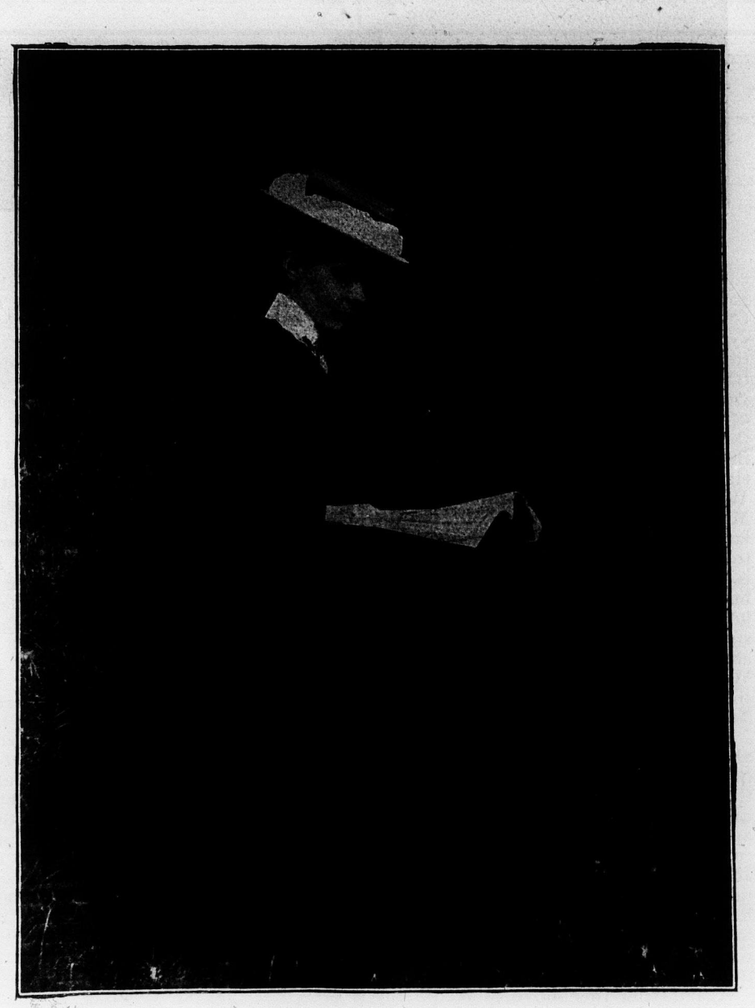
surprised to see a magnificent collection of Canadian gold in nuggets that are exposed to view through the bars of a large illuminated safe that attract great attention and at the same time demonstrate the varied riches of Canadian resources. There are also five small show-cases with samples of Canadian minerals, comprising: gold, silver, copper, magnesium, manganese, ferro-silicon, agate, gypsum, mica-philographite, jasper-agate, alluvial gold and milling gold in great variety from all parts of Canada; also garnet grossularite, products of petroleum, products of asbestos and an elaborate exhibit of small gold nuggets.

The floor space of the pavilion is 90 x200 feet with alcoves on either side and the centre interior is decorated in green and red with Canadian grasses, ornamentation most artistically arranged in garlands, etc.

All along the side of the flooring are arranged potted plants and ferns, while the evergreen flags and bunting play a most prominent part and blend in beautiful harmony with the surroundings.

Framed in grasses and wheat are 64 interesting landscape transparencies that line the walls in a frieze that demonstrates farm life in Canada and its marvellous progress from the time the settler breaks ground in the North West until he becomes happily established; cattle grazing, abundant harvests, and ranch life, likewise orchards, and smelters at work in British Columbia, that show to beautiful effect; especially at night, when the electric light is turned on and shows off the landscape scenes in transparency. Dotted underneath the scenic effect of Canadian farm life are deer heads of every species, moose heads and buffalo heads, that make a splendid ornamentation and also show the abundance of Canadian game.

The alcoves, 14 in number, that line the east and west sides of the pavilion contain a splendid representation of Canadian products. In the first alcove to the right as you enter are displayed specimens of Canadian



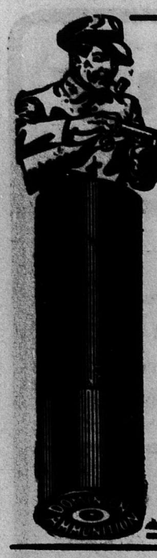
Reading the Western Home Monthly.

woods in the rough and in polish, the adjoining alcove demonstrates pulp wood and on the left of the entrance is displayed Canadian fish and its products in cans, while the next alcove contains specimens of Canadian tobaccos from Essex, Ontario, Joliette and Montcalm counties, Quebec. The adjoining alcove demonstrates to the visitor a large model of the C. P.R. steamer "Empress of India" together with the marvellous progress made by that great railway system in transportation. Samples of ale and whiskies in bottles manufactured and put up by Canadian brewers and distillers, occupy space in the adjoining alcove. The seven alcoves at the west side of the pavilion exhibit a large and varied assortment of Canada's manufactured products, horticultural and agricultural, canned fruits, maple sugar and specimens of Canadian fruits preserved in jars containing antiseptic liquid, also canned vegetables and seed grains of the Dominion, together with wheat, corn and oats in the ear, and some thirty different varieties of grasses.

One of these alcoves contain a large display of manufactured flour from the multitude of Canadian mills, while two alcoves adjoining have on view the various bread and biscuits, put up in neat boxes, that are manufactured in Canada.

One of these alcoves contains a large exhibit that enthuses the younger generations, and is bound to leave a long and deep impression upon their minds, is an artistically and ingeniously conceived panorama, that lies in a separate extension at the south end of the pavilion. This is a veritable scene of North-Western farm life in the distance, and shows the progress made by a settler from his first to his tenth year, while in the frontispiece is an aggregation of life-size Canadian game, very realistic in posture, made possible by the efforts and success of the Canadian taxidermist.

There are exposed to view the buffalo, the musk-ox, and the various species of deer, moose, black and polar bears, the fox, beaver, wild cat, raccoon, lynx, timber wolf, mink, otter,



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Artificial Limbs

WE excel in FIT, WEIGHT, STRENGTH and NEATNESS.
You can get the best in Winnipeg and will be sure of proper treatment.
Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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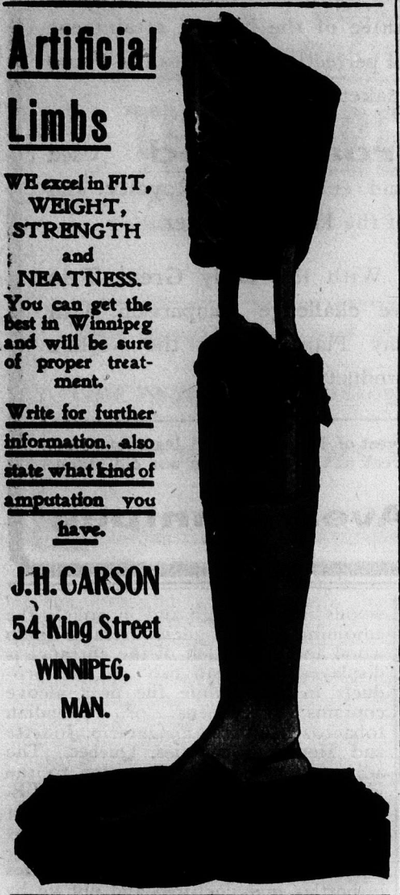

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AN absolute 10 years' guarantee and three months' free trial with every machine. Our handsome, automatic lift, ball bearing, five and seven drawer drop-head cabinet solid oak, brilliantly hand-polished, handsomely finished in every detail. Worth from $30.00 to $50.00. Our price $18 to $27 only. The head is designed on symmetrical lines, high arm and full length, made of the very best materials, and all wearing parts are case-hardened. A complete set of most modern steel attachments, a full set of accessories, and a comprehensive instruction book make these the simplest and easiest operated machines made.

From $18 to $27 only.

Mail us your name and address, saying you would like to see our new Sewing Machine Catalog, and you will receive by return mail, free, our catalog with the cost of freight charges of any machine to your station.

THE WINNIPEG COUCH CO.
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108 BON ACCORD BLOCK
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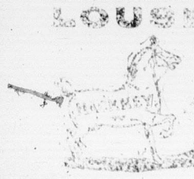
LOUSE POWDER



Kills lice on Poultry, Horses Cows, Sheep, Hogs, etc.
1 lb. 25c.—At Dealers
MACKEY STOCK FOOD CO.
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Write for our free Veterinary Book.

ground hog, and in fact specimens of each fur-bearing animal of every part of the Dominion that are picturesquely arranged in improvised woods and grass plots, together with specimens of the prairie and barn fowl, etc., that goes to make up a very interesting zoo.

A large map showing the mineral occurrences throughout the Dominion, overhangs the frontal view of the panorama. On the right of the same is a life-size transparency portrait of Earl Grey, the present Governor General of Canada, in court dress which is an excellent likeness. Underneath is located a tableau, expressive of His Excellency's appreciation of Canada, and a production in large letters wrought on a background, giving the following portion of a speech he made to an American audience in New York, when he said: "Remember the Canadians are now building up a great nation; they are fully convinced that the United States had the 19th century but now Canada's turn is the 20th century. Further, I might say, what I have seen of that country from the Atlantic to the Pacific convinces me it is a land of wonderful possibilities".

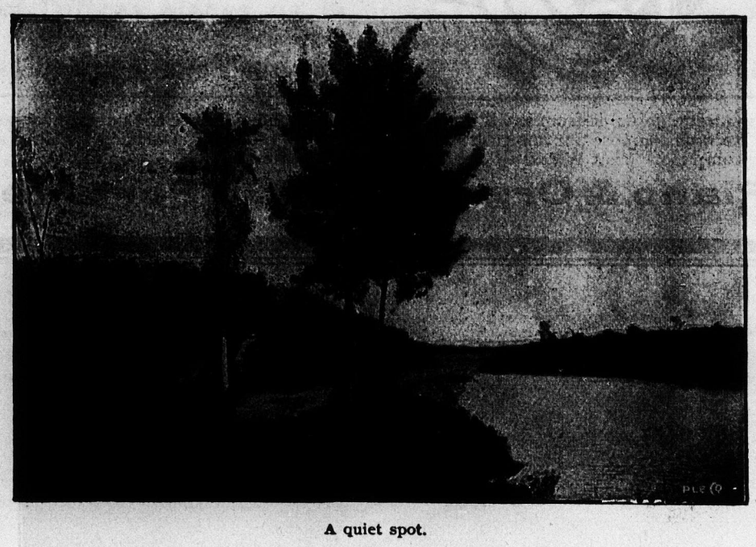
At the other end of the map is a life-size transparency portrait of Lord Strathcona, Canada's Grand Old Man, and High Commissioner to England.

At the north end of the building is hung in a very prominent position a huge map of Canada showing the railway systems in vogue and the systems now under construction from the Atlantic to the Pacific, viz: Under construction: the Grand Trunk Pacific, prominently positioned in front of the various alcoves, and among the different opinions expressed quotes the sayings of Mr. T. P. O'Connor that have been published in his "T.P's." Weekly, including the following: "No fewer than a quarter of a million of Americans are expected to reach Canada from these regions within the present year, and all people who do go to Western Canada are enthusiastic in their praise of the resources and the possibilities and the climate of the country. The old legend that you could find nothing there but arctic cold is exploded; you find on the contrary one of the most beautiful and temperate climates in the world and the people are growing rich almost overnight. Such is the demand for land; such is the immense immigration".

Another expression of opinion from the same gentleman quoted goes on to say: "Some 17 years ago when visiting the United States I found people of every nationality rushing to that country, including a great many Canadians. Today it is the reverse; it is the United States' farmers who are going to Canada, not the Canadians to the United States. In the Western States American farmers are selling their lands and emigrating to the richer and more fertile lands of Western Canada."

Another quotation from T. P. O'Connor's Weekly exposed to view in the Canadian pavilion reads as follows: "Of all the colonial premiers Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the best known to the British public. This is due partly to the fact that the Canadian premier has been so much longer before the public; partly because of his own commanding, winning and powerful personality, and partly because he embodies one of the greatest triumphs of British colonial statesmanship and one of those fusions of races and creeds under the protecting ægis of the empire which marks an empire's greatest achievement.

The exhibit on the whole reflects the greatest credit upon the Canadian Government and the Commissioner General in charge, Col. W. Hutchison, Ex. M. P. for Ottawa, who is very ingenuous in his large comprehension in arranging the exhibit from Canada that is the wonderment of the many thousands who flock thither to see it.



A quiet spot.

together with various other local companies in every province of the country. The visitor on raising his eyes to look at this map is attracted to two life-size transparency portraits of the greatest statesmen ever yet given to Canada and facing each other as if they were contemplating the vastness of their great work throughout their public career. On the right end of the map you see Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present Prime Minister of Canada, and on the left the late Sir John A. Macdonald, heretofore Prime Minister, and underneath is a tableau designating them as nation builders. The tableau also points out how Sir John A. Macdonald was responsible for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and today Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present Prime ing the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

On panels that surround every available place without interfering with the harmonizing effect of the exhibit of the interior of the pavilion there are quite a number of neatly lettered and appropriate tableaus that give terse, concise and interesting data of Canadian possibilities. In fact, these tableaux are so replete and comprehensive in detail and figures that they are in themselves a study that conveys to the visitor all the information he needs without making inquiries.

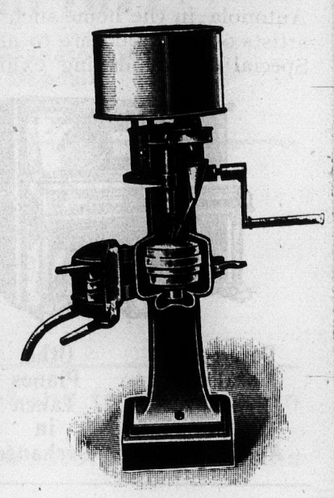
Apart from the above tableaux, the Commissioner, wide awake to the value of the views expressed by British public men about Canada, reproduces their utterances in tableaux that are

Sir Wm. Mulock: There is a great future for this city and province. When thirteen years ago I walked your streets there was no one to interfere with my convenience. I could indulge in connected thought, there was nothing to disturb me then. I could not then complain—or rather rejoice—that one could not cross the streets owing to the press of people; it was solitude compared with to-day. The quiet, peaceful air that hovered over Winnipeg has given way to that hum that arises whenever there is a great aggregation of men engaged in industrial works. When thirteen years ago have brought such a revolution to Winnipeg and to your province, what have we not to hope for if the people are true to themselves.

INCREASED PROFITS FROM THE DAIRY

Are possible if you'll procure a

MELOTTE CREAM SEPARATOR



It creates a saving of time, labour and space. By the use of the Melotte Cream Separator not only is a substantial increase in the Butter yield obtained, but the quality is materially improved.

The Melotte once used, becomes indispensable. Better let us send you full particulars and prices.

Florence Wood Pumps..

insure a reliable supply of water because they are substantially manufactured, never break down at the critical moment. They are the most economical because of their long life.

Write us to-day for further information and prices.

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WINNIPEG CALGARY
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Agents for Ideal Gasoline Engines

Faith Makes Men

By Rev. Newell Dwight

Faith is a gigantic forc
more than half of the mac
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ploits.

Faith Makes Men Strong.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis

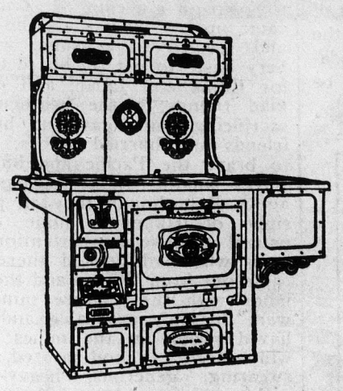
Faith is a gigantic force. It drives more than half of the machinery of life. The doubt of eternal justice is accompanied by failing strength of man. Faith is the soul in motion. So far from being an anodyne to rest, it is a tonic to work. Of all virtues, it is the most practical. By faith the mariner sails the seas, through mist and fog, trusting to his needle and the hidden star. By faith the merchant consigns rich stuffs to a purchaser beyond the seas; by faith the inventor toils upon his model, seeing afar off the day when his engine will lighten every load; by faith the reformer labors on, foreseeing the day when every fetter shall fall; by faith we buy, by faith we sell, by faith we ride, trusting life to an engineer whom we do not know, trusting goods to a captain whom we have not seen. By faith men marry and women are given in marriage; by faith the mother looks beyond the babe's helplessness, ignorance and folly, toward the strength and wisdom of youth. By faith parents send their children out into an unknown world to make fortune and fame. By faith the youth aspires, struggles, and at last achieves. By faith old age lies down to sleep, and wakens into an eternal morn. What has faith not done? What can it not do? It has lent the bloom to pictures, aspiration to cathedrals, pathos to music, sweetness to love, and wholeness to life. In religion, faith means confidence in a great, dear Unseen Friend, who doth all things well.

Marvelous, therefore, the interlacing of the two worlds—one, seen by reason and sense, and the other realized by the inner eye, that is the bliss of solitude. Athens had two cities—down in the plain was the city of work, with shops, ox carts, plows and hoes; on the hillside were the shops where men bought and sold. But the crags above were crowned with temples, where beauty and worship had their home. Oft in the hours of tumult and strife, when the workers feared the coming of enemies, they turned their thoughts upward toward the Parthenon, and drank in the beauty of Athena's face, and her calm, white hand seemed to fall upon brow, to allay the fear, and breathe peace to the frightened working-men. Greek culture and character represented the interplay of the upper and the lower city. So it is that man's life of work and invisible life of faith and worship are knitted together. The inventor, the statesman, not less than the saint and the martyr, endure, as seeing God, who is invisible.

Fulfilling this brief and troubled career, man, frail as a reed, man's life, brief as a tale that is told, what can man do without the abiding God? Man's ship is useful only when it is filled and swept forward by God's trade winds; man's engine serves only when it is driven by God's lightnings; man's wheels turn round only when they are pounded upon by the river's current; man's intellect needs the impact of God's truth; man to do good work must see the heavens open and Christ standing by the throne of God. This vision of the eternal God who can carry on his work makes the toiler equal to any task. "We are two," said Mahomet's servant, looking down on the splendor of Damascus. "Nay, we are three, for God is with us." O, what comfort in this for the tired worker! That the temple is God's and that he will raise up another builder to carry up the walls and crown it with flashing dome. If God is, then all events are well. What cares the babe for the blackness and the wild storm if only the mother holds it to her bosom and croons the hymn of peace. And in the hour when the world reels beneath his feet, frail man becomes almost omnipotent in the thought that beneath the world are the everlasting arms. O, thou God of love and goodness and guidance! Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith, triumphant over fears, are all with Thee, are all with Thee. Thou armest man for exploits.

MONARCH MALLEABLE

The "Stay Satisfactory" Range



Style "A"

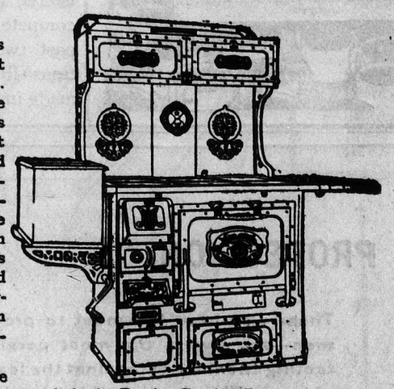
Blacking is unnecessary with a "MONARCH," the top is highly polished and turns steel blue with use. Wiping with a moist cloth is all that is required to keep in perfect condition.

The joints are strengthened by malleable angles riveted to the body, making a perfectly solid framework. Stove putty is not necessary in a Monarch—all seams are made air-tight and dust-tight by riveting.

The oven is made of the heaviest steel plate, securely riveted to the malleable frame.

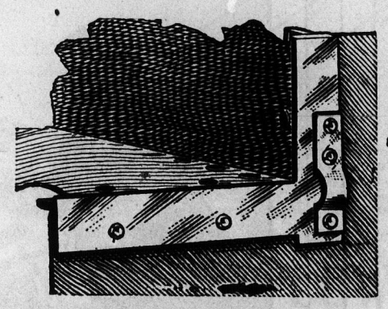
Style "G"

The seams are air-tight and dust-tight. The relative size of the flues surrounding it has been fixed only after exhaustive experiment. The result is an even heat on all sides of the oven, and baking temperature with an ordinary cooking fire.



A feature found in this range only is the Duplex Draft. Dampers open in front and back, insuring an even fire, consuming all the fuel and heating both front and back lids equally. It works wonders.

Any fuel can be burned economically in a "MONARCH"



Write for Descriptive Booklet

"The Range That Saves"

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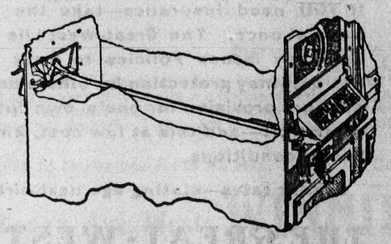
A turn of the shaker fits the grate for either coal or wood.



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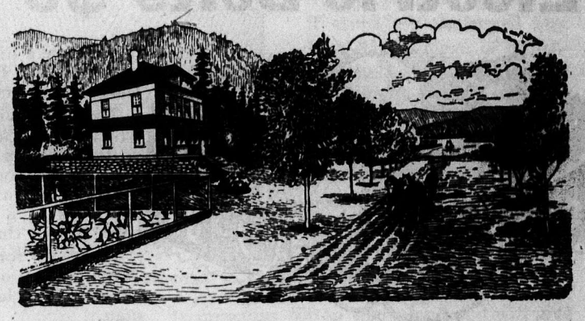

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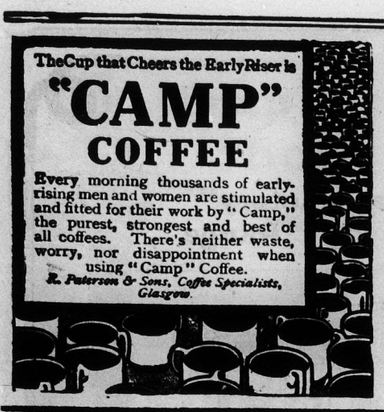

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Yet many a man, whose family depends solely on his earnings, takes chances with the highest of all forms of protection—Life Insurance. He hesitates to make the only provision in his power against the uncertainties of life.

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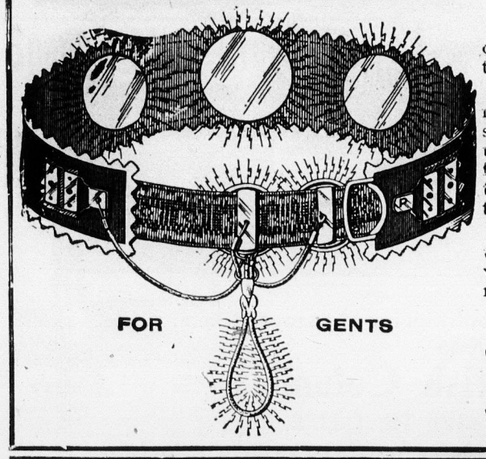

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CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

First Prayer at Hanney's.

By John Habberton.

Hanney's Diggins certainly needed a missionary, if any place ever did; but, as one of the boys once remarked during a great lack of water, "It had to keep on a-needin'." Zealous men came up by steamer via the Isthmus, and seemed to consume with their fiery haste to get on board the vessel for China and Japan, and carry the glad tidings to the heathen. Self-sacrificing souls gave up home and friends and hurried across, overland, to brave the Pacific and bury themselves among the Australasian savages. But, though they all passed in sight of Hanney's, none of them paused to give any attention to the souls who had flocked there. Men came out from 'Frisco and the East to labor with the Chinese miners, who were the only peaceable and well-behaved people in the mines; but the white-faced, good-natured, hard-swearing, generous, heavy-drinking, enthusiastic, murderous Anglo-Saxons they let severely alone. Perhaps they thought that hearts in which the good seed had once been sown, but failed to come up into fruit, were barren soil; perhaps they thought it preferable to be killed and eaten by cannibals than to be tumbled into a gulch by a revolver-shot, while the shootist strolled calmly off in company with his approving conscience, never thinking to ascertain whether his bullet had completed the business, or whether a wounded man might not have to fight death and coyotes together.

At any rate the missionaries left Hanney's alone. If anyone with an unquenchable desire to carry the Word where it is utterly unknown, a digestion without fear, and a full-proof article of common-sense (these last two requisites are absolute), should be looking for an eligible location, Hanney's is just the place for him. If he has several dozens of similarly constituted friends, they can all find similar locations by betaking themselves to any mining camp in the West.

As Hanney's had no preacher, it will readily be imagined it had no church. With the first crowd who located there came an insolvent rum-seller from the East. He called himself Pentecost, which was as near his right name as is usual with miners, and the boys dubbed his shop "Pentecost Chapel" at once. The name, somehow, reached the East, for within a few months there reached the post-office at Hanney's a document addressed to "Preacher in charge of Pentecost Chapel." The postmaster went up and down the brook in high spirits and told the boys: they instantly dropped shovel and pan, formed line and escorted the postmaster and document to the chapel. Pentecost acknowledged the joke and stood treat for the crowd, after which he solemnly tore the wrapper and disclosed the report of a certain missionary society. Modestly expressing his gratification of the honor, and his unworthiness of it, he moved that old Thomspon, who had the loudest voice in the crowd should read the report aloud, he, Pentecost, volunteering to furnish Thompson all necessary spirituous aid during the continuance of his task. Thompson promptly signified his acquiescence, cleared his throat with a glass of amber-colored liquid, and commenced, the boys meanwhile listening attentively and commenting critically.

"Too much cussed heavenly twang,"

"Thompson gracefully concluded his service by passing the hat."

observed one, disapprovingly, as one letter largely composed of Scriptural extracts, was read.

"Why the deuce didn't he shoot?" indignantly demanded another, as a tale of escape from heathen pursuers was read.

"Shet up wimmin in a dered dark room! Well. I'll be durned!" soliloquized a yellow-haired Missourian, as Thompson read an account of a Zenana. "Reckon they'd set an infernal sight higher by wimmin if they wuz in the diggins' six months—hey fellers?"

"You bet!" they emphatically responded.

Before the boys became very restive Thompson finished the phamphlet, including a few lines on the cover, which stated that the society was greatly in need of funds, and that contributions might be sent to the society's financial agent in Boston. Thompson gracefully concluded his service by passing the hat, with the following net result: Two revolvers, one double-barrelled pistol, three knives, one watch, two rings (both home-made, valuable and ugly), a pocket-inkstand, a silver tobacco box, and forty or fifty ounces of dust and nuggets. Boston Bill, who was notoriously absent-minded, dropped in a pocket-comb, but on being sternly called to order by old Thompson, cursed himself most fluently, and redeemed his

disgraceful contribution with a gold double-eagle. The remaining non-legal tenders were then converted into gold-dust, and the whole dispatched by express, with a grim note from Pentecost, to the society's treasurer at Boston. As the society was controlled by a denomination which does not understand how good can come out of evil, no detail of this contribution ever appeared in print. But a few months thereafter there did appear at Hanney's a thin-chested, large-headed youth, with a heavily loaded mule, who announced himself as duly accredited by the aforementioned society to preach the Gospel among the miners. The boys received him cordially, and Pentecost offered him the nightly hospitality of curling up to sleep in front of the bar-room fire-place. His mule's load proved to consist largely of tracts, which he vigorously distributed, and which the boys used to wrap up dust in. He nearly starved while trying to learn to cook his own food, so some of the boys took him in and fed him. He tried to persuade the boys to stop drinking, and they good-naturedly laughed; but when he attempted to break up the "little game," which was the only amusement of the camp—the only steady amusement, for fights were short and irregular—the camp rose in its wrath, and the young man hastily rose and went for his mule.

But at the time of which this story treats a missionary would have fared even worse, for the boys were wholly absorbed by a very unrighteous, but still very darling, pleasure. A pair of veteran knifeists, who had fought each other at sight for almost ten years every time they met, had again found themselves in the same settlement, and Hanney's had the honor to be that particular settlement. "Judge" Briggs, one of the heroes, had many years before discussed with his neighbor, Billy Bent, the merits of two opposing brands of mining shovels. In the course of the chat they drank considerable villianous whisky, and naturally resorted to knives as final arguments. The matter might have ended here had either gained a decided advantage over the other; but both were skilful—each inflicted and received so near the same number of wounds that the wisest men in camp were unable to decide which whipped. Now, to average Californians in the mines, this is a most distressing state of affairs; the spectators and friends of the combatants waste a great deal of time, liquor and blood on the subject, while the combatants themselves feel unspeakably uneasy on the neutral ground between victory and defeat. At Sonora, were Billy and the Judge had their first encounter, there was no verdict so the Judge indignantly shook the dust from his feet and went elsewhere. Soon Billy happened in at the same place, and a set-to occurred at sight, in which the average was not disarranged. Both men went about, for a month or so, in a patched-up condition, and then Billy roamed off, to be soon met by the Judge, with the usual result. Both men were known by reputation through the gold regions, and the advent of either at any "gulch" or "washin'," was the best advertisement the saloon-keeper could desire.

Hanney's had been fairly excited for a week, for the Judge had arrived the week before, and his points had been carefully scrutinized and weighed time and again, by every man in the camp. There seemed nothing unusual about him—he was of medium size, with long hair and beard, a not unpleasant expression and very dirty clothes; he never jumped a claim, always took his whisky straight, played as fair a game of poker as the average of the boys, and never stole a mule from any one whiter than a Mexican. The boys had just about ascertained all this, and made their "blind" bets on the result of the next fight when the whole camp was convulsed with the intelligence that Billy Bent had also arrived. Work immediately ceased, except in the immediate vicinity of the champions, and the boys stuck close to the chapel, that being the spot where the encounter should naturally take place. Miners thronged in from fifty miles around, and nothing but a special mule express saved the camp from the horror of Pentecost's bar being adequate to the demand. Between "straight bets" and "hedging" most of the gold dust in camp had been "put up," for a bet is the only Californian backing of an opinion As the men did not seem to seek each other, the boys had ample time to "grind things down to a pint," as the camp concisely expressed it, and the matter had given excuse for a dozen minor fights, when order was suddenly restored one afternoon by the entrance of Billy and his neighbors just as the Judge and his neighbors were finishing a drink.

The boys immediately and silently formed a ring, on the outer edge of which were massed all the men who had been outside, and who came pouring in like flies before a shower. No one squatted or hugged the wall, for it was understood that these two men fought only with knives, so the spectators were in a state of abject safety.

The Judge after settling for the drinks turned and saw for the first time his enemy.

"Hello, Billy!" said he, pleasantly: "let's take a drink first."

Billy, who was a red-haired man with a snapping turtle mouth, but not a vicious-looking man for all that, briefly replied, "all right," and these two determined enemies clinked their glasses with the unconcern of mere social drinkers.

But, after this, they proceeded promptly to business; the Judge, who was rather slow in his guard, was the owner of a badly-cut arm within three minutes by the bar-keeper's watch.

There was a busy hum during the adjustment of bets on "first blood," and the combatants very considerably refrained from doing serious injury during this temporary distraction, but within five minutes more they had exchanged chest wounds, but too slight to be dangerous.

Betting became furious—each man fought so splendidly, that the boys were wild with delight and enthusiasm. Bets were roared back and forth, and when Pentecost, by virtue of his universally conceded authority, commanded silence, there was a great deal of finger-telegraphy across the circle, and head shaking in return.

Farmers, Do not be Wasteful

That pile of Barnyard manure which is each year growing larger and larger is of no use whatever where it is, but if spread over your land it would be of inestimable value. Labor is too scarce and expensive to handle it in the old way, but the work can be done with half the cost, and the results will be three times as great if you use a

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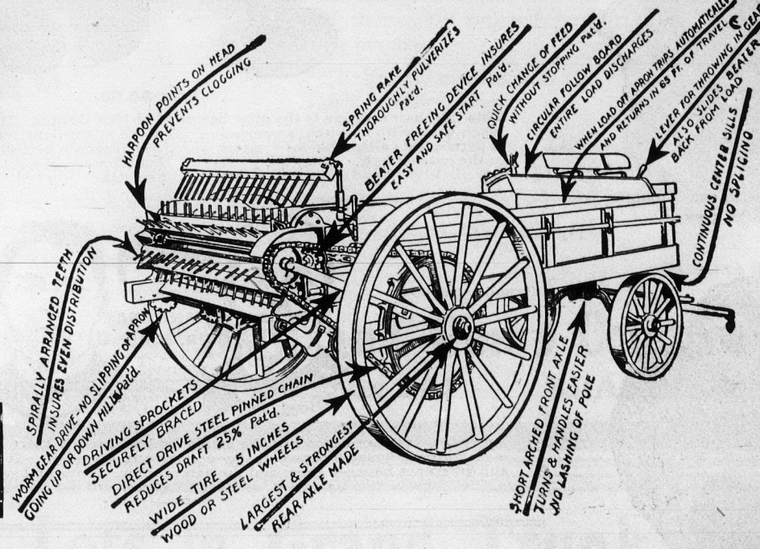

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30, 40 50, 70 Bushels

The Paris Plow Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man.

Portage La Prairie, June 14, 1907.

Sirs.—In reference to the Success Manure Spreader purchased last year from your Agents here I beg to say it has given the best of satisfaction. It is a great labor saver, and distributes the manure so evenly that the very best results are obtained. I use it largely for top dressing, and find that a light coating, about six loads to the acre, will ripen the crop much earlier. The Success does excellent work, is well and strongly made, the beater freeing device being a particularly important feature. I consider it a good investment, and an implement that should be on every farm.—Yours truly, J. W. YUILL.

The sooner you order a "Success" the sooner you will reap the benefits to be derived from its use. Send for Catalogue.

THE PARIS PLOW CO., 937 Logan Ave. West WINNIPEG

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Ordinarily there is a risk in buying binder twine at this season of the year. There is a possibility of crops being ruined by hail, rust or excessive rains. But in buying from us you take no risk, for if crops are destroyed you have the privilege of returning the twine to us, and getting your money back.

Nor do you take any risk of getting inferior twine, for our guarantee protects you; if the twine is not evenly woven and strong; if it will not run freely through the knotter on your binder return it to us, and we will promptly refund your money.

We are selling the **Diamond E Golden Manila Binder Twine.** It is made specially for us by a leading manufacturer, and contains about 50 per cent of pure Manila. It measures 550 to the pound and will give perfect satisfaction. We know it to be the best grade of 550 foot twine offered for sale, and we know that our prices are a lot lower than you have been accustomed to pay for this quality of twine.

Our Prices are 11⅞c. per Pound at Winnipeg 12c. at Brandon, 12¼c. at Regina, and 12½c. at Calgary.

To these Prices must be added the Local Freight Rates from any one of these points to the point to which you want your Twine Delivered.

The most economical way to buy twine, is in car lots. You can get it laid down anywhere in Manitoba for 12c., which is an exceedingly low price for this grade of twine. Have your neighbors combine with you, and send your orders all together, and even if you have not a full car, send them to us, for it is quite possible we have other orders for your station that will make up the car lot. If not, we will see that you get the twine in the cheapest way possible.

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CORONATION CURLS

Coiffure dressed with our Coronation Curls and Pompadour.

Price $6.00.

This new hair creation is the most beautiful of hair devices. It is equally as charming when worn with a switch, a pompadour, or alone. It is light, cool and comfortable, and is particularly adaptable for summer wear. They match perfectly the color and texture of the natural hair. They are so formed that they are absolutely undetectable under the closest scrutiny.

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Pompadour Bang.
To be worn on the outside.
$12 to $15.

Prompt attention to Mail Orders.

Consultation Free and Private.

Bouey Toupees are a boon to the man who has lost his hair. There are hundreds of men wearing Bouey Toupees to-day and no one knows it. It is impossible to detect any difference between them and the natural hair. Come and see us about it. We will prove this statement. A demonstration will not cost you anything.

2½ in., 1st Quality, $10.00.

BOUEY'S,

The Manitoba Hair Goods Co.,

301 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Phone 1662.

Such exquisite carving had never before been seen at Hanney's—that was freely admitted by all. Men pitied absent miners all over the State, and wondered why this delightful lingering, long-drawn-out system of slaughter was not more popular than the brief and commonplace method of the revolver. The Webfoot rapturously and softly quoted the good Doctor Watts:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,
nd——"

when suddenly his cup of bliss was dashed to the ground, for Billy, stumbling, fell upon his own knife and received a severe cut in the abdomen.

Wounds of this sort are generally fatal, and the boys had experience enough of such matters to know it. In an instant the men who had been calmly viewing a life-and-death conflict bestirred themselves to help the sufferer. Pentecost passed the bottle of brandy over the counter; half a dozen men ran to the spring for cold water; others hastily tore off coats, and even shirts, with which to soften a bench for the wounded man. No one went for the Doctor, for that worthy had been viewing the fight professionally from the first, and had knelt beside the wounded man at exactly the right moment. After a brief examination he gave his opinion in the following professional style:

"No go, Billy; you're done for."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, who had watched the docter with breathless interest; "ain't ther' no chance?"

"Nary," replied the Doctor, decidedly.

"I'm a ruined man—I'm a used-up cuss," said the Judge, with a look of bitter anguish. "wish I'd gone under, too."

"Easy, old hoss," suggested one of the boys; "you didn't do him, yer know."

"That's what's the matter!" roared the Judge savagely; "nobody'll ever know which of us whipped."

And the Judge sorrowfully took himself off, declining most resolutely to drink.

Many hearts were full of sympathy for the Judge; but the poor fellow on the bench seemed to need most just then. He had asked for some one who could write, and was dictating, in whispers, a letter to some person. Then he drank some brandy, and then some water; then he freely acquitted the judge of ever having fought any way but fairly. But still his mind seemed burdened. Finally, in a very thin, weak voice, he stammered out:

"I don't want—to make—to make it uncomfortable—for—for any of—you fellers, but—is ther' a—a preacher in the camp?"

The boys looked at each other inquiringly; men from every calling used to go to the mines, and no one would have been surprised if a backsliding priest, or even bishop, had stepped to the front. But none appeared, and the wounded man, after looking dispairingly from one to another, gave a smothered cry.

"Oh, God, hez a miserable wretch got to cut hisself open, and then flicker out, without anybody to say a prayer for him?"

The boys looked sorrowful—if gold dust could have bought prayers, Billy would have had a first-class assortment in an instant.

"There's Deacon Adams over to Pattin's," suggested a bystander; "an' they do say he's a reg'lar riproarer at prayin'! But 'twould take four hours to go and fetch him."

"Too long," said the doctor.

"Down in Mexico, at the cathedral," said another, "they pray for a feller after he's dead when yer pay 'em fur it, an' they sey it's jist the thing—sure pop. I'll give yer my word, Billy, and no go back, that I'll see the job done up in style fur yer, ef that's any comfort."

"I want to hear it myself," groaned the sufferer; "I don't feel right; can't nobody pray—nobody in the crowd?"

Again the boys looked inquiringly at each other, but this time it was a little shyly. If he had asked for someone to go out and steal a mule, or kill a bear, or gallop a buck-jumping mustang to 'Frisco, they would have fought for the chance; but praying—praying was entirely out of their line.

The silence became painful; soon slouched hats were hauled down over moist eyes, and shirt sleeves and bare arms seemed to find something unusual to attend to in the boys' faces. Big Brooks commenced to blubber aloud, and was led out by old Thompson, who wanted a chance to get out of doors so he might break down in private. Finally matters were brought to a crisis by Mose—no one knew his other name. Mose uncovered a sandy head, face and beard, and remarked:

"I don't want to put on airs in this here crowd, but ef nobody else ken say a word to the Lord about Billy Bent, I'm a-goin' to do it myself. It's a bizness I've never bin in, but ther's nothing like tryin'. This meetin' 'll cum to order to wunst."

"Hats off in church, gentlemen!" commanded Pentecost.

Off came every hat, and some of the boys knelt down, as Mose knelt beside the bench and said:

"Oh, Lord, here's Billy Bent needs 'tendin' to! He's panned out his last dust, an', he seems to have a purty clear idee that this is his last chance. He wants you to give him a lift, Lord, an' it's the opinion of this house thet he needs it. 'Taint none of our bizness what he's done, and ef it wuz, you'd know more about it than we cud tell yer; but it's mighty sartin that a cuss that's been in the diggins fur years needs a sight of mendin' up before he kicks the bucket."

"That's so," responded two or three emphatically.

"Billy's down, Lord, an' no decent man b'lieves that the Lord 'ud hit a man when he's down, so there's one or two things got to be done—either he's got to be let alone, or he's got to be helped. Lettin' him alone won't do him or anybody else enny good, so helpin's the holt, an' as enny one of us tough fellers would help ef we knew how to, it's only fair to suppose thet the Lord 'll do it amighty sight quicker. Now, what Billy needs is to see the thing in that light, and you can make him do it a good deal better than we ken. It's mighty little fur the Lord to do, but it's meat an' drink an' clothes to Billy just now. When we wuz boys, sum uv us read some promises ef you'rn in thet book thet was writ agood spell ago by chaps in the Old Country, an' though Sunday-school teachers and preachers mixed the matter up in our minds, an' got us all tangle-footed, we know they're dar, an' you'll know what we mean. Now, Lord, Billy's jest the boy—he's a hard case, so you can't find no better staff to work on—he's in a bad fix, thet we can't do nuthin' fur, so it's jest yer chance. He ain't exactly the chap to make an A Number One Angel of, but he ain't the man to forget a friend, so he'll be a handy feller to hev aroun'."

"Feel any better, Billy?" said Mose, stopping the prayer for a moment.

"A little," said Billy feebly; "but you want to tell the whole yarn. I'm sorry for all the wrong I've dont."

"He's sorry for all his deviltry, Lord——"

"An' I ain't got nothin' agin the Judge," continued the sufferer.

"An' he don't bear no malice agin the Judge, which he should'nt, seein' he ginerally gin as good as he took. An' the long an' short of it, Lord, is jest this—he's dyin', an' he wants a chance to die with his mind easy, an' nobody else can make it so, so we leave the whole job in your hands, only puttin' in, fur Billy's comfort, thet we recollect hearing how yer fergiv' a dyin' thief, an' thet it ain't likely yer a-goin' to be harder on a chap thet's alwas paid fur what he got. Thet's the whole story. Amen."

Billy's hand, rapidly growing cold, reached for that of Mose, and he said, with considerable effort:

"Mose, yer came in ez handy as a nugget in a gone up claim. God bless yer, Mose. I feel better inside. Ef I get through the clouds, an' hev a livin' chance to say a word to them as is the chiefs dar, that word'll be for you, Mose. God bless yer, Mose, an' ef my blessin's no account, it can't cuss yer, ennyhow. This claim's washed out, fellers, an' here goes the last shovelful, to see ef there's enny gold in it er not."

And Billy departed this life, and the boys drank to the repose of his soul.

New Imperial Anthem.

A new anthem, the words of which were written by Joseph C. Todd, music by G. Herbert Parker, is being sold and circulated in Lngiand.

It was written in commemoration of The Colonial Premiers' visit. In a letter to this magazine Joseph C. Todd, the writer of the anthem, informs us that his anthem has been accepted by His Most Gracious Majesty The King, the Prince of Wales, and each of the Colonial Premiers.. The following are the words:—

God bless our Empire vast;
O'er it Thy mercy cast,
Proctecting power;
May every colony,—
And each dependency,—
Be true to all, and Thee;
Their shield and tower.

Where northern lights do glow
On glacier, berg, and snow,
In arctic zone;
Where the fierce tropic pains;
Where fall torrential rains;
O'er range, and torrid plains:—
Reign;—Thee alone!

God bless our Motherland;
May she for ever stand,
Home of the free;
Head of all nations' laws;—
First in each noble cause;—
Averter still of wars;—
Make her to be.

Bless Thou our Sovereign King;
May his reign ever bring
Honor and peace;
And though the seas divide;
Let every branch abide
Staunch to its source, and guide;
And strong in Thee.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Blouse Waists. It seems to me that every month I mention these garments, but it is hardly possible to write a fashion letter without doing so. The latest novelty is the net or lace waist with the Japanese sleeve. Some of these sleeves are very extreme but the moderate Japanese sleeve in this material is not only cool and comfortable but really very smart. There is a rage for Japanese effects just now, mainly I think, because they accord so well with the Empire effects. All the latest fancy evening coats show Japanese sleeves. This is not such an innovation, however, as this type of sleeve in a lace blouse. A few of the summer and Pongee silk waists show the same style of sleeve. If you find difficulty in getting the correct pattern just get your local storekeeper to let you cut it off any one of the Japanese dresssing gowns he is sure to have in stock. I have not yet seen it listed among the Butterick patterns, though no doubt it will be by the end of the month.

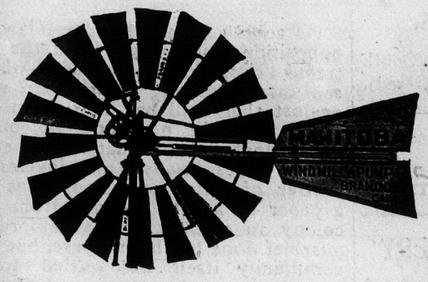
Sunbonnets. I desire to make mention of a sunbonnet that has jumped into sudden favor for outing trips as it combines all the virtues of the old time sunbonnet without being so close and hot. It is marvellously becoming to a pretty girl, particularly if she have roguish eyes to peep out from under its brim. I have not been able to get a pattern of it, but I do not think it would be difficult to make without one. It is held on the head by an elastic run in a casing round the full crown. It fits over the mass of the hair and brings no pressure on the head.

Mother Love.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still;
If I were drowned in the deepest sea.
I know whose tears would come down to me;
If I were damned in body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole;
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.
—Rudyard Kipling.

ALL TELL THE SAME STORY

We are daily receiving letters of praise from pleased customers for whom our staff of experts are constantly erecting one of the



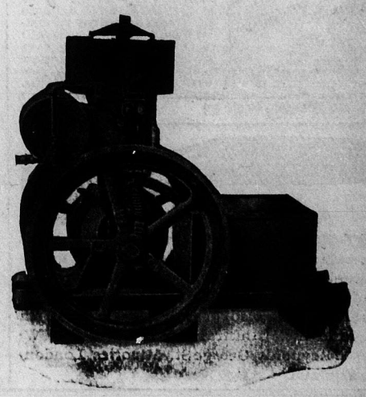
Manitoba

Gasoline Engines or Windmills

Fitted up with one of our Grinders, Steel Frame Wood Saws, Steel Tanks or Pumps, that they are highly pleased and thoroughly satisfied with their purchase.

The general excellence of our goods is unsurpassed.

"THE MANITOBA"



GASOLINE ENGINES 24 & 26 H.P

Manitoba Gasoline Engines can be furnished in all sizes. They will run the cream separator, pump water, saw wood, and do any similar work for which a reliable farm power is required. They run without trouble, and give long service. Satisfied customers endorse our claims. Write for catalogue.

Manitoba Windmill and Pump Company, Limited

Manufacturers Box 301 BRANDON, MAN.

Buy Lots in Grand Trunk Entrance

There is Big Money in Them.

A Street n C. P. R. Town, Winnipeg.

Note the above picture, it is a new street in C. P. R. town, Winnipeg. Three years ago we put this sub-division on the market and sold it. We advised our friends and the public to buy property adjacent to the C. P. R. shops, they heeded our advice and bought and have trebled their money since on the investment.

GRAND TRUNK ENTRANCE

To-day we say to the investing public, buy Grand Trunk Entrance lots. Why? Because history will again repeat itself as in the case of the C.P.R. town lots. The new Grand Trunk shops at Winnipeg will give steady employment to several thousand skilled mechanics the whole year around. These men with their families will be obliged to live close to their work. When the rush into Grand Trunk town starts, building lots will jump up in price. If you buy now at the present price, viz. $125 and $150 a lot you will be getting in on the ground floor, which will enable you to sell out at a big advance in price later on.

The price of each lot is only $125 and $150. Terms—a first payment of $10 and the balance in monthly payments of $5. Write us at once for our illustrated booklet **"Multiplied Dollars"** and you'll find wealth in the very wind of your prairie home.

MAIL THIS TO-DAY

Mail me your Illustrated Booklet "Multiplied Dollars" and full information of your G. T. Entrance property without delay.

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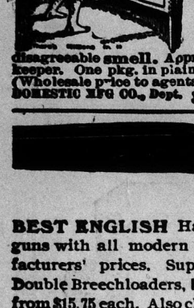
247 Notre Dame Ave.,

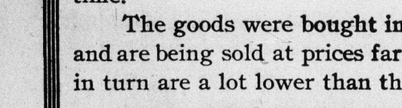
WINNIPEG.



Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill 1,000,000 bugs. Leaves no stain, dust, dirt or disagreeable smell. Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drug trade $1 per dozen.)

DOMESTIC MFG CO., Dept. 32 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN



BEST ENGLISH Hammer and Hammerless guns with all modern improvements at manufacturers' prices. Superior far-killing 12 bore Double Breechloaders, **Entirely English Made,** from $15.75 each. Also cheap quality Doubles from $9.75. Rifles etc. Illustrated Price List, free. W. James & Reynolds, George St., Minories, London, E. C. England.

Clear Your House

— OF —

Bugs and Roaches.

Send 25c for one trial tin of the South African Bug and Roach Killer (registered), absolutely non-poisonous. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

A. NATHAN

149 Ontario Street West MONTREAL

WALLACHIAN EMBROIDERY

FREE INSTRUCTIONS for that newest and richest of all embroideries. Every stitch illustrated and explained and latest designs shown for shirt waists, hats, corset covers, pillow tops, centers, etc. Perforated patterns and stamped goods at lowest prices. Send your name and address to-day to Avallone and Rape, Box 106, Chicago, Ill.

Our Midsummer Sale Catalogue

OUR Midsummer Sale Catalogue has just been issued; if you have been in the habit of getting our catalogues, a copy should now be in your hands. If not, let us know at once, for the one sent you has gone astray.

And if you have never heretofore received our catalogues, let us know, and we will see that you get one by return mail.

Compared to our regular catalogue, our sale catalogue is small, but it is interesting nevertheless.

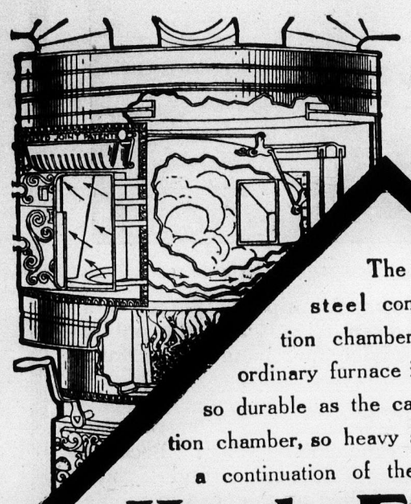
Every item in it is a bargain. It is a case of extending to our mail order customers the extraordinary money-saving opportunities that the people of Winnipeg enjoy from time to time.

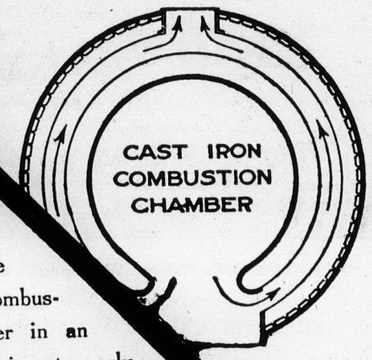
The goods were bought in a very special way for this sale, and are being sold at prices far below our regular prices, which in turn are a lot lower than the prices usually charged.

Write for the Catalogue at once. It is sent free on request.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG - - CANADA





The steel combustion chamber in an ordinary furnace is not nearly so durable as the cast iron combustion chamber, so heavy as to be practically a continuation of the firepot, in the

Hecla Furnace

There is no possibility of gas, dust, or smoke escaping through the registers. Its patent fused joints, found alone in the Hecla, prevent this.

Write for Catalogue to Winnipeg Branch.

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Manufactured by

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED PRESTON.

Western Agents:

CLARE & BROCKEST WINNIPEG

Will Women Vote as Husbands Wish?

By EDITH S. CROSSMAN.

As soon as the bill became law all opposition died away. Even the extreme conservative women whose sad case in being driven to vote against their will had long been exposed to public pity, now welcomed martyrdom with resignation and even zeal. Occasionally an inveterate praiser of past times publishes in a paper at a safe distance from the colony an account of the deplorable mischief done by the measure, but the community itself has settled down contentedly under the new system and has discovered with some surprise that things remain much as before. There have been changes, but nothing in the nature of a catastrophe or a millennium.

New Zealand, which had been the first country within the empire to open her university to women, also was the pioneer in granting them the vote. This right was won partly by agitation among the sex concerned and partly by concession from the sex that had the power to grant. In using the term agitation it is only fair to guard against conveying any impression of noisiness or disorder. The victory was won without loss of dignity among its advocates. Their motto, as a member of the national council explained, was evolution, not revolution. No speakers were interrupted by them and no forced visits paid to private houses. There indeed was and still is rather an excess than an absence of diffidence, and the difficulty was to draw them forward. The most zealous workers among them were sincerely desirous of having not only women, but all the best that is meant by womanhood represented in the state.

Their chief mistake was the natural one of all untried enthusiasts—they greatly overestimated the good that would be brought about. Women, they argued, have a higher moral standard than men and their influence cannot fail to purify and elevate public life. But from the first they stood on the broad general principle that each sex, like every class, understands best its own interests and has a just claim to be represented in the state. New Zealand had manhood suffrage, excluding only legal infants, imbeciles, and convicts, and nothing but prejudice still continued to bar women.

The results of the enfranchisement have a peculiar interest just now. An instantaneous change came over the conduct of elections. When a young girl, I well remember seeing an election mob come surging along the High street of Christchurch, the policemen riding to and fro trying to disperse them, while women and children sought refuge in the nearest shops. The first election day after the new act presented a transformation scene. It was kept as general holiday and fortunately the day was bright. Families and friends went together to the schoolrooms and to local postoffices—fathers, mothers, daughters, and sons, and often little children with them, in their best attire, all cheerful and eagerly interested. Rowdyism completely disappeared from that date forward on the day itself, and now when it shows at all it is at night, when women are no longer abroad.

The power of the democracy has been immensely increased. As we look backward it seems strange that this result was not foreseen. Both liberals and conservatives had been doubtful how large a percentage of women would vote at all. So many had publicly protested their disgust at any unwomanly concern with the welfare of the country. But even the opposition papers changed their tactics as soon as the bill became law, and urged conservative women, whatever scruples they might have about the measure, to sacrifice them now to the duty of preventing their party from being swamped. The liberals were bent on bringing their new recruits into the field. The argument of indifference was effectively disposed of when soon after the act had become law 90,290 women, as against 129,792 men, used their new voting powers.

It must be admitted that a large number, perhaps the majority of women, still vote under the influence of their husbands or fathers. Perhaps this is not altogether an evil. But there is a considerable minority, which is gradually increasing, which thinks and acts for itself. The franchise has been a political education for women and has roused them to an interest which they could not feel while it seemed outside their sphere.

The agitation already had given birth to some women's political societies. These now increased until there was one in every town of importance. Some of these societies united to send members to the women's national council, a sort of unrecognized and self-elected parliament, meeting annually at one of the chief centres and discussing in detail an extensive program of reform. The subjects discussed may serve to show what direction political women are likely to take. Many are concerned with their own sex—e. g., regulations about shopgirls' labor, the economic independence of women, and equality of wages when both sexes are doing equal work. Other subjects deal with children—especially their education, and the care of poor and destitute children. They have proclaimed themselves a peace society.

The increased political activity of women has not led to the dire results prophesied by the anti-suffragists. Domestic life has not even been disturbed. The married people who quarrel over politics are those who are bound to quarrel over something. Where the two are agreed, or where the husband's influence predominates, they vote alike. Where the wife thinks and acts for herself she is generally strong enough to have her judgment respected by her husband. Homes have not been neglected. The time spent in recording a vote every three years is a negligible quantity. Political women certainly spend some considerable share of their time in public work. But even with them it is not nearly so absorbing and so destructive of home life as the common round of social gaieties. Politics is regarded by many of them as a more effectual means of philanthropy than charity has yet proved.

It must not be forgotten that they still are debarred from any direct legislative or executive functions. All they have done has been through the agency of men.

Pointers about Roofing.

There is about as much difference between the various kinds of roofing sold, as there is between good and bad weather. All roofing is some good, some roofing is much superior to others. Paroid roofing has been made and sold since 1817, its improvements extend over a period of nearly one hundred years, until now it is the acme of perfection. It has stood the test of time, and is more popular to-day among the best builders than any other kind of roofing in the market.

The chief reason for this, is that it is better made, the best materials are used. Its basis is better, tougher and more durable, thicker smoother and more pliable than any other roofing manufactured. It is the only roofing laid with square, rust proof caps which do not rust nor work loose and which have the largest binding surface. Send for free sample and examine for yourself. Send four cents in stamps to cover postage and this firm will send you free their new 48 page book of compete plans for farm, poultry, dairy and live stock buildings. This book is indispensable to all who contemplate building. When writing, mention the Western Home Monthly. Address F. W. Bird & Son, 937 Logan Ave., Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG PIANO COMPANY RECEIVES.

The Winnipeg Piano & Organ Co. received for the first time Monday afternoon, June 24th, after the extensive alterations had been completed upon the interior of their warerooms.

Visitors thronged the place throughout the afternoon and evening and a thorough interest was taken by all in the splendid display of instruments. Bell pianos were shown in large numbers, in all their many tasty designs and were uniquely arranged throughout.

The store was a scene of activity throughout the day and the passers by seemed struck by the ingeniously arranged mirrors in the windows, giving the appearance of many frontages.

Upon entering the front show-room, which is quite large, was first seen at the window the Autonola, a player-piano of magnificent design. This room was nicely decorated with palms and harmonizing with these the walls were of a soft green with a dado of dark green burlap with oak mouldings. From the metal ceiling hang three massive polished brass electroliers with cut glass globes the soft effect of which is beautiful. To the right is the general manager's office, partitioned with oak and chipped glass. To the left is a similar but larger office fixture which is the general offices where the bookkeepers, typewriters and cashier are stationed. At the back of this office stands an immense safe.

Passing through an oak archway leading into the piano showrooms you are brought into a fine hallway, off which are the parlors. This hall is beautifully decorated with picture panels on dull red leather and set with mirrors opposite the parlors. The first parlor is decorated with light green paper and a dado of dark green with gold moulding above and at ceiling. On the walls are seen picture panels of deer hunting scenes framed in gold.

The second parlor is of similar size but is decorated in blue and white, with white enamelled mouldings. The third parlor is hung with rick silk damask with gold trimmings and ornaments. The curtains throughout are of Indian muslin.

Behind these is the small concert room in which are arranged three Bell and three Knabe pianos including one grand also two Autonolas. This room has a raised platform and will be used for recitals. The decorations here are green and white with magnificent drop lights.

The basement parlors are reached from this latter room and large crowds were there listening to the different makes of talking machines—Victor, Edison, Columbia and Berliner—in the gramophone parlors.

In a parlor next to this, is carried what is undoubtedly the largest stock of records in Canada. This is also used as a salesroom.

Turning to the left toward the front of the basement you arrive at the organ parlor, where Bell organs in all the various designs are arranged.

At the front in the basement is situated the repairing rooms where all kinds of repairing and tuning is done, including gramophone repairing. In these rooms six men are constantly at work.

The reception was at its height from 4 to 5 p. m. Monday, many prominent musicians of Winnipeg being noticed in the crowd who congratulated the manager of the firm on the splendid changes made. Mr. F. E. Morris, the Canadian artist, rendered a programme both in the afternoon and evening to the great interest and enjoyment of all the guests. All spoke in words of the highest appreciation of the artistic manner the splendid selections were rendered.

Among the decorations were two oil paintings by Percy Grassby entitled "Reading from Homer" and "Caught in the Circle" which were much admired.

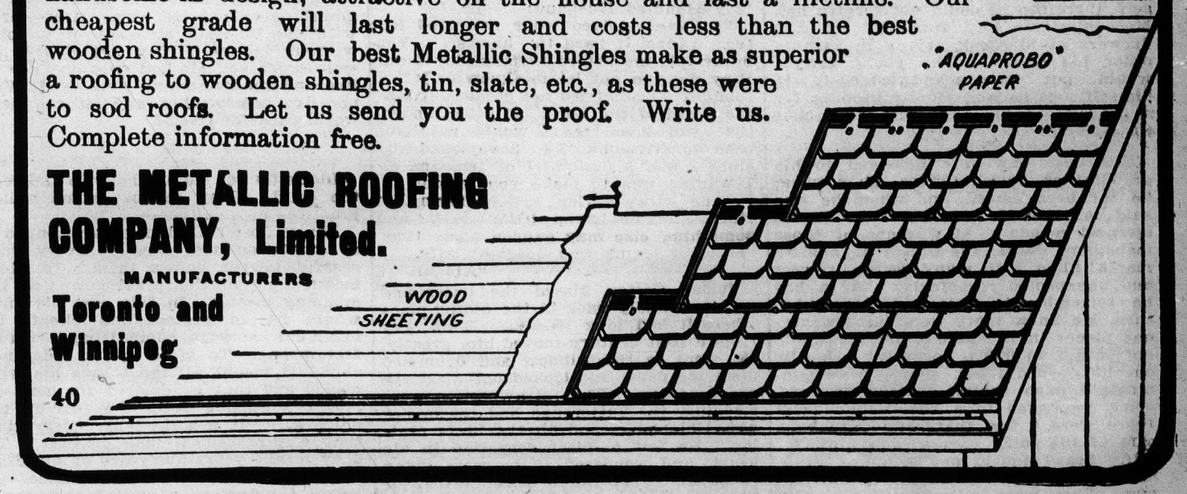
WHEN YOU COME TO THE ROOF
PUT ON OUR FAMOUS
EASTLAKE METALLIC SHINGLES

Lightning has no effect on them. They are absolutely fireproof. Rain and snow—heat and cold—can't rust, crack or warp them. The perfect fitting side lock (exclusively Eastlake) makes the roof absolutely leak-proof, and cost of putting on much less.

OUR GUARANTEE:

We guarantee Eastlake Metallic Shingles to be made of better material, more scientifically and accurately constructed, to be more easily applied, and will last longer than any other Metal Shingle on the market. Our guarantee is absolute. Our Shingles have been made since 1885.

Eastlake metallic Shingles are made either galvanized or painted. They are handsome in design, attractive on the house and last a lifetime. Our cheapest grade will last longer and costs less than the best wooden shingles. Our best Metallic Shingles make as superior a roofing to wooden shingles, tin, slate, etc., as these were to sod roofs. Let us send you the proof. Write us. Complete information free.



THE METALLIC ROOFING COMPANY, Limited.
MANUFACTURERS
Toronto and Winnipeg
40

Children's Frocks Like New

—and all the faded curtains, cushion-covers and other things—come out fresh and glowing—when you use the new soap-dye—

Maypole Soap

Fast shades, rich and even. Goes further—does better work with less trouble than the old-fashioned powder dyes.

Try it—and save money, time and worry.

Colours, 10c. Black, 15c. All dealers'—or from F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal. Full-size cake (mention colour) and booklet on Home Dyeing, sent for 10c. (black, 15c.) 62

DON'T STAY FAT

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be Sent You FREE—Do It To-Day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 90 W 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or Let them hear from you promptly.

This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

WHEN TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS

USE THE BEST MATERIALS.

THE

"WELLINGTON"

LATES, PAPERS AND FILMS

MADE IN ENGLAND

ARE THE BEST.

ask your dealer for these or write

THE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES

WARD & CO., 13 St. John Street,

MONTREAL.

Before storing knives oil then carefully and wrap them in paper. This is to keep them from rusting, but it will be well to inspect them occasionally, for they may need oiling again, and with rust prevention is certainly better than cure.

A shower of rain will often apparently ruin a silk dress or blouse. Before making sure that it has done so see what ironing it will do. Often the silk may be made to look quite new again by being ironed with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side. A piece of muslin laid over the silk prevents any chance of its being made shiny.

Pure Dry

The salt that *saves* money and *makes* money in the dairy—

Windsor Salt

Less of this evenly-dissolving, full-savoured salt goes farther and does more perfect work than more of any other salt.

If you use it, you know this. If you don't, there's better butter coming—just as soon as you get Windsor Salt from your dealer.

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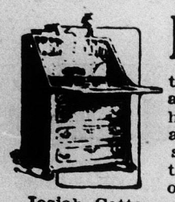
STORIES IN THE LIFE OF A MAN AND A WOMAN.

The Revealing Desk.



MR. COTTON closed the door softly. He went straight to his revolving chair and sat down, leaned his cheeks in his hands and peered without seeing anything into the quaint openings of his desk.

Josiah Cotton was the product of six generations of self-restraint; he was the extract of a hard-headed, warm-hearted Puritan ancestry. There was no bend in his square chin, and there was no quarter in his rapier-steel eyes. There comes a time when the iron bands of habit which confine emotion must break. To Josiah Cotton the time had come now. How could he blame his wife? His was the fault. The system in which his family had trained him was the assassin of love. A wall of steel had been cast before him, and advance was an impossibility. He saw no outlet. He could not forgive himself therefore he could not forgive her. Mechanically he fumbled at the drawers of his desk, trying in vain to order his mind. The young lawyer would not have acknowledged it to himself, but he was blindly groping for a solution of his difficulties and relief for his distress.

* * * * *

The desk had once belonged to his grandfather, Josiah Cotton, after whom he had been named, and whom he was said to resemble when he was in his sternest moods. It was one of those mahogany desks, the object of modern mania, filled with many secret drawers and unexpected receptacles. As a boy he remembered discovering these in turn. He knew there were just twenty-one places in it where a burglar would not be apt to find a document. One by one he opened these. Some were cunningly hidden behind obvious drawers, some responded to a secret touch, and there were a few that seemed to be a part of the solid, carved woodwork itself. Years ago in one of these latter he had discovered a bundle of old letters. They were yellow with age, and written in a crabbed hand, hard to decipher. He had not read them, but had replaced them carefully, with the instinct of reverence due his family belongings.

As Josiah's hand passed from one secret drawer to another it fell upon the quaint carving which separated the pigeonholes. It was like the back of an octavo volume and was made to pull out. As he drew this to him his eyes dropped upon the familiar package of dusty letters. Wearied with conflict and languid with curiosity, ready for any momentary diversion, he untied the faded ribbon and spread the papers before him. Casually he selected one from the many in the bunch and opened it. It was one of those almost antiquated letters in which the envelope and the missive were one and the same sheet. These were much used before the days of postage-stamps, and were sent on a personal frank.

* * * * *

It was dated "Boston, June 25, 1756, Hancock Tavern," and read as follows:

"My Honored Wife:

"It is my duty to advise you of my safe arrival in the town of Boston after a long and perilous journey. Although in hourly danger from Indians and wild beasts, I have had time for self-examination. I know that I am a hard man and have an unbending nature, and I can see with some clearness that a young female who has not a prayerful nature might find it hard to conform to my austerity. While I have rejoiced in the ways of the Lord you have rejoiced in the ways of man. It may be that I am too old or that you are too young for the sacrament of marriage. But, like Saul of Tarsus, even as I journeyed with great anger in my heart toward you, a light from Heaven smote me in the eyes and blinded me for a moment, but now I see clearly. God has dropped the scales from my vision, and the long and perilous journey has not been in vain. This letter I write to tell you that I do not blame you for your innocent pleasantries with that young man. Had I made my own home more agreeable possibly it would not have occurred. But, Abigail, my dear wife, I took you to my bosom because I loved you. I love you more to-day than ever, and I shall always love you and pray for your best happiness, wherever it may be found. May the blessing of God rest upon you. I am,

"Your obedient husband,

"Josiah Cotton."

The young man turned the yellow paper over. It was addressed to Mistress Abigail Cotton, South Street, Andover, Massachusetts. The letter dropped from his nerveless fingers and fell upon the polished mahogany. The husband started at this voice from another world as if it were the whispering of a ghost. From out of his fixed stare the handwriting of the next letter below arose as if it were embossed. It was different script from that of his great-grandfather. Instinctively he felt that here was the answer to the heart-throb that he had just touched. At first he dared not handle the letter. It seemed a desecration to disrobe a heart long dead, a heart that had erred, that had suffered the anguish of remorse, possibly the penalty of a disrupted home. He knew nothing of it. Ah, here was tragedy like his own. No matter in what century one lives, love is the same, vanity is the same, fidelity is the same and the anguish of their combination is the same.

* * * * *

Josiah reached out his hand and touched the letter tenderly. It was addressed to "Josiah Cotton, Esquire, Hancock Tavern, Boston," and began: "My Honored Husband:

"I have received your esteemed letter. I find it hard to answer. You never told me before that you loved me. Why did you not let me know of it? I thought you married me because it was the Word of the Lord. If I had known that you loved me I would not have been so frivolous. I have loved you since I was a little girl of ten, and all I wanted was to make you jealous.

"The strawberries are beginning to ripen. Jennie has a little calf, and something else may happen some time.

Your loving and obedient wife,

"Abigail."

Josiah Cotton kissed the letter and put it sacredly back in the hiding-place where it had long rested. This cry from a past century moved him greatly. He went to the window and drummed upon the pane, and looked out upon the green trees. The strawberries were ripening, the buttercups and the daisies were blooming, and all the birds nesting. He felt a queer sensation in his heart, and wondered if he were going to be ill. Then all at once the cap of the mountain was blown off; the volcano had burst.

"Great God!" he cried aloud; "what a brute I've been! and like a river of lava he rushed from the room.

* * * * *

He found his wife in her own room, staring distractedly out of a window. She was in that desperate state when she might have done anything. She felt it in her to commit undreamed-of crimes. In such a consciousness of frenzied injury a woman may fling herself away, body and soul. She stared at her husband haughtily as he burst into the room.

"What is the matter?" she said coldly. "Have I done anything else?"

"No!" he exploded.

He seized his wife in his arms and carried her to the sofa, laid her down tenderly upon it, and then knelt beside her.

"No," he repeated, "you haven't done anything else—you have never done anything. I wanted to tell you that I love you—I love you, and I want you to forgive me if you can."

Then with great reverence he bent over and kissed her wedding-ring. He did this with the ardor of an Oriental lover.

His wife, amazed, stared at him.

"Why, Mr. Cotton!" she said faintly. "Why, Josiah "

This was one of the inadequate replies which great emotional scenes often arouse. But it seemed to mean all that it did not say.

"I love you! I love you!" he urged with the embarrassment of a man who has repressed expression until it becomes almost impossible.

She lifted her trembling face.

"I thought lately you married because it was convenient. And I made a good figurehead in your house. I tried so hard."

"It is all my fault," interrupted Josiah fiercely. "I couldn't—I was brought up not to show my feelings. Can't you understand?"

The wife looked at her husband with fast brimming eyes. His reserve had been an impenetrable steel grille against which she beat in vain for admittance up the stairway of his heart. Now it was open before her.

"Oh, Josiah!" she cried, her arms, rigid for so long, curled themselves tenderly about his neck; "if you had only told me this before! Do you suppose"—she started up—"that I would have flirted with that callow fool, or that I would have looked at any other man but you——"

The sentence was never finished, for the man took his wife madly in his arms.

The Message in the Chair.

MOODILY Josiah Cotton strolled along the street, his smooth face, usually so firm and uncompromising, was vacillating and relaxed.

To his keen insight, as he walked, the whole world seemed easy, almost unmoral. The women he met looked as if they would sell their souls for diversion or dress. The men had little or no conscience in their countenances.

"Poor creatures!" Josiah Cotton thought; "storm-driven driftwood in the whirlpool of life!"

He seldom indulged in metaphor. Today his imagination, or what passed for it, was active. In vain he looked for one man or woman who dared to stem the maelstrom. If he could only catch a glimpse of a single noble personality, the product of honor, independence and of a simple life! What he craved was an island in this sea of moral flotsam. He was tired—tired with the eternal struggle of probity without income. Why not drift? It was easier so. He had only one life to live, and would be a long time dead. Why not live comfortably, and let the next world care for itself?

* * * * *

Ideals do not clothe the wife and feed the child. They do not extend a law practice—especially——

For to Josiah Cotton, attorney-at-law, a temptation had come. Every successful lawyer knows them. To yield meant a corporation practice and an increasing income. In this case his duty would be to protect his clients by legal chicanery in committing a manifest wrong. To yield meant independence. It meant all the things his wife needed and that he desired for her. It meant a ceasing from the fear of tomorrow. It meant,—why everything that a professional man craved. To deny meant years and years of grinding at the office, and economy at home. It meant the torture of seeing care carve a dear wife's face. It meant possible failure in the end; but it also meant the holding fast to those ideals for which his father had lived and his mother had prayed.

As the man strolled and argued he glanced into a shop window. This was stocked with bric-a-brac of an auctioneer's store—china of doubtful rarity, mahogany of questionable antiquity, and Oriental rugs made in Lyons. On one side, flanked by andirons, he noticed an old armchair. The longer he looked at it the more it assumed an air of familiarity. Could it be? It looked like the chair that stood in the parlor in his father's house: the chair his father had always sat in when he led family prayers. What memories cushioned themselves in its capacious seat. In that he used to curl like a dog when he came home from school to read. How often he read the things he should not! And when a family step drew near he used to tuck the reprehensible book or paper away in that depth where the seat and the back cushion met.

* * * * *

A freshet of tender memories assailed him as he looked at that dear old chair. He was sure now, for he knew it by a nicked cross on the left arm, that he had made with his jack-knife one rainy Sunday. No one else must ever use it again—his father's chair. Why, one of the deepest humiliations of his life was connected with that chair.

He couldn't have been more than fourteen, and he was surreptitiously absorbed at the time in the "Jack Harkaway" series in a lurid story paper given over to Indians, and murders, and detectives, and impossible boys.

He had come down early before breakfast, and, tucked up in his father's chair, he was whirling over a cataract in an Indian canoe, with a United States detective on his tracks, when a descending step sounded on the stairs. His grandmother, an old-fashioned, orthodox saint, was visiting the house at the time, and also his two aunts, his father's maiden sisters.

The lad had just time enough to tuck the lurid periodical into the depths of the chair when his grandmother entered.

Prayers always came after breakfast. The boy had no chance to rescue his contraband literature, and trembled lest it should rustle when his father took his accustomed seat.

After they had knelt down, and repeated as usual in unison the Lord's Prayer, his father drew from the back of his chair the guilty sheet and held it up in full view. How grotesque and vulgar the pictures looked!

"Mother," said the good man, looking at the old lady with apparent surprise, "I am shocked that you should read such literature at your age—you with your godly training!"

"Why, John!" exclaimed the pious lady indignantly.

"Martha"—shifting his spectacles, the catechist turned to his older sister—"did you hide this paper here?"

"Oh, no, John, I did not."

"Did you, Mary?" he addressed the younger lady.

"Certainly not; I never saw it before."

Then, turning to his only son as he foded the paper, with tenderness the father said: "I know that my son could never stoop to anything as low as this," and went out of the room.

The matter was not mentioned again, and from that day the boy never had anything to hide.

Decidedly Josiah Cotton could not lose that armchair—at any cost it must be his.

* * * * *

That evening the family inspected the new purchase with interest. The expressman brought it up after dinner, and it was the bedtime of the boy, Josiah's only son, named after the grandfather who used to offer up daily prayers, kneeling beside this relic of a God-fearing, stern home.

Josiah Cotton absorbed himself in the return of the prodigal armchair. He tried to forget that other matter. The decision that might make his future and mar his character he deferred with alacrity; yet it must be made by morning.

Meanwhile, Johnny, the child, was disporting himself like a puppy in the possession of a new plaything. He danced and cavorted, and then would take a running leap and land in the soft seat of the chair, and, curling himself, would pretend to hide between the high-cushioned arms and back. His parents watched his antics with pride, exchanging tender looks that relieved the man of his natural austerity.

But every now and then the woman cast upon her husband a troubled glance.

"Josiah," she whispered, "something is on your mind. What is it? Can't I help you?"

"Not this time, dearest."

"Oh, papa!" the boy's voice vibrated with excitement, "see what I have found way in at the bottom of the chair."

* * * * *

The boy held up a fluttering bit of paper that looked like a letter. Josiah Cotton took it and opened it slowly. His boy peered over his arm, while his wife tried to pretend an interest she did not feel. Her heart was groping after the thing that worried her husband.

But Josiah Cotton stared at the handwriting. He knew that precious lettering. It came from the pen of the sternest, the tenderest, the best man he ever knew. It was the writing of his father. For thirty years it had lain there, and now, brought to light by a freak of chance—Providence, some prefer to call it—it lay in his hand, a message from the dead. It was short, and in a dazed way he read it.

"To my dear son Josiah:

"I am sure that never again will my boy do anything that he is ashamed to have me know.

"Your loving father,

"John Cotton."

Now, John, the boy, had never seen tears in his father's eyes before, and, frightened, he turned to his mother and began to whimper. She led him quietly from the room to bed.

The man was left alone. He grasped the paper as if it were a spirit and might melt from him. An awe fell upon him, as though he had received a summons from an unknown world. It was a conscription. He felt that he was draughted into honor. He was forced into that high integrity which had made his father's name respected wherever it was known.

Josiah Cotton paced the floor. He no longer looked irresolute: he was resolved. He no longer groped: he had found. He was not worried: he was content. It amazed him that he should ever have vacillated for an instant, for he seemed to stand upon granite.

He felt upon his arm a touch that always made him thrill. He clasped his wife silently.

"I am so troubled!" she sobbed. Then she looked up at the dear face which she delighted to honor. "Why," she gasped, "why, Josiah! It's gone."

"Yes," he said solemnly, "it's gone."

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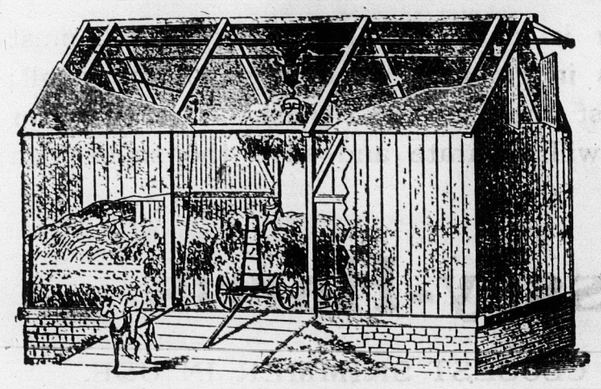

Our Complete Hay Carrier Outfits arecarefully made up of such articles as our extensive experience teaches us make the mos desirable and satisfactory outfits. In case you wish a longer list, please make up your order from the different articles described, giving catalogue numbers, quantity required and price of each separate item. The total price would be the same in either case. Do not attempt to add to or subtract from or change the outfits, because this might cause confusion and possible errors, either on your part or ours. However, if you want an outfit complete as listed and want additional items, then order the outfit under its catalogue number and price, and the additional items under their respective catalogue numbers and prices.

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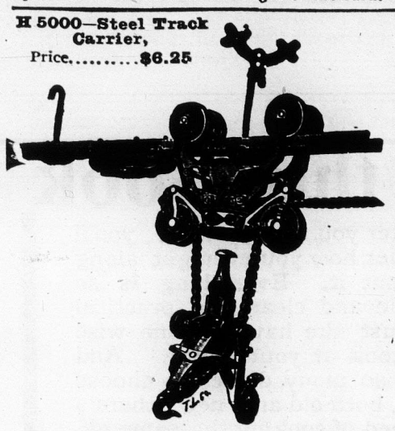
The amount of hay carrier rope and check rope which we furnish in the barn outfits is ample for unloading at the centre of the barn or for unloading at one end with the horse hitched at the other end, but if you wish to unload at the end of the barn and hitch the horse at the same end you will need additional carrier rope equal in feet to the length of the barn, and additional check rope equal in feet to one-half the length of the barn.

H 5000—Steel Track Carrier,
Price.....**$6.25**



Rafter Brackets.
5005 — Improved pattern, malleable iron. **Price each 7c.**

H 5001— Wood Track Carrier,
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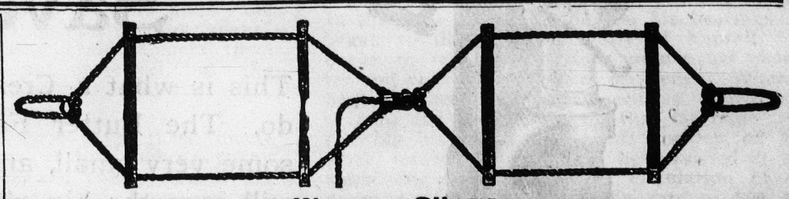
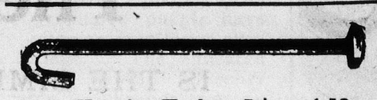
H5015—Pulley hooks, best wrought iron, good points and threads, **10c each.**



Waggon Slings.

H 5003—Centre Trip Waggon Slings. Any farmer with an Imperial Hay Carrier in his barn may use either a harpoon fork or a set of slings. It is customary to use four centre trip slings for each waggon in use, nd they are used in conjunction with the compression sling attachment, which is shown on this page. Three slings to each waggon. The length of these slings is adjustable to the length of any hay rack. The locking device in the centre of each sling trips easily and lets down the load exactly as you build it. Price of each sling is **$2.25.** Compression sling pulley is **$2.25.** A set of three slings and one compression pulley would therefore be **$9.00.** The weight of each sling is a out 15 lbs.



5 06—Hanging Hooks. Price each **12c.**

Hay Carriers.

Our Steel Track, Hay Carrier outfit for a 30 ft. barn consists of 1 reversible swivel hay carrier, 1 double harpoon hay fork, 28 feet of steel track, 12 rafter brackets, 12 steel hanging hooks, 5 floor hooks, 3 pulleys, 90 feet of ⅞ inch rope and 35 feet of ⅜ inch check rope.

For each 5 feet additional length of barn, we add 5 feet of steel track, 2 rafter brackets, 2 steel hanging hooks, 10 feet of ⅞ inch rope and 5 feet of ⅜ inch rope.

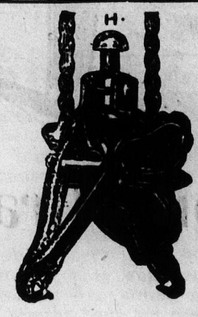
H 5020—30-ft. Steel Track Outfit, **$21.90**
H 5021—35-ft. Steel Track Outfit. **23.45**
H 5022—40-ft. Steel Track Outfit, **25.00**
H 5023—45-ft. Steel Track Outfit, **26.55**
H 5024—50-ft. Steel Track Outfit, **28.10**
H 5025—55-ft. Steel Track Outfit, **29.65**
H 5026—60-ft. Steel Track Outfit, **31.20**

Wood Track Hay Carrier.

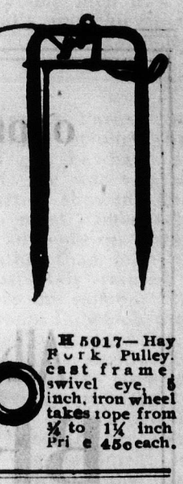
The Wood Track Hay Carrier works on ordinary 4 x 4 inch dressed scantlings.

Our Standard, Wood Track, Hay Carrier Outfit for a 30-foot barn consists of 1 double swivel wood track hay carrier, 1 double harpoon hay fork, 12 rafter brackets, 12 wood track hanging hooks, 5 floor hooks, 3 steel pulleys, 90 feet of ⅞ inch manila hay carrier rope and 35 feet of ⅜ inch manila check rope. For each 5 feet additional length of barn we add 5 rafter brackets, 2 wood track hanging hooks, 10 feet of ⅞ inch manila hay carrier rope and 5 feet ⅜ inch manila check rope.

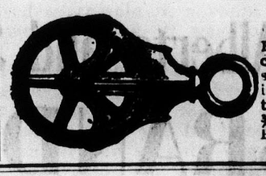
H 5034—30-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **$18 40**
H 5035—35-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **19 25**
H 5036—40-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **20.20**
H 5037—45-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **21,00**
H 5038—50-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **21.90**
H 5039—55-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **22.80**
H 5040—60-ft. Wood Track Outfit, **23.65**



5007 — Compression Sling Pulley.
Price **$2.25**



H 5002—Harpoon Forks.
This fork is absolutely the best hay fork made. It holds its load safe, turns up clean from the bottom, locks very easily, and is easily tripped.
Price **$3.65**



H 5017— Hay Fork Pulley, cast frame, swivel eye, 5 inch, iron wheel takes rope from ¾ to 1¼ inch Price **45c each.**

H 5043—PURE MANILLA ROPE

Best well laid and hard twisted, cut to any length and sold only at so much per foot. Sisal (used for tying horses and cattle) we stock up to and including ⅝ inch, while pure manilla ropes we stock from ¾ inch to 1¼ inclusive, these being used for horse forks, etc.

Note.—For the average horse fork work we recommend the use of our ⅞ inch pure manilla rope. For light work ¾ inch may be used, and for extra heavy work then 1 inch rope should be used.

7-16 inch Pure Sisal Rope, per foot	.....	1c
½ " " " " "	.....	1½c
⅝ " " " " "	.....	2c
¾ inch Pure Manilla Rope, per foot	.....	2½c
⅞ " " " " "	.....	3½c
1 " " " " "	.....	4½c
1¼ " " " " "	.....	6c
1½ " " " " "	.....	9c

Note—Our customers will please note that what we call Pure Manilla Rope IS Pure Manilla Rope of the very best quality.

H4870 — Butter scales, ¼ oz. to 4 lbs., scoop and brass side beam, complete with weights, **$2.95**

H4871 — Butter scales, ¼ oz. to 10 lbs. scoop and brass side beam, with w'ghts **$4.55**

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H4883—Improved Spring Balance Scales, guaranteed correct and stamped by Inspector of Weights and Measures Dept. of the Can. Government before sending out. Capacity ½ to 25 lbs.. **75c.** Postage **10c.**
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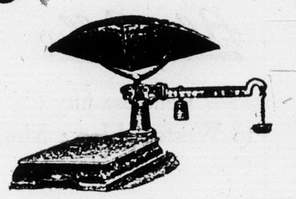
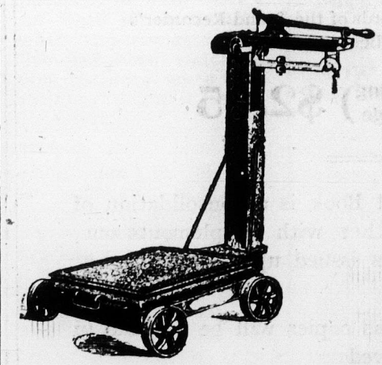


H4875—240 lb. Union Scale $6.25.—Farm House Handy Scale, with scoop and platform about 10x13 inches. Capacity ½ oz. to 240 lbs.; shipping weight 50lbs. boxed; price, only **$6.25.**



H 4880—Farmers' Platform Scales

600 lbs. capacity, no lever, with wheels		**$16.75**
1,200 lbs.	" " "	**$20.50**
2,000 lbs	" " "	**$26.00**
2,000 lbs	with lever and wheels	**$30.25**

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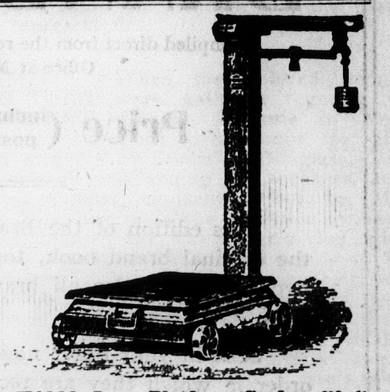

H4882—Iron Platform Scales—600 lbs. capacity, no lever, with wheels, **$14.25.**
Do. 1,000 lbs. capacity, no lever, with wheels, **$16.00.**

Cotton Fly Nets
HA 261—Deep Cotton Flank Nets, **75c, $1.00.**
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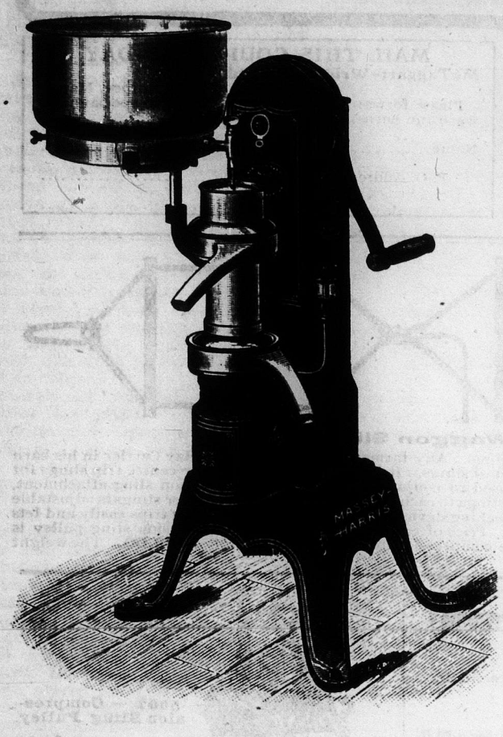

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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

ARE YOU READY? The Greeks used to say "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready." In other words, being prepared. The best opportunity in life comes to us but once. All sorts of appellations are applied to the man who is prepared for his first great opportunity and who is able to successfully avail himself of it. He is regarded as a "hero," crowned a "genius" and regarded as a "success." The occasion needs somebody who can "make a speech," and the young man having himself well in hand scores a victory. Or there is an opportunity for an investment. $250 is enough to secure a valuable piece of property just thrown on the market and the youth has exactly that amount in the savings bank; or the chief clerk is on his vacation and some one must get the selling price on a foreign invoice of goods immediately. The young man who can "figure" on the invoice comes to the front at once. This is the story of life.

GUARD YOUR INDIVIDUALITY. Two young men were assigned to the same room in an academy. One was an outspoken infidel and the other a professed Christian of sterling qualities. As soon as they met in the room the infidel young man said to his Christian companion, reading in this room! No nonsense of that reading in this room! No nonsence of that sort, mind you!" The Christian young man answered modestly, but firmly, "One half of this room is mine. You can do as you please with your half; I will do as I please with my half—and in my half I propose to read my Bible daily and to pray to my Maker daily." The Christian young man was simply and only insisting on the rights of his own individuality. See to it, young man, that you always avail yourself of all that belongs to your side of the room. Guard well your individuality.

ON THE VERGE OF A DISCOVERY. The first thing which faces the man of character is a difficulty. The discovery of a difficulty is the first step toward true success. The man who finds not the lion of difficulty in his path is following the line of least resistance. He is dodging! To turn around deliberately and face the difficulty in your pathway is half the battle. Here are two theological students—two young preachers, if you please. They have both preached their first sermon and both have failed in their efforts to preach an extemporaneous sermon. Number one immediately reverts to a manuscript and becomes a reader of sermons for the rest of his days. The other says to himself, I will learn to preach extemporaneously if I fail one hundred times. That's the difference. Mark the words of Edison, "whenever by theory, analogy and calculation I have satisfied myself that the result I desire is impossible, I am then sure I am on the verge of a discovery." Cling to your difficulty.

THE BEST RELIGION. Any religion is better than no religion at all. That is the best church which produces the best men—the noblest men and the sweetest women. The world is not concerned about your creed. The only question asked is with reference to your character. Cardinal Newman was a Catholic. Charles Kingsley was an Anglican, Grant was a Methodist, Whittier was a Quaker, Carey was a Baptist, Longfellow was a Unitarian. We have beautiful friends who are Christian Scientists. One of the most earnest women I ever knew was a Swedenborgian. Men enter the various denominations according to their personal characteristics and temperaments. Some men are born Presbyterians and some are born Anglicans. Religion is the vital thing. Man is incurably religious. He must have a religion. The better the religion the better the man. Test your creed by your character.

MEN WHO BRING THINGS TO PASS. It has been said that if a man goes to Philadelphia the first question asked is with reference to his social standing. If he visits Boston they inquire as to his mental culture and intellectual attainments. If he turns up in New York the main question is, "How much is he worth?" If, however, he should put in an appearance in the city of Chicago they blurt out the pointed question, "Is he a success?" In other words, can he crystalize thought in action? Can he bring things to pass. The Chicago question is the main question. When a bridge had to be built in order that an army might pass over the river just in front of them the military architects took a day off in order to produce the "plans" necessary, while the old experienced carpenter who had been ordered to build the bridge, just as soon as he received the "plans" came back in four hours and said: "General, them pictures (plans) have not come yet, but the bridge is up." That's success for you!

EDUCATED OR GRADUATED. In these days, these lovely days, of June when young men and young women are coming forth from our colleges and academies gowned in the garments of culture, with diploma in hand and seemingly ready for the conflicts of life, it is well to remember that a man's education is not finished when his college course is ended. President Eliot, of Harvard College, once remarked that there are two classes—graduated people and educated people. The graduated people have "finished" their education; they never learn anything after they leave college. The educated people have learned how to learn. Beecher said, "I am always learning." The boatman on the Fulton Ferry passing from New York to Brooklyn had a lesson for Beecher. He had learned how to learn.

RELAXATION. Did you ever study the law of relaxation? Have you made it the law of your being? To do a good piece of strenuous work and then relax! Or better still, to do all your work, great and small, in the spirit of relaxation. To move on persistently without friction or jar or noise, like a piece of machinery which has been perfectly adjusted and oiled. To work on in spite of every annoyance without fretting or fuming. This is the secret of long life and a happy, useful existence. It was said of John Wesley that he never "hurried" and he never "worried." He had perfect command of himself. He possessed the smile which would not come off. He could write a clear hand without too much pressure on the pen.

RECREATION AND TEMPTATION. Proper recreation is an important thing for a busy man, but when pleasure and recreation become the business of a man's life, the days of his usefulness are over. It is well to mark this fact, for the danger that schemes of recreation will encroach upon the hours which properly belong to the demands of business is constantly to be considered. Carl Schurz, as cool-headed a writer and thinker as the Republic ever produced, says in his "Story of a Long Life," which recently appeared in McClure's Magazine, "I know of no form of amusement which is so dangerous when it becomes a passion as card playing." He had been watching the effect of pleasure upon business when too long indulged in and doubtless thought it necessary to utter a word of caution.

A GENIUS FOR GROWTH. You may not be blessed with an abundance of brains. Some men have their share, some men have more than their share, and others have less than their share of brains. But the bright man has a remarkable genius for using the brains of other people. Even Shakespeare was not absolutely original—he had a great knack of using and improving the productions of other people. That great hero of Scotch history, John Knox, possessed the same rare quality the faculty of growth, the genius for appropriating the ideas and methods of other people: George Major, the scholar, taught him how to think; George Wishart, the martyr, taught him how to preach; George Buchanan, the historian, taught him how to write, and John Calvin, the theologian, taught him how to govern. He was a teachable man. He had a genius for growth.

BRAINS VS. HARD WORK. Genius is said to be capacity for hard work and yet something more than hard work is needed in order to rise above the average in the achievement of success. Robert C. Ogden is the business manager for John Wanamaker's big store in New York city. He has had a great opportunity to study men and things. What he suggests is worthy of consideration. In speaking of successful men, he remarked recently, "Millionaires, as a rule, are not the men who work the hardest, but the men who think the clearest." Hard thinking is just as necessary as hard working. In this age, when business methods and the machinery of civilization is so complex, brain power is mightier than brawn-power. A clear brain is just as important as a strong hand.

HARD TO WIN—EASY TO LOSE. A generation ago, Theodore Tilton occupied a great place in the public view. He was known as a poet, a popular writer and a powerful orator. In the hour of success he lost his bearings and began to think too seriously of himself. He began to regard himself as an unusual character and entitled to unusual privileges. When he began to write and utter reckless words concerning the sacredness of the marriage relationship his friend, Dr. J. M. Buckley, of New York, informed him that if he persisted in thus expressing himself that the circulation of his paper would drop off at the rate of 500 subscribers a day. Theodore Tilton laughed in the face of his friend, but the prophesy was fulfilled and Tilton lost his position as editor. In the hour of defeat he exclaimed, "I never knew I had a reputation until I had lost it." The best things are hard to win and easy to lose.

THE BEST THING HE EVER DID. Prof. Louis Agassiz, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth we have just been celebrating, became famous for the remark which he made when the business manager of an entertainment bureau urged him to enter the lecture field, because of the financial gain which would accrue to him. He responded, "I have no time to make money." When somebody asked him what was the best thing he ever accomplished in his long career as a student of science, he made another very suggestive remark: "I have taught four or five young men how to observe." He had taught four or five young men how to observe—how to think. That's an achievement worth working for. To find yourself reproduced in others is a great joy.

MISSING THE MAIN POINT. Charles Stewart Parnell was an exceedingly strong character and yet he had one weak point: He was very superstitious. This characteristic showed itself in many ways, and at the most unexpected times. He would never pass anybody on a stairway, preferring to retreat rather than incur the danger of bad luck. He absolutely refused to occupy a hotel room which bore the number "13." He refused to remain in a room in which three candles were burning—it was too suggestive of an Irish wake where three candles surrounding the dead suggest the idea of the trinity. He would never begin a journey on Friday or start any new project during the month of October, his unlucky month, and yet he lived for ten years in violation of the seventh commandment and thus brought ruin and dishonor on the party which he represented.

HOW TO TURN AN ARGUMENT. When the colored people were gathered together in Cooper Institute in New York to do honor to the name and memory of Frederick Douglass, Col. Robert Ingersoll was among the speakers, and after paying a most eloquent tribute to Mr. Douglass, he called upon the audience to have nothing to do with the white man's God, who had so long permitted the colored people to be held in slavery. The audience was composed largely of "simple folks" who, like most of their race, believed absolutely in the God of their fathers. The eloquent appeal of the infidel orator, for the moment, completely overwhelmed them and just then many a man's faith trembled in the balance. When Mr. Chauncy M. Depew, the presiding officer, arose after Mr Ingersoll had completed his address, he referred to the same and gave the argument of the agnostic a quick twist and peculiar turn. He said: "I have just one fact which I wish to put against Colonel Ingersoll's theory; I would like to remind him that when Christ came into the world slavery was a universal institution; and that since Christ's coming into the world it has been driven from every Christian land." The vast audience was electrified. Many stood upon their seats and cheered. The fact had killed the theory. The argument had been turned. Would you be eloquent? Deal in facts.

WINNIPEG BIG NEW MAIL ORDER HOUSE

References:

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M. SIMON, 174 Carlton St., Winnipeg. | M. HYDE, 278 Rupert St., Winnipeg. | GEO. GELLER, 150 Rupert Ave., Winnipeg.

To the Readers of this Magazine.

Dear Sir:— **Winnipeg, July 2nd, 1907.**

It is about time that the North-Western consumer has awakened to the fact that he is paying too much for his merchandise by buying from the storekeeper, who has to pay rent and clerks besides making a big profit for himself, whilst the consumer to-day can buy direct from the wholesaler. Your Storekeeper is under an enormous expense by buying from the commercial traveller. This all adds to the cost of your merchandise and you are the one that must pay for all this cost.

It is about time for the North-Western population to do away with all this and to save their money by buying direct from the wholesale house.

It is true that your Storekeeper may give you credit, but, if you only stop to consider the interest he is charging you and the fact that the honest is taxed for the dishonest, you will readily see that you are paying 33 1-3% more for your merchandise that you will pay if you buy direct from us.

We are selling goods strictly for cash. We do not want any credit, neither will we give any. The consumer is the one who benefits from this course of business.

If you try us once we are confident that you will never buy goods elsewhere.

All we ask of you is to be fair and to examine our prices, and give us a fair trial, in order to convince yourself that our statements are correct. We are looking for your trade and we expect to get it and hold it. Should any goods you may buy from us not be satisfactory we will be pleased if you return same in good condition, and we will gladly refund you the money you have paid less express charges.

Thanking you in advance for your patronage,

We beg to remain,

Yours very respectfully,

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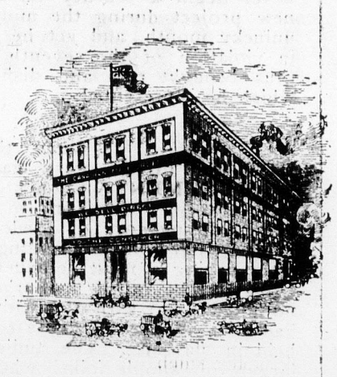

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Particulars:

What the World is Saying

Concealing Contagious Diseases.

Contagious diseases—notably scarlet fever and measles—are prevalent in the city at present. Just how many cases there are the City Health Department cannot be sure, as cases of concealment of contagious disease are commoner than perhaps the public has any idea of. The amazing thing is that it is among people who decidedly consider themselves the better class this concealment most frequently occurs. Still more amazing is it that any physician should be guilty of such deliberate wrong-doing as to be a party to such concealment. I know of two cases of scarlet fever which were thus concealed, the physicians in attendance not having reported them to the City Health Department, and the houses in which they are not being placarded. The placards are up now, in both these cases, information in regard to them having in some way got to the health authorities. The law requiring every case of contagious disease to be reported to the City Health Department is a law for the protection of the public health. There is nothing that is of more vital importance than that every possible safeguard should be provided to prevent the spread of contagious disease.—Winnipeg Town Topics.

Chicago as She Was.

You may recollect certain lines of Browning, in which he depicts the growth of a shabby plant, so unpromising in appearance, from which eventually, under the influence of the rain and the dew, the most beautiful flowers break forth. This is what happened to Chicago. There are many people who looked to Chicago as the manifestation of all that was crudest, most mercenary, most commercial, most grasping. But there was a development going forward which was to bring forth results eventually. See what came to Chicago within five years. The Field Columbian museum, the Crerar library, the Chicago university, the Armour institute, the Lewis institution, the Newbury library, the McCormick hospital, the Pullman school, the Art institute, and millions beside given to the hospitals of the city. It has come to pass in Chicago now that a very rich man is ashamed to go to his club unless he has some institution under his care to which he is giving his money and his time.—Dr. Gunsaulus.

Sir Wilfrid—An Appreciation.

Than Sir Wilfrid Laurier there does not exist a truer patriot, or a more courteous gentleman. He is a superb orator, an able administrator, and a man of boundless kindness and courtesy. To Canadians, he is the world's greatest personality! A French-Canadian, he was born in 1841, became a journalist, was called to the Bar and entered the Canadian Parliament in 1871, to make his fame with his maiden-speech. Since 1896 he has been Liberal Premier of Canada, and has given the world the spectacle of a man of foreign race wisely teaching Imperial ideas to our people over seas.

He comes to us as the representative of a country nearly as large as Europe, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, populated by 5,706,606 people; now, in spite of mixed origin, fast being welded into one harmonious whole. In 1841 the population of Canada was only one million and a half. Now the hope of the Empire rests largely on this colony—as a training-ground for young men, a place of refuge for England's overflowing population, and, perhaps, above all, as a food-base.—The Rapid.

Meals that Murder.

The tendency of civilized humanity is to commit what I can only designate a slow suicide.

Most of us are inclined to indulge our appetite too much, thus overtaxing our digestive organs, and overloading them to an undue extent with substances they are incapable of assimilating; heme to this, and to this alone, is attributable the prevalence of dyspepsia, with all its long train of evils. Man's stomach was never intended to be the receptacle of the heterogeneous messes it is so frequently loaded with. Our palates are systematically tickled by savoury odors, emanating from what—erroneously, I think—are termed dainty dishes. By this means the gustatory nerves become unduly excited, and a normal appetite is thus transformed into one that is abnormal. The result is that the stomach has thrown into it far more food than it can possibly utilize as nourishment. If vomiting does not relieve the organ of the superfluity, a considerable portion of it passes into the intestine, there to undergo a putrefactive fermentation, the product of which, absorbed into the circulation, vitiates it to such an extent as to produce a form of blood-poisoning, which, of course, is accentuated if constipation be also present.—The Rapid.

The Tyranny of the Top Hat.

The top hat represents the universal language of attire. It wails and weeps against the walls of Jerusalem, and it turns up in the solitudes of the desert; even the loneliest mountain peaks are not safe from its democratic simplicity. Once I met a silk hat, probably rescued from some benevolent dust-bin, milking a cow in a London park. The hat nearly caused a riot; each and every passer-by turned and stared indignantly. The eccentric cowboy in the top hat finished his allotted task, and in company of his cow and the milk-pail he ambled placidly out of sight. Still, one can't help asking, in the interest of personal liberty, why shouldn't a silk hat be permitted to milk a cow? The cow does'nt mind, so why should we? After all, it's only a convention. The other day I was at a garden-party, and there I realized, as perhaps never before, the appalling nature of the top hat. It is only custom that has reconciled us to its ponderous monstrosity. In towns one accepts it as one does motor-buses and traction engines, but when it meanders among trees, and does the polite with sloppy ices, and tea that spills its way to its destinaton, one's soul cries out against it.—Fortnightly Review.

The Motor Peril.

Loud were the outcries raised when the hoot of the moto was first heard in the land. Country and town inspired to condemn this new engine of destruction; the press was greatly perturbed, stern magistrates thundered from their local heights, and vied with each other in exacting "exemplary penalties," proclaiming their determination to put a speedy end to the nuisance. The offending vehicle was declared to be a Juggernaut—a danger to life and limb. It was abhorrent to every sense, unlovely to the sight, distressing to the ear, it left in its trail a noisome stench, while upraised dust, choked the mouths and nostrils of the lieges, whitening their hedge-rows and desolating their gardens. The peace of suburbia was destroyed, its glory forever departed; the most "desirable residences" were being vacated, and respectable old gentlemen were driven to discharge, in frenzy, firearms at the truculent monster. The work of destruction proceeds as merrily as of yore; old men and maidens, dogs and young children are still done to death in our highways and by-ways; the nimblest man moves in peril of his life. It is safer to walk on the six-foot way of a railway than on a country road. But all this is now "inevitable" and "accidental"; breaches of the law are venial or "technical," and no one is to blame except perhaps the unhappy victims who would not get out of the way.—The Speaker.

Soap and Water.

The other day the vice-president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, in the course of a lecture, declared his belief in the idea that men and women had no greater power of resistance to disease to-day than they had a century ago. Referring to the possibilities and the actual triumphs of modern surgery, he ascribed the wonderful progress which the art of the surgeon had attained to the teachings of Lord Lister, who had shown his confreers the virtue which lies in the use of soap and water and a nail-brush. If the simple lesson that dirt means disease and that cleanliness means health could be preached even once a year, from every pulpit in the land, and, what is more to the point, if the children in our schools could be universally impressed with this idea as a leading text in their lives, the improvement of the national health would be expedited in a fashion to which unfortunately we are strangers to-day.—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E.

The Solution of the Servant Problem.

What we want to do with domestic service is to take it out of its dishonor as a "low calling," and out of its condemnation as an unskilled occupation. No work ought to be more an art than that which conduces to making living itself a fine art. Domestic service, as it stands to-day, is neither an art, an efficient trade, nor a pleasant and healthy pastime. It is begrudged drudgery or a liveried snobbery, redeemed here and there by an attempt at capable work and pleasurable service. Law can swerve it out of its incapacity and incompetency, and out of its drudgery and shobbery into an honorable calling.

To make domestic service a competent, responsible trade like that of a plumber or a carpenter, with limited hours, good pay, and double pay for overtime, would revolutionize our domestic life and clear the way for many reforms. The occupation to-day is either over-paid or grossly under-paid.—Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

"Breakfast Foods."

The various breakfast foods may be roughly divided into four classes: 1. The old forms of uncooked granulated oatmeal and the wheat farinas. Foods of this class are served after cooking either for a short time or for several hours. 2. Partially cooked rolled and flaked grains. In manufacturing these foods the grain is softened by steaming and then rolled and dried. In this way the food is slightly cooked and may be subsequently prepared for the table in a very short time. 3. Cooked foods—e. g. shredded wheat, which may be served at once without further cooking. 4. Malted foods—e. g. Force and Grape Nuts, which are supposed to be both cooked and partially digested. Professor Harcourt examined the following breakfast foods: Granulated and rolled oats, Quaker Oats, wheat farina, wheat germ, and rolled wheat, flaked, barley, corn-meal, Orange Meat, Force, Norka, Malta Vita, Grape Nuts, Canada Flakes, shredded wheat, and rice flakes. Of these, the oatmeals and Norka, an oaten product, contain the most proteins and fat, while all the other foods are richer in carbo-hydrates. From a consideration of the data set forth in the paper and of the number of heat calories these foods produce when burned, the conclusion is drawn that the oaten products have the highest nutritive value. The much advertised prepared breakfast foods have only a very slight advantage over the ordinary wheaten farinas.—Prof. Harcourt in The Laurel.

Electrical Smelting in Canada.

Dr. Haanel, the Dominion Superintendent of Mines, has just issued a report, giving the results of certain experiments conducted by him at the Sault, under instruction from the Dominion Government, in connection with the thermo-electric process of smelting iron ores. As previously announced, the experiments proved beyond a doubt that the magnetite ores which abound in Canada, but which have hitherto been valueless for smelting, can be smelted by the electric process as economically as hematite ores. The electric furnace possesses certain undoubted advantages over the ordinary blast furnace, in more perfect control of temperature, small cost of furnace, and absence of bulky machinery. But more important than all these is the fact that we have enormous water power available, in many cases, at the very place where the great deposits of ore are to be found; the cost of electric power will, therefore, be reduced to a minimum, while the charges for the transport of ore will in such cases be practically wiped out. Electric smelting works are now being erected at Welland, which are expected to produce from thirty-five to forty tons of pig iron a day. The new discovery will surely mean much in the development of the iron and steel industry in Canada.—Guardian.

ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT BUYING A THRESHING OUTFIT ?

You should buy the best. Read the following advantages of the threshing outfits we sell, then write for splendidly illustrated catalogue giving complete information. Prices and terms forwarded to any address upon request.

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Its advantages---the ones that count.

NOTE:—That **FIVE** Belts only, **DOUBLE** Belts the whole Separator including **FEEDER** and **WINDSTACKER.**

NOTE:—Largest **rack surface**, size for size, of any on market to-day.

NOTE:—**WEIGHT** of Separator carried equally between front and rear wheels, wheels of large diameter.

NOTE:—Tailings distributor found only on the Huber, separates grain from tailings and seeds and dust from grain

NOTE:—**Each** belt has two tightener pulleys, one **adjustable** and one **AUTOMATIC.**

NOTE:—Your choice of cyclone or side fan Windstackers.

NOTE:—Advantages of Large Cylinder. Unbreakable Cylinder teeth; heavy concaves; strong frame; narrow front tread; every part painted by hand brushing, before being put together, as found in other makes, are **all embodied** in the Huber.

NOTE:—Arrangements have been made to furnish buyers, if they so desire;—The famous Neepawa side fan Windstacker and the Hawkeye feeder made especially for the New Huber Separator.

NOTE:—Full line of repairs and supplies carried in stock at Portage la Prairie. Threshers' wants promptly looked after.

NOTE:—If in the market, write for catalogue.

The Engine We Sell

The ONLY Double Cylinder Engine to get the Gold Medal at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

POINTS ABOUT OUR ENGINE.

NOTE:—Both Engines on same wrist pin.
Results:—One valve motion. Perfect balance of drive shaft.

NOTE:—Axle is **square**, 5 x 5 inches, highest grade steel. Goes **straight** under the **extreme rear** edge of boiler. Arranged with sleeve that makes a bearing 8 inches in diameter.
Results:—Boiler is carried **on** the axle. **Absolutely no strain on plates** as in a straight flue fire box boiler. **Largest** bearing surface for drivers.

NOTE:—Axle is at exact rear edge of Boiler.
Results:—No rising up in front—perfect **maximum** of tractive power.

NOTE:—Highest grade of brass equipment. Mason Kipp Oil Pump. Crosshead pump, injector, and steam syphon for filling tanks.
Results:—**Handiness** and **durability** under long continued **severe** service

NOTE:—Plow Hitch combined with engine.
Results:—No extra price for a hitch.

NOTE:—Height of boiler off ground 3 feet.
Results:—No Fire box to get down in sand or mud, to hold Engine dead.

NOTE: We use a patented compensating gear instead of the Bevel-pinioned, differential.
Results:—No trouble from spreading bevels and worn pinions. Rear wheels thrown into lock by a foot lever on platform. Wheels automatically released when foot is lifted.

NOTE:—An adjustable variable exhaust nozzle. Operator protected from any heat by Stack having **two air spaces**, completely surrounding stack inside.
Results:—Operator never uncomfortable.
Exhaust draft always just as you **want it.**

NOTE:—Perfect **balance** and finish of **Engine, Boiler** and **Gearing.**
Results:—The **best** engine to buy for a steady 25 year's faithful service.

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Exclusive Canadian Representatives for the Huber Manufacturing Company, Marion, Ohio.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Medical Association in Toronto the other day, Dr. T. F. McMahon read a paper on the relation of alcohol to life insurance. In his remarks on the "value" of alcohol as a food, and his depreciation of the "narrow-minded" views of temperance people, he clearly showed that he was not fully convinced of the benefits of total abstinence. This is to be regretted, and yet it adds to the force of his testimony, so far as concerns the main object of his paper, which was to point out the unfairness of insuring abstainers and non-abstainers on the same basis. Dr. McMahon has been looking into the statistics of the Temperance and General Provident Institution of Great Britain, whose experience, covering a period of sixty years, has often been alluded to in these columns. He finds that the "deaths of abstainers from alcoholic beverages are to the deaths of those who habitually use them in the ratio of 53.79 per cent. to 81.62 per cent. That is to say, out of about 15,000 deaths of insured persons in societies that put abstainers in a class by themselves, 8,400 will be those of habitual users, while only 6,600 will be those of abstainers." The use of alcohol in strict moderation he thought, would not make a man a less desirable risk for insurance purposes than a total abstainer, except in so far as the latter was less likely to become an immoderate drinker. "If, however, the life expectation of the abstainer was higher than of the average drinker, it was only fair that the former should be separately classified for insurance purposes, and enjoy certain advantages." Differ as they may, however, on certain points, medical men seem to be unanimous in the view that total abstainers ought not to be classed with non-abstainers in relation to life insurance.

ALCOHOL AND LIFE INSURANCE.

By a practically unanimous vote, the ratepayers of Indian Head have passed by-laws for the raising of $50,000 for the further extension of the public improvements already installed by that progressive town and for the erection of a new central fire hall. Following so close upon the decisive verdict given in connection with the by-laws voted upon in Regina and Edmonton lately for improvements in those towns, the attitude of Indian Head serves to accentuate the confidence shown by the people of the West in the country and their determination to keep abreast of the times in providing those public utilities and improvements which no growing community of any size can afford to be without. That town which is indifferent in this matter will be passed by. Beauty is an intangible thing, but it cannot be beaten as an advertiser.

INDIAN HEAD AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS.

The crop outlook for Western Canada, we are informed by experts, is excellent. The whole country is interested in the harvest of the land. A small crop may be beneficial to the farmer but it is against the interests of the country at large. If a farmer can sell 750 bushels of wheat at a dollar a bushel, he will get as much for his grain as if he sold 1,000 bushels at 75 cents and it will cost him something less to market the smaller crop than the larger one. But to all the people who are not producers, but consumers, of wheat an advance of twenty-five per cent. in their bread bill makes a serious difference. Some writers appear to lose sight of this important fact, and write as if it were all one to the country whether wheat sells at seventy-five cents or a dollar, so long as the total money value of the crop is the same. Alluding to this, the Montreal Witness remarks: "This is an economic fallacy, of the same sort as the man who does not deplore a fire because he has come out of it with a fresher stock and newer establishment. It is a selfish view. Every fire is a loss to the community as a whole. If, in the above case, it seems all one to the farmer, he has to consider that it is quite different with his brother, the consumer, for whom he is working and who has to pay the whole loss. His spending powers are reduced and the community as a whole suffers. Even at the farmer's own door the injury to the crop has its disastrous results."

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

The statue stands on the street. Time was, when fringed with green and flecked with flowers it stood in the square. But the city was hungry so it devoured the square with its fringes of green and flowers. It built its factories and lined out its streets. Where the birds sang wheels whirred and whistles shrieked. The city moved, but the statue with its earnest look and outstretched arm remained. The newsboy, sitting upon its pedestal, cracked his jokes and chewed his peanuts. The old apple woman turned it into a market and sold apples which were rotten before they were ripe. Tramps sought it by day as a meeting place, and hid themselves within its shadows by night. Clerks let loose for lunch never threw it a glance, while merchants with minds filled with figures passed and repassed it but did not see the earnest look and outstretched arm. It was the statue on the street! Some there were who for a moment came under its spell. Some passer-by would open the door of his soul and gleams of beauty and messages of inspiration would enter from the statue on the street. But for the most part the procession would move past, never lifting the eye to the statue on the street. Thus are our great ones treated whom we take pains to carve in marble. They are statues on the streets.

THE STATUE ON THE STREET.

It appears that the law of compensation does not pass the millionaire by. Some of these fortunate ones take a sad pleasure in relating the miseries incident to the care of millions. One of them said to a Chicago audience recently: "Getting rich is merely a habit—a bad habit. Wealth piles up a load on the shoulders of the captain of industry. Wealth is a menace to children and grandchildren who have no hand in its accumulation. There is no comfort in living in a mansion with half a dozen servants." We had thought that would be the acme of pleasure. He proceeds: "I saw a $200,000 mansion the other day built with the proceeds of a cotton corner. It will give the owner no comfort and cost the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of cotton mill operatives." Here is where the golden shoe pinches—where the ghost comes in at the midnight hour. This agony of soul prompts him to give salutary advice. "Try living with the poor. Hire a room for $1.50 a week and eat ten cent breakfasts. It won't hurt you. The microbes of disease are no more likely to harm you there than in a steam heated room for which you pay $3 to $5 a day." Thanks. Mr. Millionaire, we'll think over it. In the meantime, after you with the ten-cent breakfast, and the microbe.

THE MISERIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

The great problem raised by immigration is not embodied in the question—Will these diverse races blend? but in that which inquires—Of what quality will the product be? For as the river always sets toward the sea, so do these streams of immigration all set towards the common centre of a new national life, and all must reach it soon or late. But as the waters of the ocean are flavored by the salts of the alkali plains and the sulphur of mountain springs, by the leaves that drift down from the hill sides and the reeds and grasses of the fertile fields, so shall the life of this nation be seasoned by all the varied characteristics that differentiate the nationalities of the world. In this truth there are elements for our comfort and for our agitation. On the other hand, we may consider that every nationality is a storehouse of strong and enduring qualities whch have been the guarantee of its survival; and considering this, we well may dream of the nation yet to be, when into the generous texture of this world has been woven the impulse of the Celt and the endurance of the German, the romance of Italy, the patience of the Slav and the daring of the Northman, the suavity of France, the buoyancy of Ireland, the shrewdness of Scotland, the enterprise of England. But on the other hand, there is cause for alarm when we consider that when these people come to us, we take them for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health.

OUR IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS.

It has been rumored that Clifford Sifton is to emerge from the silence of the shadows in which he has found a temporary though perhaps not congenial oblivion. He retired from the Laurier government, presumably because he did not fully approve of the Government's action in forcing separate schools upon the West. Some have hinted at other reasons, but no one has had the courage to name them. If Mr. Sifton feels that he should again enter public life there is no reason why he should not do so. His ability is unquestioned. He is well-equipped, resourceful, courageous and relentless in pursuing his aims. Then, too, it is said he has ambition; if so, it is not a grievous fault. No man can be a statesman who is devoid of ambition. Mr. Sifton has grown in his retirement. He poses now as an Imperialist. He talks no more of the Canadian West but of the "All Red Line" which is to encircle the globe. Well, let him come. This country is big enough for even more than one Sifton.

THE RETURN OF HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

Quite recently a few medical men distinguished in their profession issued a certificate to the effect that alcohol was not the destroying angel we had thought it to be. They gave it a clean bill of health, so to speak, and under the eyes of the "profession," its respectability was assured. The laity wondered, but perforce had to remain silent. Now comes a counter-blast from men quite as eminent, who positively dissent from the first view. Sir Frederick Treves, Sims Woodhead and others of the same first class, say they "gravely dissent from its teaching and cannot accept it as an authoritative statement of recognized medical opinion on the matter." These men believe "that alcohol is unnecessary as an article of consumption in the case of healthy men and women." "Further, believing as we do that alcohol is one of the most fruitful sources of poverty disease and crime, we are pleased to add that it is now sparingly employed as a remedy by the majority of medical men." This looks to us like a sane, scientific statement, and it certainly comes from the great ones in the medical world

SIR FREDERICK TREVES ON ALCOHOL.

Only a few years ago pessimistic wiseacres were estimating the probable coal supply of the world, and counting on a shortage in our great-grandchildren's time. It is pointed out in an article on the mineral industry of Canada in the Review of Reviews that the calculations of these estimable statisticians, while excellent in detail, were wholly wrong in that the basis on which they were compiled was absolutely false. It was assumed that we knew of practically all the large coal areas of the universe. Since those croaking figures were given to a nervous public it is probable that fifty times as much coal has been located as the amount on which the woeful estimates were based. Australia, India and China have more than enough to supply their own requirements for many generations to come, but Canada has enough and to spare to supply the wants of both hemispheres. Long before the present climatic conditions converted the polar regions into the Arctic regions, immense forests flourished on what are now the shores of Hudson Strait and Baffin Island. These forests, now large coal fields, may, even in our day, supply the steamers that will, within a few years, adopt the Hudson Bay route for carrying wheat from Manitoba to Europe.

CANADA'S COAL SUPPLY.

In the autobiography of Edward Gibbon, the historian, there are two important dates. One to be found in the first chapter, the other to be found in the last chapter. The first date is "October 15th, 1764," when sitting amid the ruins of Rome there came to him the vision of the possibility of writing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The second date is "June 27th, 1787"—twenty-three years afterwards. The hour is between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. He has just completed the last page of his history and walking out into the cool air of the evening beneath the bright starry sky, the waves of the ocean breaking at his feet, he reviews in calmness and solitude the struggles—the triumphant struggles of nearly a quarter of a century. What an holy hour!

BEGINNING AND ENDING.

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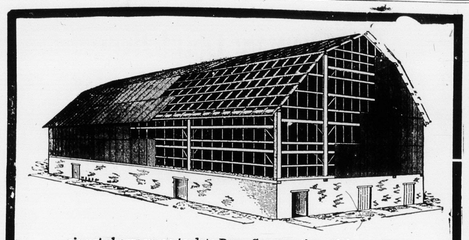

This cut shows an up-to-date Barn Construction, 40 feet x 70 feet, and the method of covering with Corrugated Sheets. The frame work is light, as the corrugated sheets, when nailed in place, make the building very rigid. This drawing is made from actual plans, and the barn has been built many times with splendid results.

The saving of wood sheeting, as compared with the ordinary barn construction, will cover the difference in cost between wooden shingles and our "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets.

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Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

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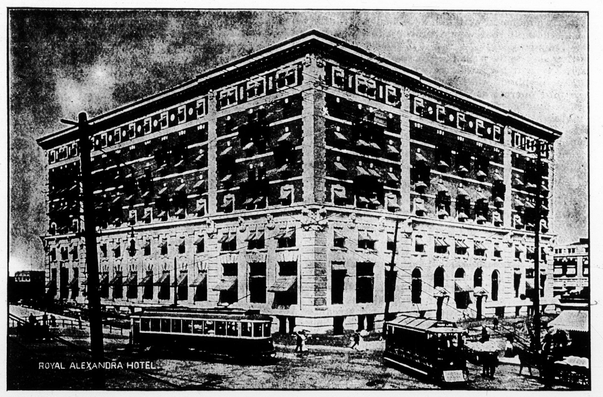

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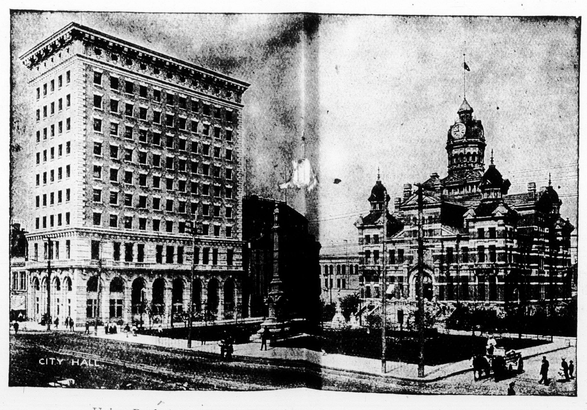
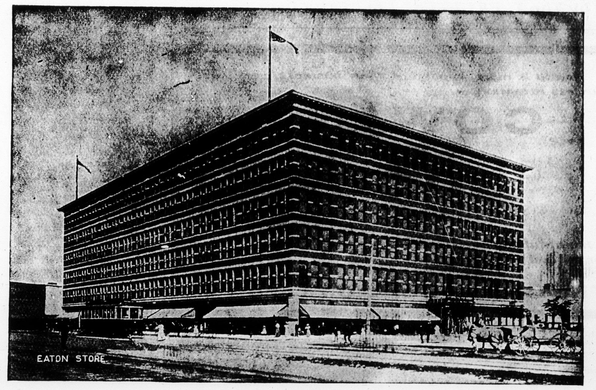


Union Bank. City Hall.



The T. Eaton Co. Store.

What Others Say About Us:

NEVER was a frontier conquered so noiselessly, and never in the world was history made and geography changed so rapidly. Atlases of Western Canada of the vintage of any previous year are useless and statistics a month old are stale. And yet statistics when compiled with ordinary care tell best the story of development. Take, for instance, the one city of Winnipeg as a type of Canada's western towns. What has hard wheat done for Winnipeg. It has given her a building expansion in 1906 greater than that of any other city of her population in America. Winnipeg has a population of 100,000. She took out during the year 2,508 building permits, representing $12,700,000 worth of construction. The Government for the same period credits Minneapolis with a building growth of $4,800,000, and Minneapolis is twice as large as Winnipeg and considers that she is not slow. Denver, with a population one and one-half times that of Winnipeg, expended $4,300,000 on new buildings, and Indianapolis, St. Paul, Columbus, Ohio, and Providence, R.I., each spent less than four millions.—**Agnes Deans Cameron, in "Metropolitan Magazine," New York, June, 1907.**

Three Eminent Benefactors of Humanity.

Louis Pasteur, b. 1822; d. 1895.

Lord Joseph Lister, b. 1827; still living.

Dr. D. M. Cooney, b. 1842; still living.

The discoveries of Louis Pasteur marked the beginning of a new era in the treatment of disease. Before that time medical practice consisted largely of blind experiment and quackery, without any scientific basis to rest upon. Pasteur proved what some others had hinted at, viz., the Germ Theory of disease. He found and proved by rigid experiment that simple fermentation, such as the souring of milk, was not a mere chemical process as had been supposed, but was caused by the action of minute living organisms which have since been known as bacteria. These bacteria belong to the vegetable kingdom, being infinitely small plants which can be seen only by the aid of a powerful microscope. From fermentation to putrefaction is but a step, and Pasteur found that what was true of fermentation was also true of all festerings, inflammations and other forms of putrefaction, viz that they were the result of the operations of these minute plants called microbes or bacteria. He further found that each particular disease was caused by its own peculiar microbe, that these microbes had various ways of getting into the system, and that certain chemicals, carbolic acid for instance, were fatal to those producing fermentation and putrefaction. Among the further achievements of Pasteur and his pupils may be mentioned the treatment of anthrax in cattle, the treatment for hydrophobia and the anti-toxin for diptheria, the latter being developed by Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and Von Behring, of Berlin. It must be remembered that Pasteur was not a physician, and so during all the early years of his labors and discoveries he had to contend with the prejudice of the medical profession. The eminent physicians in other lands, however, were convinced of the truth of his discoveries as soon as they were announced, and each at once set to work to apply them to relieve the diseases with which they were most familiar. These two men were Dr. Joseph Lister, of Great Britain (now Lord Lister, Surgeon to His Majesty King Edward the VII.) and D. Dwight M. Cooney, of the United States.

Dr. Lister was a surgeon. Adopting Pasteur's discovery that certain substances, including carbolic acid, were fatal to the microbes which produced fermentation, he commenced using these chemicals in treating the wounds of his patients. He also took means to prevent these microbes from gaining access to the wounds, and in a very short time he found the mortality from these wounds was reduced from 45% to less than 12%. Lord Lister has been well named the Father of Antiseptic Surgery.

For several years before this time Dr. Cooney had devoted his entire attention to the various diseases known in a general way as Women's Disorders. He had found in every case of these troubles that there existed a congested condition of some of the womanly organs. This soon developed inflammation, etc., showing that the microbes were at work. He had become convinced of the futility of attempting to reach this condition by taking medicine into the stomach, but upon the announcement of Pasteur's discovery he intuitively reached the same conclusion as did Lister, viz., that the rational treatment consisted in applying to the seat of the trouble a chemical substance that will destroy the microbes causing the disease. The ordinary antiseptics, including carbolic acid, could not be employed, as they would injure the delicate membranes they would come in contact with, but he finally developed a powerful antiseptic which was absolutely fatal to the microbes, and at the same time would not in anywise injure the tissues or membranes to which it was applied. Going still further, he combined with this antiseptic material a concentrated vitalizing nerve food which when absorbed strengthened the debilitated nerves, thus making the combination an ideal remedy for these disorders. This was the original Local or Applied Treatment for Women's diseases. It was called Orange Lily, and by this name it is still known. The success of this antiseptic method of treating women's disorders has been quite as marked as the success of the antiseptic surgery of Lister; in fact, so uniformly favorable have been the results of its use (Dr. Cooney has a record of over 200,000 cures) that it has been adopted in their practice by thousands of the more prominent physicians in all the English-speaking countries of the world.

TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

A sample box, containing 10 days' treatement of this wonderful remedy, will be sent absolutely free, to every lady who has never used it. Price per box, containing one month's treatment, $1; 6 boxes by mail, postpaid, $5. Address: Mrs. F. Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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By E.C.H.

Pedigreed Cats. There are so many lovers of cats among women that I am sure many of my readers will be interested in learning that volume 1 of the stud book of the American Cat Association has made its appearance. This association is made up of a number of cat clubs throughout America and is organized very much on the lines of the American Kennel Club. The stud book has been duly recognized by the Department of Agriculture of the United States, just the same as the stud books for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Only one breed of long-haired cats is recognized, the Persian or Angora, but among the short-haired breeds are the Russian, Siamese, Japanese, Mexican, Manx, and Abyssinian. Persian and Siamese are the favorite breeds among cat fanciers of the United States.

Now that Winnipeg has a well established dog show in connection with the Industrial Exhibition, I think it would be a good thing, if those interested in cats would petition the board to have a section for cats added next year. I understand there are quite a number of fancy cats throughout the West and there is no reason why the pussies should not have recognition of their charms as well as the dogs. By the way, if there is any one who wishes to register a cat in the American Stud Book the address of the secretary is Miss Lucy C. Johnstone, 5323 Madison Avenue, Chicago.

Cooking Without Fire. I said something last year about the new scheme of cooking boxes that are so much talked of in American farm journals at the present time. Unfortunately I have had no opportunity of testing their suitability or the reverse, but I have talked with one or two women who have tried them and found them a great help. I give this month a further description of one clipped from a reliable magazine with the hope that it will be a help to women who must do cooking, no matter how hot the weather. It is certainly very simple and the loss would not be great, even if it failed on trial.

A thing that I have tried and found thoroughly satisfactory is that of steaming over a small coal oil stove. The new oil stoves come in all sizes with the oil tank well away from the flame and they are surprisingly cheap. I saw one the other day with two burners for $1.25 and a fair sized oven of tin for $1.50 additional. An outlay of $2.75 is not a very serious matter and it is wonderful what you can do on these small stoves, even for a large family.

The most easily improvised steamer is the largest size of galvanized iron pail that you can buy. These sell in the city for 40 cents, so the price would not be prohibitive even in the most remote country place. Get the local tinsmith to make you a lid that will fit it tightly and at the same time lids to fit some of the empty tomato cans that you have about the house. If you have any two pound baking powder or coffee cans with tight fitting lids, so much the better. With three of these cans it is possible to stew meat, boil potatoes and steam a pudding all at the same time in your iron pail set on the small oil stove. It is well to boil a kettle of water on the large stove when the fire is going in the morning and then start the pail on the oil stove with hot water. It is astonishing how small a flame will keep the whole pot simmering, once it is started. It is the same with soup. Soup is one of the best things for hot weather, though many people avoid it because of the heat made by the long cooking. A big beef shank cut in half a dozen pieces, soaked all night in cold water in the big pail and put on the oil fire first thing in the morning, will make delicious soup stock without any trouble to any one. A bowl of hot soup will whet the appetites of the men for cold meat and there will be fewer joints to roast. It is also quite possible to boil a sliced round of beef or a leg of mutton on these stoves. They can be set outside even, as long as the flame is protected from the draft. They are good all the year round for sudden emergencies, and as the average household in the country depends upon coal oil for lighting there is always fuel for them.

I might say that the houses at which I saw these stoves advertised are in Winnipeg. The T. Eaton Co. no doubt sell them. Though I have never inquired, I presume they would send them out to any one writing for them, provided always you cannot get one from your local dealer.

The following is the description of the fireless cooker. If any reader of this page has had experience with this class of cooker or similar one, I wish they would write and give others the benefit of their experience. Anything that will lessen the cost of labor and strength in cooking is a boon that every woman that has it should pass along to the next.

It does not seem extravagant or unreasonable to assert that every home may be blessed with one of these luxuries. One may be improvised from an old trunk, by making two cylinders, a little larger than the vessel to be used for the receptacles of the food. These cylinders may be made of cardboard and after putting in a layer of hay over the whole bottom place these cylinders in the middle of each end and then pack the hay around them. The lid of the trunk should be filled with a pillow of hay and pads or little pillows of the hay made to be placed over the vessels of food which are closely covered with fitted lids. The large-sized cottolene buckets make desirable vessels to be used for the food receptacles. If a trunk is not obtainable, any tight box will answer the purpose. These cookers may be purchased, but are quite expensive Cotton, wool, or excelsior is used as packing. Even shredded paper is said to serve the purpose. The principle of these cookers is to retain the heat generated on an ordinary cook stove. The food desired to be cooked is first prepared in the ordinary manner in the vessels with which the cooker is equipped and brought to a boil for a few moments, when it is covered tightly and placed in the cooker and left for time and the retained heat to do the rest. It may remain from eight to fourteen hours and then will be found hot and ready to serve.

Women in Industry. I think the following facts are among the most interesting I have encountered among my exchanges during the month. I pass them on without comment. Most assuredly they speak for themselves.

In an analysis of recent United States census bulletins it is remarked that in 1900 there were in the United States five million "women in industry," that is to say, women wage earners. Most of them belonged to these groups: Domestic service, farming and farm labor, manufacturing, dressmaking, laundering, teaching and housekeeping. The classes in which women are not recognized in the census are: The army, the navy and merchant marine, fire departments, street car driving, tele-

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a Few Years Ago with no Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.

Mrs. Miller's New Residence Earned in Less than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine $10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 8596, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and adress to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the $10,000.00 worth is all gone.

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We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEM WIND American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, for selling 20 pkts. of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain. Ladies' or Gents' style. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 89 Chicago.

graph and telephone line work, and apprentice assistance to steam boiler makers, brassworkers, roofers and slater. The employment of married women has increased considerably: one married woman in eighteen was at work in 1900. Of the single women about 45 per cent. were at work, of divorced women 55 per cent. and of married women 5.6 per cent. As to the age of these workers, out of every 100 there were 68 women under 35, 44 under 25 and 26 under 21 years.

A consular report from Lyons furnishes facts in relation to female labor in France. The working population of France is placed at 19,750,000, and of this number more than a third are women and girls. The percentage of women employed in four branches of labor is: Agriculture, 28; commerce, 35; domestic pursuits, 77; learned professions, 33. In some industries the men complain that they are being driven out of employment by women and girl "invaders." Thus it is stated that for every 100 men employed to-day in the French cotton mills there are 58 women and girls, while in the silk mills the ratio is even higher. In the tulle factories two-thirds of the employees are women.

To determine the effect of the employment of women in the United States, Congress has recently made a special appropriation. In their relation to the future of the race no enquiries could have more practical value. The French economists are alrady advising the French workmen to get back to the land. With so much land at hand Canada should be able to avoid the evils days upon which the peoples of the older countries have fallen.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Grandmother's Boy.

When I've been playing 'round all day
And am good and tired and dirty, too,
There's someone who won't say that I'm in the way,
As father and mother sometimes do.

And when I've eaten too much preserve
Or torn my blouse on a rusty nail,
She doesn't say "it's what you deserve,"
And it seems her patience will never fail.

I'll tell you what, it's the nicest thing
When I've been punished and sent to bed
And listen to hear the supper bell ring,
To know by grandmother I'll be fed.

I hear her step on the creaking stair,
And I can hear her say, "You're a naughty boy!"
But her eyes will shine as she smooths my hair;
And that's when I know I'm Grandmoter's boy!

Gold Dust.

Think before speaking and harbor clean thoughts.

Ask pardon when in error and close your ears to gossip.

Put the best possible construction upon the doing of others.

Be patient with cranky neighbors, and have sympathy with the oppressed.

It is while we are resisting the little temptations that we are growing stronger.—Phillips Brooks.

A Neat House Organ.

The DeLaval Monthly, edited and published by the DeLaval Separator Co., is a neat little house organ gotten out in the interests of their goods. It is brimful of good things for all dairymen. Send to their Winnipeg house for a copy. Mention this magazine.

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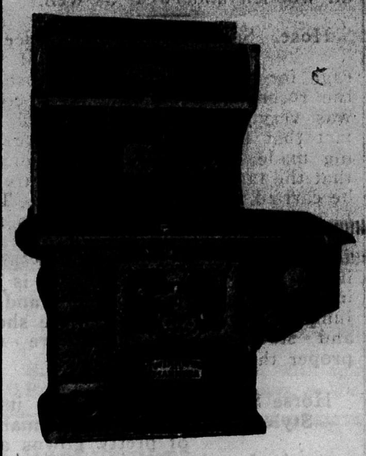

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We cordially invite all visitors to the Exhibition to visit our store. You will not be bored by salespeople. You will not be inveigled into buying something you do not need. You will find every article marked in plain figures. Whether you buy or not, it will do you good to visit McKays "The Ladies' Store."

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Dear Sir,—Right before you are the Finest Snaps on the market to-day, and we recommend them as exceptional values. They are selected from thousands as being good bargains which you can't get every day. They will stand your investigation.

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Dauphin, 640 acres at **$8.50** per acre.
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Carievale, Sask., Half Section, five miles from station, elevators, etc., 210 cultivated, 100 to break. Splendid soil, frame house and stable, and buildings. A choice half-section, and it must go quickly. Purchaser gets one-third of crop. Price **$20.00** per acre, quarter cash, balance easy.

Meadow Lea, Man., Half-Section, near Winnipeg, with magnificent buildings, windmill and every possible convenience. All fenced. School on farm. Worth at least $30.00 per acre. We are authorized to sacrifice and price is only **$21.00** per acre, one-third cash, balance easy.

Miniota, Man., Splendid Farm, 480 acres, quite close to station on main line Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and six miles from Miniota, C. P. Ry. Beautiful buildings, 210 cultivated, 160 to break, 200 fenced. Owner is leaving for good reasons, and must sell. Purchaser gets one-third of crop. Your chance is here. Wild lands sell from $20.00 to $27.00 per acre. This farm, for immediate sale is only **$22.50** per acre, one quarter cash, balance easy.

Ridgeville, Man., Fine Half-Section. First-class new buildings, two miles from station, elevators, town, etc. Ninety acres under crop, good clean land and plenty to break. Land around all worth from $30.00 to $40.00 per acre. Purchaser gets one-third of crop. Owner has instructed us to let this go at **$18.50** per acre, one quarter cash, balance easy.

Whitewood, Sask., 480-acre Farm going cheap, 3¼ miles from station, 1½ from school. 160 acres cultivated, plenty to break. All fenced. Fine large house and buildings, good water and hay. Ask about this right away. Price **$21.00** per acre, quarter cash, balance easy.

Look into these and secure them while you can. Send for our latest edition Pocket Folding Map of Western Canada, price 25c. (stamps accepted)

THOS. WRIGHT & CO.

354 Main St., Winnipeg.

Pockets. I am sure there is not a woman in the length and breadth of the land that will not rejoice to learn that pockets are once more to be put in their gowns. The innovation comes from Paris, where the idea of gowns without pockets first originated, and though it may be a few months before ready mades reach the Canadian West with pockets in them, they are coming, and when they come they will no doubt stay for many moons.

The tailored gowns have the pockets in the front of the gown, over the right hip and closed with a buttoned flap. At present they are only large enough to hold the handkerchief, but they will grow in size. Quite a number of the evening gowns being turned out by leading London houses have pockets in the folds at the back. Only those who have endured the inconvenience of carrying all the small accessories of keys, purse, handkerchief, etc., in a hand bag can fully appreciate what it means to once more have pockets in the gowns.

High Prices of Wearables. A piece of news that is not so good is the general advance in the prices of silks, woollens and cottons. These prices are at present confined to the manufacturer who is paying a greatly advanced figure for his raw material, which is short in all these lines, but as the wholesaler is now paying an advanced price for his fall goods, next fall and winter the western customer will feel the pinch. Raw silk is very scarce and very dear and there can be no appreciable increase of supply within a year. Coupled with this the demand has grown by leaps and bounds, in fact, so fast that manufacturers cannot possibly keep ahead of their orders, and the prices are advancing steadily. I am giving this warning thus early for the benefit of the fall brides who would do well to embrace any opportunity of bargain silk or bargains in fine wools and fancy cottons that may be offered during Exhibition time, as later the prices must advance. The high price of wool is affecting the market for cashmere hose and though next fall you will no doubt be able to buy stockings at the old prices of 35, 50 and 60 cents per pair retail, you will not be able to buy the same quality at those prices. This will apply to all woollen underwear as well.

Hose. Speaking of the price of hose reminds me of the rage for tan shoes and tan hose at the recent horse show. This color was very much in evidence and the fact that tan cashmere hose are being made extensively would indicate that the tan shoe and stocking are to be carried through into the fall. The fact that tan and leather shades are so popular in gowns has no doubt led to a revival of the tan shoes and stockings. Much light weight velvet is being made up in these shades and in jumper gowns and with these shoes and stockings to match are the proper thing.

Horse Show Styles. Winnipeg did itself proud in the matter of pretty gowns and parasols for the show. There was ideal weather all three days but two of the evenings were cool enough to give an opportunity to show off some of the dainty evening coats that had been prepared and full advantage was taken of the opportunity. It is to be hoped that by another year there will be a better place provided for ladies to promenade, as they are as much a part of the show as the horses.

Ribbons. There is almost a craze at the present time for Dresden ribbons and they are very much in evidence in the brettelles that have succeeded the jumper waist as first favorite in summer gowns. These brettelles are appearing in all sorts of fantastic shapes and colorings, but the plain brettelles of rich Dresden ribbon do add just the right touch of color to a sheer or dense white gown. Another smart effect is got in black and white stripped ribbon. These are worn over white gowns and black or with black skirt and white waist, though the latter has rather a patchy effect. Just one word to the stout woman or girl—avoid brettelles as you would his Satanic majesty; they are a device for the long and slender waisted only.

To return to ribbons, the indications are that plain ribbons will be more worn for fall, and velvet ribbon, which continues a first favorite will be just as popular all fall and next winter as it is now. It is correct to wear velvet ribbon on anything from the stiffest tailor made to the sheerest mull or thinnest net or lace waist, and it always looks right. Brown and blues, and of course black, are the leaders.

Gloves. Long gloves are going to be worn all next fall and winter, so the provident girl will improve any opportunity there may be to lay in a stock. Twelve and sixteen button gloves promise to supersede the unbutton gloves that are and have been so fashionable. Though they will be a nuisance to fasten, they will wear better than the others, the hauling on and off being exceedingly hard on the tops. Like tan shoes, tan gloves are leaders and will remain so; they are correct with almost any color of gown. In fact, tan shoes and hose and tan gloves, provided they all match perfectly, may be worn with a gown of almost any color excepting black. This applies also to black gloves, shoes and hose. Black glace kid gloves are correct with almost any other color, even with a tan gown, though the latter combination is ugly. In evening shades, cream leads but corn colored gloves are creeping into favor, though they are making way much more slowly in Canada than in the United States. Corn colored gloves are very smart with black and the London smoke grey but look rather loud with blues and greens.

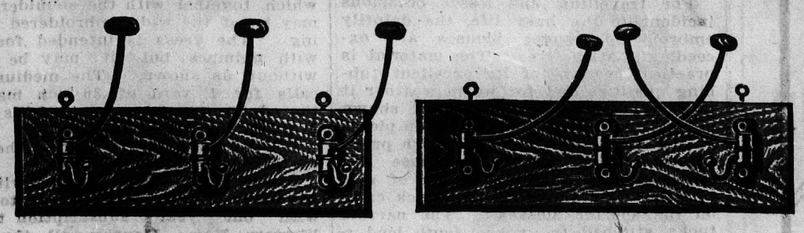
Trimmings. There is a growing tendency to trim tailored gowns with braid and buttons. Many of the braids are made of what is known as artificial silk. They look like silk but wear infinitely better and never lose their gloss. Metal buttons are showing rather more than they did early in the season, but the demand is for buttons to match the gown not only in shade but in pattern also. Leather for collars and cuffs of very smart tailored suits is growing in favor and is now made so soft and pliable that the home dressmaker, should she fancy it for a trimming, has no difficulty in sewing it on her machine. It is recommended for any tailored gown for general wear as it does not soil and get shabby as does the velvet or fancy cloth so much in vogue. All the large dry goods houses carry these leather trimmings. Another point to note is that if you want buttons to match a gown you can send a piece of your material to any large dry goods house and they will have the buttons made to order. They cost more, of course, but not so much more as you would naturally expect. Button making machines, similar to those used in Germany, have been erected in Canada and it is now possible to get almost any combination of button you fancy made to order at a very reasonable cost.

Belts and Buckles. One of the newest things is a belt called after beautiful Margaret Anglin, the Canadian actress. It is a combination of leather and silk elastic and has either gilt, French grey or gun metal buckles. It is only one and a half inches wide. There is a revival of interest in leather belts, which in the early spring promised to be quite out of it. Now leather in all fancy shadings to match the gowns are made into belts of all widths and all designs. These belts certainly have the merit of wearing better than the silk and white wash belts. Elastic belts of all kinds are very popular, and black, white and grey beltings come by the yard in all widths from an inch and a half to eight inches wide. These latter are held straight in the back by long buckles and then draw in to the front in soft full folds and are fastened by buckles not more than three inches deep. The effect is very good on slight figures. Elastic belts studded with cut steel are very popular, in fact so popular that their day is surely drawing to a close.

White Dresses. When the last word has been said for colored clothing, this is the season of the white gown. In white my lady will go, sheer muslin or linen, if the day be hot, Pongee and Rajah silk for cooler days, and serge and light weight wools of all kinds for still cooler days. This is the day of the dry cleaner and he waxes more and more haughty and independent. Let me give a word of comfort to the girl in the country who would like a white wool gown and finds it hard to get it cleaned. Make a point of getting pure wool and then wash it yourself with Royal Crown Naphtha soap. I have tried it and know whereof I speak. Of course, gowns to be washed in this way should be simply made. This is the way I did mine: Make a very strong suds of the soap and soft water only moderately warm. Let the gown soak about twenty minutes. Then rub with your hands all the specially soiled spots. Have the wringer screwed down pretty tight. Wring your gown and put it at once into another tub of the suds, not so strong this time, give it another thorough rubbing with your hand and then rinse in two clear waters of the same temperature as the suds. Hang out on the line in a good wind and pull it as much into shape as possible. As soon as it is dry enough to press, press it well first on the wrong side and then on the right with a cloth laid over it to prevent its glossing. Done in this way, I think you will find that your white wool gown will look almost as fresh as new and will not cost you either the money of the cleaner or the wear and tear of temper waiting for him. Heretofore I have not advocated washing gowns of this character at home but with this Naphtha soap it is possible to do wonders. If the sleeves of your gown are set in with pleats I would recommend ripping that out and ironing flat as it is almost impossible to get good results in ironing sleeves of that class unless you have all kinds of special boards and stands such as are used in the cleaning houses.

White gowns of all kinds are such a pleasure to wear and look so smart that it seems a pity not to wear them as much as possible. I understand from a friend that Rajah silk washes well in the same way that I have described, but I have never tried it, so cannot speak from experience.

PREMIUMS for ROYAL CROWN SOAP WRAPPERS



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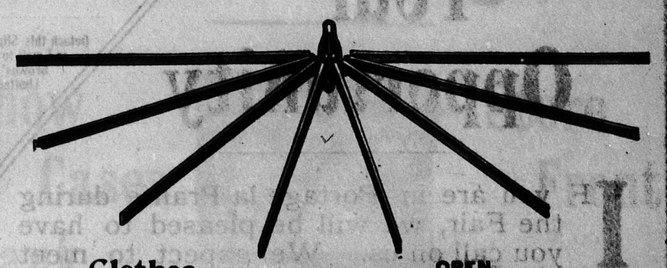
Hat and Coat Rack, No. 74 (Three Hooks)

Back oak, 17½ in. long, 5 in. wide, ¼ in. thick. Hat hook extends 6 in., coat hook extends 2 in., base of hook 2¼ in. Movable arms, antique oak knobs, polished steel, handsomely nickel plated. Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 35c. and 25 Wrappers. If outside Winnipeg add 15c to cover delivery.



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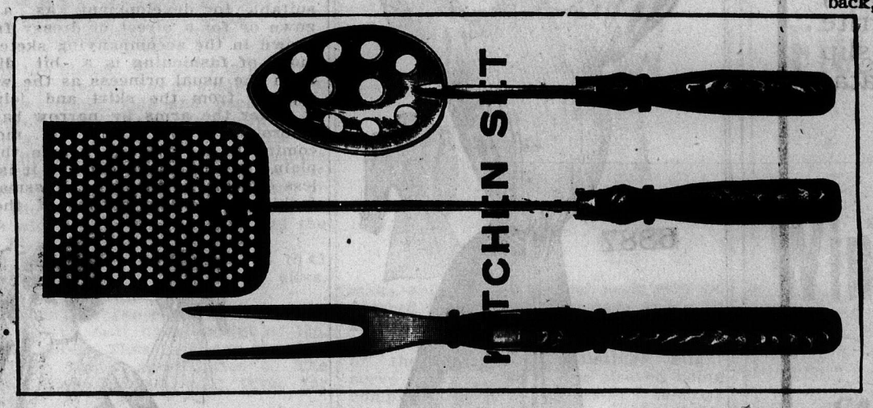
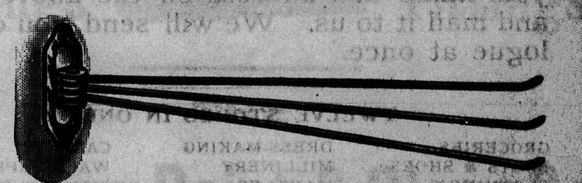


Kitchen Set, No. 70

Cake turner, nickel plated and buffed. Fork tinned. Spoon tinned. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c, and 25 wrappers.



Display and Towel Rack. No. 73

"PHYLLIS" Three Arms made from 3-16 in. Bright Wire

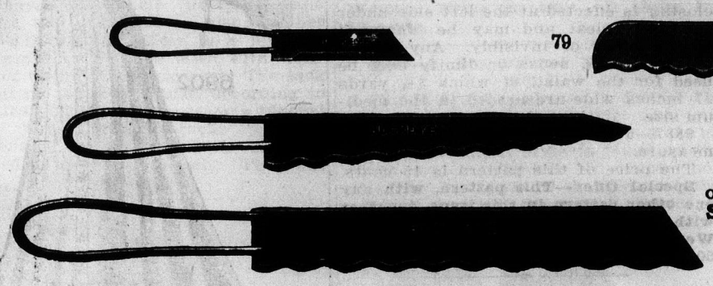
Nickel plated. Two screw holes for bracket. Length over all, 11½ in. Length of arms, 11½ in. Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 25 wrappers.

78

79

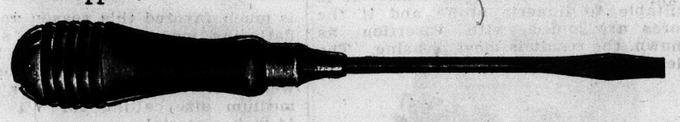
Christy Center Cut Bread Knives

Finest knife steel, handsomely finished handles. Choice of pointed No. (78) or round end (No. 79) packed complete in box. Free for 175 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 50c. and 25 wrapprrs.



Buckeye Set, No 76

Consisting of one PAREING KNIFE, one CARVING KNIFE, one BREAD KNIFE. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 wrappers.



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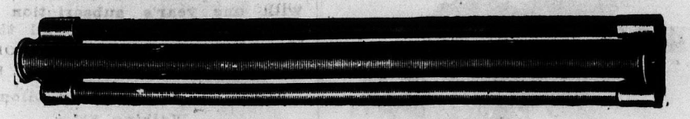
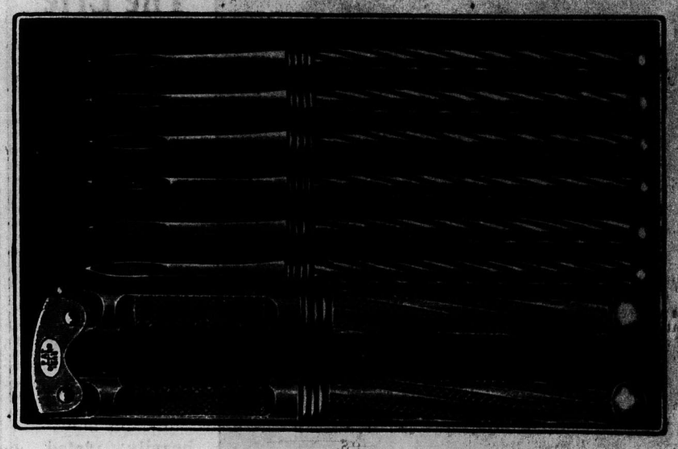
Cherry beaded handles. Length 10 in. Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 10 wrappers.



"Climax" Towel Roller, No. 75

Steel pivots and steel ends. Roller selected oak oil finish. Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 15c. and 10 wrappers. If outside Winnipeg add 15c. to cover delivery.



Combination Nut Crack and Nut Pick Set, No. 72.

Six picks and one crack, with spiral knural, nickle plated. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 wrappers.

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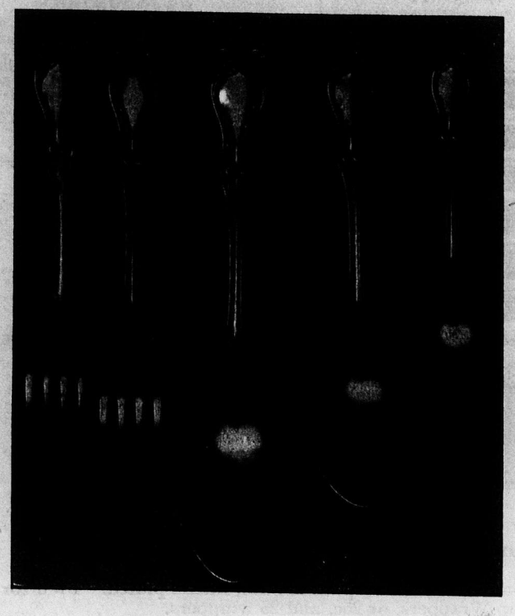

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

6887—A Pleasing Waist in Embroidered Pongee.

For travelling and lesser occasions incident to the busy life, the daintily embroidered pongee blouses are exceedingly attractive. The material is practical because of its excellent tubbing qualities and for warm weather it is very comfortable. The waist shown is rendered individual by its deep pleats at either side of the front, which prove becoming to all wearers. These are edged with a narrow pleating of silk in plain color as are the turnback cuffs on the shorter sleeves. The narrow tucks stitched to yoke depth lend a

modish fulness to the front, while those in back continue to the waistline. The closing is effected at the left side under the deep pleat and may be fastened with buttons or invisibly. Any of the summer silks, swiss or dimity may be used for the waist, of which 3¼ yards 27 inches wide are needed in the medium size.

6887—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4199—A Quaint Little Dress for Wear with Guimpes.

A little gored dress which suggests the frocks our grandmothers once wore is shown and will be found wonderfully attractive for small maidens. It is suitable to lingerie stuffs and if the gores are joined with insertion as shown, the result is most pleasing. The sleeve cap is formed by a frill joined to

the side-front gore and extending over the shoulder to waist depth. A straight gathered flounce completes the dress which, together with the shoulder frills, may be of the wide embroidered flouncing. The dress is intended for wear with guimpes, but it may be worn without, as shown. The medium size calls for 1 yard of 36-inch material, the edging for flounce and frills being 7 yards and the insertion 4¾ yards.

4199—7 sizes, 2 to 8 years. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthy—all three for 50 cents.

6902—A Charming Princess Gown for at Home or Abroad.

Some of the new princess dresses are exceedingly pretty with their grace-giving panel effects and one which is suitable for development as a house gown or for a street or dressy frock is shown in the accompanying sketch. The mode of fashioning is a bit different from the usual princess as the waist is separte from the skirt and joined to it under the arms by narrow bands of embroidery. The result is more becoming to the average woman than the plain tight-fitting model and it is much less difficult for the home dressmaker to fashion. The low outline of the neck

is much favored this season and a most flattering mode it is. The sleeves of this gown may be extended to the wrist if desired. A tub fabric, silk or chiffon-weight cloth might serve for this, the medium size calling for 7¼ yards of 44-inch material.

6902—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6885-6886—A Charming Blouse and Walking Skirt.

There is nothing which embodies more charm and usefulness than the dainty lingerie waist and chic walking skirt. It is a costume without which the up-to-date woman would not feel herself properly apparelled and everyone who shares any social pleasures will find it invaluable because of its suitability for wear upon all occasions. The blouse shown may be made of Persian lawn, French nainsook or handkerchief linen. The body portion is finely tucked in groups, front and back, while the fanciful yoke is set with a narrow insertion of lace. This also trims the collar and cuffs, while a simple embroidery increases the general attractive-

ness of the blouse. The skirt is a seven-gored, box pleated to a shallow yoke, the centre-front, side and back pleats continuing to the belt. It is distinctly new in style and very modish with its perfect fit over the hips and full ripple at the hem. This is suitable for any of the seasonable cloths, linens or silks, the waist requiring 3 yards 25 inches wide in the medium size and the skirt 8⅞ yards 44 inches wide.

Two patterns—6885—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6886—7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

Special Offer—These patterns together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6888—A Charming Negligee.

What a restful charm pervades many of the dainty dressing sacks intended for summer wear. The woman of the day appreciates their usefulness and comfort, and possesses as many as her purse will allow. Here is a pleasing little sack in pale blue lawn with trimming of a simple embroidery. The sack is built on Mandarin lines, according to the latest fashion and possesses unusual grace. Several narrow tucks appear at the centre front and back and are stitched to deep yoke depth. The neck

may be finished in kimono style as shown or lower, being cut away to yoke depth. Among suitable materials there are the washable silks, dimity and a host of other dainty washable fabrics. 3½ yards, 27 inches wide, are needed for the medium size.

5888—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together wit h one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4197—A Simple Waist for a Girl.

For practical wear, the simple waists of lawn or chambray are always liked by girls and their mothers. A pretty waist of this kind, which may serve as a blouse or guimpe for wear with the modish bretelle and jumper waists, is sketched and will be found easy to

make and launder. The neck may be finished high, round or square and with a band of embroidery or lace as finishing it will prove very becoming. Any of the seasonable waistings might serve for the model, the sleeves being completed long or short as desired. For the medium size 1¾ yards of 36-inch goods are needed.

4197—sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years. The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4188—A Box Pleated Dress for a Child.

The little dress shown is one of the one-piece box pleated styles so universally becoming to children. A variation of the usual style is found in the tucks which simulate a double box pleat in back, al of the pleats being stitched to waist depth and allowed to fall free below

4188—sizes, 1, 2, 3 years. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Westrrn Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

Mantels, Grates,
Fire Place Trimmings, Etc.

Show Cases
Bank AND Bar Fittings

Store Fronts AND Interior Store Fittings

THE
Winnipeg Paint & Glass Co.
Limited
CALGARY EDMONTON WINNIPEG

KOOTENAY FRUIT FARMS

The 5 Cardinal Points For
Successful Fruit Growing

GOOD CLIMATE
GOOD MARKET
RICH SOIL
SUFFICENT WATER
ADEQUATE TRANSPORTATION

Are all combined in our 150 acre ranch situated on the Slocan River immediately adjoining the townsite of Slocan City.
No frozen buds this year.
"Best soil in the Kootenay district."
No irrigation needed, but a mountain stream at the back could easily be used if wanted.
Even the Local Markets had to ship in fruit last year, so great was the demand.
Railway Station at Slocan City, within one mile. Steamboat connections with Revelstoke at the same point. Daily service both ways.
In ten or twenty acre blocks only, $100.00 per acre.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS WRITE
Lyon & Gladstone, 239 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Man.
Or R. W. GLADSTONE, Nelson, B.C.

Guns and Rifles

We carry the largest and most varied stock of Guns and Rifles in Canada, and offer the following makes:

Guns—Parker's, L. C. Smith's, Remington's, Greener's, Wesley Richards', Cogswell and Harrison's, Stevens', Spencer & Co., and many others at all prices.

Rifles—Winchester, Marlin, Savage, Stevens, Hopkins and Allen, Remington, and others in all models and calibres.

When in the city call and see us.

The HINGSTON SMITH ARMS CO., Limited

Fire Arms and Sporting Goods

488 Main St. - WINNIPEG.

You Can't Cut Out

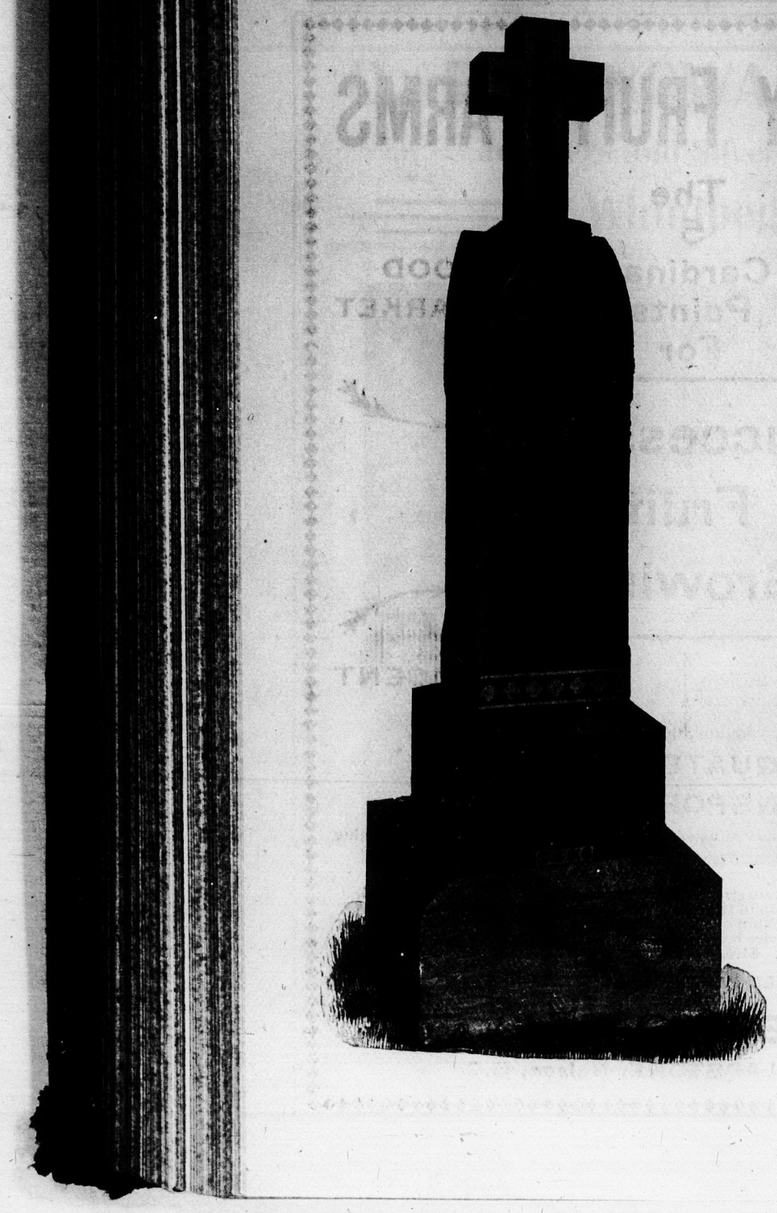
A BOG SPAVIN or THOROUGHPIN, but

ABSORBINE

will clean them off, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. Will tell you more if you write. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 4-O free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00 bottle. Cures Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Allays Pain. Genuine mfd. only by

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 138 Monmouth Street, Springfield, Mass.
Canadian Agents: LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal.



MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES. MARKERS. CEMETERY SUPPLIES.

Prices and Quality of the best.

Our customers recommend us.

OUR MOTTO: Perfect satisfaction to the purchaser.

Write for Catalogue.

DRYSDALE AND COMPANY

BRANDON.

6th Street, - Man

Girls in the Farm Home.

Princess Alice's Way.

What makes me like to do them? Well,
I'll tell you:
I have a secret which you do not
know,
Although we've talked together all the
summer

Until this one last day before you go,
I used to play that I was Princess
Alice,
And not a country girl, named
Hannah Jane;
I fancied that I lived in stately
Windsor,
Where lords and ladies followed in
my train.

I played I had a dress of rosebud satin,
And one of lacey white, with knots of
blue,
And toys and story books—if you could
see them!—
Why, even now I half believe it's
true.
But always, in my finest dreams of
splendor,
A sudden call would spoil my happy
fate:
"Oh, Hannah Jane, come in and wash
the dishes!
Oh, hurry, Hannah Jane; it's getting
late!"

I didn't like it? No, I guess I didn't.
I do not love it yet, to tell you true;
But I have found that I enjoy it better,
When they are calling, to pretend I
do.
And so I make believe there's nothing
nicer
Than washing dishes on a summer
day;
For, if the Princess Alice chose to wash
them,
Of course she'd do it in a royal way.

I never tell the others what I'm
thinking.
Sometimes I fancy how surprised
they'd be
To know a princess helps them in the
kitchen.
The princess knows it: that's enough
for me.

—Emma Endicott Marean.

Girls in the Farm Home.

We read much about how to keep the boys on the farm.

It is quite as necessary to make the farm home interesting and attractive to the girls.

Don't keep them all the time at routine tasks—everyday drudgery.

Give them a share in the interests of the home by talking over plans and prospects with them, and make use of their suggestions or let them carry out their own ideas.

They will be much more interested and willing helpers if allowed to help about the fancy baking, the fine ironing, the canning, pickling, and preserving.

Let them take turns about the work, holding each responsible along certain lines a week about.

Give them a room of their own and allow them to arrange it as they wish, requiring only that it be kept neat and in order.

Welcome and entertain their friends, and make a little party for them occasionally. Send them to town to do the shopping for the house now and then. They will not be properly equipped to manage homes of their own without such experience, and mistakes were better made now than then.

Go visiting for a day or two or a week occasionally to give them the experience of running the house alone, when they will learn many things they can learn in no other way than when put upon their own resources.

Provide them in some way with a little money of their own, either a small sum in payment for some regular work, or as their share of the proceeds from the chickens, the garden or something for which they share the work and care. Young people can never learn the value of money or its proper use unless they have it to use.

Give them special hours or afternoons that shall be their own for recreation, entirely free from any tasks, except such as they may wish to take upon themselves.

Encourage their attempts to beautify the home and its surroundings, and especially direct their attention to flowers and give them time for their cultivation.

Give them every advantage possible, of education, music and art, not that that they may the better enjoy it as ior to life in the country home, but that the may the better enjoy it as their knowledge and true culture widens.

They at least may be provided with good reading—enjoy the daily companionship of the best minds. The world has known, and grown wiser and better in such society. In the city the attractions and distractions of daily life shut out much of such companionship, which can be enjoyed to the full only in the quiet of the country home.

Lead them to learn to enjoy the higher things of life—to live above their work—to see the beauty of the morning, the delights of summer days, the charm of winter evenings.

So shall these dear daughters grow into noble and useful women, capable of managing wisely the homes the future shall build for them, and of sharing the responsibilities of the world's true womanhood.

Some Girl "Don'ts."

Don't be rude toward your brothers. Boys' feelings are as sensitive as girls.

Don't forget that it is in most cases the father who devotes his life in work and worry to provide for his family, and show him the gratitude he deserves.

Don't forget that you owe the same respect and obedience to your father that you do to your mother. Often the rightful head of the house is placed at the foot through sheer thoughtlessness on the part of his family.

Don't have secrets from your mother. Remember that she was a girl once like yourself, and that she will prove the most sympathetic confidant in the world, for she holds your happiness and welfare at heart.

Farmers' Daughters as Money Makers.

Here are some of the ways in which girls, now established in cities, worked their way from the farm:

One girl raised herbs of all kinds, thyme, savory, sage and lavender, which she marketed through a commission merchant in the nearest city. Another gathered seeds (flowers, vegetables, and shrubs) for a seedsman, with whom she made new arrangements each spring. A third, who has the real mercantile instinct, bought up old furniture and dishes, family heirlooms, from her neighbors, and sold them to a dealer in antiques with whom she had made an arrangement while visiting friends in a near-by city. A girl who lived in the heart of the Adirondacks made money every summer baking bread-stuffs for camping parties, and men came for miles to buy her bread rolls, cakes, doughnuts and pies. Finally a well-to-do camper and his wife became interested in the girl and through these allies, she found work in the city.

A New England girl living on a barren farm is saving money to go to college by serving lunches to picnickers who come out from town almost every day to enjoy the pleasures of a near-by lake. Her brother sells bait and has two rowboats to rent.

The girl who lives near summer resorts, of course, has the best of it. Summer boarders will always buy souvenirs made from birch-bark, pine-cones, and sweet grasses; also photographs of the scenery. If she has a younger brother with pleasant manners, she can send him to the hotels and boarding-houses every day with souvenirs, bouquets of flowers, small baskets of berries, home-made candy, etc. If there are cottagers in the vicinity, she and this same brother can establish a route, delivering bake-stuffs, eggs, milk, fruit, and vegetables.

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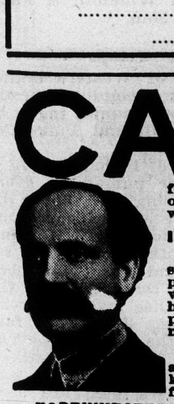

NORTHWESTERN B
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THE Yazoo Miss
Is the title of an illust
published by the Illinoi
pany, describing in deta
RESOURCES AN
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Richest Valley In
extending, in the State
two hundred miles nort
the Mississippi River, e
from twenty-five to sixt
copy, address:
J.
General Immig
Room 10, Hi

WOOL
Correspondence solicite
application. Wm. Gra
E., Toronto, Ont.

You Have Catarrh!

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit, If There Is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, that Is Catarrh and I Can Cure It.

Let Me Send You a Free Trial Package of My Remedy.

This Picture Is Awful to Look At, But to See a Friend Suffer Year After Year with Catarrh Is Even Worse, When You Stop to Think How Easy He Could Be Cured by Simply Writing Gauss.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all that are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address to-day and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 9391 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. GAUSS, 8240 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

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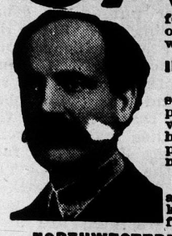
CASH



for your farm, home, business, or other property, no matter where it is, or what it is worth.

IF YOU WANT A QUICK, CASH SALE

send description and price of the property you want to sell, then we will write you, explaining how and why we can sell it. Our plan of selling costs nothing and may be of great value to you.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

a property or a business of any kind anywhere, write for our free catalogue of bargains.

NORTHWESTERN BUSINESS AGENCY,

Desk 5 Bank of Commerce Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE Yazoo Mississippi Valley

Is the title of an illustrated 56-page pamphlet published by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, describing in detail the

RESOURCES AND POSSIBILITIES

OF THE

Richest Valley in the United States,

extending, in the State of Mississippi, for about two hundred miles north of Vicksburg and from the Mississippi River, east, in distances varying from twenty-five to sixty-five miles. For a free copy, address:

J. F. MERRY,
General Immigration Agent, I.C.R.R.,
Room 10, Hive Block, Manchester, Ia.

WOOL WANTED

Correspondence solicited. Quotations given on application. Wm. Graham, 54 Wellington St., E., Toronto, Ont.

THE VALUE OF NAMES.

A Contrast Between Yorkshire Choirs and the Mendelssohn Choir.

Names are sometimes used to conjure with. But, after all, names are only substitutes for things, means whereby we express ideas. The name of Bayard will always be a synonym for purity and knightly honor because of the life of the admirable Chevalier. In like manner, the name of Sheffield Chorus stands for splendid achievement in choral singing. Yorkshire has traditions in music. The great choirs of that county have been in existence for years and can recall events of great importance with which they have been connected. Notable composers have been entranced by the singing and these facts no doubt aid in the creation of enthusiasm. But traditions are not vital to success. The Mendelssohn Choir captured New York after only ten years of existence and with only a local reputation. It is well to remember this fact, for there is a tendency on the part of some people to believe that only a piano which has been on the market for fifty years can have merit. It may have traditions, but traditions do not make a pure and even tone. That depends on careful workmanship and good material. The Gourlay piano has been on the market only a little over four years, yet it is recognized everywhere by connoissiurs as an ideal instrument. It has no traditions yet, but its name is known as that of a piano made conscientiously from the best possible materials. It will get the traditions in time. Now it is getting customers, and from all over Canada.

House Mantels, Etc.

The Winnipeg Paint & Glass Co., Winnipeg, have now on hand a magnificent line of house mantels, grates, fireplace trimmings, etc. They are in a position to supply the trade of this entire country. If your dealer cannot supply you with a modern house mantel write the above named firm direct, giving name and post office address and the Winnipeg Paint & Glass Co. will see that you get what you require in their line. Mention this magazine when writing.

Hardware, Saddlery, Etc., by Mail.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of McTaggart-Wright Co., Limited, Winnipeg, that appears on another page of this magazine. This big mail order concern are in a position to supply farmers and others with builder's hardware, in fact with hardware of all kinds, saddlery, etc.

The members of this firm has long been connected with the hardware trade in Western Canada. Their experience and connection with the leading masufacturers enable them to buy direct and at the very lowest possible price. This, in turn places them in a position to sell by mail to customers the articles they need in hardware at a slight advance on manufacturers' prices. Doing a strictly cash business, they have no bad debts, and in consequence are not obliged to charge their customers an extra amount to recoup them from losses incurred by bad book accounts.

This firm knows the requirements of our people; they know the class of goods which our farmers need. Therefore, mail order customers need have no hesitation in ordering what they may require direct from the McTaggart-Wright Co., Winnipeg. The firm quarantees to give the same prompt attention to mall orders from obscure country points as they would give to the largest order. There is no discrimination in favor of the buyer of large amounts. They have strictly one price and that the very lowest price possible when the quality of the goods sold is taken into account.

They issue a handsome illustrated catalogue giving prices and full information. Every farmer who wishes to increase the purchasing power of his dollars should have a copy of their big new catalogue on and. To secure a copy of this money savinge catalogue free, all that is necessary is to writee them and mention the Western Home Monthly when writing.

TETLEY'S TEA

CHOICE HIGH QUALITY BLENDS

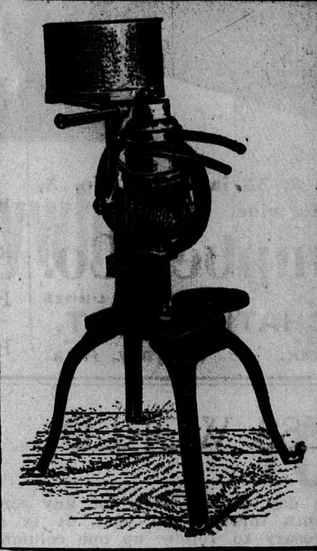
The delightful flavor, that is so pronounced in Tetley's Tea, is unequalled in others. Tetley's is supreme in quality—fragrant, choice, delicious, the most refreshing, luxurious and beneficial tea. Ask your grocer for Tetley's, and note its superior drinking flavor.

ALL GROCERS

Canadian Distributers:

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG, CANADA

The "Eatonia" Hand Cream Separator



In competition with leading makes has won some of the highest awards offered for cream separators. Its three leading features are:—

EXCELLENCE OF WORK

EASE OF OPERATION

SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION

Tests have proved that the machine extracts practically all the cream fat from milk.

Much less power is required to run it than other machines of similar capacity.

It contains so few parts, that it can be cleaned in a fraction of the time required to clean others that have many parts.

It is so well built that it seldom goes out of order and requires but few repairs.

Write for our Prices, they will surprise you.

WINNIPEG THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED CANADA

RICH GOLD STRIKE

on one of the Properties of the

Winnipeg-Cobalt

PROSPECTING AND DEVELOPMENT CO., LIMITED.

The Directors have received news of a great new strike on the company's Vermilion Lake property, consisting of a Heavy Dyke of Quartz, Richly Mineralized, and traceable over a mile. Assays from several places gave

$13.50 TO $17.50 IN GOLD PER TON.

This is the second big vein on this property and greatly adds to the value of the Company's holdings. They have 280 acres in the Cobalt Country and Northern Ontario.

BUY THIS STOCK AT **25c.** BUY THIS STOCK AT

before it goes up in price. It will yield

LARGE PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS.

A Sound Business Proposition

It will pay you to investigate

Write or call for Prospectus and Particulars. We sell on terms, one-quarter cash, balance in one, two, and three months if desired. We have in our office some fine specimens of

NATIVE SILVER FROM COBALT.

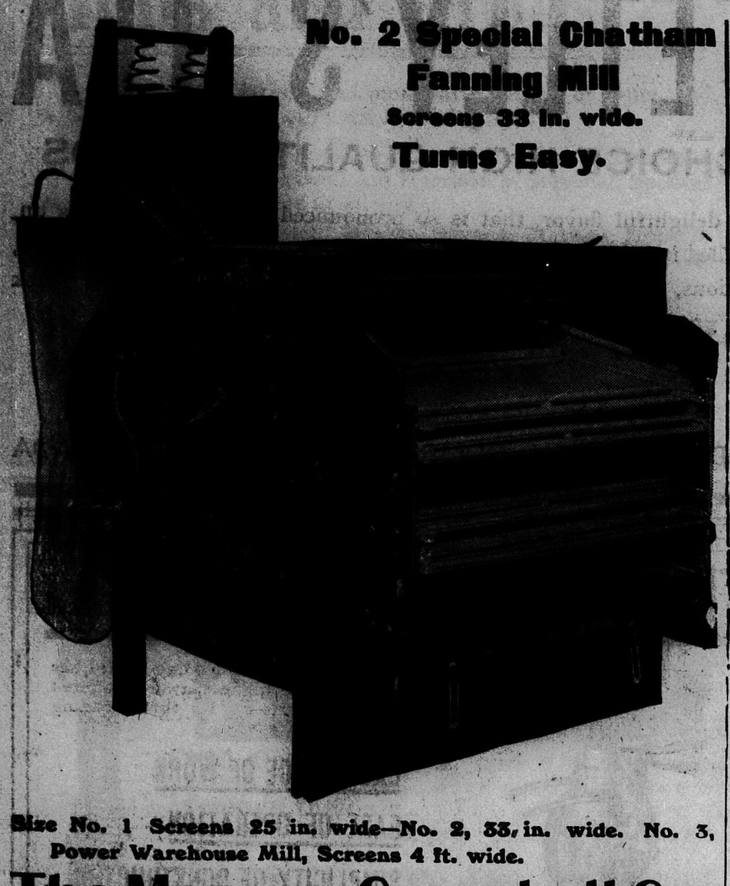
FRYER & CO.

Investment Brokers and Financial Agents,

615 KENNEDY BUILDING (Opposite Eaton's.

PHONE 7010 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

OATS from WHEAT



No. 2 Special Chatham Fanning Mill
Screens 33 in. wide.
Turns Easy.

Size No. 1 Screens 25 in. wide—No. 2, 33 in. wide. No. 3, Power Warehouse Mill, Screens 4 ft. wide.

The Manson Campbell Co. LIMITED

Address the nearest place, CHATHAM, ONT.

Brandon, Man. Moose Jaw, Sask. Calgary, Alta.

WE FACE THIS PROBLEM OF THE WEST.

WILD AND TAME OATS IN WHEAT HAVE BECOME A PEST.

WE ARE SPECIALISTS——WE ARE THE DOCTOR.

It is a special case and requires special expert treatment.

The oats are there. You must have them out. You want them all out. Nothing can take them out too fast to sui ou.

We have some reputation in our business. We make Fanning Mills for all the world, and every place on this green earth needs something special in a Fanning Mill.

Last year we sent 1,000 Mills to Australia. They are as different from the Canadian type as a Kangaroo is from a Buffalo. We send special Mills to Bengal, Natal, Buenos Ayres, Clasgow and even to Quebec. When we diagnose the case we send the Mill that does the work.

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING FANNING MILLS SINCE 1867.

Don't you think we could manage to build a special Mill for you?

We know we are equipped to build the Mill you need. We make our own Wire Cloth. We punch ur own Zinc. There is no mesh of cloth or size or shape of hole in Zinc we cannot make or use.

OUR UNITED STATES FACTORY

Ten years ago when our United States business got so large and the tariff wall too high, we built a factory in DETROIT, MICH., and now over there we make 10,000 Mills a year. We have several kinds. For ever State needs something special in the set of screens.

ONE MILL WILL NOT DO EVERYTHING AND EVERYWHERE

Don't you think we have the experience, the brains and means to build the very Mill for you? The Canadian West is no new field to us. Our Mills were there before the C. P. R.

This Latest Special Mill for THE WEST will be sent out to you
ON THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL,

with the binding guarantee that it will SEPARATE OATS FROM WHEAT better and faster than any Mill on the Market. We have seen them all. We know what we are talking about.

At the regular work it is the same old stand-by. It cleans Oats, Barley, Flax—all the grass seeds just the same.

Ask for our Catalogue and Price List. WE SELL ON TIME—TWO PAYMENTS - FALL, 1908–1909.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

At Winnipeg Fair.

The J. B. Armstrong Mfg. Co., Ltd., of Guelph, Canada, shipped two carloads of sample cutters and sleighs to the Cockshutt Plow Co., Winnipeg, early in June, so as to show all visitors to the Winnipeg Fair a fair assortment of the large range of styles they are making. These embrace all lines, from light speeding cutters to Democrat and delivery sleighs, with Stanhope sleighs, traps, and a large assortment of Portlands.

All visitors at Winnipeg Fair are invited to inspect these on the floors of the ware-rooms of the Cockshutt Plow Co. They are also showing a nice assortment of their wheel jobs, and the Armstrong Company have paid special attention to Western requirements, making the largest assortment of Democrats, Standard buggies, ranch wagons, mountain buggies and mountain wagons perhaps on the market.

Are You a Subscriber?

Dr. H. Sanche & Co, 356 St. Catherine West, Montreal, are advertising "Oxydonor" as an invaluable remedy for all nervous disorders, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, catarrh, asthma, pneumonia, dyspepsia, fevers, liver, kidney and bladder troubles, blood and skin diseases, etc. It is claimed that the appliance sold to bring about treatment for the various human ills aforementioned will serve a whole family and last a lifetime. Any of our readers who are sufferers from disease or disorders can secure full information of the mode of treatment, etc., by addressing the above. When writing please mention this magazine.

A New Calendar.

The Annuity Company of Canada, head office Winnipeg, is sending out a new calendar which is attracting considerable attention. The following are some of the features: If wished, two or more months can be shown upon the face of the calendar.

Convenience of reference is secured in consequence of monthly date being always in the same position on calendar. For instance, if necessary to ascertain the day of the week for any certain month through the year, it is only necesary to follow up one column of the calendar. It might be pointed out that in referring to calendar the first reference is usually made in connection with the date of the month and it is much more convenient to have the location of the day fixed. When the location of the date of the month changes with each calendar sheet, there is loss of time in finding that date; whereas in our device the date of the month remaining fixed there is only one change of location—namely, that of the day of the week.

There are a number of other changes secured which will become apparent with the use of the calendar.

Feeding and Veterinary Advice

Is the title of a valuable book just published by the Hackney Stock Food Co., of Winnipeg. It contains information as to the best methods of feeding, and also instructions regarding the prevention and cure of disease amongst stock and poultry.

Any stock owner can obtain these books, free, by writing to the Hackney Stock Food Co. We are sure that our subscribers will find this book very valuable to them.

A Word to Threshermen.

Thousands of threshermen read the Western Home Monthly every month and all of them are no doubt interested in their own business.

It is requested that every farmer interested in the threshing business, threshermen and would be or soon to be threshermen, that they write at once to the Portage Iron and Machine Co., Ltd., Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, and request a copy of a splendidly illustrated catalogue be mailed you at once. This catalogue on engines and separators contains a veritable gold mine of useful information to gentlemen interested in threshing.

To secure a copy free by return mail all you have to do is to mention that you read of the offer in the Western Home Monthly.

Winnipeg Has the Largest Piano House West of Montre

One of the most extensive concerns in the Canadian West is the Mason & Risch Piano House, at 356 Main St. This house controls in all the make of some eight different factories, and carry by far the largest stock of pianos to be found in any piano store west of Montreal. A splendid feature of the firm is the grading of pianos, keeping separate in different parlors each make sold, and marking prices and grades plainly on each instrument, doing away entirely with the old style of selling any and every piano as the best, giving the customer in this manner at once a knowledge of values that could not be had under any other system to intending purchasers. The price and grading system of this house does away with the embarrassment which generally confronts a piano buyer. Mason & Risch own and control all their own retail business in the West, and sell direct from the factory to the customer. While East in April, the management secured control of the well known Dominion Piano Co.'s line, placing orders at that time for ten carloads with the different Canadian and American factories represented by them. This house are also representatives of the Aeolian Co., of New York, for their entire line of player pianos, including the Weber, Wheelock, Steck and Stuyvesant pianola pianos. At present this house are offering 100 pianos at regular wholesale price to make room for goods which they were obliged to order to get control of the different makes they represent. The Mason Risch Co represent in their way of conducting business, all that is found in the larger American cities. When writng them for catalogue and prices mention this magazine.

To Farmers and Ranchers.

Did you ever see the new "Manitoba Power Windmill?" It will grind grain, saw wood, cut feed, pump water; in fact it is indispensible to the farmer and rancher.

So sure are the manufacturers that it is the best power windmill made that they agree to pay $1,000 reward to any person who will produce a better lubricated mill. Some of the things that the manufacturers claim for their windmill: More wind surface, strongest construction, perfect regulation, self-oiling, easy running, most powerful, most storm defying, will not break in high winds. They invite farmers and ranchers to write them for their special catalogue showing the windmill referred to as well as an extensive line of other farm machinery and farm requisites which they manufacture. When writing mention the Western Home Monthly. Address The Manitoba Windmill & Pump Co., Ltd., Brandon, Man.

"Manitoba" Pumps

Another evidence of Western brains, push and energy is exemplified in the success of "Manitoba" pumps, made by the Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co., Ltd., Brandon, Man.

These pumps were introduced in a field in which other pumps of every make almost were being sold, but it did not take the farmer and rancher long to find out the superiority of the "Manitoba" over all the others, with the result that the demand for "Manitoba" pumps is so great that it taxes the utmost capacity of thee manufacturers' large works to turn them out fast enough. to supply the demand. The very highest grade of timber, leather, castings, malleables, steel, paints, varnishes, pipes, cylinders, etc., are used in the construction of "Manitoba" pumps. They are now sold by all first-class dealers in the three Western Prairie Provinces in Canada. Should any farmer or rancher desire to put in a first-class pump he should drop a line at once to the Manitoba Windmill & Pump Co., Brandon, Man. Mention this magazine and receive by return mail a copy of their splendid illustrated catalogue with complete information.

A Testimonial.

The following letter was received by the Royal Crown Soap Co., Winnipeg, and speaks for itself:—

Cleveland, Ohio, 1987 Euclid ave., June 8, 1907.

The Royal Crown Soap Co.

Gentlemen.—Last Seetember we found at Lake Louise Witch Hazel soap, which we like better than any toilet soap we have ever used, and we would like to get more of it.

The cake before me has this address on, but a wrapper I have saved reads: "Manufactured only at Winnipeg," etc. The wrappers on the three cakes I had were alike, but I did not notice the

10c

marking on the soap
If it is for sale in
treal, please let me k
me know the price per
price of shipping cha
it would be necessary
press), and how much
would be.

Yours
(Signed) Mrs. I

For the Hou

The Empire Queen
ing in popularity and
has shown a steady
after month. As a ra
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Built on scientific p
fuel saver, an excelle
peculiar yet superior c
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If your dealer cann
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How to Build a

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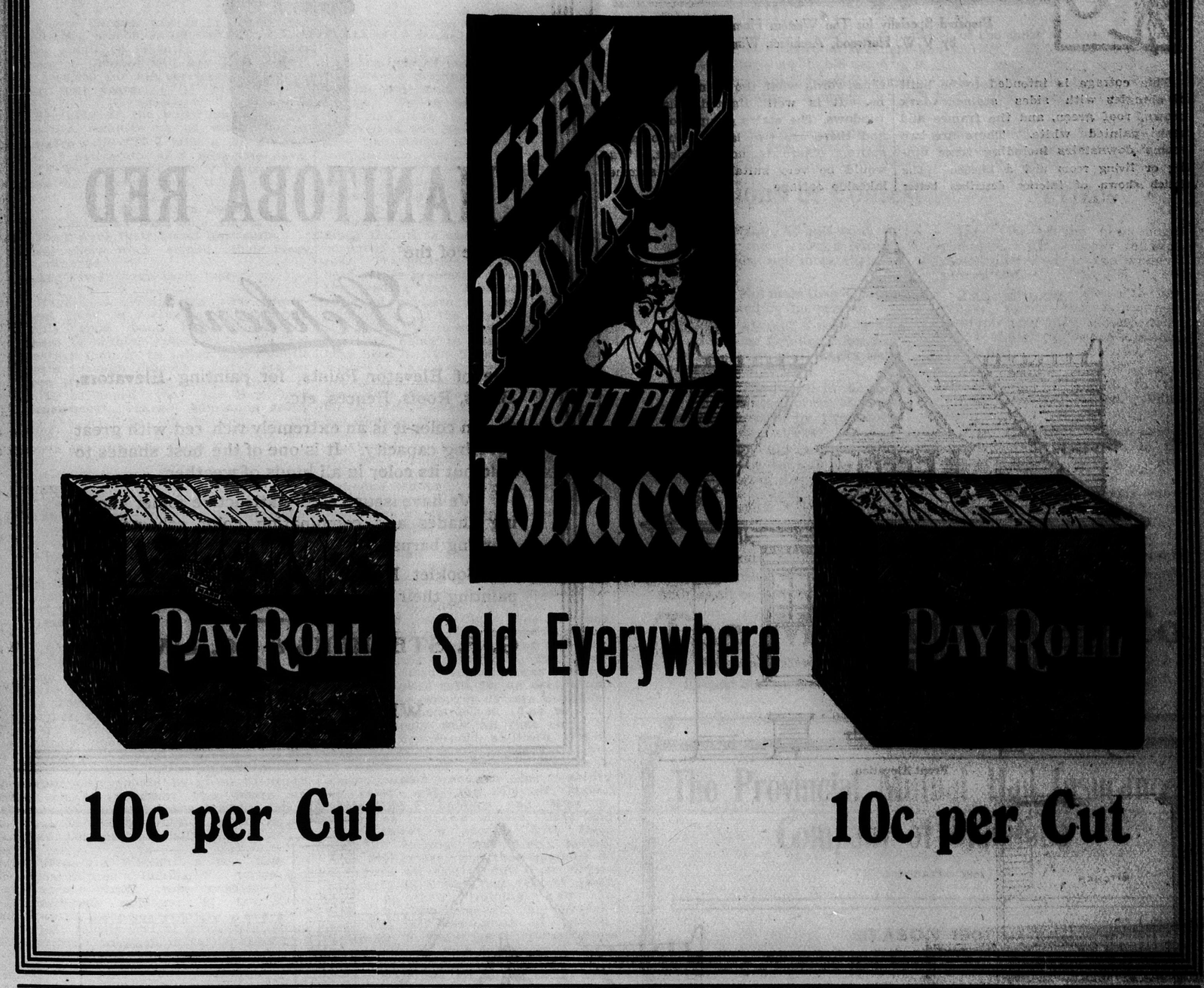


marking on the soap we have used.

If it is for sale in the east or Montreal, please let me know; if not, let me know the price per dozen cakes, the price of shipping charges (I presume it would be necessary to ship by express), and how much our customs duty would be.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mrs. D. O. Wickham.

For the Housewife.

The Empire Queen range is increasing in popularity and the demand for it has shown a steady increase month after month. As a range, it embodies all that is best in range construction.

Built on scientific principles, it is a fuel saver, an excellent baker and its peculiar yet superior construction make it a splendid heater. It is distributed throughout Western Canada by Christie Bros., King St., Winnipeg, and is offered for sale by all the leading stores and hardware dealers in this country.

If your dealer cannot supply you, a postal card to Christie Bros. will bring you a catalogue by return mail and furthermore they will see that you get the Empire Queen range.

How to Build a Wire Fence.

Every farmer interested in the building of wire fences should write at once for a copy of an interesting folder, illustrated, on fences and fencing, issued by the Manitoba Anchor Wire Fence Co., Ltd., of Winnipeg. The average farmer has a lot to learn in wire fence construction, and the time he will spend in writing for a copy of the aforementioned booklet will be time well spent. Fencing is now quite an expense and every idea furnished the farmer by which he may be enabled to save dollars is worth having. When writing for a copy of this useful booklet please mention the Western Home Monthly and a copy will be mailed you free by next mail. Ask for booklet H.

Good for the Dog.

Tuttle's Elixir Co., Montreal.

Dear Sirs.—When my dog was suffering with pneumonia and had been given up by the veterinary, I used your Elixir as a last resort. His throat was badly swollen and after a few applications it disappeared. I feel that I owe my dog's life to Tuttle's Elixir and cheerfully recommend it. C. C. Hunt, Rock Island, P. Q.

Melotte Blotter.

One of the neatest things that has come to our desk in the way of a catalogue for the season of 1907 is the new Melotte blotter and calendar. It describes in detail the Melotte cream separator, and at the same time the inside is so arranged that the farmer can use it as a blotting pad. Address the Melotte Cream Separator Co., at 213 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man., mentioning the Western Home Monthly, and they will be pleased to send you a copy.

The Dunn Hollow Concrete Block Machine.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of The Jas. Stewart Mfg. Co., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont., showing an illustration of a handsome house built of concrete building blocks. The blocks used in the walls of this house were made by the Dunn Hollow Concrete Block Machine, which are made and sold by the James Stewart Co., Woodstock, Ont. This is the third year that the machine is in the market and its popularity is evidenced by the increasing demand for those machines.

Simple in construction and operation, it is just the machine for block making for a single building, or for a regular block making business. The price is moderate indeed, and the machine is compact and portable. One good feature about it is that there is no power required to operate it. Any of our readers writing to The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Woodstock, Ont., and mentioning this magazine will receive by return mail a handsome catalogue giving full information about the Dunn hollow concrete block machine.

List of Canadian Patents for the Fourth of June, 1907.

The following up-to-date list of Canadian patents is reported to us by Egerton R. Case, Solicitor of Patents and Expert in Patent Causes, Temple Bldg., Toronto, Ont:—

W. R. Hampden, Toronto, Ont., heating stoves, assigned to Supreme Heating Co., Owen Sound, Ont., heating stoves; E. G. Acheson, Stamford Township, defiorculated graphite and processes of defiorculation thereof; Ed. G. Acheseon, Stamford Township, Welland County, Ont., methods of disintegrating amorphous bodies; C. L. Chisholm, Marysville, N. B., speaking machine; J. W. Stodders, Morden, Man., insect traps; J. M. Woodwiss, Windsor, Ont., cement blocks; J. H. Davis, Boscurvis, Sask., removable side steps for wagons; C. A. R. Desjardins, St. Andre, Que., vehicle stakes; T. M. Stewart, St. John, N. B., anti-refillable bottle attachments; T. A. Blakely, Flesherton, Ont., anti-friction bearings, one-half interest to Frederick W. Harrison, Owen Sound, Ont.

A Word to Threshermen.

Thousands of threshermen read the Western Home Monthly every month and all of them are no doubt interested in their own business.

It is requested that every farmer interested in the threshing business, threshermen and would be or soon to be threshermen, that they write at once to the Portage Iron and Machine Co., Ltd., Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, and request a copy of a splendidly illustrated catalogue be mailed you at once. This catalogue on engines and separators contains a veritable gold mine of useful information to gentlemen interested in threshing.

To secure a copy free by return mail all you have to do is to mention that you read of the offer in the Western Home Monthly.

A Mild Climate.

There are scores of peopl ein the West who complain about our winters being unpleasant, people who are thin-blooded and whose constitution and physical make-up unfit them for a cold climate.

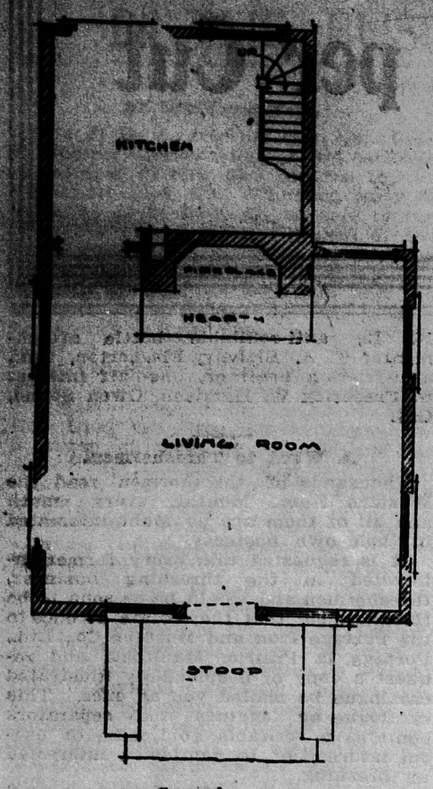
The Kootenay country in British Columbia furnishes a milder climate together with opportunities to make a comfortable living. McKim & Drake, real estate agents, 501 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, are seelling agents for fruit lands in the Kootenay. A postal card will bring prices for land and full information about climate, etc.

ORIGINAL PLANS

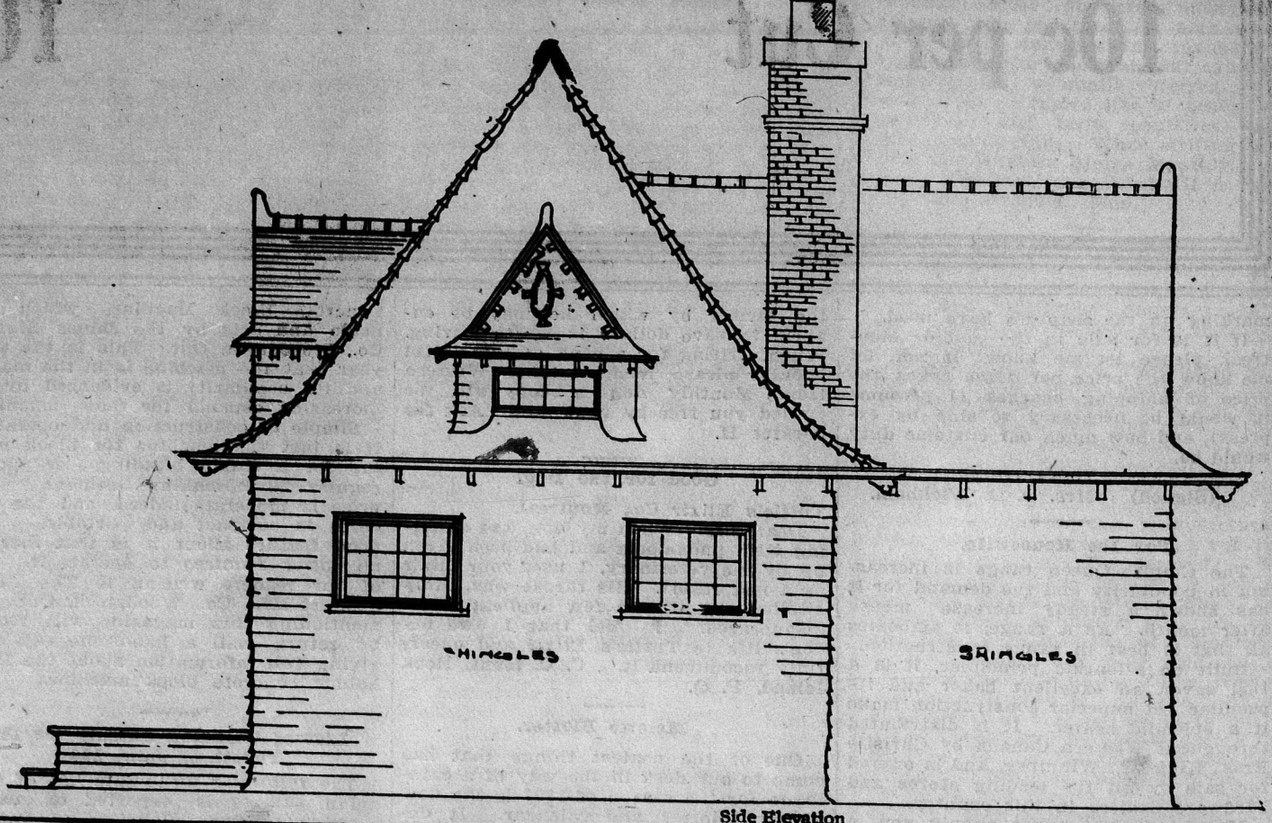
Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Harwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This cottage is intended to be built of shingles with sides stained dark brown, roof green, and the frames and sash painted white. There are two rooms downstairs including large dining or living room and a kitchen. The sketch shows of interior describes better than words what the living room should be. It is well lighted, having six windows. The stairs go up from kitchen and there are two large bedrooms upstairs. There is no basement. This would be very suitable for a summer lakeside cottage

Front Elevation.



Ground



Side Elevation.

MANITOBA RED

is one of the

Stephens'

line of Elevator Paints, for painting Elevators, Barns, Roofs, Fences, etc.

In color it is an extremely rich red with great covering capacity. It is one of the best shades to hold out its color in all kinds of weather

We have issued a very attractive folder showing shades and combination color schemes for painting barns.

Booklet No. 11 free to those who intend painting their property this year.

G. F. STEPHENS & CO. LIMITED
PAINT MAKERS,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

VENTRILOQUISM
Learned by any man or boy at home. Small cost. Send to-day 1-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, room 406, 2040 Knoxville Avenue, Peoria Ill.

$10 WOMEN'S LUSTRE SUITS, $8
Wash suits, $2.50 up. Cloth suits, $6 to $16. Skirts, waists and silk coats at manufacturers' prices. All garments tailored to your measure within one week. Send for free cloth samples and fashions. Express Prepaid.
Southcott Suit Co., London, Ont.

LADIES Can make $2. a day at home. Send for particulars. The Central Co., Box 308, London, Ont.

LADIES A safe, reliable and effectual MONTHLY medicine. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00 Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO'Y. Drawer "K" Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

How to When to Whom to Why not KISS With 48 photo'd MOVING PICTURES showing how.
Curious novelty for ??? folks; a fill book for all. Price 20c; of News and Post Card dealers, or Mur. Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St, New York

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WANTED AT ONCE on salary and expenses one good man in each locality with rig, or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry specifics. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. $ a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write, W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

START A FACTORY ON THE FARM You can do it and make money all the year round, manufacturing Stock and Poultry Foods and Condition Powders. We tell you how. Great Sellers, Big Profits. No experience necessary. Write UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., LONDON, CANADA

Central Business College
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CATALOGUES FREE.

POST CARDS 25 Colored Comics 10c. 15 N. Y. C. views 10c. 15 U. S. views 10c. 10 Jamestown Expesition 20c. 10 colored Artistic 10c. Assorted Cat. free. K. Schwager & Co., 255 W. 35 Street, N. Y. City.

In the World of Music.

Enrico Caruso, who is in London for the opera season, is quoted in an interview published recently as saying that Heinrich Conried will pay him a total of $800,000 for his services during the next four years.

Speaking of the importance of daily practice, reminds us of what another maestro said: "If I miss a day's practice, I notice it. If I miss two days' my friends notice it, and if I miss three days my audience notice it."

The New Town Band.

Their uniforms were spic and s
They wore their brand new suits,
Their shoes were shined, their faces washed.
And lovely were their toots.

Happyland, Winnipeg's new amusement park, is fortunate in getting a really good band like Robertson's. There is nothing pleasanter this hot weather than to be lulled into a gentle siesta through music's tuneful strains even if there is ten cents to pay. It is to be hoped that the Happyland management charge admission solely for the privilege of listening to the band, as there is certainly nothing else worth charging admission for.

Paolo Tosti, the composer, has an odd hobby—that of upholstering. The writer of "Good-bye" is teaching when not composing, and when he is not teach- his wife's drawing-room. Every chair in hs wife's drawing-room was upholstered by Tosti himself. He is continually on the lookout for fine old chair frames. All he finds he buys and upholsters, keeping the finished product for himself or sending it as a gift to some friend.

In a recent interview J. Paderewski, the world-famed pianist, said: The sane, healthy way to study the piano is, to apply one's thought directly to the work laid out methodically by the teacher for a certain length of time every day. That length of time depends entirely upon the future that the student may decide upon. If he or she take up music as a profession, four hours daily should be given to study; if as an amateur, two hours are enough. In both cases the division of time devoted to practice should be not less than one hour daily.

"Vote for Women," a new play by Miss Elizabeth Robins, who terms it a dramatic tract, was received with thunderous applause at the Court Theatre, London, recently. The story briefly told is that of a beautiful young suffragist wronged in earlier days by a rising politician. She finds him engaged to a nice, well brought up girl, and as compensaton for her personal wrongs gets him to espouse the cause of the suffragists by resigning his seat in the Cabinet.

The feature of the production is the marvellous reproduction of an open air meeting in Trafalgar Square in support of women's suffrage. The Tribune says: "Looked upon as a work of art, 'Vote for Women' is clever throughout, brilliant at times and on the whole disappointing. Miss Wynne Matthison brings the charm of her personality and admirable elocutionary art to the interpretation of the character of the heroine."

On Saturday evening, June 8th, the Winnipeg Stock Company brought their first year's work to a close after a highly successful season of thirty-seven weeks. Their last offering, "Lord and Lady Algy," from the pen of S. E. Carton, proved to be as acceptable as any of their previous presentations, and curtain-calls were the order throughout the week. At the last performance Mr. Alison, the leading man, in response to unanimous calls, stepped before the curtains and in a brief speech thanked the audience for their kindly reception, and then led on Miss Rebecca Warren, who was greeted with a perfect hurricane of applause. All the members have disbanded and departed for their Southern homes, with the exception of Miss Warren, who is playing the stellar role in "Cousin Kate" in New York, and Miss Davis and Mr. Hayden, the "junior lovers," who have taken their first plunge into vaudeville by appearing in a short sketch at the Dominion.

"The New York Idea," which will be presented at the Dominion theatre, Saturday afternoon and evening, July 6, by Miss Fiske and her justly celebrated Manhattan company, deals with the divorce question. It holds up to ridicule the absurd complications that result from a rushing into marriage, and rushing out of it through the divorce courts. "Follow your whim (for a man) and leave the rest to the courts" is given as the New York Idea. The play that cannot be analyzed; it must be seen to be appreciated, and no one who wishes an evening of most delightful, sparkling entertainment will go amiss in patronizing the Winnipeg engagement of the "New York Idea."

Mrs. Fiske is so well known in Winnipeg that it is almost unnecessary to comment upon her ability as an actress. The position she occupies at the head of her profession is proof for that. Her leading man, John Mason, is also conceded to have no superior as a leading man on the American stage. But the public like to know nowadays what they are going to hear. Those who have been in New York during the past winter or have kept pace with dramatic doings are acquainted with the fact that "The New York Idea" as presented by Mrs. Fiske and her company at the Shubert theatre for the entire season was probably the most successful production in New York, and easily the most successful in which Mrs. Fiske has ever appeared. The author, Langdon Mitchell, is well known to Winnipeggers, having been the awarding judge at the recent dramatic contest in Ottawa.

A brilliant and rousing reception greeted the rising of the curtain at the performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" put on by the Operatic Society of Brandon on June 12th in aid of the 20,000 Club. The audience, although not as large as upon the last occasion of the production of this play, was decidedly appreciative. Each solo, duet and chorus rendered was productive of repeated calls for an encore, and well did the company deserve the splendid ovation accorded it. The work of the principals was all that could be desired. Mrs Arnold, as Ruth, was in every sense of the word perfection. She is deserving of praise. Miss Cecie Pelton again showed her ability to carry out the role of Mabel, while Miss F. Laidlaw and Miss B. Speers as the two sisters, Kate and Edith, scored a success with their splendid singing and pretty acting. Miss Stellar Ivey and the remainder of the girls all carried out their different parts in a way that reflects great credit on their training. Of the men, Mr. Thornborough, as Frederick, was all that could be wished, while Mr. F. Kellet as the Pirate King is perfectly at hime in this role. Max Parkin as the Pirate Lieutenant again scored high and Mr. C. W. St. J. Yeld as the Major-General and Mr. Guilder as Sergeant of Police are both good actors and carry out their parts in a most able manner. Miss Cunningham again filled the position of accompanist and was as usual of great assistance to those taking the leading parts.

On the evening of June 20th the Central church orchestra gave a most enjoyable concert in the Congregational church, with Mr. Brown in the chair. The audience showed their appreciation of every number on the programme, espcially of the orchestral numbers, their work, for a young amateur organization, being extremely good, reflecting great credit on Miss Thompson, their leader. The selections by the orchestra were as follows: Kenora march, Nell Gwynn selection, Ballioaen waltzes, and Scotch selection, A Nicht wi' Burns. Miss Leckie sang a song in her usual dainty manner, and Miss Nora Carson played a violin solo, which received a generous encore. The gem of the evening was the unaccompanied violncello solo given by E. Plumm, a young foreigner who has recently arrived in the city. He gave a remarkably artistic rendering of a pretty serenade and was obliged to respond to an encore. Rev. J. L. Gordon gave a short address, congratulating the orchestra on its excellent showing. The members of the orchestra are: First violins, Miss Carson, Mr. Shine and Mr. Levit; second violins, Miss Nora Carson and Miss Mary Watt; viola, Mr. Graham; 'cello, E. Plumm; double bass, Mr. Lacey; cornets, Mr. Warnick and Mr. Nacht; trombone, Mr. McCormick; drums, S. Warnick, and piano, Miss McKinley. A neat sum was realized for the benefit of the orchestra fund

LADIES!

We Want Name for New Range

We have under construction patterns for the most modern and finest Steel Range ever placed on the Canadian market, and look to the ladies of Canada to supply a suitable name for it.

The name should be original and suitable for the highest grade of heavy cooking apparatus. A name that will look well in print, and one easily remembered.

This range will be made of heavy steel plate, with handsome cast ornamentation, constructed with a view to meet the requirements of the GREAT WEST, but equally applicable to any part of Canada.

Conditions of Contest

No. 1. Name, if one word, to contain not more than 8 letters. If two words, not more than 10 letters

No. 2. Not more than 3 names to be suggested by one person.

No. 3. All replies must be addressed to our London office and mailed within two (2) weeks after this paper is published.

No. 4. The Judges in the contest will be officers of the McClary Company, assisted by two advertising experts.

No. 5. Should the name decided upon be sent in by more than one person the prize will be given to the person whose name is first received.

No. 6. Mention this paper.

Prizes

1st. One of the new ranges complete, with reservoir and high closet, delivered to the winner's nearest station. Value $55.

2nd. Choice. One of the new ranges, square—that is, without reservoir and high closet, delivered to the winner's nearest station. Value $40.

3rd. Choice. Goods—stove or enamelware — delivered to the winner's nearest station. Value $30.

4th. Choice. Goods—stove or enamelware—delivered to the winner's nearest station. Value $20.

5th. Choice. Goods—stove or enamel ware—delivered to the winner's nearest station. Value $10.

The winning names will be decided upon without delay, and the results will be published in this paper within ten days or two (2) weeks afterwards

Address all communications to

The McClary Mfg. Co.

Advertising Dept. W.H.M.

Largest Makers Under the British Flag of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Enamelware, Etc.

The Provincial Mutual Hail Insurance Company of Manitoba

(INCORPORATED 1901)

SEASON 1907

We paid all losses last year in full, $6.00 per acre.

We have done this for twelve years of our existence at an average cost of 21c. per acre.

We have no liabilities.

We returned 30 per cent. of all premium notes to policy holders last year, and one year before we returned Fifty per cent. (50%)

We were highly commended by the Royal Commission on Hail Insurance for our business methods.

Economical Management,
Honest Appraisement, and
Satisfactory Settlements

Strictly a Farmers' Company. Managed by Farmers only.

Insure with us and feel secure.

THE OLD RELIABLE

C. J. THOMSON, Farmer, Virden, Manager—Sec.—Treas.

Head Office:

291½ PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

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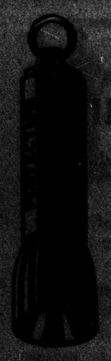

The "Perfection" Cigar Perforator

The new Rotary Cigar Cutter, will make your cigars "pull" perfectly, but will not break the wrapper. Result—a clean, dry, cool, enjoyable smoke—no ragged, soaked cigar butt. It's neat, durable and handsomely nickel-plated. Order one to-day and enjoy your smokes as you never did before. Postpaid for 50c. from

Perfection Cigar Perforator Co.
P.O. Box 570, Montreal.

SEE US AT WORK.

Our school runs right along through the summer months. Drop in when you are in the city at Fair time and see us at work. We will be pleased to show you around and give you full particulars of our school.

We have a handsome calendar to send to those interested. Write for it. Address the

Western School of Telegraphy

WINNIPEG, MAN.
F. A. WOOD WM. HAWKINS
Principals.

FRECKLES MOTH-PATCHES DISCOLORATIONS

There is no longer any need of having a spotted, blotched, sallow or discolored complexion, one that looks unwashed or diseased and anything but healthy. Don't feel sensitive or uncomfortable any longer, but use

PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

the one remedy above all others that makes bad complexions pure, clear and all that could be desired. A Boston, Mass., lady writes: "I have used one bottle of your complexion purifier and wish to thank you for all it has done for me. Send two more bottles." If your complexion is bad, try it.

Price $1.50, three for $4.00, express paid

CONSULT US FREE

by mail regarding any skin, scalp, hair or complexional troubles. Send 10 cents for books and sample White Rose Cream.

Graham Dermatological Institute

Dept. W. 503 Church St., Toronto

A BEAUTIFUL FACE

All the old methods of securing beauty and a perfect complexion are replaced by the

RUBBER COMPLEXION BULB

It prevents and removes wrinkles, also pimples, blackheads and flesh worms and makes the skin soft, clear, smooth and white. A single soothing application produces remarkable results. Blackheads in many cases are banished in a few minutes. The speed with which it clears the complexion is almost beyond belief. No woman who owns one of these remarkable devices need have any further fear of wrinkles or blackheads. Always ready, nothing to get out of order. The regular price is 50c. In order to introduce our Catalogue of other specialties we will send the Complexion Bulb complete with full directions for thirty-five cents, postage paid. You cannot afford to miss this bargain. Address

The F. E. KARN CO., Limited
Cor. Queen & Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CAN.

Poetry of the Hour.

No Other One.

No other one would serve me, dear,
Like you, for shade in burning sun,
Or light on pathways bleak and drear,
No other one.

I loved you ere we had begun
Our blended life that's wrought such cheer,
But did not know ere it was done.
That I should find hope for my fear,
Tenderness, strength, when I had none.
So, love, I need while you are near
No other one.

—Edyth S Beves.

Love's Deep Life.

Our love is not a fading, earthly flower;
Its winged seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise:
To us the leafless Autumn is not bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack lusty green.
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness, where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen.—
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,
Love,—whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of Thou and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate,
The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's own palace gate.

—James Russell Lowell.

Strictly Germ-Proof.

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised—
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease,
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope,
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulfureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play.
They swim in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

The Soloist's Troubles.

He frowned upon the girl and said
"No operatic stuff will do,
I want some gospel songs instead,
Like Excell's 'Gather Up the Dew.'
You'll find them if you make a search.
On this point really I insist."
—— He was the pastor of the church,
And she —— was but the soloist.

He scowled upon the girl and said
"Why do you sing such simple stuff?
That Alexander book so red
Would make a very saint feel tough.
Hereafter you must understand
You cut this drivel from your list.
—— He was the organist so grand,
And she —— was but the soloist.

He said "By George, Miss Holyoke,
You're too good-lookin' for the place.
At preachin' time—— This ain't no joke ——
I can't help gazin' at your face.
It takes my mind from the discourse,
Two sermon-heads to-day I missed."
—— He was a church trustee, of course,
And she —— was but the soloist.

—Toronto News.

Land.

Back to my mother, the Earth,
From that stranger, the Sea;
Deep in the hills to have birth,
In the fields to be free—
Free from the fretting of wave,
From the hissing of foam,
And fears of a fathomless grave;
I am home, I am home.

Peace of the islands once more,
With the scent of the sod,
Dwellings of men on the shore,
And the forests of God;
Safe from the dread of the deep,
From its drunken embrace,
Earth, in your arms I may sleep;
I am back in my place.

Helen Huntington, in Harper's.

The Light of Life.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

—Francis W. Bourdillon.

The Tragedy of a Scythe.

"Our sister Sally in the West
Had long had aspirations
To visit us in this our home,
And see her old relations.

"We wrote to her to come along—
Her welcome should be merry;
And this should be her home as long
As she was pleased to tarry.

"One day in June she ready was—
Two trunks with her a-bringing;
Her husband said he never heard
Poor Sally sing such singing.

"Shen went into the garden for
Some catnip there to gather;
And make a parcel for to bring
The catnip to her father.

"A rusty scythe lay in the grass,
Like some sly serpent lurking,
And Sally trod upon its edge
While she was catnip jerking.

"Blood poison quickly laid her low;
To stay on earth she couldn't;
To die and leave her husband Sam
She felt she really shouldn't.

"But up she soared to happier clime,
Where lurketh scythe nor sorrow.
And where we know the programme of
Each day and each to-morrow."

The Afterglow.

There's an afterlight from the sunken sun
In the western sky when the day is done:
In its shimmering rose gleams the evning star
Like a Hindu's dream of an avatar:
While a gracious voice seems to summon us
As a silver bell chimes an angelus
And to echo words heard on earth before—
Go in peace, my child, sleep, but sin no more!

There's an afterlight in a mother's eyes
When her first-born child on her white arm lies:
'Tis a light divine; 'tis a radiance given
To a mother here to a saint in heaven:
For the calm and peace of a mother's love
May be kenned of her and of God above:
For her new-born child she would lay life down,
And that mystic light is her glowing crown.

There's an afterlight on the hallowed face
Of the dead we loved: there's a wondrous grace,
A majestic, calm look of mystery
That the mountain wears or the deep, deep sea.
And we look on him as poor peasants may
On a king who goes on his royal way—
With a wistful gaze, with abated breath—
In that light that glows through the bars of death.

—B. W. N. Grigg, from The Arbutus.

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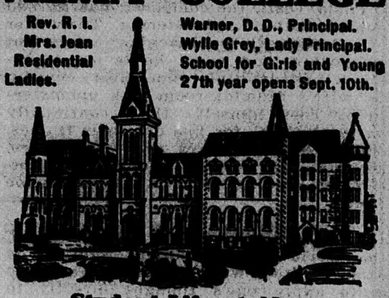

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The Month

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"Neither. For his nerve in a guinea a seat."

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The Month's Bright Sayings.

Allan M. Fitman: It is no use to plead that we are plain, blunt men. We cannot help being plain; but we can certainly help being blunt.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby: More persistently than ever civilization is tending to produce the type of man whose mind will not be content with doing nothing.

Dr. Hansen: Modern society is making human life more or less flat and grey. We are very apt to forget one side of life, and that is to be happy and enjoy ourselves.

Peter Kay: If there is anybody on this earth who requires less petting and less patting on the back than the young Briton of to-day, I should like to meet him. He would be an interesting study.

Fischietto: A French paper says England is to help Spain reconstruct her fleet. If we were Spaniards we would begin by reconstructing the admirals if they are anything like the ones of 1898.

Lord Milner: There is a great deal more in military training than in training of the body. It is a moral training, which is invaluable both from the point of view of the workman and from the point of view of the citizen.

Walter Emmanuel: Woman's sense of humor has increased in recent years. They see jokes more readily than they used to. This is due to the fact that they realize now that they look their best when they are smiling.

A. J. Balfour, M. P.: I look at matrimony from the outside—and with the impartiality of an external observer, —and I notice that this legal and constitutional union does, not necessarily produce absolute and continuous harmony in private life.

The Story Teller: "You admire that musician?"

"Very much," answered Mr. Riche.

"For his compositions or for his performances?"

"Neither. For his nerve in charging a guinea a seat."

Ellen Thornycroft Fowler: In our heart of hearts there is not one of us who does not derive pleasure from the little insincerities which are current in polite society, and who does not feel inwardly aggrieved when such insincerities are exchanged for unvarnished truth.

"Boss" Ruef. I will do all that still lies in my power to help overthrow the system which has made possible the terrible corruption of public officials. To do this, I will work even as the humblest citizen. My future career will be one of integrity. I hope that I can still accomplish some good.

The Sphere: It is extraordinary how many small calamities can be compressed into a minute. The other day on Oxford platform I bought a cup of tea and a bath bun and gave the boy twopence for himself. The tea was cold and the bath bun contained a piece of gravel on which I broke a tooth.

Bishop Fallows: I am not sure we won't have to take up collections in heaven. I believe we shall have to do a great deal of missionary work in the other world. There probably are many other worlds and millions of others souls in need of redemption from sin than those living on this little globe called Earth.

Mrs. Geo. Young: I don't know what sort of a British consul the official at Hong Kong can be, but I know he signs papers by wholesale allowing Chinamen to represent themselves as parents or guardians of these girls, bought as they are to be sold again often in civilized Victoria.

James Graham: Personality is the secret of greatness. I like to study the personality of great men. It does not matter whether they are great poets or great golfers. It is enough that they have attained pre-eminence in any game. For life is a game, and genius is interesting whether it plays with words or with a small white ball.

Mayor Ashdown: We have now a city of no mean proportions which is bound to continue to grow until I believe it will be second to but one within the Dominion of Canada. There is no better indication of the progress of a city than the amount of its bank clearings, and in 1906 the clearing of Winnipeg were practically the same as those of Montreal in 1900.

C. F. Sise, Jr.: The trouble is we cannot secure the best class of girls—that is, girls who have to work for their living. There are so many who simply work as a side issue to bring something extra home, and they are too independent. The best employees in any business are those who have to work and are willing to submit to discipline and do their best—we find it hard to get that class.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: This is a matter altogether in the hands of the British people; I would have no hesitation at all in resenting any attempt made to force upon the Canadian people anything which the Canadian people would not believe in, even for the broad idea of doing good to the whole Empire. I think the best way to serve the whole is by allowing every part to serve and recognize its own immediate interests.

Allan Dale: The stage should reflect the dress of real life and not go beyond it. Every esthetic eye rejoices to see a pretty woman becomingly dressed. She is inspiring. She is an aid to the dramatist. But the actress who has no ideas of her own, and who puts herself confidingly and helplessly into the hands of the modern dressmaker, achieves her own artistic ruin very quickly.

Robertson Nicol: When we try to think of John Watson, it is on the unity, rather than on the diversity of his character that our thoughts soon settle. He was indeed on one side a man of the world, brilliant, witty, frank, engaging, affluent in conversation, the orator, the wit, the central figure. As a preacher and speaker, his eloquence, the nobleness and warmth of his tone, his keen sympathy, his percipiency, put him in the foremost rank.

Compton Rickett, M. P. (Eng.) We do not desire to have fresh Dowies founding Zion cities, nor the countryside alive with revivals attended by hysterical signs and portents. If the Church neglects to repair her own dykes and channels, she will find that religious feeling will tear through the country like a cataract, instead of feeding that river of God, which should bear upon its full flood the stately argosies of the Faith.

Myra Emmons: At the table always serve to your children the choicest portions. This will imbue them with the beautiful modern spirit of acquiring the best of everythng regardless of the feelings or rights of others. It will also prepare the way for a pleasant old age for yourself. Never talk back to your children. Obey their commands quietly and deftly. This will teach them your proper place.

Dr. Gunsaulus: We have a big stick on the other side of the line, I know. (Cheers.) But the man who wields it is a good fellow. He has brains and a heart. These men have nothing but a club. I used to think that our American colleges produced a type which was likely to bring back the aristocracy of the brute, because we displayed young men who grew hair on the outside of their skulls instead of ideas in the inside.

Hon. R. F. Sutherland: But I will say that, so far as Canada is concerned —and in saying this I believe I am correctly presenting the views of the great majority of Canadians—she has come to the conclusion that reciprocity with the United States is impossible, and she has determined to seek other markets than those of the United States. Canada has great sympathy with the United States. Her views are to a great extent the same upon many questions. She speaks the same language, and millions of her people live under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, but she must look out for herself. As it is now, Canada is buying $3 worth of produce for every $1 worth the United States buys from her, but that cannot and will not last.

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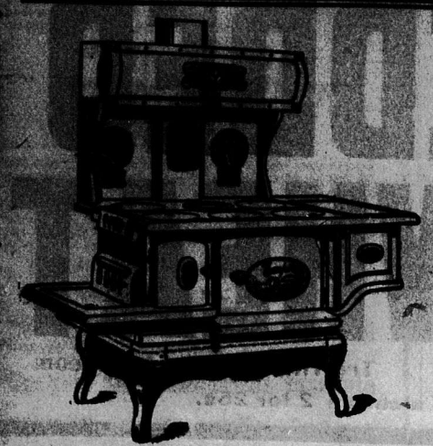

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The Things Men Should Do.

By Helen Churchill Candee.

What dull person invented the silly fashion of having a man walk always on the outside of a walk when a lady is his companion? The other day I sauntered through city streets with one who considers himself a man of unimpeachable good manners, but before home was reached this exasperated lady was ready to say his chivalry was merely the fantastic trick of a dancing master.

At every turn, and there were many, the man disappeared behind the lady's back, and as the way was crowded, could not at once take again his place at her side, so she thought him lost until with breathless haste and apology he rejoined her. But it interfered hopelessly with conversation.

The lady had happenings to relate, little stories to tell, and never did she work artistically up to a climax to the narrative than the man did not disappear. It was provoking indeed, for a broken story cannot be well mended, at least the point becomes a detached affair with no setting to show it off.

And besides the conversational part of it there is the actual protection which is assailable. Of course the man who dances around at every crossing takes without reasoning the idea that harm comes to a foot-passenger from the roadway, only. As a matter of fact horses keep pretty well to their own ground, but it is the jostling of the human crowd that tears a lady's skirts, that bruises her shoulder, that makes her shrink.

Believe me, that a woman much prefers in crowded walks to have her protector between her and the crowd. In country walks it may be different—but in country walks there are sweeter things to see and whimsically to do than those for which etiquette could provide a code.

Think this Over.

Two men, two office buildings, two methods of management, and as a result one empty house and one full. This is the story in brief of two investments in a certain town. The buildings are on opposite corners so the location is similar, and both are of the same age and general style. But you meet the owner of one and he greets you heartily, listens to your requirements, and tries to meet them. You feel that he wants you as a tenant, wants you above all others and is interested in favoring what you consider necessities, a door re-hung, a panel reglazed, a basin set. There is an eager pleasantness about him that makes you long to be his tenant.

When you are once in his building the same manner continues, accompanied now by a strictness in rent-collecting which is actually agreeable because done in so frankly pleasant a way.

Then there is the other man, a man who snaps and grunts rather than talks. He looks furtive and views all men with suspicion. In his mind every man is a swindler until proved honest. When he talks, it is to complain of "the meanness of some folks," or to swear at hard times, or to rail at the demands of tenants. His family are pinched and but for his capable wife would fall far below the standard of their neighbors in living and in dress. The family of the other building's owner are a happy band with as many indulgences as are good for them.

And the whole matter rests on the difference of manner in the two men. This little tale is not a fairy story—you may see a similar one being enacted not very far from you.

Mother's Hurts.

Better were my tongue cut out than that I should ever speak an unkind word to my mother, says the man. But that same man, filial as he is, will not hesitate to quarrel with brother or sister over some trifle, and say hot or sarcastic words with easy conscience. That hurts the mother almost as much as though the words were turned toward her, because each one of her children is precious to her.

Childish recollections turn up in the mind sometimes, and in such a moment of retrospection a certain man told why he and his brother never were other than kindly to one another. "When we were boys of eleven and thirteen," he said, "Joe and I never let up on teasing and bickering. Each lived to defy and taunt the other, until we had grown to be adepts in bull-beating and bully-ragging. Were we happy in it? Well, I should say not. A more miserable pair of wretches you never saw, slaves to each other's sharpness, always defending and offending, feeling sword-thrusts through holes in our armour, and spearing the other fellow. Warfare of knights was nothing to it, for knights sometimes rested for want of an adversary but we had the foe always with us. And every once in a while came the never-heeded plea from mother, 'Boys, stop quarrelling.'

"One day she called us both to her and said with wonderful calm, 'Boys, I am going to give you a pound of your favorite candy if you will be men for one week.' We didn't know what she meant at first, but we did know that the money for the candy would be mighty hard to get, for money was scarce in mother's purse. 'I mean boys, that you shall have the candy if you will let me have peace for one week; if you will keep from quarelling.' Well, two more ashamed boys you never saw. We skulked away, said nothing about it, but Joe and I have never quarrelled since. And that was thirty years ago. But it taught me that mothers care pretty much what their children say to each other."

At the Telephone.

"Hello!"

A bark.

"Is that Mr. Downs?"

Another bark.

"This is Mrs. Towns."

A third bark, and by this time the unhappy, triple-snubbed Mrs. Towns is afraid to state her business. Man is developed by opposition, but woman is crushed by it, and a hostile voice in the telephone is as blighting as one heard at short range. But this man had no intention of snubbing, it was only his usual telephone manner. Just how it comes no one knows, but most people speak differently over the wire, differently and worse than usual. In offices voices are almost always hard, and words are short, which may be the reason for considering a telephone interview unsatisfactory.

In one way, the telephone is a funnel in the home or the office through which is poured a mood which colors the day for the recipient. A laughing voice will send a spark of fun to its destination. a sweet, kindly tone will thrill the heart; a bark—well, that upsets the finest courage and liveliest hopes.

May I Smoke?

"You don't mind my smoking, do you?" asks the man. In most cases the lady does not, but in all cases she says graciously, "Not at all." That is the way of nice women, the women men like. But if you want to know how she really feels about smoking you must watch her.

Why not be truthful about it? Because she would not for worlds let her selfishness interfere with your comfort; and because she has heard other men express their disgust of women who made a row about smoke. Women like to be liked, admired by men, so it is not reasonable to suppose they will risk unpopularity by denying a man his accustomed indulgence. But how would it be to go without your tobacco sometimes, just because she prefers clear air to smoky? That would balance things.

Hold Up Your Head.

If your habit is to stoop, change the habit at once for a better. A stoop

misrepresents you. But there I may be wrong—perhaps you have depressed your chest so long that you have actually lost the virtues a high chest expresses. Do you know anyone who stoops who feels buoyant, hopeful, courageous? And by contrary do you know anyone who faces the world with chest and head both high who has not the air of victory or achievement? I don't say that such a man is of necessity rich in gold, but he has a philosophy which is worth more than riches, a power of looking above a troublous present, a fretful day, and seeing heaven and earth in all their grandeur and not as the ant views—or forgets—them.

The way a man carries himself shows very largely what he is, for the figure expresses even more than the face. If you don't agree, study for awhile the figures of your fellow men. You can easily pick out the sneak, the slouch, the braggart, without even one glance at the face.

It is a point your wife cares much about. You are her hero, you know, and she wants you to look the part. She knows you are the noblest man alive, but is not averse to having others divine it too. If you stoop, she will implore you not to, but only for a certain length of time. After that she will give it up as hopeless and will turn her attention to her own lithe, strong figure and will walk beside you as Juno beside a slouch, That will never do. Hold your shoulders right, man, and see how much satisfaction there is in it.

Your Privilege.

Do men ever think on the blessing of being able to lose physical beauty frankly? Probably not. But how would it seem to you when a bit of gray records your years over your temples, you should be obliged to conceal it lest your wife be ashamed of the waning of your youth? And how would it seem to you, you men of forty-five or fifty, to pretend to see things when you don't, rather than to use the accusatory "old age glasses," because you would be considered a back number should you make such dishonorable confession of advancing years.

You may show a wrinkled forehead openly, you may limp with rheumatism, and say the time has gone for you to sit up later than midnight, you may do all these things and have them considered good and natural. Be thankful then. If you know not why, ask any woman who has passed the thirty year mark—the time when an English writer says a woman should be smothered by flowers, that she should have a poetic death in preference to a fading life.

Not Too Reticent.

Are men just to their families when they let them spend beyond prudence? Indeed they are not. "But I can't tell business affairs to my wife; it would worry her to death," is the way the kindly man excuses himself. In very few cases is that true .A woman of any strength at all would simply adjust herself to the family income, besides encouraging her husband in his work. A man I know worked out the plan of keeping life sunny for his wife and children in the old way of keeping all his affairs to himself. In the early days when the children were babies, he and their mother had lived simply and happily on a little income; but later, prosperity came their way, and the wife blossomed like a rose under the pleasant influence. Her beauty was increased by handsome dressing, her mind and taste developed under new advantages, and she soon became a person of distinction. The daughters were given every indulgence, and the home they graced was a point of attraction.

The man enjoyed every phase of this conspicuousness, and was proud of it all. He asked nothing for himself, for his desire was but to gratify his family.

Then came the crash. A business failure. He knew it was coming, knew they were living far, far beyond their ability to pay, but could not bear to cut down the glorious social triumph of his family, nor to worry his wife. And so the crash came to them unprepared, with stunning force; and more than that, when the public learned of it, the wife was heartily blamed and despised for criminal extravagance; it was she who had ruined him, they said.

No, it is not fair to keep the condition of your business from your wife.

The Little Jap's Smiles.

The little Jap is bound to teach the world some of his ways because the eye of that same world is upon him and sees that he is good. In his dealings with others, in his lightest contact, he shows a smiling face. Can we do it? Very few of us do. We keep smiles for social occasions, a sort of accessory to evening clothes, but in ordinary affairs we leave them off and wear the iron mask which is supposed to disguise feeling. As a matter of fact the Japanese smile is as good a disguise as any face could wear, at least it has hidden the Japanese strength for so long that the whole world was deceived into thinking it did not exist.

But now we see that strength can exist just as well behind a pleasant face as a grim one.

Think what a difference smiles make in your serious intercourse with other people. If you know a capable man who smiles, would you not rather deal with him than with another whose ways are ways of grumpiness? Of course, for the smile seems to foretell success while the solemn face seems turned toward failure.

It is not fair to say we do not smile enough without saying too, that the Jap smiles too much. He keeps it up on occasions where smiles do not belong as, for instance, on asking for the invalid of the family he beams with joy—apparently—on learning that death is imminent. That hurts, and sets one wondering if hearts were left out in Japanese anatomy.

Where Goodness Grows

A man of middle life sat one day talking to two girls of twenty in this wise. Said he, "the responsibility of woman is enormous, her responsibility toward man. He is what she makes him, all his good he gets from her. Man is absolutely in her hands." And the particular moral of his talk was an exhortation to those very young women to take seriously the responsibility put upon them to be the end that man might be benefitted.

Now is this altogether a fair way to talk? Yes, if every woman in the whole, round world was a living saint. But as it is, this is what happens. A mother spends a holy life and with high ideals trains her son. His sisters likewise influence him ever in the paths of virtue, and the young women he meets are also pure souled, so that many good lives are fulfilling the duties of woman's responsibilities and her obligation toward man.

Then on the scene flits a fascinating butterfly with gorgeous wings and pretty ways who straightway flutters into the man's attention—and where then the example and the precept and the devotion of the crowd of good women? The morals of the man go smash forthwith, and when he emerges with many a scar, he is ready to lay the blame on anyone but himself.

The middle-aged man who talked to the girls was wrong. The responsibility of goodness lies equally on man and woman.

Not Hyphenated.

He was a Cincinnati man who rather prided himself on his culture. He really had a good deal of information. She was a Virginia girl—the daughter of a hundred rebels—and a wit. He was calling on her, and in his gracious, tactful way was criticising the South. Her good breeding curbed her tongue. 'Besides," he continued artlessly, "you have no educational system in the South. You are a badly educated people." The breeding still held good. Smiling upon him, she drawled in her pretty accent, "Yes, so we ah, I maself didn't know till I was sixteen that 'damned Yankee' was two words."

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Catarrh,	Fickle Appetite,
Weak Voice,	Hemorrhages,
Sleeplessness,	Night Sweats,
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Yours very truly,
LEANDER McKENZIE, J.P.,
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This offer is limited to a small number. Prompt action is necessary to secure this chance.

P. O. BOX 374.

How to Entertain in the Country

The joy of giving pleasure may be best experienced by those who have country homes by including in their hospitality the unfortunate dwellers in cities—professional men, perhaps, whose responsibilities permit them rare holidays, or workers for the world's weal in various fields, whose devotion holds them to their post while others are enjoying the country as God made it.

Then there are those whose conception of wifely duty and pleasure keeps them at the side of the family breadwinners—the true comrades that they promised to be when they "took the veil" of marriage vows—until the men, too, are at liberty to seek rest and other vacation joys. To such the prospect of a few days of country life comes as a delight.

If you are the "country mouse" do not make the mistake of aping city ways or straining after a style of unaccustomed elegance. Every true home has an individuality and charm of its own, and the most delightful hospitality is that in which the visitor is taken in as one of the family.

Of course, we want our home to be at its best for our friends, but anything more than this becomes artificial, and appears so.

I once heard a city girl, accustomed to the advantages that large wealth could give, exclaim with enthusiasm at the prospect of a country visit: "Oh, I do hope that they will have pie for breakfast!"

The Old Log House.

Offer your city guests the novelty and contrast of "real country ways" if you would really please them. They will enjoy the evenings spent on the piazza, particularly if one among you can make a little pleasant home music. The most modest talent will be appreciated if the harmonies of voice or piano may be heard from the drawing-room while they are enjoying the fresh air out under the stars; and banjo, guitar or mandolin as accompaniment, even to a voice of small pretension, is sure to please in the still night air.

There are many games that may be played that draw upon wit, memory or attention, and the half-light is favorable to conversation.

Have flowers in the bedrooms—preferably those recalling oldtime gardens and the "dear, common flowers"—clover, daisies or buttercups. See that the rooms are cool and freshly aired, the sheets suggestive of being "laid away in lavender." The lavender flowers may be bought at the drug stores, and city folk connect such things with the ideal, old-fashioned housekeeping.

A pleasant surprise to city guests would be to find the breakfast-table spread on the piazza or under the trees. Fruit or berries, fresh eggs, and coffee with plenty of cream, wafer-thin bread and butter spread on the loaf, cresses, radishes or young onions amid bits of ice, will amply suffice. Line the dishes holding berries, currants, etc., with their own leaves—they cannot be had in town—and a few flowers should be on the table, of course.

Wear the simplest gowns, but let them be so fresh and crisp that a bunch of daisies at the belt would not be incongruous.

Ask your friendliest neighbors to come in for afternoon tea, and serve it under the trees. A few chairs grouped near the small table holding the "steaming urn," or tea in tall glasses, tinkling coolness, people seated in chairs or hammock or lounging on the grass, makes a picture that seems like a bit of Arcadia to eyes weary of brick and mortar.

If possible have croquet and tennis, the newest magazines, and the books most talked about for the entertainment of your visitors.

If the country custom of serving dinner in the middle of the day be followed, let it be a light one, and have "high tea," for city appetites have been bred to their greatest activity after sunset.

When dawns the "glorious first of July," try to give a patriotic character to all festivities. Then is the time to ask one's guests—possibly at an old-fashioned "tea party"—in honor of the traditions of the day. The invitations should be worded in the quaint old style, the "s's" like "f's" the sheet folded so that the upper and lower edges meet in the centre, and the sides folded over in the same manner but made to overlap so that the wafers or sealing-wax may hold the letter closed—envelopes being unknown.

If there are to be decorations and preparations requiring time and effort by all means let your guests help if you would give them a full share in the pleasure of the occasion

---

The dining-room may be turned into a tent, with alternate strips of red, white and blue cheesecloth, meeting at the chandelier, carried and tacked to the picture moulding, and hanging thence to the floor. The first cost is small, and such decorations last from year to year. Tissue-paper shades of the national colors may envelop the glass ones of the lights and a liberty bell hang above the table. This may be concocted of embroidery hoops of three sizes, hung together with cords, and covered with scarlet tissue-paper wreathed with foliage. The clapper may be a little candle-lamp made of a jelly-glass with curving rim covered with red paper and filled two-thirds with water in which floats a piece of candle. A nail inserted in its lower end holds it upright and under water to within an inch of the wick, in which position it will burn an hour or two. Fasten the cord around the rim of the glass and suspend it inside the bell.

For the tea-table have a centrepiece of daisies, bluets and scarlet poppies, or blue larkspur with red and white geraniums. "Beg, borrow or steal" some old-fashioned blue china and fill one blue dish with red and white currants, another with raspberries, white and red, a third with a ring-mould of tomato jelly inclosing a salad with white mayonnaise. The candles should be without shades.

Chicken pot-pie, cup custard, pandowdy and other old-fashioned dishes should form part of the menu. Pineapple or lemon and currant ices in blue dishes may be served later, when, from the piazza, a display of fireworks may be enjoyed so as to demonstrate noisily one's sense of independence.

If disposed to more elaborate efforts for the celebration of the day a costume lawn-party or barn dance might be given. Home talent may achieve most mirth-provoking results.

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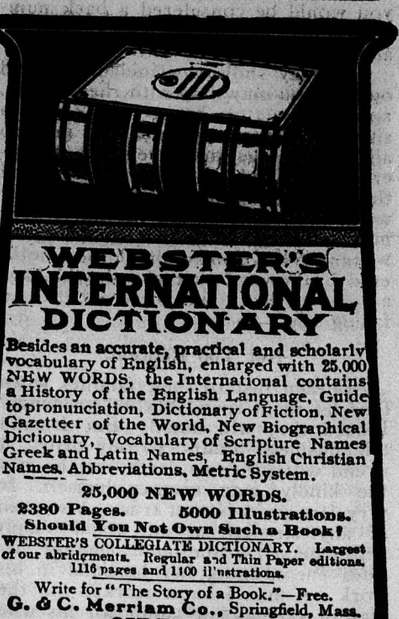

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DE CREEPER DAT'S AROUN' OUR CABIN DO'.

De gyarden's all a-blowin' wid de marigel's an' pinks,
An' dere's posies an' dere's vines a-plenty, sho';
But de ting dat makes us biggotty, ob which de mos' we tinks,
Am de creeper dat's aroun' our cabin do'.

Ol' massa call it "Snowball," but dat don' jes' seem to fit,
'Case its color am a lubly choc-late brown;
De sunshine seem to lub it, an' it crave to play wid it,
As it's creepin' an' a-creepin' all aroun'.

Come time w'en rain drops fallin', den yo'll see de mosies' fun,
Lil'l creeper 'nustle fo' de do',
An' it paddle in de puddles, lak it dabble in de sun,
Till it's lak a big brown blossom mo' an' mo'.

Ol' massa call it "Snowball," an' my ol' man call it "bud,"
But it's mammy's pickaninny boy fo' sho';
An' dere ain' a posey sweeter, in de sun or in de mud,
Dan de li'l' brown creeper roun' our cabin do'.

—*Pauline Francis Camp.*

IN SEPTEMBER.

MAMMY thinks I'se pickin' cotton,
Daddy thinks I'se stackin' cawn—
I ain' been a-doin' nothin',
Not dis day, es sho's you bawn!

We don' hab Septembah weddes
'Ceptin' once, de whole yeah 'roun'—
How you 'spec' a boy to work now
Sc'arcernouns is turnin' brown?

I know whar's de biggest 'simmons
Trees des loaded, 'bout to bop!
When dey's ripe, us an' Br'er 'Possum
Sholy gwine to make 'em hop!

Dey kin des keep on a-callin',
Caze I'se meanin' fo' to shirk—
Don' dey know dat in Septembah
I cyant was'e my time on work?

—*Eloise Lee Shermd*

POSSUM TIME.

Oh, dip some taters down in grease
En fling de dogs a tater apiece.
Ram yo' brogans clean er tacks,
Split de splinters en fetch de axe.
Hit's possum time again.

Catfish tender, catfish tough,
We's done ot catfish long enough.
We's tar'd er peas en white side meat,
En we's gwine have supp'a 'at's good to eat.
Hit's possum time again!

De pot's gwine simmer en blubber en bile
Till hit gits scummed over wid possum ile
Hit'll look jis' 's juicy as tar soapsuds,
Whoop, come along coons! We's off to de woods.
Hit's possum time again!

—*John Charles McNeill*

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT.

Dey is times in life when nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a-rattlin' down creation
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a pickaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twel it seems about to slop,
An' you feel jes' lak a monkey
Dat is trainin' fu' to perform
Whes yo' mammy sez de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kind o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tashed,
An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de even do' is opened
An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' heaven
Seems to settle on de spot
When yo' mammy sez de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When the cabbage pot is steamin'
An' the bacon's good an' fat,
When the chittlin's is a-sputter'n'
So's to show yo' what dey's at;
Take away yo' body blessin',
Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' I'm 'proachin' very nigh,
An' yo' want to jump an' holler,
Do' yo' know you'd better not,
When yo' mammy sez de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have heard o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've heard o' lots o' prayers;
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuck me up de stairs
Of de glory land an' set me
Jes' below de Mahster's throne
An' have hef' my haht a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone,
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot
When my mammy sez de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

IN THE COTTON FIELD.

I earn my chillun up fo' day,
'Co'se de dew hit makes de cotton weigh.
I feeds 'em on a sack or grain,
I ties de pads upon dair knees,
En, 'fo' de day break, here we goes,
Draggin' our sacks betwix' de rows.

De udder nigger do' know why
My cotton fetch de scales so high,
Dar 's suppin' wrong, he speck; he know
His fambly gyethered row fer row.
But let 'em sumint en spit, key-chew!
Is I gwine tell 'im 'tout de dew?

RHEUMATISM

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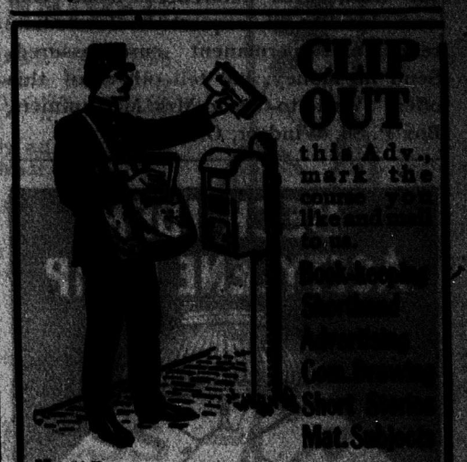

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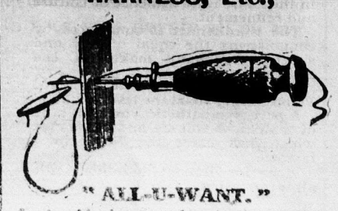

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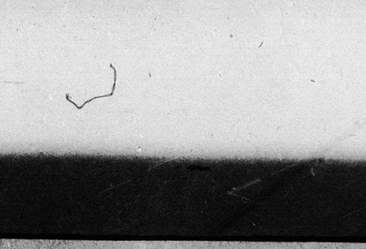
Aunt Meg's Edging.

Cast on 26 stitches, knit across once plain.

1. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 2, purl 1, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 2, (over, narrow) 4 times, over 3 times, knit 2.
2. Knit 2, purl, knit 13, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 2.
3. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 3, (over, narrow) 4 times, knit 4.
4. Knit 17, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 2.
5. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 4, (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 5.
6. Bind off 3, knit 13, over, narrow twice, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2.
7. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 2, purl



"Aunt Meg's Edging."

1, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 5, (over, narrow) twice, knit 1, over 3 times, knit 2.
8. Like 2d row.
9. Knit 4, (over, narrow, knit 6) twice, (over, narrow) twice, knit 5.
10. Like 4th row.
11. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 6.
12. Like 6th row.
13. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 2, purl 1, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over, narrow, over 3 times, knit 2.
14. Like 2d row.
15. Knit 4, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 16.
16. Like 4th row.
17. Like 15th row.
18. Like 6th row.

Repeat from 1st row.

A simple, pretty pattern, especially dainty for handkerchiefs.

Child's Bonnet in Pineapple Design.
(By Request.)

Chain 6 stitches, join.

1. Chain 4 for 1st double treble, 24 double trebles in ring, join to top of 4 chain.
2. Chain 5, a double treble in 1st double treble, * chain 1, a double treble in next, repeat from * around, and join after last 1 chain to 4th of 5 chain.
3. Chain 5, a double treble in each stitch all around, with 1 chain between; join to 4th of 5 chain.
4. Chain 3, a treble in each stitch all around, join to top of 3 chain.
5. Chain 3 for 1st treble, 2 trebles in same place, chain 2, 3 trebles in same place, * chain 4, miss 7 trebles, shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles in next stitch, repeat from * 12 times, chain 4, and fasten to top of 3 chain.
6. Slip-stitch to center of shell, chain 3, 2 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles in shell, * chain 4, 9 trebles in next shell, chain 4, shell in next, repeat around; after last 9 trebles chain 4 and join to top of 3 chain.
7. Like 6th row to *; chain 4, a double in 1st of 9 trebles, (chain 3, a double in next) 3 times, chain 4, shell in next shell; repeat from * around, joining to top of 3 chain.
8. Like 6th to *; chain 4, a double under 3 chain, chain 3, a double under next 3 chain, repeat across pineapple, chain 4, shell in shell; repeat around, and join to top of 3 chain.
9. 10. Like 8th row.
11. Chain 3, * shell in 2d treble of 1st half of shell in previous row, chain 3, shell in 2d treble of last half of same shell, chain 4, a double under 3 chain, chain 3, a double under next 3 chain, repeat across pineapple, chain 4, and repeat from * around, joining to top of 3 chain.
12. Like 6th row to *; chain 2, a treble under 2 chain, chain 2, shell in shell, chain 4, work across pineapple as in previous rows, chain 4, shell in shell, repeat from * around, and join.
13. 14. Like 12th row, making an extra space between shells each row.
15. Like 6th to *; (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 4 times, chain 2, (shell in next shell) twice, repeat around, join.
16. Like 6th to *; (shell in next space) 5 times (shell in next shell) twice; repeat around, join.
17. Like 6th to *; shell in next shell, all around, join.

This completes the crown. If you find it is becoming too full, fasten the 1st row of loops in the pineapple between each treble, thus making 1 less loop to start with. The pineapple will thus be a trifle smaller.

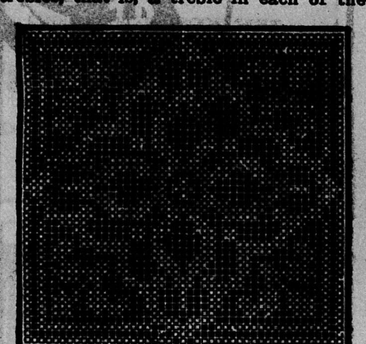
For the border.

1. Like 6th to *; chain 2, fasten in top of next shell, chain 2, 9 trebles in next, chain 2, fasten in top of next, chain 2, (shell in next), twice, repeat 5 times, ending with shell in shell, turn.
2. Chain 3, * shell in shell, chain 4, a double in 1st treble, (chain 3, a double in next) 8 times, chain 4, (shell in shell) twice, repeat across, turn.
3. Chain 3, * shell in shell, chain 4, a double under each 3 chain across pineapple, with 3 chain between, chain 4, (shell in shell) twice, repeat across, turn.
4. Like 3d row.
5. Chain 3, shell in shell, * chain 4, work across pineapple as before, chain 4, shell in shell, chain 2, shell in next shell; repeat across, ending with shell in shell after 6th pineapple, turn.
6. Chain 3, shell in shell, * chain 4, work across pineapple, chain 4, shell in shell, chain 2, a treble under 2 chain, chain 2, shell in shell, repeat from * across, ending with shell in shell, turn.
7, 8, 9, 10. Like 6th row, increasing 1 space between shells each row. The 10th row has 6 spaces.
11. Chain 3, (shell in shell) twice, (shell in next space) 6 times; repeat across, ending with (shell in shell) twice.
12. Slip-stitch to center of last shell made, catch in center of next shell, drawing the 2 shells together and closing in the pineapple, (shell in next shell) 6 times, fasten in center of next shell, catch in center of next, repeat across, shell under each 3 chain in side of 6th pineapple, fasten under 3 chain in 1st row of border, catch in center of next shell (in 17th row of crown) (shell in next shell) 10 times, across neck of bonnet, fasten in center of next shell, a double under 3 chain in 1st row of border, (shell under 3 chain in side of pineapple) 3 times.
13. Large shell (of 12 double trebles), between next 2 shells, fasten in top of pineapple, * (large shell in next shell, fasten in next), 2 times, large shell between 2 shells at top of pineapple, fasten in next; repeat from * 4 times, large shell in 1st shell at top of 6th pineapple, fasten in next, (shell in next shell) twice, chain 2, fasten between 2 shell caught together in last row, chain 2, shell in shell across neck of bonnet, fasten in next shell, catch in next, chain 2, (shell in shell) twice, and fasten off neatly.

Cross-Stitch Square for Bed-Spread.

To copy this, or other cross-stitch work, in block crochet, allow 3 chain-stitches for each check, with three stitches to turn if the row is begun with a treble, or block of trebles, and 5 chain if begun with a space. Count the number of checks and multiply by 3, adding the extra stitches as indicated.

The spaces, or groundwork of the design, are formed of 2 trebles, separated by 2 chain; the blocks of solid trebles, that is, a treble in each of the



Cross-stitch Square for Bedspread

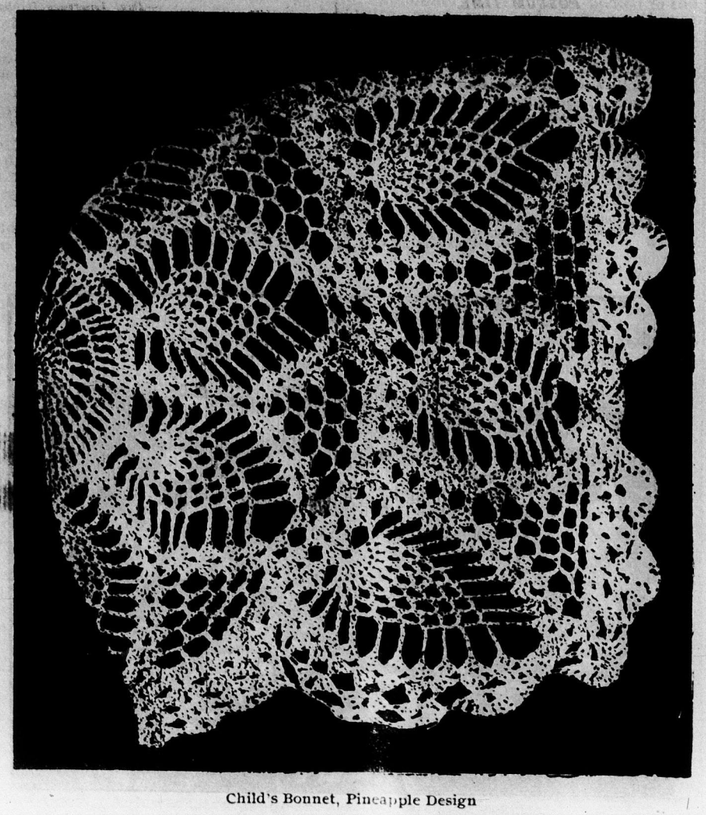
separating chain. One block would therefore consist of 4 trebles, 2 blocks of 7 trebles, 3 blocks of 10 trebles, and so on.

The squares, when completed, may be joined with some simple insertion, with alternating hemstitched squares of the same size as the crochet ones, each with some design embroidered, or the crocheted blocks may be joined together to make an "allover" lace counterpane. Finish with a lace to match.

Pauline Lace.

Make a chain of 76 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, 3 trebles in next stitch, chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches, chain 2, miss 2, 22 trebles in next 22 stitches, (chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles in next 4) twice, chain 2, miss 2, 22 trebles, chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles, turn.
2. Chain 5, 4 trebles in space, chain 2, miss 2, 18 trebles in 18 trebles, chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space, chain 2, repeat from *, miss 3 trebles, 3 trebles, 1 chain and 1 treble under chain at end of row, turn.
3. Chain 4, 3 trebles under 1 chain, * chain 2, 2 trebles under chain, treble in treble and 2 under following chain, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 14 trebles in next 14 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, repeat from *, chain 2, 3 trebles in space at end of row, turn.
4. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles and 2 under chain, * chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 10 trebles in next 10, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles under next chain, a treble in each of 6 trebles and 2 under following chain, repeat from *, and finish like 2d row from last *.
5. Chain 4, 3 trebles under 1 chain, * chain 2, 2 trebles under next chain and 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble, chain 2, miss 2, 5 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, miss 2, 6 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, repeat from *, chain 2, 2 trebles under chain and 5 trebles in 5 trebles, turn.
6. Chain 3 for 1st treble, 6 trebles in trebles and 2 under chain, * chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, a treble in 3d and 4th of 6 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2



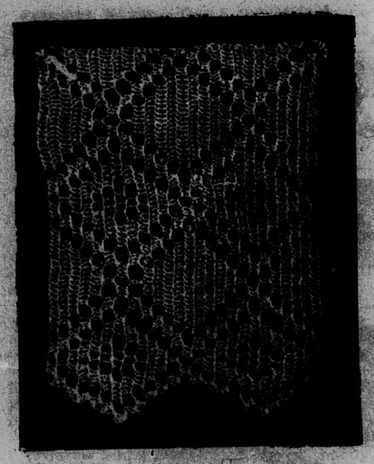
Child's Bonnet, Pineapple Design

trebles in next space and 3 trebles in 3 trebles, (chain 2, a treble in next space) twice, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 5 trebles in next 5 stitches, repeat from *, finish like 2d row from last *.

7. Chain 4, 3 trebles under 1 chain, * chain 2, 2 trebles under chain and 3 trebles in trebles, (chain 2, a treble in next space) 3 times, chain 2, miss 2 of 5 trebles in following trebles and chain, (chain 2, 4 trebles in next space) twice, repeat from *, chain 2, 2 trebles under next chain and 9 trebles in trebles, turn.

8. Chain 3, 8 trebles in 8 trebles, * chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next, chain 2, 4 trebles in next, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 3 trebles in 3 trebles and 2 under chain, (chain 2, a treble in next space) twice, chain 2, 2 trebles under chain and 3 trebles in trebles, repeat from *, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, turn.,

9. Chain 3, 4 trebles in space, * chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 3 trebles in trebles and 2 under chain, chain 2, a treble in space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 3 trebles in trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles under chain, treble in treble and 2 under following chain, chain 2, 4 trebles



Pauline Lace.

in space, repeat from *, chain 2, miss 2, 7 trebles, turn.

10. Chain 3, 4 trebles, * chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 6 trebles in 6 trebles and 2 in chain each side, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, 2 in each space and 3 in 3 trebles following, repeat from *, chain 2, 4 trebles in space, turn.

11. Chain 3, 4 trebles in space, * chain 2, miss 2, 6 trebles in 6 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles under chain, treble in each treble, and 2 under chain following, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, repeat from *, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 3 trebles at end of row, turn.

12. Chain 5, * 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in space, treble in treble and 2 in next space, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, a treble in 3d and 4th of 6 trebles, chain 2, repeat from *, 4 trebles in next space, turn.

13. Chain 5 *, 4 trebles in space, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space, treble in treble and 2 under next chain, chain 2, repeat from *, 4 trebles under next chain, turn.

13. Chain 5 *, 4 trebles in space, chain 2, 4 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space, treble in treble and 2 under next chain, chain 2, repeat from *, 4 trebles under next chain, turn.

Repeat from 2d row.

Sea Trees.

Forms of life in the sea are far more wonderful than any that exist on land. However much one may doubt the stories of sea serpents, there are probably far bigger fish in the sea than ever came out of it; and as for plant life, it has been conclusively proved that sea trees 1,500 feet in height are quite common in the ocean. These monster trees are a kind of brown seaweed, the uppermost branches being only about a quarter of an inch in thickness. Countless bladders, like miniature balloons, and about as big as a hen's egg, form among the branches of the tree, and, being filled with air, buoy up the trunk and branches so that they grow almost erect. Mammoth sea animals often build their nests in these trees, as they give off several degrees of heat, which makes the surrounding water comparatively warm.

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Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, Etc.

No. 1.—HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.

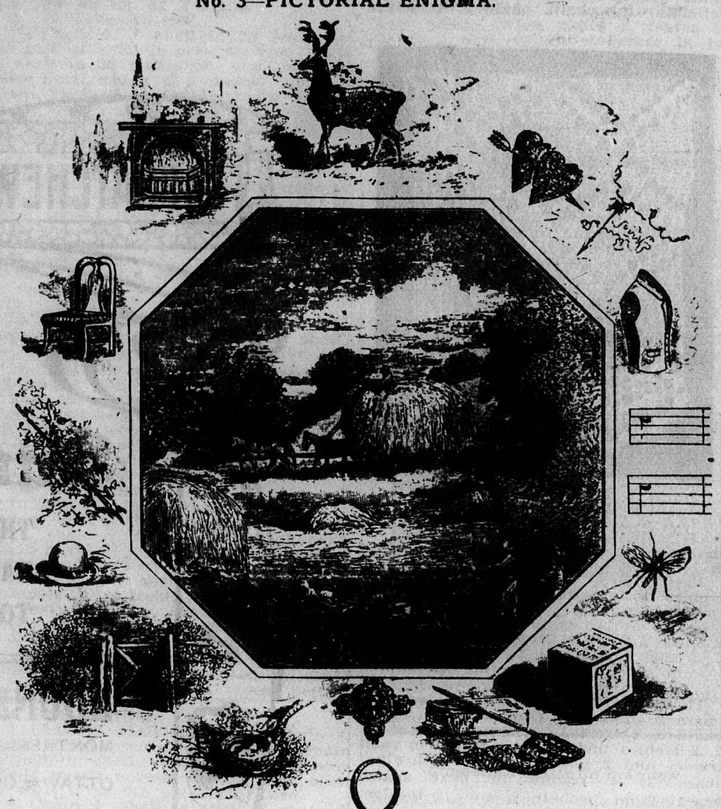
1. Surmises.
2. Compounded.
3. A kingdom.
4. An army officer.
5. An engraved block.
6. A consonant.
7. A heathen deity.
8. A kind of cement.
9. A sick person.
10. Captives.
11. Durably.

The central, read downward means the inflection of verbs.

No. 2.—PROBLEM.

A woman wants 1 cent's worth of milk—new milk and sour milk mixed—equal quantities of both. New milk is three cents per quart, and sour milk 3 quarts for a cent. How much of each does she get?

No. 3—PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

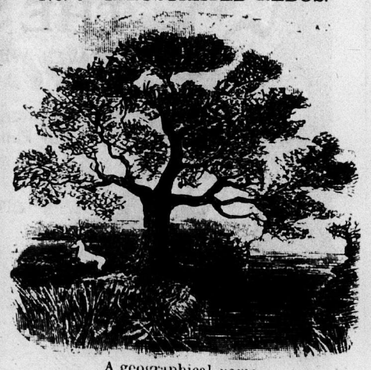


The central picture indicates the whole word, from the letters of which the names of the other pictures may be formed.

No. 4.—LETTER PUZZLE.

1. What letter joined to a part of a fish resembles a fairy?
2. What letter joined to a symbol becomes an officer?
3. What letter joined to a standard becomes an assistant clergyman?
4. What letter joined to a collection of paper becomes a title of dignity?

No. 5—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



A geographical name.

No. 6.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each sentence fill one of the blanks with a certain word, and then make other words out of it to fill the remaining blanks. As an example, the answer to No. 1 is: Repeated—a pet deer.

1. She —— her assertion that among all her pets the one valued most was ——, —— ——.
2. The tired Arab joyfully exclaimed, "—— —— —— ——, and I shall be released, from my ——."
3. The Indian said of himself, "—— —— through tangled bushes, and —— the thorniest thickets."
4. Her —— found vent —— —— —— —— of tears.
5. He could not —— —— propensity for writing ——.
6. Napoleon thought it —— that he should, as an exile, —— —— ——.
7. —— —— procession could not well have been ——.
8. A debtor said, "Will you take —— —— dollars when you have so much ——?"
9. I am —— in dressing her hair; —— —— —— —— and braid the rest.
10. She made a —— to renounce the world long before she entered —— ——.
11. He has no time for ——, for he —— —— —— with work.
12. Such ignorance of botany was not to be ——; he could not have —— —— —— from a shrub.
13. His —— had acquired a —— —— through rust.
14. Immunity from mice was —— by a —— ——.
15. —— —— trust me, and you will not —— my sincerity.

No. 7.—Curtailments and Beheadings.

To the name of a gifted man,
Affix a letter, if you can,
And find his vocation.

Curtail a piece of work he did,
You'll find a word that now is hid—
A madman's occupation.

Behead another, you will find
Measures of a certain kind
Used by the English nation.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the August number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in June Number.

No. 1. Riddle.—Cabbages.
No. 2. Word Square.—H O W L / O G R E / W R E N / L E N T
No. 3. Pictorial Transposition Puzzles.—1. Entitles (ten titles). 2. Raja (a jar). 3. Palm (lamp). 4. Satyr (trays). 5. Causer (saucer).
No. 4. Ladder.—D E / A R I D / N G / I D E A / E R / L E N A / W L / E A R L / B E / S O O N / T P / E C H O / R E
No. 5. Illustrated Rebus.—A pig sty (a pig's tie).
No. 6. Problem.—90 cents per yard, and the profit was $43,334.
No. 7. Planted Flowers.—1. Moonflower. 2. Arrowhead. 3. Golden Glow.

ebuses, Etc.

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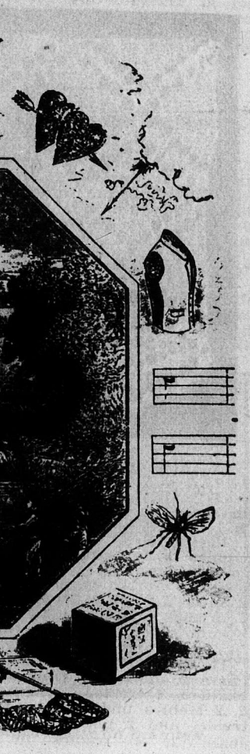

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llustrated Rebus.—A pig sty
e).
Problem.—90 cents per yard,
ofit was $43,334.
Planted Flowers.—1. Moon-
Arrowhead. 3. Golden Glow.

Among the Flowers.

EN PASSANT.

Oh, precious air, washed clean by spring-time showers,
And scented by the breath of waking things;
Loitering, by sweet largesse, through happy hours.
Stirred palpitant by nesting bird's soft wings,
Bearer of tiding's from the past's sweet springs,
Drifting like memory across our ways;
With ecstacy divine our spirit sings
In the light heart of these most golden days!
Prophet you are, with the high gift to see
Seed-time and harvest of February!

—Bessie Bellman.

Summer Roses.—Don't forget to prune these as soon as through blooming, if you wish a good crop next season.

Fuchsias.—Bed these out on the east side of a wall or house during summer, the bed having been thoroughly enriched and well pulverized. Fuchsias like partial shade and very rich soil.

Hollyhocks.—When plants of these fail to develop rapidly dig about them, apply some phosphate, and encourage the plants to renewed activity. More acuve growth and bright sunshine will bring about satisfactory development.

Iris Florentina.—This is a glorious iris, blooming about the time the lilac flowers fade. The colors are white and purple, borne on strong stocks. The plants like a moist, deep soil, and are perfectly hardy.

Cicuta Maculata.—This is a hardy, dwarf, foliage plant suitable for an edging for a perennial bed. It also makes a handsome mound of foliage when grouped alone. The leaves are light green, distinctly bordered with white.

Scale Insects.—When these trouble palms, oleanders, etc., brush the leaves and stems to loosen the scales, and then syringe or wash the plant with hot water. Ferns that become badly infested should have their fronds cut off at the ground, and new growth encouraged, which will be free from the pest.

Lilacs for Winter Blooming.—The French and German florists grow lilacs extensively for forcing into bloom in winter. Formerly the Germans imported their stock from France, but finding they could grow the plants just as well they turned their attention to the work, and now grow their own, as well as many plants for export. The plants are placed in forcing houses the latter part of November to bloom during the holidays. One German florist, Herr Sinai, makes a specialty of forcing lilacs, and annually flowers over 100,000 plants.

Rust on Cacti.—When a Cactus plant is attacked by rust or fungus, dust it with equal parts fresh lime and flowers of sulphur mixed, using a coarse dust bag to distribute the material evenly. Apply when dry, and do not let the hot sun shine brightly upon the plant till it is syringed and freed from the dust.

Pansies and Lice.—A subscriber writes that last summer her pansy plants were completely killed by lice, and she asks for a remedy. The remedy is simple and effective—just chopped tobacco stems placed thickly over the bed after the plants are set. Lice will never become troublesome where tobacco is freely used about the plants.

An Infested Oxalis.—A buttercup oxalis that became infested with lice was washed with sulpho-tobacco soap, but turned yellow and sickly without blooming. It should have had attention sooner. Had it been watched closely, and the foliage dusted with tobacco, while chopped tobacco stems were placed around beneath, it would not have been injured by the pest and would doubtless have flourished. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

For Green Fly.—The green fly often trouble roses, cinerarias and other house plants. Tobacco dust or chopped tobacco stems placed around the plants is a preventive. Do not wait till the pest appears to apply the tobacco around the plants, as it is a good fertilizer as well as a good insecticide. But avoid placing it over the foliage unless the plants are infested. With cinerarias tobacco dust should be applied to the under side of the foliage when troubled, as it is there that the flies congregate. Tobacco smoke will destroy green fly, but is injurious to cinerarias and a few other plants. Tobacco tea with soap suds is also a remedy. Apply it with a syringe.

Raising Carnations.

Carnations are easily raised from a good strain of seeds, and the flowers thus produced are generally satisfactory. In raising carnations, however, the important requisite is a sunny exposure. Plants can be raised in the house, but as soon as large enough set them out in a sunny bed in the garden or where they are to bloom. The first shoots that appear nip off near the ground, and thus encourage a strong, tuft-like plant that will throw up many stems. If the stems are not strong enough to support the buds and flowers, put in stakes and tie the stems up, or else run cord or wire through the bed criss-crossed, to hold the blooming stalks erect. Plants wanted for winter blooming, keep from forcing bloomstalks, lift before frost and pot carefully in five-inch or six-inch pots.

Late Blooming Flowers.

Amateur florists like to know the varieties of flowers that will withstand the cold winds and rains and the first frosts of autumn, in order to prolong the blooming time of the garden.

With us the morning of October 30 dawned chilly and dark and threatening storm; so I went out to see what floral treasures I could find and rescue them from "Jack Frost," if he should pay us a visit, and I came back to the house with quite a collection.

I found verbena, phlox, drummondii, carnations (white), petunias, violets (English and California), nasturtiums, sweet alyssum and three varieties of chrysanthemums, quite a brave showing after two hard killing frosts came earlier than usual.

With us this year the dry weather cut off our roses, the buds blasting. I suppose it is better for the bushes; but oh, how I hate to give the beauties up!

In Favor of Nasturtiums.

I am surprised that more farmers' wives do not cultivate the nasturtiums instead of saying, "Oh, I haven't time to attend to flowers," or, "it was so hot and dry my flowers never did any good. They all dried up without blooming."

The nasturtium is an old stand-by with me, and more than pays for the little trouble it takes to grow it.

Let the season be wet or dry, flowers I have in abundance. Dry weather seems to increase the brilliance of the blooms, for the leaves do not grow so large in times of drought, and the gay colored blossoms are more exposed to view. Besides, the green seed pods are fine for pickling.

The leaves also can be used in salad, and what a cheerful sight a bouquet of the long stemmed blossoms gives to the dining table.

They seem to say, "cheer up, look at me! I am bright and gay, and feel all the brighter for enduring the storms." They seem to store up sunshine on purpose for cloudy days. Now I plant my dwarf nasturtiums in the garden and cultivate just the same as peas.

When the plants are up nicely I thin them out to six inches apart in the row; the tall sorts are fine for covering old stumps, or some unsightly rubbish heap. They can be allowed to trail over the ground like melon vines, or trained up to a porch or window, only if wanted to run up a wall a piece of wire poultry netting should be given them for support, as they do not climb a string like most vines. Now, if you have never tried nasturtiums, plant some by all means; you will never regret it. I live on a farm, and have flowers the whole year around, for I raise a large variety of different kinds of flowers, and I would like to tell those busy farmers' wives of some other plants that well repays the small amount of time required to raise them.

Cancer Cure

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

Heavy coiled steel wire fence, hard steel wire lock that does not rust or slip and kinks both wires. All heavily galvanized and is replacing other makes of fencing using lighter gauged wire. Can be erected as cheaply as barb wire and

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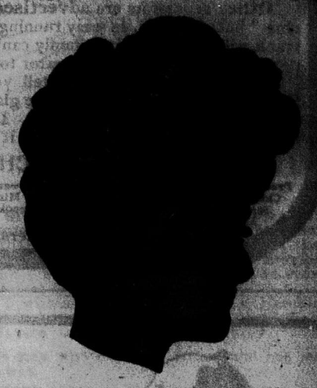

Canada's largest manufacturers and dealers of high grade Hair Goods will send their latest illustrated catalogue free to any address.

If you need a **Wavy Switch, a Pompadour, Front, Bang, Wave Curl, Wig, Toupee or Transformation,** our Catalogue will tell you how to order by mail. The value of our goods is known from coast to coast, hence our enormous mail-order business.

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THE DUNN HOLLOW CONCRETE BLOCK MACHINE

Third year in the market, and every machine sold doing good work. Simple in construction and operation. Suitable for block-making for a single building, or for a regular block making business. A moderate priced machine; compact and portable. No power required. Has suited every purchaser, and will please you. Western shipments made from our Winnipeg warehouse.

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Address Dept. T, THE JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

A lame horse is a dead loss.

It costs as much to keep a lame horse, as it does a horse in harness — and the cripple brings nothing in. You can't afford to support idle stock. That's why you can't afford to be without

Kendall's Spavin Cure

It takes away the pain and stiffness from Sprains and Bruises—draws the soreness out of Strained Muscles and Tendons—CURES Spavins, Soft Bunches and Swellings. Used for two generations by two nations.

KATRINE STATION, ONT., Dec. 15, '06.
"I have use Kendall's Spavin Cure for a Bone Spavin of 4 years standing, which has entirely cured the lameness and greatly reduced the swelling. Another bottle of the Spavin Cure, I am sure, will complete the cure." HOWARD BROCK.

$1.00 a bottle or 6 for $5. Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for free copy of our famous book—"Treatise On The Horse." You will find a need for it every day.

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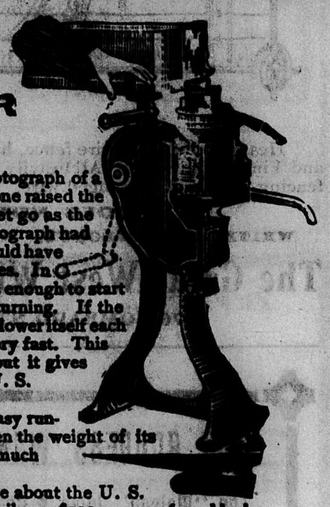
How the U.S. CREAM SEPARATOR Starts Itself



At the right is an exact copy of a photograph of a number 7 U. S. Cream Separator. Someone raised the crank to the height shown and had just let go as the photograph was taken. Now if another photograph had been taken about a minute later the crank would have been in the position shown by the dotted lines. In other words, the slight weight of the crank is enough to start the gears and bowl of the U. S. Separator turning. If the crank was raised enough times and allowed to lower itself each time it would get the gears and bowl going very fast. This would take some time so it is not practical, but it gives you an idea of how lightly and easily the U. S. Separator runs.

Other separators are advertised as "easy running" but the U. S. is easy running. When the weight of its crank will run a U. S. it certainly can't take much power on the part of the operator to do it.

We haven't room here to tell you more about the U. S. Separator, but if you want we'll be glad to mail you free a copy of our big, interesting, new separator catalogue. It tells all about the U.S. Just say, "Send catalogue number O 110". Write it on a postal if it's handiest, and address

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Prompt deliveries of U. S. Separators from warehouses at Auburn, Me., Buffalo, N. Y., Toledo, O., Chicago, Ill., LaCrosse, Wis., Minneapolis, Minn., Sioux City, Ia., Kansas City, Mo., Omaha, Neb., San Francisco, Cal., Portland, Ore., Sherbrooke and Montreal, Que., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man. and Calgary, Alta.

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Good recipes, and new ones, will be sent you in a dainty booklet, FREE, on request. Write to-day—as the edition will soon be exhausted. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; $1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

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The Home Doctor.

Suggestions.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves, and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia.

Ginger bread made from oatmeal instead of flour is a good aperient for children.

A child has a right to a robust body, whether he is at the head or foot of his class in school.

Never clip or trim the eyebrows or the eyelashes; it will make them coarse and stubby.

Massaging with cold cream will materially aid in removing the lines between the eyes, caused by frowning.

The skin of some babies will not bear flannel; in this case a linen or fine muslin shirt should be put on first, and the wool over it.

It is said that great comfort to the feet is secured by weekly sponging the inside of one's shoes with a solution of equal parts ammonia and water.

Large pores on the nose and chin may be reduced by applying several times a day a lotion made of lemon juice and glycerine, or one of alum and water.

Put into turpentine all the gum camphor it will cut and keep in a glass-stoppered bottle to apply to burns. It will not only heal severe burns, but also will prevent a scar.

Apples eaten plentifully aid digestion and clear the skin. Grapes are said to be the healthiest of all fruits. Oranges and lemons, which act as a tonic, have the reputation of curing some forms of dyspepsia.

The following is a remedy for itching feet from frost bites: Take hydrochloric acid one ounce, rain water seven ounces; wash the feet with it two or three times daily, or wet the socks with the preparation until relieved.

There is nothing more distressing to little children than earache. The pain can be promptly relieved by putting a little black pepper on a small piece of absorbent cotton. Draw up the cotton around the pepper, dip it into warm oil and insert this in the ear.

It is said that the most nauseous physic may be given to children without trouble by previously letting them take a peppermint lozenge, a piece of alum, or a bit of orange peel. Many people make the mistake of giving a sweet afterward to take away the disagreeable taste. It is far better to destroy it in the first instance.

Lemons may often be used as a good household medicine. They are undoubtedly very excellent for biliousness. Lemons, however, should not be taken in their pure state, as their acidity will injure the teeth and the lining of the stomach. The proper way is to take the juice of one lemon in a cup of water without sugar. The best time to take such a dose is before breakfast or just before retiring.

Many of the sore throats and colds in the head come from a disordered stomach. The remedy is, not only to use gargles to relieve the immediate distress, but to fast for from twelve to twenty-four hours. Take a laxative or cathartic which will clear out the system, when nature will resume regular work, as before she was abused, and the sore throat and cold will be a thing of the past.

Witch hazel cold cream, which is very pleasing for a rough, sensitive complexion, is made as follows: Nine ounces of white petrolatum, one and one-half ounces of white wax, one and one-half ounces of spermaceti, three ounces of distilled extract of witch hazel. Melt the first three ingredients together, allow to cool to some extent, then add the witch hazel extract and stir. When nearly cool add a few drops of oil of rose.

The Care of the Tongue.—The tongue quickly betrays all disturbances in the economy of the body; in health it is clean, moderately red in color and moist. When it is furred or "coated" it indicates fever, some impurity in the mouth, as foul or decayed teeth, or trouble with the digestive organs. If fever be the cause, the temperature of the body will be above the normal, 98½ degrees Fahrenheit. It is easy to determine if bad teeth are at fault; if these be all right, seek for the source of the trouble in the stomach, liver or bowels. Constipation will produce a bad breath and a furred tongue. With nervous diseases a dry tongue is a sign of nervous depression; and a pale, flabby tongue indicates an anaemic condition.

A little alcohol or bay rum added to the water, in bathing the sick, will often give such relief and comfort as to produce refreshing sleep. Sponging the body with alcohol, allowing it to dry on the skin, is an excellent preventive for night sweats from general weakness.

An excellent family liniment for sprains and bruises is prepared from two ounces each of the following: chloroform, ammonia, spirits of camphor, and sweet oil. Rub the liniment into the skin for five or ten minutes, and wrap a piece of flannel about the part.

In burns or scalds immediate relief is given by applying the ordinary baking soda found in nearly every home. Moisten it very slightly and cover the part with a thick layer of this moist soda, so as to exclude the air; keep the application in place by a bandage of soft muslin, and if the skin is not broken, a cure will speedily be effected.

After a severe illness or exposure to cold, there is often a roughness on the arms and lower limbs, due to imperfect circulation. After a warm bath rub the parts briskly, and apply cold cream or cocoa butter softened with a small quantity of oil of almonds. The rubbing and application may be tried every night before retiring, and the improvement will be evident in a short time.

From being a luxury a hot water bag has now become one of the necessaries of life. Heat is so important a part of medication in almost all cases of sickness that this convenient method of applying it can be used at any time, and for any one, from infancy to old age. A little very hot water should be put into the bottle, so that the soft rubber can adapt itself to any part of the body, and not be a burdensome weight on the part affected. It may be wrapped in flannel or a soft towel if the touch of rubber to the skin is unpleasant.

Baby's Bath.

Baby's bath is of such great importance to himself, that too much cannot be said upon the subject. Baby's health depends much upon his bath being properly given, and given with regularity. Mothers should consider all duties secondary until this one is performed.

During the first ten days of baby's life, he should be washed on the nurse's lap; after that he may be given a full tub bath, as nearly as possible at the same hour every morning, and at least one hour after feeding; this insures regular habits, such as hours for naps and outings, and baby will be much better natured for it.

To give baby a bath properly, everything should be in readiness before beginning. The room should be thoroughly warmed, free from draughts, and, to be ideal, should have an open fire in cold weather. Clean clothes should be hung by fire or radiator, to be aired and dried; the tub, a large pitcher of hot water, towels, wash rag, Castile soap, and baby's basket, containing all the articles necessary for the toilet.

During early infancy, the water should be heated to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. As baby grows older, it will be warm enough at about 95 to 98 degrees Fahrenheit. Baby is now placed in a bath blanket, which may be of outing flannel or soft wool, laid on the nurse's lap, and all of its clothing carefully removed; first wash head and face with soft wash rag, using a little soap for his head, and drying with an old soft towel, protecting the body with the bath blanket while this is being done; after this, the body should be well soaped, and baby placed in the tub, his head and shoulders supported by the nurse's hand, the bath given quickly and the baby again placed in the bath blanket, on the nurse's lap, his body dried gently, with as little rubbing as possible.

When there is danger of chafing, use a little powder under the arms and in all the folds. It should be an impalpable powder, without grit, and a very small quantity, otherwise it will cake, and create the soreness it is intended to heal. A glass of cool, freshly boiled water should be in readiness for cleansing baby's eyes and mouth.

The fresh clothing should now be put on, as deftly as possible, the skirts brought up over the feet, and buttoned, turning baby over as little as possible.

If there is any dandruff caking in the hair, grease it well, and wait until it is thoroughly softened before attempting to remove it, using no force whatever. Brush the hair very gently, with baby's soft brush. Little squares of old soft linen or muslin an inch and a half square, should be at hand, to dip into the glass of boiled water, to wipe baby's eyes and mouth—one for each eye and one for his mouth—after which he should have a little fresh water to drink.

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Boys and Girls.

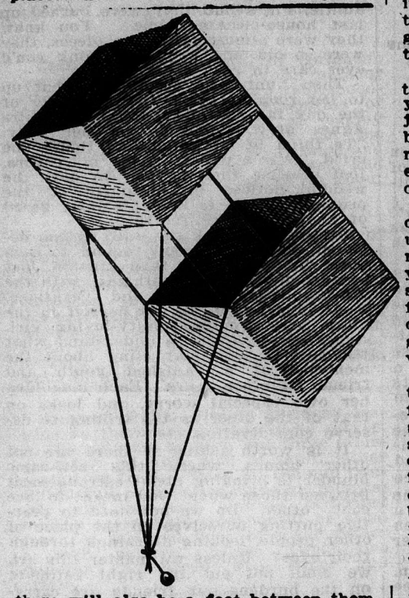
A New Box Kite.

One of the very best fun-makers a boy can have for the September days is a box kite, and the chap who owns one will always be popular among his playmates and never lack for company when he goes out to fly it.

Get an old umbrella, four seasoned hickory sticks, or sticks of some other tough wood three feet long and a half inch thick. Rip the cover off the umbrella, being careful not to tear the material. Take eight of the ribs, the short ones that run from the frame to the stick, and lash their ends together with copper wire, making two squares. Now take four of the long ribs and break them each in half, thus getting eight more pieces the size of those you have just fixed. Lash these eight new ones together in the same way, making two squares each of four wires.

Now lash one of your hickory sticks by one end to the corner of one of your two first wire squares and fasten the other end of the stick to a corner of its mate. Place the other three sticks in position in the other corners of the two squares and fasten them firmly by lashing them to the corner and sides of the square with fine copper wire.

Now for your second set of squares made from the more pliable ribs of the umbrella: These slip outside of the framework you have made and are placed one foot from either end so that



there will also be a foot between them, providing you have made your sticks three feet long. When these are firmly wired in place you are ready for your kite covering, which is the covering you have ripped from the old umbrella. This is placed around either end, as shown in the illustration, and firmly sewn in place along all four edges of each square. Be sure and use heavy linen thread in doing this, and it is all the better if your thread be waxed. Your kite is ready to fly as soon as you fasten a "tail" on it.

Now make a "free" kite of it, which means a kite which will sail away without a string. Get four more long umbrella wires and fasten them to the inner sides of your wire squares on the framework as shown in the picture. These wires must have their free ends brought together and lashed fast, with a small iron or brass ring at the extremity. In this ring you may hang a lead weight, which must be varied according to the force of the wind blowing. This weight acts just exactly like the drag of a kite string and will keep your kite steady and upright if you are careful to adjust the weight to the force of the wind. Your kite will not rise in the air, but will sail straight off before the wind for a long distance.

A Bird Game.

First, a leader, or a bird catcher, is chosen, who gives each player a bird to represent, selecting such birds as have notes that are easily imitated. No one, however, must represent the owl, for reasons hereafter to be given.

The players then take seats around the room, with their hands placed on their knees, and the leader begins to tell an anecdote or a little story in which birds take the chief parts, particularly the birds represented by the players. Each player, as the bird he represents is mentioned, must utter the call or cry of that bird, never for an instant taking his hands off his knees.

When the leader mentions the owl—which he should every now and then—no one must make a sound, but each player must take his hands off his knees and put them behind his back, where he must keep them until some other bird is mentioned by the leader, when he must put them on his knees again.

If a leader can catch a hand while this change is taking place, the owner of it must pay a forfeit, and also take the leader's place, when the game starts again with the new leader's story.

The leader in this story must speak now and then of "all the birds of the air," and when he does so all the players must utter at the same time the calls of the birds they represent.

A Fountain in a Bottle.

A large glass bottle, or jar, with a rubber stopper having a hole in it, is the simple foundation for your fountain. You will need, besides, a glass tube with a jet at one end, and a piece of rubber tubing about two inches long.

When you have prepared your materials, place the stopper in the jar, and insert in the hole the glass tube, with the jet inside the jar. To the end of the glass tube that is outside fit the rubber tubing.

Now exhaust your lungs, and, placing the other end of the rubber tubing in your mouth, suck out the air from the jar. When you have taken a deep breath, pinch the rubber tube so that no air will return to the jar, and again exhaust your lungs, and repeat the process of drawing the air from the jar.

Now, still pinching the rubber tube, or applying a pinchcock, turn the jar upside down and place the end of the rubber tube in a glass of water. When you release the tube the water will spurt up through the jet, and your fountain will play in the jar. It is the outside pressure on the water in the glass that forces the spray into the vacuum of the bottle

Instead of exhausting the air from the jar, here is a way to produce the fountain outside of it. Reverse the glass tube so that the jet will be outside and the other end near the bottom of the jar. Pour water into the jar until it is about two-thirds higher than the end of the tube in the jar. Fit the rubber tubing over the jet and blow into the jar, thus condensing the air. Pinch the tube while you again fill the lungs and blow again into the jar. Now quickly pull the tubing from the jet, and the water will spurt out, producing a fountain. This time it is the pressure of the condensed air in the jar that forces the water out.

In the same jar place a vaseline bottle with a piece of thin rubber cloth stretched over the mouth, and tied in place. Now, instead of the long glass tube, use a smaller one, and if you will exhaust the air from the jar as you did in the first fountain experiment the rubber will rise like a balloon, because the air in the small bottle will try to get out to fill the vacuum you have produced.

Now, if you will blow into the rubber tube, as you did in the other fountain experiment, the rubber will bulge downward into the small bottle, condensing the air there. By fitting the vaseline bottle as you did the outer one, with a glass jet, and placing water in it, and then exausting the air from the outer jar, you will produce a miniature fountain in the jar from the smaller bottle.

The Spring is Here

bringing with it to thousands "that spring feeling"—lack of snap—uncertain digestion—occasional headaches.

It is simply that the organs are stuffed up and poisoned with the winter's overeating and living much indoors without sufficient exercise.

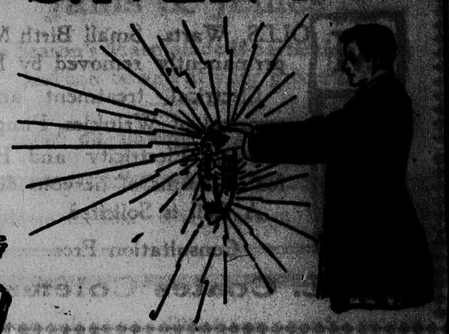
Abbey's Salt goes straight to the root of the trouble by putting the Bowels, Stomach and Liver in good working condition.

That means pure blood, buoyant health and plenty of energy.

At Druggists. 25c. and 60c. a bottle.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

"A LIFE SAVER FOR WEAK MEN"



Give me a man broken down from dissipation, hard work, or worry from any cause, which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months, and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by Nature to be strong and sturdy. But that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength, I can make as good as ever he was.

I can give back to any man what he has lost by abuse of the laws of Nature.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that in any manner my Belt will replace it and will cure you.

Fred. J. Cutterbuck, Brockville, Ont., says After 30 days' use of your Belt I feel fine—the best I have in years—stomach all right and appetite good. In short, I feel like a new man.

Letters like that tell a story which means a good deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to a man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stores up a great force of energy in a man.

I make the best electrical body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

G. Johnston, North Bay, writes: Have used your Belt now for three months, and must say that I feel like a new man. It is far ahead of dosing yourself with drugs, and I strongly recommend it. I thank you from my heart for your wonderful remedy.

They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town or hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

NOT A CENT UNTIL YOU ARE CURED

That is my offer. You take my latest improved appliance and use it in my way for three months, and if it does not cure, you need not pay me. My only condition is that you secure me, so that I will get my money when you are cured.

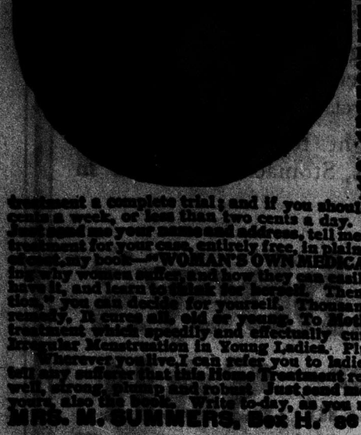
It's as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in the old style belts.

Cal ito-day or send for my beautiful book, full of things a man likes to read if he wants to be a strong man. I send it, sealed, free. Cut out this ad.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN

112 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CAN.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pain in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensation on the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, bad temper, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles. Where caused by the climacteric peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of charge, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home treatment, it cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell you about this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and rosy. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H, 60 WINDSOR, Ont.

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Woman and the Home.

The Abandoned Cottage.

Just close the little house up tight,
Let all the blinds be drawn;
She—well, she doesn't miss the light
Of day where she is gone.
You'd better nail the gate tight shut,
Make fast the shutters, too;
I may come back—I don't know—but
Not soon if e'er I do.

No! Leave the things just as they are
Inside—she had them so.
Just lock the place tight up and bar
The doors, and then we'll go.
I'm not much of a hand for dreams;
I know it's foolish, when
She's gone—but, do you know, it seems
She might come back again.

When every picture on the wall
Speaks in its voiceless way,
And her voice seems to call and call—
No! No! I couldn't stay.
Just close the house up tight—I must
Fo-get it all, somehow;
So let things molder in the dust—
Dust—that's all left me now.

We'll close the little place up tight,
It doesn't matter now;
I've got my foe of Grief to fight,
I'll master him somehow.
But here—no, no! We'll close the door
And pass out reverently—
Seek to forget what's gone before
And face what is to be.

Don't move a book, a vase, a chair;
Those flowers—let them lie;
She ft things as they are in there,
So leave them—now and aye.
I'm much of a hand for dreams,
I know it' foolish when
Sh s gone, but omehow—well, it seems
She might come back again.

The Evolution of the Kitchen.

The evolution of the modern kitchen is just as interesting a story as that of the evolution of any feature of present-day life in enlightened countries.

It has come straight from the out-door fire, just as modern dress has evolved from the blanket and loincloth of the savage.

When the Romans invaded Britain they found the inhabitants living in one room, partially underground. The cooking, however, was done mainly in the open air, as a matter of convenience. When it was done in the house the smoke and odor escaped through a hole in the roof, as it does in the huts of savages today. One of the greatest, most civilizing and most elegant inventions ever made was the fireplace, which brought the first semblance of modern decency, neatness and comfort into the home. The fireplace seems very old-fashioned, yet the mother of the present writer, not a very aged woman, can remember when the first stove was brought into her home in Northern Ontario.

Later, as a young married woman, she possessed one of the first three lamps brought into Pembroke, Ont.

It was the middle ages before the kitchen had been raised to the dignity of an established apartment. Strange doings went on in those mediaeval kitchens. Butchers slaughtered animals there which were skinned and dressed, as well as cooked, in the kitchen. The family blacksmith kept his fire there, and repaired the plows and wheels of the estate.

Coal began to be used as a kitchen fuel in 1245, though not generally for two hundred years after. The oven did not come into use until the year 1400, and then it was the old-fashioned brick oven, which persisted for hundreds of years. The stove, when invented, took the place of the separate oven and the fireplace, with its spit, crane and hanging pots.

Advice to Mothers.

Young children require bathing once in the twenty-four hours in warm, not hot, water. This keeps the functions of the skin in an active condition, by which means much of the waste matter generated in the "building process" is thrown off.

No process of "hardening" a child is logical which consists in submitting it to exposure or fatigue. Its energies are mostly devoted to the growing process, and it will indulge naturally in all the exercise necessary to its development.

The pains of children are often better relieved by external heat than by the use of drugs, and in the absence of a doctor this remedy should invariably be tried first.

Remember that children are oftener overfed than underfed, and that a baby sometimes cries when he is not hungry.

On the other hand, young children cannot express their wants in speech, so that prolonged crying without apparent cause—feverishness, or any other symptom of trouble—is best interpreted by the physician.

Sympathising with One Another.

It could not be denied that the piecing showed. After all Agnes' planning and turning and sponging and pressing, the garment had that unmistakable "made-over" look which is the dread of the amateur dressmaker.

Agnes had accepted cheerfully her father's decision that he could not afford to buy her a new gown that season, and cheerfully had she entered upon the task of remodeling an old one. Less than her usual success had crowned this particular undertaking, and as in the mirror she surveyed the work of her hands, her lips trembled, and the tears actually forced themselves into her eyes.

"What if the piecing does show! I don't see any reason for being so afraid folks will know it's a made-over dress, as long as that's just what it is," said her Aunt Jane. "My best black skirt's been turned six times, and anybody's welcome to know it."

A few days later the household was thrown into unexpected confusion by a discovery on the part of Aunt Jane. She had been searching for something in the garret, and had missed a pile of old newspapers which for years had stood yellowing under the rafters. Pale and tremulous she hurried downstairs to make enquiries as to their whereabouts.

The feminine portion of the household looked at one another guiltily, and it was Agnes who took upon herself the responsibility of an explanation. "Why, auntie, I'm afraid they were burned up last house-cleaning time. You know they were almost falling to pieces, they were so old, and we didn't think you'd ever care to read them again."

Then Aunt Jane cried, and went up to her room to spend the remainder of the day in solitude, and downstairs Agnes grew eloquent over her folly. "To think of mourning like that," she cried, "over a pile of musty old papers, just because they happen to have the wedding notices or obituaries of the people she used to know! I never heard of anything more foolish."

So week by week the gulf widens between these two people, bound to each other by closer ties than kinship, just because neither sympathizes with the other's little sorrows and vexations. Aunt Jane forgets to put herself in the place of a young, beauty-loving girl. Agnes does not try to understand what tender memories may cling about the mementos of a vanished youth and friends of other years. Each magnifies her own especial worry, and looks on that of the other as too trifling to deserve consideration.

It is worth asking if there are not other homes where this self-same blunder is bringing about estrangement between those whom God meant to love each other. Do we not need to practice putting ourselves in the place of other people, looking at things through their eyes? Unless we master this art, we shall not put the right estimate on the burdens our friends are carrying, and so will fail in giving them the sympathy they have a right to expect from us.

Fresh Air Without Draughts.

Where the windows of the sleeping room are situated too near where the bed must stand, delicate persons often deny themselves the much needed fresh air, in the natural fear of taking cold from having the window open. This danger, however, may be avoided, and a current of fresh air assured by a simple device which I have seen used.

This was merely a strip of thin, smooth board the exact length and width of the window ledge, which was fastened to the sash-edge of the ledge by small hinges placed underneath the board and on top of the ledge. The board was hinged perfectly flush with the sash, and when not in use lay flat on the ledge.

When fresh air is wanted the window is raised the width of the board, the board then being lifted and pushed forward to act as a support for the window sash. Thus the window is opened in the middle, the current of air entering between the top of the lower sash and the bottom of the upper one—the bottom of the window where the draughts are to be most feared, being closed by the board.

This simple draught screen may be put in place by even the feminine carpenter, and if varnished or painted to match the rest of the woodwork is scarcely noticeable when down, and therefore not at all objectionable.

Of course the board may be as wide as desired, the greater width allowing a freer circulation of air, but when wider than the window ledge will be more conspicuous when down.

This advice is particularly applicable to a sick room, since by it we avoid both the direct draught from the window opened at the bottom, and that annoying flapping of the curtain which is sure to follow opening the window at the top.

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HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Corn Saute.—Place the contents of a can of corn in a saucepan with a third of a cupful of butter and allow it to simmer for five minutes. Then add a cupful of cream, a dusting of white pepper and salt and a little nutmeg. Cook gently for a few moments, then pour into a hot dish and serve.

Ham Salad.—Chop some ham very fine and slice twice as much cold potatoes very thin. Arrange the ham and potatoes in a salad dish in layers and sprinkle each double layer with chopped celery, then pour French dressing over all. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices or in fancy shapes.

Strawberry Fritters.—Beat one egg very light, and pour it into one cupful of sweet milk and add one tablespoonful of sugar. Into this dip slices of stale sponge cake cut into neat pieces. Fry in hot butter, arrange on a hot plate and heap each fritter with strawberries and sugar. Serve with cream, either plain or whipped, if preferred.

Rusks.—One cupful of lard and a little more of sugar, two eggs, one pint of warm milk, nutmeg, one cupful of yeast, flour to make a dough. Mix well and let rise. When making these out after they have risen use a round pan, and make the first row around the outside the largest, each succeeding row smaller, ending with one big rusk in the centre

Corn Pone.—One cupful of cornmeal, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sour milk, with a little soda, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Use the fine meal, not the granulated. Put sugar, flour, meal and butter together, put in the rest, and beat hard. Bake in a bread tin about half an hour.

Maine Crumpets.—One-half cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful of shortening mixed together. Add one-half cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and salt, one-half cupful of sour milk with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Flour to make of the consistency of cookies. Roll about one-half inch thick. Bake in quick oven.

Steamed Puffs.—Butter as many teacups as there are persons to be served. In the bottoms of each put three tablespoonfuls of any kind of fruit, either canned or fresh. Then fill the cup two-thirds full of a batter made as follows: One and one-half cupfuls clabbered milk, a scant half teaspoonful of soda, pinch of salt and flour to make rather a stiff batter. Steam twenty-five minutes and serve with sugar and cream.

Cheese Fingers.—The cheese fingers are quickly made and very savory. Mix one cupful of flour, one quarter teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder; rub into this two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of grated cheese, and mix a dough with ice water. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut in half-inch strips with a jagging iron and bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

Creamed Strawberries.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water. Add three cupfuls of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, and strain. Let the jelly set—it should be only half as firm as most jellies—then stir lightly in one quart of fine, sweetened strawberries, and one large cupful of whipped cream. Nearly fill custard glasses with this mixture and put on each a spoonful of whipped cream. Serve very cold.

Daffodil Pudding.—One cupful of butter, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, a cupful of milk, three level cupfuls of flour in which is thoroughly mixed three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of finely chopped citron and the same of small, seedless raisins and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Whip the mixture until as light as possible, pour into individual pudding dishes and steam for one-half hour. Serve with a rich lemon sauce.

Union Cake.—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, six egg whites, one-half cupful of cornstarch, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful baker's extract of almond. Cream the butter, add sugar and eggs, dissolve the cornstarch in the milk, and add to the mixture. Next add the baking powder and flour sifted together, and then the flavoring extract. Bake in a moderate oven.

Baked Bananas.—Peel four bananas and cut in half lengthwise and then across, making four pieces of each. Butter a baking-dish and lay in the fruit. Make a syrup of four level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt, four teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and one-half cupful of hot water. Baste the bananas very often with this syrup while they are baking. Bake slowly for about half an hour, when the syrup should be quite thick. Serve hot.

Rice and Strawberries.—Boil half a cupful of well washed and dried rice in one quart of boiling water for twenty minutes. Drain it and put into a double boiler with a little salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and milk enough to cover it. Cook until the rice is thoroughly soft and the milk is all absorbed. Make a thick syrup of one cupful each of water and sugar and let it cool. In the center of a glass dish heap strawberries, arrange the rice around them, and over the whole pour the syrup. Serve at once.

Lemon Custard Pudding.—Boil one pint of milk and pour it over three ounces of fine bread-crumbs. Cream one ounce of butter with two ounces of sugar, add the beaten yolks of two eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Then gradually add the milk and crumbs. Stir all together and pour into a buttered pie dish; bake for half an hour or until set. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with one ounce of sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Pile roughly over the pudding, sift a little sugar over, and then brown lightly in the oven or before the fire.

Red Bean Croquettes.—Boiled red or kidney beans which have been left from a previous meal may be used for croquettes, or they may be freshly prepared. Soak the beans over night, boil in slightly salted water until very soft, and then drain. Press one pint through a ricer, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, salt and cayenne to taste, one teaspoonful of onion juice and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Form into tiny balls or cylinders, dip each into slightly beaten white of egg, roll in fine dry bread-crumbs and fry—three or four at a time in smoking hot fat.

Honey Nut Sandwiches.—These are a dainty delicacy for afternoon tea. To make them, have a jar of strained golden honey, some finely chopped walnuts, almonds, pecans that were blanched before chopping, and a number of the small raised quick biscuits that may be found in any first-class-caterer's. After heating these by placing them in the oven in a closely covered pan, first brushing each one over the top with milk or water, split each one and spread with the honey, with which has been mixed the nuts, in the proportion of one tabelspoonful of chopped nuts to each two tablespoonfuls of the honey.

Banana Float.—Take a small box of gelatine and dissolve in one teacupful of cold water one hour. Boil three pints of sweet milk and three and one-half cupfuls of sugar together. Keep out a little of the boiled milk and stir into the gelatine, then stir this into the rest of the milk and boil ten minutes. When cool stir in six bananas that have been broken to pieces with a silver fork. Mix thoroughly and set on ice. The next day, one hour before serving, take a quart of rich cream, sweeten to taste, flavor with vanilla and whip it well. Put the frozen bananas into a glass dish or bowl with the whipped cream on top.

Cherry Cake.—Pour hot water over one pound of candied cherries, let stand a moment, drain, dry in a cloth and set in the oven opening to become dry. Take one-half pound of crustless bread slices in as much milk as they will absorb. Add four beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four of warm butter, one-quarter pound of boiled and grated chestnuts, a dusting of cinnamon. When these ingredients are mixed well add the cherries. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, brush the top generously with butter, strew much sugar and cinnamon, and bake slowly in moderate oven. This is delicious served with chocolate.

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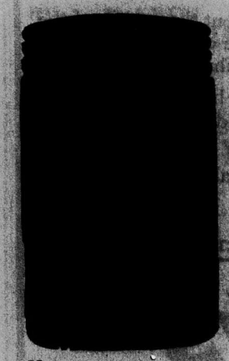

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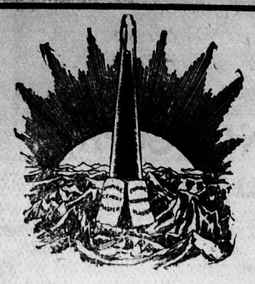

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Finish with Gold Dust Finish and Gilt Edge Plaster of Paris.

Manufactured by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg.

About the Farm.

Speaking Eyes.

She is only a girl down on Passaway Creek,
Like a thousand more girls on our prairies,
With a heart full of grace looking out of her face,
That was brought her at birth by the fairies;
And her voice is as glad as the song of a bird,
And as sweet as the breath of the morning;
But her swift-speaking eyes bid the fool to be wise,
And the wise think it best to take warning.

She is only a girl down on Passaway Creek,
Like a thousand more girls the land over;
And she learns every day that life is not all play,
With a way through wide pastures of clover;
But wherever she goes, down on Passaway Creek,
She brings cheer and good-will to her neighbors;
And no man, and no lad, in the fields, but is glad,
As they watch her, and pause in their labors.

She is only a girl down on Passaway Creek,
And all Passaway Creek is her debtor,
For her swift-speaking eyes have made many fools wise,
And made many a good man a better;
But some day she will meet with the prince of her dreams,
And look up at his beauty and splendor,
And her swift-speaking eyes shall be mute as the skies,
And as deep, and unspeakably tender.

In the Dairy.

Carelessness and sour milk go hand in hand.

Greasy, soiled clothing marks a poor buttermaker.

Every year is a good butter season for some. Why is it not so for all?

Feed and care are just as essential in getting milk yields as the cow herself.

Many an ugly cow gives a beautiful lot of milk. "Handsome is as handsome does."

The money from the dairy cow comes regularly and does not stop in bad seasons. That's what pays the store bills.

The section of the country where dairying is the principal occupation is usually a section of good farms, good land and good people.

Two errors in running the hand separator are often responsible for loss of butter fat. We should not run a machine over its capacity or run it too slowly. If your separator is not doing satisfactory work better look up the catalogue which gives full instructions and learn how to run it all over again. Nearly all separators made will do satisfactory work if run properly.

Some of the high class dairy cows in the various breeds are making wonderful butter records. The Guernsey cow Dolly Bloom has just completed a three years test with an average annually of 638 pounds of butter fat for each of the three years. The average yield of all our dairy cows in the country would probably run under 200 pounds of butter fat per year so that Dolly Bloom is giving more than three ordinary cows. Good feed, good care and careful handling would make more of our dairy cows "bloom" out into good performers.

According to the results of an experiment conducted at the Storrs Experiment Station in Connecticut it pays to clean the cow's udder before milking. The experiment conducted showed that the bacteria in milk from a cow with unwiped udder numbered 7,058 per cubic centimeter. When the udder and the under part of the body and flank was cleaned the bacteria numbered only 716 per cubic centimeter. By this simple work we improve the cleanliness and quality of the milk immensely. A good brush or cloth in a box in the stable will do the work.

Buying a Milch Cow.

There are certain rules which, if observed, would be of great help to us in selecting cows for the dairy. Here is what one Ontario dairyman says about it. "The ideal cow should be above the average size, but not large enough to be coarse, should have fine head, fine horns, long, slim neck, large barrel, straight back, large, long, crooked veins, large udder, extending well forward and running high up behind, and the cow should be broad on the rump and wedge-shaped in form, with rich, mellow skin."

The Old Feather Bed.

What has become of the old-fashioned feather bed? We mean the kind so high it required the service of a step-ladder to climb into it? Did you ever climb into them when you were a kid and sink down, down, down till you gasped and wondered when you would touch bottom and if you didn't need a life preserver? And do you remember how good it felt upon a cold morning when you poked your head from under the covers and saw the window panes frost covered? And do you remember how you used to climb out of its billows, half dress yourself, shivering, teeth chattering, run downstairs and steal behind the kitchen stove, half your clothes in your arms? And how good those griddle cakes and sausages smelled! Feathers may not be healthy to sleep on, as claimed by doctors, who probably never slept on them, but they seemed mighty good to the kid. Why doesn't somebody write a song about "The Old Feather Bed?"

Poultry Keeping for Farmers' Wives.

Poultry is kept on a majority of farms and it is no exaggeration, probably, to say that three-quarters of all the farm fowls that receive care worthy of the name are cared for by women. In such cases, if records are kept, the fowls are found to pay, and pay well. Instances of a farmer's wife paying the grocery bill, or cothing the children, from the profits of the farm flock, are by no means rare.

The farmer's wife whose inclination turns that way has an opportunity to add to her stock of pin money, and to her stock of health at the same time, by adopting the farm flock and providing it with the food and care that will make the fowls comfortable and well nourished. We do not intend to advise that all the work should be done by the farmer's wife. An hour per week of the hired man's time will do the heavy work connected with the care of fifty hens, leaving the feeding, etc., to the principal caretaker.

Drainage for the Dairy Barn.

In locating a dairy barn, care should be taken to have a gentle slope from the barn in at least one direction, affording good, natural drainage for both barn and yard. If the barn is already built and poorly located, draining and grading will do much to remedy the evil. In most cases it would take but a small amount of labor and plow and scraper, when the ground is in suitable condition to handle, to give the surface of the yard a slope from the barn sufficient to carry off the surface water. Even if dirt has to be hauled in from outside the yard to accomplish this it will not be expensive. The drainage alone under a yard is not sufficient as the tramping of the cattle soon puddles the surface, preventing the water from passing down to the tile.

Produce what the Consumer Wants.

The aim of every producer should be to put upon the market an article that will please and satisfy the purchaser of that article. His preferences should always be kept in mind. The purchaser or consumer of dairy products is always looking for fine flavor and purity. The greater his confidence in a certain brand or line of these products the better price he is willing to pay and the greater will be the consumption of

arm.

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De Laval "High Grade" Separators

The only point in common between De Laval Separators and the inferior kind is that both are sold upon the De Laval record. Call anything a cream separator, and the inexperienced buyer will endow it with standard De Laval qualities confidently believing he is buying something "just as good."

Imitations are always inferior. Get a De Laval and be sure you are right.

ASK FOR OUR CATALOGUE

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Representatives Everywhere

those products. He is not looking for nutritive value when he buys dairy products, as he knows that poor butter or cheese contains just as much nutritive value as the other kind. What he is really looking for is that peculiar fineness of flavor and absolute purity characteristic of the product from some dairies and factories. The producer should always keep this in mind and be guided accordingly.

Sheep.

The cost of raising sheep is small compared with the high prices they command or with the cost of production of any other farm animal.

Some breeders claim that rape is more easily grown than cabbage and will answer the same purpose for sheep in the barn, but of course it cannot be shipped as well as cabbage.

A clear pink skin is a sign that the internal organs are in good condition. It has been stated that sheep with pink skins are better feeders than those with pale or dark skins. A clear fleece goes with a clear pink skin.

The ewe that raises good strong twin lambs each season is much more valuable than the one which raises the single lamb. Great improvements can be worked out along this line if selections of the twin ewe lambs are constantly made and then these to be mated with a twin or triplet ram. It is a fact that some breeds do not show many twins, but with the Shropshire and many other good breeds this matter of twin breeding is becoming almost universal.

Women at Poultry Shows.

As the years go on the women exhibitors appear in increasing numbers at the poultry shows throughout the country. The reports of the winnings at the majority of small and large shows this season, contain the names of one or more fanciers of gentler sex, who have downed their male opponents in the race for exhibtion honors.

The majority of these are farmers' wives, who take advantage of the opportunities that farm life affords for rearing and handling of poultry of the better class. Often times the waste grain from the bins and barns, scraps from the tables and kitchens and the by-products of the dairy are almost sufficient to feed a flock of ten to fifty fowls twelve months in the year. In any event the cost to feed a farm flock is not more than half that of supporting an equal number of fowls when all the grains and other foods have to be bought for cash.

The wide acres of the farm afford the means of raising large broods of healthy, vigorous chicks each season; chicks which are developed properly both in form and feather. Chicks so raised, if of equally good breeding, have far more chance of taking showroom honors than the less fortunate ones which are reared in the limited confines of the city or village poultry keeper. A majority of the women exhibition winners are advertisers in farm papers, in poultry papers, or in the columns of both, and many of them find a ready sale for all the breeding stock they can supply and all the eggs for hatching they can spare. The sale of $100 worth of eggs at a cost of $10 to $12 for advertising is by no means uncommon and the prices obtained (from $1 to $5 for sitting of 13) leaves a wide margin of profit over the cost of advertising and exhibiting, and the cost of keeping up the flock to a high standard.

Pruning Evergreens.

As a rule, evergreen trees need no pruning, except to cut away dead limbs. The beauty of a pine is in its pleasing natural shape, clothed with limbs from the ground up. To cut away the lower limbs is to destroy the natural beauty. In planting such trees care should be taken that they are set where the view will not be obstructed by their growth. The tops of evergreens are sometimes cut back to encourage a dense growth, and with some species the results of such pruning are very satisfactory; but to trim away the lower limbs, unless dead and leafless, is not considered good taste, and the effect is anything but pleasing to the aesthetic eye.

Don't Use a Cheap Sire.

A good many farmers do not see things clearly until the pocket nerve is touched and loss of money threatened, then they begin to reason to a purpose and are not slow to act. Why not consider the proposition of selecting a dairy sire? Why not consider the dairy in the same light as the pocketbook? The business surely makes a big pocketbook or the reverse, according to the reasoning ability of the man in control. Dairying must be either profitable or unprofitable, and this is determined largely by the judgment displayed in selecting a sire.

"A stream can run no higher than its source' is an old and true saying. How, then, can good, profitable dairy cows be produced from a mongrel bull? A cheap sire means cheap cows; that is, poor cows. Their breeding does not enable them to consume the crops of the farm at a profit; they can not pay as much for the food they consume as it is worth in the market

Do not try to make money dairying by using a cheap sire, one with no breeding, with no ancestry worthy of record. It is saving at the wrong end of the business, and has never yet failed to prove costly to the man who tried it. Feed is the equivalent of money. It will sell for money and costs money when it has to be purchased. Keep only such cows as will eat up this money and return it with interest. Obtain such cows by using a first-class sire, one that is perfect individually and backed up by ancestry worthy of a place on the records of the breed for performance. An ancestry having a record for producing milk and butter at a profit. Do not forget that a bull from a great butter producing cow is apt to reproduce the desired quality in his heifer calves, and especially when mated with cows that show dairy ability.

The sire is the source of all improvement. Strive to use nothing but the best, improve the herd and keep it strong and productive. If a poor sire is used you can depend upon it the heifers will not be as good as their mothers. There will be no improvement and no profit.

The BANK of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

Established 1836. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.

56 BRANCHES IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES

CAPITAL, $4,866,666. RESERVE, $2,250,000.

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Drafts Bought and Sold. Prompt attention given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Deposits received $1.00 and upwards, and interest allowed at highest current rates and compounded quarterly. No notice required to withdraw.

FARMERS' BUSINESS

Every facility afforded farmers for their Banking Business. Sale Notes cashed or taken for collection. Note Forms free on application.

Branches at important points throughout the West.

HOW TO BUILD A GOOD FENCE

Our new folder on "Erecting Fences" will tell you and if you will follow the instructions carefully when you are through you will have a good job.

It's full of valuable and interesting information on fence building and tells how to erect woven wire fencing in the quickest and most substantial manner.

No farmer, fence man or any one interested in fence construction should fail to write for a copy. It gives all the information required for building fences and we send it

FREE!

In addition there is also a complete and very interesting description of the manufacture of fence wire. Persons who have never had the privilege of visiting a wire mill will find this article of especial interest.

It also has an article quoted from a bulletin issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture on the manufacture of concrete fence posts, showing how posts made of this most useful and durable material can be manufactured at home. Don't fail to write for a copy today. Ask for our folder called, "Erecting Fences." Remember it's free. Address

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., Dept. H, Winnipeg, Man.

Phone 1413 937 LOGAN AVE. W.

Burdock Blood Bitters

IS THE FOREMOST MEDICINE of the DAY.

It is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the functions of the system and controlling them.

It purifies the blood that it cures blood humors and diseases, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence, renders it unsurpassed for all diseases of the skin.

Mr. Robert Patton, Millbank, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with boils and pimples, which kept breaking out, constantly. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

THE REPUTATION OF

JOHN J. M. BULT

for the QUALITY and STYLE of the CLOTHING made by him—and the

GOOD TAILORING introduced into all his work

PRICES are as follows:—

Frock Coat and Vest ... from $16.00
Dress Suit (silk-lined)... " 21.00
Lounge Suit ... ... " 18.00
Riding and Knickers ... " 16.00

An application for PATTERNS is desired, so that the variety of designs and the economy effected by ordering may be explained.

LONDON,

A Special Tailor Fashion Chronicle and Review and Pattern Sheet is published quarterly, and will be sent post free to any address on application. As a register is kept of all customers' measures, an accurate fit is guaranteed.

CARR-TAILOR, 148, Fenchurch Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominon Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

In Lighter Vein.

Where Was It?

A young widow, recently bereaved, went to a marble-worker to order a tombstone. She consulted with the monument maker, and having arranged everything satisfactorily, added: "I should like it to say 'To my husband—gone to his home,' in an appropriate place."

"All right, madam," the man answered.

And on the tombstone, when completed was this inscription: "To my Husband. Gone to His Home in an Appropriate Place."

It Didn't Work.

A gentleman of rather convivial temperament brought a friend home with him to dine. The friend was an astronomer, and talked interestingly on the beauties of the heavens. "There is no study like it," he said.

"I agree with you," responded his host, earnestly. "Indeed, I have long thought I should like to take it up, and now think I shall begin at once the delightful work of studying the stars."

"George," interrupted his wife, quietly, "you'll have to hatch up a better excuse than that for staying out all night."

Misunderstood Him.

One day an army chaplain saw a soldier of the name of McDonnell making for the back door of a saloon.

"McDonnell!" the chaplain shouted "McDonnell! Oh, McDonnell!"

McDonnell turned, gave him a hasty look, frowned and darted into the bar.

The chaplain loitered outside the door till McDonnell came forth again.

"McDonnell," he said reproachfully, "didn't you hear me calling you?"

"Yes, sir," McDonnell answered, "I did but—but I only had the price of one drink."

His Uncle Who Died Young.

It was in the commercial room of a midland hotel. Longevity was the subject of conversation, when a gentleman—whose nasal twang pronounced him as from across the Atlantic—joined in with the remark:

"I guess the climate of this island is dead against a long innings."

There were sounds of dissent. The American ignored the interruption and continued:

"Now the Amurrican climate is somethin' like a climate. Kind of makes you live, want to or not. Why, my great-uncle Jake from Montana 'll be 94 next fall, but you'd never think it to see him jump on and off his bicycle when he's going down South to see his old people. My Aunt Mima—she's 76, and junior golf champion of Butte. Great snakes! she's a peach of a player for a junior; get another year or two over her head and she'll be frightening some of the older players, I can tell you. Yes, there's been a lot of us brought up in Montana, but I Can't call to mind any one of 'em handing in their checks before they'd passed the century."

"I fancy," said a quiet man, who was smoking a cherrywood pipe, "that I've read somewhere of one of your relatives dying comparatively young and somewhat suddenly."

"My uncle 'Zekiel got damages from the Montana Eagle for publishin' a false account of his death; perhaps that's what you're running your head up against," said the Yankee.

"No," replied the quiet man, "it wasn't your uncle 'Zekiel, and it wasn't in the Montana Eagle. The account I read was a true one. It was in the Acts of the Apostles,' and had reference to your Uucle Ananias."

It Didn't Seem Possible.

A wag was walking with a friend whom he was visiting through a certain portion of the city, when they met a very much "soiled" urchin. The wag's eyes twinkled and he stopped a moment to speak to the boy, asking him where he lived, his name, and finally: "How old are you, my lad?"

"Eight years old," said the boy.

"Why, you must be more than eight," insisted his questioner.

"Nope, jest eight," the boy answered, grinning with pleasure at being thought older.

Turning to his friend the wag said, seriously: "Do you suppose he could possibly have gotten so dirty as that in only eight years?"

Ahead, Yet Behind.

The nervous foreigner got up and went back to the conductor of the street car.

"Pardong, m'sieur," said he, "but zee car he run so slow, and why, if you pleeze? Ees it not so?"

"Yep," replied the conductor. "We can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you mind saying him again?" he asked apologetically.

"I say," replied the conductor, louder than before, "that the car ahead is behind. See?"

The foreigner returned to his seat "Zee car-r-r ahead, he ees behind?" said he to himself. "Most wonderful, most astonishing is zis country."

Consoled.

While speeding along the pike in his automobile, McC—— saw a man and a dog far ahead of him, the dog running in and out of the bushes. As he whizzed past a few moments later the dog darted out ahead of the machine to bark at it, was run over and instantly killed. McC—— stopped his machine and returned.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said, consolingly to the man, "will that make it all right?" He held out a ten-dollar bill.

"It will," replied the man, coolly taking the money and putting it in his pocket.

As the automobile flew down the road he looked sympathetically at the remains and soliloquized:

"Poor little devil! I wonder whose dog it was?"

Complimentary.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Pryor to her small hopeful, "there's your father talking to Mr. M—— (naming a neighbor). Run out and see what they are saying."

Presently Johnny was back again. "Well, what did they say?" asked his mother.

"Mr. M—— said something awful nice about you, ma; he said there wasn't another woman in the world like you, he didn't believe."

"Mrs. Pryor flushed with delight. "And what did your father say?" she asked.

Johnny grinned and edged away. "Pa said it was a mighty good job there wasn't!"

And there was doubtless further conversation when "pa" got to the house.

A "Moving" Tale.

This is one of the funniest stories I ever heard. I do not know whether it has ever been in print. Two Irishmen arrived in New York fresh from the Emerald Isle, stopped for the night at a cheap hotel in New York. Pat went to bed and was soon sound asleep, but the sights and sounds of the big city were too alluring for Dennis, who sat by the window looking out long after his companion retired. Presently a fire alarm rang and an engine dashed by, the horses on the usual "dead run," and a trail of sparks following the machine as the firemen worked to get up steam. This startled Dennis, who had never seen anything of the sort in his "bog-trotter" home. The "hook-and-ladder" followed, and then another engine, also trailing fire and smoke. Dennis could stand it no longer. "Pat" he cried, his voice trembling with excitement, "Pat, wake up—wake up, I tell ye. They're movin' hell an' two loads has gone by a'ready."

Where Man Would Be.

A Detroit woman said of the late Gen. Russell A. Alger:

"In company with a half-dozen other women—a committee in fact—I once waited on Gen. Alger to try and interest him in woman suffrage.

"He was interested. He admitted the truth of many of our arguments, but in the matter of supporting us he would not go as far as we wanted him to go.

"One of the ladies got, I am afraid, a little over-excited. In her address to the General she imputed to a woman more virtues than any merely human creature could possess. At the height of her eloquence Gen. Alger, chuckling, interrupted her.

"He said he had once attended a woman suffrage meeting where the lady lecturer on the platform had boasted about woman just as this lady was doing. The lecturer, he said, ended a striking climax with the question:

"'Where would man be if it had not been for woman.'

"She looked roud the crowded hall. The silence was intense. She raised her hand and cried again impressively.

"'I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman?'

"Then a coarse voice from the rear replied:

"'In Paradise, ma'am.'"

Lawyer and Witness.

Sir Henry Irving was once the guest of honor at a lawyer's banquet in New York. In the course of a graceful address he said:

"I confess that I am not in sympathy with harshness in cross-examination, and whenever I hear of a witness turning on an overbearing lawyer my heart rejoices.

"My heart rejoiced last week. A young man in my company was a witnes in a case of robbery. He had seen a thief snatch a young girl's pocketbook and make off.

"Well the thief's lawyer cross-examined my young friend shamefully. He roared at him, shook his fist at him, raved at him.

"'And at what hour did all this happen?' said the lawyer, nearing toward the end of his examination.

"'I think——' my friend began, but he was at once interrupted.

"'We don't care anything here about what you think!' said the lawyer with a snort of contempt.

"'Don't you wan't to hear what I think?' said my young friend, mildly.

"'Certainly not' the lawyer roared.

"'Then,' said my friend, 'I may as well step down from the box. I'm not a lawyer; I can't talk without thinking.'"

Leading Up Gradually.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in the suit of faded black, "but are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk, "I am."

"Could I interest you in a morocco bound edition of the works of William Makepeace Thackeray?"

"You could not."

"Don't you need a germ proof filter at your house?"

"I do not."

"Would you invest in a good second-

hand typewriter if y
cheap?"

"I have no use for a

"Just so. Would a
you with first-class
$10 a hundred appeal

"Not a cent's worth

"How would a pr
you a Century dic
shelf worn, for only $

"I wouldn't come w
hitting me."

"That being the ca
er, "would you be wi
cent box of shoe poli
of me?"

"Great Scott! Yes.

"Thanks. Good-da

A Long

After more logs ha
the fire and pipes
drifted around to the
the American river a
about.

"The strongest rem
of that country is o
that chased me out,"

"I was a-pickin' wil
on the side of the mou
pebbles, dirt an' one
came a clatterin' dow
how it is on a side-hil
heavy is movin' abov
up, and s'elp me if
a whoopin' big grizz
yes, sir ,doin' the sne
me.

"You ought to se
that mountain; I'll b
a rod apart, and in so
leave no tracks—jest
through the air.
hittin' only the high
the faster I went th
I could hear his 'w
me, an' sometimes I
hot breath on the b
But I fooled him go

"How?"

"I'd crossed the riv
an' while the ice w
knowed it wouldn't h
hundred-pound grizz
the river an' out on
the bear, but not fa
through, an' I kep'
stop to see if he
afeared he would."

"Oh—you said
strawberries."

"So I was, so I wa
you all the story, fo
long. That bear cha
ust to January."

No Hurry

In Maine, many
lived—and moved—
clergyman and his
circuit preacher, a
miles around knew
and his wife, who
ergetic of the twain
proper one
on the circuit. O
T—— discovered th
on fire around the
pails of water and q
the low unfinished
time sending her
neighbor's for assist
liam," she said, "an
back quickly, else th

Whether Mr. ——
saith not, but when
neighbor's domicile
family enjoying th
"Sit right down, eld
breakfast," said the
while his hospitable
extra plate. Mr.
accepted the cordi
ate heartily of the
he pushed back his
struck him. "Oh,"
apologetic tone, "o
neighbor 'Ardy, by t
is on fire!"

"Why the dicker
so?" cried Mr. Ha
bareheaded from h
to that across the

But Mrs. T——

hand typewriter if you could get it cheap?"

"I have no use for a typewriter."

"Just so. Would an offer to supply you with first-class Havana cigars at $10 a hundred appeal to you?"

"Not a cent's worth."

"How would a proposition to sell you a Century dictionary, slightly shelf worn, for only $40 strike you?"

"I wouldn't come within 40 miles of hitting me."

"That being the case," said the caller, "would you be willing to buy a 10 cent box of shoe polish just to get rid of me?"

"Great Scott! Yes."

"Thanks. Good-day."

A Long Hunt.

After more logs had been thrown on the fire and pipes lighted, the talk drifted around to the middle fork of the American river and country round about.

"The strongest remembrance I have of that country is of the big grizzly that chased me out," said Bill Bailey.

"I was a-pickin' wild strawberries up on the side of the mountain, when some pebbles, dirt an' one thing an' another came a clatterin' down; you all know how it is on a side-hill when something heavy is movin' above you. I looked up, and s'elp me if there wasn't a a whoopin' big grizzly a sneakin' me; yes, sir ,doin' the sneak act right up to me.

"You ought to seen me go down that mountain; I'll bet my tracks was a rod apart, and in some places I didn't leave no tracks—jest nacherally went through the air. But the bear was hittin' only the high places, too, an' the faster I went the faster he came. I could hear his 'woof' right behind me, an' sometimes I believed I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck. But I fooled him good an' plenty."

"How?"

"I'd crossed the river on my way up, an' while the ice would bear me, I knowed it wouldn't hold up no fifteen-hundred-pound grizzly, so I headed for the river an' out on the ice. So did the bear, but not far out: He went through, an' I kep' on; I didn't even stop to see if he got out. I was afeared he would."

"Oh—you said you was pickin' strawberries."

"So I was, so I was; but I didn't tell you all the story, for it would be too long. That bear chased me from August to January."

No Hurry About It.

In Maine, many years ago, there lived—and moved—an old English clergyman and his wife. He was a circuit preacher, and everyone for miles around knew "Elder T——" and his wife, who was the more energetic of the twain. The parsonage proper one of the small towns on the circuit. One morning Mrs. T—— discovered that the roof was on fire around the flue. She seized pails of water and quickly mounted to the low unfinished attic, at the same time sending her spouse to a near neighbor's for assistance. "Run, William," she said, "and see that you get back quickly, else the 'ouse may burn."

Whether Mr. —— ran, tradition saith not, but when he arrived at the neighbor's domicile he found the family enjoying the morning meal. "Sit right down, elder, and have some breakfast," said the man of the house, while his hospitable wife brought an extra plate. Mr. ——, nothing loth, accepted the cordial invitation and ate heartily of the repast. Then, as he pushed back his chair, a thought struck him. "Oh," he began, in an apologetic tone, "oh, by the way, neighbor 'Ardy, by the way—my 'ouse is on fire!"

"Why the dickens didn't you say so?" cried Mr. Hardy, as he rushed bareheaded from his own house and to that across the street.

But Mrs. T—— had the fire out.

the cheapest good roof

"OSHAWA" Galvanized STEEL SHINGLES

AT $4.50 a square (10 ft. by 10 ft.), and with a guarantee of twenty-five years service back of the sale, "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles make the cheapest good roof for any permanent building on your farm. They last a hundred years.

Even cedar or cypress shingles will cost you as much, and be rotted to dust long before an "Oshawa" Shingle shows a sign of wear.

Slate will cost you far more to buy and twice as much to put on,—and it won't last a bit longer.

"Oshawa" Steel Shingles make buildings lightning-proof, and are guaranteed water-proof, wind-proof, fire-proof, an weather-proof for a quarter-century,—without painting. Made of semi-hardened-heavy sheet steel (28-guage—warranted) with heavy galvanizing. Anybody who can drive nails straight can roof any building with "Oshawa" Steel Shingles,—a hammer and a pair of tinner's snips are tools a-plenty.

"Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles are GUARANTEED in every way for 25 Years. Ought to Last a Century

Tell us the surface measure of any roof, and we will tell you exactly what it will cost to cover it with "Oshawa" Steel Shingles. Then you can really arrange to roof your roof. Write for a FREE copy of our booklet, "Roofing Right," and read of the profitable, common-sense way to roof any building on any farm. The booklet is worth your reading. It tells why an "Oshawa"-shingled roof is cheapest for you. It tells, too, why "Oshawa"-shingled roof is safe from lightning, and gives some surprising facts about the destruction caused by Canada's annual fire loss. Better send for the book—where shall we send your copy?

The Pedlar People Of Oshawa

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The Kind that Pleases the People.

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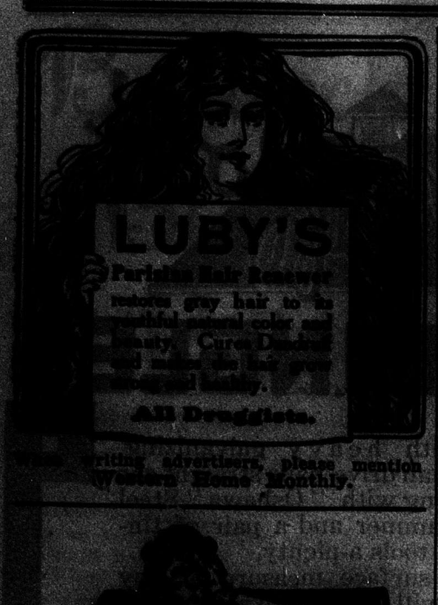

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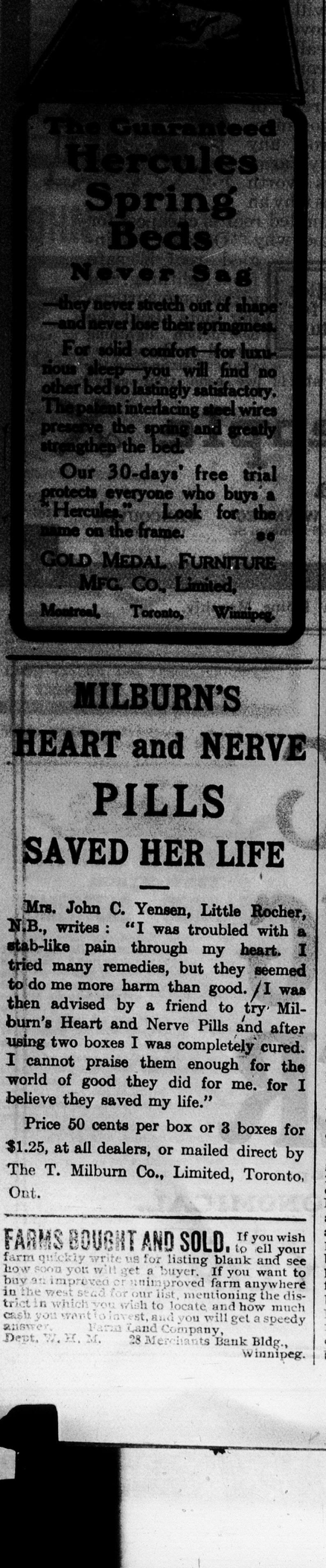

MILBURN'S
HEART and NERVE
PILLS
SAVED HER LIFE

Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies, but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was then advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did for me. for I believe they saved my life."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FARMS BOUGHT AND SOLD. If you wish to sell your farm quickly write us for listing blank and see how soon you will get a buyer. If you want to buy an improved or unimproved farm anywhere in the west send for our list, mentioning the district in which you wish to locate and how much cash you want to invest, and you will get a speedy answer. Farm Land Company,
Dept. W. H. M. 28 Merchants Bank Bldg., Winnipeg.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Truth's Call—One by One.

An unwise kind of wisdom
Some people of earth possess,
A knowledge unknown to knowledge,
Dead born in its fruitlessness;
Men's fame may be built on shadows,
Their names may be carved in air,
'Till wide-winged truth comes sweeping
And scatters them everywhere.

There's a "fearlessness" that feareth,
Tho' its voice may gird the land;
And honor sleepeth in silence
'Neath honor's heavy hand.
Free men wear the garb of galleys,
Enchained in convention's hall;
But the truth, tho' long in coming,
One by one shall free them all.

An unjust thing called "justice"
Stalks on thro' the halls called "grand,"
A merciless thing called "mercy"
Walks heavily shod the land.
There's right that is all unrighteous—
The vilest gorgon of all—
But truth shall make them totter,
And they one by one shall fall.

There's a triumph, untriumphant,
Grown great on the pangs of pain;
A glory accursed by purchase
From the bastard gods of gain;
There are crowns of crumpled tinsel
Attuned to a servile call;
But wide-winged truth comes sweeping
And one by one shall fall.

—By Nellie Robinson Stretton.

Items of Interest.

Proper care of the teeth is now taught in London schools.

The Kaiser is the best swordsman among European rulers.

Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in thirty hours.

The hedgehog, guarded by spikes, rolls itself up for winter in a hole lined with grass and moss.

The kangaroo readily leaps from sixty feet to seventy feet. The greatest record leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet.

Many bears that hibernate dig into a hillside to find a nest, but for a mild winter they are likely to roll up in some shallow excavation or a hollow tree.

While a well was being bored near Marfa, Texas, an underground river was struck at a depth of two hundred feet. With the artesian flow which poured forth from the mouth of the well came several articles of wearing apparel.

An English electrical expert has discovered a means of ripening bananas to order. The bunches are hung in an air-tight glass case, in which are a number of electric lights. The artificial light and heat hasten the ripening process in proportion to the number of lights turned on. Records have been made which enable the operators to make delivery of any quantities at any agreed date.

The toad sheds its skin at certain periods, the old one coming off, and leaving a new one, which has been formed underneath, in its stead. It does not give its cast-off coat away to any poorer toad, and there are no toads dealing in second-hand raiment. Neither does it leave its cast-off jacket on the ground after the fashion of the shiftless snake. It swallows its overcoat at one mouthful, converting its stomach into a portmanteau.

In some parts of the Philippine Islands the people have a strange way of fishing. They gather rattan, the stem of a tall plant which grows there, and split it into thin strips. With these strips they weave very good baskets. The people make a kind of food for the fish which is mixed with some drug. They fill the baskets with this mixture and throw the baskets into the water. When the fish eat this food it makes them stupid. They rise to the top of the water and act as if they were dead. Then the natives can catch them very easily.

The Emperor of Austria is rather given to boasting that to the plain manner in which he has always lived he owes his excellent health and long life. His majesty is quite content with milk and porridge for his breakfast, and, although a somewhat elaborate menu is prepared for luncheon when other members of the Austrian royal family are present, the Emperor is usually satisfied with a little cold poultry, followed by cheese, of which he is very fond. His majesty does not care a great deal for fish, and the only soup of which he can be said to be really fond is Scotch broth.

Making Spiders Spin.

Certain green ants in Queensland, which also make their nests of leaves and flowers spun together, are said to keep spiders to spin for them. Whether these latter do it spontaneously, or require to be held as the larvae of the other species, does not seem to have been determined. In the devices of these ants there is surely one of nature's hints to human inventors. Since the days of the spider artist in the University of Lagado, spider silk has been a dream. The difficulty of its relation has been chiefly the pugnacious nature of the spider, which prevents them being kept together. But a machine has been invented which seems to overcome the difficulty. It is described as a sort of frame containing twenty-four guillotines, the blunt knives of which descend on the waists of the spiders and hold them fast. A number of the threads are secured together on a hook and slowly drawn out.

Utilizing a Flood.

It is proposed by the United States Bureau of Forestry to make the overflow lands of the lower Mississippi commercially productive. The levees, which are from one eighth of a mile to two miles from the river's low-water line, protect with more or less completeness the low lands beyond them.

Between the levees and the river there can be no question of cultivation, because of the certainty of overflow, but the land easily serves for the raising of cottonwood trees, since these are not affected by periodical high water.

Cottonwood grows with practically no care, and while of small value for most purposes, it is extensively used in the manufacture of boxes, furniture backs, washboards, etc. The forestry bureau is doing much to increase the forest area back of the levees, especially the growth of white ash, because of the high commercial value of this wood.

Unique Grass Carpet.

In the making of one gigantic carpet 63,000 feet in area, 200 people—practically the entire population of the village of Glemsford, in Suffolk, England—have been for many weeks employed. Woven of cocoanut fibre and raffia grass, with a "pile" 1½ inches in thickness, and dyed green, the carpet looks and feels like genuine turf.

It can be rolled smooth like a real lawn, and cricket, tennis and hockey balls play off it in precisely the same fashion as they do off real growing grass. In the making of the carpet, which will cost $25,000, more than twenty tons of raffia grass are being used. When finished the carpet will weigh forty-six tons. During the winter, croquet, lawn tennis, cricket, football, hockey, pelota and other games will be played on it.

About Fans.

The folding fan originated in the land of the rising sun thirteen centuries ago, and was modelled, if tradition speaks truly, upon the wing of the bat.

We did not get the idea directly from Japan. It passed through China, and, very long afterward, through Italy, Spain, and France to us. The non-folding fan is, of course, as old as the history of church and court, and had an important place in the paraphernalia of both Assyria and Egypt

Anciently in the church the fan was employed to brush away flies from the sacred vessels, and in the processions of Rome the flabella of peacock feathers still has place.

Fan making is still an important industry in Paris, but the articles now produced do not compare for beauty with the products of the eighteenth century, when goldsmiths, jewelers, metal workers, carvers and artists combined to make fans which to-day are worth fabulous prices.

To Weather-Proof Stone and Metal.

One of those pieces of news that may turn out to be important and so cannot well be ignored, although it awaits authoritative confirmation, appears in the daily press in the shape of a London cable despatch announcing the discovery by an Hungarian chemist, Brunn by name, of a liquid chemical compound that renders certain substances proof against the effects of time. It is said to water-proof stone, to make metals rust-proof, and also to act as a germicide. Says the Sun (New York):—

"The professor says that while travelling in Greece some twenty-five years ago he noticed that the mortar in stones of ruins which were known to be over 2,000 years old was as hard, fresh, and tenacious as if it had been made only a year. He secured a piece of mortar and has been working on it ever since until now, when, he says, he has discovered the secret. The compound is a yellow liquid, which the professor has christened "Zorene."

"An interviewer describes the following experiments: A piece of ordinary and easily breakable slag after immersion in zorene defied the full blow of a hammer. There was the same effect on ordinary bricks and a block of red jarrah wood. All three were then immersed in water for a long time. When taken out and weighed with delicate scales the presence of a single particle of added moisture could not be detected. Two pieces of steel submitted to an ammonia test equal to five years' exposure to the air emerged from the bath as they entered it. An ordinary table-knife which had lain open five months did not show the slightest stain.

"Professor Brunn asserts that he will be able to make dust-germ-proof, water-proof roads, giving a commercial value to hundreds of millions of tons of slag which is now useless in the mining and smelting districts. It will at the very least double the life of metals exposed to the air such as in bridges, railroads, vessels and tanks."

It is suggestively added that the inventor refuses to reveal the composition of his liquid, but it is said that a committee representing the railways and iron and steel manufactruers will soon make a thorough test of the discovery.

A Bamboo Land.

A recent traveller in China thus states some of the possibilities:

"A man can sit in a bamboo house under a bamboo roof, on a bamboo chair at a bamboo table, with his feet resting on a bamboo footstool, with a bamboo hat on his head and bamboo sandals on his feet. He can at the same time hold in one hand a bamboo bowl, in the other, bamboo chopsticks, and eat bamboo sprouts.

"When through with his meal, which has been cooked over a bamboo fire, the table may be washed with a bamboo cloth, and he can fan himself with a bamboo fan and take a siesta on a bamboo bed, lying on a bamboo mat with his head resting on a bamboo pillow. His child might be lying in a bamboo cradle, playing with a bamboo toy.

"On rising he could smoke his bamboo pipe, and, taking a bamboo pen, write a letter on bamboo paper, or carry his articles in bamboo baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, with a bamboo umbrella over his head. He might then take a walk over a bamboo suspension bridge, drink water out of a bamboo ladle, and scrape himself with a bamboo sweat-scraper (handkerchief). The bamboo ingenuity and persistency have produced (bamboo) joint results which exhibit the potentialities and possibilities of the Chinese people."

Remarkable Bridges.

One of the most remarkable bridges in the world, not only from the engineering point of viw, but also from its relations as a link in transcontinental traffic, will be that now under construction across the St. Lawrence River, about six miles above the city of Quebec and 170 miles below Montreal. It will contain the longest span in the world, and will be the link that will render possible another all-Canadian transcontinental railway. The structure, it is supposed, will be built in two years. All railways will be entitled to its use. In order to avoid obstruction to ocean-going craft, the bridge is not built on a series of piers extending across the stream, but consists technically of two great cantilevers carrying a huge central expanded span having a total length in the clear—that is, between the towers at either side—of 1,800 feet, which is 90 feet longer than each of the two spans of the famous bridge over Firth of Forth near Edinburgh, Scotland.

The approaches to the central span of the Quebec bridge are each 214 feet long extending from the shores to the supporting piers. All parts of the structure are of huge proportions, and consist mainly of built-up steel girders and other shapes, not a single casting being used. The weight of each girder is 278 tons. The anchor arms are 500 feet long. The bridge has a very large capacity, the floor having a total width of 75 feet. It is designed to carry two lines of steam railroad, two trolly lines, two carriage highways, and two sidewalks, the last-named being placed outside, and the rest of the traffic between the trusses, which are 67 feet apart, center to center. The clear headway above the water is 150 feet.

It is only in recent years that the construction of such a bridge has been

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Japan's Victory Over

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Rust a Substitute fo

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Piles get quick and
from Dr. Shoop's Mag
Please note it is made al
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Itching, painful, protrud
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Large nickel-capped glass
Sold by all druggists.

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rendered possible, through the development in the manufacture of steel shapes. The steel mills are now furnishing rolled, rectangular steel in sizes that were not obtainable at the time the Firth of Forth bridge was built. As a consequence, the Quebec bridge is constructed with its canti-lever towers in vertical planes. It will have built-up lattice chords and posts and 18-inch I-beams. The result will be a structure lighter in weight, cheaper in cost, and the most graceful in appearance among the bridges of the world. For purposes of comparison, says The Technical World Magazine of Chicago, it may be interesting to note that the span of the Williamsburg suspension bridge at New York is 1,600 feet; that of the famous Brooklyn Bridge, 1,595; and that of the new Manhattan Bridge, 1,470 feet.

Japan's Victory Over Disease.

Longmore's tables which are accepted as the most reliable statistics of war, and which are based on the records of battles for the past two hundred years, shows that there has rarely been a conflict of any great duration in which at least four men have not perished from disease for every one from bullets.

In the Russo-Turkish War, 80,000 men died from disease and 20,000 from wounds. In the Crimean campaign, it is asserted on eminent French authority, that in six months the allied forces lost 50,000 soldiers from disease and only 2,000 from casualties. In the French campaign in Madagascar, in 1894, of the 14,000 men sent to the front 29 were killed in action and 7,000 from disease, most of which was preventable.

In our Spanish-American War, in 1898, in a campaign the actual hostilities of which lasted six weeks, the deaths from casualties, as given me by the surgeon-general of the United States army recently, were 293, while those from disease amounted to 3,081, or nearly 14 to 1.

Compare these frightful figures with the record of killed, wounded, and sick in the Japanese army from February, 1904, to May, 1905, as furnished me by Minister of War General Terauchi, in Tokio, in August last. There were killed on the field 43,892, or 7.32 per cent. of the entire army in the field; there were wounded 145,527, or 24.27 per cent; there died of wounds 9,054, or 1.51 per cent; tnere died from sickness and disease, including contagious cases, 11,992, or about 2 per cent. of the army.

In other words, the total number of deaths from casualties and wounds amounted to 52,946, or nearly 9 per cent. of the army, while the total deaths from sickness amounted to 11,992 or 2 per cent. of the army. This record is unparalleled and unapproached in the history of warfare.

How did the Japanese accomplish it? In three pre-eminently fundamental ways. First, thorough preparation and organization for war, such as was never before made in history; second, through the simple, non-irritating, easily digested ration furnished the troops; and third, because of the brilliant part played by the members of the medical profession in the application of practical sanitation and the stamping out of preventable disease in the army, thereby saving its great hosts for the legitimate purpose of war, the defeating of the enemy in the field.—From "Lessons for America in the Japenese Army Medical Service," by Major Louis L. Seaman, M. D.

Rust a Substitute for Lead.

Thomas A. Edison claims to have solved the problem of electric storage battery traction as a practical commercial agency. "I could not believe," he says, "that when nature possessed such a paucity of material for electric storage batteries that lead was the only substance we could use for that purpose. After some research I found that iron rust, nickel ru t and potash answered the purpose just as well, and the only thing left for me to do was to perfect cells that would be of commercial use."

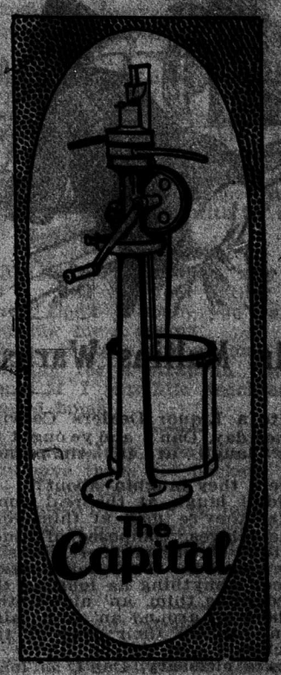
Even after he had succeeded that far, Mr. Edison said he had still to demonstrate their utility. To that end for more than a year 160 delivery wagons in different parts of the country have been regularly driven by the new storage batteries. Many of these wagons are operated by an express company in Washington, and Mr. Edison says that reports on their work and of the work performed by such vehicles in other cities show that the cost is about 58 per cent. of that of horses.

In all, Mr. Edison says that he has manufactured 14,000 of his new storage cells, and he is now erecting a factory at Menlo Park 600 by 60 feet and three stories high, especially for their manufacture.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Four Cows Will Earn You MORE Money Than EIGHT Cows Earn You Now

Tell me to show you how to get over thirty dollars a year more out of each cow you keep. Make me prove that four cows AND a Capital Separator will actually earn you —YOU, PERSONALLY —more money in cold cash profits than an EIGHT-cow herd and no Capital Separator. Don't take my say-so for it. Don't wrap yourself up in your own belief that it can't be done. It CAN be done, and I can PROVE it to you, in a practical, hard - sense fashion, with figures and facts that you won't want to dodge. Write to me and see.



Let's get the thing clear to start with. Here is what I say I can show you: That with four good cows and my method of separating, making butter—and selling butter—you can make more money in one year than eight cows will make you without my method.

If I do that,—if I do show you a difference of over thirty dollars profit a year on every cow you keep,—then I want to talk business with you. I don't want a cent of your money until you are satisfied that I have made good every word I say and everything I promise. I don't want to sell you a Capital Separator until you ask me to,—I shan't importune you, nor bother you. All I want to know is your name and address, and how many cows you keep. When I get these facts, I'll tell you some things you haven't heard before. I'll show you not only why you need a Capital Separator, but why you can make more money by my method of selling butter than you'll make any other way. It won't be all separator talk I'll talk to you,—you've read reams of separator argument, but you haven't heard yet about the right way to make butter and the right way to SELL butter. Tell me to tell you about it,—there's nothing to pay.

Why don't I tell you right here in print? Simply because I am not giving "blanket" advice. What might be a good plan for a man in Ontario wouldn't work in Manitoba,—and I propose to advise each dairyman according to his location and other vital details. Naturally, I want to sell Capital Separators. I am no philanthropist. But I will sell them faster because I can tell people how to make them pay,—and that's something new in this business.

I don't care what your experience with dairying has been, nor what with separators. You may have what you think is the best separator there is. Or you may believe, as many do, that there isn't any real profit in dairy-farming. I can show you where you're wrong in either case. Do I get the chance to do that? Will you listen to the mere, sheer, downright facts? Just write to me and say so.

I don't care whether you feel able to buy a Capital Separator or not. It won't be a hard matter, once you get to the buying point, to make terms with me. Some of my friends—I consider them merely my customers—take three years' time to pay in. Some of them pay in three months. It doesn't make any difference to me, because I know, and I can prove to you, that my Separator will buy itself the first year you have it. It will save you enough money and trouble to pay for itself twice over in that time. And I can prove that, too,—just write and ask me to.

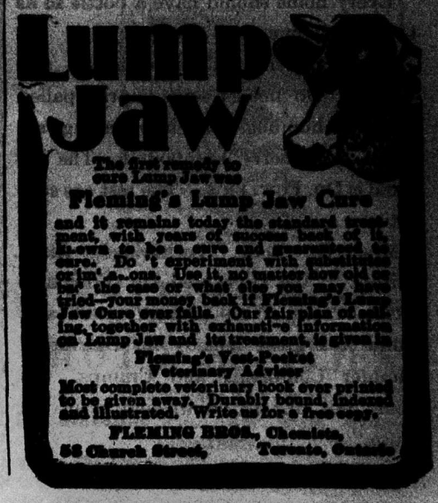
I've got a machine here, and a method, that will open your eyes to what there really is in keeping cows for profit. Maybe you are one of the few that know that already. Even if you are, you won't be any the poorer for reading what I'll write you. Let me tell you about the easiest separator to run you ever saw,—the easiest to buy,—the separator that skims cleanest and does it easiest,—the one with the really-low-down can,—and about the method that makes more butter, makes better butter, and gets better prices for it the whole year round. Just write to me—address as follows:

Robert Fergus

National Manufacturing Co., Limited
Mail and Empire Building, TORONTO, ONT.

WILSON'S
FLY PADS
Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.
— SOLD BY —
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

ELECTRO-CHEMICAL
Rheumatic Rings....
Are Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia, also Female Disorders arising from Uric Acid. The Electro-Chemical Ring is not an ignorant charm or faith cure, but a scientific medium for the elimination of uric acid from the blood. The secret, the power, the merit in this ring lies in the combination of the various metals of which the ring is made. No matter what the trouble is, if it is caused by excess of uric acid, the Electro-Chemical Ring will effect a cure. Looks just like any other ring, can be worn day and night. We guarantee these rings to do all we claim, or will refund the money. Send size of finger when ordering.
Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.00.
The F. E. KARN CO., Limited
COR. QUEEN & VICTORIA STS. TORONTO, CAN.



Drunkards Cured Secretly

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

Worships His False God, Whisky—Wife in Tears—Children Neglected—Home Forgotten—Life a Lingering Death—And Drink Did It All.

The Drunkard Cannot Save Himself—You Women Must Do It For Him.

A new tasteless and odorless discovery, which can be given secretly in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will and without his knowledge.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

If you fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and send it to me, I will send you absolutely free by mail, in plain wrapper, a trial package of my Golden Remedy. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines, 5424 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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For Diarrhoea, Dysentery

AND ALL

Summer Complaints

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipalled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is DR. FOWLER'S. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

TEMPERANCE TALK

Mr. Mullins Warns the Moderate Drinker.

"I wint to a Liquor Dealers' Convintion th' other day, Dan'l, and ye ought to heard 'em laugh at th' tim'prance people."

"What were they laughin' about?"

"They didn't laugh at the real tim'prance folks—they're mad at thim—but at th' make-believes, composed of nine-tinths of the' choorchmimbers, yersilf among the' noomber. The' liquor dealers don't fear annything as long as th' choorch recognises thim, an' nine-tinths of th' mimbers sit around an' do nothin' but sigh an' roll up their eyes at th' turrible, nicissary evil.

"All evils is nicissary, Dan'l, as long as yer makin' somethin' out of thim, or if ye're afraid ye'll lose a little trade if ye come out strong agin thim."

"There you go again, Michael, hittin' at the choorchmimbers."

"An' why shouldn't I? Haven't they th' power anny day to sweep away th' liquor bisness entoirely, entoirely, if they wud all rise up together as wan mon? Av coorse, they have; an' whin they don't do ut, ut shows thot they don't want to do ut. Ut wud make a dog laugh, Dan'l."

"Nearly every churchmember sets his face agin liquor, Mike Mullins, an' you know it," retorted Mr. Stingly.

"Too manny set their mouths again ut, Dan'l, an' turn their backs whin ut comes to workin' agin th' biznis. Th' choorch 'ud settle ut in tin minutes if they wud all give a big kick—all together at wan toime."

"What makes you think th' church isn't doin' its best agin th' bisnes?" asked Mr. Stingly.

"Why, joost look around here in this town," answered Mullins. "There's old Deacon Goldnugger, th' banker; he says nuthin' because a lot of liquor min deposit in his bank. Old Selvedge, th' dry-goods mon, doesn't dare to open his mouth fer fear he'll lose some trade. Th' newspapers, all run be pious choorchmimbers, kape mum, not wishin' to lose th' advertisin.' An' so on, right down th' list."

"Why, even Deacon Buryall, th' undertaker, whin asked th' other day to sign a paper again th' biznis, hemmed an' hawed an' said to wait till nixt wake as Mister Highball, the' rich distiller, was lyin' at th' point of death an' he wanted to get th' job of buryin' him.

"Now, how can tn' timp'rance people ixpict to win th' fight wid such dishwatery min as thim fer soldiers? Av coorse, they all love th' Lord an' hate th' divil as an inimy—but whin th' divil holds out a dolla. they suddinly raymimber th' passage of Scriptur' thot says, 'Love yer inimies.'"

"We are doin' all we can, consistently," protested Mr. Stingly, "but you can't expect a business man to make enemies of good customers."

"There's always joost th' wan grand answer to thot, Dan'l, if ye cud only understand it, an' thot is th' passage in th' Book beginnin', 'Ye cannot serve God and Marmion.' Perhaps ye raymimber th' rist of it. Annyway, ye takes yer choice an' th' most of ye follow Marmion. Maybe ye are makin' a good bargain an' maybe ye're not."

"Well, we've got to live—"

"An ye're no ravens," broke in Mullins, with a laugh. "I understand Ye haver't enough faith, Dan'l, in yer own religion to move a molehill. Why, yer faith in a grain of mus'ard seed wud have more room than a bullfrog in Lake Erie."

"We can't, consistently," stammered Mr. Stingly.

"Consistently! Ye make me fattygued! How mooch consistency have th choorchmimbers got? They set up an awful holler th' other day whin th' Liquor Dealers' Convintion advised saloonkeepers to give free drinks to young lads that had never tasted liquor, an' yet in their own biznis they sind out free samples to folks thot niver used their goods, in order to crayate a demand. The' liquor biznis is ricognized by th' laws thot these same choorch people helped to frame by electin' th' min thot framed them. If th' biznis is harmful, why do they ricognize it? An' if it is legitimate, why isn't it all roight fer th' liquor min to create an appetite fer their goods? Th' old soaks are dyin' off ivery day, an' soon there'd be no biznis fer th' saloonkaper at all, at all, if he didn't drum up new customers by tachin' th' risin' gineration how to get drunk?"

"Th' saloonkaper thinks he's got to live, too, Dan'l, an' whin it come to consistency he's got th' choorchmimbers skinned to death.

"No, Dan'l, nearly iverybody makes something, directly or indirectly, out of th' liquor biznis, an' so they're a little shy about stoppin' it."

"If everybody," said Mr. Stingly, anxious to change the line of argument, "would only drink moderately, like me, it wouldn't hurt 'em."

"Loike ye!" exclaimed Mullins, "Ha, ha! Excoose me titters. Why, yer nose is pink already, an' in a year or two ye'll hav a strawberry on th' end of ut th'ot wud win prizes at th' county fairs. Maybe ye don't re'lize ut, Dan'l, but ye're takin' twice as manny drinks as ye used to, an' they're twice as big wans, too, I've been after noticin.' Ye have chronic alcoholism now, an' wan of these days all yer organs will give out tu wanct and it'll be you to th' cimit'ry."

"Do you really think so?" asked Mr. Stingly, in a tone of alarm.

"Sure thing," answered Mullins. "Ut's th' stiddy, mod'rate drinker tnot gets hurt th' worst. Ask anny docthor."

"I believe I'll quit for a year or so," said Mr. Stingly, earnestly.

"Ye cudn't quit now fer three days, I'll bet tin dollars; an' wudn't lose annything if I lost—I'm makin' nothin' on yer big drinks, Dan'l."

"The church, Mike Mullins," said Mr. Stingly, switching the train of thought once more, "is preaching again th' liquor biznis right along."

"Ho, ho! I've been waitin' fer thot. I saw somethin' th' other Soonday bearin' on thot very point. It was at th' most fashionable choorch in this town where they won't let ye in unliss ye can swear thot yer clothes cost ye over wan hundred dollars. After th' preacher had intoned his annual timp'rance exercises he hurried out to catch up wid th' rich vistrymon, who happened to be a wholesale liquor dealer. 'George,' said he, layin' his hand familiarly on th' vistrymon's shoulder, 'I have to do it wanct a year to kape th' timp'rance cranks in good humor. Sind me up another case of champagne, an' put in a few bottles of old brandy, same as last.'"

"But that is an exceptional case," said Mr. Stingly.

"Yis. But what is thot sayin' about th' exciption provin' th' rule?"

"It doesn't prove the rule in this case," retorted Mr. Stingly. "Our minis er preaches a temperance sermon twice a year, and a good one, too."

"Twice a year? Ye don't say! Does it strain him mooch? Are ye goin' now? Well, Dan'l, don't forget for a single minute thot th' church cud put a stop to th' liquor biznis anny day, if it wanted to."

Marie Corelli: The kindness of the poor to one another outvalues all the gifts of the rich to the charities they help to support. It is so much more than ordinary "charity," for it goes hand in hand with a touch of personal feeling. And that few rich men ever get,—except when their pretended "friends" think they can make something for themselves out of their assumed "friendship."

G. K. Chesterton: It would be a good thing if Mr. Carnegie could be rolled over and over—it would add what is lacking to his many fine qualities; for the two things lacking in nearly all philanthropists on earth are laughter and humility, and these are such great springs of human happiness that I feel sure Mr. Carnegie would thank me for having gradually awakened them in his soul, even if I did it by rolling him in a barrel down Primrose Hill.

BILIOUSNESS

YIELDS TO

PROPER TREATMENT

which restores the liver to a healthy condition and regulates the flow of bile. Mother Seigel's Syrup acts directly on the liver, strengthens it, and renders biliousness impossible, stimulates the stomach and bowels, and frees you from indigestion and constipation.

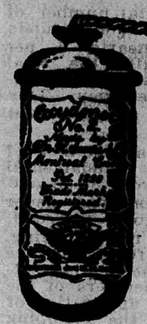
MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"For over 17 years I had liver complaint and stomach trouble, often so severe that I was unable to work. I was subject to pains and trembling sensations, my appetite failed, and I became very weak. When other things had all failed, Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me completely."—Mrs. J. R. Mills, Meagher's Grant, Nova Scotia.

Price 60 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere.
A. J. WHITE & CO., MONTREAL.

AND SO DOES

CONSTIPATION



Oxydonor

Gives Vigorous Health Without Medicine.

OXYDONOR constrains the body to cure itself according to its own laws, through its own means—its organs.

OXYDONOR effects this by causing the organism to be vitalised to the maximum degree, through free absorption of oxygen from the air.

OXYDONOR is neither a remedy nor electrical appliance. It belongs to Diaduction—the new science, the result of fifty years' investigation of the Laws and Principles of Life.

"My husband had a paralytic stroke. For four months doctors did all they could for him but nothing could help him. He could not move his legs but soon after applying OXYDONOR he could move his legs and toes. He had a clot on the brain and doctors said nothing could help him but an operation. The Oxydonor cured that.

My little boy had Eczema for over four years—his face, ears and hands covered with sores. We sent him to the hospital all last summer and he was sent home worse than ever and pronounced incurable. We then applied Oxydonor and now his flesh is quite clear, a wonder to everybody.

MRS. JOSEPH KEE,
1006 Dundas St., Toronto.

Write for free books, giving grateful testimonials from a few of those who have been cured. Beware of fraudulent imitations. There is but one genuine Oxydonor—and that bears the name of the inventor—DR. H. SANCHE—engraved on the metal. Look for it.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.
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MONTREAL. 16
61 Fifth Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

ASK your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.
General Agents for Canada.

2 in 1 Shoe Polish

Don't be deceived by imitations. It means long life to your shoes to be sure of 2 in 1

Black and all colors, at all dealers, 10c. and 25c. tins.

Crippled With Rheumatism

CURED BY GIN PILLS

Mr. Derraugh certainly did have a hard time of it, winter before last. Caught cold, and it settled in his kidneys. First thing he knew, he was in bed with Rheumatism. He nearly went mad, the pain was so intense. The doctors gave him the usual treatment—and pretty nearly burnt his legs off with liniments and blisters—but the Rheumatism went right on aching.

Then a friend stepped in and said, "Why don't you try GIN PILLS?" After a great deal of persuasion, Mr. Derraugh did try GIN PILLS. You never such a happy man in your life, after he had taken two boxes. Pain all gone—stiffness and lameness completely left—that ache in back and hips disappeared—and he was well in no time. That was two years ago and he has been in perfect health ever since.

Contracted a severe cold. Rheumatism followed and the sharp pains took me so often and were so severe that I had to take to bed. For several months I could get no relief, until I started to take "Gin Pills." In five days I was up and around the house. My pains are gone and I have not had a return of the old trouble since. I wish also to say that "Gin Pills" gave me the first painless passage of urine I have had in two years.

ROBT. DERRAUGH, Winnipeg.

How about you? Haven't you suffered enough without going all over it again this winter? Get Gin Pills now—and cure yourself at home. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg,

Only 50c. a box—6 boxes for $2.50. 87

"Baby's Own" Soap

—is made right with the right ingredients for a perfect soap.

It gives a rich creamy lather beautifully foamy & fragrant;
—it improves the complexion;
—it cleanses and soothes the skin;
—and protects it from ha water, strong sun or wind.

"Baby's Own" is the best soap for every toilet purpose. 4-07

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mfrs., Montreal.

Beware of imitations and substitutes.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PEN

Splinters.

A Tomcat once sat on a fence,
He was one of those flirty cat gents,
Along that way strayed
A modest cat-maid,
Said he: "Ah there, lovely Hortense!"
—Denver Post.

Johnny—"Paw, what's the rest of that quotation beginning, 'Truth is mighty?'" Father—"'Scarce, I reckon."

Pastor—"I now pronounce you man and wife." Blushing Bride (firmly)—"Pardon me; woman and husband, if you please!"

The photographer—Now, look pleasant, please.

The Sitter—I can't. I'm an automobilist.

A Michigan man announces that he'll never have his hair cut again until Harriman restores the money he got out of the Alton deal. P. S.—The Michigan man is bald.

Silas—Tell ye it's a fact! Jabez has writ to Andy Carnegie, volunteerin' to buy an' maintain a new set of checkers, if he'll furnish this here town with a new board."

Miss Pepprey—"No, he didn't like your eyebrows. He said they were too black." Miss Paintter—"The idea!" Miss Pepprey—"However, I assured him they were not as black as they were painted."

"What was the cause of this rumpus?" asked the judge. "Well, you see, judge," replied the policeman, "this man here and that woman there are married—" "Yes, yes, I know, but what other cause?"

A humorist has said that the "Mississippi River is so crooked in places that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, giving passing signals, and narrowly escaping a collision with itself."

"Some folks sez de sun got people in it, des lak' dis worl'," said Bre'r Williams. "You reckon it is?" "Well, I ain't sayin' it is, en I ain't sayin' it ain't, but dem black spots looks suspiciously lak' de race problem had hit it!"

Constable—"Th' very idee of two old men like you, a-fightin'! Ain't ye ashamed o' yerself, Uncle Reub Punkinfrost?" Uncle Reub (still in ring)—"No, sir! He 'lowed his roomytism hurt wuss'n mine did, dad blame him!"

St. Peter—"Nay, nay! Thou knowest what is written—that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom." Cohenstein—"But—so help me!—efery cendt vos in my vife's name!"

"You don't have any of these rambling old farm houses in Kansas," said the New England man. "No," responded the western visitor. "When our houses get ready to go anywhere they havent time to ramble."

A Winnipeg editor had been requested to inform a subscriber whether it would be all right for him to kiss a girl with whom he has been keeping company for some time. Before answering, the editor would no doubt like to see the girl.

"He's a great growler, isn't he?" "Hurricane is nothin' to him." "Finds fault with everything?" "Worst you ever saw!" "By-the-by—what is he doing now?" "Editing the 'Band of Hope' and 'Sunshine' department of a new magazine!"

Judge—"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?" Prisoner—"Nuthin, only I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for ignorance of the law." Judge—"Your ignorance of the law is no excuse." Prisoner—"'Tain't my ignorance I'm talkin' about. It's yours."

Magistrate—"This ain't the first time you've been arristed for bein' droonk." Prisoner—It's injoostice yez do me, y'r anner." Magistrate—"Moind phwat ye say. Oi've seen your face scores av toimes; and lately, too." Prisoner—"Plaze, y'r anner. Oi'm the new barman at Mickey Doolan's."

A tourist was driving along a dusty road in the west of Ireland one hot summer day, and stopped at a small inn for refreshment. On asking the jarvey if he was dry, that worthy remarked: "Dry? Did yer honor say 'dry?' I'm so dry that if ye slapped me on the back ye'd be blinded with th' dust flyin' out iv me mouth."

Old Lady—Young man, why don't you get up and let your father have the seat? Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?

Boy—It don't pain me any to see him reaching for a strap in here, but it would if I saw him reaching for one around home.

Farmer—John, what in the world do you have those old buckets under the cow's feet for?

John—Why, she's so fond of putting her feet in my bucket while I'm milking her that I thought I'd let her have a couple of buckets of her own to put her feet in.

"Now, about airships."

"Well?"

"Will they allude to them as aerial greyhounds?"

"Why, certainly not. They will be 'sky' terriers, if anything."
—Washington Herald.

"Now my boy, tell me how you know an old partridge from a young one," asked the squire.

"By the teeth."

"Nonsense boy! You ought to know better than that. A partridge hasn't any teeth."

"No sir, but I have."

Some students once paid a visit to an eccentric old butcher. "How much is pork a yard?" asked one of them. "Ten shilling" replied the butcher. "Then I'll take a yard." "Where's your money?" Half a sovereign was laid down. The old man quickly pocketed the coin and then produced three pig's feet, with the quiet remark, "there you are—three feet make one yard."

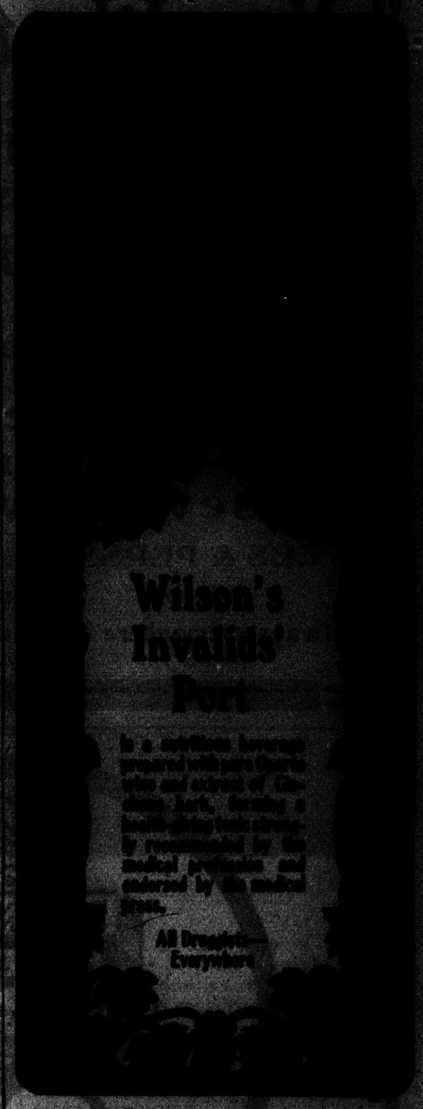
A bashful suburban couple sought a city minister, says the Boston Herald, and asked his aid in getting married.

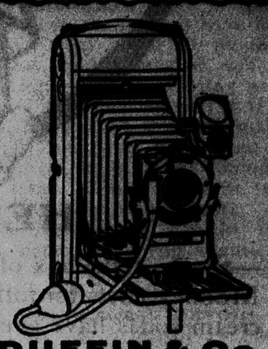
"Very well" said the clergyman "will you be married with a ring?" "Why yes" said the groom hesitatingly, "yes-if-if you have one handy, I guess we will."

A Southern matron was teaching one of the little colored girls on her plantation how to spell. She used a pictorial primer, and over each word was its accompanying picture. Polly glibly spelled "ox" and "box," etc. But the teacher thought that she was making "right rapid progress." So she put her hand over the picture and said, Polly, what does 'o-x' spell?" "Ox," answered Polly, nimbly. "How do you know that it spells 'ox,' Polly?" "Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, are merely syptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all druggists.

Consumption Book FREE





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Both Professional and Amateur

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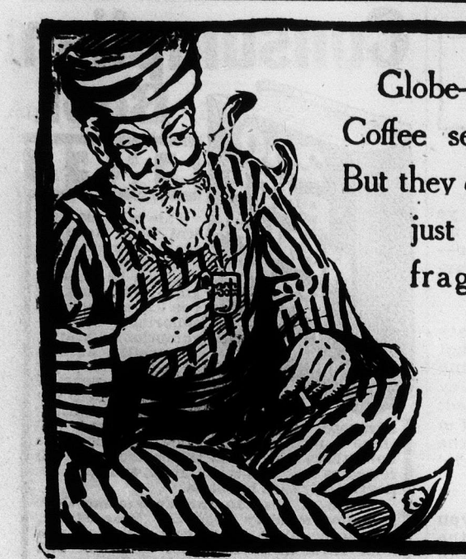
Mention Western Home Monthly.



Globe-trotters may talk of the Coffee served by the Turks. But they can get coffee at home just as rich, delicious and fragrant—by ordering Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND COFFEE from their grocers.

85

You Waste Money
in buying material which does not answer its purpose
EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING PAPER
will keep your house warm in the severe weather.
TEES & PERSSE, LIMITED, AGENTS
Calgary Winnipeg Edmonton
Always everywhere in Canada use EDDY'S matches

HERE IT IS

—the air-tight box of biscuit goodness. Baked by the Mooney chefs for folk who want something better than cream sodas have ever been before.

Do you know MOONEY'S?—the always fresh—always crisp—always tasty biscuits.

Mooney means perfection.

Make sure your grocer gives you MOONEY'S.

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Hints for the Housewife.

Keep honey in the dark. If exposed to the light it will quickly granulate.

Always scald rhubarb before cooking, for it requires so much less sugar, and yet loses none of its flavor.

Lay in the sunlight articles that have been scorched in ironing, and the scorch will disappear.

To prevent wooden pails or tubs from shrinking when not in use paint them over with glycerine.

If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can then be washed off with water without harm.

Soap and candles should be bought some time before they are needed, as they waste less quickly after being kept.

Use common whiting on a damp cloth to clean paint nicely, and rub evenly. This does not spoil the paint in any way.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

If you wish a cake to be light, put it into a good hot oven at first, and let the heat diminish after the first twenty minutes.

When washing a wooden floor put two tablespoonfuls of paraffin oil into some clean soapy water as hot as you can bear your hands in. It will also destroy all insects.

If a small hole be drilled through a kettle lid when new it will let the steam out, and the lid will last longer, for the rim will not be eaten off, as is often the case with a kettle lid.

A thorough rubbing with a piece of flannel dipped in benzine or motor spirit will remove dirt and grease from felt hats, and hanging them in the open air will soon take away the smell.

See that your kitchen stove has a thorough cleaning inside and out every two or three weeks. Many times stoves are blamed for not drawing or baking well when they are clogged up with ashes.

To prevent moths from getting into woollen goods, pack your woollen goods in a large trunk or box, putting little bits of camphor here and there all through the goods wrapped in thin cloth or paper.

Care of the Teeth.—Rub the teeth well twice each day, using finely powdered pumice stone about once a month. Finely powdered borax and camphor whiten the teeth, but this should be used sparingly.

Salt a Good Tonic for the Hair.—Rub a teaspoonful into the roots at night, and thoroughly brush it out in the morning. If you wish to keep the pillow free from it, tie a silk handkerchief around the head.

To purify cesspools and sinks dissolve a few pounds of copperas in a bucket of water, and pour into sinks or vaults of water closets, and it will neutralize unpleasant odors and destroy deleterious exhalations.

Cement.—Broken china may be mended by a paste made of the white of an egg mixed with flour. Articles mended in this way will not hold water, but this paste answers a good purpose for vases, lamp shades, etc.

Keep growing plants in sitting rooms and sleeping rooms if you would have the air kept moist. The water that you pour into their saucers is quickly drawn up and distilled into the air by these active little guards in green.

The quickest way to clean baby's bottle (or any other) is to cut up bits of potato peeling, put in bottle with water and shake hard; they will shine like crystal. Can use cold water if in a hurry, otherwise warm.

A little charcoal, mixed with clear water and thrown into a sink, will disinfect and deodorize it.

Save the light brown paper that comes with the groceries and by sprinkling with flour, using it for a molding board, saves taking care of a board and saves you handling the dough, as you can bend the paper as you wish.

This is a good treatment for a damp wall: Take ¼ lb. of shellac, add a quart of naphtha, and stir well together. Brush the wall over with the mixture, allow it to dry, and you will find it has become firm and hard. This mixture can be bought at any chemist's.

The best way to freshen home-made bread so that it is as good as new is to dip the loaf in cold water, put it in a pan, and bake it until it is heated through. Then wrap in a damp cloth, and when cold it is as good as when first baked.

Patent leather boots and shoes should never be cleaned with blacking. They should be first wiped with a damp sponge to remove the dirt and then thoroughly dried and polished with a soft cloth. A very little oil or fresh butter may occasionally be used as a dressing.

An excellent furniture cream is made as follows: Mix one egg with half a gill of turpentine and the same of vinegar. Apply with a soft cloth, and rub off with a soft linen rag. To polish, cut 2½ oz. of beeswax into 1 oz. of spermaceti, and let it stand in a warm place for twelve hours.

The right place for the bed, many people seem to think, is against a wall, where it will be fairly well out of the way of the occupant of the room in the day-time. The right place for the bed is, however, always away from the wall, so that there may be free circulation of air all round the sleeper.

Vaseline stains are very obstinate, and the best thing for them is to soak either in spirits of wine or kerosene.

Newspapers afford excellent protection against moths, which have a decided aversion to printer's ink. Wrap each garment in newspaper before storing.

Stains on japanned ware can often be successfully removed by means of a little salad oil rubbed over the surface with a piece of flannel. Trays of this description should never be washed with hot water, as the heat tends in time to cause the japanning to crack. They should, however, always be washed, when necessary, in lukewarm soapsuds, and dried carefully with a soft cloth and polished with a leather.

Soiled or discoloured photographs may be cleaned by sponging them with clear cold water. The cardboard mounts may be cleaned by means of stale bread rubbed over them lightly.

Be sure and let the water run for a few minutes before filling the kettle in the morning, as the water in the pipes is unwholesome. This precaution should be taken even when the water is going to be boiled.

Milk is, in itself, a perfect food; that is, it contains all the elements necessary to sustain life and to build up and repair the bodily tissues. As it is a food, it should not be considered as a beverage, to be used as such in addition to solid foods. When so used it adds to the tax made upon the digestive organs. Many persons who say they "cannot take milk," because they drink it at meals as if it were water, would find that no disagreeable effect would follow when used in place of food and not as a food accompaniment.

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