THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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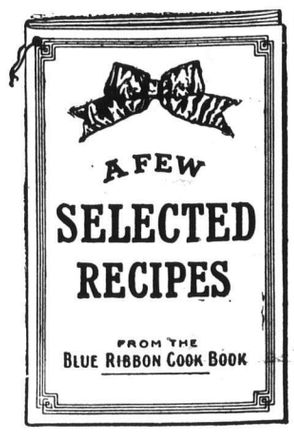

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Published Monthly

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

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1 a year.

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

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

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

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

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

A Chat with our Readers.

About Advertising.

We wish to impress upon our army of readers the great advantage to each and all of them in carefully persuing the advertising columns of the Western Home Monthly from month to month. The Monthly, being a special favorite with leading advertisers, it is wonderful the wealth of information that can be gathered from even a hurried study of the advertising in one issue. Just try the experiment with the June number and you will unquestionably benefit by coming in touch with the best business thought in the country.

It may never have occurred to you, in this light before, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that much of what the public knows about late inventions, for example, is gained through advertising.

To illustrate: Has not much of your knowledge of all kinds of machinery and implements, to say nothing of such special articles as fireless cookers, oil stoves, acetylene and gas plants, washing machines, piano players, phonographs, automobiles and vacuum cleaners, been obtained from reading the advertisements of the concerns engaged in the manufacture of these pieces of machinery. I dare say that your earliest knowledge of them at least was gained from the reading of advertisements. Is it not true that much of what a great many of us know concerning distant and foreign lands is obtained from the reading of literature that has been published by the railroads, steamship companies and vacation resorts.

So thoroughly has this advertising been done that if one will carefully read what comes to hand, he can get a pretty fair knowledge of every corner of the earth. Half of what most of us know about hygiene, sanitation and physical culture, we have learned from reading the advertising pages of magazines and periodicals.

Thus it is that the man who confines himself strictly to the reading columns of a publication or magazine is getting only a part of what he pays for.

The most skilful experts in the country are continually striving, in a thousand ways, to find out something that will attract and interest you, and if you do not read what they say, but fling their work into the waste basket unnoticed, you are the loser.

Almost everything that one can think of that has helped to make our homes more pleasant, that has assisted in broadening our visions of man and things, and that has made our lives fuller, has come to us because of advertising, providing the way through which we can all be reached, all of us at the same time.

About Subscribers.

As the result of a recent appeal to our readers in which we requested them to let us know what features in our magazine they liked and which, if any, were not palatable, we believe that within the next two or three months our subscribers will readily concede the palm of magazine par excellence to the Western Home Monthly. Since our readers have in such large numbers made known their likes and dislikes a steady weeding-out process has been going on, and those features which in defence to public request are now discontinued, have been replaced by others especially asked for. We want to draw particular attention to the fact that we are here to publish a magazine destined to be of the greatest possible help and courtesy to our readers and we are always grateful for advice and suggestions for future development.

It is no unusual thing for us to receive by a single mail, twenty or thirty letters, expressive of the gratification of our subscribers. We appreciate these kind missives and we are especially well pleased with the knowledge that our readers really have the interests of the Western Home Montly at heart. We are going to further encroach on the good nature of every reader and solicit his or her help to further add to our circulation. As you are probably aware your favorite periodical enters an enormous number of western homes every month. Having regard to western conditions, this is highly gratifying but we are not satisfied. Like Oliver Twist "we want more, and we believe you, you are the only person that can be of any material assistance to us in achieving this object. Suppose for instance that one of our present readers succeeded in getting us only one new subscriber—surely a very simple thing—our circulation would double—in other words our figures would jump to considerably over 70,000. Suppose you try this. The majority of our readers live in well settled districts and we believe that many of their friends and neighbors would gladly subscribe to the Western Home Monthly if they saw a copy so that we are not asking you to do any canvassing for us—simply to show the magazine to your acquaintances. Again, you may have some friends in a distant part of the country who might be interested in our publication. Just send us their names and addresses and we will send them a sample copy. We know that the W. H. M. has only to be seen to be appreciated and the sending of a sample copy usually means a year's subscription by return mail. With very little effort, we should have a circulation of 100,000 in a short time. Let us determine that this become an accomplished fact.

Every mail brings us in a large stack of answers to our Post Office competition. We are anxious to determine the result as soon as possbile but owing to the large amount of work involved, it is impossible to say just at present the exact date the prize winners will be announced. We might remark, by the way, that this competition has been an enormous success and the liveliest interest evinced in it. Coupons have arrived from such widely divergent points as Newfoundland and Alaska.

As a special inducement during the summer months, we are publishing a number of very attractive clubbing offers, the very low rates which we obtain from other papers enabling us, in many instances, to offer two periodicals for the price of one. Those of our readers who are of a thrifty turn of mind, do not need to be told of the economical advantages of such opportunities.

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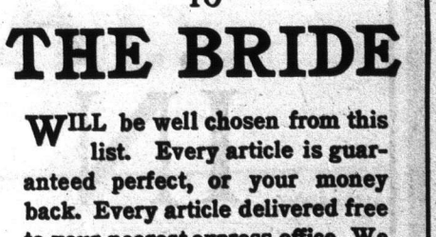

80922. Salad Bowl, with Servers, decorated china, silver-plated mounts. $5.00. Diameter 7¾ inches.

51045. Oil or Vinegar Bottle, height 5½ inches. $2.00.

51044. Cut-Glass Marmalade, sterling-silver top and spoon, height 4 inches. $5.00.

70925. Patent Vachette Hand Bag, Moirette lining, with purse and outside pockets, length 10 inches.

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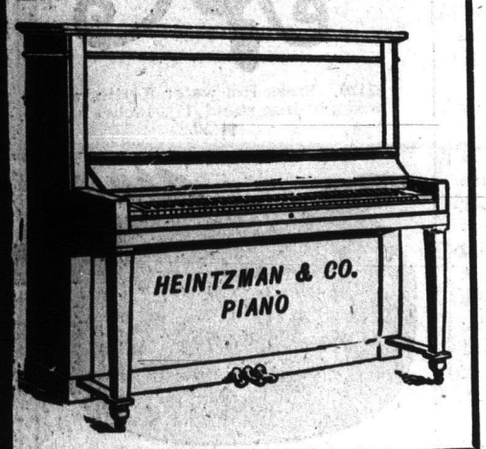

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Vol. XI. No. 6 JUNE, 1910.

Human Drones—A Study for all Toilers.

By The Editor.

There is nothing in modern literature more charming than Maeterlinck's description of the honey-bees. He makes the actors in his little colony so real that we can imagine them to have human attributes. Not a sentence but makes us frame in our minds the human counter-part. One chapter in particular—that describing the drones—so truly pictures a type of life with which we are all too familiar that it will bear repetition in these columns.

ROBBERS AND GLUTTONS.

"If skies remain clear, the air warm, and pollen and nectar abound in the flowers, the workers, through a kind of forgetful indulgence, or over-scrupulous prudence perhaps, will for a short time longer endure the importunate, disastrous presence of the males. These comport themselves in the hive as did Penelope's suitors in the house of Ulysses. Indelicate and wasteful, sleek and corpulent, fully content with their idle existence as honorary lovers. they feast and carouse, throng the alleys, obstruct the passages, and hinder the work; jostling and jostled, fatuously pompous, swelled with foolish, good-natured contempt; harbouring never a suspicion of the deep and calculating scorn wherewith the workers regard them, of the constantly growing hatred to which they give rise, or of the destiny that awaits them. For their pleasant slumbers they select the snuggest corners of the hive; then, rising carelessly, they flock to the open cells where the honey smells the sweetest, and soil with their excrements the combs they frequent. The patient workers, their eyes steadily fixed on the future, will silently set things right. From noon till three, when the purple country trembles in blissful lassitude beneath the invincible gaze of a July or August sun, the drones will appear on the threshold. They have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a doublet of iridescent, yellowish velvet, an heroic tuft, and a four-fold mantle, translucent and rigid. They create a prodigious stir, brush the sentry aside, overturn the cleaners and collide with the foragers as they return, laden with their humble spoil. They have the busy air, the extravagant, contemptuous gait of indispensable gods who should be simultaneously venturing towards some destiny unknown to the vulgar. One by one they sail off into space, irresistible, glorious, and tranquilly make for the nearest flowers, where they sleep till the afternoon freshness awakes them. Then, with the same majestic pomp, and still overflowing with magnificent schemes, they return to the hive, go straight to the cells, plunge their heads to the neck in the vats of honey, and fill themselves tight as a drum to repair their exhausted strength; whereupon, with heavy steps, they go forth to meet the good, dreamless and careless slumber that shall fold them in its embrace till the time for their next repast."

SOME HUMAN SPECIMENS.

Now, what in our human society is the counterpart of the drones? All those who in the family, in business, in church, or in state live upon the labors of others. Picture to yourself the grown up boy, who has enjoyed all the luxuries that foolish parents can provide; see him with his swagger, his insolence, his intolerable conceit and, above all, that colossal stupidity which ever accompanies inaction. and you have a perfect simile to the drone. And all over this land, and especially in the homes of the rich, are they to be found. And they will continue to pose and impose until the day of reckoning, for surely will that day come in every man's life.

Picture once more the parasite in business. He grows rich on the labors of his fellows. It may be an employer who, on the one hand, is a member of a combine to rob the public and on the other hand a member of an anti-union movement to prevent the public from protecting themselves. Or it may be a speculator who is growing wealthy because his land is increasing in value as the result of his neighbors' honest toil. Or it may be only an ordinary lobbyist who has succeeded in securing legislation whereby the output of others is taxed while he is permitted to charge double. Above all, it may be one who, having inside information, to which he is no more entitled than any other citizen, is using it for his own enrichment. All these are human drones, in the sense that they stand in the way of honest work and live on the products of others' labors.

Perhaps you would picture the church drone. True, he can make parade of piety. On great occasions he delights to lead the way—except in real service—and this he never renders. For him, too, there is coming a day of reckoning.

But if you would see the drone of drones you must contemplate the pompous autocrat of the political hive. Yes, you know the breed. He was elected to carry into effect the wishes of the people but he has used his office for his own advantage and the benefit of his relatives. He is like the Lily of the Valley for he toils not, neither does he spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like him. Swollen with the rotten pride that misused power always engenders, he delights to tell the common toilers how they should build their cells and collect their honey, but ever he is a clumsy, arrogant obstructionist and he eats, eats, eats incessantly.

Millionaire Fels has told us that no man can become as rich as he in a lifetime unless he lives on others' work. Can you not see around you men and women reclining in the lap of luxury who are feeding on your honey and finding fault with you because it is not sweeter and more plenteous?

Thanks, however, to our good friend, Maeterlinck, we are assured that there is a day of reckoning. Listen to his words:

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

"But the patience of the bees is not equal to that of men. One morning the long-expected word of command goes through the hive; and the peaceful workers turn into judges and executioners. When this word issues we know not. It would seem to emanate suddenly from the cold, deliberate indignation of the workers; and no sooner has it been uttered than every heart throbs with it, inspired with the genius of the unanimous republic. One part of the people renounce their foraging duties to devote themselves to the work of justice. The great idle drones, asleep in unconscious groups on the melliferous walls, are rudely torn from their slumbers by an army of wrathful virgins. They wake in pious wonder; they cannot believe their eyes, and their astonishment struggles through their sloth as a moonbeam struggles through marshy water. They stare amazedly round them, convinced that they must be victims of some mistake, and the mother-idea of their life being first to assert itself in their dull brain, they take a step towards the vats of honey to seek comfort there. But ended for them are the days of May honey, the wine-flower of lime-trees and fragrant ambrosia of thyme and sage, of marjoram and white clover. Where the path once lay open to the kindly, abundant reservoirs, that so invitingly offered their waxen and sugary mouths, there stands now a burning-bush all alive with poisonous, bristling stings. The atmosphere of the city is changed. In lieu of the friendly perfume of honey the acrid odour of poison prevails; thousands of tiny drops glisten at the end of the stings and diffuse rancour and hatred. Before the bewildered parasites are able to realize that the happy laws of the city have crumbled, dragging down in most inconceivable fashion their own plentiful destiny, each one is assailed by three or four envoys of justice; and these vigorously proceed to cut off his wings, saw through the petiole that connects the abdomen with the thorax, amputates the feverish antennae, and seek an opening between the rings of his cuirass through which to pass their sword."

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

And even so surely as in the little society just described there came a time when outraged nature asserted the primal law that "Only they who work shall eat," so in this greater world of men, in every department of activity, the day is coming when the down trodden, the despised, the wronged shall assert their God-approved right to reap where they have sown. They will reassert, too, what seems to have been well nigh forgotten, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Vain, extravagant, vacuous society jade—you who have neglected your true work as daugnter, wife and mother; you whose children have grown up in idleness and without a trace of worthy ambition or noble generosity; you who have spent your husband's ill-earned gains in all forms of excess, and who have made the name of woman a reproach in the land—you tilt your nose at your toiling sister on the street and, Brahmin-like, shrink from the touch and the shadow of the common and the coarse. Yet know that the day of your accounting will come. It is not alone that in your declining days the reproaches of your own kindred shall sadden your heart, but you must endure the curses of those at whose expense you have ministered to your empty pride. Nor will a little ostentatious philanthropy appease the God of vengeance. What He wants and what the people ask is not charity, but even-handed justice.

And you—big, blustering, lazy, good-for-naught. You have been living on your parents long enough. Prepare now to work, if any power of work remains in your carcass. For it must be true that "He who wins the crown shall wear it," and as yet you have won nothing but the hatred and ill-will of those who know themselves to be more worthy, and who are ready now to claim the pre-eminence which is justly theirs.

So, too, you intriguing man of business—you who have trafficked in the lobbies and grown fat on the spoils of dishonesty—prepare now to disgorge, for the patience of the workers is exhausted and the hour of reckoning is at hand. Nor will all the efforts of combines and mergers in and out of the legislative halls prevent the people in this last West from coming into their own.

For them, too, it is true that "Those who eat must labor."

But when the human workers rise in their wrath it is you, O fat, pompous political drone, that will be singled out for the first onslaught. If you were not a drone, if your mind were not dulled by your carousing, if you could only get among the workers for a little and know what is in their thoughts, you would begin to fear. But you are too self-centred to think of common workers and their opinions. Perhaps it is a kind providence which makes you unable to understand the signs of the times. Yet the workers are surely beginning to understand, and when once they understand they will begin to plan the overthrow of all useless marauders. Then in their little limited monarchy there will be equality of opportunity and favors for none. There will be no legislation on far-reaching issues unless the people have first given their consent—no waterway contracts and telephone deals and navy policies. But they who toil shall govern, and even as in the little garden hive the queen lives but to serve, so in the legislatures that are to be there will be no thieving, arrogant autocrats glorying in their plunder, but every leader will take for his motto the watchword of the first prince in our land—"I serve."

And as for you workers, even though there are many breaking down your family and social peace and helping themselves freely to your hard-earned wealth, cease not to gather, but in your gathering find time to think, for out of clear thinking all true progress springs. Think how much of your honey is drained away to meet the needs of the manufacturers' association, how much is necessary to sweeten the nectar of the railway magnates, the mine owners and the favored presidents of land corporations. Yes, and there are many other things to think about if you had only time. But unfortunately you have ranged up in two parties, with objects no less remarkable than the admiration of the two great classes of drones—the Reds and the Blues. Even now to some of you the suggestions of this article are sacrilege, but to others who think of posterity and permanent welfare the thoughts expressed may have a little meaning. Our good friend Maeterlinck is not wholly and altogether absurd.

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SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

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Dinner Napkins, ⅝×⅝ yd. $1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 2½×3 yds., $1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, $3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, $1.18 doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, $1.32 doz.

Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from .90c ea. Sideboard Cloths from .90c ea. Cushion Covers from .48c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from $3.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from $3.00 each.

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Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from $1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, $1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

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Dan Conroy's Triumph.

By Edward W. Townsend.

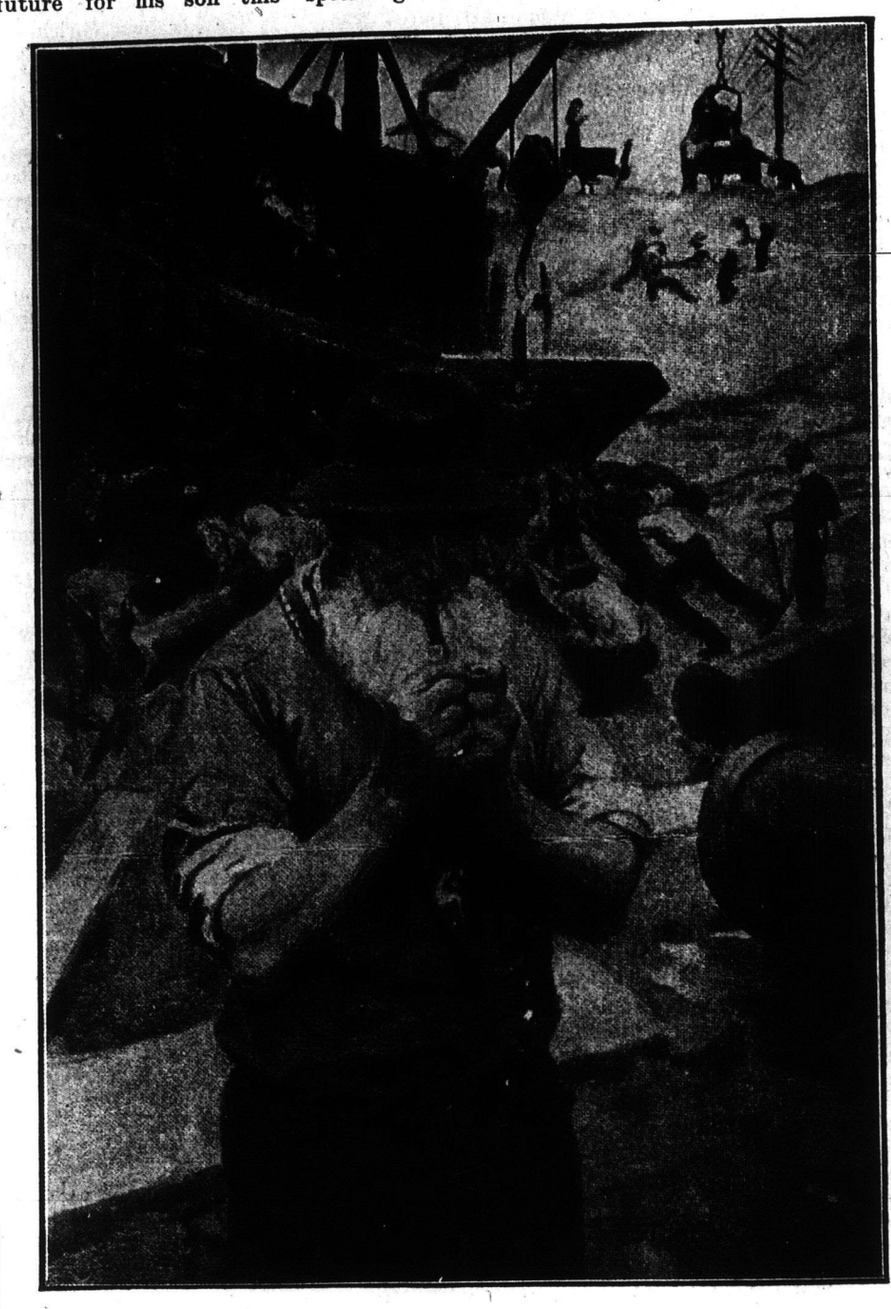
FRANK Conroy's teachers in the lower grades of the public schools early reported that he had a natural aptitude for mathematics which should be given scope. Dan, the father, heard of this, and though "natural aptitude" and "scope" were terms he did not understand, he understood later when the principal of the high school said the boy ought to have a chance in some profession. So Dan left work an hour early one day, and waited before the school-house to learn at first hand what future for his son this special gift might suggest. Small, but sturdy and erect, his clothes daubed with the soil of the street trench in which he had worked, a battered dinner bucket in his hand, Dan intercepted the principal with a respectful, "I beg your pardon, sir, but could I have a word with you about my boy?"

"Another complaint," thought the principal wearily, and asked, "What is your boy's name?"

"Frank Conroy, sir," answered the laborer; and the principal, noting the manliness looking out of the other's clear, honest gray eyes, knew that if it were a complaint he was to listen to it would be a reasonable one." He tells me that you are saying that he has a fine head for figures; something uncommon, sir, I think you were saying," added Conroy.

They had a long talk, in which Dan received the impression that his son's mathematical mind was a gift from the principal, but this, though there seemed something odd about it, did not perplex the old man so much as to learn that mathematics was the foundation science upon which eminence in many industrial professions or callings was built. That to design a towering building, span a river with a bridge, or push a tunnel under the same river required a knowledge of mathematics, filled the workman's mind with wonder and delight; wonder, because he had thought such things were devised by some mystery-wisdom allied to magic; delight, because it suddenly made him exultant with a new ambition. Was not his son a mathematician!

"And could my boy, if he sticks to this job of studying figures, get to be one of those mechanical engineers you tell of?" Dan asked. "Even my son?" he added, his glance falling on his rough clothes and his battered dinner bucket.



Dan Conroy.

The principal answered with an encouraging smile. "There is no royal monopoly of knowledge any more than there is a royal road to it."

"I thank you sir," said Dan, and he was as uplifted as if he held a warrant for his boy's greatness in his hands—as in truth he did. He walked home through a fairyland which became no less fairy-like when his way led him into a poor neighborhood where two rooms of a tenement were home to him and his one motherless child.

Dan Conroy had always liked best to labor where he could see the results of engineering skill, see the very men who had planned the great works upon which he toiled in the humblest capacity. They were to him the greatest of men, greater, even than those for whom he also worked, the political bosses. The engineer's craft had for him the pleasure-giving quality which the sculptor's, even the musician's art,

has for many; but that the skill he so much admired was acquirable by study, was a mental accomplishment, not a gift, had not until now entered his mind. Suddenly a vision was revealed to him; his own boy might become one of these masters; and the vision grew in brightness until the room where he now prepared the evening meal seemed suffused with the light which illumined his mental prospect. He was happily crooning an Old-Country ballad when Frank entered the room and smiled at his father a moment before he vigorously announced, "I am going to leave school, dad. I've got a job!"

"Sure, then, there's two of them," said the father, setting down the teapot on the oilcloth-covered table. "I've a job for you as well."

"Not so good as mine," exclaimed the youth. "I'm going into a shipping department where I'll have a chance to be a shipping clerk, some day. What do you think of that?"

"Well, it's a nice gentlemanly job, Frankie, but I have a better one."

"Better than a shipping clerk? It must be a good one!"

"It is so, lad; you're to be a boss."

"A precinct boss?"

"Better nor that," responded Dan enjoying the youngster's look of wonder.

"A district boss? I'll have to be twenty year older."

"Better nor that, too."

"Oh, you're joking, dad. There's only one man bigger than a district boss; and there's too many after that job for me to hope for it, even when I'm grown up."

"Well, my boy, I'll be fooling you no longer; it's no king of a political boss at all. You're to be a boss of works. You'll be one of these here bosses what builds bridges and ships, and things the likes of those. That's what you'll be, for the schoolmaster told me the way of it."

Frank flushed and stared; this hint of a dream to come true was too wonderful to be met with quick speech. The young man had the elder's veneration for the engineer's profession; it was an inheritance, endowing with activity brain cells which solved so quickly for him the perplexities of mathematics; love of a skill in the father turned into an aptitude for that skill in the son. But Frank was a practical youth, and though he sometimes dreamed, yet he acknowledged conditions, and the one he now felt incumbent upon him was to leave school and earn his bread.

"It's engineers, Frankie, who build things; and engineers get their trade from arithmetic, as the schoolmaster was telling me. And he says to me that if I could keep you in high school for your two years more you can get into the school they have for those things. What's this he calls them?"

"Polytechnics."

"'Twas the very word he was using, but I disremembered. That would be four years more, again."

"But, dad, I can't let you support me six more years, and me bringing in no wages. I'm sixteen now, and you've already kept me in school two years more than the law makes you."

"'Tis not the law of the land, but the law of a father's love I'm obeying, lad. I want to see you the boss of works. I want to see you telling others what to do, and not always be told, like me. I want to see the big men come to you and say, 'Can we have a bridge here, Mr. Conroy?' and 'What will it cost?' says they. And 'Will we put the electric power on the cars, Mr. Conroy?' says they to you, and you tell them what's what. Ah, my boy, that's the kind of a boss you'll be; and to see you doing these grand things, making travel cheap, making work easy, making great things where there was little things, changing the city this way and that, like a fairy in one of the stories your mother used to tell you—and you'd open your eyes big at hearing them—that's what I want to see you doing. Have you no word for the new fairy story I'm telling you? You had as many as a lawyer when your mother told you tales no better and not so true."

And the story came to the life of the boy as it came to the laborer in his vision. They lived in what many would call poverty, but were content with their manner of living, for the vision did not fade. Their poor rooms, meals, clothes, were never deplored; they were the signs of a willing sacrifice to the great purpose of both their lives. Instead of ever a despondent thought, Dan Conroy thanked fortune that his small political service was rewarded with the certainty of daily toil on city work. He noted with secret pleasure the respect in which even young engineers were held by the mighty contractors; listened in silent enjoyment to the wonder-tales fellow-laborers repeated about the big wages earned by engineers.

Frank was an enthusiastic student, stood high in his class, and places for such as he were waiting for more pupils than the polytechnic graduated. His professional rise was faster than merit alone would have made it but no faster than his abilities warranted. He was employed by a company having large municipal contracts, and a district boss who kept a friendly eye on faithful Dan Conroy's boy may have hastened the young man's promotion. In a few years he finished his shop experience and passed from the charge of small contracts to the superintendency of important works.

Dan fretted that he never was employed as a laborer where he could see his boy as a boss, but Frank looked differently at this whole matter; he tried to dissuade his father from going on with any daily toil. When he rented a little house in a convenient suburb, where they had a woman to do the household duties they formerly shared, he said: "You needn't work any more, father; my salary is as much in a month as we used to have in a year, and I want you to enjoy leisure and rest."

"Leisure, is it? Doesn't that mean the same as idleness? I've never learned how to be idle. I never could. I like best to get tired and then come home and hear you tell what you're doing—where you're bossing. I'd like a job on the same work with you."

Dan paused after this speech and looked at his son inquiringly. He had made the same suggestion many times, hoping to hear Frank say he would get him a day laborer's place where he could see his own son boss, but the son had never given a favorable response. Dan wondered. but would not ask. Some of the anticipated joy in his son's success was not realized; not even when Frank sold the patent-right to an invention for such a wonderful sum that he bought the new home and gave the deed for it to his father—who would rather have had one day's work under his boy.

As years passed, Frank was more often away from home, sometimes for weeks when directing work at a distance. Then he would send his father papers telling of constructions "in charge of the celebrated engineer, Frank Conroy, of New York." This was more unreal than to hear his son tell of his occupations, and the longing dwelt sleeplessly in the old man's heart to see his boy, his love and pride, as others saw him; commanding, respected, obeyed. There'll not be many more years for me at a day's work," he sighed, "and unless I see the lad bossing a job I'll never believe in my heart that it's all real. I'll speak to him when next he has a contract near by, and ask him to let me work under him for a bit, until I satisfy my eyes. Then I"l be willing to give up work—though what I'll do without work, sure I don't know."

When Frank next returned from an absence of many weeks in the West he took his father's hands in greeting and held them, and he said, "Dear dad, congratulate me."

"Sure, my boy, I do that every day, as regular as I pray for you."

"Congratulate me on this: I'm going to be married."

There was a hitch in the old man's voice as he replied: "God bless you—and her. I know she's a good girl, Frank, for you had a good mother, and the sons of such turn to good women."

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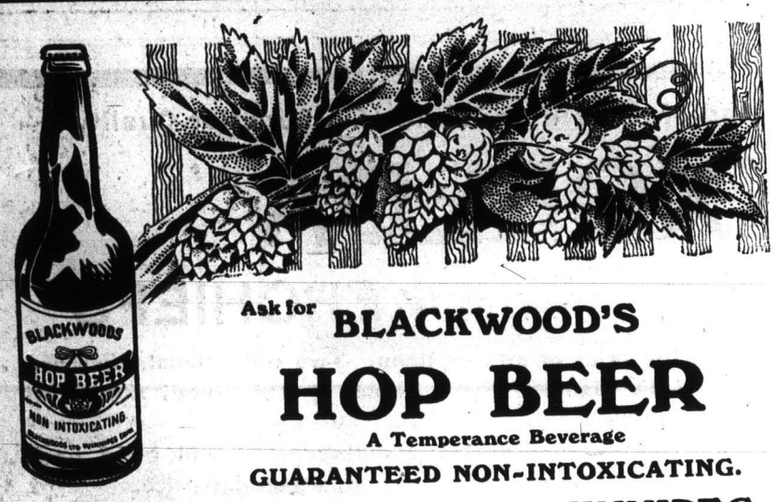

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"The dearest and best woman in the world is Mary Holden."

Dan looked at his son, standing a head taller, a fine man of thirty, handsome, strong, but only a lad in the father's eyes, and gasped before he asked slowly, "Not the president's daughter?"

"Yes," answered the younger man with a laugh, "daughter of Mr. Holden, president of the company. Young Holden was a classmate of mine at the Tech, and invited me to the house, first, two or three years ago, and then I met Mary. The president came to see the finish of the work out West, and Miss Holden was with him. I returned on their private car with them, and when we arrived we were engaged."

He gave his father a hug, pushed him into a chair, and said with a pretended frown, "Now, dad, I've a lecture for you: you made a good job of bringing me up, considering the raw material you had to work with, but I failed to bring you up properly. I want you to stop work and be a gentleman, such a gentleman as Miss Holden should have for a father-in-law."

She'd be ashamed to have her father-in-law a working man?" Dan asked quietly.

"It's not that dad, but you must think of me."

"You are not ashamed of me, Frank?"

Ashamed of you! I'd be ashamed of myself if I were," the young man responded heartily. "I've been dull in trying to make myself understood. Listen: I want Mary to respect me, as well as care for me. I've told her all about you; how you struggled long and hard to give me an education; how you saw the way to make something out of me, and did it. She knows all that, for I've boasted of it for you, dad. But now, after all you've done for me, what would she think if she knew that you still worked hard when I'm able to give you leisure and comfort? Don't you see the difference between my being ashamed of you and being eager to do all that I should for you?""

"Ye-es, lad, I suppose there's a difference, but it amounts to the same in the end, so far as I'm concerned."

"It amounts to my wanting you to stop work."

"Stop work, my boy? What would I do if I stopped work? It's all there is for me to do in the world—work!"

"If you must work, dad, I've a plan which will keep you busy, but not as a day laborer. The Holdens have a place in the country where I'll be much of the time after I'm married, and I've my eye on a little farm near by, which I'll buy for you and where you can dig as much as you like and be your own boss."

"'Tis a great proposal, Frank, but I must have time to think it over."

This response was a subterfuge to gain time for the execution of a long-cherished plan: Frank was to be in charge of the substitution of a new bridge for an old one over a river not far from their home, and Dan knew that he could obtain employment there from a foreman under whom he had often worked. In fear of offending his son, Dan thought of going to the bridge as a mere onlooker, but the alternative was dismissed as not affording the pleasure he longed for. What can the sightseer know of the relation—the subtile causes of hate and fear, of love and respect—between master and man? He wanted to observe his son from the viewpoint he had always had of the directing genius of work: to be a laborer among laborers under him and hear and feel his fellows' estimate of his son; to know at last, from the one familiar, humble post he had always held, that the man in charge of all, himself included, was his boy. Only in that way could he quench his thirst for a seeing, feeling knowledge of Frank's greatness. His son's very manner might change if he knew his father was a sightseer. The only way was to be one of those Frank ruled.

His plan was easily carried out; the foreman was glad to employ as faithful and intelligent a man as Dan; so each morning early he left his home in his sedate frock suit, well brushed, looking like a prosperous man of business. Changing to his laborer's clothes in a tool-house, Dan worked steadily, proudly waiting for the daily visit of the engineer in charge—his son! It was as he thought; nothing his imagination summoned had given him a true picture of the importance of his boy. Here was no mere boss who ordered laborers and directed details of the work, but a master who dealt with the superintendent and foremen. Dan had no trouble in keeping his son ignorant of his presence; indeed, he would have had to force himself on his notice had he wished to be discovered, for Frank's eyes were on the work, not the workmen, and his speech was with the men in charge under him. At times Dan was near enough to hear his boy directing the very superintendent, a personage Dan never could have approaached, yet there was Frank giving him orders. This was so far beyond his imaginings that the father could not wholly realize it at once, but day after day gloried more in heart and mind as Frank's real position became apparent to him—a boss of bosses!

"If ever I took that farm without seeing this," he would say to himself, I would have died without knowing half the truth. My boy the boss of bosses! And the gentle words he uses; not an oath, but a polite, 'I'll have it done this way, if you please, Mr. Jones,' and see that this change is made before I'm here to-morrow noon, if you please.' Not a word of back talk from Mr. Jones, who could discharge the man who hires me. 'Tis wonderful!"

Mr. Jones had noticed the intelligence with which Dan had performed the simple tasks given to him, and that he was a strong sober man, and so asked for him with others who were to do some quick, precise work at the moment the new bridge, floated to its destined berth, settled down on the adjusted bearings.

A number of officials of the contracting company and of the railroad which used the bridge were to be present when the creation of engineer Frank Conroy should be pronounced finished and ready for its appointed service. Dan's duty that morning was to hold suspended by a line a heavy bolt which, at a signal, was to be dropped into place. He was instructed to watch for the signal and lower at the moment, not sooner or later, or the tide would have altered an alignment the bolt was to secure, and another tide would have to be waited for to complete the work. Dan was proud of the assignment to such an important duty; to him it seemed as if he was to help emphasize the nicety of his son's mathematical skill. As he toiled and sweated among the greasy iron, and helped rig the line he was to handle at the critical moment, he felt that this was the climax of his own life's hard work, and rejoiced that it was to be identified with his son.

There was a delay; a strong wind affected the tide, and the signalman called to Dan that he could rest his burden, but the old man would not do so. His arms were strong, his nerves steady, and he would hold the weight, for if the tide was at fault it might change unexpectedly, and he must be ready. But he could look about a little and see what was going on. At the shore end near him he saw a party of ladies and gentlemen leave a private car and approach the span. The first to step on to the bridge was his son, and with him was a beautiful girl. She was looking at Frank as if attending while he explained the work, but Dan saw that in her eyes was only love and trust; no interest in facts of tides and weights and strains and adjustments. Dan remembered a woman looking into his eyes that way once, when Frank's mother was young and pretty, and he wished that she could see their son, gallantly helping this girl up the plank connecting the shore track with the slowly lowering bridge, leading the party of great folks, the hero of the day!

"Steady there with that bolt line." called the signalman as Dan, in sudden panic, turned his face away from the

approaching party upon discovering their intention to cross the bridge. This would bring them so close that he would be recognized unless he were quick in getting away when the bolt was placed. He had not counted on this; he thought he would have finished his task and slipped away long before the visitors would cross, but the delay owing to the tide variation had brought them near his post earlier than he had expected. Soon they came so close that while he watched the signalman he could also, out of the corner of his eye, see Frank and Miss Holden. They stopped and Frank called back to those behind that a certain bolt must drop into place before they could proceed. Dan heard him say to the girl by his side: "That workman has something to do before I can say that this is a success. I hope he has a steady eye and hand, for a nice point in the operation depends on him."

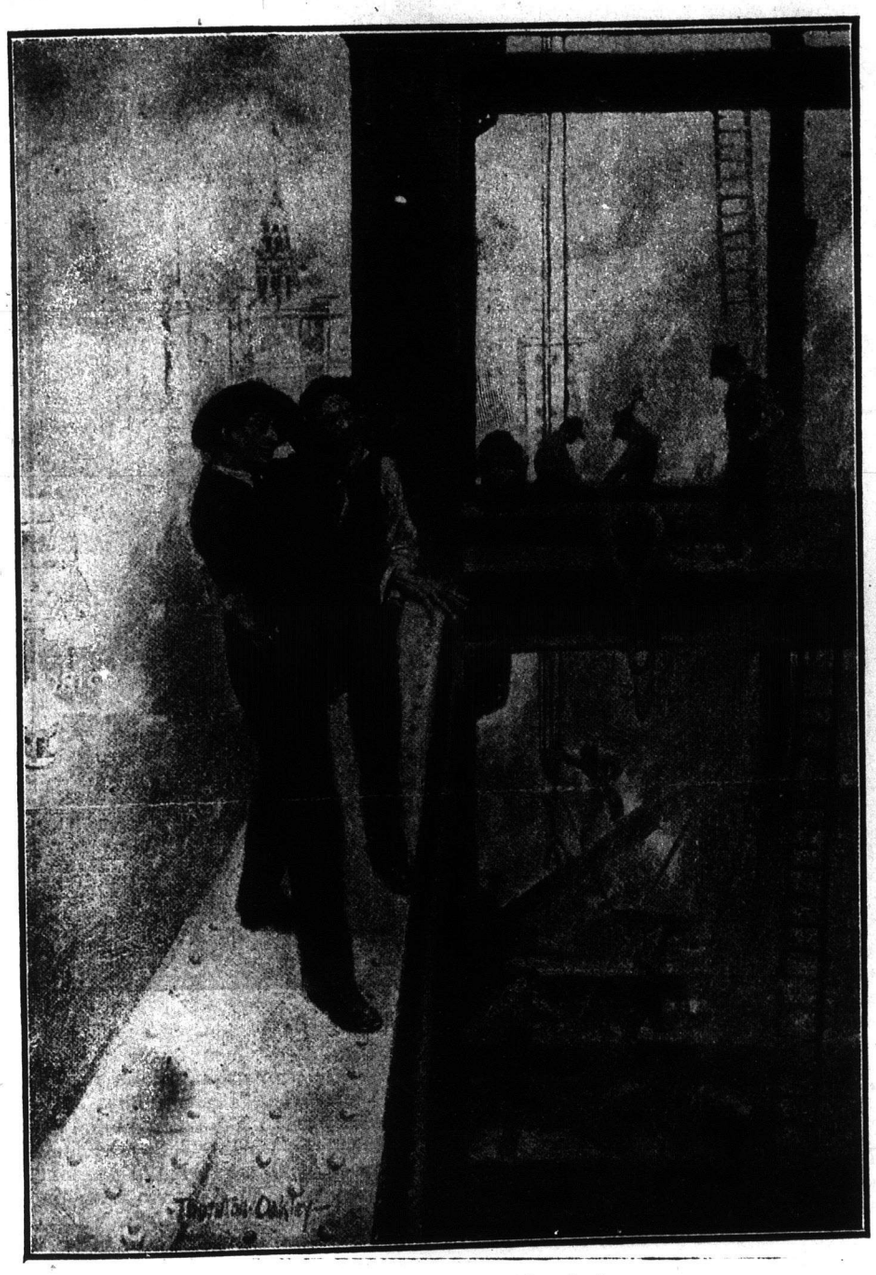
Dan's bent head and soft hat concealed his face, and he was glad of it, for this unexpected occurrence, and the strain of his burden, were twisting his face into unlovely snarls. The suspense was affecting others; the visitors, the spectators on land and water, were silent, and, as they watched the slow movements of the mighty mass of steel, every action of a workman caused a start of nervousness. The signalman's hand rose; when it fell Dan must quickly, steadily, lower the bolt. His head began to swim a little with the excitement and the physical strain, and he prayed that his eyes might not fill, and obscure his sight. He saw nothing now but the raised hand, though he heard, mistily, the girl saying, "How exciting it is, Frank. But I know everything will be perfect, because you did it all."

"I'm only the boss," Frank answered, laughing, but a little nervously, as it sounded to Dan. "Everything now depended on the workmen."

Dan saw the signalman's hand wave, then fall, and with it he lowered the rope, steadily, quickly, and the great bolt slipped noiselessly into the well-oiled eyes; the bridge trembled, steadied, and then settled as true and firm on its piers as if it were an arching rock. There was a mad whistling by tugs and locomotives, cheers by the crowds, and the party back of Frank clapped their hands and cried, "Conroy! Bravo, Conroy!"

Frank smiling lifted his hat, then gave his hand to Miss Holden to help her over an open space. Dan, the words "Bravo, Conroy!" ringing in his ears above all the din, slowly straightened up and tried to move away, but for the first time in his life that he could remember he felt faint, and his knees trembled. Miss Holden was first to notice his plight, and exclaimed, See, Frank, that poor man who fastened the bridge is suffering!"

Dan turned his back and staggered a few paces, but Frank sprang to his side, caught him, and then for the first time saw his face.



Yet there was Frank giving his orders!

"Father!"

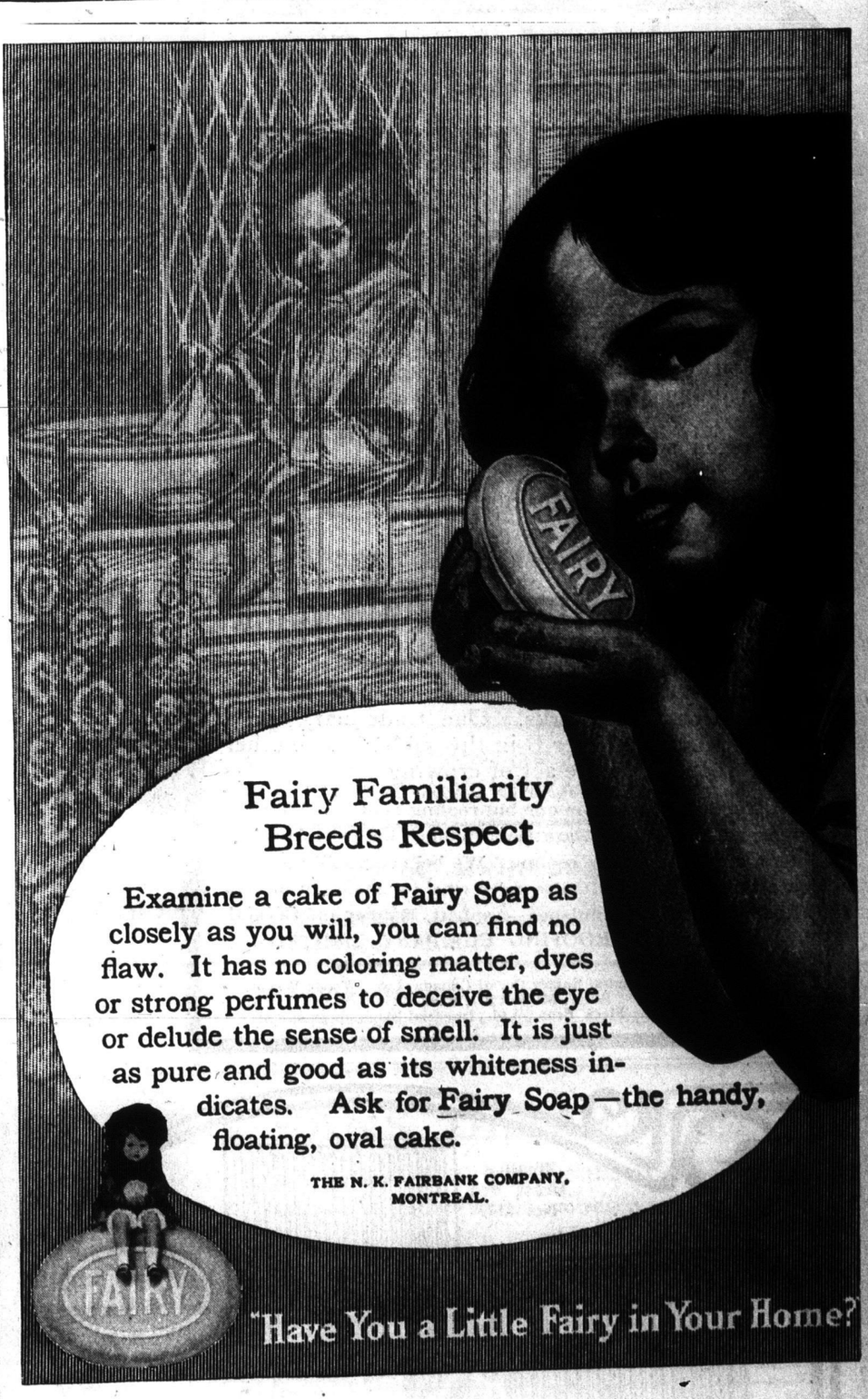
"Go on, my boy. Go on, and no one will know me," whispered Dan huskily.

The young man flushed scarlet. His father's face was covered with grease and sweat, and drawn with strain and excitement. "Pass along," the old man pleaded; I couldn't help coming to see you as a boss, but I didn't think you would see me. Go on!"

Frank turned to Miss Holden, stretched out his hand to her, and as she stepped to his side, said, "Mary, this is my father—my dear old dad."

The girl started, but not from embarrassment, and without a shadow of hesitation bent forward toward Dan, gathered up his cramped, moist, blackened hands in hers, supple, untried, white gloved, saying, "I would have known him, Frank, for no one but your father could have just such eyes."

Instinctive chivalry prompted Dan's reply: "I saw you looking into my boy's eyes a bit ago, and I pray to God



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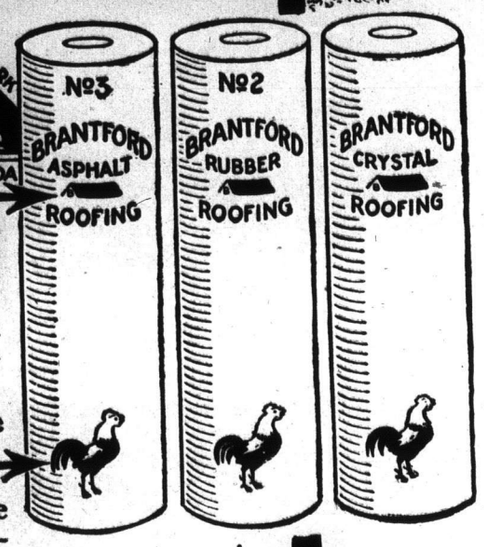

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you'll never see anything in them but love."

Mary Holden smiled, though her eyes filled with quick tears, and she said, "Frank' your father must come to the car and hear them congratulate you."

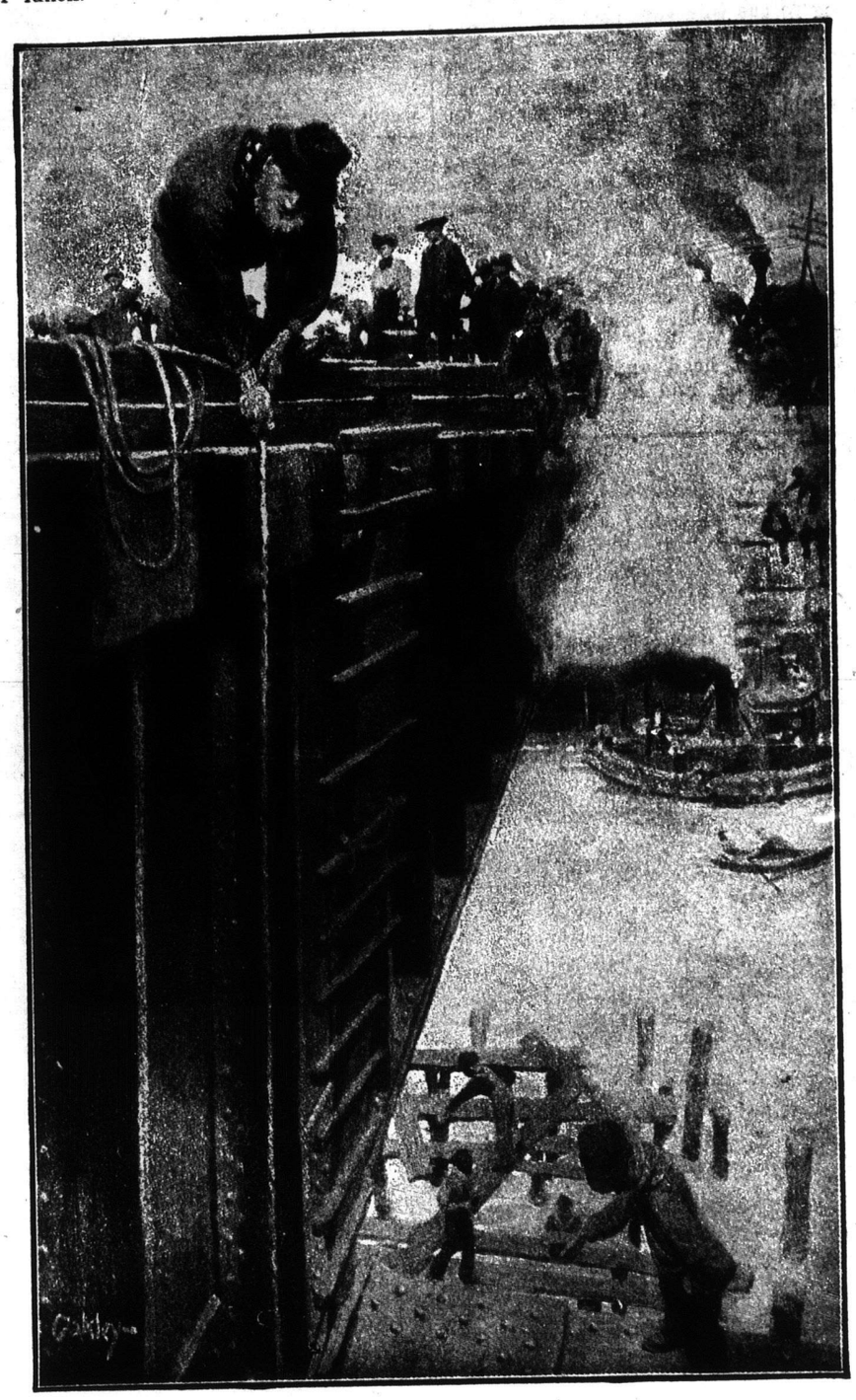
"Indeed he must," assented Frank. 'Wash up, dad ,and come to the car for lunch.'

listening to compliments to his boy.

"Isn't Frank splendid?" asked Miss Holden of Dan, when the hero had modestly responded to the speeches.

"He is so," whispered Dan. "He's the finest boss I ever saw. Oh. I'm glad I saw him boss a job."

Miss Holden looked at the old man



He lowered the rope, steadily, quickly.

Dan's knees were all right now. He hurried to the tool-house, where, after a lively spashing in a bucket of water, he put on his "walking clothes," as he called them, thankful that he wore such fine garments to and from work, and was soon seated at Miss Holden's side with a new expression. "I did not mean that," she said, "I mean how splendid it was in him to have you here to help him finish the work. That was fine!"

"It was so," answered Dan simply. "It has made the day my triumph, as well as his, miss."

"Baby Mine"

By George J. Leovy.

ACROSS a stretch of white beach, some fifty feet above the line of high tide, at the far east end of the pretty, straggling little village of Pass Christian, on the Mexican Gulf, stood a tumble-down old boat-house, in the last stages of decay. Wild vines and luxuriant undergrowth closed in around it, and the path which had once straggled down to it from the shell-road could have been traced only by a native-born. A line of posts, the remains of what had once been a private pier, stretched out into the water; some leaning to every point of the compass, others reduced to mere shell-covered stumps, by the never-ceasing work of the teredo.

The boat-house inclosed, but so many were the great gaps in its rotten, shingled roof it could hardly be said to shelter, a boat of some twenty-eight to thirty feet in length, all but falling to pieces from decay. Calking lead and putty had fallen from the gaping seams of deck and hull, and the fatal malady of dry-rot showed in every plank and timber. But, despite neglect and the ravages of time, it was still evident from her smooth lines, the broad expanse of her forward deck, the oval oak coaming of her open cockpit, and many another feature significant to the knowing, that she had "lived while she lived," and that her career had been among the aristocracy of boatdom.

On a particularly hot summer day her peaceful slumber in the old shed was broken. Seated in her cockpit was a perspiring, dusty, roughly-clad individual, apparently much disturbed in mind,

and harassed by unusual mental activity. Around her gathered half a dozen others, all tanned, weather-beaten, and having that appearance of being half amphibious characteristic of all Gulf-Coast men. A mixture of eagerness and suppressed excitement was very apparent in them, as they seemingly awaited the verdict on some question, from tht citizen in the boateeeETAONI from the citizen in the boat, who, on the other hand, seemed utterly devoid of any sense of hurry.

"Well, Nick," said one of them finally, "what do you think?" Thus prompted, Nick slowly shifted his quid, contemplating a cleat, that had once held the main-sheet, but now hung dejectedly, end down, by one nail, and in slow, drawling, disjointed sentences rendered judgment.

"Well, boys, I'll tell yer—she's just got erabout ez bad er case er dry-rot as ever I see—an' thar ain't er sound timber in her from stem to stern—nur er plank—nur even a cleat; but with lots er galvanized nails, and six, or mebbe seven false ribs, an' er kaig er white lead, an' about er bar'l er pitch—an' er bale or so o' oakum—why we might make her go through; ennyhaow I'm willin' ter try—I can't do no more than that ennyhoaw."

When Nick said "ennyhaow," it meant business, and was understood to give the same finality to his remarks as the amen of the preacher, or the Pax Vobiscum of the priest. The group scattered under his direction in quest of tools and material; and quickly, but quietly enough to escape the not very observant curiosity of the village, returned to the scene of action. Every one of them was more or less of a jack-leg boat-carpenter, and each, under Nick's supervision, was soon earnestly at work on the particular part of the job assigned to him.

It was the day of the great annual regatta, under the supervision of the Southern Yacht Club, held at Bay St. Louis.

The beach, the long white shell-road, known simply as the "Front Road," the steamer wharves and the approaches to the L. & N. R. R. bridge, were filled with a miscellaneous mass of people Yachtsman in all the glory of S. Y. C. uniform and caps; ladies with flushed excited faces, in their best holiday regalia, fluttering with bright badges and ribbons; gamblers, sailors, watermen and wharf-rats all mingled in demoeratic freedom.

Schooner-yachts from other points, with gay parties on board, sloops destined for entry in the race, fisher craft, oyster-boats, "dago" luggers (the staunchest, smartest sailors in the Gulf, but looking, with their single enormous peaked sail and narrow hull, as though a catspaw would upest them), yawls, canoes, and every other variety of small craft fluttered excitedly here and there or waited at anchor for the commencement of the grand event. Every now and then the keen eye of some expert would discern a new white speck on the distant horizon; and, almost before the uninitiated could note the dot on the water's edge, had named the yacht her home port, given an opinion as to her chances and a guess as to the make-up of her crew.

For an unknown craft to have appeared among the incoming fleet would have been as unexpected to the coast resident as for a strange fish—one he couldn't name to have flashed into the hot sunlight from those familiar glittering waters. And yet this is just what did happen; and curiosity was not relieved as to the identity of the new-comer, even when she had passed within a stone's throw of the T of the long "Puplic Wharf."

A very tough-looking craft she was; unpainted and dark with age, streaks of pitch and patches of white lead making a weird fresco of her deck and sides; an immense suit of sails, black as ever were abandoned to moth and mildew, patched with all shades from new white duck to second, third and fourth hand sail-cloth. One of the crew was kept constantly bailing with bucket and can, in a struggle to keep up with the leakage through the strained old seams. And yet a certain trimness, even in her rags, seemed to differentiate her from the hoi polloi of fishing craft, trading smacks, hired sloops and other parasitical accessories to the race. She moved with a certain dignity of her own, with no greater speed, however, than might have been anticipated from her general rig and make-up. This was easily demonstrated by a saucy sloop, a class below her size, which danced alongside, took her wind and rushed merrily ahead, leaving the old black rags all a-quiver.

But if the boat wasn't known, her crew were—every weather-beaten, suntanned tar of them; and lots of ironical but good-natured bandiage passed back and forth between the unknown and the wharf and adjacent craft. "Why don't yer enter her in ther race?" finally yelled one particularly extravagant humorist. But when the answer came back in Nick's long drawl, "Thet's wot we're her fer," the hilarity passed all bounds, reaching the summit of its crescendo when Nick, leaving his charge for a few moments, came in and gravely entered and obtained his number for Baby Mine, in the "First Class for Open Sloops."

Nick had always been known as cranky and obstinate, but the boys looked a little serious when he carried things to the extent of laying sundry bets for himself and his crew, on Baby Mine against the favorites, and was even prevailed upon by one fun-loving individual to put a little with long odds, "agin ther field." "Nick's jus' gone plumb crazy," said the individual in question. "Why ther little Aggie jus' run clean away from his ole tub not twenty minutes ago—wonder whar he picked her up anyhow?"

Old Captain Jim, a lifelong enthusiast and follower of boat-racing in all forms, standing on the deck of his big lumber schooner Concordia, as she lay at anchor near the starting point, had a puzzled and somewhat absent look on his face as he scrutinized Baby Mine. Suddenly the dawn of some long-past memory lit up his wrinkled brown face. Turning, he clambered down into the little room that had formed his home for most of his long life. Out of his big sea-chest, he took an old cigar-box and among a mass of tattered bills, memoranda and clippings from newspapers and sporting magazines, he finally found the particular slip of which he was in search—a long article on American centre-board yachts, clipped from a well-known authority on sporting aquatics. This he read over carefully, deposited in a pocket, and going on deck, clambered into his yawl and threw off her painter.

Rowing slowly around Baby Mine, he measured her with his eye and carefully studied every point; noted that below her water-line, she had been smoothly planed and black-leaded; that her galvanized wire-rope stays and her standing rigging generally, was true and taut; then rowed a few feet astern and peered down into the yellow depths. When he raised his head, the last sign of bewilderment had passed, leaving his keen face unusually knowing.

Baby Mine's crew had watched the whole performance in serious silence. "Jim's on to us," said one of them at last. "Yaas, but he won't give us away," answered Nick.

The Captain did not return to the Concordia, but rowed in behind the long wharf, tied his yawl, climbed up, and sauntered carelessly into the vicinity of a group of resplendent S. Y. C. men. One of them was laying down the law to a more or less respectful group of listeners. He was well informed in yachting lore, and after having exhausted the subject of the International Cup Races and twisted the Lion's tail like a true American citizen, to his own glorification, struck the subject of yachts in the Gulf.

Finalliy he struck the present season, and offered to lay any reasonable odds that the boat of the year, the beautiful Silence—with her straight wedge bow, hollow spars, adjustable step, and faultless lines—nodding to her anchor by the side of the Lady Emma, last year's invincible, would walk away with the fleet. There seemed to be no takers, and a convincing silence ensued.

It was at length broke unexpectedly.

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With that camarderie that belongs to followers of salt water, Captain Jim joined the group. "I hate to see a good bet go with no takers, Mr. Anderson," he drawled; "it's like seeing good whiskey running out ev er leaky bar'l, With fair odds I might even risk er lettle bet agin ther Silence—altho' uv course, she is er mighty good boat."

The young man winked slightly to the friend on his far side. The wink said plainly, "Soft snap," but the lips were smiling on Captain Jim. "Maybe you have a favorite of your own, Captain," he said, jokingly. "I'll give you long odds on her if you have. What would you want on Baby Mine, say, against the field?"

"Well, I'm willin' to meet yer even thar, if the odds is long ernuff," was the unexpected reply. "I'm great on long unexpected reply. "I'm great on long odds, yer know." The old fellow counted out laboriously, in all kinds of small silver and worn fractional currency and ragged dollar-bills and the outrageous memorandum was entered on the dainty tablets: "Capt. Jim—Baby Mine against field, one to ten in 50's."

Until quite recently, regattas on the Gulf Coast, from Pensacola to Galveston, started from the anchorage. Each class was lined up separately, the leeyard boats being given a slight compensatory advantage in lead to prevent "covering" at the start. With mainsail and topsail up, a man at the jib halyards, another at the windward stay with hand on cable to start the anchor at the flash of the starting-gun, the yachts chafed at their short cables, and men hardly breathed as they watched in intense silence for the flash from the judges' boat.

It came!—and almost before the white puff had fully caught the moving influence of the fresh easterly breeze every anchor had been broke and swung aboard, every jib had flashed up, and the fine long lines of yachts, representing as many classes, were dashing forward, with sail flattened down hard on their first tack to windward.

But either from native slowness or otherwise, Baby Mine dragged behind. Despite a magnificant start, satisfactory even to hypercritical Nick, she slowly dropped both to leeward and astern of the leaders, and finally even of the stragglers in her class.

Captain Jim, on the wharf, ground his teeth. Nick, in grim silence, threw lightning glances from topmost-head to deck, from bowspirit to boom-end, finally bringing up on the centre-case. Instantly a furious exclamation broke from him. His eye had lighted upon a piece of half-inch rope fast to a cleat, passing over the top and down into the centre-case. Nick's vocabulary was far more extensive than choice; and the offending rope had been attended to full five minutes before he had once more settled down to taciturnity. Meanwhile, Baby Mine had bounded forward, and was running, as Nick afterward put it, "like a scared dog," eating into the wind full half-point closer than anything in sight. Yacht after yacht was steadily overhauled and passed. Baby Mine, with her black canvas flat as a card, her crew lying or squatting, with only heads above deck, the bailing bucket and can working incessantly, a thousand pounds of sand-bags packed up on her windward quarter, and her main-sheet hauled in till the boom almost over the lee end of the trawler, was walking like a witch almost into the eye of the freshening breeze.

The crowds on the wharf and in the yachts were wild with excitement. Captain Jim was the centre of a frantic group. What was Baby Mine? Where did she come from? "He didn't know, but she seemed to him like a likely old tub, and he seemed to remember having seen her sometime somewhar. Ter save his hide, he couldn't place her." The Silence had made a big lead on the start, and it seemed doubtful if Baby Mine could overcome it. She swung around the second stake, and had started down before the wind for home, a full two minutes before Baby Mine rounded. When she had done so both crews prepared for a fight to the death. The wind had freshened to half a gale, two buckets had taken the place of one in the Baby Mine, and the bailers worked desperately to keep the water down. Every bag was packed astern, around the main-sheet tender on the after-deck, and the men crowded aft until Nick was almost jammed in at the helm; and yet with her black mainsail on one side and big ballon-jib on the other kept on even keel by Nick's marvelous steering, Baby Mine jammed her bow into the sea and squatted until her decks were inches deep, and nothing but the oval coaming was above the surrounding, hissing foam. Half-way in, amid a dead hush on both boats, but a pandemonium of yells and cheering ashore, Baby Mine passed the Silence. Thus the two boats rushed on to the finish with scarce a hundred feet between them. Baby Mine, as Nick said, "takin' in bar'ls of water at every jump." The boom of the gun from the judges' boat announced her victory, and the big event in the big regatta was over.

"Get in her mainsail, boys," shouted Nick. "We can't jibe her as she is. We must get her up in the wind somehow. Don't haul on her main-sheet like that, you idjits; you'll pull her in two. Be easy——"

But it was too late. The strain was more than the old boat could bear. With a crack like a rifle, followed by the sound of splitting wood, the starboard chain plate tore from the dozy timber, the stay swung inboard, the mast leaned for a moment with its terrible leverage on the rotten deck, and Baby Mine was literally split from stem to stern. The sand-bags slid overboard, and the disjointed hull settled into the rushing water with speed still on..

"Captain Jim," said the young S. Y. C. man, "you've won fairly, and I hope you'll get the Concordia the finest suit of sail and handsomest gilt figurehead on the Coast. But I want you to do something for me."

"What's thet?" said the old fellow whose eyes were still blazing with the excitement and triumph.

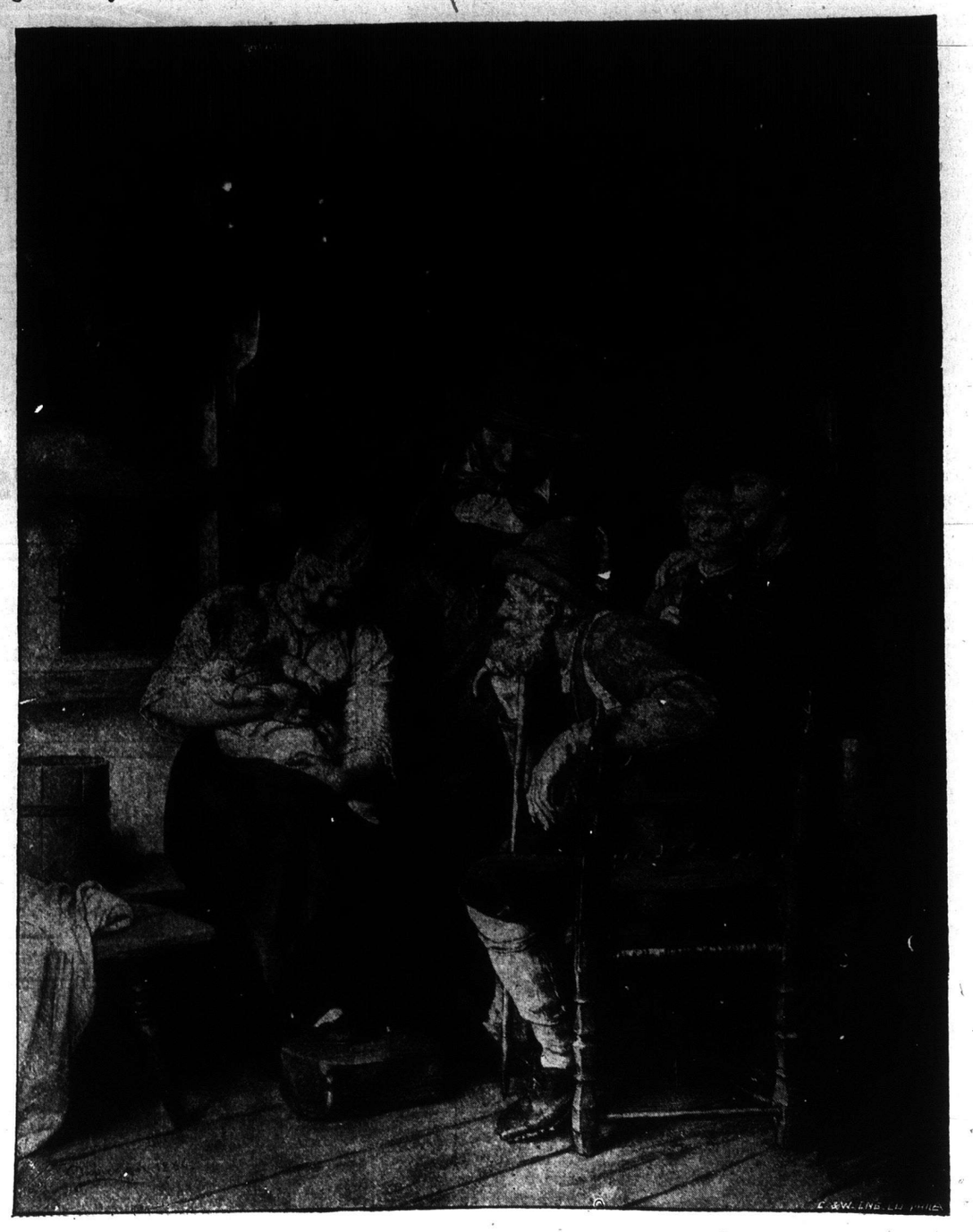
"I want you to tell me, before the whole crowd gets on to it, who Baby Mine was."

"I was kinder puzzled erbout her at first," replied the Captain, "but I seemed to kind er remember her in a hazy way, and then my memory got a jog somehow, and I went down to my cabin and got this, and rowed over and sort uv studied the thing out. You needn't read the first part about the other boats—just thet part thar," handing Anderson the slip and pointing to a paragraph about half-way down the column.

Anderson read aloud to his sympathizing chums: But the Lymnas, built by the same firm for C. H. Harris, of Pensascola, Florida, was the fastest and most famous of this class of American centreboard sloops ever built in the United States. "Do you mean to say, Captain," he asked in a voice of hushed intensity, "that that old wreck out there, Baby Mine, is the Lymnas?"

"That's what," said Captain Jim sententiously.

"But, Captain," persisted the young fellow, still pathetically argumentative, "I don't understand it yet. The



Nellie's First Born.

Aggie went by her like a shot before the race."

"Thet wasn't to be wondered at, nuther," said the Captain, "considerin'."

"Considering what?"

"Thet the Lymnas hed erbout three hundred foot of half-inch rope through her centre-case, a dragging behind, and mebbe a little bag of sand on the end. I tell yer, I wuz almost crazy when Nick fergot to turn loose of that tow-line when he started. Capt Jim walked over to where Nick stood dripping, the centre of an admiring crowd.

"I surely didn't think she'd las' ter git through," Nick was saying; "en hit was a close squeeze; but she did it, boys, didn't she—anyhaow?"

Bovril's Annual Meeting.

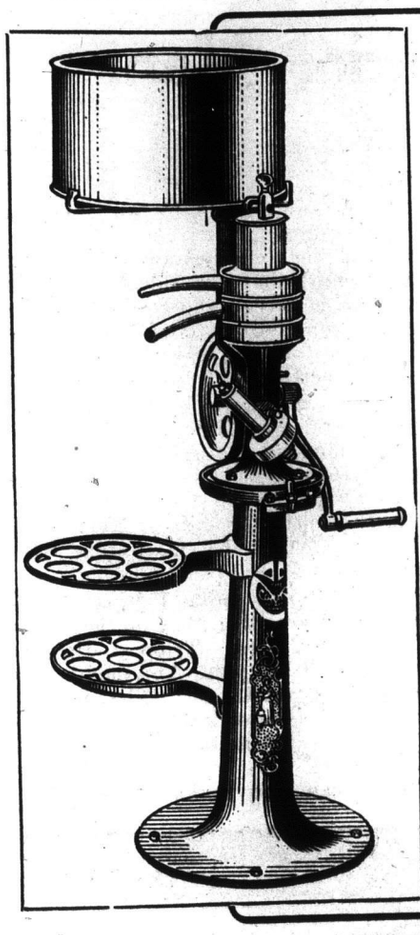
The thirteenth annual general meeting of Bovril, Limited, was held the other day at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C., the Earl of Arran, K.P., Chairman of the Company, presiding. The report of the secretary, Mr. W. A. Harris, both as to the development of the business and the finances of the year, proved very gratifying to the shareholders.

For a dozen years Bovril, Limited, have been manufacturing this well-known beef extract, constantly enlarging and improving their plant and facilities, while the demand has increased steadily every year. To meet their requirements in respect to the raw material, Bovril, Limited, have acquired in recent years, farms comprising nine and a half million acres. The area of the Bovril estates is over half a million acres in the Argentine Republic, and over nine million acres in Australia. On the first mentioned estates one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle roam in freedom, although their ultimate destiny is 'Bovril' and on newer Australian ranches there are a hundred thousand Shorthorns. These herds are constantly being improved by the addition of the purest strains of imported stock.

It was mentioned that during the year the method of the preparation of 'Bovril' had been thoroughly inspected by a very large and representative number of medical and scientific men who individually expressed their satisfaction at the great care exercised to ensure absolute cleanliness and brightness. These visitors were welcomed at the factory by one of the directors, Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., F.R.S., and that gentleman in his remarks at the meeting expressed his pleasure in being associated with Bovril, Limited, feeling as he did that he was assisting to benefit the public by sharing in the work of providing them with a good thing, and that he regarded 'Bovril' as a valuable means of maintaining constitutional stamina.

A Fascinating Drama.

The peopling of the Great Canadian West is a fascinating drama, whether we view it from the large or the small end of the telescope, i. e., from the point of the great railroad builder throwing a steel spine across the continent, or from the point of one little family unit finding its tree farm under the aegis of this transportation line. The line of the Grand Trunk Pacific across Canada is essentially the line of homes. Who is it that answers the call of the wheat, the young, the brave, the hopeful, the helpful? says Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, in the March issue in the "Magazine of Commerce." The writing tools to write the drama are the strong arms of men and of faith-possessed women. It is a goodly play for the world to watch. The first scene is enacted on the prairie farm where the virgin sod is turned under to a crop of wheat for the first time since creation's dawn. The second scene is the grain elevator, red against the setting sun, and the waiting train of Grand Trunk cars. Our drama closes with the loaf of bread clutched in the eager grasp of the little child in some crowded city of the old world.



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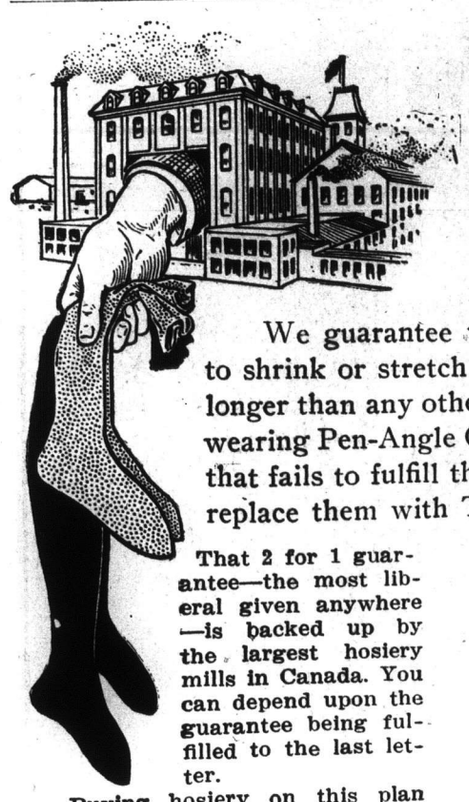

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No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

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No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

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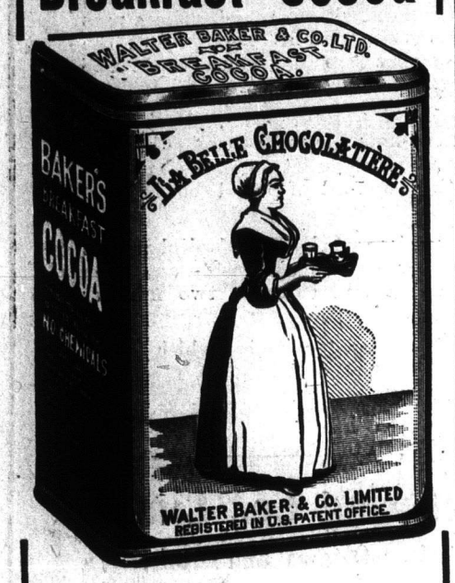

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A Very Superior Man.

By Anne Warner

RUFUS Timmans was the firstborn of his parents. They regarded his as a very superior baby and remarked freely on the fact to one another and to their various friends.

"It isn't just because he's our baby that we think he's out of the common run," his proud father told Mr. Clark (of the postoffice and Clark's city store), "no, sir. I know what fools folks are over the babies and I ain't in for making an ekal exhibition of myself. No, I don't call Rufus out of the common because he's my child—I call him out of the common run because it's the simple truth."

The mother of the young prodigy was not the less convinced of his remarkable advantages over the ordinary average of human beings.

"He looks to me like he'd grow up to be a inspector or maybe the president," he said to Aunt Eliza. "Anyone can see he's sure to be something high up and sort of quiet and important."

Aunt Eliza was a woman of great practical gifts, she wore spectacles and had a sharp point on her nose and her tongue; sympathetic admiration was not her forte.

"You'd better teach him to quit suckin' his thumb while he's little," she said in a tone that went over the young mother like a douche of ice water. "It's an awful job to break 'em of it when they get bigger."

Rufus was the first child of John Timmans, but he was by no means the last. No child was the last for years and years and years. Little brothers followed little sisters with machine-like regularity, and the only break in the procession was made by an occasional pair of twins.

Under the circumstances it would have seemed that the eldest born must become a mere cab and cradle adjunct—but his superiority saved him. For at eight years old Rufus was still superior—very superior.

"Why don't that biggest boy help you more?" Mrs. Tripp, a caller, asked of Mrs. Timmans as the latter sat rocking her third son, while her two daughters crawled about the visitor's feet with the sprightly gait of very young kittens. "Ain't he most nine years now?"

"He'll be nine next February," said the mother proudly; "but oh, he's above baby-tending, Mrs. Tripp. He's so smart I can't tell you. You ought to see some of his whittlings! Why, he whittled out an open-work inkstand the other day and I've put it in the parlor to keep till I die."

"How can you make it hold ink?" asked Mrs. Tripp.

"Oh, it won't ever hold ink unless we can find a bottle to fit in it"—Mrs. Timmans paused to turn the baby over and roll little Eliza's ball out from under her chair—"but I don't care about that. It's just as pretty and it'll always show what Rufus could do when he wa'n't but eight years old.

By the time that Rufus was the eldest of a family of nine he was himself all of fourteen years of age. He was in school and the subject of much meditation on the part of Miss Daly, his teacher. Finally the perplexed lady made up her mind to call personally and see if there was any maternal answer to the riddle.

She found Mrs. Timmans darning stockings over the prostrate body of Rufus' fifth younger brother.

"I come to see you about that oldest boy of yours," the teacher said. "I'm so sort of troubled about him."

"He never can have done anything, has he?" the mother asked anxiously, quite unaware of the sarcasm which lurked in her speech.

"Oh, no, he ain't done anything," replied the teacher reassuringly; "it ain't that!"

"Is he studying too hard?"

"Well, I don't know. He is and he ain't."

Mrs. Timmans paused in her work and looked as if she didn't understand.

"You see, Mrs. Timmans, it's this way. Rufus knows more than the whole school put together in some ways, and in some ways he don't know a thing. Here he isn't but fourteen years old and crazy to find some way to learn chemistry, and he spells it 'kemstry'—and him every day of fourteen years old."

The mother cut some thread from her work, shook her head, and said, "Dear, dear," with earnest, worried, motherly fevor.

"He never has his plain lessons—his writing is just awful—but he's got more brains than all the rest of the school put together, and I find that out very day. He understands things that the others can't see through to save their necks, and when the Board comes he shows up so well that I just can't help being proud of him and forgiving his writing and spelling."

The mother smiled, grateful tears springing to her pale, tired eyes.

"You can't ask him anything that he hasn't got an answer for, even if he never heard of the subject before that minute——"

Just here the baby woke suddenly and began to cry so loudly that its withdrawal from society for a time appeared inevitable. Mrs. Timmans took it away and Aunt Eliza came in to entertain the guest. Aunt Eliza's nose and tongue had not become any the less pointed during the lifetime of Rufus, nor had her charm of manner been heightened by the continual care of Rufus' brothers and sisters.

"That eldest boy's a born fool," she said sharply to the startled Miss Daly; "you know it 's well 's I do. Why don't you say so?"

"But I don't know any such a thing," Miss Daly cried, appalled. "I think he's really a most remarkable boy. I shouldn't be surprised to see him turn out a very superior——"

"Very superior fiddle-faddle!" said Aunt Eliza with tigerish emphasis "Ain't I livin' here? Don't I know?"

Miss Daly gasped.

But the sound of Mrs. Timmans' footsteps coming back through the dining-room saved her from further danger.

When Rufus was twenty-one he left home.

One month later the sewing society of the town to which he went, met at Mrs. Gemmel's. Mrs. Gemmel was very disagreeable and much disliked, but her house was in such a convenient location for the meeting of the sewing society that no one ever quarreled with her.

"That young Timmans in the drug store seems to be a very superior young man," said Mrs. Clay just as soon as they were all snugly set out to gossip (and sew),—"at least he strikes me so."

"Oh, he's way above his business, any one can see," said Mrs. Brown, threading her needle. "I went in there the other day for some simple salts and he set right out to tell me about the comet. I said I'd never noticed it, but it turned out that that wasn't so surprising, for he explained to me that you can only see it from China and Maddygasgar. I was mighty interested, and he kept talkin' about this and t'other and in the end he found he hadn't poured out of the salt bottle at all. It was just a chance that he remembered that it was salts I wanted."

"Are you sure it was salts you got?" asked Mrs. Grummel.

"Oh, yes, he wrote it on the label, and I must say he was mighty pleasant over it all. He told me about how they got gum arabic, while he was corkin' the bottle, and I was so interested that I never noticed and he stuck a poison label on it, and then he laughed as much as I did and then he wanted

They regarded him as a very superior baby."

to soak it off, but I'd left bread in the oven so he just wrote the name in Latin across the skull and cross-bones, and I'm to remember that's its salts."

Mrs. Grummel coughed with an unpleasant accent.

"He is a superior young man," said Mrs. White, a large, stout, solemn lady. "He was at our house the other night, and the minister was there, too. Well! you never did! I thought he'd be too much for the minister. I was just all of a tremble once. I never saw any one come so near to having a minister—not in all my life. If it had been any other minister but ours he would have had him, too. My husband said it was like a lecture hall to hear. They begun with what we all came from. The minister was out for Adam and Eve, but young Timmans stood flat for monkeys. He argued till the minister admitted that there wasn't nothin' absolute agin monkeys, and then young Timmans went him one better and said he believed in tad-poles himself. The minister was flat agin tad-poles, but young Timmans argued till he got him to admit that if the Lord could make a man out of a monkey He could make one out of a tad-pole, too.

"And then, when he'd got thim so far, didn't that young man look right square into the minister's face and say that after all what we came from wasn't worth much thinkin' about; it was what man would develep into next that he wanted to know. "That's what I want to know,' he said to the minister, 'an' I can't find any one that has an addykit answer for me.'

"My, but my husband an' me was scared! We thought the minister was aground for sure, but, Lor'! a minister wouldn't be able to be a minister if a little thing like questions you can't answer could stick him, an' ours just looked slow and sad an' lifted up his hand so, and pointed so, an' says he, 'Young man, how can you ask such a question with the starry heavens right on top of your head?' Now I called that pretty smart for a minister, considerin' how little time he had to think an' it was the only thing in the wide world that he could 'a' said, too."

A murmur of mixed awe and admiration sounded in the room; it would have been hard to say whether the minister or Rufus won the greater portion.

"Such a young man's way beyond us," said Mrs. Clay again; "he ought to live near a college where he'd have professors to talk to."

"Mr. Dilley of the drug store thinks that, too," said Mrs. Brown. "He told me so last night. He said he took him because his mother's his cousin, but he says he's feeling surer every day that he ought to be somewhere else. Mr. Dilley says his ideas would be fine for a large city, but they're most too advanced for a small town. Mr. Dilley says you can't classify a drug store without a rolling step-ladder anyway."

"You've heard about the Kelly cat, I s'pose?" said Mrs. Grummel how he gave it ipiecac for catnip! The cat knew ipiecac from catnip even if the young man didn't, and she bounced out from under his arm, an' busted the big bottle full of green in the winder. He said she had a fit, an' he got a hair-oil bottle that they give you a nickel nose with for nothing an' put the ipecac in that an' got it down her, an' durin' the performance the cat came nigh swallowin' the nickel nose. Mrs. Kely says she wishes young Timmans was in Japhet; she says it don't seem like the cat's ever goin' to be herself again."

"I guess Mrs. Kelly's got more to trouble her than that cat," said Mrs. White, mysteriously. "I guess she's afraid young Timmans' 'll be given Bessie ipecac with a hair-oil bottle next!"

"I heard that, too," said Mrs. Clay. "Well, he's a nice young man and certainly mighty good-looking. I don't see why the Kelly's should object. I never heard Bessie Kelly was over bright."

"She certainly ain't provin' it now, if she is," said Mrs. Grummel with her dreadfully significant cough; "but then a superior young man must marry money or he can't stay superior long."

Of course poor Bessie Kelly married Rufus and she and her father undertook to support his superiority forevermore.

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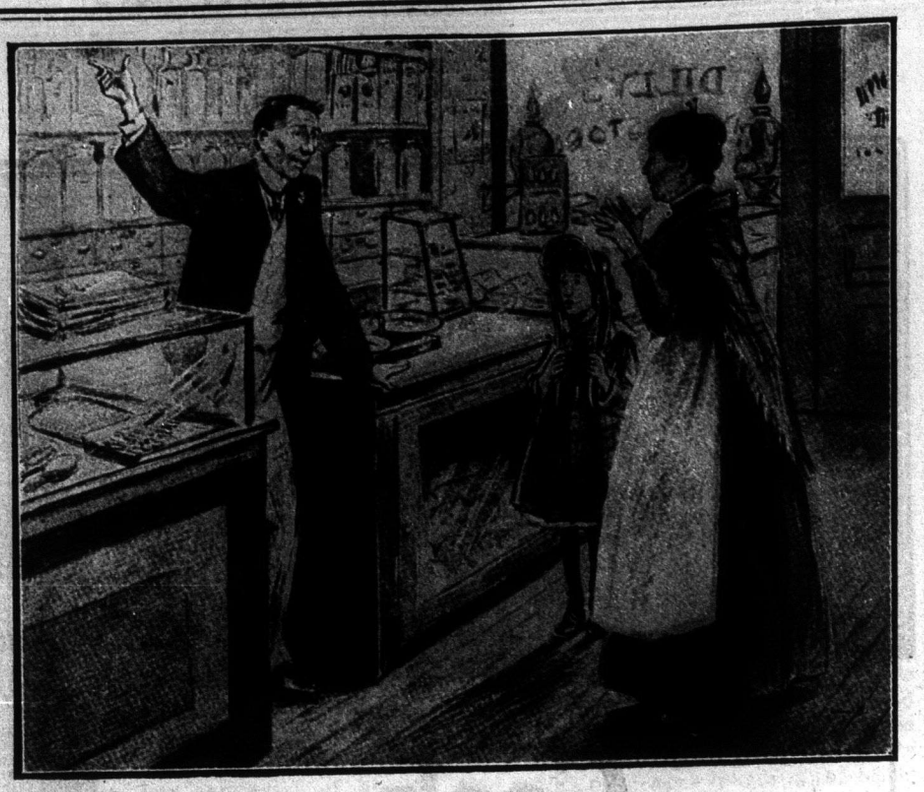
It is an old tale and a common one, but Hannah, the maid of the Timmans' establishment, saw it from her own sweet maidenly standpoint.

"I ain't got no sort o' use for that man up to our house," she said angrily to her friend Norah. "I like Mrs. T. an' I love them children like they was my own, but that man puts me beyond all patience. An' there seems to be a general coincidin' with his own opinion of hisself that makes me madder yet. Folks in general don't have to live with unborn geniuses like I do. 'f they did they wouldn't be viewin' 'em from no fancy standpoint, neither. Day in an' day out is a terrible lettin' in of light on dark spots, an' I ain't got no use for a man who's got the whole inside of the earth by heart an' can't earn his livin' on the outside of it. They say he's a superior understandin'. Well, all I'll remark to that is I wish't them as thinks his mind's so above the ordinary run o' minds had been in my place last Monday with a big wash an' no water. I reckon they'd 'a' come to a different view of superior understandin's then—that's all."

"Where was the water?" asked Norah.

"Where was it? Nowhere! That's where it was. Well dry with the drought, an' cistern dry with Mr. Timmans superior understandin'. I just was mad—good'n mad, too! I just walked right through the house 'n' into the parlor where he sot readin' up on



"He explained to me that you can only see it from China and Madygasgar."

why the Dead Sea's dead, and that made me madder yet—to see a able-bodied man readin' up on the Dead Sea right a-top of a empty cistern. 'n' I went right up to the front of him an' I says 's calm 's I could, 'Mr. Timmans, where's the water for the wash to come from?'

"You was so sure 't there was a rat drowned in the cistern,' I says, 'that nothing must do but you must clean it out,' I says. 'An' there wasn't no rat,' I says. 'An' it ain't rained since,' I says. 'An' how'm I to wash?' I says. An' then I waited to see what he could say, an' he jus' looked at me in a mild sort o' dazé—the way he always looks if you ask him anythin' ordinary an' everyday—an' finally he says, 'Can't you get some water out o' the pond?' he says. 'Out o' the pond!' I says high-keyed like (for you know what that pond is yourself, Norah Kinsley). 'Out o' that muddy, swampy, slimy marshy, cow-churned pond!' I says. 'Out o' that nasty, dirty, filthy, green pond!' I says. 'I can get it clean for you,' he says, a-openin' the Dead Sea again, 'jus' say when you want it,' he says, runnin' his eyes around after his place. 'Now!' I says, 'right now! That's when I want it,' I says.

"He looked at me an' saw I was solid, an' he sighed an' turned the leaf down in the Dead Sea an' got up out o' the rocker an' got Nathan, an' they went off. Well, I begun to wait, an' I never quit waitin' until I was nigh to bustin', I was that mad again. An' then, when it was high moon I couldn't stand it no longer, an' I sets off for the pond myself. I hoped an' prayed they was both drowned, all the way there, an' I hope the Lord 'll forgive me, but it is the gospel truth. But they wa'n't nothin' happened! The pond was there, an' both them superior minds was gone. An' what do you suppose I see, Norah, what do you suppose I see? I was like to fly when I realized the truth. There was two barrels a-standin' by the pond, an' one was empty an' one was full of that foul-smellin' swamp water, an' that high-falutin' know-it-all had hung a piece o' old carpet from one barrel over into the others so's it could suck up dirty water an' drip it off clean, an' if the sun didn't shine too hot maybe we'd have a pail o' clean water come Hallowe'en. An' my wash watin.'"

"Jus' like Mr. Timmans," commented Norah.

"Jus' like Mr. Timmans! I sh'd say it was jus' like Mr. Timmans. His superior mind liked to observe the theery, an' didn't care about the wash!"

When Rufus' two sons were big boys out knocking about in the world and almost ready to fight their own battles in their own way, his one and only daughter was born. Into her mother's lonely and shadowed life this sweet and bright-eyed little girl came as an unspeakable comfort and solace. Bessie Timmans stood in sad need of comfort and solace; it is not easy to be the wife of a very superior man and to bear the cross with silence everlasting and the same measure of patience.

The little daughter was very different from her brothers. Their lives had been out and away—hers was at home. She knew a great deal while she was yet small—when she was bigger she knew more.

"Ma," she said one day, looking up from her needle-work and startling her mother with the earnest question in her eyes, "we ought to be awfully proud of Pa, oughtn't we?"

"Yes, dear," her mother answered gently.

"Are we?"

"Why, Betty, what a question! Yes, of course."

"Why ought we to be proud of Pa? Did he ever do anything to be proud of? He never does anything now. I don't see why we're proud of him."

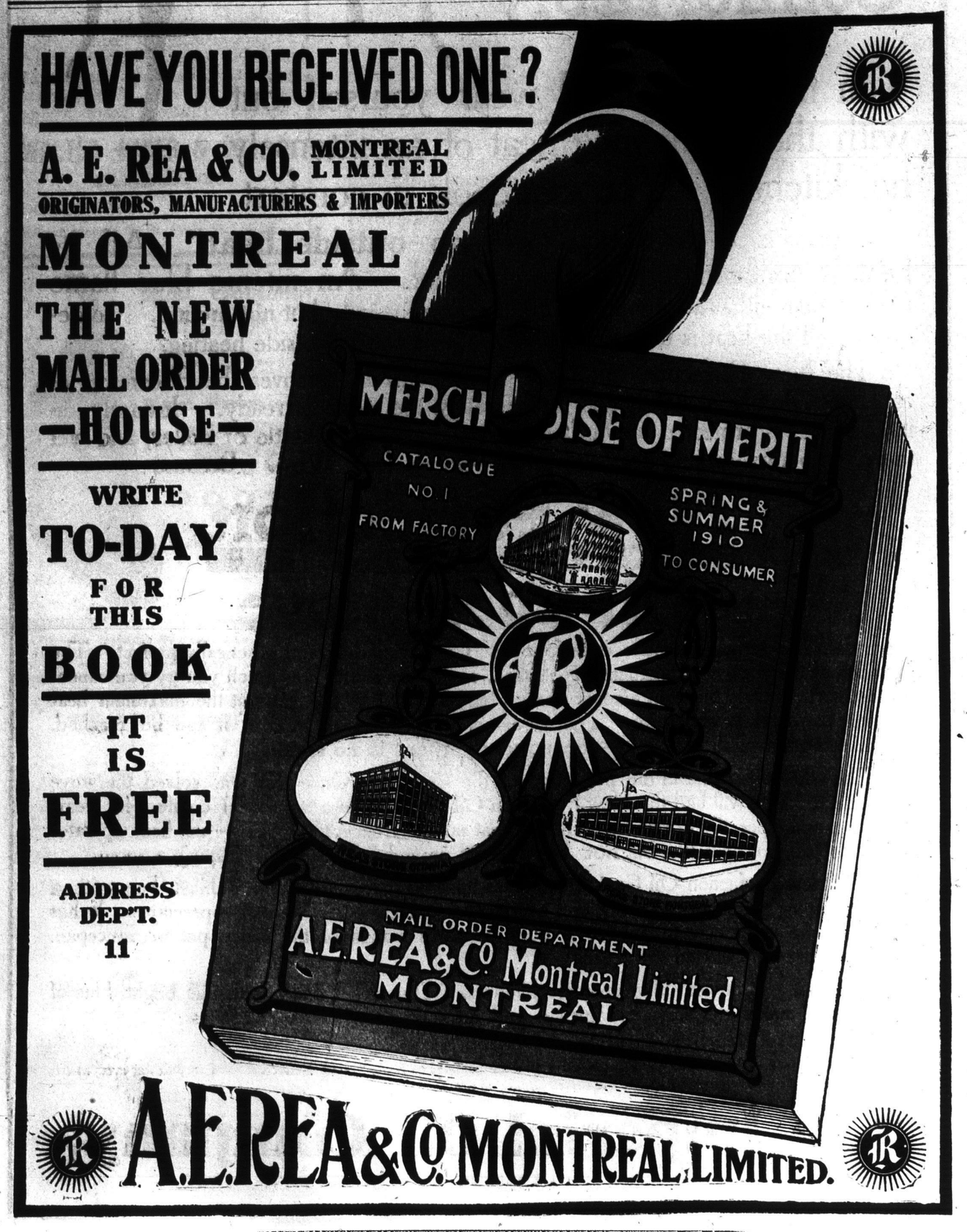
"Your father is a very superior man, Betty," said Mrs. Timmans, and sighed as she spoke.

"Why is he a superior man, Ma?"

"Dear me, Betty, what questions you ask! Your brothers never asked such questions."

"Is it because he's always reading or talking, Ma, instead of working like other men. Is it superior to read and talk instead of working?"

The mother did not answer.



"'Now!' I says, 'right now. That's the time when I want it.'"

The daughter reflected maturely. Then—

"I don't think that Pa's a superior man, Ma. I don't think that I admire him. I'm sure that I don't admire him. But I love you."

She threw her arms around her mother's neck as she spoke, and kissed her. The mother's eyes were wet with tears when the child released her from the embrace.

"It is a great pity," said the visiting physician to the country doctor, "that so exceptional a man as that old Mr. Timmans appears to be should have been condemned by circumstances (probably quite beyond his control) to live his life out in the byways and hedges, as he has so evidently been forced to do."

"Yes, a small community, such as this could never offer any adequate scope for a brain such as Rufus Timmans' to develop in," said the country doctor. With the exception of myself and some two or three others, he has been totally without mental companionship. His wife is of inferior calibre and utterly lacking in intellectual sympathy for him. In fact, I should not be surprised to discover that her feeling toward him partook more of an element of impatience than of the more fitting sentiment of admiration. You may perhaps have noticed what a lack of interest she betrayed the other night when he was discoursing on the subject of the trilobite in its relation to the Tertiary Strata."

"Yes, I recollect," said the visiting physician. "I felt a sadness at the moment because what he was saying was of profound value to the scientific student. He is one at whose feet many who are styled learned might sit and learn with profit. He should have gotten out into the big world some forty years ago; but perhaps circumstances of which we know nothing—possibly petty domestic prejudices—chained him here, and lost a genius to the world."

"I believe that you have guessed the truth," said the country doctor. "I know that this was Mrs. Timmans' maiden home and that her property is here. With the short-sightedness common to her sex she may have chained the eagle so that she herself might remain among her little circle of petty friendships. And the noble bird has worn his soul away in captivity, so to speak."

"Ah!" said the city physician wisely.

Epilogue.

The funeral was over. Rufus Timmans was dead and buried. His widow sat quietly by her window, and Betty—a grow up and maried Betty now—sat

"The noble bird has worn his soul away in captivity, so to speak."

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at her knee and held her baby, Betty, close while she hushed her to sleep.

"I'm going to take you away when I go, Ma," the daughter said presently.

Mrs. Timmans turned her face from the window.

"You can come back whenever you want to," Betty continued.

"I never shall want to come back," said the widow.

"Never, Ma?" Betty looked surprised,

"Never, dear," her mother answered firmly.

There was a pause and the baby Betty nestled closer and shut her eyes and drew a long breath. Betty rose softly and carried her to the bed and laid her gently down and covered her with the little shawl that was folded ready.

When she returned to her mother her eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"You understand, don't you, dear?" the mother said after a while.

"Yes, Ma, I understand."

They clasped hands.

"Oh, Betty," the widow cried, suddenly, "I know it's wicked, and I ought not to say so even to you—but—but I'll be so glad to finish my life anywhere—anywhere—where I'll never have to hear again what a very superior man your father was!"

The Capitulation of Suzanne.

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

"THE very first Christmas since our engagement," she said softly.

"The very last Christmas before our wedding," he added with the masculine propensity for grasping at future happiness instead of loving the good present moment, woman-wise.

"It's the happiest Christmas I've ever had." She was smiling at him with frank sweet admission in the brown eyes that knew so well the teasing tricks of coquetry, and even a mere man realized how good a moment this one was. Conversation languished and such disconnected snatches of it as survived were rational and intelligible only to lovers' ears.

"It will make you happier to have the day with me here in the country than it would to be in the gayest place in the world, won't it?" the girl asked.

Gordon's answer was eminently satisfactory but is not a matter of record.

"Wasn't your mother a brick to open Hillcrest for holiday week!" he added later. "Awful nuisance for her, I suppose, but Christmas isn't really Christmas in town. Just look at this beautiful world."

"Heavenly," assented the girl, drawing a deep breath of the crisp, tingling air.

They stood on the top of the knoll at the edge of a wood, and looked off over the rolling, snow-covered meadow land to the purple hills piled range upon range to where the last far line struck clear against the pale morning sky. At their left, the timber-line trailed in desultory fashion down to a small lake whose waters slept beneath a covering of ice glinting in wind-swept patches or heaped high with soft swirls of snow.

Gordon's arm slipped round the girl's slim waist, with an ease that indicated habit.

"One can breathe and be glad here," he said with content written large on his strong face. "New York isn't roomy enough for my happiness, sweetheart. I'm so glad to get out to the woods and fields and hills with it. Isn't that Filkins?"

The swoop from sentiment to everyday question of fact was abrupt. So was the movement which left presented to the view of the apologetic Filkins an erect and indifferent young woman gazing idly at the lake, and, at some distance, a stolid young man whose attention was concentrated upon the sky-line of the everlasting hills. Filkins's little cough was deprecatory in the extreme.

"Beg pardon, sir. It's a telegram, if you please. Comin' so early, sir, we thought it might be somethin' particular, and Ellen the cook she said she seen you and Miss Suzanne goin' for a walk awhile ago. There wasn't none of the family up yet, so I made bold to see if I could find you, sir." Gordon held out his hand for the despatch.

"Yes, I see. Thank you, Filkins. Very good of you. You needn't wait." The servant melted away in well-trained fashion, and the indifferent young woman wrenched her attention from the lake and moved a step nearer her companion in nature-study.

"What is it?" she asked, with a touch of alarm. "I loath telegrams. They always frighten me. There's a pricking in my thumbs that says the horrid thing is going to spoil something. Do read it, Billy."

"From the office, I suppose," Gordon said tranquilly as he tore the envelope open. Then as he read, his face took on an expression of the liveliest interest.

"By Jove," he muttered. "Old Carrington! Well, by Jove."

His sweetheart gave his arm a little shake.

"What is it, Billy? Tell me what it is this minute."

For an instant he did not answer, did not even seem to have heard her, and she resented it hotly. Suzanne Herrick was not used to having to speak twice to men, certainly not to this chief of her slaves.

"Billy Gordon!"

The man came back to her, but there was a smile around his lips and a light in his eyes that did not belong to her, and her resentment quickened to jealousy of the tenderness in which she had no share.

"It's Carrington," said the man with a ring of genuine gladness in his voice.

"So you said—also 'By Jove'—but what has Carrington done? Why did he telegraph to you?"

Gordon was reading the telegram again, still with that warm, eager look on his face.

"You remember about Carrington?" he said at last.

"Yes, the man you were with out West?"

"The finest fellow on God's earth."

Suzanne felt a swift but firm conviction that she should dislike Mr. Carrington if they should meet.

"He did everything for me, you know, when I was a tenderfoot in Wyoming. Nobody knows half I owe him. I'd have been bowled over if it hadn't been for Carrington. He had been over from England for five years and he knew the country—and the boys knew him. There wasn't any fooling with Duke. His name's Jim, but they called him the Duke out there because he was so blamed fastidious and proud in some ways. He was a pardner in a million and I had the luck to get him. Heaven knows why. I wasn't half good enough for the friendship he gave me, but he made a man of me, the Duke did. I haven't seen him in ten years and he has written only once or twice."

The girl's face was a profitable study but Gordon's was absorbed in his theme.

"But why did he telegraph?" she repeated impatiently.

The man came out of his reminiscent trance, and his face lengthened.

"Why—" he began lamely.

"What does he want?" she insisted.

"It's too bad, sweetheart. It's a confounded shame. Now isn't it the devil's own luck?"

There was a little frown of apprehension between the girl's brown eyes.

"What?" Her voice had a crisp curtness foreign to it, and the embarrassment in Gordon's face deepened.

"Well, you see—" He made a brave start but stopped. She waited. "You

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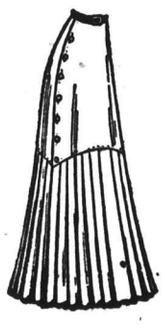

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see, Carrington's cousin over in England has passed in his checks and the old chap has come into a pot of money."

"Yes." She was still waiting, noncommittally.

"They've had some trouble finding him. He had word only a day or two ago and he has to get over to England on the run, so he sails tomorrow morning early."

"Yes?" The frown had disappeared. The charming face was suspiciously smooth and expressionless. She saw vaguely what was coming.

"He won't be coming back in years, maybe not at all, and he wants to see me." Gordon halted and looked propitiatingly at the very calm and dignified young woman. She made no remark.

"You see the telegram went to New York. He didn't know."

"You are thinking of spending Christmas in New York?"

It was a most polite inquiry, painfully, elaborately polite and formal.

Gordon gasped.

"No, dear, of course not. I couldn't lose all our Christmas, but I can't fail my old pardner, you know. You see he's coming East on that Chicago express. I could catch him by wire on the train and get him to stop over a train or two at Albany. Then I could run down on that nine-thirty and spend the time with him and get back here at six-thirty. I'd hate horribly to give up the time with yon, dear, but we've had this beautiful morning and we'll have all the evening after six-thirty. You can see how it is, can't you?"

The winter landscape took on a tropical aspect compared with the iciness of the diminutive young person at Gordon's side. It is your small woman who can freeze most solidly.

The big man looked down at her, helpless, adoring, apologetic, pleading, but she did not lift her eyes to meet his, and he, reasoning by masculine logic, could not understand. History holds no revelations for the lover. He is ever too busy making history himself to profit by the blazed trail his fellow lovers have left behind them. It was unreasonable of the small woman to feel so about his being away for a few hours, he thought. She ought to understand one's obligations to an old chum. That she could be jealous of the man who was his friend never even remotely occurred to him.

"Why, Carrington saved my life when I had the fever," he said tentatively.

The fact only added to her grudge against Carrington. Nobody had a right to do such a big thing for Billy. He belonged to her. She wanted to be his past as well as his present and future, but a man could not be expected to appreciate all that, and Gordon blundered on futilely.

"I really owe it to him before he goes, dearest. An old friendship like that means such a lot to a fellow. There's nothing like it, and I'd be away only for a few hours."

"Naturally the time doesn't seem long to you."

"Why, sweetheart, I hate it worse than you can. I'm awfully sorry it happens this way, but——"

"You'd rather make me unhappy than disappoint him."

There was a treacherous wobble in her voice which she tried vainly to suppress.

The man looked bigger, more helpless than ever. When one's sweetheart won't have one's arm around her and won't be kissed and won't understand, what is a poor fellow to do?

"I wouldn't make you unhappy for anything in the world, little girl, but you see, Carrington——"

"I hate him," flashed Suzanne.

Gordon stared at her in blank surprise.

"Why, you never even met him," he began, but she interrupted him.

"I don't care. I simply loathe and despise him and I'm sure he had a perfectly horrid influence over you. He hasn't any right to you. It's our Christmas and I've just counted on it and counted on it."

"Well, so have I," murmured Gordon, but the Unreasonable One swept on.

If you loved me you would'nt let anything take you away from me. You wouldn't make me miserable for any man even if you did like him a long time ago." The wobble was momentarily growing more pronounced, and though the pretty head was still haughty in its pose, the long lashes were wet and the stubborn little chin did not match the trembling lips. Suzanne unhappy was overwhelming. Gordon tried once more to take her in his arms, but the praiseworthy effort was not crowned by success.

"It's the first Christmas of our engagement and we'll be married—at least we were going to be married before next Christmas. If you cared at all you wouldn't even have considered going away to meet any one."

She was crying now and Gordon's heart melted within him, but a memory of Duke Carrington's face and a voice with loyal friendship tingling through it, kept him from surrendering incontinently.

"Don't, dear heart. Don't cry," he begged. "There is no one in the world for me except you—but——"

"But," she echoed, "you care more about Mr. Carrington's happiness than about mine."

With a sudden change of tactics, she leaned toward him, taking a coat lapel in each hand.

"You won't go, Billy?" she begged, the anger gone from her face, her voice coaxing sweet. Billy, dear, you wouldn't be so horrid to me; you'll stay, won't you?" Her face was very near his, her eyes were full of love-light, her lips were ripe for kissing.

For a moment, Gordon's conscience sank into profound coma. How could a fellow refuse anything Suzanne Herrick asked in such fashion?—and as the question filtered through his brain it brought a flash of revelation. A fellow couldn't. He had never refused her anything, however unreasonable. He had always given in to her every whim, had never been able to say no when she coaxed or cried. It had been the same with all her family, all her friends. She had been a tyrant—a lovable one, but from her will there had been no appeal. A long line of unconditional surrenders came to his memory, and the innate sturdiness of the man's nature rose in revolt. It was right that her will should be his—to a certain point, but to marry a woman to whom one had never said no, and to try the effect of no afterward or sink to a spineless status in one's own family—the man's face flushed. Carrington had a claim upon him—the claim of the brotherhood of men. He had been such a friend as only a man can be. He had helped him in a thousand ways, had staked him, nursed him, fought for him, shared roof and food with him, kept him on his feet when the world went wrong—and all with the laugh and the jest that are the man's shield for sentiment. Something stirred deep in Gordon's heart and surged up to his throat. He gulped it down, but the urge of it brought a glow to his eyes, a firmness to his lips. To some men God sends a friend. There are few gifts worthier.

The man's gray eyes met the coaxing brown ones, and in her heart, with a startled amazement, Suzanne recognized impending defeat.

"Billy," she pleaded.

His eyes were very tender but he shook his head.

"No, little girl, I've got to go. It wouldn't be the square thing to stay."

"Billy!" It was an incredulous protest this time.

"Try to understand it, sweetheart."

The rank mutiny left her speechless for a moment. He was actually refusing to do what she wanted him to do. The world was upside down, her throne was tottering under her. She lapsed into frank feminine unreason.

"Billy Gordon, you shan't go. I won't budge from this log until you promise me you'll stay.

She sat down squarely upon a log and hurled defiance at the six feet of sheepish but determined manhood before her.

"Come, dear," he said in cajoling

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accents. "Everybody'll be down to breakfast."

She shook a stubborn and absurdly charming head.

"I won't budge. No, you needn't laugh, I'm quite serious. I'll not move from this log until you promise."

Gordon put his hands in his pockets of his storm coat and looked down at her reflectively. She was so little, so dear, so exasperating, so defiant.

"You'll catch cold."

She ignored the remark.

He tried the masterful.

"Come, Suzanne, this is all nonsense. Breakfast is ready and they'll be waiting for us."

She burrowed in the snow with the toe of one small boot and gave no sign that she heard him.

A resolve formed itself in Gordon's puzzled brain. He smiled cheerfully.

"You'll miss the presents. There's a small mountain of them at your place. I looked into the dining-room as I came out."

A flicker of interest dawned in her eyes but was promptly extinguished.

"You'd really better come."

He was buttoning his coat in leisurely fashion. The wretch was actually going to leave her.

"Of course, if you've made up your mind to stay here, there's no use urging," he said with cheerful calmness, "but it's very silly. You'd much better come."

She cast a look of utter scorn at him.

"I hate to leave you, but I'm pretty cold and horribly hungry. I suppose you'd rather have my room than my company anyway."

"I certainly would," said the stiffy dignified small woman on the log.

"Yes, that's what I thought." He was imperturbably good-natured.

"I'm sorry I can't promise you what you want, but I'd be no sort of a man if I did. It wouldn't be white, and there are some things a man can't afford to do even for the woman who is all the world to him. I shouldn't be fit to love the dearest girl in the world, if I could go back on a chum who had done for me what Carrington did. I wish you'd come, dear."

She turned her back upon him.

"I'll bring your presents out to you, if you'd care to have me do it. It's a shame for you not to see them, and if you are going to stay here indefinitely—" His voice was quite grave, but the eyes that surveyed the eloquent back twinkled. Masculine common sense appreciated the humor in a situation that might nevertheless have most unfortunate results. Gordon's face softened as he looked. If she should carry her unreason so far as to throw him over—he squared his shoulders. Well, if she did that, she was not the girl with whom he had fallen in love. There was nothing for it but to do the decent thing with the man and take the consequences.

"I shall worry about you," he said quite simply, and turned away.

Suzanne heard his feet crunching through the snow. He was really going. She kept her face resolutely turned toward the lake for a few moments, then shot a swift glance over her shoulder. Gordon's broad back was disappearing in the wood-path leading to the house. Surely he would come back. She settled herself upon the log and waited. No one came.

A half-hour crept by, while she stared out across the wintry landscape and hated it. Her feet were cold and she knocked them together to warm them. Then she held her fur coat sleeve first over one ear and then over the other. She rather thought her ears were freezing and worse still, she knew that her nose was getting redder and redder, and her cheeks bluer and bluer. If he should come back and find her with a red nose and blue cheeks! She looked furtively toward the wood-path, but no one was in sight. Perhaps he wouldn't come at all. Her heart gave an apprehensive throb at the thought, but she reassured herself. Of course he'd come. Billy couldn't stay away. It would be very hard to forgive him for having gone at all, but if he was very sorry and very abject, perhaps—but she wouldn't relent easily. It was abominable of him, and she was so cold and hungry, and there were no end of Christmas packages waiting for her. She rather wished she hadn't made the rash vow about not leaving that silly log, but it hadn't even occurred to her that Billy could be so stubborn. And then after she had said she wouldn't go until he had given in, of course she couldn't break her word. She'd never be able to do anything with him afterward if she should do that. It was all that miserable Carrington man's fault. He had absolutely spoiled her Christmas. She had started out for the early morning walk so radiantly happy, and here she was, wet and cold and starving and miserable. Probably she'd have pneumonia and she rather hoped she would. Perhaps Billy would realize then that she meant everything to him. The doleful image stirred her to such self-pity that two tears trickled down her cheeks, half freezing in transit.

She hadn't supposed Billy could be so cruel to her. He had always seemed so tender and gentle and loving. It was like him to be loyal to his friend, though. There wasn't anything sneaking about Billy. He was so big and honest and straightforward. The piquant little face, blue with cold, softened as she thought of the frank genuineness of the man. Of course this Carrington had been a good friend. What was it Billy had said? The man had saved his life—had saved Billy's life for her. Well, after all there might be something good about him. She didn't really hate him if he had saved Billy for her. Maybe it would be better for Billy to go and meet him, just to prove they weren't ungrateful. Yes, she believed she'd tell him to go—but that would be after he had begged her forgiveness and promised to do whatever she wanted. Then she would show him she could be generous and would send him off to his friend.

Some one was coming along the path, some one tall and broad-shouldered. attention to the landscape, until the The girl's heart leaped for joy. It must just as she had expected. There was nothing chastened and contrite about his aspect, rather a cheerful unconcern.

"Do you know not a soul has come downstairs yet?" he said blithely. "Filkins wanted me to go ahead with my breakfast, but I didn't think that was the proper thing on Christmas morning. It occurred to me that I'd bring my present out to you since you weren't coming in. There are thirty-eight packages at your plate. I counted them."

He took from his pocket a small white parcel and held it toward the rigid little figure on the log. Suzanne did not move a finger toward it.

"I don't care to receive a present from you," she said with withering emphasis.

Gordon smiled genially.

"Oh, well, if you won't take it no one will have it. Throw it away, if you choose."

He laid the package on the log near her.

"I'll go back and see if the family has put in an appearance. You won't come, I suppose?"

She didn't answer.

Once more he walked away. Once more she gazed after him in incredulous amazement, amazement that gradually gave place to blank dismay. He hadn't apologized, he hadn't begged, he hadn't promised, he hadn't given her any chance to relent, to forgive him, to magnanimously send him to his friend. He hadn't done a thing except give her that stupid present. Her glance fell upon the little white package and, for a moment, her attention was diverted. It wasn't very big and yet it wasn't very small either. There didn't seem to be any mark on it to indicate where it had been bought. She put out a small cold finger and turned the package over. No, not a sign of a mark. What in the world could it be in a box that size? She couldn't think of anything he'd be likely to give her that would be that shape. He had never given her presents and one couldn't trust a man's taste. Anybody who could treat her as Billy had, would be equal to giving her a manicure set. Probably it was a manicure set. Well, never mind, she wouldn't keep it anyway. Of course she wouldn't. Her thoughts went back to her ridiculous situation and her face flushed hotly despite the zero weather. Was there ever such an absurd position—to be spending Christmas on a log in the snow, with no breakfast, no presents, no—lover. Her breath caught in a half-sob. She couldn't sit there forever, and yet she had vowed and she couldn't give in to the creature. Probably some of the family would look her up in time, but meanwhile her feet and nose would freeze, and anyway what a fool she'd look, sitting there on a log waiting for somebody to come and make her go home. A vision of the situation as seen through the unsentimental eyes of the family rose clearly before her, and to her surprise and mortification she saw herself cutting a sorry figure. Father and mother and Bob would all think she was an idiot. Their common-sense point of view gradually claimed place in her mind, and the flush upon her cheeks grew hotter, more crimson. If only she hadn't been so positive—or if she had known that Billy could be so independent! She could see him standing there looking down at her, big and stubborn and manly—and in the right. That was the worst of it—in the right. She had a trick of being honest with herself when forced to see clearly, this self-willed, capricious, unreasonable little woman. It was one of her charms that if she came around at all she came around squarely like a man, not in a half-hearted, grudging fashion.

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The package shone white against the dark surface of the log. Even in the midst of her mortification and self-abasement she fell to wondering about it once more. After all, there could be no harm in loking at his present, though of course she couldn't keep it. She picked it up, laid it down, picked it up again, untied the string, opened the box, and settled back upon the log with a rapturous, long-drawn "Ah!" An oriental-looking necklet and pendant of pink and white pearls and wonderfully wrought gold gleamed softly against a background of dull-white velvet, and the steely light of the winter's day suffered a wonderful change in the lustrous depths, was transmuted to the glowing, delicate radiance of an Eastern dawn, exquisite as the face bent over the jewels. The pendant was large, odd of shape.

"I wonder," murmured Suzanne, turning it over in her hand—"It looks—" and, then, as she caught sight of a tiny spring hidden in the gold tracery—"It is a locket." She pressed the spring, the back of the pendant swung aside, and an honest, manly face in miniature looked out at the girl, a face with kind, brave eyes, and a mouth gentle for all its firmness.

"Billy!"

For a moment she met the look of the frank smiling eyes, then with a soft little coo of tenderness, she caught up the locket and kissed it.

"To think that he might have died of fever before I ever had a chance to know him," she said, with a warm little thrill in her voice. "That Carrington man's a perfect dear!"

Holding box and trinket tightly she abandoned the log and went scudding through the woods, down to the barn, in at the kitchen door, and up to her own room, unobserved. Ten minutes later, the Herrick family and William Trevor Gordon, seated at the breakfast table, beheld a vision with shining eyes and smiling lips coming down the stairs and through the open doorway from the hall.

"A Merry Christmas," she called gaily. "We were too hungry to wait, dear. You must have slept soundly this morning," said her mother, but Billy Gordon said never a word. She was so hard to understand, his lady of many moods.

Smiling, debonair, ignoring absolutely any previous encounter with him, she nodded a good morning at him across the table and turned to the pile of presents before her.

"Such heaps," she said exultantly, as she picked up a small package wrapped in slightly rumpled white paper and opened it.

"Billy," she gasped in ecstatic surprise, "Billy, you cherub!" Then leaning straight forward over the open box she smiled straight into his eyes.

"The rest can wait until I come back," she said. "It's nine o'clock now, and I'm going to drive you to your train."

A Lucky Bag.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

It is rumored that the engagement between the Duke of D'Ooley and Miss Jane Silver, of New York, has been suddenly terminated by the clandestine marriage of his lordship and Miss Phyllis Brent, of the Oddity Theatre. It is stated that the happy pair are on their way to England.

Later.

We are informed that Colonel Jason Silver, the father of the injured lady, booked his passage to England a few hours later.

"It seems to me, Clara," remarked Marmaduke Dooley, as he folded up the paper, "that there's a bit of trouble in store for that young feller."

Miss Clara Brookshank drew herself up and sidled a few inches along the sofa.

"It's only what me own father would do for me if you was to play the goat and leave me in the lurch."

"Ah! there's no fear of that, Clara."

"I hope not, Duke, but ain't you noticed the similarity atween your names—the Duke of D'Ooley an' Marmaduke Dooley?"

"I have heard it said as me family comes of a ancient stock, an' me forefathers used to put the little twiddley-bit after the D."

"Ah! supposing you was really one of the D'Ooley family, I suppose you wouldn't look at poor Clara Brookshank, daughter of a common pork butcher?"

"Well, as to that, yer know, the circumstances would be different, an' if I was really a duke, of course yer know, I'd have to marry in me proper station."

"Oh, you would, would you? If you was a duke you'd place me below a common chorus-girl of the Oddity Theatre."

"Of course, I can't help thinking that the Duke has made a mistake."

"Oh, you can't, eh! And I can't help thinking that I've made a mistake, either. Here's we, going to be married in a month's time, and you calmly comes and tells me that you've lost your situation and then begins to brag about your ancestors having a twiddley-bit in their name."

"You surely don't expect me to stand being insulted by the shop-walker, do you?"

"I only know that you've insulted me by placing me lower than a chorus-girl, and—and—here's your ring—and—and I don't want ever to see you again."

"Oh, come now, Clara."

"I mean what I say, I don't want ever to see you again; and if you don't go at once I'll call father and tell him how you have insulted me."

"Oh, as to that, you know—"

"Will you go?"

"I ain't one as intrudes meself where me company ain't acceptable, and if you really means it—"

"I do mean it."

"'Then I takes me honour, an' I takes me leave.'"

With this quotation from a favorite author Mr. Marmaduke Dooley drew himself up, and bowing with all the dignity at his command, fumbled his way through the hall, and wandered forlornly away from the Brooksbank mansion.

Life was not running smoothly with Marmaduke. The drapery establishment from whose coffers he had been drawing two pounds a week and "perks," or, as his fellow-salesmen termed them, "spiffs," had that day decided that they would not be running any financial risk if they dispensed with his services; and consequently Marmaduke found himself presented with his week's salary and what is euphemistically known as "the grand order of the boot."

Added to this it must be said that the daughter of a pork butcher is a very expensive luxury to keep company with, and having spent a rather extravagant evening with Clara at a West-end restaurant Marmaduke was conscious that the three shillings and fourpence rattling in his pocket would be somewhat inadequate to discharge

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his landlady's bill, which, with arrears, amounted to nineteen shillings and threepence.

A review of his position on the following morning gave him such little consolation that he arrived at the obvious conclusion that something must be done.

A careful survey of his wardrobe afforded him the satisfaction that sundry articles of summer attire, together with a pair of patent leather boots and a metal watch, might, with his persuasive powers, produce at least eighteen shillings, should he be able to make up his mind to part with them for a short period.

With this idea in view, he carefully packed his treasured garments in a piece of brown paper, and after a vain search for a piece of string, he crept cautiously to the head of the stairs and called to his landlady.

"Mrs. Evans!"

"Well?"

"Can you oblige me with a piece of string?"

"Can you oblige me with that nineteen an' thruppence you owe me?"

"Not a tosser of it."

"Then I ain't got no string."

With this ultimatum Marmaduke Dooley retired hurt, and with his previous conviction that something must be done fully confirmed.

"She's cut off me gas, taken away me easy chair, an' stuffed up me fireplace with an orange-box. Human flesh an' human blood can stand no more when she refuses me a piece of string. I will add Clara's ring to the sacrifice, and then shake the dust of this place off me feet forever."

Fortified with the idea that his contemplated transaction would result in at least forty-five shillings, Marmaduke sallied forth with the untied brown-paper parcel under his arm. The optimistic propositions of man, however, do not always materialize; and Dooley realized this truth when the pawnbroker, with all the arrogance of an Oriental potentate, contemptuously cut the wings of his soaring expectations by making a firm and final offer of thirty shillings.

Fully realizing the fact that when a certain notorious gentlemen, whose name is not mentioned in polite circles, was holding the reins it was futile to kick against the traces, Marmaduke concluded the transaction, and was just about to leave the shop when his eyes fell upon an old kit-bag exposed for sale.

There was nothing attractive about the bag except that it was covered with labels of Continental towns and hotels, and the price of 3s. 6d. testified as to its battered condition; but what interested Marmaduke was the name "D'Ooley" engraved upon it in faded gilt letters.

The strange circumstance of the bag being in the pawnshop, combined with Marmaduke's own visit, formed a concatenation of events not to be lightly disregarded; so, after a firm offer of two shillings and sixpence, and further increased by threepence more, he walked away, the proud possessor of what he was convinced was a relic of that ducal ancestor who spelt his name with a "twiddley-bit."

Late in the afternoon, after an acrimonious discussion with his landlady, in which he gave her what he termed "the rough end of his tongue," Marmaduke, filled with a wild longing to escape from the neighborhood of Clapham and his late disappointments, packed all his belongings in the precious kit-bag and made his way to the Junction.

Having purchased a ticket for Waterloo, he arrived on the platform just as a train was steaming out. Making a wild dash, he wrenched open a carriage door and found himself in a vacant and sumptuously-appointed first class saloon, the windws of which were labelled "Special."

The train stopped for a few minutes at Vauxhall, and Marmaduke made up his mind that he would have to pay first-class fare, but the sanctity of the saloon was not invaded by the ticket-collectors, and when finally the train steamed into Waterloo he sei: l his bag and hurriedly jumped out.

He was about to move away when his passage was barred by a goregeously-liveried coachman, who touched his hat and seized the precious bag.

Her Grace sent me to meet the train, in case you didn't get her telegram at Clapham."

"Her Grace! Telegram at Clapham!"

"Yes, my lord; he has arrived and is staying at the same hotel."

"Who has arrived?"

"I do not know, sir, but her Grace said you would understand, and, in case you did not receive the telegram, would you enter the hotel by the side entrance as he is waiting about in the vestibule."

"Who do you take me for?"

"The Duke of D'Ooley, sir."

"Ah! An' how did you know me?"

The man pointed to the name on the bag.

"Ah! An' what am I to do now?"

"The carriage is waiting, my lord, and her Grace is impatient for your arrival."

The spirit of adventure, long dormant in the breast of the little draper's assistant, now suddenly sprang into life. He had been taken for the famous D'Ooley, who spelt his name with a twiddley-bit; there seemed to be a female in distress and a monster in the vestibule. With head erect and his fate in his hands, he suffered himself to be led to the waiting carriage, and was rapidly driven to the Hotel de Luxe.

At the side entrance the manager was awaiting him, and received him with all homage.

"Her Grace wishes me to conduct you to her suite by the private staircase."

With all the courage at his command Dooley followed.

"The Duke has arrived, your grace."

As the manager closed the door and quietly withdrew, the figure of a beautiful woman rose from the couch.

"Marmaduke!"

She held out her arms towards him, and then suddenly drew back.

"Why, what is this? You are not Marmaduke!"

"Pardon me, ma'am, but I am; me card."

She took the proffered pasteboard whereon was engraved, "Marmaduke Dooley."

"But why are you here? You are not my husband, the Duke of D'Ooley."

"No, ma'am; I am but a humble and distant relation of the noble family, and when I arrived at Waterloo from Clapham Junction your man mistook me for the Duke because of the name on me bag, an' hearing that you was in some kind of trouble I hurried on here to lay me services at your feet."

"Ah, then my husband must have got my telegram at Clapham Junction and left the train, as I implored him."

"Very likely, ma'am; an' anything I can do for you—"

"Ah, would you? I have an idea. Will you help me?"

"With the last drop of me heart's blood," answered Dooley, dramatically.

"Then listen. I was married in New York last week to the Duke."

"Ah! Then you were Miss Phyllis Brent, of the Oddity Theatre; I saw it in the paper last night."

"That is true Now before the Duke met me it was rumored that he was engaged to another lady, but although it was announced in the papers there was no actual engagement, and when this lady's father heard of our marriage he followed us.

"Ah! Then Colonel Jason Silver is the monster waiting in the vestibule?"

"Then you know! He is a brutal, bloodthirsty man, and I fear that he may harm my husband."

"And what can I do, madam?"

"Dare you dress in a suit of my husband's evening clothes and dine with me?"

"And what then?"

"I will give out that you are my husband, and when Colonel Silver sees you

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he will find that he has made a mistake, and that I have married Marmaduke Dooley, and the rumour that I am the Duchess is a mere newspaper fabrication. Will you do it?"

"Ma'am, I will do anything for you."

"Good. I will send the Duke's valet to you, and while you are dressing I will give instructions that my title is to be dropped, and I am now plain Mrs. Marmaduke Dooley."

Half an hour later Marmaduke Dooley, gorgeously arrayed in dress suit, diamond stud, and patent leather pumps, found himself seated in a secluded corner of the dining-room vis-a-vise with the most radiantly beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"You are proving yourself a true friend in doing this for me," murmured the Duchess.

"Ma'am, all the obligation is on my side, and I am truly grateful to be allowed the privilege of doing you such slight service."

"My husband went early this morning to his country estate to make arrangements for our reception, and in the meantime this awful Colonel Silver took rooms here. He saw me, but he made no sign of recognition. He simply took up a position in the vestibule which he has occupied ever since, and I know from the way his coat-pocket is bulging that he is carrying a revolver. Are you afraid?"

Marmaduke, under the influence of the good food, his third glass of champagne, and the memory of his successful skirmish with his erstwhile landlady, was inclined to be somewhat truculent.

"Let him only come near me, ma'am, an' I'll—I'll give him the rough end of my tongue."

"I am glad you are not afraid, for here he comes."

Before Marmaduke could turn round a strong hand gripped him by the shoulder and swung him like a tee-to-tum.

"And so, my lord Duke, I have tracked you at last! Halloa! What's this? You are not the Duke D'Ooley?"

"You are a most rough and impertinent fellow, sir, and I demand the meaning of this outrage!"

"I was told that this lady was dining with her husband, and as I have travelled across the Atlantic to find him I demand to know who you are."

"Me card," murmured Dooley, as he handed the irate Colonel the requested information. "Marmaduke Dooley Esquire; known to me intimate friends as 'Duke.'"

"But, madam, what trick is this? It was announced in the public Press that you had married the Duke of Dooley, the man who played fast and loose with my daughter's affections."

"And do you believe all you read in the papers, Colonel?"

"Do you mean that I have been made a fool of? Where is the Duke now?"

"My dear Colonel, as far as I am concerned I haven't got the faintest idea."

"Then I— Halloa! what's this?"

A waiter approached, bearing a salver upon which was a cablegram. The Colonel read it and crumpled it up in his hand.

"Madam—and you, too, sir—I am very sorry I disturbed your meal; please accept my apologies. I have just received news that my daughter has eloped with a foreign nobleman, and I must return to New York at once."

As the fiery Colonel, with battle in his eye, abruptly left them, the Duchess breathed a sigh of relief, and stretching her hand across the table she grasped Marmaduke's.

"Thank you, my friend; now we can enjoy our meal in peace."

Marmaduke was nothing loath and fell to again, but the good time he felt he was having was doomed to a further interruption.

He was just pouring out his fourth glass of wine when he was again seized and swung round to find himself confronted by the burly form of "Basher" Brooksbank, the father of his late fiancee.

"So this is where you are, is it? This is why you deserted my Clara and left her crying her eyes out. Now, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"

As Dooley only seemed to be able to stare at the pork butcher with his mouth gaping like a dying codfish, the Duchess came to the conclusion that it was her turn to render help.

"And who may you be, that dares to interrupt our meal so rudely?"

"Me name is Brooksbank, and when I got home last night me daughter Clar was crying her eyes out because this feller had given her up. I have the honour of supplying this hotel with prime dairy-fed pork, and when I came here tonight for orders I hears from the chef that Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Dooley is staying here, and as I don't allow any jumped-up draper's assistant to play pranks with my daughter's affections I come up to demand an explanation, he being engaged to her, and all the while he's married to you."

"I beg your pardor married to whom?"

In the heat of the conversation no one noticed the presence of a fourth person, but when he spoke the Duchess rose joyfully.

"Oh, Marmaduke! You're here at last, and he's gone—he's gone!"

"So I have heard, dear. I got your telegram at Clapham Junction, and left the train as you requested, though I would much rather have been here. But I don't quite understand this scene."

The Duchess invited them all to sit down while she made the necessary explanations, and in a few minutes Brooksbank and Dooley were shaking hands.

"And now, Mr. Dooley," remarked the Duke, "whether you are a relation of mine or not I cannot say, but as you so generously assisted my wife in her dilemma this evening you must allow me to do something for you. Mr. Brooksbank, will you allow me to buy a partnership in your business, and name your own price?"

"Aye, me lord, and right glad to have him, provided he marries my Clara. So Duke, me boy, change them togs and come home with me."

In a few minutes Marmaduke Dooley was saying goodbye to the Duke and Duchess.

"Halloa, that's one of my old bags you've got. I gave it away some years ago."

"I am very glad you did, me lord, because I purchased it today for two and ninepence, and although I could not afford the money I can only say that it has proved a lucky bag."

English Photo Goods.

Among the many lines of manufacture in which Great Britain seems to excel might be mentioned Photo Goods, and the demand for the English article is perhaps more active to-day than at any other time. Among the firms doing business throughout the Dominion may be mentioned the Wellington people, whose photo goods, plates, papers and films have won first place in the regard of the Canadian people, who are now noted for their interest in the camera. This firm's goods can be found anywhere from coast to coast. That the quality is everything to be desired is proved by the ever increasing sales. Among the patrons of Wellington goods may be mentioned the Federal Government who use them in many departments, and particularly in connection with scientific work. The new Wellington film placed on the Canadian market is made especially for this country and is claimed to be the film most suited to Canadian conditions. The Wellington printing paper is guaranteed to keep fresh for a longer time than any other paper on the market for the same purpose. Should any person be unable to get Wellington materials in his local store, a postal to 13 St. John Street, Montreal, will receive immediate attention and a descriptive booklet will also be mailed.

Should Hide Their Heads.

Unscrupulous agents pretend that complicated cream separators can be washed by "sousing 40 to 60 disks as one piece." The April 13th issue of a leading dairy and creamery paper contains statements from prominent creamerymen who condemn "sousing." The following extracts from these statements should make unscrupulous agents hide their heads:

"Wash machines every time they are used and not use the 'sousing' method advised by agents of complicated machines—this method being very injurious to cream." David W. Hodges.

"I have seen cheap separators it was an impossibility to clean. The greatest trouble is caused by misrepresentation, regarding work necessary to keep machine clean, by agents whose sole purpose is a sale." Glen Overton.

"A dirty and unsanitary farm separator is the start of bacteria it is hard to overcome." J. M. Taff.

"It has been demonstrated by tests that it does not pay to have the separator partly clogged with filth." L. C. Shepard.

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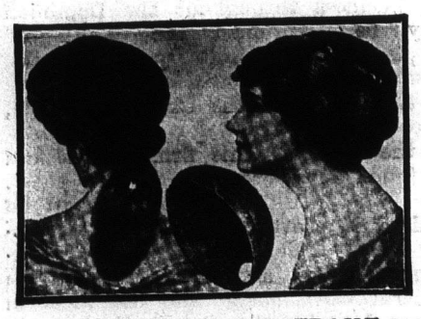

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Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible, and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Problem in Behavior.

Mrs. Long and Mrs. Short find themselves alone together in a second-class carriage of an express train running from London to Newcastle. Mrs. Long opens the window. Mrs. Short says, "Excuse me, but I must tell you I am subject to asthma, and an open window always gives me cold." Mrs. Long herself always feels faint in a close carriage, and it would be exceedingly awkward to faint in such circumstances, as the train does not stop for hours. What should Mrs. Long do?

The Solution of the April Problem.

The April problem was as follows:

One day, in conversation with my friend, Mrs. Ruby, I thoughtlessly passed a remark about Mrs. Pacoe to the effect that she was one of the loveliest characters I knew, but that she seemed to be pretty fond of displaying her powers as a conversationlist, especially before men. Two weeks later in a drawing room where both ladies were present Mrs. Ruby in a joking manner accused me of saying about Mrs. Pacoe that she was fond of gadding about with the men. I denied that I said this, but Mrs. Ruby said: "Don't deny it, now; you know you said it, and you know we all have our failings." What should I have done under the circumstances?

The prize is awarded for the following answer:

The lady should have replied in a pleasant but firm manner:—

"Excuse me, Mrs. Ruby, you have both misunderstood and misinterpreted my remark. I meant no disrespect to Mrs. Pacoe. On the contrary, I wished to express my appreciation of her entertaining conversation, although, I remarked, she appeared at her best when conversing with the opposite sex. —Amy C. Gray, Deloraine, Man.

1. A Question of Title.

Is it correct to say Mrs. Ellen Smith, M.D.?—No! the prefix is omitted when the suffix is employed.

2. A Case of Nervousness.

How can I overcome nervousness in company? I am very shy.—Think of what you are saying and not of yourself and your method of speaking. Express your opinion if you have any, and if you feel that you have nothing worth saying on any subject keep quiet. A new subject will arise shortly. Above all, do not take things too seriously. Look interested when others are talking and smile. You will be forgiven if you say but little.

3. An Explanation Wanted.

A reader sends the following. Will some one mathematically inclined give an explanation.

Place three balls in a row along the cushion, touching each other. Place another ball alongside this cushion, say, eight inches from this row. Hit this lightly and smoothly so that it strikes the row. It will come to rest at once on striking the nearest ball. The nearest ball and the next one to it will also remain stationary. But the third ball will start off from the bunch at precisely the speed of the ball one has struck, and it will quietly move off to the exact distance from the row that you had placed the ball which you struck. The balls will then be in a position exactly the reverse of the one at which you started. The ball you struck with your cue will be the third ball in the row, and the last ball in the original row will be at rest just eight inches away from them.

If you had placed two balls eight inches from your row of three and hit them with your cue so that they struck the row of three, then two would leave the row of three and retire to the eight inch position occupied by your two cue balls. It thus appears that the billiard ball is smart enough "to come in out of the rain." It can count and add and subtract and evinces a truer instinct for angles and velocities than do the players who knock it about the table.

4. A Question of Etiquette.

A young woman has asked me to call. Is this the custom in what is called our best society, or should she have waited for me to ask permission to call upon her?

The young woman shows her knowledge of the habits of good society by taking the initiative. It is a woman's prerogative to choose whom among her acquaintances she desires to admit to the rank of friends. When it lies with the man to make the request to call, a woman is placed in a most embarrassing position if she is not willing to make him welcome at her home.

5. Wanted a Seaport Residence.

Name a good sea port in the North-East of the West where one might do business. The winters here are too severe. — Try Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. It is doubtful if the Eastern Cities would have a climate to suit.

6. The Sex of Eggs.

In a recent issue the question was asked as to the sex of eggs. Mr. J. M. Reed, of Lendham, Reading, England, gives the following reply:

You will probably know that the air vessel in some eggs is at the extreme top and in others slightly to one side. The egg with the air vessel at the top is male and with the air vessel to one side is female. I never tested this but believe his word to be absolutely beyond doubt. Trusting this may be of of interest to you.—Yours truly, J. M. Reed.

7. A Critic Available.

A correspondent whose name has been mislaid wishes a critic for her poetry. We have the names of two persons willing to act in that capacity.

8. A Word of Appreciation.

On one other occasion I have started a letter to your most valuable paper, but other things came up and so the letter was never finished, but after reading the March number I could not, and do my duty, let any more time elapse without writing and telling you how much I appreciate it .I believe your paper to be just such a one as was needed, to broaden the minds of our Canadian people to the great all important questions of the day, and trust much good may be done thereby. Education, I believe to be the beginning of all good and the Western Home Monthly is certainly educative in a high degree. Some will maintain that there are many good people who are not educated, and I grant it, but those are not the rule but rather the exception, and how much better and nobler those same people would have been had their minds been broadened by education. Statistics go to show that the great percentage of crime at the present time is committed by the ignorant.

Keeping this thought before us we should heartily welcome any force which comes into our lives for the

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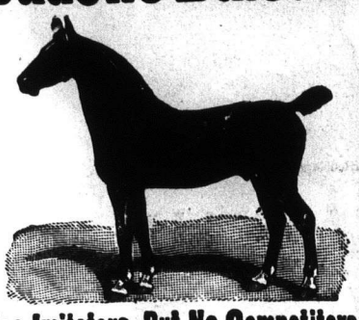

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betterment and uplifting of humanity, and give it our full support.

I was very much impressed by Grace Hopewell's letter in the March number. For my part I consider it a direct insult to the single women of Canada that the Government allows, nay, invites foreigners of any caste whatever to take up its fertile lands, while we Canadian born women are debarred from that privilege. The sections of your March number entitled, "The Dower and the Franchise," I found highly interesting, also your Temperance page. I am a firm believer in Total Abstinence. It is revolting to me to think of people being idiotic enough to drink anything which will make them lower than the beasts. I often think when I see a drunken man, that if he could only see how ludicrous and disgusting he really is, I am sure in many cases he would never drink again. There are many other things I would like to write but as this is my first attempt at writing to your paper I'll not make my letter too long.

Wishing your paper every success, I remain, yours sincerely.

"Christy Ann."

The Holy Grail.

Kindly give information with regard to The Holy Grail, Lohengrin, Parzival. —W. C. Chatham.

Lohengrin—"Knight of the Swan," son of Parzival. He came to Brabante in a ship drawn by a swan; and, having liberated the Duchess Elsen who was a captive, he married her, but declined to reveal his name. Not long after this, he went against the Huns and Saracens, performed marvels of bravery and returned to Germany covered with glory. Elsen, being laughed at by her friends for not knowing the name of her husband, resolved to ask him of his family, but no sooner had she done so than the white swan swan reappeared and carried him a way.

Parzival—The hero of a metrical romance, by Wolfram von Eschenbach (twelfth century). Parzival was brought up by a widowed mother in solitude, but when grown to manhood, two wandering knights persuaded him to go to the court of King Arthur. His mother, hoping to deter him, consented to his going, if he would wear the dress of a common jester. This he did, but soon achieved such noble deeds that Arthur made him a knight of the Round Table. Sir Parzival went in quest of the holy grail, which was kept in a magnificant castle called Graalburg, in Spain, built by a royal priest Titureel. He reached the castle, but, having neglected certain conditions, was shut out, and, on his return to court the priestess of Graalburg insisted on his being expelled from the court and degraded from knighthood. Parzival then led a new life of abstinence and self-abnegation, and a wise hermit became his instructor. At length he reached such a state of purity and sanctity that the priestess of Graalburg declared him worthy to become lord of the castle, having been "made perfect from suffering" (Rev. vii. 14; . . . This, of course, is an allegory of a Christian giving up everything in order to be admitted a priest and king in the city of God, and becoming a fool in order to learn true wisdom.

Sangraal.—Sancgreal, etc., generally said to be the holy plate from which Christ ate at the Last Supper, brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea. Whatever it was, it appeared to King Arthur and his 150 knights of the Round Table, but suddenly vanished, and all the knights vowed they would go in quest thereof. Only three, Sir Bors, Sir Percivale, and Sir Galahad, found it, and only Sir Galahad touched it, but he soon died, and was borne by angels up into heaven. The sangraal of Arthurian romance is "the dish" containing Christ transubstantiated by the sacrament of the Mass, and made visible to the bodily eye of man. This will appear quite obvious to the reader by the following extracts:

"Then anon they heard crackling and crying of thunder. . . In the midst of the blast entered a sunbeam more clear by seven times than the day, and all were alighted by the grace of the Holy Ghost. . . Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grale covered with white samite, but there was none that could see it, nor who bare it, but the whole hall was full filled with good odours, and every knight had such meat and drink as he best loved in the world, and when the Holy Grale had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, and they wist not where it became."

"Then looked they and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Christ, and he said, . . . "This is the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-Thursday, and now hast thou seen it . . . . yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras . . . therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this holy vessel, for this night it shall depart from the realm of Lorgis . . . and take with thee . . . Sir Percivale and Sir Bors."—

So departed Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale and Sir Bors with him. And so they rode three days, and came to a river, and found a ship . . . and when on board, they found in the midst the table of silver and the Sangreal covered with white samite. . . Then Sir Galahad laid him down and slept . . . and when he woke . . . he saw the city of Sarras (ch. 103). . . At the year's end . . . he saw before him the holy vessel, and a man kneeling upon his knees in the likeness of the bishop, which had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Christ Himself . . . and when he came to the sakering of the Mass, and had done, anon he called Sir Galahad, and said unto him, "Come forth, . . . and thou shalt see that which thou hast much desired to see" . . and he beheld spiritual things. (ch. 104).—Sir T. Malory: History of Prince Arthur, iii. 55, 101, 104, (1470).

A Moving Train.

Is it true that all parts of a rapidly moving train do not go forward at the same rate?—C. H. Charlottetown.

This is another problem of the revolving wheel which was discussed in a previous number. It is true that though the whole train may be moving forward at the rate of sixty miles an hour the lower part of the wheels may momentarily be moving backward at a fair rate of speed.

This proposition may be demonstrated by any one with the aid of a bicycle. Push its front wheel up against a house wall. Make a chalk mark on the lowest part of the wheel and on the ground beneath it. Back the machine a little from the wall, and when the wheel shall have moved an inch the marked spot will not appear to have moved at all. As the machine is slowly backed farther the first visible movement of the bottom of the wheel is upward from the ground, while it is impossible to see that the marked spot has backed from the wall to the smallest extent.

This means that all wheels, travelling at any speed, have a part—the part in immediate contact with the ground —which has no movement at all.

But the wheel of a railway car has a flange, a portion which juts down below the wheel's point of contact on the rail. That point of contact then becomes a centre; the whole wheel passes forward above it, while the flange beneath it passes under it, going backward. That is the part of the wheel that travels in the contrary direction. And by a simple mathematical formula its rate of speed is calculable at about one-sixth of the speed of the axle of the wheel, which represents the forward rate of travel. So that on every express train proceeding at the rate of sixty miles an hour toward New York there's a portion that is travelling toward Chicago its humble ten.

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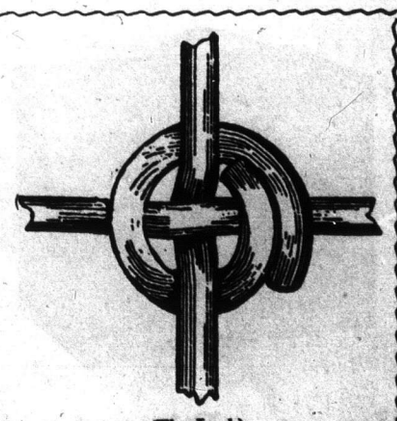
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It is rifled with the care and precision that has made the name Stevens famous the world over.

It shoots straight and it hits hard.

There is no Repeater at the price that has the work and finish which is put into the Number 70.

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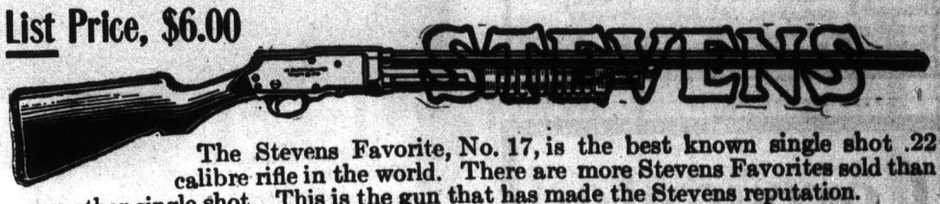

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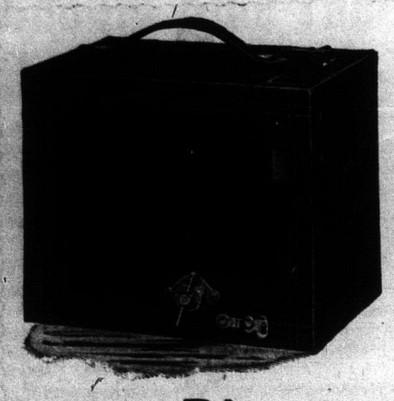

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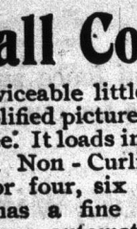

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Nature Study and School Gardening.

By M. Hall-Jones, Inspector of Schools, East Central Division.

That ninety-five per cent. of the population of our country is to be found engaged in what may be termed industrial work is a very fair statement. Five per cent. only, then, are engaged in what may be called the professional occupations. Of this ninety-five per cent. in the industrial class, the greater part is engaged in farming, that industry on which the strength of the country depends and if the boys and girls of the farm are the most valuable asset the farmer has—more important than all the number one hard wheat raised by him—why is it that for so long a time practically nothing has been done to fit these boys and girls specially for their life work? If the rural communities are not to be depleted and the cities and towns overcrowded with a population living from hand to mouth, something ere long will have to be done to make life in the rural communities more enjoyable, more sociable, more homelike and the education of its members more in line with their environments.

Departments of Education are wrestling with this stupendous task at the present time and nature study was introduced into the public school programme not long since. School gardening is now being added, and elementary science, with a view to elementary agriculture, is also being attempted in the intermediate schools to a limited extent. Agriculture as a study for high schools is not a difficult task, but for the grades of the elementary school it is, and just how to deal with it intelligently in these schools is the great question, and in the elementary school it must be undertaken, for the vast majority of our population leaves school before the high school is reached.

Nature study is the possibility of agriculture as a subject for study in the grades, and the school garden will provide the field from which many of the most valuable lessons in nature may be obtained. Where other sources are not available the school garden will prove a valuable adjunct.

In any phase of educational work, the first question which presents itself is: ""What is the effect of the exercise or study upon the pupil?" Those who have had most experience in the school garden movement are emphatic in their statements regarding the educational value of this work. In addition to its possibilities as a preliminary to the study of agriculture in the grades, it is claimed that quick discrimination is one of the pronounced qualities resulting from it. Skill with the hands is necessarily an outcome. The handling of small seeds and of various tools naturally develops skill and agility. Systematic methods also follow from the natural order in which the operations conducted in the garden must be taken up. This not only develops a very important faculty but at the same time teaches the young mind a logical sequence based upon the natural order of things. Industry is not an unimportant result coming from school garden work. The idea of ownership, and the rights of ownership which come from the possession of a garden, induce the pupil to exercise his ability to make his possession as good as, or even better, than that of his neighbor and at the same time there is inculcated in the youthful mind respect for the property rights of others and a lack of that tendency sometimes found in children to injure the property of others. Business experience is an important result of harvesting and accounting for the products which are grown.

As before noted, school gardening not only develops system but it furnishes a basis of very valuable knowledge, if the operations connected with the crops are properly conducted. If the requirements of the different crops in regard to preparation of soil, depth of planting, date of planting, progress of growth and manner of harvesting and cultivation are all carefully observed, the young mind has indelibly fixed upon it impressions which will be retained throughout life. The cultivation and management of these crops in future years will be looked upon as a sort of instinct, the time and manner of acquiring this knowledge having perhaps long been forgotten. The skill and ability resulting from the use of various implements connected with the cultivation of crops are of no mean significance.

In connection with these operations, the teacher can illustrate the good and evil effects of certain methods of cultivation, of working soil when in good and bad condition with the consequent effects upon growing crops; can demonstrate the value of deep and shallow tillage, togther with the importance of maintaining a loose mulch for the conservation of moisture. In fact, the school garden should be looked upon as a laboratory in which the different steps in the life of the plant are to be illustrated and demonstrated. The nature of the soil, the importance of fertilization and the conditions essential to germination, as well as the conditions conducive to growth, can all be

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Winner in Government Competition; School Gardening.

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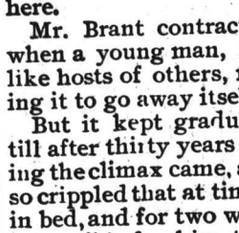

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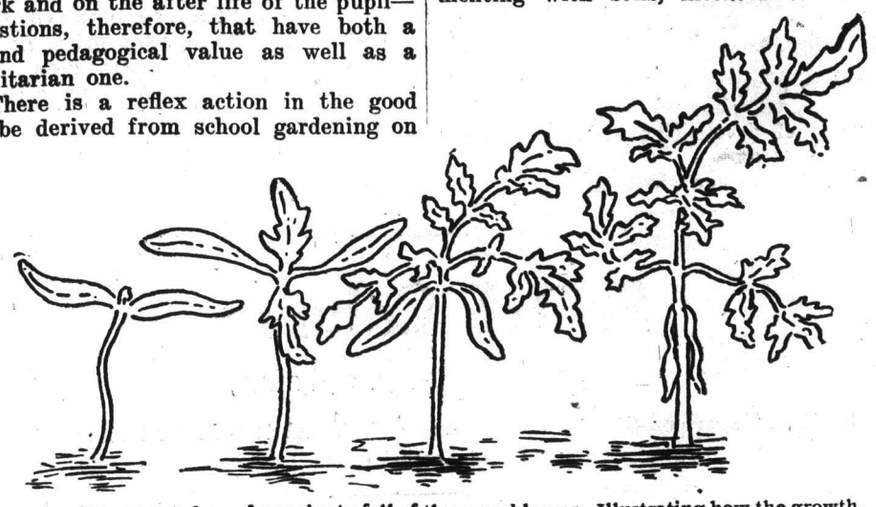
illustrated in a logical and impressive manner in the school garden.

One of the most valuable features in connection with school gardening should not be lost sight of, namely, the subject matter it affords in composition, arithmetic and drawing. To get the most good from gardening operations, accurate and systematic records must be made and kept and lessons that are learned described in composition exercises. At every turn also, questions, and valuable ones at that, will crop up in arithmetic—questions that have an important bearing on the school class work and on the after life of the pupil—questions, therefore, that have both a sound pedagogical value as well as a utilitarian one.

There is a reflex action in the good to be derived from school gardening on



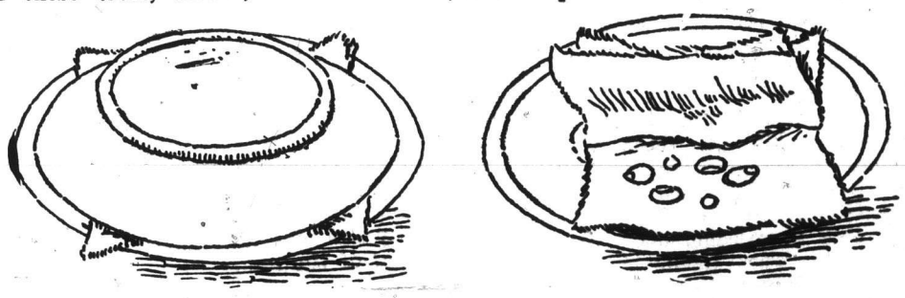
Story of the Cotyledons, from rise to fall of these seed leaves. Illustrating how the growth of seedlings may be made use of in the drawing class.

the general class work of the school. In Dayton, Ohio, where school gardens have been conducted for six or seven years, boys taking gardening make thirty per cent. more rapid progress in their studies than those without gardening. This is according to a statement of the superintendent of schools in that city.

The vegetable garden will serve an admirable purpose in teaching many valuable lessons, and as a further incentive the products may be sold and the pupils will see the work of their hands rewarded in a monetary way.

The flower garden, also, may be used to teac.. as useful lessons and will in addition be a thing of beauty and a joy as well. Supplementary reading along the line of nature study will also be in line and prove of much interest to the pupil who thus may study methods of culture, etc.

Not the least valuable part of nature study will be that in connection with our native trees, shrubs, vines and wild flowers. To be the better able to study these it will be well to have as many of these trees, shrubs, vines and wild



Sheets of blotting paper or cotton batting kept moist between two plates. Testing the germination of seeds. Drawings should be made every 48 hours. The percentage of good seeds may be found out in this manner.

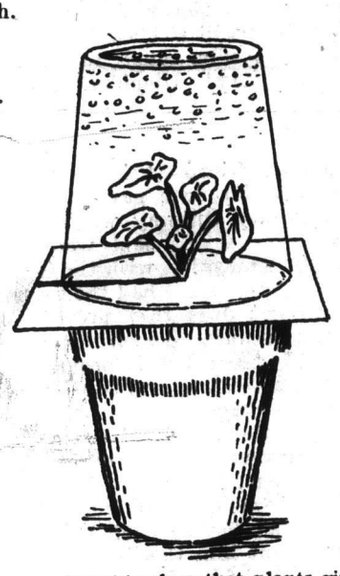
flowers of the neighborhood as possible planted on the school ground. Important practical lessons will thus be learned in the planting, not to say anything about the lessons learned in the habits of these as they are being searched for on the prairie or in the bluff. Then in addition to supplying material for nature study there is the additional value obtained from the ornamentation they afford to the school grounds and thus daily and silently teaching the pupils a love for the beautiful.

From the school garden and the school grounds then, chiefly, and from occasional trips across the prairie and to the bush, pupils will come to recognize the various trees, shrubs, vines, wild flowers, weeds, insects, soils, etc., of their part of the country.

Collections may be made to include wild flowers, pressed, dried and mounted; noxious weeds and seeds; grasses; specimens of woods; leaves; fruits; grains in seed and in straw. To accompany these collections drawings might be made of trees, flowers, plants, seeds, etc.

Cuttings grafts and budding may find a place in the more progressive and well graded rural schools.

In the school garden two distinct classes of work may be done or rather perhaps the object to be secured may be two-fold: (1) The growing of vegetables, flowers, etc., for the purpose of learning methods of cultivation, observing germination, development, etc. (2) Growing these for the purpose of experimenting with soils, methods of treatment, selection of seeds, effects of different soils and different conditions on growth.

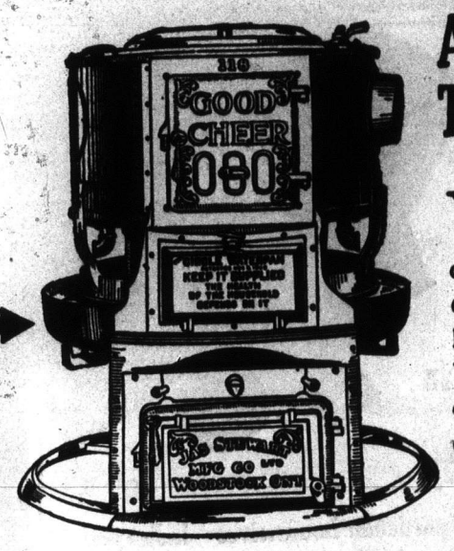


An experiment to show that plants give off moisture.

In school gardening it is not advisable to attempt too much. The best plan is to make the work a pleasure and not a burden to the pupils and if necessary, in order to accomplish this object, to do the gardening operations as a part of the regular work of the school and during school hours, and not leave them to be done after four o'clock when the pupils are tired with their day's class work and are also anxious to reach their homes where awaits them their daily round of chores.

It will not be long before the average pupils will take a delight in the school garden and consider the work among their most pleasant recreations.

After all has been said and done, the success or failure of a school garden depends on the teacher as does all kinds of school work, and in this department of school work, as well as in the various other departments, it always pays best in the long run, if a school board has a satisfactory teacher, to retain her even at a higher salary than it is cus-



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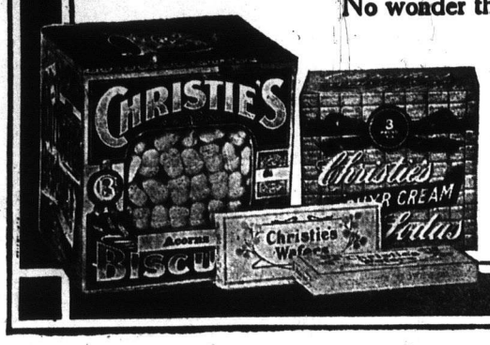
for every taste, and they all taste delicious."

Note the quotation marks, madam!

Thousands of Canada's particular housewives—ladies you would be proud to know—make that statement every day. A million Canadians eat Christie Biscuits every day. What's the reason?

The best wheat of the best wheat lands on earth, rolled into flour in the best Canadian mills—these flours sifted, blended and tested in the Christie scientific way—that is the foundation of Christie Biscuit excellence.

But—that's not all, madam! Every ingredient entering our bakes must be of the HIGH STANDARD QUALITY YOU INSIST ON for your own table—nothing less would sustain Christie reputation. QUALITY and PURITY—these are the first considerations in the Christie factory—the biggest, brightest and cleanest in all Canada.



No wonder they call Christie Biscuits "The Purest of all Pure Foods."

Christie, Brown & Company
Limited

tomary to give rather than to experiment with a new and untried teacher.

An example of how school gardening may be correlated to the ordinary work of the school room is here given from the many lessons in an admirable work on school gardening by Weed & Emerson.

Potato.

Record of Growth.

(1) Date of planting. Name of variety
(2) Date of coming up.
(3) Date of spraying.
(4) Date of blossoming.
(5) Date of harvest; amount of yield from largest tubers.

Drawings.

(1) A piece of tuber like those planted, showing number of eyes.
(2) Well-developed potato leaf.
(3) Blossoms.
(4) An average sized tuber.
(5) Dig up the plant carefully and deeply and make a sketch or diagram showing the relation of tubers to roots and leaf parts.

The Story.

Write an account of your experience in growing potatoes, telling how to plant and cultivate them, what enemies you found to harm the vines, how often you sprayed them and how large a yield you obtained.

Arithmetic.

At the rate the potatoes yielded, how many bushels would be obtained from an acre? At the market price, at the time you harvested your crop, how much would the potatoes from such an acre bring? Measure the ground planted and estimate how many bushels per acre you planted and figure out the net profits of the crop.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by Rev. W. Wye Smith,

Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary and Translator of New Testament in "Braid Scots," etc.

When auld wives' clishmaclavers
  Play shinty wi' yer name,
And scart a wee yer actions
  Wi' gossip's fine-teethed kame—
Ne'er fash yer thoom wi' havers,
  Sic things will a' blaw by—
Just keep a calm sough, neebor,
  And say "Ay! Umph'm! Ay!"

"Slippery Things!"

A Gaelic friend (I know nothing of Gaelic myself) once gave me a list of about twenty Ojibway words, which he said were identical with the Gaelic, and had the same meaning. "What does that prove?" I said. "That you are descended from the Indians?" "No; but it proves that the Ojibway, as well as the Gaelic, is a very ancient language."

Now, Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, though he was an Aberdeen man and not a Highlander, had perfected himself in Gaelic and was quite an authority on the subject, and having met him in Edinburgh, I sent him the list of words. In a letter I had from him shortly after, he thus referred to the Ojibway list: "I have looked over the list you sent me, but I am not prepared to swear by it. Etymologies are very slippery things, especially in the hands of a half-trained Highlander." and my Highland friend, I thought, was not so tickled over the Professor's letter as I was. Thinking over it afterwards, I came to the conclusion that probably all these words were names of things which the Indians in the North had learned from the Gaelic agents of the Hudson Bay Company. To my own knowledge, one word is thus derived: The Gaelic "uisquaebaigh" (whisky) is used in the shape of "squebaigh" by all the Ojibways, to signify both the drink and the drunkenness that comes from it. And so, probably, with all these other words—names of things the Indians knew nothing about, till these men brought both the thing and the name.

The Prisoner.

Oh she that has my heart in thrall,
  Is free on braes of Yarrow.
While I gaze on the vacant wall
  That bounds my dungeon narrow.
The tyrant gives my sword to slaves,
  My name to shame and sorrow;
But this brave heart he cannot buy
  Is ever free on Yarrow.

I know that Spring is in the land;
  The corn is greenly growing;
I feel the breath of zephyrs bland
  Upon my temples blowing;
I know her flowers are budding fair,
  Afar from all this sorrow—
They bloom in Freedom's blessed air,
  Upon the banks of Yarrow.

Oh softly breathe, ye fragrant winds,
  Around that mansion olden;
And shine, thou sun, with sweetest beams,
  Make all her pathway golden.
And come, thou Hope, from 'mong the stars—
  Speak of some blessed morrow,
When I shall burst these prison bars,
  And rove with her on Yarrow.

William Wye Smith.

It has been remarked, how often it is that some Scottish bard is remembered in the public by some one piece—all the others forgotten. For instance, Henry Scott Riddell (a somewhat prolific writer) by "Scotland Yet" and Michael Bruce, who wrote, according to his mother's assertion, many "Godly Songs"—by "The Cuckoo." It is often credited, but wrongly, to John Logan; and "The Surfaceman," Alexander Anderson, will always be in memory with his "Cuddle Doon." William Julius Mickle lives alone in "Nae Luck aboot the Hoose." James Hislop will always live in the Cameronian's Dream—"In a dream of the night I was wafted away." Rev. J. E. Rankin, of Washington, will have all his other lyrics forgotten, but will adways be remembered for "God be with you till we meet again." Oliver Goldsmith's poetry is known to scholars; but the public know him as the author of "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and Miss Clephane, though she wrote a number of pieces, was unknown till after her death, and will now be remembered evermore, by "There were ninety and nine that safely lay; In the shelter of the fold."

In Our Ain Tongue.

On March 9th, 1543, the Scots Parliament passed an Act "That it shall be lawful for all men to read the Bible and Testament in the mother tongue." A grand beginning of religious liberty.

Tired.

A learned but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered, "Na, na, I'm no tired;" to which he added, however, with much pawkie humor, "but man, hoo tired the folk are whiles?"

Grand Preaching.

For some years before the "Disruption" 1843, there had been a great deal of strong and sometimes bitter denouncing of wrong on the part of the Government and the aristocracy. But one Sunday, in the West of Scotland, a minister gave a very long and vigorous sermon on points of doctrine and in

which practical principles of religion were quite overlooked. "Man, John," said one hearer to another, on leaving, "was na yon preaching? Yon's something for a body to bring awa with them! Nine heids, and twenty particulars to ilka heid—and sic mouthfu's o' grand words. O man, it was fine! If ane could just mind onything he said, John, it wad do us gude!"

'Tis sair to dream of them we love,
That waking we sal never see;
Yet oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me.
—Robert Gilfillan.

A Mistake.

About 1750, Glasgow was on the Clyde, an old-fashioned, somewhat isolated place, with little facilities for sea-commerce. It was proposed to make Dumbarton their port. But the Dumbarton folk would not listen to it. The dirt and the noise of shipping! And besides, would it not raise the price of provisions? And so Glasgow had to fall back on her own resources.

There were near twenty-five and a half million gallons of spirits consumed in Britain in 1909. After all, however, it is near six millions less than the year before.

When the Kye comes Hame.

The cows in Scotland are full of fanciful performances this spring. One in Aberdeenshire dropped a calf with two heads and three ears. Another in one of the Western Counties produced a calf with practically two bodies. These monstrosities, as a general rule, never continue living.

Burns' Birthday

Burns' Birthday, 25th January, was publicly celebrated for the first time this year in Paris, France, by the Scotsmen there. It will probably be kept up.

Sunday Papers.

Only a few years ago, two of the leading dailies in London got out Sunday editions. These were looked upon favorably in some quarters and hotly criticised in others; and after a little time discontinued. Scotland has no Sunday papers.

Oh, we hae wandered far and wide
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell;
And mony a simple flower we've pu'ed
And twined it wi' the heather-bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house, and the Baron's ha',
Now we maun tak a last farewell—
Gude night! and joy be wi' you a'.
—Lady Nairne.

Ye canna pit an auld heid on young shoulders.

There's nae wool sae coorse but it'll tak some color.

"If you dinna think me fit" replied Andrew, in a huff, "to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages, and my board wages, and I'se gae back tae Glasgow—there's sma' sorrow at oor pairting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart."
—Rob Roy.

Look before ye loup, and ye'll ken better hoo to light.

Pit yer arm oot nae farther than ye can draw it easily back again.

Ne'er lippen ower muckle till a new freend, or an auld enemy.

Bachelor's wives and auld maids' bairns are aye weel-bred.

He that has a gude crap can thole some thistles.

Like draws aye to like, like an auld horse to a feil dyke.

I'll say naething, but I'll yerk at the thinking.

Everything has an end, and a pudding has twa.

PAROID ROOFING

David Harum knew the horse business, but even David himself could never have sold you a horse on his mere say-so. You'd want to see the horse—want positive evidence of his "good points" before you'd pass over a dollar. Good horse-sense too!

Why not use common-sense and caution when it comes to buying roofing? A roof costs money. It takes time and money to apply it whether it is good, bad or indifferent. And a bad or indifferent roof will cost you a lot of money in the long run. You want **wear** when you want roofing. Wear is told by **actual duration**—not fanciful claims and slyly-worded guarantees. That's exactly why you should insist on **Paroid Roofing.**

More than likely your dealer can show you a Paroid Roof, or tell you where you can see one. Send us your name and address and we'll tell you where you can see a Paroid Roof if your dealer can't show you one.

Paroid Roofing is one of the famous **Neponset Products.** The "Little Girl" Trade Mark is your protection—a guarantee of quality and durability. We will replace any Neponset Product or refund your money if it proves defective in manufacture. Look for the "Little Girl" Trade Mark.

OUR OFFER

When you see Paroid on your roof—if it is not satisfactory tell us and we will send you a cheque for the cost of the roofing and the cost of applying it. If any Bird Neponset Product ever proves defective in manufacture we will replace it. If a broader guarantee than this could be made we would make it.

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

N.B.—Write to our Building Council Department for free information concerning any building problem you may have to solve. Give full particulars and state exact dimensions. Write for samples of Neponset Products and we will give you name and address of your nearest dealer.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 511 Lottridge Street Established in U.S. 1795 **HAMILTON, ONT.**

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There Is Every Advantage In Early Buying of Twine

Of course it is too early yet to give entire sway to our optimistic assurance of an enormous wheat yield this year; but it is not too early to estimate what twine you are going to need, basing calculations on last year's yield and your extra acreage this year.

Placing your orders now entails no responsibility, and ensures your safety.

Price Per 100 lbs.

	Winnipeg	Brandon	Regina	Saskatoon	Calgary	Edmonton
Golden Manilla 550 feet to the pound	8.59	8.70	8.92	9.02	9.23	9.23
Eaton Standard 500 feet to the pound	8.09	8.20	8.42	8.52	8.73	8.73

Have Your Harvesting Implements Ready

If you are going to invest in any new machinery for getting your crop of hay or grain ready for market it is a wise forethought to order early—NOW. The **EATON** implements have taken a strong hold in the west, both by reason of their sterling qualities and their marvellously low prices.

Farmers are realizing more clearly every day the far-reaching influence on prices that has been felt ever since **EATON'S** entered the field of farm machinery and Binder Twine.

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Stands for Artistic Merit of the Highest Class in Pianos.

The Attainment of Perfection in Construction has ever been their Aim, and the **MARTIN-ORME PIANOS** and **PLAYER PIANOS** stand at the top of **ARTISTIC INSTRUMENTS**

Write at once for our Interesting Proposition.

A number of Slightly Used Pianos at Bargain Prices.

A. E. Soulis & Co.

Sole Western Representatives

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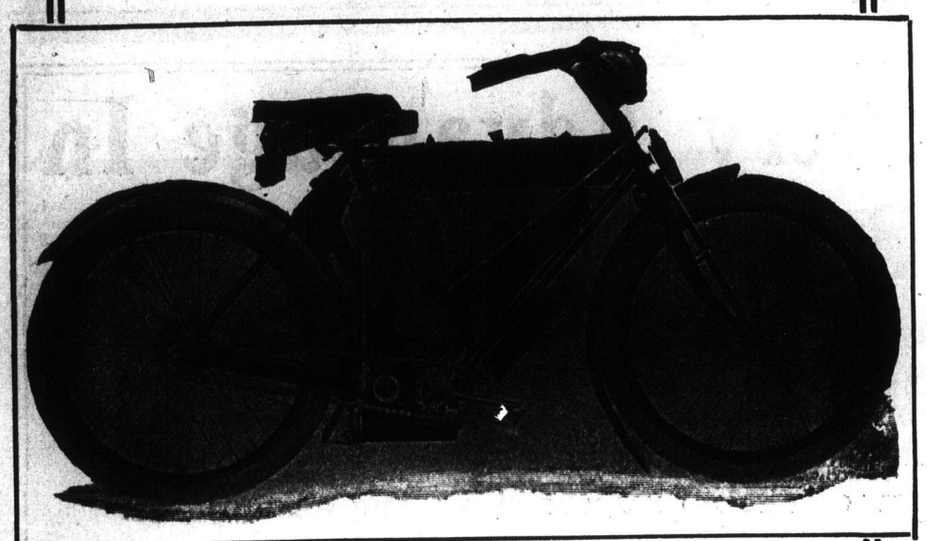

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Reading Standard Single Cylinder 3 h.p.

Speed 5 to 50 Miles an Hour.

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PRICE :

With Battery Ignition - - $300

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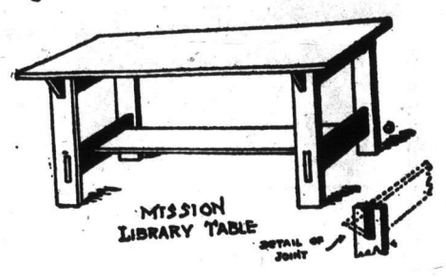
Some Camp Furniture.

A Simple Table.

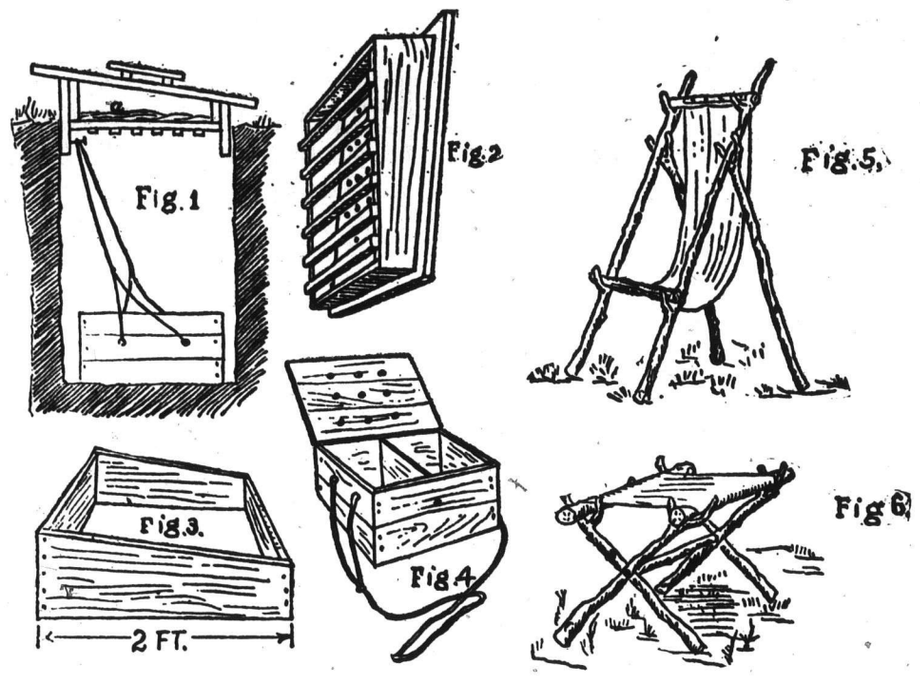
Here is a table that is pretty enough for any purpose and at the same time so simple that no boy need be afraid to attempt its construction even if his kit of tools consist of only a hammer and saw. We will suppose that you are going to use it in a summer cottage and give directions accordingly. The top is 5 ft. by 3 ft. and is made by gluing together three 12 inch boards of the given length. You can use LePage's liquid



glue for this purpose and all you have to do is to smooth the edges that go together and brush on a thin coat of the glue. Place the glued boards in their right position on a smooth part of the barn floor and drive three spikes on each side, several inches from the edges of the outside boards. Wedges are then driven in between the spikes and the boards. Leave it thus to set and mark out your other pieces. Each of the four legs is 30 inch by 6 inch by 1 inch. The stretcher or long undershelf is a 12 inch piece 4 inches long. The braces that it fits into are 24 inches by 6 inches by 1 inch. The cutting and fitting of all parts is plainly shown by the drawing. When complete the table should be smoothed with sandpaper and given two coats of white paint or enamel. It makes a beautiful piece of furniture and one that you may well be proud of.

A Refrigerator.

One of the problems of the camping season is to keep things from spoiling in the torrid sun that is bound to pour down. It is all very well to say that you can get canned milk, potted ham and such modern condensed food as will withstand the putrefying influence of the August weather, but once you open the tinned stuff it will spoil quickly if not properly cared for. You need some kind of a contrivance to preserve what is left over from meal to meal.



The refrigerator pictured in the accompanying sketches will be found very useful and practical and it really costs nothing too save a half hour's work. First make a box like Fig. 4 of any size you think is most suited to your needs and bore holes in the lid. After being placed in the box the food is covered with canvas. The next part to be put together is the frame shown in Fig. 3. It is a good scheme to cut the pieces that go to form this frame and tie them together in a flat package, to be put together when you make camp. The most important part of the cooling device is the cover shown in Fig. 2. Slats are across the bottom, and the top is perforated with small holes. It should be just large enough to fit snugly into the frame, Fig. 3. Fig. 1 is a side view of the cooler and shows all parts in their proper relation to each other.

Now comes the scientific part of the scheme. A hole should be dug about two feet deep, the box of food placed at the bottom of it, with ropes tied to it as shown so that it may be conveniently raised and lowered, and then the hollow cover is placed on. In the hollow space of the cover, as shown in "a," Fig. 1, stuff cotton cloth and dampen it. The moisture in the cloth will evaporate and this process of evaporation will absorb all the heat that is in the cooling hole. If made according to directions the temperature of the hole will go down almost to the freezing point and soft drinks and milk may be preserved just as the refrigerator at home keeps them. If you are not going camping try this scheme in your back yard. It will be useful to cool melons and you will learn much from its operation.

Camp Chairs.

The seats pictured here are so simple that they require little explanation on my part. They are designed for camping purposes but there is no reason why you can not make tnem for your lawn or playground; in fact their rustic appearance makes them as appropriate for a lawn as for any purpose I know of. It is an easy matter to find the pieces needed but you should be careful not to strip your neighbor's trees of any branches, or your own, without permission from some of the older members of the family. Before attempting to drive long nails or screws in this green wood bore holes with a small bit. Shave off all knots and bumps with a sharp knife and paint the spots with shellac or varnish to keep them from splitting. The chair and stool may be made in take-down style by tying the joints together with cord, and in this way can be taken apart and carried very easily. If made for the lawn it is just as well to screw them together.

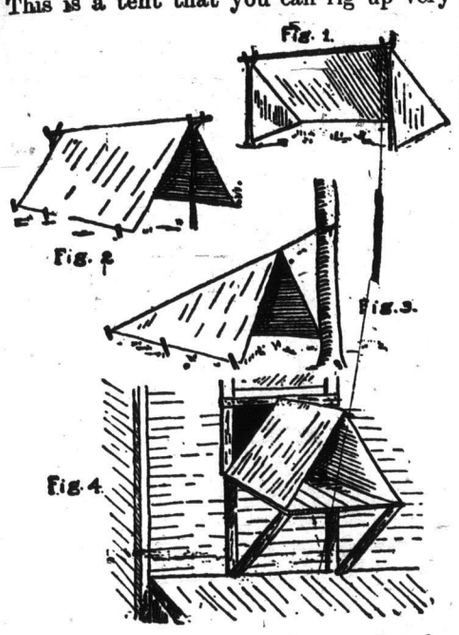
Some Tents.

Here are a few sketches that will give the beginner an idea of how to set up a canvas quickly. Fig. 1 is the lean-to, and has two forked poles about six feet high in front and a cross-bar that rests upon them. A stake is driven at each of the rear corners for guying. The canvas for this style of tent should be of oblong shape, say about 18x8 feet.

Another very simple and practical shelter tent is shown in Fig. 2. It is used mostly as protection from the sun and the ends are open to admit the

breezes. The same instructions as to canvas and poles that were given in regard to the lean-to hold good here, in fact the material required for each tent shelter in the form of Fig. 1 or like it the same and you can erect your Fig. 2, whichever suits your convenience best.

In Fig. 3 we have a simpler shelter than either of the foregoing. No poles are required and the canvas need not be of any particular shape, although a piece nearly square will be the handiest. This is a tent that you can rig up very

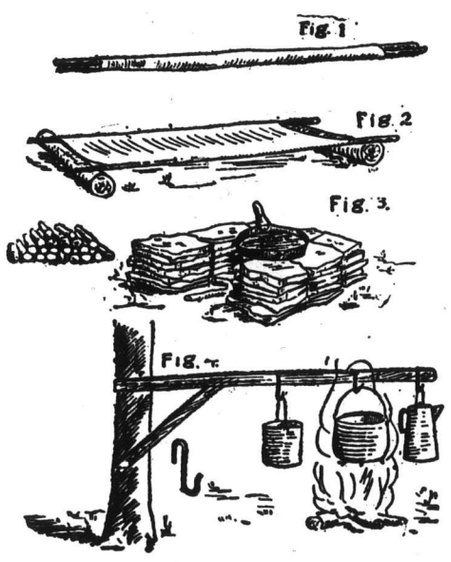


quickly on the bank of a creek when fishing, to keep your lunch cool and dry if a thunder storm happens to come along.

Fig. 4 is a rigging for the home that enables the sleeper to have his head and shoulders out of doors. Doctors all over the country are unceasingly preaching fresh air and it behooves us to heed their advice. It is best to begin to sleep outdoors in the summer so that our system will be accustomed to it before the cold weather comes on. This shelter, supposed to be erected in the rear of the house, consists of a bracket shelf that may be bolted to the house so as to admit of being readily removed. The canvas is erected in the manner shown or in any way that affords protection from dew, wind and rain.

Camp Bed.

One of the simplest camp beds that I know of is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of a rectangular piece of canvas with a wide hem at each side. Through the opening formed by these hems poles are thrust and their ends rest upon two logs as shown. It is a very comfortable bed for camping and the canvas that goes to make it may be used for other purposes in the day time. This is an advantage not to be scorned, for the chief aim of the seasoned camper is to get along with as few things as possible, or in other words, to use every-



thing for as many different purposes as possible.

The lower cuts, Fig. 3 and Fig. 4, show two fire places. The first is a three-sided wall built of stones. One side is left open to receive the draft, the others are closed to retain the heat. A camp fire like this will serve your needs for broiling and frying fish and making coffee quite as well as a costly camp stove.

Fig. 4 shows the familiar arrangement of pots and kettles over an open bonfire. It seems that nothing at home ever tasted as good as the stuff one cooks in the open air. It is not always convenient to find an overhanging limb where we want it, but it is possible to find a piece and nail it just where it will do the most good if one would only think of it in time. If you carry a few spikes and a piece of heavy wire to make hooks you will never be at a loss for a place to boil your coffee.

G. T. P. Exhibits at Brussels.

Cable message has been received from Brussels, Belgium, at the offices of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, advising that their building and the exhibit in the building had been fully completed in time for the opening of the Great International Exposition, which opened at Brussels on Saturday, April 23rd.

At all the Great International Expositions and World's fairs during the past years, the Grand Trunk has been given the credit for having their building and exhibit completed for the opening day and this reputation has been kept up for the Brussels show.

The exhibit which the Grand Trunk have placed there this year is probably the best that they have ever installed, and includes special features in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway system in the East, as well as dealing exhaustively with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. A magnificent collection of grains in the straw, grasses and other products of the West is on view, illustrating in a realistic way the prairie section of the new transcontinental line.

The Mountain Division is also represented by oil paintings of scenes in the Yellowhead Pass and on the Skeena River, B.C.

A new feature is the moving picture exhibit, which has been placed in an annex to the main Grand Trunk building, and a series of entertainments daily will be given in this annex, when pictures depicting the summer resorts, hunting and fishing regions of Canada, mining scenes in Cobalt, harvesting, threshing, and other agricultural scenes in Western Canada, and the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will be projected.

A comprehensive collection of mounted game and fish are also included and a large photographic reproduction of other special attractions in Canada added.

In addition to this a very costly and complete exhibit of the minerals of Canada will be on view and will no doubt attract a great deal of attention.

Several publications printed in English, French, German, and Flemish, descriptive of the Dominion, will be distributed and a representative of the Grand Trunk with a corps of assistants will be on hand to give all information to enquirers of no matter what nationality.

Gourlay Piano Owners.

Messrs Gourlay Winter & Leeming, of Toronto, request us to announce that they have completed arrangements with the Winnipeg Piano Co., 295 Portage Avenue, for the sale of the Gourlay piano, and Gourlay-Angelus Piano in the City of Winnipeg and vicinity.

In this connection they also announce that the Winnipeg Piano Co., will ever be pleased to show friends of Gourlay piano purchasers every courtesy and be prepared to supply all their friends with specially selected Gourlay pianos.

At the present time the Winnipeg Piano Company are displaying in their warerooms at 295 Portage Avenue a very choice assortment of Gourlay pianos and they in common with the manufacturers would ask intending buyers to inspect these instruments together with the rest of their stock before determining upon the purchase of any other piano or player piano.

The Provincial Mutual Hail Insurance Co. of Manitoba

INCORPORATED 1891

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Nineteen years' experience of entirely Mutual Hail Insurance.

In fifteen of these years the full indemnity of Six dollars per acre was paid.

In four of these years a pro rata dividend was paid.

In seven of these years the full amount of the Premium Notes was not called.

TWENTY-FIVE, THIRTY, and even **FIFTY PER CENT.** of Premium Notes was thus returned to Insurers.

Joint Stock Companies NEVER return any Premiums.

No other Company pays so high an indemnity for loss.

The cost is Twenty-five Cents per acre, or less, according to damage suffered.

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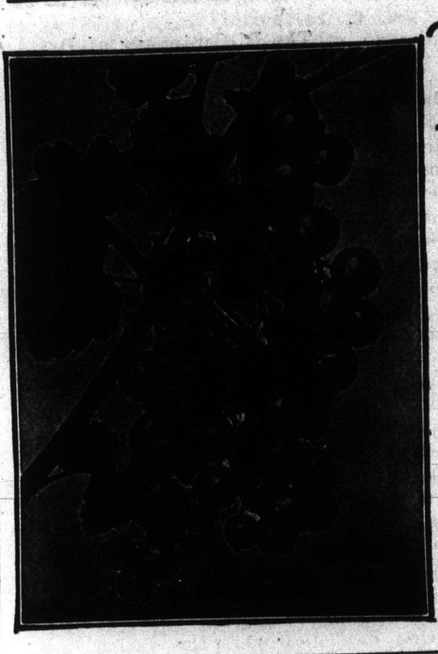

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Quick growing, hardy trees for windbreaks aud shelter-belts. Russian Apples, Crabs, Native Plums, Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes, etc.

Varieties tested and recommended by Western Experimental Stations.

AGENTS WANTED where we are not represented. Liberal terms and free equipment.

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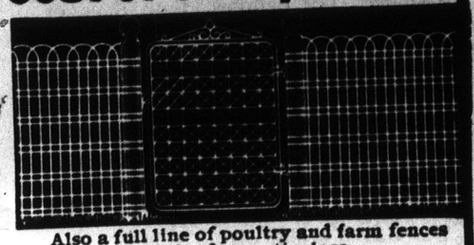
As handsome as the best iron fence at less than the cost of cheap wood

Here's a neat, strong, durable fence that will add to the appearance of the handsomest city lawn and is cheap enough, close enough and strong enough for the farm. The

Peerless Lawn Fence

is made of heavy No. 9 steel spring wire, so it can never sag. It is carefully galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. No investment you can make will add so much to the appearance of your property.



Also a full line of poultry and farm fences and gates. Write for particulars.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., BOX P HAMILTON, ONT., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Best Always is the Karn Piano

New Karn, Style A, Price $350.00

Handsomely finished in mahogany or walnut; 7⅓ octoves, 3 unisons, overstrung bass; full metal frame; height 4 feet 4 inches.

Not in one trifling instance does the Karn Company employ a detail in the construction of their matchless instruments that is not of the best that nature and human genius can produce, and their workshops are filled with the pick of the world's skilled craftsmen.

At distinctly wholesale factory prices you can have what is beyond all question the best piano that can be made and the most sweetly toned instrument that has ever been fashioned by human skill on terms of payment that will be no burden but a source of pleasure to make as they fall due.

From the first small payment on account, you have the entire use and freedom of the piano and the small amounts that go to make it your own for all time would never otherwise have been saved—they would have been frittered away and nothing left to remind you of them.

Would you prefer an Organ in the home? Then by all means

Get a Karn!

It is the most powerful, richly toned instrument built and is the household god in thousands of Canadian homes to-day.

Style C17, Special Price $110.00

Built in exquisite Gem Case, finely finished, six octaves, four sets of reeds. Splendid full tone.

Send post card at once to the

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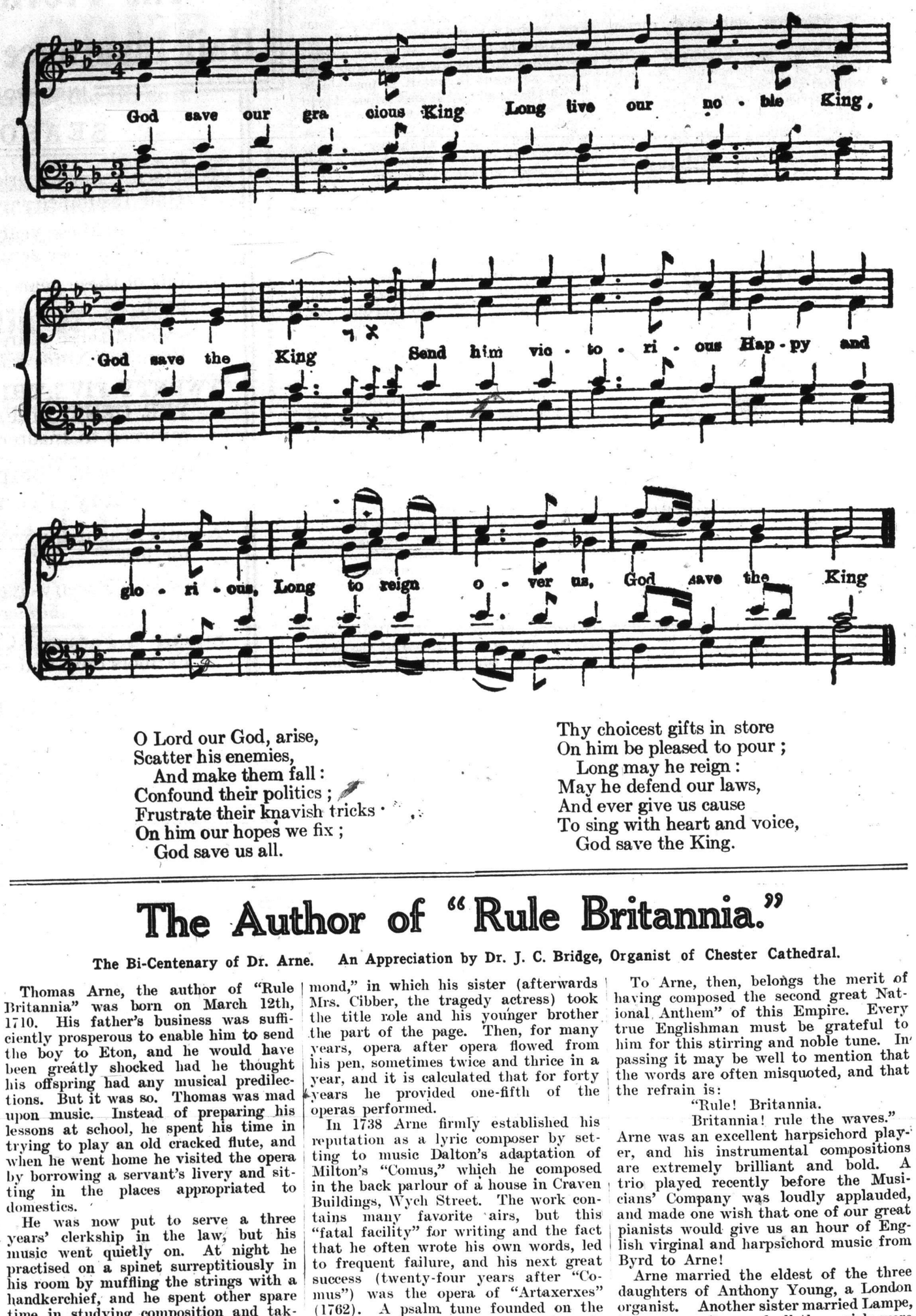
337 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

S. L. BARROWCLOUGH, Manager of Winnipeg Branch

The Nations Anthem.



O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks:
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

The Author of "Rule Britannia."

The Bi-Centenary of Dr. Arne. An Appreciation by Dr. J. C. Bridge, Organist of Chester Cathedral.

Thomas Arne, the author of "Rule Britannia" was born on March 12th, 1710. His father's business was sufficiently prosperous to enable him to send the boy to Eton, and he would have been greatly shocked had he thought his offspring had any musical predilections. But it was so. Thomas was mad upon music. Instead of preparing his lessons at school, he spent his time in trying to play an old cracked flute, and when he went home he visited the opera by borrowing a servant's livery and sitting in the places appropriated to domestics.

He was now put to serve a three years' clerkship in the law, but his music went quietly on. At night he practised on a spinet surreptitiously in his room by muffling the strings with a handkerchief, and he spent other spare time in studying composition and taking lessons from Festing, the well-known player.

One day, however, the father called on business at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, and was invited upstairs, where there was a large company and a concert. To his amazement he found his son playing first fiddle most skilfully. Explanations ensued, and at last the father was persuaded that to pursue the study of music did not involve going to the devil entirely, and Thomas now continued his musical studies openly at home.

"The Beggar's Opera," produced when Arne was eighteen years old, pointed the way, by its tremendous popularity, to a new ballad form, and Arne was one of the first to take advantage of this tide of public fashion.

He set Addison's opera of "Rosamond," in which his sister (afterwards Mrs. Cibber, the tragedy actress) took the title role and his younger brother the part of the page. Then, for many years, opera after opera flowed from his pen, sometimes twice and thrice in a year, and it is calculated that for forty years he provided one-fifth of the operas performed.

In 1738 Arne firmly established his reputation as a lyric composer by setting to music Dalton's adaptation of Milton's "Comus," which he composed in the back parlour of a house in Craven Buildings, Wych Street. The work contains many favorite airs, but this "fatal facility" for writing and the fact that he often wrote his own words, led to frequent failure, and his next great success (twenty-four years after "Comus") was the opera of "Artaxerxes" (1762). A psalm tune founded on the minuet at the end of the overture is still sung, and we occasionally get the air of "The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms" in our concert-rooms.

The opera, however, is a curious mixture of styles, and by no means exhibits Arne as we care to know him. He sold the copyright for the large sum of sixty guineas, and it was splendidly performed by Tenducci, Peretti and Arne's pupil, Miss Brent.

In 1740 Arne set Congreve's masque of "The Judgment of Paris" and Thompson's masque of "Alfred." This latter was performed at a temporary theatre at Clieveden, Bucks (then the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales), to celebrate the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover. This work contains the famous patriotic tune of "Rule, Britannia."

To Arne, then, belongs the merit of having composed the second great National Anthem" of this Empire. Every true Englishman must be grateful to him for this stirring and noble tune. In passing it may be well to mention that the words are often misquoted, and that the refrain is:

"Rule! Britannia.
Britannia! rule the waves."

Arne was an excellent harpsichord player, and his instrumental compositions are extremely brilliant and bold. A trio played recently before the Musicians' Company was loudly applauded, and made one wish that one of our great pianists would give us an hour of English virginal and harpsichord music from Byrd to Arne!

Arne married the eldest of the three daughters of Anthony Young, a London organist. Another sister married Lampe, the opera-writer, and all three girls were excellent vocalists.

Arne, however, in his best works, preserves his individuality. His music has fluent vocal phrases, sweet melodic charm, and appropriate harmony. It is his own; it is not Handel's. In fact, he would have disdained to copy the great master, for, though he admired his genius, he always looked upon him as a usurper in the English Kingdom of Music. Arne's popularity was enormous, for his music circulated all over the kingdom. At Vauxhall his dialogue of "Colin and Phoebe" was encored every night for three months during the summer of 1745.

"Arne's melody," says Burney, "was so easy, natural and agreeable to the whole kingdom that it had an effect upon our national taste."

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Music and the Drama.

It is most interesting to trace the origin of our popular, and in some cases, national tunes. Take for instance our national anthem, "God Save the King." How many amateurs know anything about it? Somebody must have composed it, or it must have been gradually evolved out of something else. "God Save the King" is in one sense a curious composition, only we know it so well and hear it so often, that its peculiarity rarely strikes us. First of all, each verse consists of seven lines, which is rather unusual. But its peculiarity lies more in the music. The tune has only two musical sentences; the first of which is six bars long and consists of three phrases of two bars each, and the second sentence is eight bars long, made up of four phrases of two bars each. This is quite an unusual form for ordinary compositions, for they generally consist of sentences of four or eight bars in length.

According to some accounts it was first publicly performed in 1740 at a dinner given to celebrate the taking of Portobello in 1739 by Admiral Vernon, when Henry Carey, who was a popular musician of that day and the composer of "Sally in Our Alley," sang it and claimed both words and music as his own composition. In 1745 it was sung at the theatres as "a royal song or anthem" during the Scottish rebellion. The Pretender was proclaimed on Sept. 16 at Edinburgh, and "God Save the King" was sung at Drury Lane theatre in London on Sept 28. After that it was sung for about a month at the theatres at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

Whether "God Save the King" was really composed by Henry Carey or compiled from older airs will probably never be found out. There are many old tunes which resemble it. (1) An "Ayre" very much like it is attributed to Dr. John Bull and dated 1619. Dr. Bull was a celebrated musician, organist of Hereford Cathedral, and afterwards of Antwerp Cathedral, and in 1596 Queen Elizabeth appointed him the first professor of Music in Gresham College. Some attribute the composition of "God Save the King" to him, but it has not been proved. (2) An old Scotch carol, "Remember, O Thou the Man" is something like it, but it is in the minor, which completely alters its character. Because of the existence of this carol, the origin of "God Save the King" is sometimes claimed for Scotland. (3) A ballad printed in 1669 and called "Franklin is Away" is also very much like it. (4) Purcell in 1696 wrote a piece for the harpsichord which resembles it in its rhythm only.

So the rythym, phrases, and even the unequal length of the two sentences, had all existed before Carey. So did some of the words. In 1545 "God Save the King" was the watchword of the English navy, and the refrain of a ballad popular in 1606 was "God Save King James." Another ballad about the year 1645 commences thus—

God save King Charles the King,
Our Royal Roy;
Grant him long to reign
In peace and joy.

A curious extra verse is said to have been sung in Calais when the Duke of Clarence, who was Lord High Admiral of England, took Louis the Eighteenth across the Channel—this is it—

God Save noble Clarence,
Who brings her King to France,
God Save Clarence.
He maintains the glory
Of the British navy,
O God make him happy!
God save Clarence!

Many of the great composers were fond of the tune. Weber put it in his cantata "Kampf und Sieg," and in his splendid "Jubel Overture," and has twice arranged it for four voices—in D and B flat. With Beethoven it was also a great favorite. He wrote seven variations on it for the panio and introduced it into his "Battle Symphony" In his journal he says "I must show the English a little what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King'." Dr. Thomas Attwood, the celebrated English organist, pupil of Mozart, composer to the Chapel Royal Windsor, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, introduced it in his anthem, "I Was Glad," which he wrote for the coronation of George the Fourth. Sir Michael Costa, the celebrated conductor, made an arrangement of it for four voices, which was always sung at the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, when he conducted. Sir Edward Elgar has also made a special arrangement of it.

It looks as if the origin of our national anthem will forever remain a mystery, but whoever composed it, the the music is so noble, massive and effective that it always finds its way into our hearts.

The well-known Canadian artiste, Miss Edith Miller, has recently had the honor of singing before Princess Henry of Battenburg and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, at the House of Lord and Lady Mount Stephen. Princess Henry was so much pleased with the Canadian songs that Miss Miller gave that they were repeated at an after-dinner concert at Kensington Palace on February 16th.

The arrival in Winnipeg of Sig. Pompilio to take up permanent residence is an event of more than ordinary consequence from a musicial standpoint. Sig. Pompilio is an accomplished musician, and an executant on practically all band instruments. But apart from his ability in this regard, his special accomplishment lies in the conducting of boy's bands. In this sphere Sig. Pompilio has achieved distinct success and considerable renown, both in Italy and America. In Chicago, a boy's band was brought to a high state of perfection under his baton. This is also true of other boys' bands in the state of Illinois. Before coming to America, Sig. Pompilio achieved marked success in Italy with boys' bands and wears several medals as a recognition of his talents. Sig. Pompilio has joined the Winnipeg City band, in which he is oboe soloist. He is very much interested in boy's bands and hopes to organize one in Winnipeg.

The First Flowers.

By Lilian Leveridge, Coe Hill, Ont.

As falleth the shadow-time, balmy and still,
And slow fades the sun o'er the distant low hill,
Here wandering long where the clear bird-notes ring
I seek for the first bonnie flowers of the spring.

The brown prairie grasses are crisp 'neath my feet,
And dead are the roses once dewy and sweet;
But somewhere, I know, on these uplands there grew
Anemones fair with their petals of blue.

How oft is the kiss of the breeze on my cheek,
As low o'er the mosses I eagerly seek
And long for the sight of those petals of blue—
For once here I know the anemones grew.

The search is rewarded, what joy to behold
A frail, dainty blossom with heart all of gold!
For here, where above it the amber lights fling
A glory, there smiles the first flower of the spring.

Above in the blue shineth dimly afar
The new moon, and lighten one limpid lone star,
While musical measures the meadow larks sing,
And thrill the still eve with the joy of the spring.

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

CELEBRATING CONFEDERATION

It is a notable fact that from the Canadian Club of Moncton, New Brunswick, comes the suggestion to like organizations all over the Dominion that in the celebration of Dominion Day the historical significance of the anniversary be more emphasized On the first Dominion Day, July 1, 1867, the Maritime Provinces were unwilling members of Confederation. They felt that they had been tricked into joining the Dominion. The old fashion of speaking of a visit to Montreal or Toronto as "going to Canada" lingered long in the Provinces down by the Atlantic. But that is all forgotten now. The Maritime Provinces have given the Dominion some of its greatest men. The Moncton suggestion in regard to the celebration of Dominion Day is an excellent one. This is an era of the fulfilment of the hopes of those who brought about Confederation, and who, in times of anxiety and discouragement, labored for its prosperity and unity. We witness to-day achievements for which the pioneers conld only hope. We are in some danger, perhaps, of ascribing all this to our own generation, forgetting that we are building on foundations laid by men of an older generation in days when a federated Canada was regarded as a doubtful experiment.

AS TO TRAINS, HORSES AND DOGS.

A recent writer asks why it is that horses grazing within sight of a railway line never fail, when a train passes, to throw up their heads and snort and gallop off. They may see a railyay train half a dozen times a day. Some of them must have seen it hundreds of times, but, old or young, they go through the same performance. "Why do they?" asks the writer referred to. His own opinion is that the horse besides being a noble animal, is also a very jealous animal. He won't stand for anything in the carrying business in opposition to him. Continuing in this line of study, it is to be remarked that that other noble animal, the dog, does not canter off when a locomotive approaches, but on the contrary pursues it. It has been figured out that an average dog living near the railway and seeing six trains a day, each one of which he chases half a mile, travels in his lifetime—which averages ten years—18,780 miles in the fruitless pursuit of fleeing railway trains. Does he do it for the exercise? Another question, in this connection, which has never been satisfactorily answered it, what would he do with it, if he got it?

THE CANADIAN OF THE FUTURE.

Ever and anon some expression of anxiety gets itself into print in regard to the result of the blending of racial strains that is going on in this country. But the predominance of Canadians from Eastern Canada, of British from the United Kingdom, and of people of the same stock in the inflow from the United States, is the marked feature of the growth of population in Western Canada by accessions of new settlers. The new regulations in regard to immigration are in the interests of the best development of the country. Some diversity in customs and sentiments is quite compatible with sturdy Canadianism and with hearty co-operation in all that promotes the common welfare of the country. There will result from the amalgam of a vigorous Canadianism a distinct Canadian type in the years to come, just as there is a distinct English type, though the original home of the English lay across the North Sea on the European mainland, and many racial strains have been blended in the centuries of English history since the first migration across the North Sea to England. New environment, physical and political, produces distinct national types, and so it will be with this country. Modifications are plainly perceptible in the second and third generations from the newcomers, and further modifications will come in the course of time. Our business is to make the Western Canadian type the best possible.

BISMARCK AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The most surprising accession to the ranks of the supporters of woman suffrage—though the world has not known that he was a believer in woman suffrage until twelve years after his death—is Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," the maker of the German Empire. A letter written by him is now made public, in which he attributes all that he was to his wife, prophecies that the time will come when in all countries women will have the same suffrage as men, declares that "if women were in politics fewer secrets would become public," confesses that male diplomatists are easily pumped by clever women, and adds that "everything feminine is superior to us in cunning." Whether these words of Bismarck's, whose name is one to conjure with in Germany, will hasten the day of woman suffrage in that country remains to be seen. The one thing that is not new in this recently published letter of the Iron Chancellor is his tribute to his wife.

WHERE THE KILTIES HAD THE BEST OF IT.

There has been a revolt against trousers by the athletic teams of the territorial force in England, which correspond to our militia. They complain that the Scottish teams beat them last year because of the freedom of their legs. As the result of the revolt the English contestants in the athletic championship contests to be held in June on the Stamford Bridge grounds are to wear the usual athletic costume. "And yet," observes the London Daily News, "we believe it is true that some of the most famous forced marches in history have been made by trousered troops. Many of Napoleon's infantry —the most mobile in the history of war—wore trousers; and the almost equally remarkable exploits of the infantry in the American civil war were done in the same embarrassing integuments."

WHAT WILL ROOSEVELT DO?

What will ex-President Roosevelt do on his return to the United States? This is the question which is agitating the public mind, and greatly disturbing many political minds, across the border. Will he be a candidate for another term as President? Or will he wield the big stick as a private citizen? Will he enter the United States Senate? Or will he pursue any of the other courses that the newspapers of the United States are laying out for him? The financiers are watching him, the men in the United States who are important in commerce, in control of the machinery of production and of distribution, are anxious about his intentions. Why so? Because this wonderful man, this private citizen of the United States, who is attracting to himself more of the world's attention than was ever given to any other man who ever occupied the position of President at Washington, has so widespread a following throughout the United States that it is hard to say what he could not accomplish, if he were to set himself to work at it with all his strenuous energy.

EMPIRE STATISTICS.

Those who like to be acquainted with big events and big things will find their liking gratified in the sixth issue of the Statistical Abstract of the British Empire, covering the period from 1894 to 1908. The population of the Empire, which in 1881 was 303,694,000, had grown by 1901 to 385,357,000, which meant 34 persons to every square mile. The Empire's population, it is now estimated, is not far short of 400,000,000. The estimated population of the United Kingdom in 1908 was 45,008,421. The trade of the British Empire is a vast thing. In 1894 the commerce of the Empire with foreign countries amounted to $3,323,495,000, and this had expanded by 1908 to $5,604,075,000. The total trade of Great Britain with the overseas countries of the Empire in 1908 amounted to $1,503,105,000, of which the exports from Great Britain amounted to $747,335,000 and the exports from the overseas countries of the Empire into Great Britain amounted to $854,770,000. The trade of the Empire was, however, less in 1908 than in 1907 and 1906. In 1906 it was $7,627,895,000, in 1907 it was $8,834,710,000, and in 1908 it was $7,107,180,000. This year's record bids fair to eclipse all previous records. The whole Empire is prospering as it never prospered before, and no part of it is enjoying greater prosperity than Canada, whose national progress is based on the development and prosperity of this Western half of the Dominion! and all the signs point to this year being the greatest growing year for Western Canada in its history.

THE BUILDERS.

The Philosopher was greatly impressed the other day by reading in a St. Paul paper the report of a speech by Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, in which he said: "To have made the life of one woman a joy and a comfort, to have raised a family of boys and girls upon whose character he has left the impress of his own integrity and courage and honor and lofty purposes—qualities that die not with the man are transmitted through generation after generation—surely this is the apex of true greatness." Truly this deserves to hold a high place among "The Month's Bright Sayings." National fibre and hope for humanity are made of the ambition which this glowing utterance of the North Dakota's Senator sets forth. Not every man can be great, but every man can have integrity and courage and honor and lofty purpose. The man who is great as a husband and father, however humble his walk in life may be, makes his life a vital and enduring influence for progress. Such lives are the material out of which is built the greatness and strength and enduring vitality of a nation.

THE FARMERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A preliminary bulletin issued by the Census Bureau at Washington draws attention to the fact that the regular ten year census of the United States, which has just been taken, though most of the detailed work of tabulation has yet to be done, shows that the decrease in the rural population of the older States in the Union is proceeding at a rapid rate. The State of New York, for instance, has 1,596,828 more people now than it had when the last United States census was taken ten years ago, but that increase is almost wholly represented by the increase in New York city; and when the increases in half a dozen other cities in that State are taken into account, a heavy decrease is evident in the rural population of the State of Pennsylvannia also shows a gain of about a million, but it is all in the industrial centres. Illinois has a total gain of 905,000, and Chicago has an increase of over 2,000,000 since 1900, leaving more than a million and a quarter to be deducted from the rural population of the State, without making any allowance for the increase in the cities and towns outside of Chicago. It is the same with all the older States. The gains of the Western States have not been proportionate. Oklahoma shows up by far the best, with a gain of 1,200,000, but Oklahoma was practically a wilderness when the last United States census was taken. The plain fact which is "writ large" across the face of the figures set forth in the bulletin is that the day when the United States will be compelled to import food supplies is much closer than most people imagine. Ten years more of the same development as that of the last ten, with another ten years like the past will see the United States no longer a competitor of the world's agricultural nations in the food markets of Europe. Unless something is done to increase the country's production, another ten years will see the United States a large importer. Twenty years ago the mere idea of such a thing coming to pass would have been regarded as ridiculous, but now it is an advancing problem that railways of the United States and other agencies are endeavoring to desive means of meeting. There are, of course, only two possible methods of meeting it —either by attracting more people to the land, or by securing greater returns from the land cultivated. The problem is one of rapidly increasing seriousness to the United States.

VANISHED AND VANISHING RACES.

"Who is responsible for the disappearance of the Indians, if not the white man?" asks a recent writer. But may not this question be met by an enquiry as to the extinction of the Mound-builders and other races on this continent that vanished long before the white race came? The red man might have disappeared if no white man had ever set foot on this continent. There is evidence that several centuries before the voyage of Columbus the native population of the eastern part of this continent was reduced almost to extinction. In almost every part of America are the relics of vanished races. What became of the people who carved the great statues of Easter Island? To turn to Europe, where are the races that lived around the Mediterranean before the times of the Greeks and the Romans? What has become of the Phoenicians and the Carthaginians? To come down to more modern history, what has become of the Huns? No people living to-day preserve the physical characteristics of that wonderful people. Unquestionably the coming of the white race to this continent meant the fading away of the red race. But there are authorities who hold that the red race was diminishing long before America was known to Europeans, and that the effect of contact with the white race was to accelerate a process that was working out its inexorable results.

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6 lb. Bag Breakfast Food
1 Tin Sunset Sardines

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1 Tin Red Cherries 2s
2 Tins Pineapple (sliced)
2 Tins French Peas 1s
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1 lb. Favorite Blend Tea
5 lb. White Beans

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3 Pkg. Seeded Raisins
3 lb. Rice
1 lb. Tapioca
2 lb. Currants
2 lb. Breakfast Bacon
1 Bottle Pickles, mixed

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2 Tins Apricots 2½s (California)
2 lb. Fowlers' Ginger Syrup
2 Tins Tulip Salmon
7 lb. Robertson's Marmalade
2 lb. Sliced Breakfast Bacon
2 Pkg. Corn Starch

No. H217—SPECIAL—$1.77.

3 lb. Prunes (California)
2 lb. Evaporated Apricots
2 Tins Red Raspberries
3 Pkg. Seeded Raisins
5 lb. Best Quality Japan Rice
2 Tins Strawberries 2s

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½ Pint Yorkshire Relish
1 lb. Huntley and Palmers' Fancy Biscuits
1 lb. Bon-Bon and Chocolates (Fisher Girl)
1 Tin Boneless Chicken
1 Tin French Peas
1 Tin Mushrooms
2 Pkg. Raisins
2 lb. Jar Strawberry Jam (Robertson's)
2 Pkg. Force
2 lb. Mild Breakfast Bacon

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2 oz. Lemon Extract
7 lb. Pastry Flour
1 Pkg. Pure Self Raising Flour
2 Pkg. Seeded Raisins
3 Pkg. Jelly Powder (any flavor)

No. H220—SPECIAL—$2.85.

1 Quart Can Maple Sugar
5 lb. Tin Corn Syrup
2 lb. Tapioca (Finest White)
2 lb. Japan Rice No. 1, seed
2 lb. California Prunes
1 lb. Evaporated Apricots
2 lb. Cooking Figs
1 lb. Tetleys Tea 50c
1 lb. Baking Powder
1 Tin Boneless Chicken
2 lb. Mild Bacon
1 Pkg. McNaughtons Cheese
3 Pkg. Raisins

No. H223—SPECIAL—$1.97.

2 lb. Figs
4 lb. Japan Rice
2 lb. Tin Tomatoes 3s
2 Tins Corn 2s
2 Tins French Peas 1s
2 Tins St. Charles Cream
1 lb. Favorite Blend Tea
1 Quart Maple Syrup Flavor

No. H224—SPECIAL—$1.05.

1 Tin Salmon
1 Tin Sunset Sardines
2 Pkg. Corn Starch
1 Tin Tomatoes 3s
1 Tin Corn 2s
1 Tin French Peas 1s
5 lb. Japan Rice

No. H225—SPECIAL—$2.32.

7 lb. Robertson's Marmalade
5 lb. E. D. S. Strawberry Jam
5 lb. Japan Rice
1 lb. Mocha and Java Coffee
1 lb. Favorite Blend Tea

No. H226—SPECIAL—$2.00.

3 lb. Tea Value 45c per lb.
22 lb. Pure Cane Sugar

No. H231—SPECIAL—$1.35.

3 Tins Royal Cleanser
10 Bars Upmans Laundry Soap
120 Feet Cotton Clothes Line
1 Scrub Brush
3 lb. Laundry Starch
2 Pkg. Keens Blue

No. H232—SPECIAL—$0.85.

1 Whisk
2 Clothes Lines 96 Feet
1 Special Duster, feather
1 Scrub Brush
1 Clothes Brush

No. H233—SPECIAL—$1.43.

2 Pkg. Quaker Oats
2 Pkg. Toasted Corn Flakes
2 Pkg. Grape Nuts
2 Two lb. Tins Ginger Syrup
5 lb. Rice
5 lb. Tapioca

No. H234—SPECIAL—$8.50.

7 lb. Robertson's Marmalade
7 lb. Raspberry Jam
7 lb. Strawberry Jam. Robertson's
10 lb. Caddy 50c Tea
6 Tins Tomatoes 3s
6 Tins Corn 2s
6 Tins Beans 2s
1 lb. Mocha and Java Coffee

No. H235—SPECIAL—$2.50.

1 Gallon Mixed Pickles
10 lb. Best Japan Rice
10 lb. Best Grade Tapioca
7 lb. Robertson's Marmalade

No. H236—SPECIAL—$3.05.

50 Bars Laundry Soap
50 lb. Washing Soda
6 Tins Royal Cleanser
6 Tins Lye

No. H237—SPECIAL—$0.80.

1 Gallon Pickling Vinegar
1 lb. Pickling Spice

No. H238—SPECIAL—$2.05.

2 Two lb. Tins Plums
2 Three lb. Tins Globe Pears
2 Three lb. Tins Delhi Peaches
2 Two lb. Tins Kent Strawberries
2 Two lb. Tins Delhi Red Raspberries
2 Two lb. Tins Pineapple

No. H239—SPECIAL—$3.70.

5 lb. Macaroni (box)
5 Pkg. Seeded Raisins
5 lb. Baking Powder
5 lb. California Prunes
5 lb. Evaporated Apples
10 lb. Corn Syrup
1 Gallon Imperial Maple Syrup

No. H240—SPECIAL—$7.50.

2 lb. Mocha and Java Coffee
25 lb. Caddy 50c Luxury Brand Tea

No. H241—SPECIAL—$5.28.

10 lb. S. T. & W. Black Tea, value 45c per lb.
50 lb. Granulated Sugar

No. H242—SPECIAL—$3.70.

12 Tins Kent Brand Tomatoes 3s
6 Tins Corn 2s
6 Tins Beans 2s
10 lb. No. 1 Choice Figs

No. H243—SPECIAL—$7.00.

10 lb. Caddy 50c Tea
6 Tins Pears 3s, Heavy Syrup
6 Tins Peaches 3s
6 Tins Plums 2s, Light Syrup

No. H244—SPECIAL—$2.45.

6 Tins K. O. Sardines
6 Tins H. S. Salmon 1s
2 ½ Lobsters
2 1s Shrimps
2 1s Herrings in Tomato Sauce (Braces)

No. H245—SPECIAL—$1.75

3 Tins Thistle Haddie
3 Tins Herring in Tomato Sauce
3 Tins Sunset Sardines
3 Tins Tulip Salmon

No. H246—SPECIAL—$2.00.

6 Tins Sportman's Sardines in Olive Oil
1 Bottle New I D A Coffee
1 Tin Asparagus, 2½s California
5 lb. E D S Strawberry Jam

No. H247—SPECIAL—$1.10.

3 50c Jar E D S Preserves

No. H248—SPECIAL—$0.50.

6 lb. Tin Silver Gloss or Ivory Gloss Laundry starch

No. H249—SPECIAL—$0.80.

1 1 Pure Marmalade
1 1 Strawberry Jam
3 Tins Sliced Pineapple
1 1 Raspberry Jam

No. H250—SPECIAL—$2.65.

1 Gallon Pure Medical Olive Oil, regular $3.25

No. H251—SPECIAL—$1.55.

1 Bottle New I D A Coffee
½ lb. Tin Maltiks Cocoa
3 lb. Japan Rice
3 lb. White Sago
3 lb. White Tapioca
2 Tins Strawberries 2s
2 Red Raspberries 2s

No. H252—SPECIAL—$1.80.

1 lb. Tetleys 50c Tea
1 Tin Peaches, Heavy Syrup 3s
1 Tin Boneless Chicken 1s
2 Tins St. Charles Cream
1 Quart Bottle Lime Juice
1 Bottle Lemon Squash
2 Tins French Peas 1s

No. H253—SPECIAL—$1.95.

2 Tins Tomatoes 3s
2 Tins Corn 2s
2 Tins Plums 2s
2 Tins Pears 3s
2 Tins Sunset Sardines
2 Tins Salmon 1s
5 lb. Japan Rice

These Special Offers are for June and July, 1910, Only

Order by Mail

Hudson's Bay Company

Winnipeg — Canada

SMOKE IMPERIAL MIXTURE TOBACCO 1 lb. Tins $1.60; ½ lb. Tins 85c.; ¼ lb. Tins 45c. Special Tins 25c.

What the World is Saying.

WHEELS IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

Bicycle riding is becoming quite a fad in Raymond.—Raymond Rustler.

A CONVINCING PROOF.

If you don't believe the world is getting wiser, just look at the increased number who are coming to Canada.—Edmonton Journal.

ALBERTA'S MODEST OFFICIAL PROPHETS.

It speaks well for a country when the actual crop returns exceed the estimates of the Government authorities, as those of Alberta did last year.—Lethbridge Herald.

PROSPECTORS BROKE, NOT CAMEL'S BACK.

Two hundred deceived and disappointed mining prospectors have returned from the Camel's Back country. The prospectors are broke, but the Camel's Back remains intact.—Peterboro Review.

THE RUDDER OF THE EMPIRE.

Earl Grey predicts that Canada will be "the rudder of the Empire." This is a high destiny. In a going concern, which the Empire is, the rudder is far more important than the figurehead.—Guelph Herald.

TALK COSTS MONEY AT OTTAWA.

In the last session of the Canadian Parliament about five million words were spoken by members in Commons and Senate. Here is one place, at least, where talk is not cheap.—Hamilton Spectator.

AN UNXECELLED FORCE.

They do a good many things very well in Canada. Last year the Northwest Mounted Police handled nearly seven thousand cases of crime and misdemeanor and secured convictions in six out of every seven instances.—San Francisco Argonaut.

JEALOUSY, DRINK AND DEADLY WEAPONS.

Jealousy, drink, and too easy access to deadly weapons, explain the great proportion of the brutal murders, not a few of them wife murders, which have disgraced Ontario within the past few months.—Brockville Recorder.

TORONTO JEALOUS OF MONTREAL.

An idea of the vast size of Montreal may be gained from the official statement that "Montreal proper has 530,000 population." As a very large part of Montreal is not only not proper, but is, in fact, grossly improper, it must be a whale of a town.—Toronto News.

NOT THE WASTE THAT MEANS WANT.

Fire occurred at the Anheuser-Busch brewery, St. Louis, last night, and for an hour the streets were flooded with beer. Some people would be inclined to call this a wilful waste, but if it is, it isn't waste of that sort which brings in its train woeful want.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT FOR THE HEALTH OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

Conditions are constantly developing in every party with which healthy-minded people have no right to be satisfied. The fact that such conditions are tolerated without protest is not a wholesome sign, even from the party viewpoint, but the reverse.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS IN WEST.

While there is so much talk about the material progress of the western cities, it is pleasing to note that new churches are being erected as well as business houses. Fernie, which has passed through such severe trials and risen above all obstacles, has just opened a new Presbyterian church.—Montreal Witness.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Over Rochester way, a hard shell Republican district has gone Democratic for the express purpose of getting rid of a Congressman of the old school, whose name has been mixed up with recent exposures of wrong-doing by legislators. Wouldn't it be funny if some day the politicians all learned that honesty is the best policy?—Brockville Times.

HE SHOULD BE JAILED.

It is rather a pity that publicity has been given to the scheme of that Winnipeg man who has offered to furnish American railway companies with a news service libelling Canada. The rascal should have been allowed plenty of rope, and then jailed when his offence had been committed. As it is, he has probably decided already that his project would be unhealthy for him.—Hamilton Herald.

CANADA HAS MOVED UP.

Carnegie hopes that Canada will become a republic. This is proof that Canada has moved up a bit in Andrew's estimation. A few years ago he could think of nothing in store for us but absorption by the United States.—London Advertiser.

BAD SILVER IN COLLECTION.

This is rather a sad commentary upon the religion of some people. Hon. Mr. Fielding stated in the House of Commons the other day that most of the defaced coin returned to the mint came from treasurers of churches who found it in the collection plates.—Stratford Beacon.

THE WESTERN AMALGAM.

A very large proportion of the new settlers in the West are from Canada and Great Britain, and another large proportion are people of the same stock from the United States. The only amalgam necessary is a vigorous and yet broad and generous Canadianism.—Halifax Herald.

PAST AND PRESENT.

A good many years ago when a boy was whipped at school, he received another whipping when he went home, but in these days the father and mother wipe his tears away and go and whip the teacher.—Fort William Times-Journal.

IN THE YEAR OF THE COMET.

What is probably the biggest baby to be born in this section of the country arrived at the home of Walter Booth, the barber, on Friday last, when his wife presented him with a thirteen-pound son. This is only five pounds behind the world's record, an eighteen-pound child having, it is said, been born seventy-five years ago, when the Halley comet last visited the earth.—Bruce (Ont.) Times.

A COLONEL PROPHESYING WAR.

About a year ago, Col. Sam Hughes predicted that Britain and Germany would be at each other's throats before the snow melted from the peaks of the Rockies. As the Rockies' snows are perpetual, the Colonel spoke truly, though what he meant was that the two nations would be warring by midsummer.—Ottawa Free Press.

THE RUBBER CRAZE IN ENGLAND.

The riches of South America seem to appeal peculiarly to the British imagination. Two centuries ago, less a decade, the "South Sea Bubble," an enterprise founded upon the prospective profits of trade with South America, involved hundreds in its failure. Today, the speculation in rubber shares promises a like ending.—Montreal Gazette.

NEW THINGS TO LEGISLATE ABOUT.

The Marconi Company is to accept messages between Montreal and Great Britain. Nova Scotia is considering a law which would exclude aviators from the privileges of the Workmen's Compensation Act. There are so many new things to legislate about nowadays, that it is no wonder the laws are becoming unwieldy.—Kingston Whig.

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY.

The entire West is anxious to see construction of the Hudson Bay Railway actually begin, and it will not be easy in its mind until this takes place upon a scale to insure that there will be no stoppage or turning back. Until this is done there will always be an entirely justifiable apprehension that the enemies of the road, who are numerous and powerful, may succeed in securing the postponement of its construction. The government is bound by the most explicit pledges to expedite the building of the road. Those pledges cannot be met if construction is not begun on a substantial basis this year.—Moose Jaw Times.

A CONTRAST.

It is curious that while in Canada the tendency is for the provinces to insist upon their rights as against those of the Dominion; in Australia, on the other hand, the victory of the Labor Party in the Federal elections means the concentration of power in the central or Federal Government.—Victoria Colonist.

MINEARLS IN HUDSON'S BAY REGION.

Professor Miller, Geologist of the Province of Ontario, who showed prospectors the way to wealth in the northern part of that Province, now says that the country around Hudson's Bay is richly mineralized. Gradually we are beginning to find out what we have in Canada.—Ottawa Citizen.

PHENOMENAL INCREASE.

It looks as if nearly half a million people may be added to the population of Canada during the present year by immigration. The gain this year will thus be seven per cent. from new-comers alone, not including the excess of births over deaths. This is a phenomenal increase. We do not think any country could ever show anything like it.—New York Tribune.

THE DOMINION'S PROGRESS.

An increase in revenues in one year of nearly twenty per cent. and a balance over ordinary expenses of $20,000,000 is the handsome exhibit of Canada's prosperity. The figures are wonderful, but not surprising. Having outgrown its swaddling clothes, the Dominion is prosperous and making rapid progress toward even greater things.—New York Herald.

CONTROL OF THE TRUSTS.

We agree with Mr. King that the time has come when something should be done to control the trusts. There are evidences every day that the great financial and commercial combines of the United States are more and more coming to realize that Canada is a good field for exploitation. Preventive measures are a lot easier than curative measures, as Washington has discovered, and the preventive measures cannot be taken by us any too soon.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

TRAGEDY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

A California girl of social standing, who tried married life with a former Japanese servant, is back to her father's home, completely disillusioned by her short experience of life among the Orientals. The glamor which the false romance of Eastern life seems to throw over some silly girls is almost inexplicable, especially as plain experience proves that it leads not only to unhappiness, but also in some instances to tragic endings.—Baltimore American.

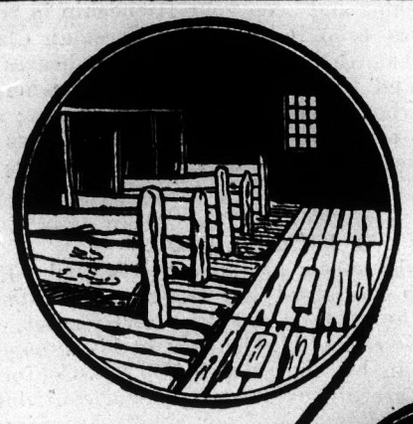
AS TO FIRE INSURANCE POLICIES.

A Manitoba court, called on to interpret a fire insurance policy in a suit for the amount of a loss sustained, took the rules that apply to other contracts, and, because the plaintiff had not observed all the stipulations made by the company, dismissed his claim. Many people accept an insurance policy as all right, without bothering to learn what they have bound themselves to do besides paying the premium. The general conduct of the companies in meeting the demands upon them may have encouraged this easy-going way of acting. It is not a way that can always be depended on for results, however. A man should read his insurance policies and remember what is in them.—Insurance Chronicle.

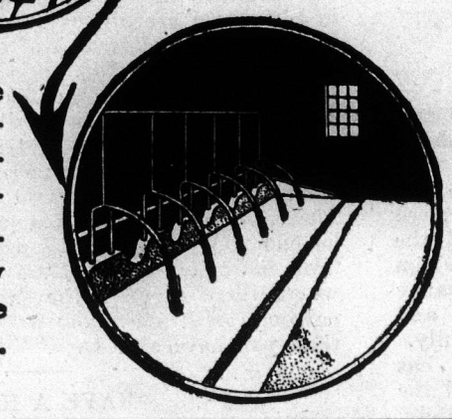
COMBINES MAKE MILLIONAIRES.

Go to Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, London and other eastern cities and see the homes of millionaires that are being built in recent years through the formation of combines in various lines of industry. Trace the increased cost of the goods in your kitchen, as month after month they rise in price and you will find the changes due in many cases to combinations among the manufacturers. It is not necessary to say that every combination is illegitimate nor even to deny that combination to some extent may be necessary for protection. But when the ultimate consumer is being taxed more heavily each succeeding year for the goods he buys it is time that some machinery was put in motion by which he may find out whether or not he is being robbed. Mr. King's legislation promises well, and, judging by his working out of the labor act—a very imperfect statute of which he has made the most—he may be trusted to do some useful work through the medium of his anti-combine law.—Calgary Herald.

Write to Alfred Rogers for free facts about cement's value to you

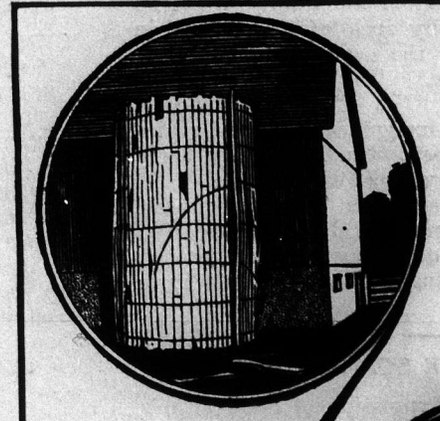


No special timbering is necessary when cement is used to modernize the interior of a dairy-barn.



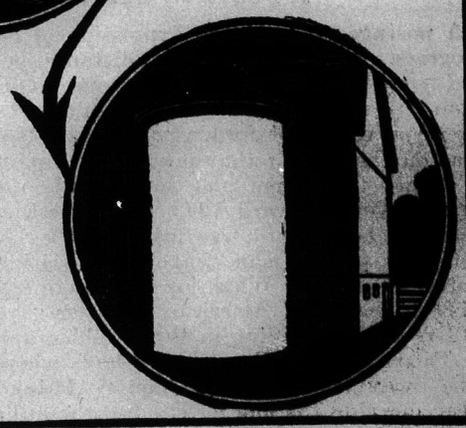
You can be sure of a better price for your milk if your cows are housed in a cleanly interior like this one here.

HERE is your opportunity to get, for nothing, the inside truths about cement—how little it costs compared with lumber—how to use it so you will be satisfied with the result—where to buy it—what kind to buy. I will tell you all you want to know about cement, and I will not charge you one cent for telling you. Learn all about cement free. Write now.



All silos are good; but a stave silo is something to bother over from the first day you use it.

Concrete-silos may seem hard to build; but they are easier to construct than any other kind whatever.



Cement Is Easily Handled

There is nothing intricate nor difficult about handling cement. Write me, and I will show you just how to mix and use concrete (which means a mixture of cement, sand and broken stone). If you are 'handy' at all, you can quickly learn how to build almost anything with cement—from a fence-post to a cattle-barn. I will tell you how to go about renovating your house, wagon-shed, barn—any building on your place. And I will save you money, too. Yet you need pay me nothing at all for my helpful advice.

Fireproof and Decay-Proof

Fire cannot destroy a concreted surface. Decay does not affect it. Structures exist to-day, in Great Britain, Italy and elsewhere, that were built of cement **more than two thousand years ago.** Dampness cannot penetrate a concrete wall. It is an armor against heat and against cold—so a building even thinly overcoated with the right kind of cement is **warmer in winter** and much **cooler in summer** than even a solid stone building can be. Yet its cost is trifling.

My Knowledge Freely At Your Service

This advertisement is intended simply to educate you about cement, to **tell** you a few facts about the building material every farm **ought** to use for almost any purpose lumber is used for now. I offer you my expert advice and instruction entirely free of cost or obligation to you. You are welcome to it.

Won't you write me before you build?

It 'takes it out' of hens to have to live in frame houses through our bitter winters. House them right.

You can get bigger returns for the outlay from a cement-concrete poultry-house than you perhaps now imagine.

FREE Instruction On How To Build Any Of These Farm Necessities:—

Silos	Corn Cribs
Cow Sheds	Stables
Watering Troughs	Cesspools
Slop Tanks	Ice Houses
Box Stalls	Cisterns
Barn Floors	Feeding Yards
Dairy Barns	Poultry-Houses

And Many Other Farm Structures

Just Write And Ask Me

Cement Cheaper Than Lumber

Even in **first** cost, a concrete house, barn, henhouse, shed—or any other structure—is actually cheaper than a cheap lumber construction. In the **long run** cement is ever so much cheaper—because it **needs no repairs**—you don't have to paint it—it just lasts and lasts, and does not deteriorate from age or from any other cause. You will be mighty well satisfied with anything you build of cement, whether it's a mansion or a watering-trough for the cattle.

Skilled Labor Rarely Needed

Moreover, it is seldom necessary to hire high-paid mechanics to do any cement work you want done. The probability is that I can quickly teach you how to do the work yourself, with no outlay for skilled labor. Get the right cement—I will tell you about that, too. Use common sense and follow my plain-English instructions, and I can almost **guarantee** a satisfactory job on anything you want to use cement-concrete for. Just write me and get the facts.

Inform Yourself Upon Cement — Do It Now

Simply tell me your name and address, and give me an idea of what you might possibly use cement for. I will do all the rest—inform you fully upon this important money-saving, satisfaction-giving building material. You can have all the facts freely. Don't hesitate to write me because you are not quite ready to build. You will be ready some day.

Ask me now for the facts you ought to know. 3

ALFRED ROGERS

THE CEMENT MAN

319 Rogers Bldg.
TORONTO, ONT.

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

INDIFFERENCE.

The meanest element in human nature is indifference. It is laziness enthroned and selfishness reduced to a science. Men, there are, who cut themselves off from the needs of humanity as completely as Napoleon was severed from his family when he stood chained to the lonely rock of St. Helena in mid-ocean. Napoleon felt the separation, but they do not. They "don't care." They are simply indifferent. The gospel of "No. 1" is the meanest, smallest, coldest and most insignificant code of ethics on record on earth or in hell. Oh, how many there are of Squire Hardcastle's way of thinking:

"There was a time, indeed, when I fretted myself about the mistakes of Government, like other people; but finding myself every day growing more angry, and the Government growing no better, I left it to mend itself."

A POSTAGE STAMP.

A postage stamp is an expression of civilization's progress. It annihilates the distance between you and your friend. It carries your letter over the mountain which you could not scale and across the river you could not ford. Young man, look a second time on the face of that postage stamp. On it may be found the image and superscription of our lamented King, Edward VII. The finest trait in the character of Edward was his regard for his mother. Tell me, young man, have you written to your mother recently? What joy a postage stamp would bring to her. An American preacher says:

"I remember reading in the autobiography of John G. Paton of a mother in Scotland whose boy had gone away from home. John G. Paton says that every morning the mother climbed the hill and looked out in the direction, hoping to see him coming home. When the day was dying out of the sky she climbed the same hill again, and stretching forth her hand, cried out, as only a mother would cry: 'Oh, Walter! Walter! your mother wearies so.'"

SAND!

Man's ability to abide in strength by the convictions of his soul is the brightest thing on the page of history. Daniel in the godless palace of Babylon, John beneath the frown of Herod, Paul in the palace dungeon of Nero, Savanarola in the pleasure smitten city of Florence, Hugh Latimer amid the smoke and flame of a fearful martyrdom—and ten thousand others. Wherever the page of history flashes and flames with glory and beauty there you find the story of a hero.

"There is no country in the world so morally poisoned that a man may not live a great life in it," remarks a famous English divine.

BEAUTY VS. UGLINESS.

Some people have a genius for that which is unharmonious. They are quick to recognize a lack of harmony in life, nature or circumstances. A broken pane, a patched garment, a crushed rose, a deformed hand, an untuneful voice, a "break" in social form, an inappropriate gesture, a violation of the laws of grammar—any incident which registers an error in form, style, manner, or expression compels their immediate comment and they keep the world ringing with their criticism. Miserable themselves, they try to create an atmosphere of misery—and they succeed only too well. The author of "Characteristics" remarks:

"The detestable habit of fault-finding—too common in this world, as all good-natured people know—was once, we remember, most effectually rebuked by Crabb Robinson. It was during one of his visits to Paris. A great part of the day had been spent in sight-seeing with a London acquaintance, who said to him at parting, 'I will call for you to-morrow.' 'I will thank you not to call,' replied the kindly and philosophic barrister. 'I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I am come to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympthy with others. Now you dislike everything and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be all very true, but it makes me very uncomfortable. I believe, if I were forced to live with you, I should kill myself. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but no more in Paris.'"

PLACE AND POSITION.

Never worry about place and position. If your name is not on the program do not demur. If you are not mentioned in the minutes make no allusion to the matter. If you are not chosen as moderator of the assembly be thankful; your special gifts may not be in that direction. Push others to the front and when you find yourself pushed to the front you may be sure of a handsome majority behind you. From the October Century we cull the following concerning Grover Cleveland:

"I have spoken of Mr. Cleveland's refusing to worry about the record of his correspondence. This was characteristic of his whole attitude as to record. I have known many public men, and I never knew so pronounced an instance of absorption in deed and disregard of record. During his active life he was too intent upon the making of history to give any thought to recording it. In the days of 'records' and 'claims' it was bracing to find a man who let the accomplishment pass from his hand without the slightest anxiety about its history. His theory of life was to do the best he could each day, and then to stop worrying about it—and not to worry at all about telling the story of it. The trait was only one phase of an admirable absence of self-consciousness or taint of vanity."

THE GRANDEST TITLE.

The grandest name which can be applied to any mortal is not the name of Jew, or Gentile, or Christian, but man—man—man! The best soul that ever breathed upon the earth was pleased to call himself the Son of Man. Man is God's masterpiece and a perfect man is the best expression of the thought and character of God. The best claim which any man has upon your love and sympathy consists in the fact that he is a son of God and therefore your brother—a member of your family.

George Macdonald, poet, preacher, novelist, has written this: "There is a bond between me and the most wretched man that ever died, closer, infinitely, than that which springs from only having the same father and mother. That we are the sons and daughters of God, born of His heart, offspring of His love, is a bond closer than all other bonds in one."

WEAR THE BADGE.

When "tag day" comes I am willing to make a contribution on one condition, namely, that I am not asked to wear a "tag.". I hate tags. I also hate names, titles, labels and distinguishing initials. I am willing to have a "Rev." placed before my name because that is the easiest, simplest and cheapest way of informing my fellow citizen what line of business I am engaged in. For my business is my profession and my profession is my business—"my Father's business." And yet I need a badge! Some sign and symbol of my true character. I need it. You need it. Humanity demands it. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples." Where's your badge?

"It is told of the late General Gordon that each morning, during his journey in the Soudan country, for half an hour there lay outside his tent a white handkerchief. The whole camp well knew what it meant, and looked upon the little signal with the utmost respect; no foot dared to pass the threshold of that tent while the little guard lay there. No message, however pressing, was to be delivered. Matters of life and death must wait until the little signal was taken away. Every one in the camp knew that God and Gordon were communing together."

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence? I can give you five illustrations of eloquence. These five illustrations I will put in the form of five questions: How do you talk when you are angry? How do you talk when you are grieved? How do you talk when you are disappointed? How do you talk when you are in love? How do you talk when you are surprised? When a man gives expression to anger, love, grief, disappointment and surprise he never fails to be eloquent. He is eloquent because his heart is speaking:

"I heard only the other day what seems to be a famous story of the great preacher, Tauler, of the fourteenth century, who was the eloquent preacher of the day. People came in thousands to hear him. But there came up a layman to speak to him in private, and he said, 'You have got to begin all over again; you have not learnt yet in your own soul what you are preaching about.' At first he was angry, looked on it as an insult; but, being a good man, he thought it over, and reflected and prayed about it, and retired for months from preaching at all. When he began again everyone came to listen. But he could only say a few stumbling sentences. But at last there came back a new tongue. The man at last having reconstructed his life and his standard and himself inside all over again, preached the Gospel with new power."

FRIENDSHIP.

Stand by your friend. Offer the best interpretation for all his deeds. Believe in him when you cannot understand him. Protect his character when he is absent. Act as champion for him when his public deeds are attacked. Be a friend. Have friends, cultivate friendships and keep your friendship in repair.

Gladly do we echo the words of Freeman Clarke: "To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds, here and there, who trust us and whom we trust; some who know us and whom we know; some on whom we can always rely and who always rely upon us, makes a paradise of this great world; this makes our life really life."

A MODERN FOOL.

The man who sneers at religion is a fool. Every religion which has stood the storms of a thousand years is worthy of your reverence and respect. The Catholic in his cathedral, the Jew in his synagogue, the Anglican in his church and the Non-Conformist in his chapel are all making a splendid contribution to the health and wealth of our splendid civilization.

"When in 1872 Mr. Moody was returning from Europe there were a number of ministers on board. A young man with the spirit of a braggart stepped up to the captain and said in a loud tone that he was sorry he had taken passage on that boat, as it would be unlucky to travel with so many parsons. The captain was himself a pretty rough fellow, but he had no sympathy with this egotist, and replied: 'You fool; if you will show me a town in England where there are five thousand people and not one parson, I will show you a place a mile nearer hell than you have ever been.'"

HAVE A HAND.

When there is an abuse enthroned in your community have a hand in its dethronement. Hit hard! Never mind who believes in it, never mind who stands for it, never mind who is behind it—up and at it. Strike the demon and—hit hard! Speak your mind, express your thought, utter your conviction, tell your story and let your breath be hot with indignation. Lift your hand! Strike in your might, and hit hard!

"Most of us agree with Burke, who said: 'I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose; I like a clamor when there is an abuse.' Whatever the outcome of the present fight, it is likely some ground will be gained."

SCIENTIFIC PRAYING.

The science of prayer would be wonderfully improved if we sought to answer our own prayers. What is the use of asking God to do for us that which we can do for ourselves, or beseeching Him to do for our neighbors that which is within our power to render and to do?

"We noticed a few days ago a little squib from the Omaha World-Herald to the effect that a poor man was sick and in severe financial straits. Some of his brethren of the church met at his house to pray for his speedy recovery and asked God to send material sustenance to his family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent petition there was a rap at the door. A friend opening it found this same farmer's stout son standing on the steps. 'How do you do, my boy; what brought you here?' 'I have brought Pa's prayers,' he replied. 'Brought your Pa's prayers; what do you mean?' 'Yep, I have brought his prayers and they are out in the wagon. You jest help me and we will get them in.' Investigation disclosed the fact that he had hauled from his father's house a load of potatoes, apples, corn-meal, flour, bacon, together with some clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick."

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

There is a God in the heavens, as sure as the human heart beats, as sure as human affection rules the world, as sure as memory is the anchor of the mind, as sure as hope feeds the soul, as sure as the spirit of man longs to know God and the whole nature of man craves that best of all gifts—Immortality.

"Lord Tennyson said: 'If there be a God who has given birth to this unquenchable desire in the heart of man and He has not furnished the satisfaction of it in a future life, I never can believe anything concerning man or anything else. There must be the answer to it; if there is not, then He is not God, but a fiend, tormenting man, and I would lift my fist and shake it in His Almighty face and curse Him. And tonight I would bury my face in a chloroformed handkerchief and be through with it all!'

"Said the great Tennyson in a better moment: 'It's the reality of life! Where's Arthur, my heart's love, the greatest genius of the literary world, going out in boyhood? Where's Arthur? He lives!' Then Tennyson turned away from all questions and began to sing beautiful music."

Portage la Prairie.

Portage la Prairie was incorporated as a town in 1880, and although, at that time, very little was known about the Great West, the district known as "Portage Plains" was thickly settled.

In 1907, the town, which had been steadily growing, became a full fledged city, and since the date of its incorporation as a city great strides have been made in the Municipal developments.

Being directly on the main lines of Canada's three great Transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific—and having in addition to the above lines running in all directions, a branch of the Great Northern, giving direct connection with Minneapolis, St. Paul and other large American cities, and being situated 56 miles due west of Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie was quickly recognized as a natural distributing centre for manufacturers and shippers wishing to cover the whole of the Great Canadian West.

As a residential city, Portage la Prairie is unexcelled in the three great Western Provinces. Its wide, well kept streets and avenues, lined with beautiful shade trees and lawns; its miles of concrete walks, and hundreds of acres of beautiful park lands being a revelation to visitors holding the opinion that the prairie provinces are a vast expanse of prairie grass, scrub oak and poplar.

Island Park, immediately south of the city, and almost surrounded by Crescent Lake, is undoubtedly one of the finest parks between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, and is visited each year by thousands of people from the surrounding towns and cities, who thoroughly enjoy a day spent in this beautiful expanse of natural woodland, with its picturesque drives and delightful rustic retreats.

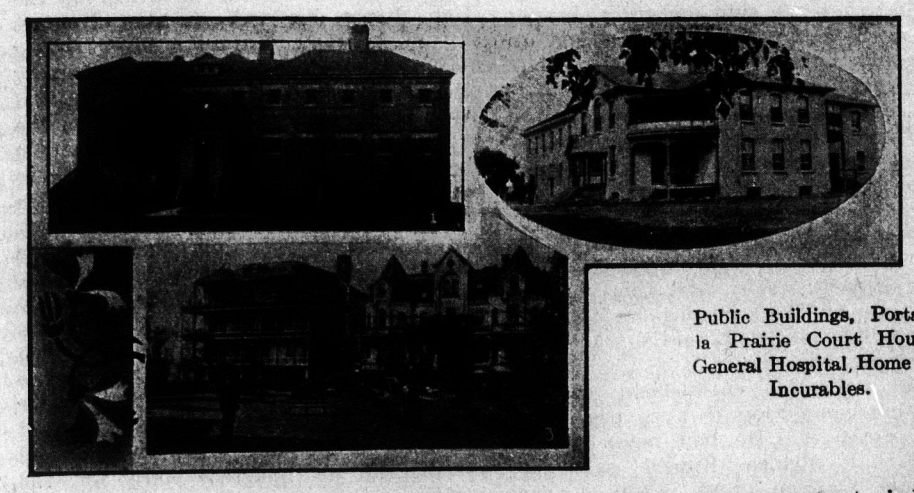
A Collegiate Institute, a Normal School, an up-to-date Business College, and three public schools, provide, for a city of this size, exceptional educational advantages.

There are nine churches in the city, exclusive of the handsome barracks devoted to the use of the Salvation Army.

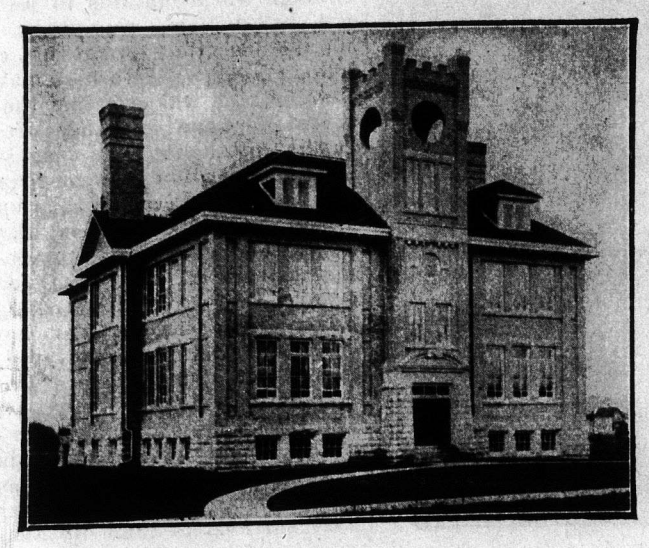
Portage la Prairie is a direct point of entry from the United States, and in addition to the Customs Office, and Post Office, has the offices of the Inland Revenue and Indian Department. Other public buildings are: The New Reformatory, County Court House, Lands Title Office, and Home for Incurables.

Civic improvements involving the expenditure of many thousands of dollars have been recently made, and a number are at the present time under consideration.

The city is well lighted by an up-to-date electric plant, has excellent waterworks and sewage systems, and other conveniences usually enjoyed by cities of far greater population.



Public Buildings, Portage la Prairie Court House, General Hospital, Home for Incurables.



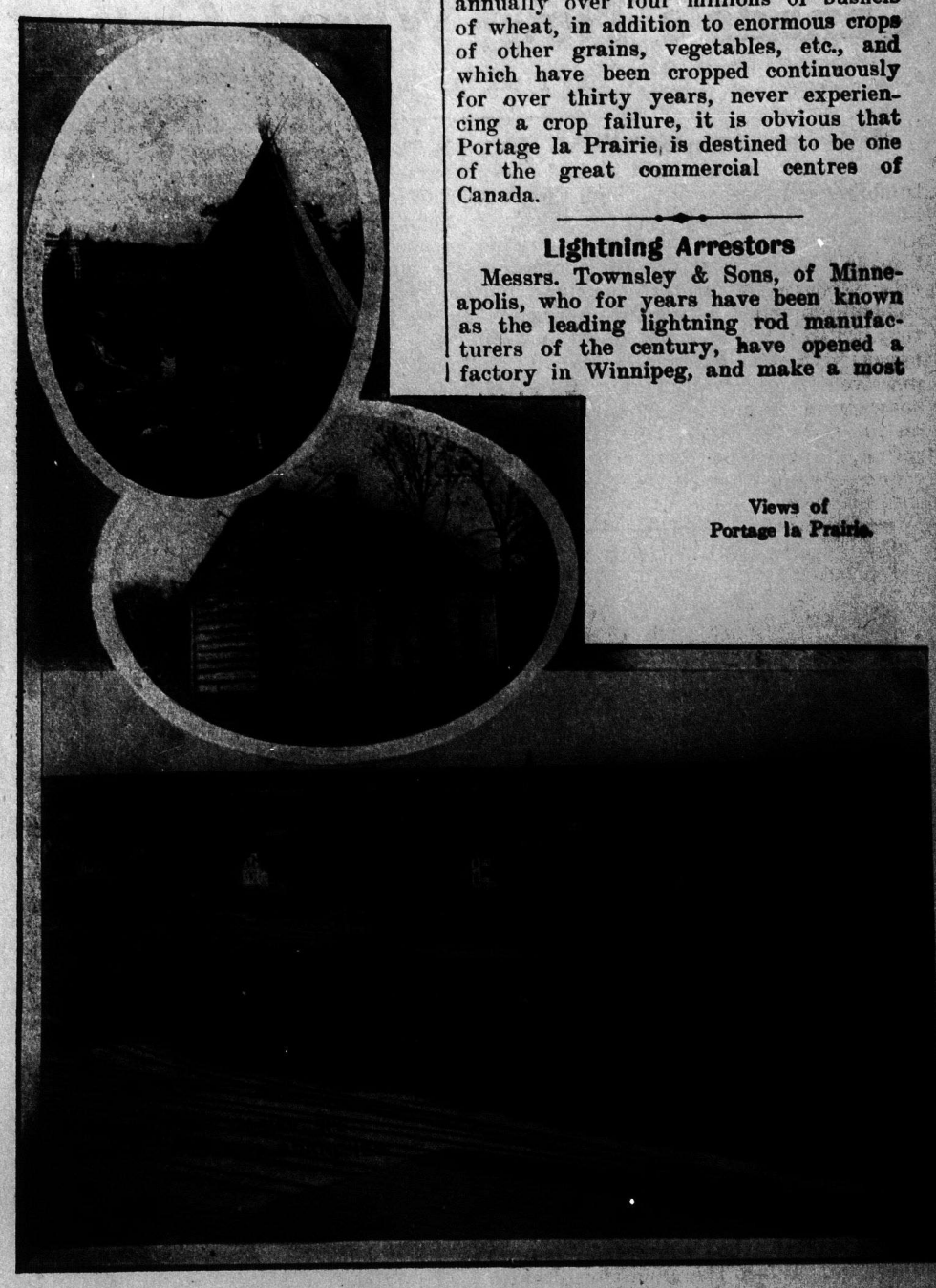
The Collegiate Institute, Portage la Praire.

Among the most important industries now in operation in Portage la Prairie are :—Flour and Oat Meal mills, with an out-put of 1600 barrels per day; Brick yards, which this season manufactured over eighty millions of brick; a sash and door factory; pump factory; cigar factory; steam heating and radiator plant; threshing and farm machinery plant; and elevators with a capacity of 313,000 bushels of grain.

A number of firms have already realized the advantages of Portage la Prairie as a distributing point, and have here established their Western headquarters.

One of the first being the Waterloo Manufacturing Co., of Waterloo and Berlin, Ontario, who manufacture an extensive line of threshing and farm machinery, and, to prove the soundness of their judgment, their business has increased to such an extent as to make it necessary to practically double their plant in the near future. Many other firms are attracted by the exceptional facilities and concessions offered in the way of free sites, fixed assessments of taxes, etc., and are at the present time contemplating the establishment of manufacturing and industrial plants in this rapidly growing Western city.

Coupling the facts that Portage la Prairie is one of the greatest shipping and distributing centres in the Dominion and that it lies in the heart of the "Celebrated Portage Plains," producing annually over four millions of bushels of wheat, in addition to enormous crops of other grains, vegetables, etc., and which have been cropped continuously for over thirty years, never experiencing a crop failure, it is obvious that Portage la Prairie is destined to be one of the great commercial centres of Canada.



Views of Portage la Prairie.

Lightning Arrestors

Messrs. Townsley & Sons, of Minneapolis, who for years have been known as the leading lightning rod manufacturers of the century, have opened a factory in Winnipeg, and make a most desirable addition to the industrial enterprises of the city. Any one, whose business it is to know, acknowledges not only the value, but the necessity of providing lightning rods for large isolated buildings such as churches, school houses, barns, etc. So much is this the case that the mutual and other insurance companies here, as well as in the States, allow a substantial reduction in the insurance rate on rodded buildings, against such as are not. It is thought by many that Halley's comet will cause many severe atmospheric disturbances and farmers and others would do well to protect their buildings against the consequences of such. The manufacture of lightning rods is now an extensive and legitimate business, and Messrs. Townsley & Sons are amongst the pioneers of their line, and a firm that enjoys a wide and enviable reputation throughout the North West. It is safe to state that buildings rodded by them are immune from being burned by lightning.

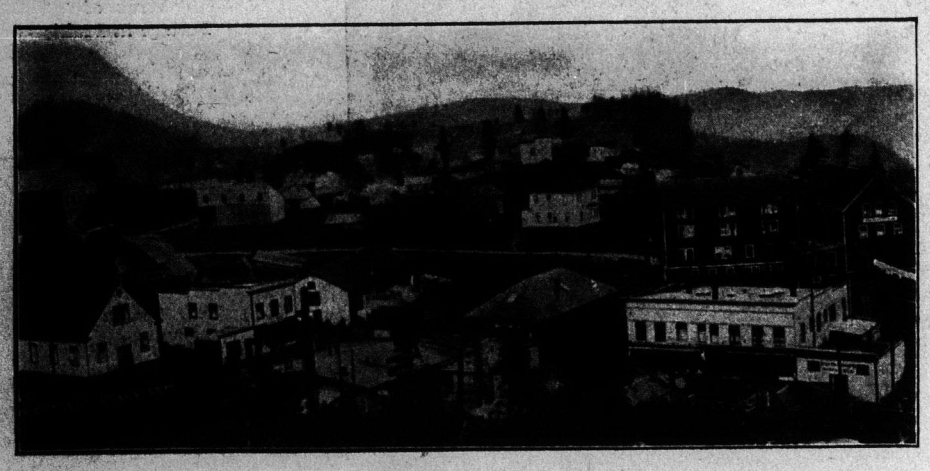
First Through Train on the G. T. P. at Portage la Prairie, Man.

Canada's New Wheat Outlet.

By Fredk. A. Talbot.

"There's Prince Rupert!"

Our little vessel, which had been tumbling and threading through the maze of narrow channels between the mainland and outer barrier of islands, comprising Canada's Pacific coastline on her northerly 570-mile roll from Vancouver, had suddenly rounded a menancing promontory. Right ahead was spread out an expansive bay 14 miles in length. In its massive frame of towering tree-clad, snow-swept mountains fringing the bay on all sides, it is an ideal harbour of refuge, designed by Nature to fulfil the requirements of one of the busiest ports



Looking South West, Prince Rupert, B.C.

of the world—for that is Prince Rupert's future.

A decade of years ago Prince Rupert was unknown, in fact it was thought that Vancouver marked the northernmost limit of mercantile commerce. The coast beyond that point was too wild, exposed and serrated to offer any possibilities of a more northern port being established. Such was public opinion. But the engineers thought otherwise. When the Dominion decided to throw a new slender link of steel right across the Continent from Atlantic to Pacific, it was decided that it should tap the latter at a new point—get through the mountains at a lower altitude than had ever been thought possible, so that wonders in transportation might be wrought. The Pacific was searched from end to end but Prince Rupert was the only commercially strategical point that could be found. From out to sea its existence might be overlooked, for here rise two massive headlands on either side of a small sheet of water 2,000 feet wide, presenting a little indent, such as are found round these islands in abundance. But closer investigation shows that this is but the approach to another bay with deep water all the way.

Our boat had on board a motley throng—there were brawny navvies who, attracted by the daily wage of twelve and fifteen shillings on the new railway, had decided to come up and try their luck, settlers, squatters, and pioneer tradesmen. The cargo was just as assorted—the greater part of the hold was crammed with a heterogeneous mass of machinery, parts of steam engines, little locomotives, sheets of corrugated iron, rails, and whatnot. while there were crates and cases of foodstuffs, clothing provisions, etc., sufficient to fit out an army.

When my informant, leaning over the taffrail, pointed to Prince Rupert straight ahead I looked in vain for any sign of a village, let alone a big town or seaport. The trees extended right down to the water's edge, and their branches were lapped by the Pacific. In the far distance there were a few crazy shacks scattered about, as if the owners had toiled up the opposite side of the mountains and, when they had reached the summit, had dropped their primitive wooden shanties promiscuously into the valley below. Here and there wreaths of smoke curled lazily into the azure sky, but as for any sign of activity it was conspicuous by its absence.

My companion had sold up his business in Vancouver and moved lock, stock, and barrel to Prince Rupert. The outlook implied that he was going into retirement, but he said he was going to have a good cut at a fortune. I asked him if he was relying upon Indian patronage.

"Indians be damned!" and he gave the plug in his mouth another savage chew. "See here, this place's goin' to hum—another fifteen years and Vancouver and 'Frisco will be back numbers."

"But where's your trade? There isn't enough life to support a pensioned rat, let alone a strapping man and his family, and look at the crowd that's come up on the same game," indicating our fellow passengers.

He looked at me disdainfully. "I guess you fellows from the old country are a leetle slow—over here we don't set up business where the competition's too keen to keep a caterpillar, but we just strike out in a new show. Get on the ground first. Why, I reckon that in six months I'll be raking in the dollars with a steam shovel. We've got ten thousand men or more on the railway, and they'll keep us going for a bit—this enterprise is a cinch. Talk about the Klondike, why, we'll make more money here in a month than you'd get out of gold diggin' in a year. Don't you know that we're going to ship the best part of the wheat for Europe from this port?"

I paused and frowned. I recalled the excellent facilities the Dominion possessed for carrying the grain right across the Continent to the Atlantic ports and the short passage across the ocean to the home country—consequently why should it be sent via the Pacific and half-way round the globe? I frankly told my companion so.

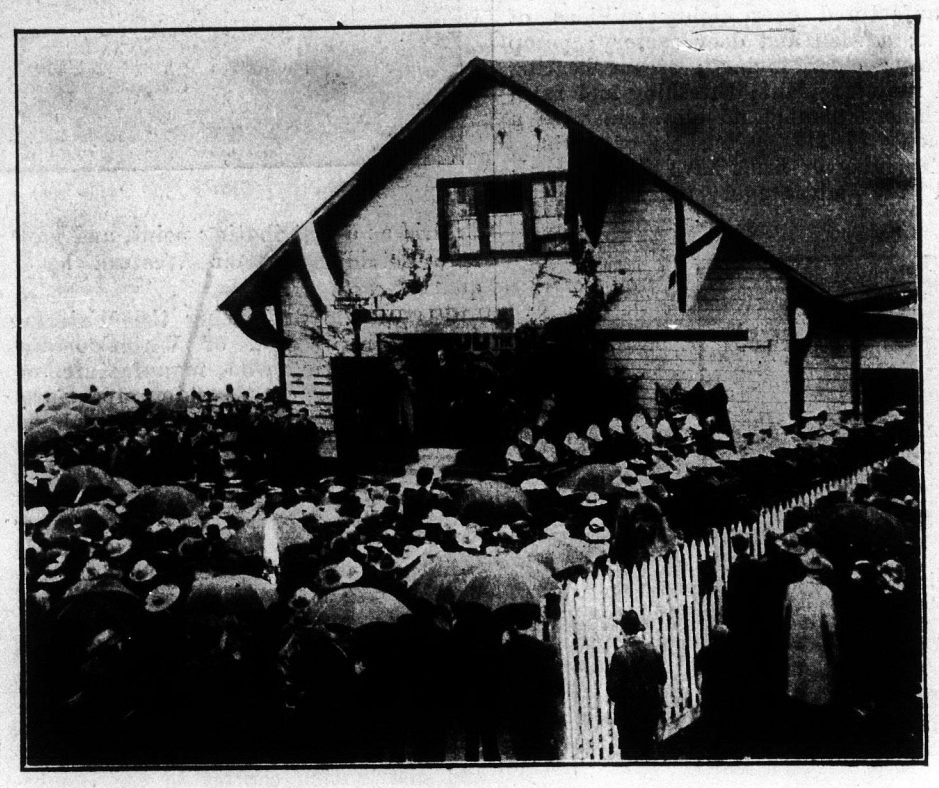
"Ah, that's how it used to be done, simply because the railways said it must go that way, but the farmers just over the hills there—indicating the forbidding

The Wharf, Prince Rupert, B.C.

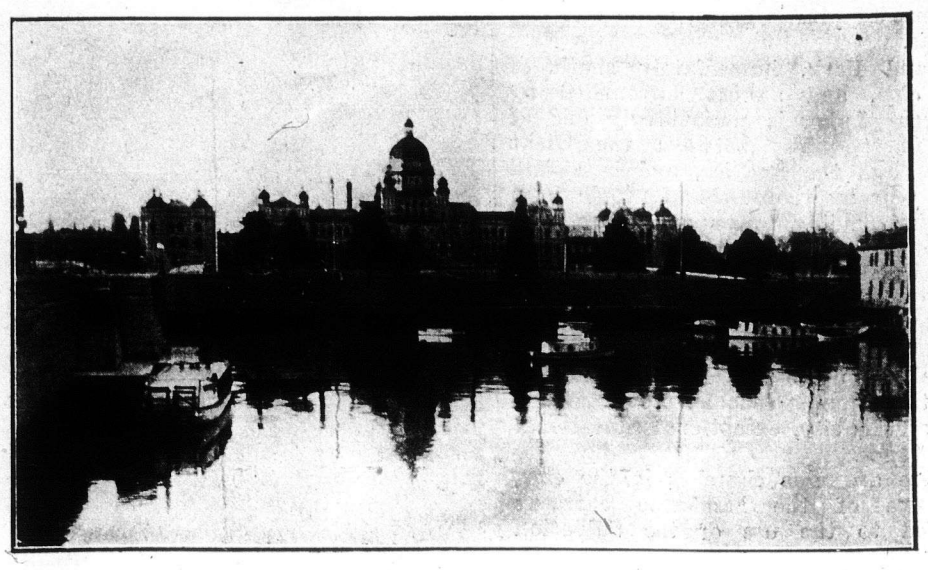
mountain range—have done with all that. They've been figurin' it out, and they find that they can ship the grain cheaper and quicker via Prince Rupert to Liverpool, London, or wherever they want, even although they do send it right round Cape Horn or through the Suez Canal. Sea transport is a mighty sight cheaper than train haul, anyway—the farmers have found that out, and now they're going to have their own way. The Grand Trunk Pacific don't mind, for it means a heavy and busy trade at Prince Rupert. Why, sir, this place is going to grow like a mushroom—it must, it can't help it, and that's where we pioneers get the chance."

Such was the enthusiasm of my travelling companion that no pessimism would damp it. He had made up his mind that Prince Rupert was his land of Canaan, and when I saw him shortly afterwards whistling and busily erecting his home and store upon the plot of ground he had secured, it was evident that he had made his mind up to succeed. It was a striking example of Canadian enterprise, blind faith reposed in a strong Government and belief in a railway project, such as the Grand Trunk Pacific had pledged itself to build. I turned up the High Street, as such at that time it existed in name only, the street being nothing more than a rough pathway paved with branches of trees, planks, and other convenient material thrown on the ground to offer some kind of foothold in the slippery ooze— with every step there was a squeak and a slight subsidence in the mire; but its provision was useful, for if you stepped off the side you instantly sank to your knees in the slime, for the ground had been badly cut up by the haulage of the heavy carts, hundreds of horses, loads of rails, and so on, which had been hauled up the highway from the ship for the railway builder. On either side the ground had been roughly cleared by the engineering camp which had established its quarters here for the plotting of the line through the mountains. The newly arriving Whiteleys and Liptons, as represented by my sanguine travelling companion, were hard at work raising their shacks, which would do duty until the time arrived for building in brick and masonry. There was, however, more bustle and activity on shore than appeared visible from the vessel's deck—the railway constructional work was in full swing. Mr. "Jack" Stewart, the head of the constructional contractors of Foley, Welch and Stewart, who are carrying the line over the stiffest section through the mountains to Edmonton on the other side, was busy at work unravelling the tangle of cargo and human freight. With his innate Scottish canniness he was selecting the men best suited for one or other of his sixty camps spread out in a long string over the hundred miles between Prince Rupert and Copper River right up in the mountains. Like a general disembarking his army, everything proceeded in a methodical manner, and chaos was resolved into order with striking rapidity. Fussy little locomotives hauled this cargo of rails here, conveyed that air compressor there, dumped this load of dynamite somewhere else, and so on. The process seemed endless, for when it is a job amounting to something like a million and a half pounds the quantity of material required is tremendous. Two steamboats came up alongside our vessel, and quickly cargo was being transferred to their decks, for they were bound for camps at different points up the Skeena River, along which the railway winds its way.

I left the scene of bustle and imprecation-seasoned atmosphere and



Welcoming the Governor General Prince Rupert, B.C.



Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

View from Court House Hill, Prince Rupert, B.C.

made my way to the Pacific terminus of this new 3,600 mile railway. Like the High Street of the port, its existence was yet an imagination only. True, there was the end of the rails, but the tracks were so lumbered with train loads for the railway, and wound in and out such a maze of large stacks of rails, girders, masonry, wood, and sheds, that they could scarcely be descried. The locomotive construction train was just off to the railhead, and, nearly breaking my neck, I swung on to a crazy vehicle. Amid much puffing and snorting on the part of the engine, which formed a fitting accompaniment to the bumping and oscillation over the rough track, which made every known bone in the body ache and drew attention to many of which one knew nothing before, we crawled up into the mountains. The railhead was only a few miles from the port, and I was not sorry to disembark—in fact, I have never been so anxious to leave a train as I was to leave that one. Down below we could see the great scene of activity raging round the wharf alongside which the Vancouver vessel was still disgorging its contents. In front was another beehive, but of a totally different character. A solid wall of rock—the hump of a mountain—sheered up; it completed obstructed the path of the line.

"Going to tunnel?" I asked the divisional engineer.

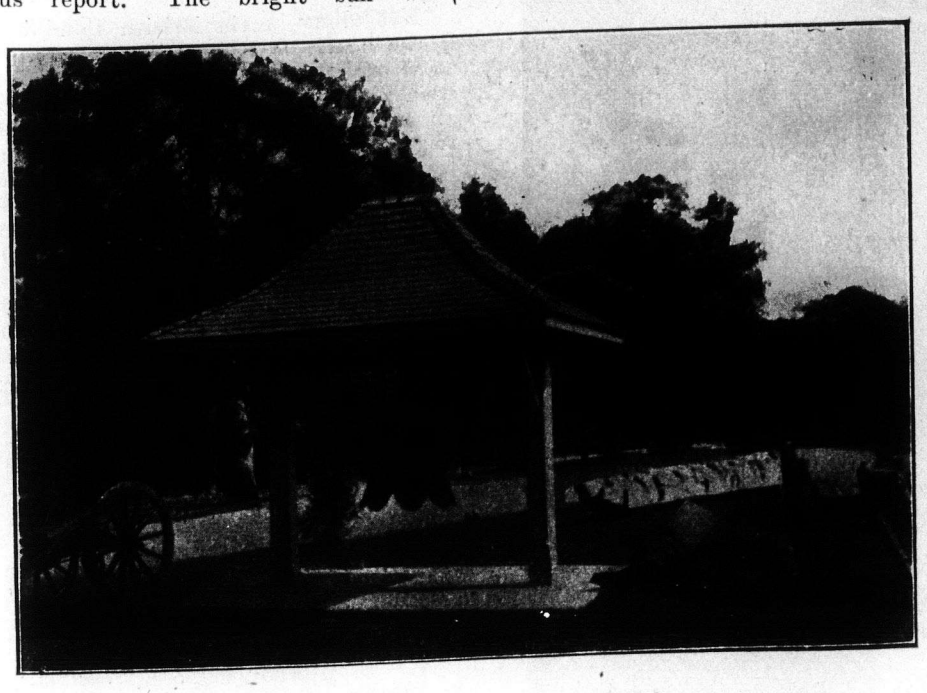
"No; blow the lot clean away—look out—back a bit!"

The troops of workmen had thrown down their tools and were scurrying like rats from the cliff. I did likewise. There was a sharp blast from a steam syren, and then all was still. Beside me stood a man with a small electric battery in his hand, from which two black wires trailed towards the hump. He gave a last look round and waved his hand. A sharp press on the button—

"Br-r-r-r-r-pp!"

A subdued growl swelling into a roar—little puffs of smoke spurted out from all points of the hump as if it had been suddenly ignited by some supernatural agency—then a rending and tearing, and the crown of the hump split in all directions, and seemed to lift into the air to the accompaniment of a tremendous report. The bright sun was obscured by a thick cloud of smoke and dust, and the air was filled with nauseous fumes. The water in the harbour became suddenly agitated as masses of rock hurled into the air dropped with terrific force. Through the smoke the men could be seen running towards the scene of the commotion, and out of the gloom with an ominous rumble there ambled up the engineers' heavy artillery—the ponderous steam navvy with its capacious bucket dipped in a business-like manner. The smoke cleared—the hump was gone. In its place was a tumbled mass of disintegrated rock—the precipice had been pulverized to atoms. The steam navvy lumbered up to the mass, and one of the fussy locomotives rushed up alongside. The bucket plunged its teeth into the mass, and with a wide sweep upwards tore through the broken mass. The steam navvy has a capacious maw—with every bite it tears a solid lump and the mountain hump is cut through in next to no time—and it is insatiable. As one train of trucks is filled with debris, it backs and another takes its place. The loaded train runs down until it comes to some spot which has got to be filled up—a cleft in the mountain side or something of that kind. Here the navvy gives a sharp turn to a wheel, and the bottom of the truck falls out, releasing the contents.

A Park Scene, Prince Rupert, B.C.



Chinese Bell, Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.

Mr. Charles M. Hays and Miss Hays visiting Prince Rupert, B.C.

As the steam navvy eats its way through the mass a gang of rock drillers have got on ahead and are tackling the next obstruction. With the aid of air compressed to many atmospheres, sharp drills twist and hammer into the face, biting holes into which the dynamite cartridges are tamped home ready for the next blast. Harnessed explosive is one of the most powerful tools of the railway builder, and in one single year $200,000 was spent in useful smoke in forcing his way through the rock. When it is stipulated that the rise shall not exceed 21 feet to the mile through such a rugged mountainous range as guards sentinel over the Pacific coast of British North America, heroic work has to be carried out. Nowadays the engineer does not circumvent or run through obstacles unless he can possibly help it—he simply blows the whole mass away. It is cheaper and much more satisfactory. There is only one tunnel in the first 100 miles into the mountains, and that is merely 400 feet in length, but the development work, as it is called, has been prodigious. The line runs through cuttings which are respectable valleys or rifts in themselves, and in this stretch about 4,000,000 cubic yards of rock alone were removed.

As the railhead advances and the graders have levelled off the surface the track layer comes along. This is the last word in labour and time-saving appliances. In the front of a train is a truck, at the front corners of which stand two vertical posts with a cross piece not unlike a huge gallows; in between two swing booms. Behind this truck come the cars laden with rails; then comes the engine, and behind is another array of trucks carrying the sleepers. From the rearmost truck, along the length of the train to the front of the mechanical layer, is a trough-like conveyer, the floor of which is composed of rollers. The gangs on the sleeper trucks at the rear throw heavy bulks of timber into this trough as fast as possible, and the roller floor whisks them along to the front and dumps them on the ground in a steady stream. All that the men have to do is to place the sleepers in the correct position on the ground. As soon as enough sleepers have been laid to carry a length of rail, a pair of such are picked up by the track-layer, whipped through the gallows, swung forward, and laid on the sleepers. The men secure the end of the length to the previous rail and quickly and deftly drive in a few spikes to permit the train to advance. In this way as much as five miles of track can be laid in a day. When this mechanical apparatus has passed, gangs of men come behind aligning the track and securing the rails firmly to the sleepers, so that all is then ready for the ballast train, which, after its passage, leaves the railway ready for the fastest and heaviest train that can be brought upon it. Such is the way in which Canada's latest and boldest enterprise is being carried through the most difficult stretch of the whole 3,600 miles. Although thousands of men are toiling feverishly night and day, week in and week out, with over half a million pounds' worth of steam shovels, horses, construction trains, and other implements to get the line through from Prince Rupert to Edmonton, the grain clearing-house of the great North-west, the work is not rapid enough for the farmers. They have developed the ground in advance of the railway, secure in the belief of its realization, and are eagerly awaiting the time when, instead of sending their grain on the long railroad journey across the Continent to the Atlantic, they will be able to send it by the short cut to Prince Rupert, and there store it in huge elevators or load it direct into the holds of steamships bound for Europe. The short cut will save every farmer so many cents on each ton of grain, and that saving will swell into so many more dollars profit on his harvest, consequently he is anxious to effect the economy at the earliest opportunity. The North-West at the present moment is like a huge seething boiler, of which Prince Rupert is the safety-valve, and the sooner the springs of that safety-valve are provided by the railway communication between Edmonton and the new port, the sooner will the traffic pressure be released. Such means a wave of great prosperity for Prince Rupert, and the sanguine pioneer's prophecy that this new port is going to "hum" will be more than verified.

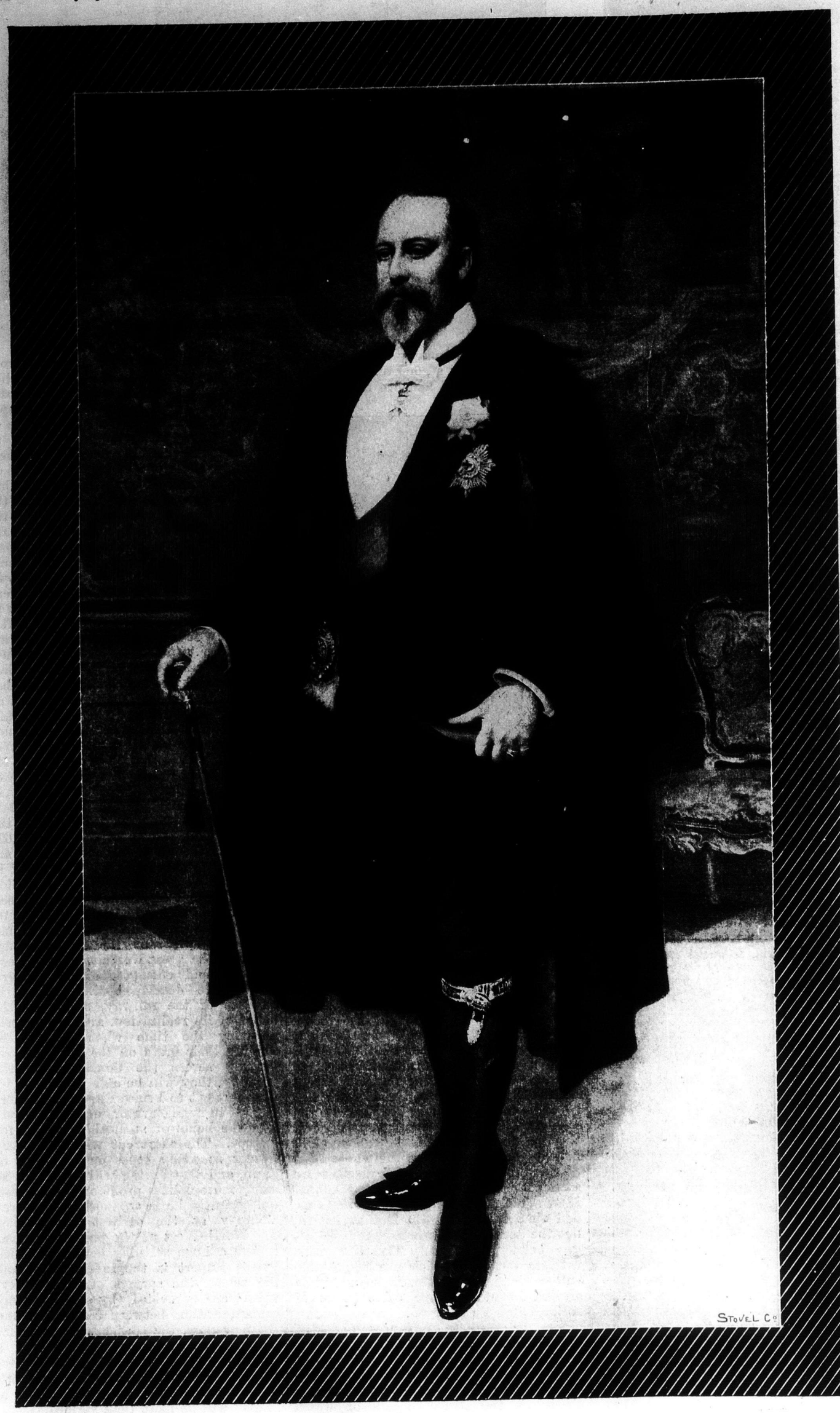
Late King Edward VII.—The Peacemaker.

In these days a King is great only when he lives in the hearts of his people. How great then was Edward VII, since he won the hearts not only of all citizens of the Empire, but of men and women, rulers and people, in all parts of the civilized world.

If a reason for his great popularity is sought it may be traced to the fact that he was not only a king but a true born gentleman and a lover of peace. Kindly, affable, courteous, broad in his sympathies and just in all his decisions, it is no wonder that he was respected by those in authority and loved by those over whom he ruled.

King Edward set an example to all rulers in the matter of conduct. Though royal in the fullest sense, he was yet simple and unaffected. He delighted not that menials should cringe before him. His humanity was such that no thought of cruelty could be entertained by him. There was in him absolutely nothing of pomp and pride, nothing of vanity and love of adoration. He was a man,—with real human attributes.

Because he was of the people, he loved the sports of the people. It was not as a gambler but as a lover of good clean sport that he countenanced suffered from ennui but because he was a lover of good entertainment that he encouraged the best that the stage produced. His thought seems to have been that every occupation in which men and women may engage is good or bad according to the manner in which it is carried on.



If no account of his perfect ease and naturalness he was a power with his own subjects it is because of the same qualities that he was such a power in the various courts of the world. He had the immense advantage that he was probably the best living authority on international law and international etiquette. Yet his tact and his simple honesty made him while he lived and reigned the greatest power in world politics. That he used this power for the ends of peace is the universal testimony of a sorrowing world. It is fortunate indeed to live in an age and in an Empire when the King is known the world over as the "Great Peacemaker."

Nothing is a greater tribute to the late King than the expressions of men and women in the home-land, the colonies, and the friendly powers of the Old and the New World. It cheers one's heart to hear such testimonies as these:

Worthily and well during the all too short term of his occupancy of earth's greatest throne has Edward VII, been as Queen Victoria was, "the bond and symbol of the Empire," and idealized for us the institutions and the flag which are personified in the Sovereign. His name will be linked in history with Queen Victoria's. His influence was a continuance of hers, both to the Empire and to the whole English?speaking race; and not least among the tributes to his greatness and his wisdom and his faithfulness in his great trust is the sincere sympathy with his own people's grief manifested by the people of the United States. Amid the world-wide mourning in which all people join, the share taken by the people who share this continent with the Canadian people testifies eloquently to the union of hearts and thoughts of the English-speaking nations which hold the world's destinies in their hands.

The Empire has lost one of the best rulers who ever sat on the throne of Great Britain and the world at large is deprived, by the King's death, of a man who managed the affairs of the world's greatest empire with infinite tact and splendid ability. As Canadians, and as his subjects living in the largest colonial possessions of the Empire, we ore especially concerned in the death of our King, for whom the people of this Dominion have always had the highest respect and love, which was intensified by the tour that His Majesty made through this country many years ago as the Prince of Wales, but which had its firmest foundation in the respect and admiration that King Edward's course since he ascended the throne has compelled from the people of the world—from his own subjects as well as those of other countries."

"Not alone in the British Dominions is the death of King Edward regarded as a crushing blow, but in every civilized nation the bereavement falls like an avalanche of sorrow. Though his reign was brief, it has been a momentous success in the interests of humanity and of national friendship and the uplifting of the race. The most familiar thing in all the world comes on this occasion with an inexpressible awe. The world will go on in much the same way as before, but the nation has suffered an irreparable loss."

He has failed in nothing. He has handed down his glorious heritage unimpaired. He has won an enduring place in the affection of all his subjects of high or low estate. 'It is all over, but I think I have done my duty.' These, his last words at Buckingham Palace, are a fitting epitaph for the supreme head of all these dominions, who, in the memorable words of the orator of the empire, was 'not merely the King of Great Britain, but the King of hearts.'"

King George V.—Long Live the King

There is not a British subject whose best wishes will not go out to King George the Fifth as he assumes the responsibilities of office. He comes to the throne at a critical time and he has the harder task because he succeeds two rulers of such transcendent abilities. Nevertheless, we have all reason to believe that he is calculated to fill his high office with wisdom and discretion. He has been a close student of men and constant companion with his father. We shall be disappointed if he has not learnt something of the tact and diplomacy for which the late King was so noted. It is said by those who know the new King that he possesses wisdom in a high degree and that he has an individuality which will assert itself not only at home but among other nations in a very beneficial way.

The work of a King in these strenuous days is not the simple work that some suppose. He is not simply one who dresses for state occasions. His life is not a round of pleasure, but within the empire and out of it every act of the soverign has immense significance. He gives the tone to social life; by the wave of his hand he can discourage or encourage any national practice; by his kindly influence he can lessen party friction in the parliaments of the country; by his visitation he can bind together the various parts of the empire. He can encourage art, science and literature. He can lead in helpful forms of philanthropy. In short, he can indicate the direction in which national life shall move and the British people are so constituted that they follow the lead of a beloved sovereign in all respects.

King George has been well trained. He has visited widely and studied sympathetically. He has mingled among his own people and he is beloved most where he is best known. There seems to be no doubt that he will not only be the titular head of the country, but a veritable leader in all that makes for happiness and prosperity.

But in international life the King has even a more important part to play. Just as Edward the Seventh by his visits to Rome, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg dispersed the war clouds which were threatening, allowing the sun of peace to break through and gladden the earth, so George the Fifth, as representative of one of the great peace-loving nations of the world, can exert his influence to minimize war and produce friendship among the peoples of the earth.

Every British subject may hope that during the new King's reign the various parts of the empire will be drawn more closely together; that justice may prevail; that class prejudice may cease to exist; that citizens far and near may unite their efforts in the quest of truth, beauty and goodness. Above all there will be the earnest wish that Britain may prove her title to the mistress of the nations not because of her extended territory, but because she excels in the virtues of peace, and because she is possessed of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

"God save King George V."

Amid expressions of grief for the dead monarch arise acclamations of the new king.

The second sovereign of the House of Saxe-Cobourg ascends the throne under a name peculiar to the Hanoverian Dynasty. The name of George was unknown on the roll of British kings until the German son of Sophia of Hanover came across the seas to take the English sceptre from the dead hand of Anne, last of the Stuart sovereigns.

His Majesty George V., lately His Royal Highness George Frederick Ernest Albert, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Saxony, Earl of Carrick and Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Killarney, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., is the second son of His late Majesty King Edward VII. and the Queen-Dowager Alexandra. He was born at Malborough House on June 3rd, 1685, just seventeen months after his elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence. With his brother he entered the navy as a cadet on June 5th, 1877. He spent two years in the training ship Britannia, and then, in company with his brother, went on a three year's voyage round the world in the Bacchante. In May, 1883, he was made a midshipman on the Canada, which was on the North American station. In 1885 he was promoted to a lieutenancy, passing his examination with great credit. In 1890, he was given command of the gunboat Thrush, on the West Indian station and in 1891 he was raised to the rank of Commander.

In 1892 through the death of his elder brother, he became heir to the throne, and took his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of York. In May, 1893, his engagement to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was announced. The Princess Mary, as she was then known, had previously been engaged to his brother, the Duke of Clarence. The mariage was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. James, on July 6, 1893. It was a most brilliant ceremony, and was attended by all the members of the Royal family, by the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czarewitch and many other illustrious foreign guests.

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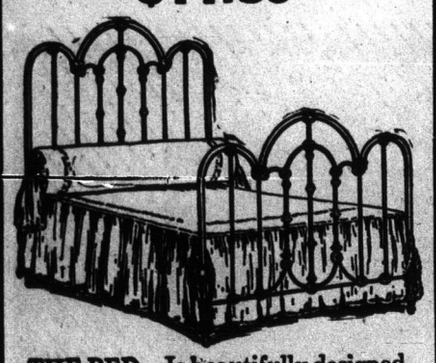

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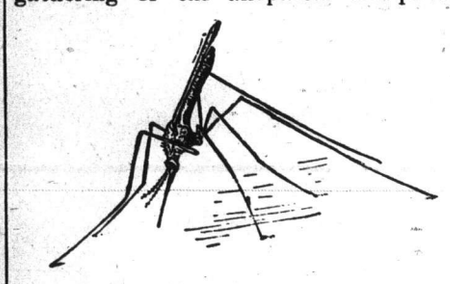
The Spring Pest.

There is so much malaria on the Roman Campagna that during part of each year the business of having it really seems to be the occupation of the people. This is not strange, for to this day most of the inhabitants fail to protect themselves from it. They believe that malaria is a queer mixture of dampness and warmth; that it oozes out of the ground; that it belongs to certain places, as cold belongs to the north pole and heat to the torrid zone; and that no one who breathes it can escape it.

In 1900 two scientific men went to that region to prove an opposite doctrine which a few other scientists already believed. They chose the most malarial spot in the entire Campagna, and there they built a five-room cottage. It stood on the bank of a canal that swarmed with mosquito wigglers or larvae, but every door and window of the cottage was closely screened to keep the mosquitoes out.

These facts are the ones to notice, for they are the very center of the experiment. When sundown came the men slipped into the cottage behind the screens, lit their lamps, and watched the gathering of the anopheles mosquitoes



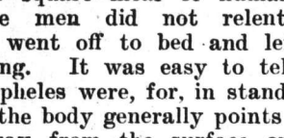
Anopheles Pointed for Blood.
Three times as large as life. Malaria may follow.

on the outside. This is the kind of mosquito that lives in malarial places, and it seems that they generally stay in hiding by day. After dark, however, they stream out in swarms and start off on splendid hunting expeditions.

So now they came to the cottage, perched on the screens, and peered through with hungry eyes. They longed for one square meal of human blood, but the men did not relent. They simply went off to bed and left them lamenting. It was easy to tell which the anopheles were, for, in standing, the end of the body generally points upward and away from the surface on which they stand, while the legs do not curl upward, although they somtimes stretch straight out behind. With the culex, however,—the mosquito that sings and stings harmlessly in every land,—the end of the body points downward when he stands, and his legs curl upward.

When the malarial season of summer and fall was over the two men had escaped both anopheles and malaria. They had left their windows wide open, and had breathed the air of that malarial region every day and every night; yet they were as well at the end as at the beginning of their experiment. The news about it was telegraphed to all corners of the earth, and scientific men in every land knew at once that henceforward anopheles mosquitoes and human beings must stop living in the same houses.

Soon afterward came another experiment, proving the case from the opposite



Curved-legged Culex
Three times as arge as life.

side of the question.

Several anopheles in Rome were allowed to have a glorious feast on the blood of a man who had malaria. They were then shipped off to London, where a courageous man offered his body for the experiment. He had never had malaria; had never even lived in a malarial country, and the question was whether those Roman anopheles could actually bring the disease from Italy and prick it into a Londoner.

They were hungry when they arrived, took hold in earnest, and sucked all the blood they wanted. After that, sure enough, came the proof. The man became ill with malaria.

Microscopes have been used so faithfully since those days that scientists now know precisely how it is that anopheles can both rob a man of his blood and give him malaria at the same time. The mystery is with the microbe that spends part of its life in the stomach of the anopheles and the rest of it in the blood of man. It grows in both places, and would actually amount to nothing if it had to spend all its life in either place without going to the other.

Curiously enough, these malaria microbes are so fastidious that the body of no other mosquito pleases them. They must live in the anopheles or nowhere.

More than that, the female alone gets the microbe, for she alone has a beak strong enough to puncture the human skin. As she draws blood from the little wound she has made, it always happens that, quite without any thought of harm, she lets some of her saliva drip into it, and just there are the microbes. They now dart into the red corpuscles of the blood, live there and grow large, divide into several parts, and end by bursting numberless corpuscles into fragments. When this happens the body that owns those corpuscles has a chill, and the doctor says: "Poor man! he has caught malaria somehow; and we'll have to dose him with quinine." It appears that quinine is sure to kill these special microbes.

After the new microbes have broken through the first red corpuscles they take up lodgings in others. At this point, therefore, the fever is well under way. Any anopheles mosquitoes sucking blood now will take malarial microbes into their stomachs with the blood and will pass them on to the next man they bite. From this history five things are clear:

1. Malaria is carried by the anopheles mosquitoes.
2. Anopheles carry no disease until they have sucked malarial blood.
3. No other kind of mosquito carries the disease.
4. If anopheles were banished from the earth, there would never be another case of malaria.
5. Until mosquitoes of every sort are banished, men must be protected from them.

Unfortunately for the harmless culex, he and the harmful anopheles multiply in the same ponds, visit the same houses, sing the same song,—though the anopheles has a lower voice,—and puncture the same men. They must therefore be killed or banished together, for there is no separating the one kind from the other.

Still another mosquito is yet more cruel than the anopheles. His name is stegomyia, and for many generations in Havana, Cuba, he carried on his terrible traffic in yellow fever without raising a suspicion.

This fever was as common in Havana as malaria is in Rome. It was also deadly and swift in the way it worked, and, from doctors down to children, every one counted it contagious. They treated it as smallpox is treated; that is, healthy people fled from it, while those who had to stay dared touch nothing that belonged to a victim of it.

In those days, when Havana suffered most, every city in America that received fruit and merchandise from Cuba had a panic lest the fever should arrive with the cargo.

Now, however, there is a change.

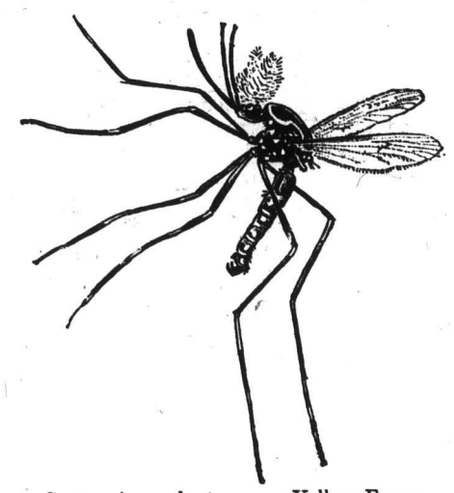
Some one noticed that yellow fever and mosquitoes seemed to come and go together, even as mosquitoes and malaria go hand in hand. Later certain scientific men became so sure of this that they dared to undertake a famous experiment.

At Camp Lazear, one mile from the town of Quemados, Cuba, they built a small frame house, and for sixty-three days seven men took turns living there. They occupied the place two at a time, each couple staying about twenty days on a stretch. Here, as on the Roman Campagna, the house was so thoroughly screened that no mosquitoes, however slim or sly, could by any chance squeeze in.

Do not for a moment forget that at that time—the summer of 1900—all the world was sure that yellow fever was carried from man to man in the clothing and the belongings of those who had the fever during the time they had used the things.

Now hear what the men did. They went into their small cottage; kept the mosquitoes out, to be sure, but received instead great boxes of bedding and clothing that had been used by yellow-fever victims. Soiled blankets and sheets, soiled pillow slips and night clothes,—things that different men had lived in for days, had slept in for nights, had even died in,—all these came to the camp without fumigation. The men there, however, put on the night clothes and slept in the bedding every night for weeks together.

Nevertheless, when the sixty-three days were over not a man of the number had caught the fever; they were as



Steromyia ready to carry Yellow Fever.
Greatly magnified

well as when they entered the cottage, and they had proved that yellow fever is not contagious,—that is, that it does not travel with the things the victims touch and use.

At the same time this experiment was going on, another small building was put up at the camp. Here were two rooms with a wire screen dividing them. Everything that came to this house was most carefully disinfected by steam before it was received, and nothing but the cleanest, safest bedding was allowed. Seven healthy men entered the larger room, and stegomyia mosquitoes that had already drawn yellow-fever blood were turned into it, too. The men were truly brave, for, although they believed that stegomyia carried the fever, they were willing to risk their lives for the sake of learning how to save the lives of others.

After entering the room they were promptly bitten, for the mosquitoes were hungry. Then, as had been expected, yellow fever followed. Six men were ill with it, and one hero died. He was a surgeon in the United States Army, and the camp bears his name,—Lazear.

In the second room there were men but no mosquitoes; neither was there any yellow fever. The case was now as clear as possible against the unfortunate stegomyia, and Havana set to work to get rid of them.

Selkirk and Ettrick Forest.

The forest's gone! the world's improved
since then,
A forest row of chimneys, Babel-high,
Belch out their blackened breath against
the sky,
Take off your hats to progress, gentlemen!
So runs the world, but as for me
heigh-ho!
I should have lived four hundred years
ago. J. B. Selkirk.

Sir Ernest Shackleton

The Noted Explorer

Six hundred cheering Winnipeg citizens welcomed Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous British discoverer, to the western metropolis on May 21st at a Canadian club luncheon at Manitoba hall.

They saw a man strikingly young, well set up, with military bearing having a pair of Ajax shoulders and a face bronzed and burned by Antartic hurricanes and the outdoor life of a sailor and explorer. They saw a man with clean cut features, a firm jaw, with bull-dog tenacity written all over it, a broad forehead and eyes that fairly sparkled with enthusiasm and the joy of living.

They heard, much to their surprise, a man with the keenest of humor, who could make light of a 1,700 mile journey facing the most astonishing hardships and continually hungry; who could take fun out of the most dismal circumstances and who had a keen piercing wit and biting sarcasm. Through all his speech was a strain of seriousness, even a Puritanic twitch. His reference to his firm belief in the guiding hand of Providence amongst all their hardships affected every man in the audience. That he has the wanderlust spirit in his blood, the adventurous spirit of the Viking and the love of the wild, free life of the great outdoors was ever evident. No man, it is safe to say, has ever so favorably impressed a Winnipeg audience as manly, patriotic and modest Sir Ernest Shackleton.

Sir Ernest's informal talk—it could hardly be called a speech—was of that delighted kind which it is impossible to report. The point of his stories was in the telling, his humorous description of their hardships in the far south lay often in the modulation of his voice.

Sir Ernest pointed out that the obstacles were much greater in the far south than in the far north. For one thing it was much colder. The mean temperature in the same latitude in the south is 78 degrees below the north. The wind also blows much more. Once you leave the sea coast you must drag your food with you. Seven hundred and thirty-five miles is the nearest you can get to the pole by sea in the south and in the north five hundred miles.

When they got within about 300 miles of the Pole they reached a range of mountains 14,000 feet high. After crossing this range they got to a plateau about 10,000 feet about the sea. The temperature never goes above zero and was oftener 40 below. In recounting the hardships Sir Ernest remarked: "Our heels became frost-bitten, the wounds opening and shutting like concertinas and with the same painful effect," while the audince roared with laughter. They were reduced to eighteen ounces of food a day. "I give my word," added Sir Ernest, sarcastically, "that a man who says he can live for three months on a pound a day, forty per cent. of which is liquid, is not noted for his veracity."

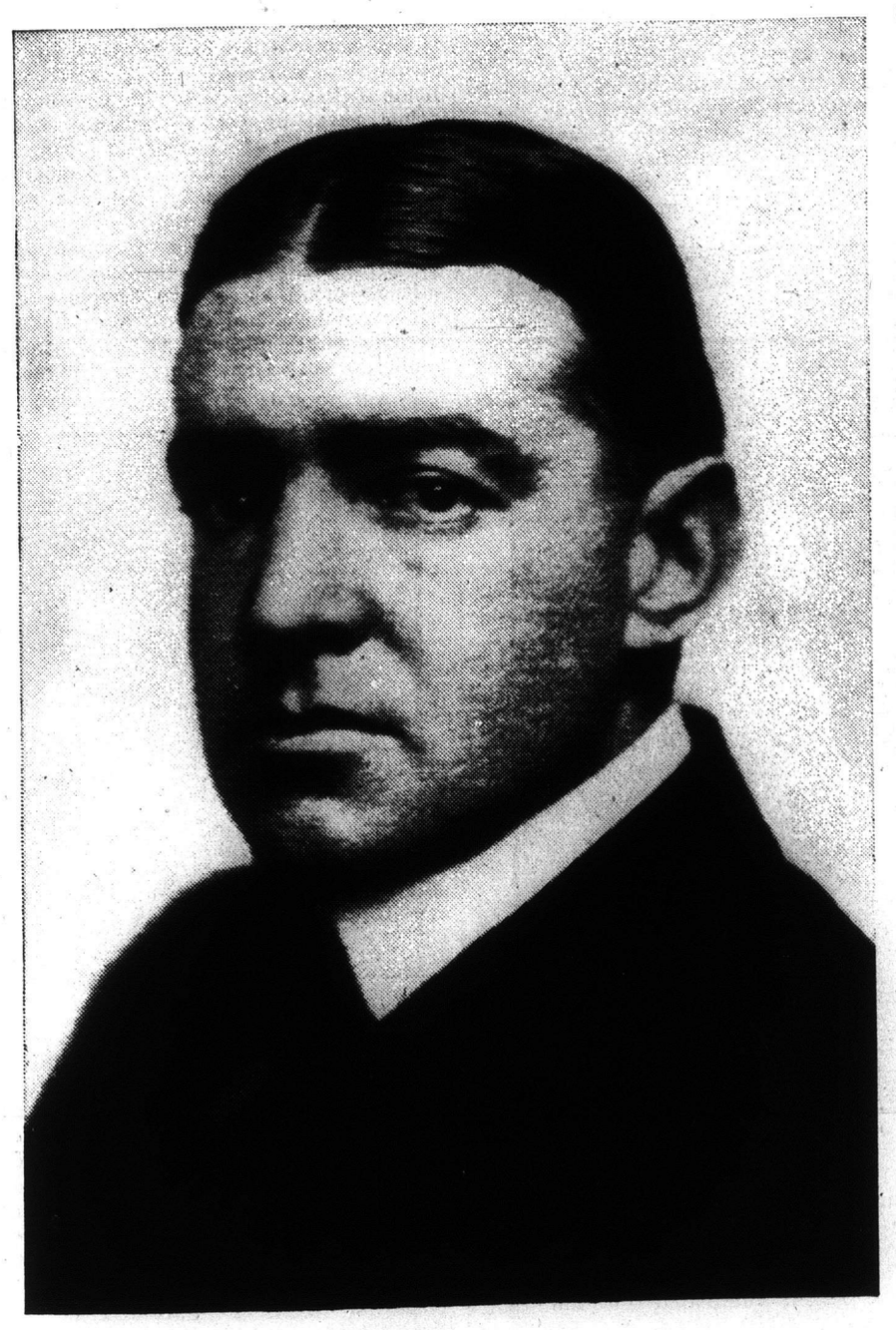
"We were hungry," continued Sir Ernest, "for three months. In all that time we only had one full meal, and that was on Christmas Day. The effect of which only lasted a few hours. We dreamt and talked of nothing but food." Sir Ernest's account of the way they entertained each other while on their long weary marches with what they would order for meals if they were only on board a ship was most amusing. "Four serious men," he added, "only thought of eating. As they nibbled their solitary biscuit they even watched for the crumbs."

Sir Ernest proudly told that it was the first expedition which ever returned from the south without the loss of a single life. "We took the greatest chances. Many times it seemed as if we were lost. It forced us to come to the conclusion that there was a greater and a higher leadership. We firmly believed in a Providence during a time such as few men have gone through'.

Modestly Sir Ernest gave the credit of the success of the expedition to his men, and paid a high compliment to his crew. "Unless," he remarked, "I had had men as keen and as enthusiastic as myself, I could not have got so far as I did. No one knows as I do what they sacrificed and went through. In honoring me you honor my comrades."

In closing Sir Ernest referred to the wonderful lure of the great white spaces and the hold the frozen stretches had on him.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was received with great enthusiasm by a crowded house when he lectured in the city on Saturday evening. It was feared by some that the short notice given might result in an array of empty seats, but their fear proved to be entirely unfounded, the building being filled to its utmost capacity.



SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

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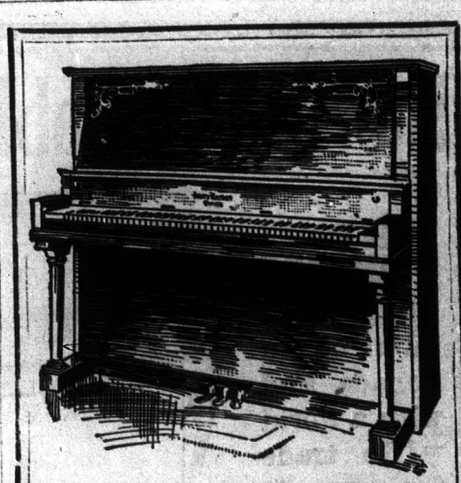
Canada,

By Francis L. Bradley, Winnipeg.

O Canada!
Thou land of noble brith;
O Canada!
With song vibrate the earth.
From sea to sea, let union praise
Thunder forth o'er bounteous sod;
Lift our chorus high in mighty strain,
For Empire, King and God.
O Canada!
Long live our King!
Faith, love and peace be ours forevermore.
Faith, love and peace be ours forevermore.

O Canada!
Thou country of the free;
O Canada!
Where reigns sweet liberty.
O'er every home spread out the flag
Of Union, Love and Fame.
Let our hearts unite in loudest praise
For Britain's glorious name.
O Canada!
Long live our King!
Freedom for all thy people God has given.
Freedom for all thy people God has given.

O Canada!
Britannia's western star;
O Canada!
Proclaim thy love afar.
Red, White and Blue embrace our land,
Mingle with our maple bowers;
Love fly o'er the deep to our Motherland,
Praise her majestic powers.
O Canada!
Long live our King!
Speed forth thy love to him forevermore.
Speed forth thy love to him forevermore.



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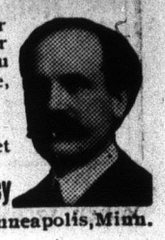

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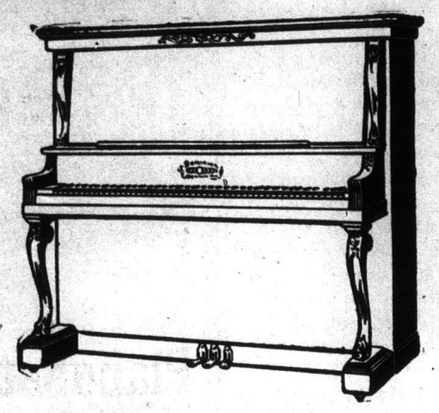

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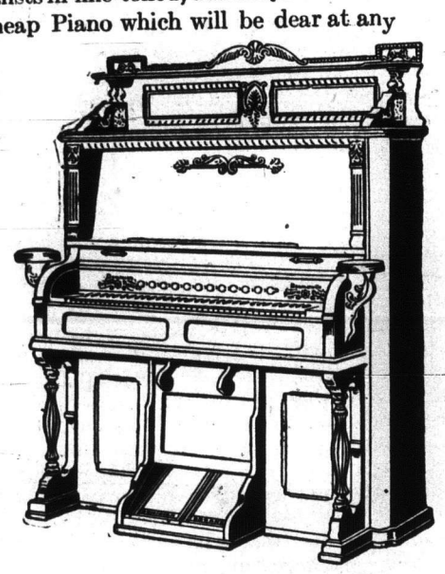

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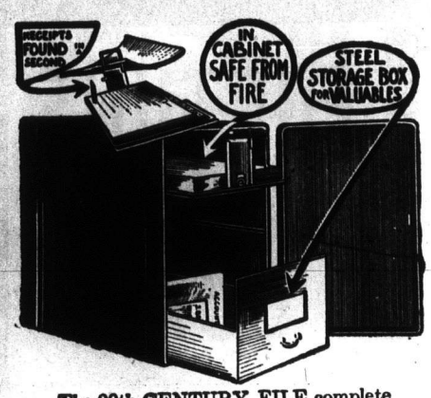

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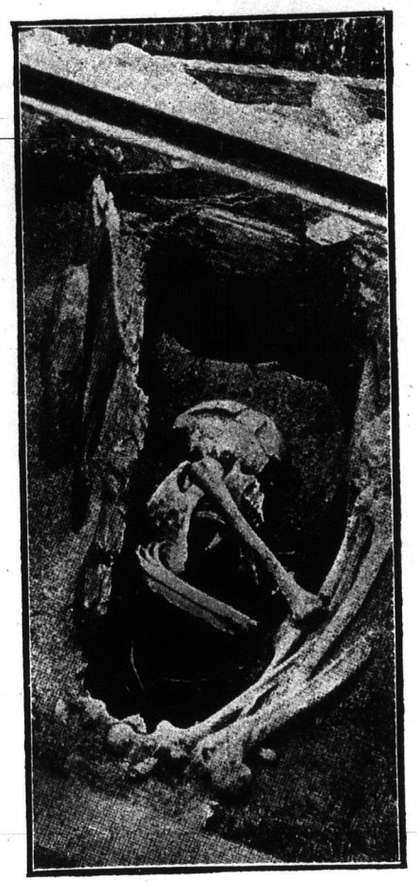
A Prehistoric Burial Ground.

In anthropological circles considerable interest is being manifested in the ancient burial ground at Harlyn Bay, a little seaside resort on the north coast of Cornwall, England. Here a wonderful collection of prehistoric remains has been unearthed, the finest collection in fact ever discovered in any one spot in the whole of Great Britain.

In August, 1900, a private gentleman, Mr. Reddie Mallett, attracted by the quiet beauty of the spot—for at that time Harlyn Bay was almost unknown—purchased some three acres of land here for the erection of a dwelling house. During the work of digging for foundations and prospecting for water, a slate cist, or tomb, was unearthed at a depth of about fifteen feet, and therein was found an interment with characteristic ornaments and implements of a very early stage of civilization. Mr. Mallett at once communicated with various antiquarian bodies, and within a short time an influential committee was formed. They examined the ground, and were not long in discovering that the site was nothing less than a very ancient burial ground of the neolithic or bronze age.

Funds were raised for carrying out systematic excavations, which were conducted under the direction of the Royal Society of Cornwall. In all,



their excavators opened no less than one hundred graves, going down a depth of 15 feet and removing no less than 2,000 tons of blown shell-sand which had accumulated on the spot. The find was the richest in the number of stone cists, skeletons, and their accompaniments that has ever been discovered in any one spot in the British Isles, and the burial ground naturally attracted wide attention, not only in anthropological circles, but also among the general public. It would seem too that there are many more treasures yet to be unearthed. Only a few weeks ago the present proprietor of the place, Col. Bellers, discovered another cist, while during the spring of this year he has found a number of ancient slate implements and other relics.

Nearly all the skeletons and the objects found in or near the graves by the excavators of the Royal Institution of Cornwall were removed to the Truro Museum, but quite a large number has since been found and is now to be seen in a specially-equipped museum on the spot, while some six cists in the burial ground have been roofed over with glass, to enable the general public as well at anthropologists to view them. Hence the Harlyn Bay Prehistoric Museum is one of the quaintest in the United Kingdom, and thousands from all parts of the country travel to Harlyn to see it.

The Harlyn Bay Museum was founded by the late proprietor, Mr. Reddie Mallett. In it there are some twenty cases, as well as a complete cist with a skeleton exposed. To describe in detail the various relics in the cases would occupy too much space. They include spindles, whorls, rings, bracelets beads, and brooches found with the skeletons. In addition to the above there are numerous slate, shell, and flint implements. At present a prejudice exists in the minds of some against the belief in the quaint workmanship of the slate implements, it being urged that they are merely pieces of sea-washed rubble. No such relics are to be fonud in the beach, however, although if they were, the fact would be but parallel to the frequent occurrence of abraded neolithic flakes that have been found in other parts of Great Britain, in the neighborhood of Lowestoft, for instance, and other places. But one has to remember this fact, that the sand in the immediate neighborhood of Harlyn Bay is composed of comminuted shell-fragments, in themselves too soft to grind slate into "implements" with well-developed edges, even if such irresponsible agencies as sand grains could do so. Then some of the slate

fragments found in the graves—for they have been discovered both inside and outside the cists—are naturally rounded and smooth, and have been seemingly placed therein because of their fanciful forms. Again some of them show decided attempts at rude ornamentation, such as the scratching of lines and even crude designs. That these flakes are "worked" in many instances there can be no reasonable doubt, as a glance at their shapes plainly indicates.

The museum boasts of a number of skulls, bones, a case of human teeth, etc., as well as the bones of various animals. At the time of the writer's visit there were eleven skulls in the museum, seven of which belonged to males, two to females, and of two the sex was very doubtful. They were mostly of fair size and development. One skull which the writer measured had a length of 7⅛ inches and a breadth of 5½ inches. The cranial index in the males taken individually was 70.0, 72.54, 72.69, 76.18, 77.28, 78.61, and 82.22; in the females it was 73.41, and 76.60, and in the doubtful cases 75.28, and 77.22; the average of the eleven being 75.64. One could not help noticing the ape-like formation of the heads. The forehead was low and receding, while the under jaw was broad and heavy. An examination of the bones makes it clear that the average

stature of these ancient people was rather low. This is estimated from the length of what are called "the long bones," such as the femur, tibia, humerus, radius, and ulna. It is supposed that the average stature of the men was about 5 feet 4½ inches, or 1,635 millimeters, and that of the women, 5 feet 1½ inches, or 1,560 millimeters.

More interesting than the museum is the burial ground, which has the appearance of an untidy garden, with here and there a number of glass-covered cases. It is through these that one can inspect the cists or tombs with the skeletons in them. There are some six in all, some containing only one skeleton, and others two and more. They are in a sitting posture, with the knees almost up to the head, and the hands crossed or pointing up or down. In every instance the graves are in straight lines, one head to another, all running toward the north and south. There were many lines of graves side by side about three feet apart. Beneath these were other rows of graves. In every instance, too, the graves were lined with great slate slabs. It is not without interest to note that in one grave the skeletons are flattened. They must have been flattened before they were placed there. That is an undisputable fact. It is supposed by many that this is a proof that the people of those days indulged in human sacrifice. After the feast or religious rite, the remains or rather the bones, of the sacrificed one were purposely flattened by some heavy instrument and then interred. Then in another grave the skull is broken in several places, and the nasal bone severed by a clean cut across the front. There are three teeth out of position projecting through the side of the left ramus of the lower jaw, beneath the normal row of teeth. This is supposed to show that these people were in the habit of hastening the end of a dying person by killing him either in the grave or on the naked rocks by breaking his head with a stone.

As to the age of these prehistoric remains, there would seem to be now no doubt that they belong to the neolithic period, and anthropologists are virtually agreed that the skeletons recently found must have been buried 2,500 years ago. It may have even been earlier still. One popular writer has stated that the cemetery must have been founded at the time of King Solomon; but this is mere conjecture. Objects found with the skeletons, such as spindles rings, bracelets, beads, brooches, etc., were submitted to Sir John Evans and to Mr. Read, of the British Museum, London, for their opinion as to their age, and several of the skulls were sent to the eminent craniologist and anthropologist, Dr. John Beddoe, F.R.S., for a like purpose. All these authorities are agreed that the cemetery was no doubt a burial place of the neolithic age or bronze age. Dr. Beddoe pointed out that the skulls represented people of a very old race, and were of a kind which existed before the rounded head of the bronze people. Only one appeared to be of a different variety. "As for the date of these deposits," wrote Dr. Beddoe in his report, "we may conjecture with some confidence that it was after the Gallo-Belgic and before the Roman conquest"—about 500 B. C. Dr. Beddoe also examined the teeth. He found the surfaces particularly in the adults, excessively worn, which shows, he declares, that "these ancient people fed largely on grain or other coarse food. This would accord with the conclusion to be drawn from the absence of weapons and of notable wounds, that this was a peaceable and sedentary community, not a nomadic or predatory one." It is interesting here to note that not a single coin has been unearthed, which, as Sir John Evans, who made an exhaustive examination of the implements, said, virtually confirmed the very ancient age of the cemetery. "The discovery of a single coin,' he declared, "might have put a different aspect on the matter.

Review of American Immigration—1904—1910.

IF half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up stakes and migrate in a body to some foreign land the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century. Yet that is virtually what has happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years. In less than six years 388,000 Americans farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon, across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone north as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing; very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than $1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from $3,000 to $10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the $10,000,000 placed by the Morgan banking house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the $200,000 and $300,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies. Average the American new-comer's capital at $2,000 and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada—first by canoe, 1,500 miles among the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion dollars average is too small by half.

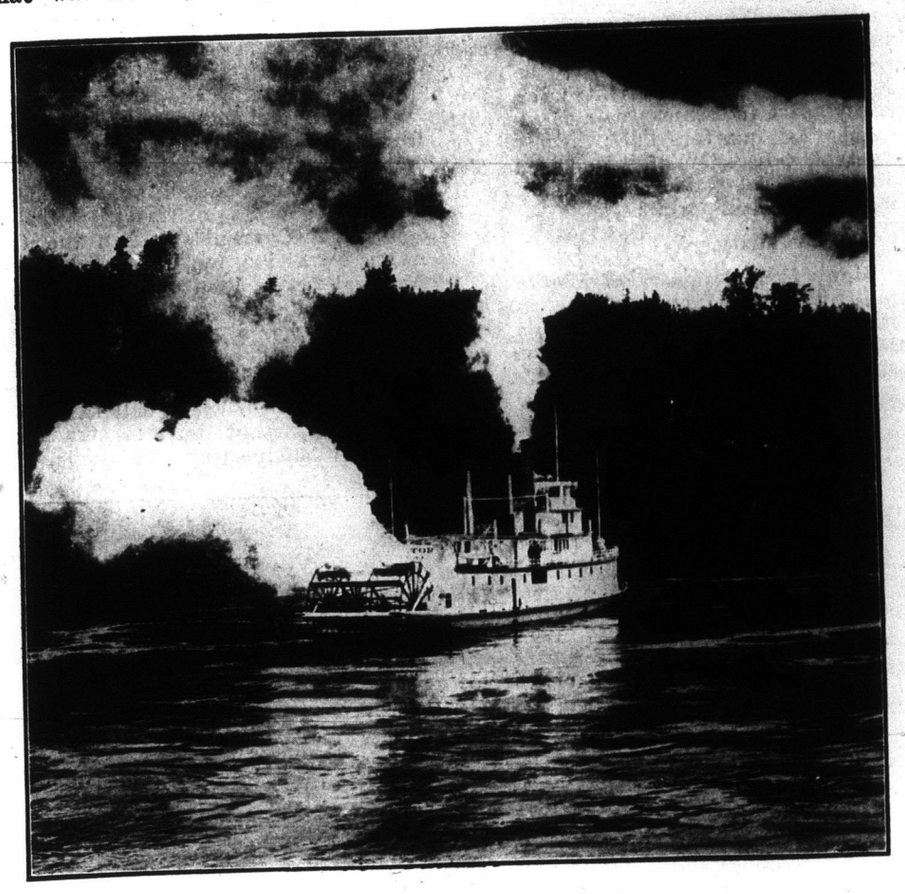
It used to be British Columbia's boast that she had timber resources to supply the whole world for a century. When one considers that British Columbia is one-half larger than the German Empire, and that most of her area is timbered with a heavy growth of gigantic Douglas fir and spruce, literally shutting out the daylight and criss-crossing one's trail in a veritable cheval-de-frise, the boast seemed to have good foundation in fact. So prodigal was the Pacific province of her timber resources that the Provincial Government used to lease out a square mile to any applicant for a mere nominal rent of something over a hundred dollars. Then, with a shock that was electric, the province awakened to a realization of what had happened. Virtually all the best timber limits had been leased and the leases sold at enormous profit to American lumber companies—$2,000 leases in some cases for $32,000, for $90,000, for $100,000, and this up in Queen Charlotte Islands, which used to be considered inaccessible. To-day one cannot lease a single square mile of timber in British Columbia. One must buy it from the American investor. Why? The Provincial Government says, because they are conserving natural resources. But the timber cruisers tell a different story; because all the best limits are taken.

Between the different ranges of the Rockies are wonderfully rich valleys—ranch, fruit, and coal lands. It needs scarcely be told here that in every instance, from Cariboo and Cassiar to East and West Kootenay, the mines have been prospected, developed and operated by Americans. British and Canadian capital has come in second—I am sorry to say as in Rossland and Slocan sometimes to an aftermath of watered stock and wildcat schemes. What has happened with the mines is to-day repeating itself with the ranch and fruit lands. One example will suffice that of the Nechaco Valley up at the headwaters of the Fraser River. Canadians are notoriously coservative. They will not invest one dollar till quite sure that two dollars will come back. The American will lightly risk his two dollars on the slimmest kind of chance of getting ten back. As long as there were prairie lands, Canadians did not consider the bunch-grass and ranch lands of the Rocky Mountain valley worth having. They were hard to reach, too far away; so the government rated such lands as second and third rate, to be obtained for merely nominal homestead duties and dues that did not total more than fifty cents and $2 an acre. As soon as two new transcontinental railways began to push westward, it became apparent that railroads would cross these valleys, and there was a rush to the far off bunch-grass valleys of squatters, whom Seattle and St. Paul and St. Louis companies had "grub-steaked." By the time the government surveyors had come on the scene and the land-office had awakened, the homesteaders had proven title and sold out to American companies for a few dollars an acre lands worth $25. As far as I can learn the operators in the Nechaco Valley were from St. Louis.

Now come across on the mountains to the prairie, a level stretch of 1,500 miles. The first Canadian transcontinental railway was constructed about midway between the Saskatchewan and the boundary—that is zigzagging north and south, one may call it half way, though it is nearer the south—and settlement followed along the line of it like iron filings sticking to a magnet. The Saskatchewan is the true watershed of the north, and down its broad roily current has swept from time immemorial ocean loads of silt, of humus, of forest covering from the Rockies, depositing such cargo of fertility along its banks as the Nile deposits over Egypt. The Canadian settler has always stuck to the line of the railroad like a burr. The American settler, as if obsessed, has always struck ahead of the railroad to the best lands, independent of where the road might be; and he has compelled it to come to him. Along the banks of the Saskatchewan for 800 miles from the Rockies is a deposit of fifteen feet of solid humus; and sure enough, though the Saskatchewan is remote from the railroad except at three points. There are along its banks the very cream of American homesteaders—from Iowa, where a scientific training for thirty years has virtually revolutionized agriculture.

Peace River plays the same part for the north that the Saskatchewan does for the middle north; only, in addition to arable lands, there are vast asphalt beds—asphalt enough to pave America. Do you know who is behind the railway charters connecting that north country with the outside world? A group of Wall Street men.

This has been a "panic year." The "boom" in the Northwest land had collapsed before the panic, and the panic witnessed the complete subsidence of fevered speculation. Yet more American settlers came into the Canadian



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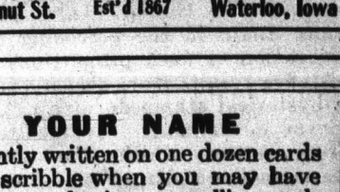

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Northwest than ever before. Of 143,754 homesteaders in the Canadian West 58,000 were American. Other countries sent fewer colonists during the panic year. The United States sent 5,000 more than in the preceding year. A migration of such proportions and persistence results from deeper causes than a hysterical stampede or a campaign of clever advertising. It results, indeed, from causes which the advertiser—immigration and railroad—does not like to hear mentioned, from the deepest economic causes, which the world has not realized, or, realizing, has not faced. Let us face the facts and state them plainly, whether we like them or not.

We are within sight of the end of free land. Of all the migrations over America's vast area, from Plymouth Rock and James River to the mountains, from the mountains to Ohio and Tennessee, from the Bloody Ground to the Mississippi to Oregon and California, the last West has at last been reached. This is the last frontier to which the adventurous pioneer will ever trek in America. The great migration from East to West, which began from prehistoric Aryan ancestry, has at last come to an impasse. The West has met the East on the Pacific Coast.

Canoeing leisurely down the Saskatchewan among the very latest of the newly come homesteaders, it was a continual shock to find how little really excellent and remained for free homesteading. We have been told so often that Canada's wheat-lands extend right to the Athabasca and the Peace, and we have come to believe free homesteads—like the poor we should always have with us. What is more, it has been proved with government statistics that Canada's unoccupied free lands extended up to the billions of acres. The proofs are all right both as to climate and latitude, only the land isn't there. Canada's free lands extend to the Pole all right; only they are not farm lands. It is perfectly true that if you add up the long sunlight of the almost nightless Northern summer, it totals more hours than the sunlight farther south, and ripens wheat fast enough to escape the early frost. Also the farther north wheat grows, the better it is, the whiter the bread made from it, owing to the long sunlight; and a soft California or Kansas winter wheat can be transformed into a spring No. 1 hard by growing it for a season or two in the North. Wheat grows on Peace River and on the Athabasca and kitchen gardens flourish round the fur posts of the Maceknzie; but the point is that when you go seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan, arable land eixsts only in small patches. The rest of the North Country is sand, muskeg, rock—nature's great fur preserve on this continent for all time to come.

This limits the remaining wheat area of the Canadian Northwest from the boundary on the south to a strip seventy miles or thereabouts north of the Saskatchewan, with a few additional patches on the Upper Fraser, sections, but only small sections, on the Peace, the Grand Prairie or Lesser Slave Lake. Coming down the Saskatchewan, what did we find? Settlers north of the Saskatchewan as far back as fifty miles. Between the Saskatchewan and the boundary the best lands have already been culled out, and are held at advance prices; and the remaining free lands were being taken up at the rate of a quarter of a million farms a year before the "panic year." As for the east end of the Saskatchewan, it is not a farming country at all.

Where Politieal Secrets are Discussed.

Although Cabinet Councils may be held anywhere their proper locale is No. 10, Downing Street, an unpretentious dingy brick building, which is one of the oldest in London, and at the same time one of the richest in historic associations. The street is named after Sir George Downing, who erected some houses there over three hundred and fifty years ago on the site of the cockpit of the Palace of Whitehall. For many years the street was a fashionable residential quarter, but when George II. took possession of it and made No. 10 the official residence of Walpole it assumed real importance.

Loved by Dizzy.

Many Commissioners of Works have plotted the destruction of No. 10, but it stands as before. In the days of Disraeli proposals of demolition and substitution were broached, but Dizzy defended his temporary home with eloquent protestations, and as the result the little house wherein the fates of nations have been decided o'er and o'er again was allowed to stand, and it has defied the house-breaker ever since.

Dizzy had such an affection for No. 10 that he hated to have company in its rooms. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone was fond of company when he was at Downing Street, and his privilged guests never forgot the breakfasts he gave there.

Th little garden at the rear of No. 10 has been very dear to many of England's Premiers, and Mr. Gladstone longed to linger in it and "to let himself out" by a little door in its wall. There is an old garden seat in that tiny plot that would be practically priceless to the relic-hunter.

The Cabinet-room is situated on the ground floor of No. 10, and it is fitted with double doors and double windows. There are five windows to the apartment, three of which look out into the garden at the back of the house.

Kicked His Colleagues' Shins.

The Cabinet-room is arranged with seats in what one might call a series of pews, grouped around a central table covered with green baize. The general appearance of the room has a business look, and its rows upon rows of bookcases filled with works of reference and innumerable volumes of Parliamentry reports show that the chamber is not exactly the kind of resort for taking one's ease, as Greville, in his Memoirs, indicates Ministers in his day were prone to do. In those times, however, the Cabinet meetings were held in a long, narrow, old-fashioned room upstairs, where Ministers sat at very close quarters, so close indeed that one right hon, member won a considerable amount of unpopularity owing to the fact that he had fallen into the bad habit of kicking the shins of his colleagues at intervals of a minute or so.

Mr. Gladstone, when he was Prime Minister, had the Cabinet-room downstairs turned into an office for his secretaries, and held his Councils in the room upstairs. Lord Beaconsfield, however, considered the apartment on the ground floor the most comfortable one in the house, and he had placed in it, for his own personal use, the chair in which the silver-tongued Pitt used to sit.

With one or two exceptions the Cabinet exercises all the powers vested in the Sovereign, but th Sovereign can never be present at the meetings. The Ministers assemble in response to a summons addressed to His Majesty's "confidential servants," by direction of the Prime Minister, and one and all are pledged to the strictest secrecy.

When the Cabinet has come to a decision on any subject, the Ministers are bound to stand by it and keep the matter a close secret until it comes up for discussion in the Commons. In 1851 Lord Palmerston was dismissed from the Foreign Office because he had expressed to the French Ambassador in London his unqualified approbation of the coup d'etat of Louis Napoleon against the assembly, when the Cabin the Sovereign, but the Sovereign can inet had resolved on observing a strict neutrality on the matter.

Notes are Forbidden.

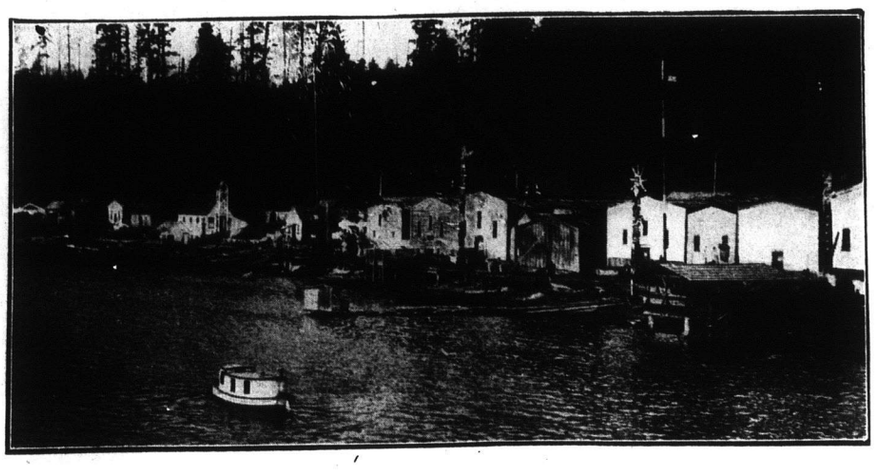
It is a rule that no Minister, Secretary, or other official shall take notes of the important business transacted at a Cabinet meeting. This rule, however, has been broken more than once. During the Bulgarian atrocity debates Lord Derby had the permission of the late Queen Victoria to lift the veil and to disclose the deliberations of the Cabinet; and it now seems clear that he had taken notes, Lord Salisbury came into conflict with his account of the proceedings, and the incident led to an acrimonulous discussion.

In the later days of Sir Robt Peel the 'Times' astonished Britian one morning by announcing that the Cabinet had resolved on the appeal of the Corn Laws. The news was perfectly true, but how the secret leaked out—as secret it then was—was never known to anyone outside Printing House Square. It was surmised, however, that a Minister had taken a private record of the business discussed at the Cabinet meeting, and that this record, in some inexplicable way, had fallen into the hands of a journalist.

Printing Secret Papers.

It is interesting to know that each Cabinet Minister in office is supplied with a key which fits a certain despatch-box, retained by the Prime Minister. If the Premier receives important documents he, after perusing them, places them in the dispatch-box and a messenger takes the box to each member of the Cabinet in succession, each member opening the box with his key, and relocking if after he has read the documents it contains. In this way the papers are prevented from falling into the hands of strangers and into the hands of M.P.'s who are not members of the Cabinet.

Sometimes it is found necessary to print copies of a "secret" which comes up for discussion at a meeting of the Cabinet. The document is not, as might be supposed, handed over in its entirety to the Government printers, but is cut up into many pieces, which are distributed among a good number of trusty compositors, each of whom sets up a small portion. When all the fragments have been set up in type an official holding high rank collects the various lines of type and puts them together in their proper order. The printing of the document is then done in secret under the eyes of the official in question.



Alert Bay. Prince Albert.

An Unselfish Elephant

The story is told by circus men of a certain big elephant that did something worthy of being immortalized. A little girl and her father had one day been looking at him admiringly. In the little girl's lunch basket were a couple of oranges, and her father asked her if it wouldn't be nice, now, to give that poor old elephant one of them. The suggestion appealed at once and strongly; and forthwith the biggest orange was handed over. The elephant took it in his "hand" with a befitting undulation.

But having relished for a moment the joys of being generous, the smile began gradually to disappear from that small girl's face. Her nether lip droopped down, and suddenly she went off into a gathering wail.

"But—but now, I want it back! I—I want it back!"

"But don't you see dearie, you can't get it back now. It's too late."

"No, it ain't, neither! He ain't e't it yet!"

"No, not now—you must come along with me."

"I won't—I won't come along!—I want my orange back!"

Her cries of woe became louder and louder. It was a hopeless embarrassment. But that "poor old elephant" released them from it himself. He reached forward and with dignity dropped that orange over the railing again! . . . In one family at least there is a belief in pachyderm understanding and self-sacrifice which no evidence to the contrary can ever shake.

Of the group of keepers, however, who told that story one added an illuminating explanatory note. With elephant, it seems, oranges have never been any great "divarsion," anyhow. But, almost no matter what an elephant is offered, he will generally take and hold it for a time before finally making up his mind to reject it.

Woman and the Home.

We Two.

Ah, dear love, do you remember
When as now we were but two,
In days when we were children,
And I wanted only you?
Afterward, I, silly maiden,
Thought a dozen richer fun;
Later, I again grew wiser,
For I wanted only one.

And the one among the dozen
Once again was you, you know,
And we were bride and bridegroom,
More than fifty years ago;
For a year or so, my husband,
You were all in all to me,
Then there came a happy morning
When we welcomed number three.

Wasn't Rob the prettiest baby?
Mother's love and father's joy.
It was years before a second
Came as sister to our boy.
Little sister, how he loved her!
She was gentle, sweet and good;
Now indeed the deeps of loving
We two fully understood.

Of life's worry, toil and care,
But our Father never gave us
More than we had strength to bear.
Even when another baby
Came to us, but not to stay,
He was with us in our sorrow,
Walked beside us all the way.

We have passed our golden wedding—
Am I now enough for you?
Yet please God may we in heaven
Not as now be only two;
In the Father's spacious mansions
There is room for all to be,
Parents, children, children's children,
Gathered in one family.

—Alice Hamilton Rich.

Looking South West from Main Street, Prince Albert.

Encourage the Boy's Hobby.

By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler.

There comes a time in a boy's life when he must have something absorbing to occupy the time spent out of school hours. Something upon which to exhaust that surplus which, if misdirected, brings sorrow and disappointment to his parents.

Some boys take to reading and sports, which are excellent when taken in moderation, but dangerous when carried to excess. I know many of the extreme cases, but two will sufficiently illustrate. One, an eleven-year-old boy, reads, reads, reads, from morning until night; his parents encourage him, thinking him wonderfully clever to have read so many books; and buy him all the latest juvenile stories, subscribe liberally to periodicals and keep several library cards in active operation, but they are blind to his best interests; he seldom goes skating, sliding and playing at tops and marbles. He is small for his age, thin and white, and has earned for himself the nick-name of "litte old man." His eyesight is becoming defective, and frequently he suffers from headache and indigestion. He is well on the road to invalidism, and we, by which I mean other mothers in the neighborhood, are trying to muster the courage sufficient to broach the matter to the mother of the boy. The other is so absorbed in football, golf, polo and fencing that he apparently has become lost to everything else; having adopted the ways and language of the professional sporting man, his manners have become extremely objectionable, but I am glad to say his parents are waking up to the fact that they have allowed him too free a rein, and a reform is about to be instituted.

The majority of boys, however, turn to collecting, the hoarding instinct being to the all-around boy as natural as breathing. It grows with him; with his first trousers he is content to carry in the three pockets only a modest collection, but later, especially upon arriving to the dignity of vest and jacket, with seven additional pockets, the hoarding instinst assumes much vaster proportions.

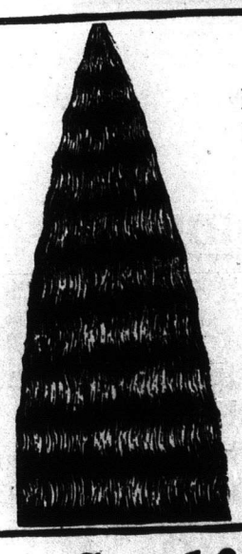
I wish I had space to enumerate the forty odd articles I found in master ten-year-old's trouser pockets last night when I brought them downstairs for the "stitch in time." Such queer things! I wondered what he wanted with them, and where he had obtained them (probably by barter). The most of them belonged by rights to the ash barrel, but they were the veriest treasures to him, and putting myself in his place, I replaced them every one, and as far as I could remember in their respective pockets.

There were stones among that strange collection, and pieces of glass and buttons; he always has some of these in his pockets; those small enough to carry around for minerals seem to be the hobby of this boy; he is always on the lookout for specimens—the beach in summer is his chief source of supply. He picks them from the coal bin, beautiful iridescent lumps. He never passes an odd or pretty stone; they are washed and polished to a nicety. He long ago braved the terrors of a monumental yard and cultivated the acquaintance of a stone cutter, from whom he obtained some fine marble and granite chips.

I have a strong suspicion that his Christmas jack-knife, which has not been seen for some time, went for a handsome piece of quartz crystal, but as his jack-knife money was given him, and he is saving to buy another, this did not interfere; he has long wanted some quartz crystal.

He has only a modest collection as yet, but it is growing slowly, and what he lacks in quality he makes up in quantity, from the pudding stone to slate; at present he is engaged in making salt crystals, and the jar on the kitchen shelf is examined regularly three times a day, to determine the state of crystallization.

Hair Goods



Come or send to a store that knows how to fill your wants and does it at very best prices.

18 inch Switch	$2.00
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22 inch Switch	$3.50
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Any color can be matched, and also your combings made up at 50c. an oz.

Promptness is a speciality with us. Call if in the city, or mail orders will receive careful attention.

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Proper Lubrication

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Granite Harvester Oil

Insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion.

Changes of weather do not affect it.

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Capitol Cylinder Oil delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc.

Mica Axle Grease makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

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When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

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can have the best at the same cost as the ordinary Metal Roofing.

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THEY are perfectly locked on all four sides.
THEY have two nailing edges.
THEY have a continuous lock at top and bottom.
THE gutter and side lock is closed at top.

Send dimensions of your building and get our quotations for Shingles, Sidings and Corrugated Sheets.

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Hamilton's Cream Separators are as perfect Cream Separators as can be made The prices are low because they are made in Europe, where both labor and material are cheap, and because we are contented with what is practically the smallest profit ever taken on the sale of Cream Separators.

Thousands now in use in Canada; hundreds of thousands in Europe. Every purchaser is delighted. Write before you go to bed for catalogue B1. It explains our 30 day offer.

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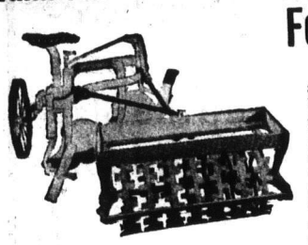

A proven success; very little draft; no side draft. Does not interfere in any way with the plow. Conserves moisture at right time; namely, right after plowing, before the moisture evaporates.

Weight is sufficient, as packing is done when soil is moist. We know that this packer is the best—we want you to know the same.

PRICES:

Size	Without extra Frame	With extra Frame
Sulky.....	$14.00	$17.00
Gang.....	$15.00	$18.00
Triple.....	$16.00	$19.75

Write before you go to bed for Catalogue B2. It explains our special offer.

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WINNIPEG.

Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

To my mind the hoarding instinct is to be encouraged. The principal reasons are: The prevention of the above mentioned bookworm and "tough," and the promotion of knowledge along some special line, which many times may lead to the one occupation in life in which one is sure to succeed. All of us can recall childhood friends whose playtime occupations have in this way been the germ of a career. I remember three who "chummed" together, two were always working over spools, tin-can covers, anything that could be made to revolve; wire, old iron and what their friends regarded as "clutter," filled the shed until one could scarcely walk with safety. Their machines were a standing joke among the boys and girls, but both of these boys have since made important inventions in steam and electricity, and the father of one used to lament that he couldn't make a grocer out of him. He got his orders so tangled on Saturday afternoons that he was obliged to get another boy in his place.

with crayons to imitate those in the geography; he had his walls covered with them, every State in the Union; I think he could draw some with his eyes shut. He is now a successful draughtsman.

So let us not scold our boys for the clutter they make, but give them a corner all to themselves where they can stow away their collections and sort and arrange and work to their heart's content, always bearing in mind the fact that the bugs and butterflies, stamps,

The third boy was never so happy as when drawing maps and coloring them minerals, and amateur locomotives, like good books, are the safest of company.

Tales Your Face Tells.

Although the possibilities of telling the future from the palm of the hand are open to question, there is no doubt at all about the infallibility of the face as a guide to character.

For instance, if you meet a woman with a very pointed chin you may feel sure that she is refined in her tastes, that her sensibilities are of the most delicate type, and that she has plenty of originality.

Deeply-cleft chins show a lovable disposition and a desire to be made a great deal of.

The narrow, firm chin evinces a disposition to love fondly. She who possesses it will probably be inclined to flirt.

The ideal chin is that having a narrow square, ending in a fine point, with a well-defined cleft in it. All this would indicate a refined and talented woman, with a great capacity for, and a wholesome responsiveness to, affection.

The nose is a very tell-tale feature. Deeply-indented nostrils bespeak a mean and palty nature. Wide nostrils denote the spendthrift—the woman who would ruin a man of small means. The vulgar person is she whose nose has a far-jutting tip; refinement is shown by that which rounds off gently at the end. The aquiline shape means a firm will and a keen sense of justice, while the fastidious person is indicated by the long, narrow bridge. Those coming under this category are very tender-hearted, as a rule.

The eye, "the window of the soul," is naturally the most expressive feature of all clever women.

Hazel eyes denote fearlessness, depth of character, a level head, and a big capacity for reciprocating any little kindness shown. Blue eyes are usually possessed by pretty girls whose chief aim in life is to be amused and petted.

Then there is the woman whose eyes are coal-black; she may be either a goddess or a termagant. If her eyes slumber beneath droopy lids, and her gaze is soft and inviting, she will be a passionate woman, whose love will be almost idolatrous in its intensity. She will exhibit a doglike fidelity towards the object of her affections.

But if a woman's eyes are large, black and luminous, lighting up, as it were, her entire countenance, she will be a person difficult to please, her vitality will be marvelous, and the business instinct will be strong within her.

In judging by the mouth, shun her of the Cupid's bow lips. She is almost sure to be selfish and unsympathetic, and though she may be ardent in temperament, constancy is frequently lacking.

Lips which, when in repose, always curve upwards, according to the same authority, show that the owner takes very optimistic views of things.

Full red lips denote that the owner is fond of ease and pleasure; and thin, bloodless lips indicate the person of narrow and melancholy views, whose besetting failings are obstinacy and self-righteousness.

Lips that, in repose, naturally curve downwards, though they may not be sharply drawn down when the owner's face is animated, almost always denote an earnest, serious disposition, or else their owner has passed through some great sorrow.

Wrinkles.

Worry continues to be easily the best anti-fat.

Sin may be ugly, but it often takes to beauty culture.

A man's opinion of himself is far from being impartial.

If you must make your mark, use chalk—it will rub off.

Most men have ambition, but it's application that counts.

Love makes the world go round because it intoxicates a fellow.

He is a fortunate man who never knows when he gets the worst of it.

It is easy to laugh at misfortune until you get a personal introduction.

The world owes you a living, but you must be your own debt-collector.

The Child to the Father

By Robert Bridges

FATHER, it's your love that safely guides me;
Always it's around me night and day
It shelters me and soothes, but never chides me—
Yet, father, there's a shadow in my way.

All the day, my father, I am playing
Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart—
But often just at night when I am praying
I feel this awful hunger in my heart.

Father, there is something—it has missed me—
I've felt it through my little days and years;
And even when you petted me and kissed me
I've cried myself to sleep with burning tears.

To-day I saw a child and mother walking,
I caught a gentle shining in her eye,
And music in her voice when she was talking—
Oh, father, is it *that* that makes me cry?

Oh, never can I put my arms around her,
Or never cuddle closer in the night;
Mother, oh, my mother!—I've not found her—
I look for her and cry from dark to light!

In Active Demand

INTERNATIONAL ASBESTOS is in active demand. The public interest in the stock is increasing, and seems to reflect the rapid absorption of the Canadian asbestos securities on the London market.

As **INTERNATIONAL ASBESTOS** is reported in practical control of the American supply of the product, the reason for the dominating position taken by the stock is evident.

We look for a rapid and continuous advance in **INTERNATIONAL ASBESTOS,** and we are calling it to the attention of our clients as an opportunity both for safe and profitable investment and for quick profits.

We shall be glad to furnish on request a report on **INTERNATIONAL ASBESTOS** by Henry C. Beeler, who was for eight years State Geologist of Wyoming.

In the meantime we urge immediate reservations by mail or wire to get in on the present price of 10 cents a share.

Address all communications to

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The Home Doctor.

Our Little Needs.

A little more of loving,
A little less of pain,
A little more of sunshine,
A little less of rain;
A little more of friendship,
A little less of strife—
These are what we're wanting
To make the perfect life.

A little more of laughter,
And fewer, fewer sighs,
A little more of twinkling
Than sorrow in our eyes;
A little more forbearance,
A little less of hate,
A little more of patience,
Less quarrelling with fate.

What to Do for the Baby.

When a baby has a movement that is thin, green, or contains curds and mucus, the first thing to do is to give the child a dose of castor oil. Diarrhoea with frequent movements means that there is something irritating in the intestines, and that nature is trying to get rid of the irritating material; therefore, to aid nature we give the castor oil. It is very wrong to dose the baby with medicines that will at once stop all movements and so keep the poison or irritating matter in the system.

For a baby of this age one teaspoonful of castor oil will be probably enough to clear out the intestines; an older child should have two teaspoonfuls. All milk should be stopped at once, for while the intestines are in this condition milk only acts as a poison. Instead of the milk the baby may be fed on barley-water, wheat gruel or granum made with water only and no milk. As this baby seems quite weak I shall advise the mother to give him half a teaspoonful of liquid peptonoids in half an ounce of cold water every three hours between his meals. As the baby is losing so much water by means of his frequent thin movements he must be given all the pure water, that has been boiled and cooled that he can be made to take. This may be given him by means of a medicine-dropper, a spoon, or else through a nursing-bottle.

If the baby has no fever and his movements are thicker and less frequent at the end of twenty-four hours of this treatment he may have one teaspoonful of boiled milk added to his gruel. As he continues to improve the mother may gradually add more and more milk to his food until at last she has got him back to his original formula.

When nursing babies have this trouble the same general plan should be followed, giving nothing but gruels for twenty-four hours and using a breast pump for the mother during this time. When the child is again able to take a little milk he should first be given two or three ounces of gruel and then allowed to nurse from the breast only five minutes, next ten minutes, etc., until he is well enough to do without the gruel and take his full supply of breast milk again.

The Result.—If given early enough the castor oil, gruel and boiled water are usually all that is necessary to stop an ordinary attack of "summer complaint" or diarrhoea.

Keeping the Baby in a Stew.

Babies have troubles enough which are unavoidable, so that when the baby struggles with unnecessary trouble, it ought to have prompt sympathy. A great proportion of adult people, both men and women, are made very uncomfortable by certain forms of motion, such as that which is produced in a small boat on a heaving sea, or when swinging, and some even by the motion of a rapidly moving railroad train. Yet the majority of babies are obliged to submit to an endless swinging and trotting, sick or well, full or empty, cheerful or fretful.

A child accustomed to a cradle may cry when a familiar motion is stopped, but a baby that has never known such motion is not only better off without it, but makes a fuss when the motion begins. The constant jogging and swinging, especially after full meals, and in certain ways, is just as likely to produce seasickness or similar discomfort as the similar motion would an adult. Baby, however, is powerless to protest or to stop, for when he cries he is only jogged the harder.

It is a safe rule to carry an infant in arms as little as possible. Few people know how to handle him so that he lies in comfort. A good way is to put him in his little basket, which may be passed from hand to hand for inspection if necessary, for the delectation of admiring friends.

A child should always be lifted with both hands, and held tightly, but firmly, the entire length of the back, the head being carefully supported. It is a common and dangerous error to leave the back and the head unsupported. When the little one is not properly carried, the movement of mother or nurse in walking, or indeed the sudden lurching of the baby itself, may seriously affect the head and spine.

How to Drink Milk.

Milk the Best of Foods if Properly Taken —A Right and a Wrong Way.

The Dairy (London, Eng.) in its issue of Sept. 15 gives the following advice on drinking milk:

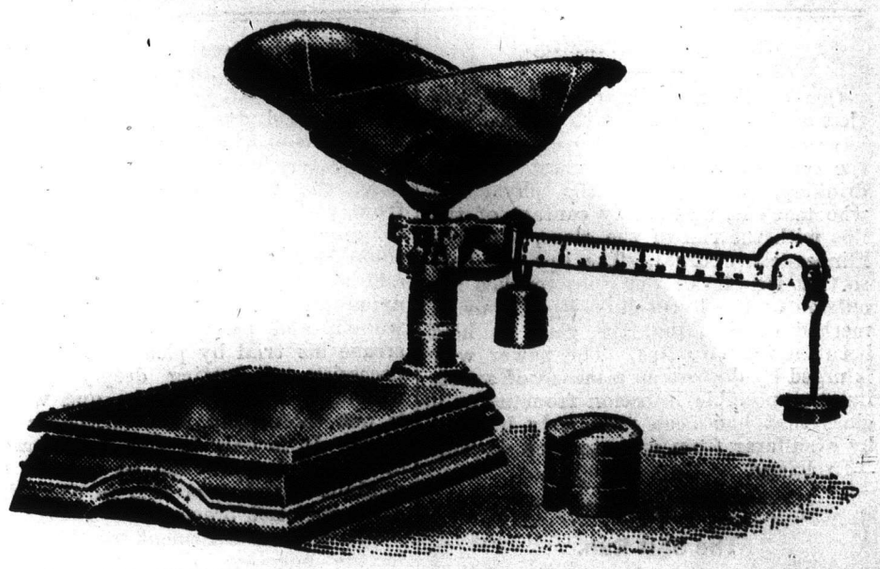
There is a right way and a wrong way to drink milk, and the great majority of people drink it in the latter way. That is the real reason why milk disagrees with so many people; at least it is one of the chief reasons. Milk contains all the elements necessary for maintaining the physical health of those who know how to use it properly. Indeed (says a writer in "Health"), most people would be better off physically if milk and entire wheat bread formed their ordinary diet. Especially is this true of delicate persons whose powers of digestion have become enfeebled. Persons suffering from nervous prostration are not able to digest meat, and will find great benefit from a purely milk diet, but the milk must not be imbibed like draughts of water—it must be supped slowly, a teaspoonful at a time. There is a scientific reason for drinking milk very slowly, and in very small quantities. It is this: Milk curdles as soon as it comes in contact with the juice of the stomach. If a long draught of milk is taken into the stomach, the result is a large curd through which the gastric juices cannot readily penetrate and act with solvent power.

A small sip of milk makes a tiny curd, so if a tumbler of milk is taken sip by sip, it will readily be seen that the result will be a number of little curds, each one of which can speedily be acted upon and digested by the gastric juices of the stomach.

Where special nourishment is desirable, as in the case of very weak persons, or convalescents from wasting diseases, beef and wheat peptones may be added, or some one of the infant foods which are known to be absolutely free from starch.

It is unwise to add starch foods like farina or arrowroot or corn starch to the milk for weak people or invalids, under the impression that the foods are very delicate and easily digestible, for they are, on the contrary, very difficult of digestion. Milk alone is far better for persons who have weak digestive powers, but the one great need which must be impressed on everyone is the need of drinking slowly and in very small sips with intervals between the sips. In nine cases out of ten, milk taken in this manner will agree with people unless there is some fault in the milk.

Water may be taken in long draughts without danger, provided the system is not weak and overheated by running or other exercise, but milk should always be imbibed slowly.



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Iron frames, with brass beam, finished in black with red and gold decorations.

Will Weigh from 2 ozs. to 244 lbs.

GUARANTEED ACCURATE

Further particulars given in our Grocery Catalogue, which will be mailed you upon request.

Drop us a card to-day.

MUNRO'S, 610 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

Relief for Nervous Headache.

I am troubled with a nervous headache caused by a weak spine. To relieve it I frequently take a basin of very hot water and another of cool water with a tablespoonful of epsom salts dissolved in it. In a darkened room I discard all clothing and for five minutes lie flat on my back on the bare floor with eyes closed and just as many annoyances forgotten as possible. For the time being I try to make my mind a blank. Then I proceed to bathe. I use plenty of soap and occasionally a little borax. I rub my spine with the hot water until it is well irritated, then rinse well in clear water. Then I bathe the whole body and rub the skin until it glows. I take special care of my feet. Then, if possible, I put on all clean clothing and proceed to brush my hair, which I do slowly, counting the strokes of the brush. I usually call it done at 200 strokes, then I braid it loosely. All this time I keep my mind as blank as possible, and my head is usually better. If it is not I drink a cup of hot water, lie down with my head a little lower than my feet and remain so for five or ten minutes. This treatment I have often found effective for nervous headaches. Something else, however, must be resorted to for a stomach headache or malaria.—Alice B. Long, R. R. 1, Toronto, Can.

The Healthful Diet.

To have a clear, fair complexion it is absolutely necessary to drink much water.

If girls would take more milk, their skins would grow velvety and resemble more the peaches and cream complexion that every one of them would so dearly love to possess. To make permanent flesh, drink milk, cream, and cocoa.

Hot milk, judiciously taken, is nourishing and stimulating. If taken at night a glass of hot milk is refreshing and sleep-inducing, and sleep is the great aid to the preservation of youth and good looks.

Plenty of good cool butter is one of the most valuable of foods. It is only when fat is fried and changed into the fatty acids that it becomes harmful to digestion and to the beauty of the skin.

Too much salt and all highly seasoned food are bad for the skin. Paste in any form and veal must be avoided.

Other articles of diet which sometimes give trouble are mutton, cheese, nuts, and bananas. Shellfish—lobsters, crabs, oysters and clams—are sometimes troublesome in their effects. Buckwheat is often harmful.

There is nothing better to clear the complexion than onions, but out of respect to one's friends they are often an impossible diet, but carrots are just as good as or better than onions.

Eating at night, if judiciously done, will improve the complexion. It is particularly good for thin people.

A woman should not expect to get any good from her food if she eats when very tired. Don't try to rest yourself by eating a hearty meal. When one is exhausted, instead of eating, lie down for an hour to get rested. Just learn not to eat when tired.

The change of dietary that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

Infection by Drinking.

One of the new theories of hygiene that doctors are teaching to persons who have children to rear is concerned with the comparatively unimportant duty of drinking, according to the physicians who teach it, avoids any contact of the lips with the rim of the glass, says the Minneapolis Journal. The lips are held so that the rim of the glass touches the outside of the lower lip. By the usual method of drinking, the glass is held between the two lips. The newer way is urged by doctors as a means of avoiding any possible infection from using a glass that had been previously handled by a sufferer from a contagious disease. —Exchange.

The Salt Rub.

Various sanitariums and private sanitariums and private hospitals are using the "salt rub," and it is becoming so popular that some Turkish bath establishments are advertising it as a special attraction. It is just as good for well people as for sick people, is the most refreshing of all baths and rubs ever invented, excepting only a dip in the sea, and is matchless in its effects upon the skin and complexion. With all these virtues, it is the simplest and most easily managed of all similar measures, and can be taken at home—any one in ordinary health can do it very satisfactory. Put a few pounds of coarse salt—the coarser the better, and sea salt is preferable if it can be obtained—in an earthen jar and pour enough water on it to dissolve the salt. Some physicians recommend that the salt be only well moistened; this should then be taken up in handfuls and rubbed briskly over the entire person. This being done, the next thing is to take a thorough douching with clear cool water, and then rub briskly with a warm dry towel. The effect of elation, freshness and renewed life is immediately felt, and the satiny texture of the skin with increased brightness and clearness of the complexion swells the testimony in favor of the salt rub. In case of weakness, and debility a second person should do most of the work, but the patient should do as much of it as possible without greatly fatiguing the muscles.

Another method is to take a medium sized Turkish towel—generally sold for ten cents, and dip it into very strong brine, hang on the line without wringing and let dry. At night on removing the clothes, take this salted towel and rub the body all over, thoroughly, with it. A glow and feeling of warmth follows, and if regularly persevered in, it will quickly build up the system, giving improved health. It costs little to try it. The effects are assured. The same towel may be used two or three times, then washed and salted again.

Lockjaw.

The time for the annual epidemic of lockjaw among the boys of our land has come. It is a pity that the lawmakers do not recognize the frightful and needless sacrifice of valuable lives which our usual way of celebrating the Fourth of July entails, and cannot realize that the present unreasonable use of fire-crackers and other explosives and the shooting of toy pistols may be made illegal without wounding the patriotism of any sensible person or costing the lawmakers any votes. Some communities have indeed passed ordinances forbidding the sale or shooting off of toy pistols; but these are few, and until their example followed generally throughout the land, Fourth-of-July lockjaw will remain as a recognized epidemic. Lockjaw, or tetanus, is caused by the development in the body of the tetanus bacillus, a germ living in the soil in many places, especially in city streets, round barns and stables, and in pastures. This bacillus does not grow readily when exposed to the air, so there is usually little danger of lockjaw following large wounds. The danger lies in the punctured wounds, the ragged wounds, and often also the seemingly trivial wounds which heal rapidly, and so seal up the tetanus germ away from the air; there it finds the conditions most favorable to its development and the manufacture of the nerve poison which causes the symptoms of this terrible disease. Such being the case, the treatment of little wounds from pistols, torpedoes and crackers is to make them bigger. This requires some courage on the part of the doctor, and the more courage the smaller and apparently more insignificant is the wound, and parents ought not to increase his trial by pleading against the necessity of cutting deeply into the wound, opening it widely, and washing it out thoroughly with antiseptic solutions. It is only in this way that the danger of lockjaw can be reduced to a minimum, and even this in exceptional cases does not prevent the disease.

The modern treatment for this disease is the injection of tetanus antitoxin. Even this may fail if injected simply under the skin or into the muscles, and the antitoxin has occasionally been injected into the sheath covering the spinal cord, or even beneath the membranes of the brain, so that it may the more directly reach the nerve-centres affected by the poison.

No Liquor Traffic in Iceland.

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has no "jail, no penitentiary, there is no court and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the isand and its seventy-eight thousand people are total abstainers since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate on the island, not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of the public schools being practically perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment which every year publishes a number of excellent books on various lines." Such is the report brought by northern travelers of this incomparable and ideal land.—Missouri Issue.

Different Abodes of Man.

Far off in the Frigid Zone, the Esquimaux builds his house or igloo from blocks of snow. When the short Arctic summer arrives and the sun's rays melt the roofs, the Esquimaux abandons his home.

In the South Sea Island the natives thatch their mud huts with reeds and cane brake. This affords protection from the intense heat of the tropic sun, but when the heavy rains set in it is frequently necessary to build several new roofs in a season.

Among civilized people where permanent and substantial homes are established, it was necessary to get a roof for the home that would withstand the changes of temperature and weather and fury of the elements.

Various materials have been tried for this purpose but none seemed to meet the demands until the discovery of the famous Genasco Ready Roofing.

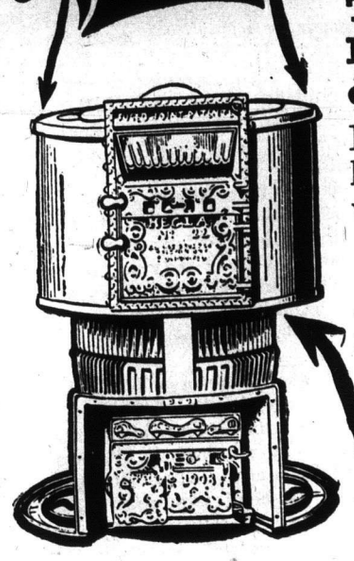
This roofing is made from natural asphalt taken from Trinidad Lake on Trinidad Island, off the cost of South America. The fact that this asphalt for hundreds of years has withstood the ravages of time and the elements proves its absolute durability.

It was only after years of careful study and experiment that the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, Philadelphia, finally placed Genasco Ready Roofing before the public and its success was so remarkable that it is now found in almost every quarter of the globe.

But strange to say, despite the advance of modern progress and the perfection of Genasco Ready Roofing, there are many otherwise progressive and up-to-date farmers who every year, are doing much as the savage in the South Sea Island—going out mending leaks and repairing the damage done by faulty and defective roofs.

It is estimated that half the waste and expense caused by defective roofs would cover the cost of a good, sound, permanent roof of Genasco.

HECLA FURNACE



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Provide a HECLA for your home and your heating troubles will be over.

NO WASTE
NO DUST NO GAS

The ideal furnace for the home. Built to last a life time. Write today for Catalog. Send plans for estimate.

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The electrically-welded, solid-piece frame gives strength and stiffness to

Peerless Farm and Ornamental Gates

We build Peerless Gates to last a lifetime—handy, convenient and attractive. They remain staunch and rigid through all kinds of rough usage. The frame is made of heavy steel tubing electrically welded into one solid piece. The Peerless Gate, like the Peerless Fence, saves expense because it never needs repairs. We also make poultry, lawn and farm fences of exceptional strength. Write for free book.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd., Box P, Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.

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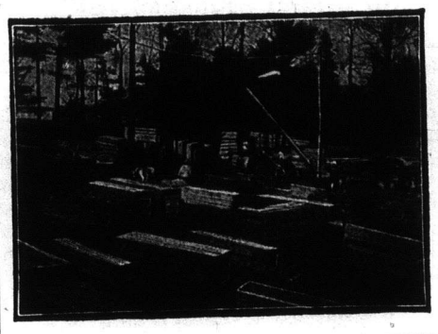


Some of our agents average $50 to $75 and more per week. We have a good proposition for wide-awake men and have vacancies open in many sections of the West. Our Western business promises to be very large. Stock is all guaranteed hardy and varieties recommended by the Brandon and Indian Head Experimental Farms. It is pleasing our customers. We supply only well-developed stock capable of withstanding severe cold.

If you mean business, write for particulars stating whether you can work all or only part time.

Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

Buying Wire Fences.

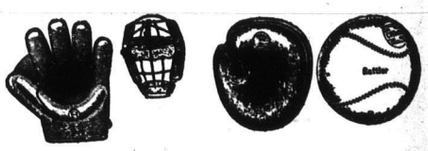
To Mr. E. L. Dyer, manager of the Crown Fence Supply Co., 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, is due the credit if being the first man in Canada to sell wire and iron fences and gates direct to the consumer. Our readers will understand that this method of buying saves them a considerable sum of money and the big business which Mr. Dyer is building up all over the country is proof that people are appreciating his methods. One thing about his business is his "square deal" to everybody, and his "send 'em back if they are not right" guarantee.

People would do well to write for Mr. Dyer's free catalogue and prices because it seems certain that it would be to their advantage.

A. McKim Limited in a New Home.

The McKim Advertising Agency of Montreal, whose pink instruction sheets are so well and favorably known in every newspaper office from the Atlantic to the Pacific, announce the removal of their offices from the Star building to the new building just erected in the same city by the Lake of the Woods Millling Company. The agency's new home is in the heart of the wholesale district of Montreal and the firm's offices take up the entire top floor of the new building, and comprise, 4,500 square feet of floor space. The wonderful growth of the firm's business necessitated the change of homes and all Canadian publishers will join in the wish that the expansion will still go on. To Mr. Anson McKim, the president of the Agency, belongs the honor of inaugurating the Agency business in Canada—and in about twenty years he has had the great satisfaction of seeing his pioneer work develop to such an extent that his agency is now regarded as one of the greatest advertising combinations of the continent.

Baseball Outfit—FREE



This fine 5-piece outfit including Catcher's Glove, Fielder's Mitt, Mask, Ball and Cap. Glove and Mitt are made of best grade of leather. We give the above outfit complete for selling only 16 articles of high-grade Jewelry at 25c. per article. When sold send us the $4.00 and we will forward above outfit. We will take back any jewelry you cannot sell. Write now.

The Co-Operative Jewelry Co., Desk 25,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Household Suggestions.

Suggestions by Housewives.

If the woman who does her own work is to have leisure to enjoy her magazines and her social life, and mental poise to make a home a restful place for husband and children, she must save time and energy by doing her work in the quickest and easiest way. Here are some practical experiences:

"I wash the clothes by first boiling them with kerosene in the old boiler. It is easier and the clothes are very white."

"When my daughter brings in the clothes she puts the clothes that need sprinkling in one basket and the plain clothes in another. This saves handling them so much."

"While ironing I lay aside clothes that need mending, for if you put them away without mending first you are liable to forget them altogether."

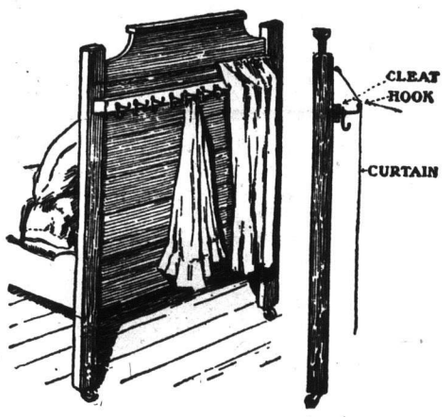
A high stool enables me to finish the ironing minus the backaches I formerly encountered."

"In sweeping I save a great deal of time, by soaking newspapers in water. Wring them out, tear them in small pieces and lay them around on the carpet and you will be pleased to find the amount of dust they catch."

"When preparing salad-dressing I make a large quantity and seal it up for future use, thereby saving time and work when I am in a hurry; for all I have to do is to mix the cream when I wish to use any of it."

For a Room Without a Closet.

Fasten with good strong screws to the posts on the back of the head of the bed a cleat one inch think. Screw into this a dozen double hooks. Set the end hooks some distance from the



end of the cleat, so that the garments will not hang far out, to show the front of the bed. A curtain will keep all the garments free from dust.

Take the handle of a child's broom, or any smooth stick, and insert into one end a good screw hook, right-angle shape. Now you have an article that is useful for various purposes: To draw hot utensils from the oven, to pull down window shades that have jumped beyond one's reach, to pull windows down from the top, to reach anything tucked away in the corners of shelves, etc.

Keep in the attic a charity box where outgrown clothes, old toys, or other various articles past household use may be placed. When a call comes for some article of clothing there will be no necessity to hunt all over the house for something to give away.

Use three dish-mops when washing dishes, one for the glass and silver, one for the china, and one for the pots and pans. Keep them separated, or mark them in some way. These little mops may be bought for five or ten cents each, and their use will keep the hands in better condition.

Ways of Serving Strawberries

Many persons believe that it is impossible to improve strawberries by any method of cooking them, but for those who hold to the contrary, there is no lack of excellent recipes. Possibly the most popular way of serving them, when cooked at all, is in the good old-fashioned strawberry shortcake. One quart of flour, one cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a saltspoonful of salt, the white of one egg. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the baking powder and salt. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, and add with cold milk sufficient to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Make the cakes about half an inch thick, and bake on pie-tins in a quick oven. When done, cut around the edges and split them; place a thick layer of well-sugared strawberries between, sift powdered sugar over the top and serve with cream.

Strawberry Short-cake.—One pint of flour, three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted together. Work in two heaping taplespoonfuls of drippings until the flour feels like cornmeal; then add just enough sweet milk to make a dough that can be easily spatted out into two greased pans; bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes; spread one layer with butter; lay another layer on top and heap with berries, and whipped cream on top surrounding with berries. Sponge cake layers can be used instead of the dough mixture.

Strawberry Tapioca.—Soak over night one cupful of tapioca in cold water; in the morning put half of it in a buttered baking pan, and sprinkle over it a little sugar. On this put one quart of berries and sufficient sugar to sweeten, then add the remainder of the tapioca and a sprinkling of sugar. Fill the dish with water to cover the tapioca about one-fourth inch. Bake in a moderate oven until it looks clear. Serve cold with cream or custard.

Strawberry Dumplings.—Mix well together three cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter and add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out one-half of an inch thick, cut in pieces about four inches square, lay three or four good sized strawberries in the middle of each and draw the paste around them as for apple dumplings. Set close together on a greased tin and steam for twenty-five minutes. Serve with strawberry sauce, making a hard sauce with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon juice and beating in as many crushed strawberries as can be used without curdling.

French Short-cake.—Bake a sponge cake in a ring mould, and when it is cold arrange sweet cherries and strawberries in the centre, heap with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with berries and cherries.

Strawberry Cottage Pudding.—Cream together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, add one cup of milk, one beaten egg, one pint of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a cake-pan, and serve hot with liquid sauce, into which fresh strawberries, mashed with sugar, have been stirred.

Frozen Strawberries.—After carefully stemming, lightly rinse one quart of strawberries. Mash them thoroughly and add the juice of two lemons and one pound of granulated sugar. Set them aside in a cool place for an hour, then add one quart of water, and place in an ice cream freezer and freeze.

Strawberry and Pineapple Pudding.—Make a pint of white cornstarch pudding, sweetening and salting it; after cooking thoroughly divide the mixture and to one-half add one-half pint of crushed strawberries and re-cook the pudding if too thin. To the other part add one-half cupful of grated pineapple; pour in a mould in layers and chill on ice. When serving garnish with halved berries and pineapple spines. Serve with custard sauce, thin cream or whipped cream.

Strawberry Sponge.—Soak one-half of a box of gelatin in one-half of a cupful of cold water. Boil together for five minutes one pint of water and one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar. Add the gelatin and juice of one lemon, strain and cool. When it begins to thicken add the whites of four eggs, whipped to a stiff froth, and beat until the entire mass is a solid sponge. Stir in one pint of whole, fresh berries, turn into a wetted mold and set on ice until firm. Serve with cream.

Ways of Using the Refreshing Pineapple.

How to Eat Pineapples.—Americans, as a rule, do not know how to eat pineapples, says a traveler recently returned from the South. They should never be sliced. That treatment releases the juice from the pulp and leaves the meat dry and woody and tasteless. Down in Cuba and in the lower part of Florida, where they know how to eat the fruit, they never peel a pineapple. They take a ripe fruit and cut off the top and bottom; then they split the fruit lengthwise; then quarter it and split the quarters. This gives eight slices, which are then eaten from the hands as one would eat a watermelon. By following this method you get all the juice and can make a tidy job of it, and you will find it much better than if sliced.

As a digester the ripe pine has no equal, and on this account it is not well to take the ripe fruit on an empty stomach. Failing other material for its activities, it is apt to get in some strenuous work on the lining of the stomach itself. It is better, therefore, to serve it toward the last of the meal at breakfast, or as an accompaniment or follower of the meat course at dinner, where it assists in the digestion of the food

Rhubarb and Pineapple Preserves.—Dissolve six cups of sugar in four cups of water, and boil to a syrup; add three pounds of pineapple, pared and cut in small pieces, cooking it until tender, then put in two pounds of rhubarb, also cut fine, and let boil a few times. It only requires a little time to cook it; do not allow it to become "mushy." Have your jars ready, all hot, and can immediately. This is a very nice preserve. I sometimes use strawberries instead of pineapple.

Pineapple Short-cake.—Make a rich biscuit dough slightly sweetened, and bake in two parts or a round cake fully an inch thick. If the latter, split while hot with butter. For the filling use a rich sugar-loaf pine that has been shredded, covered with sugar and allowed to stand over night, or, quicker still, use the canned, crushed pine. Before filling, drain off the surplus juice and use it with whipped cream as a sauce.

Pineapple Marmalade.—Peel, core and chop the pine. Weigh and allow a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mix well and let stand in the preserving-kettle over night. In the morning cook about half an hour, then run through a sieve. Return to the preserving-kettle and simmer, stirring almost constantly for half or three-quarters of an hour until a clear amber-colored paste results that will be firm when cooled. Pack in small jars.

Pineapple for Fruits Jellies or Creams.—In using the fresh pineapple for fruit jellies or creams where gelatin is used it must be borne in mind that it is absolutely essential to cook it first. If fresh pineapple is used with gelatin it will never harden, as many a cook has found to her sorrow.

Pineapple Sponge.—For this you will require three cupfuls of the crushed or shredded pineapple, one small cupful of sugar, a half package of gelatin soaked an hour in a half cupful of cold water, and the whites of four eggs. Put the pineapple and sugar in a saucepan with a cupful of water and simmer ten or fifteen minutes if the fresh pine is used. All that the canned requires is simply heating. Add the soaked gelatin, take at once from the fire and strain into a dish set in a pan of chipped ice. Where the canned crushed pineapple is used it does not require straining. When partially cooled add the well-whipped whites of the eggs and beat until the entire mixture is spongy and thickened. Pour into a mould and set away to harden. Serve with whipped and sweetened cream, or a soft custard made from the yolks of the four eggs, a quart of milk and four tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.—For diphtheria there is no home remedy that excels the juice of a fresh pine. It has often been known to cut the membrane and relieve the labored breathing when everything else has failed.

Pineapple Ice.—To make pineapple ice, take a quart of water, a pint of sugar, a large pineapple and three lemons. Boil the sugar and water ten minutes. Let cool, add the pineapple, grated, and then the juice of the lemons. It is then ready for the freezer.

Corrugated Iron

Galvanized, Rust Proof, Made from very finest sheets, absolutely free from defects.

Each sheet is pressed, not rolled, corrugations therefore fit accurately without waste. Any desired size or gauge, straight or curved.

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Send 35c Receive post paid, 2 yards 20 inch wide Tafeta Silk, sky blue, suitable for draping Standard, add 6c. for postage. Standard Co., Box 308, London, Ont.

Women's Quiet Hour.

A month will almost have elapsed since the death of our beloved King when this page reaches my readers, but even so it will not be too late to say something of what true mourning for one of the greatest kings the world has seen, should mean.

His late Majesty King Edward.

To be head of the British Empire today is the most exalted position that any man can occupy. King Edward VII. came to the throne after the long and illustrious reign of his mother, the brightest reign in all the annals of British history and for nine years he has ruled not alone justly, but with such splendid discretion that he goes down in history as "Edward the Peacemaker," than which, no sovereign ever earned a grander title. His ability to do the right thing at the right time amounted almost to inspiration. His reign did very much not only to cement the different portions of the great Empire more closely together but to draw more closely into the bonds of brotherhood the men of all nations. That he is sincerely mourned by every loyal Canadian no one familiar with Canadian life will for a moment doubt. In Western Canada, however, there is an enormous foreign population and these people are, as yet, to a great extent, aliens in thought as well as speech. It should therefore be the duty and privilege of every Canadian to give expression to his or her sincere mourning for the loss of so great a ruler, not only in speech but in act. One minister in Winnipeg gave utterance to what seemed to me, one of the wisest things on this head that has yet been said. It was "if we truly mourn our great king, we will follow the works of God seeking to do what is best for the Empire and we will loyally stand behind his son and strengthen him in the hour of his great need by our prayers and our loyalty in thought and deed."

It has been very touching, in Winnipeg, to note how many of the foreign population have entered into the idea of mourning and in scores of little shacks in the outskirts of the city were to be seen small pictures of the late King surrounded by a bit of purple or black or tiny Union Jacks at half mast over the roofs.

One thing that should be done is to see that in every rural school house there is a picture of the late king suitably draped with black and purple.

No one really feels any more sorrow because they show an outward badge of mourning, but in a case of this kind Canadians should show to the strangers within their gates the real respect and reverence which there is in the heart of every true Canadian for constituted authority of which the king is the visible head.

King George the V. comes to the throne at the time of a great political crisis, perhaps the greatest since the time of James and William of Orange. He is an unknown quantity as a ruler, but he was admitted to the closest confidence of his illustrious father. He has sworn to endeavor to follow in his footsteps and every British subject the world over should give him loyalty of thought and affection, and "God Save the King" should be sung prayerfully.

The Victoria League.

Miss Talbot, secretary of this league, visited Winnipeg on her return trip from organizing leagues in Australia and New Zealand and I will give in her own words just what the league stands for: "The Victoria League (a non-party association of British men and women) has its headquarters in London, Eng., and is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen with the Countess of Jersey as president, and the Countess of Crewe as deputy-president.

The aim of the Victoria League is to promote mutual understanding, help and intercourse between all citizens of the British Empire, and its work has been called the "organization of sentiment." The Victoria League is absolutely outside all party politics, comprising men and women of every shade of political opinion, and is so constituted that, while carrying on a permanent organiation for hospitality and educational work, it can readily form a special committee to deal on non-party lines with any Imperial question which may be of interest at the moment. To become a member of the league means to join a large body of people, living in all parts of the world, who are seeking to study the problems of the Empire, to exchange hospitality, and to become acquainted with all the aspects of life and the different points of view of the citizens of both mother country and daughter lands."

In the Canadian West Miss Talbot did not organize because it was thought best to work through the "Daughters of the Empire" which has already been established at a number of points. I think this league is of interest to readers of the Monthly for the simple reason that, while it has big objects such as described above, it also comes down to detail and any woman or man in the remotest part of the Canadian West can write to Miss Talbot at the permanent quarters of the league, 2 Millbank House, Westminster, S.W. London, England, and be put in touch with those who will exchange newspapers and magazines from the old land or who will indeed send them without an exchange. This, it seems to me, might be the means of broadening the knowledge of Canadians as to things in Great Britain and Ireland, and also, in the case of newly arrived immigrants, to help to tide them over the first feelings of loneliness and isolation. A letter sent to this address asking for some of the literature of the league will give better than I can in the space at my disposal, an idea of the wide-reaching nature of the work being done in an earnest endeavor to make the various sections of the empire better acquainted. The work of this league is assuredly the highest form of patriotism.

Domestic Science.

The Domestic Science Classes at the Agricultural College have been successfully launched and by another month I hope to have something further to say about them. I saw the equipment just before work was taken up and nothing about it pleased me so much as the fact that though it was excellent of its kind and just what was needed for class work, at the same time there was nothing about the model kitchen that could not be reproduced in any kitchen in the Canadian West by any man or woman handy with tools, and the expenditure of a small amount of money and a reasonable amount of brains. If "well begun is half done" then the Domestic Science section of the Agricultural College is well on its way to success. Miss A. B. Juniper, of whom I wrote for the April issue, is assisted by Miss Macdonald, who is a graduate and gold medalist from the Household Science section of Toronto University and by Miss Kennedy, who was instructor in needlework and dressmaking at Macdonald College, St. Anne's de Bellevue, Que.

Favorite Poems.

I am giving two of the poems sent in, both short but both very beautiful, I think, and well worth cutting out and pasting in the scrap book, which I hope every one of my readers keeps by her.

The Land of Little Faces.

I wonder, oh I wonder, where the little faces go,
That come and smile and stay awhile, then fade like flakes of snow.
The dear, wee baby faces, that the world has never known;
But mother's hide, so tender-eyed, deep in their hearts alone.

I love to think that somewhere in that country we call heaven,
The place most fair of anywhere shall unto them be given;
A land of little faces—very little, very fair,
Where every one shall know her own and cleave unto it there.

Oh, grant it loving Father, to the broken hearts that plead,
Thy way is best, but oh to rest in perfect faith indeed!
To know that we shall find them, even them, the wee, white dead,
At Thy right hand in Thy bright land, by living waters led.

"Others."

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

May self be crucified and slain
And buried deep and all in vain.
Attempts be made to rise again
Except to live for "Others."

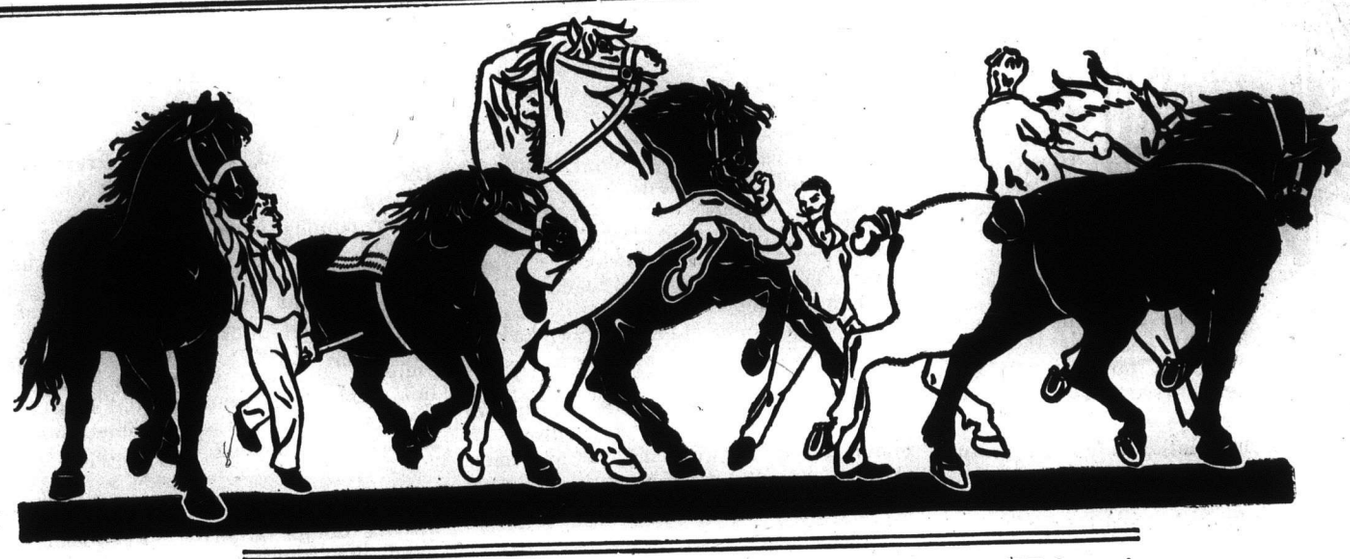
Take all my selfishness from me'
One' Thou my eyes that I may see
That even what I do for Thee
Must need be done for "Others."

And when on earth my work is done
And my new work in Heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of "Others."

"Others" Lord yes "Others,"
May this my motto be
Help me to live for "Others"
That I may live like Thee.

Western Writers.

In accordance with my promise last month I am giving my readers a chance to make the acquaintance of Valancy Patriarche, of Winnipeg, author of "Tag or Chien Boule Dog." This is the most charming story that came out just in time for



The Great Fair of the Great West

THE Annual Exposition of the Wonderland of the World; with its instructive competitions, its marvels on exhibit, its fascinating attractions and its progression of events; its premiums, its prizes. The Glittering Pageant of a Bounding New Nation.

Farm Exhibits, Industrial Exhibits, Home Exhibits.
Agricultural and Automobile Motor Contest.
Sports Races Attractions
Fireworks and Music.

Swell the Enthusiastic Tramp of its Two Hundred Thousand Throng

Excursions from Everywhere

Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition

July 13-23, 1910.

the Christmas trade last year, and as many of my readers have no doubt already seen reviews of the book, if they have not actually read it, I will not say anything further about it, unless requested to do so, but will give some idea of the writer. Mrs. Patriarche is a Canadian of Canadians having been born of United Empire Loyalist stock in the City of Toronto. She been resident in Winnipeg for some years and from the age of 16 has been writing both prose sketches and verse. "Tag"

VALANCE PATRIARCHE.

is her first book but she is busy about another one at the present time. She is the mother of one hearty, happy little lad who gives her plenty of occupation at intervals of writing or perhaps it would be more correct to say that she writes in the interval of looking after the small son, for he is as active for mischief as any healthy young Canadian of three summers.

Mrs. Patriarche's favorite form of entertainment is to have her friends drop in, informally, after church on Sunday evening, and the chat around that supper table is of books and people who are doing something in the world of work. Among her intimates she is known as "Mrs. Pat" and one very tired and busy doctor remarked one Sunday evening that he always dared to eat a hearty supper at Mrs. Pat's because there was so much laughter over good stories that indigestion had no terrors for him. "Mr. Pat" is a cordial sympathizer in his wife's work; he is much interested in sport and a capital raconteur.

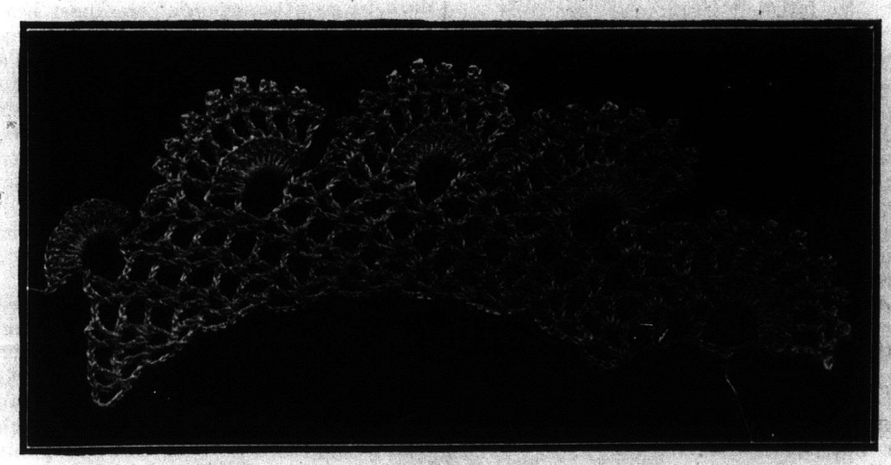
What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Just by the way.

This month I am making something of a departure. Lilian Laurie of the Free Press has passed over to me a sample of some very pretty edging sent to her by one of her correspondents who does the most exquisite crochet work I have ever seen. The exigencies of a daily paper do not lend themselves to illustrations of such work as this, so readers of the Western Home Monthly have a chance to profit thereby.

The lady who sent in this design says that the sample is worked in No. 30 thread to make the pattern stand out clearly, but that the result is much more dainty when worked in No. 40 thread.

The illustration is certainly a good one and I hope my readers will find it useful:—



SIMPLE SCALLOPED EDGING.

Simple Scalloped Edging.

The sample worked in No. 40 crochet cotton, worked firmly, is a fine, lacy edging, suitable for children's underwear and is very quickly done. Commence with 20 chain. 1st row—work 1 treble in the 7th chain from needle, 2 chain, 1 treble in same place, 2 chain, miss 3 holes, 1 treble in next, 2 chain, 1 treble, all in same place, 2 chain, miss 3 again, 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble, in the same place, 8 chain, miss 3, 1 treble in next, 3 chain, turn. 2nd row—15 treble in chain loop, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in first hole, 2 chain, miss 1 hole, 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in 3rd hole, 2 chain, miss one hole, 1 treble 2 chain, 1 treble in 5th hole, 2 chain, 1 treble, 2 chain 1 treble in last hole, 6 chain turn. 3rd row—1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in first hole,* 2 chain, 1 treble 2 chain 1 treble in 3rd hole; repeat from * in 5th and 7th holes, 2 chain, 1 treble on first of trebles in scallop, take the back stitches (2 chain, 1 treble in third stitch)' repeat into 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, back stitches 2 chain, 1 treble in 14th and 15th; 5th chain turn. 4th row—1 double crochet in first hole, *(do not take the thread over the needle for double crochet) 5 chain, 1 d.c. back into second chain (to form picot) 1 chain, 1 d.c. in next hole, repeat from * 6 times making 7 picots on scallop, 3 chain, xx miss 1 hole, 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in next, 2 chain; repeat from xx 3 times, and work 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in last hole, 6 chain turn. Now commence second scallop, 1 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in 1st hole, 2 chain, 1 treble 2 chain, 1 treble in 3rd and 5th holes, 8 chains 1 treble in seventh hole, 3 chain turn, 15 treble in chain loop and continue working from this point exactly as in the first scallop. Have a fine needle. A frequent glance at sketch is a great help.

Nothing New.

The cold weather of May held back new styles and there is very little to write about. Milliners in large establishments made a second opening for hats about the middle of May but there was nothing strikingly new to be seen. In both dresses and hats the styles of the earlier part of the season seem to have taken firm hold. What was said then as to three quarter sleeves for hot weather is coming true.

Wearing Black.

The death of the King and the fact that the fashionable world of London is plunged in deep mourning is having a certain effect in Canada also and the sale of black and purple dress goods has been enormous; in fact white, black and purple will probably be leaders for the balance of the summer season. Combinations of all three are frequently seen and are very effective.

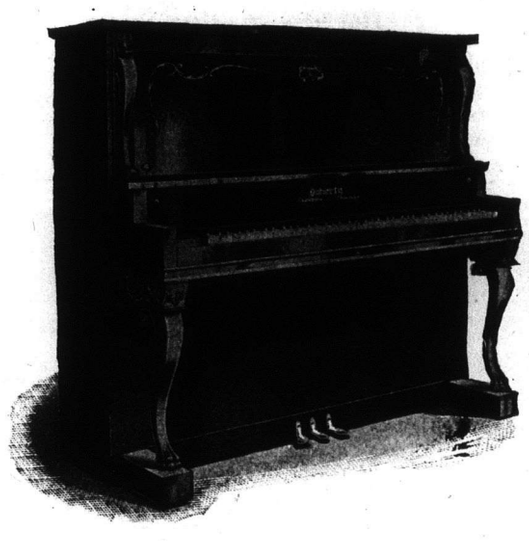
Going East.

I expect to write my notes for July from either Montreal or Toronto, where I am going on a little holiday jaunt which will include a peep at the big shops. I trust I shall have something really new and useful to tell my readers by that time. At present we are between seasons and there is literally nothing doing.

New Hair Dressing Parlors.

Inspiration comes easily when one undertakes to say something of the splendidly equipped hair-dressing parlors of Saalfeld & McLean, recently opened on the corner of Ellice avenue and Garry street. The rooms in these saloons are large and lofty, and splendidly lighted. From Ellice or Garry street one enters the waiting room, which is finished throughout in white enamel; a respository cabinet with plate glass doors and shelves contains the various paraphernalia for hair dressing—brushes, tongs, with aluminum mountings, combs, etc.—which are thoroughly sterilized after each using. Beyond the waiting room are the various booths for shampooing, hair-dressing, chiropody, and electrical treatments. Beyond these booths are the work-rooms, where experience and careful scientific study have brought the subject of hair and its treatment to a state of perfection.

Saalfeld & McLean make up all their various hair goods. The raw hair comes direct from Europe (duty free) and customers are therefore enabled to pocket middlemen's profits and buy at manufacturers' prices. An important branch of this new establishment is the mail order department and we can heartily recommend it to our readers.



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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.

A Diary of Unkind Words.

Have I a reader among my young women who has not said an unkind word about another for a week?

It is a good plan to keep a diary and every night write down the unkind things you have said about another. When you see yourself thus in black and white you feel the whole force of the great error of which you are guilty. Michael Angleo corrected faults by leaving a perfect sketch to condemn his pupils imperfect sketch.

Could not we help another more by living nobly than by criticizing? It is depressing to cherish a complaining spirit, to dislike people.

"Judging of others we can see too well
Their grevious fall, but not how grieved they fell;
Judging ourselves, we to our minds recall
Not how we fell, but how we grieved to fall."

A Bother.

A bother is an act devoid of love. 'The only way we can get the best for ourselves is by giving the best to others." A girl who is not willing to help others is cheating herself out of the blessing of helpfulness. Carry into your business life the determination to give full measure.

One writer says: "It is extraordinary how often the people who are afraid of being imposed upon accept favors and privileges quite as a matter of course, without once stopping to think whether they have earned them or not."

Try to do a little more than is expected of you, a little more than you are paid for. Count it a privilege if in addition to doing your own work you are able to help someone else. The girl who is afraid of being imposed upon and is constantly guarding against that danger is the last to secure promotion, while she is likely to go through life a pauper in friendship.

A Hint About Pin Money.

How many young women have the ability to spend less than they earn? I know some girls who are always borrowing and spending ahead of pay day. Any young woman is any other young woman's equal until she owes her a dollar.

Have you ever thought of the different ways girls spend their money. Some spend it on candies, others for reading matter, others to please the aesthetic taste, in pictures, bric-a-brac, and still others spend on dress. A little of each is good; too much of any is extravagance. We criticize wealthy women for spending money lavishly. Did you ever stop to think that she who spends ten cents on a foolish thing would spend ten times that much on the same kind of indulgence if she were worth ten times more? Extravagant women will carry out their extravagant indulgence according to their wealth. Helen Gould would be charitable if she were poor. It is said that our new Queen never gives a cheque until she has first carefully considered the value of the expenditure.

Prudence and Foresight.

There are duties to be done, pleasures to be enjoyed, dangers to be guarded against, all of which cannot be affected unless prudence and foresight guide young women. Pleasures and dangers are artfully mingled together.

I remember when a child I was fond of picking wild flowers, yet I did not dare to go after some of the most beautiful because they were in dangerous places. Prudence detects snares as it does dangers among pleasures. Young women need prudence and foresight in order to detect the many snares that call them on to danger.

"Sin has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind."

May a women cultivate prudence? Anyone may cultivate that prudence which will develop an habitual presence of mind, ever watchful and awake. The successful business man in his plans sees possible dangers or rivalry that might happen; the debater studies points his opponents might use to beat him; the politician penetrates all conditions that might be used for his defeat. Why, prudence is the very secret of success! Therefore the young woman needs to cultivate prudence in her career to hold her position in business, society and in the home; for there are dangers that she will confront in all three places.

The prudent girl is thoughtful, careful, tactful. On the other hand, the girl who is not prudent is careless, indifferent and says or does the wrong thing in the wrong place. It is an art worth cultivating to be able, on the spur of the moment, to act with tact. We need to be prudent not only for our own interest but we owe it to others. Every girl is born with a message for humanity, with a great sacred obligation to give her best to her position, her friends and her family. Her talent was not given her merely to provide food and luxuries for herself but to make the world a little better place to live in, to pay this debt and to make the largest possible woman of herself.

I like the human race of Queen Victoria. When an alms house was erected for poor old women in the Isle if Wight, she retained one tiny room, exactly like the rest, for her own use. Her sympathy was practical.

An Art Worth Cultivating.

Ruskin once gave this advice to a class of English art students: "Let your art be the praise of something." The world is so full of light and beauty that we should cultivate the art of praise.

People who live in darkness are living in purgatories of their own making. We too often use the blessings God has given us—speech, eyes and ears— to injure others. Minds that soar high, like Tennyson, "have seen the friendliness on the faces of God's messengers." We crave costly jewels while all about us shine brighter gems of unrecognized beauty. Nobody compels you to live in the gloom of criticism and discontent. Your character is made by the way you develop your own self. If your soul windows are "dusty with prejudice" and are hung with "dark curtains of selfishness" you alone are to blame. It is a pity, however, to use such poor taste.

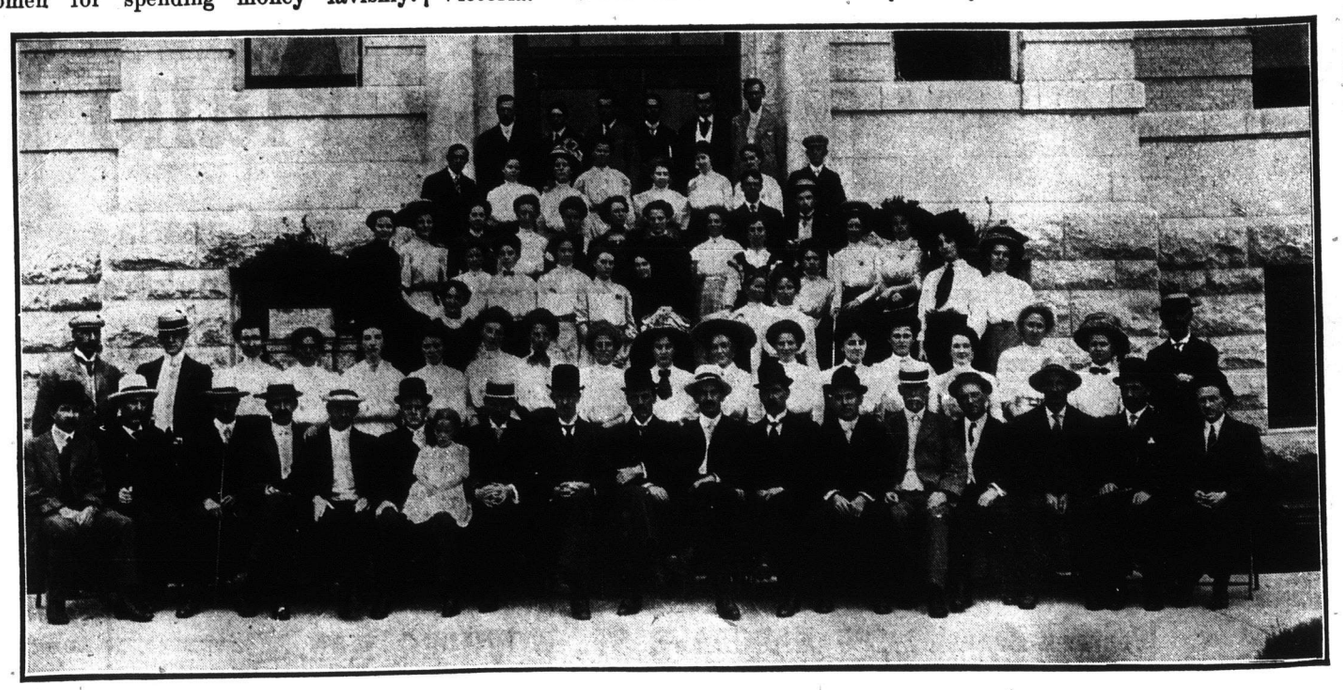
Personally, I do not like to see paintings that represent ugly or painful subjects, even though they be realistic and though they represent genius. I like pictures that make me happy: I want to draw my daily inspiration from pictures that teach beauty and loveliness.

Many women with great gifts and ability do not see the high and beautiful about them. She is a wise woman, a well bred young woman, and she is clever who never mentions trifling disappointments, petty annoyances and family failings to others. We naturally think of what we love best, so let us cultivate the art of praising the worthy we see in our frinds and the beautiful we see about us. I have this thought from the Girl's Companion.

"It is said that when Ruskin was a boy in England his mother required him to read the Bible again and again, until he was extraordinarily familiar with its spirit and expression. This familiarity with the Book of books had much to do with the shaping of his literary gift. And can we not trace in his advice: 'Let your art be the praise of something', the influence of the older teaching, 'Whatsoever things are pure, lovely, of good report....think on these things."

The School of Practical Affairs.

Girls must be trained in schools of practical affairs. The suffering from indigestion in our day is largely owing to improper cooking and to ignorance of the chemistry of food. Cooking is worthy of the educated—it takes its



The Class in Nature Study and School Gardening at Manitoba Agricultural College. (See article on Page 24).

place as one of the most beneficent of arts. The day is fast passing when young women will give more concern to the coats on their backs than to the coats of their stomachs.

The servant problem will be solved when young women will have dignified housekeeping. Young women are beginning to realize that domestic work is attractive when performed in a scientific way.

A caller in a wealthy home now is likely to have a book handed her while the hostess laughingly goes into the kitchen to prepare the meal, and she does it with genuine pride. Good cooking is a road of prosperity, any girl may follow if she will only study her work. Prof. Alford Jachne of the German Criminology Society says: "We no longer combat external causes of wrong as we did. We seek internal, domestic wrongs. There in that seeking we are finding the true answer as to why children depart from the pathways of right. The human soul in all its nakedness, sin-stained, worn out, hopeless, is laid before us, and we must know what brought it to that condition, as well as strive to restore hope, manhood and womanhood to it. We have turned away from the saloon and the brothel for the real sources of the great amount of crime in existence in the world today. Something back of them, something deeper-rooted than they ever can be, sends the boy to the thief's cell, the girl to everlasting shame. That something is improper food in childhood, improper labor, and the neglect and ignorance and brutality of parents."

Thus to the wives of the future do the needy call for help. The cure-all is in their hands. If the beginning of the end of crime be within the home, within the environment in which a child works, in the kitchen where its food is prepared, and in the influence of motherly patience, knowledge and love, young women need to be trained in the school of practical affairs. How gratifying it is to learn of the practical work that is being done by queens and other women in high positions! The new Queen of Belgium is an M. D. of Leipsig University. She has exercised many times her medical knowledge for the benefit of the poor and afflicted. Her experience is likely to cause many improvements among the needy. Queen Victoria said before she was a mother: "If ever I am blessed with children they shall not be useless ones. They must know how to be busy and to be of good to the world about them." There are eight kingdoms of Europe ruled by descendants of Queen Victoria—England, Germany, Russia, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Greece and Bulgaria. In the female descendants every woman is practical. They are competent to rule their kitchen themselves, to plan their household affairs and are independent in all kitchen duties.

English girls are taught from babyhood that every girl should be queen from kitchen to drawingroom.

Misunderstandings.

A young woman writes me thus:

"I often think it is too bad that misunderstandings creep into our lives and when we least expect it, someone takes offence. There is a sad chapter, all through my life in not being rightly understood, and I do try to do what is right."

We are all more or less misunderstood. Pure motives inspire us to perform acts of charity and in return we are accused of courting notoriety. Yet our efforts are not wasted, even though they may be misunderstood.

Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moving along, not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker. Though we may think our efforts are wasted, beauty unseen is not wasted.

There are scenes in the tropics on which the eye of man has never lit, there are glories unnumbered of the setting sun that never fall within the knowledge of man; Arctic explorers tell us that in the distant North there is an unsurpassable glory in the sunset—yet few have known it. In a brief season in declining day the levels of the snow are touched with gold, and every minaret of ice is radiant. This may all seem a waste of beauty but it is the Creator's work, so the earth must need it. But there are other gifts of the Creator that are wasted and it is because of their waste that people are misunderstood. There is sight that might see so much, but sees so little, and that little--vile, there is little speech that might do such noble things, and does so little, and that little means hearing and memory. Thought and imagination which are lavished so royally on us, we waste. The more we waste these gifts the more are we in debt to Him who gave them to us for useful development. To be misunderstood even by those one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of many of our acquaintances. To be misunderstood is a cruel trial.

There is a world of meaning in James Whitcomb Riley's verse—

"Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends."

We need appreciation. Our success is often dependent upon the faith of others in us.

The most courageous have the deepest craving for appreciation. Mrs. Browning once asked Charles Kingsley your life? Tell me" she said, "that I may make mine beautiful too." The answer was:

"I had a friend.
Be merciful, O our God!
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never till the noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angels' wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Upward from the mourned sod."

The Country Girl's Opportunities.

I have been thinking of the rare opportunities open to the country girls of Western Canada. I think I see them, perhaps scanning newspaper advertisements for positions in the city. If they are doing this they are making a great mistake. The city is crowded with girls from the country—poor, suffering, and heart-hungry—who long to be back in the country where sunshine and fresh air, at least, are free.

On the other hand, some of our best business women in the city, were born and brought up in the country; but country girls need to be careful about the first step into the city.

But, to return to the opportunities in the country for young women. Western Canada is a pioneer country—it is largely agricultural. It is busy laying out farms and building homes; there are more men than women here and the country needs her girls because it needs more than anything else, home builders and splendid teachers and good nurses and strong women in other womanly professions. The future of this new country is largely dependent on our country women. Our great new land which at present is commanding world-wide attention, must bring forth the world's best race.

Statistics prove that immigration to our land is enormous and brings to us representatives from every nation, and inasmuch as the country is new, it is our duty as women to build character in our boys and girls such that will bring Western Canada into world-wide recognition as a country peopled by splendid, clever, useful, strong-minded men and women.

It is a privilege to live in a land so rich in natural beauty and abundance; our environment is big and full of opportunity and we owe a great debt to the pioneer men and women who have laid the foundations that mean so much to us; therefore, since the country is in its early childhood, young women in the country have rare opportunities.

The teacher in Western Canada has a large field for work. There is no end to her chance for development. Madame Largerof, of Sweden, who has just won the Nobel prize in recognition of her valuable services in writing text books for the young, has accomplished a wonderful work for her country. She was at first a poor teacher.

The real solution of any social or political problem lies in education. Our natural scenery and soil productions should furnish abundant material in the world of art, literature and science. The country needs women in science, art, medicine, literature, the professions and business. The boys and girls in the country demand the devotion and service of women in educational work and society as well as in the homes.

With this demand no country girl need be in want of an opportunity. In the country about her she may find enough to afford scope for the exercise of her moral and mental capacity. The tendency of to-day is a movement from the city to the country. Western Canada needs in the country all of her country girls besides gifted young women from the city. Remain on the farm, young girl, the country needs you more than you need the city life.

Intelligence Creates Youthful Women.

The difference between youth and old age is this: Youth looks forward—old age looks backward. Some women are old at twenty while other women are young at sixty. Every young woman is anxious to know how to keep young and she considers carefully every "beauty" page she finds. Many think that outward applications constitutes the entire process necessary to keep the face young and they spend fortunes on cosmetics and other lotions.

Beauty and youth treatments should begin at the life within. If the heart of a fruit tree be decayed, the fruit it bears is wrinkled and bitter. The same is true of women.

In order to remain young, take an active interest in affairs of the day and entertain hope for the future.

A wrinkled countenance, a stooping back, a lame walk will not prove age if the life within be young with interest in the future; nor will dates and figures settle the question.

More than once I have heard this remark: "I do not understand why that splendid appearing man should marry such a plain looking woman and the strange part of it is—they seem perfectly happy." It was a perfect mental union. Marriages would be happier if mental qualities were the attraction instead of physical qualities. What can be more miserable than when a man of any measure of intelligence finds himself bound to a pretty piece of insipidity, or a lump of clay," not a companion but an expensive toy?

Likewise when a woman of taste and culture finds herself mated for life to a man of handsome figure who has no brains or heart, her misery is equally profound. The union of intelligence based on the mutual recognition of those qualities which fit man and woman for each other, will, as they become more acquainted, grow into a more deep and reverential and deathless love. We are none of us older than our minds. There is nothing that keeps the life in a woman so fresh as intelligent hopefulness. When hope vanishes out of a life the spring of energy disappears and it droops and fades.

One sees many girls whose faces are wrinkled and old because they brood over past troubles or sorrows. Some one has said that "he who has never made a mistake has never made anything." Let every girl drown her sorrow in a grand hope. If a girl improves her mind she is prepared to overcome obstacles; every girl has this opportunity—she may not have a chance of a college education but self-educated girls are strong and many times have better trained minds than the better favored college girls.

It is pathetic to see a young woman chained down by a sorrow. "The tests of life are to make us not to break us." "Not failure but low aim is crime." At times it may seem that a sorrow will kill one, but there is more capacity for enduring pain in human nature than one can believe until she has stood the test. Our strongest women have risen to greatness from deepest depths of grief. When trouble claimed them they did not shrink into despair. Dawn and twilight have a beauty all their own. It takes the darkness of the night to show us the beauty of the stars.

Just now woman's work in state affairs is creating world wide interest. One can hardly pick up a paper without finding in it something about the acheivements of young women in the field of usefulness. Since this is true, there is greater demand for young women of intelligence to-day than in the past. Let us then keep alive to our opportunities and possibilities and at the same time we shall enjoy the kind of youth that is most attractive. A young woman owes herself health, leisure, diversion, development and absorbing interests.

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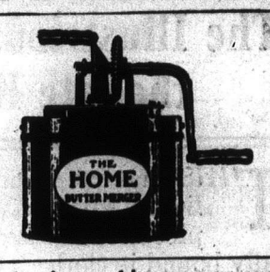

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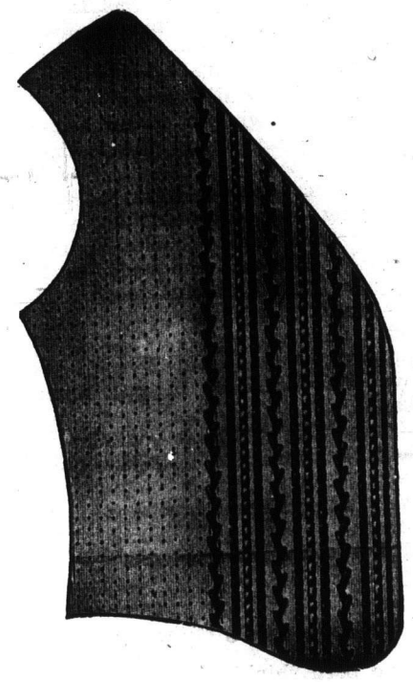
The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg - - Canada

Silk Embroidered Waistcoats.

Well dressed men now require the addition of a variety of "Fancy Waistcoats" to complete their wardrobe, and the handsomest and most fashionable of these are the hand embroidered ones for which so many weaves of material suitable for the different seasons of the year are now to be found. One of the most attractive of these fabrics is the Perforated Broadcloth which is especially prepared for these waistcoats, and is of a light, fine weight, and to be had in all the leading fashionable colors.

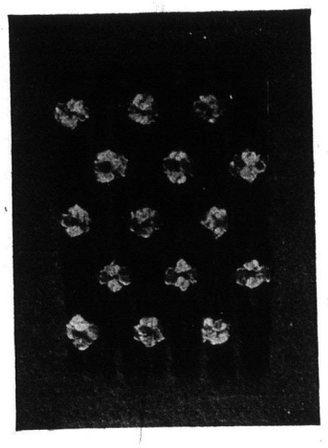
Illustration No. 1 clearly shows the possibilities of this material, and the stitches used for the broadcloth are easily copied and quickly worked.



Pattern No. 1.
Perforated Broadcloth $2.00 per vest length.

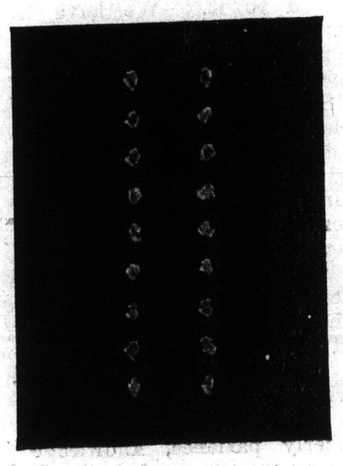
Colored Linen Huckabacks are also very fashionable, and we illustrate some examples of this material. The stitches used on Huckaback are principally of the darning variety, and may be worked in horozontal or diagonal effects, and an endless variety may be evolved by the worker. It has been found necessary to prepare special silks for embroidering these waistcoats, as broadcloth and huckaback require a heavy twisted silk. The "Imperial Waistcoat Silk" which is the only kind on the market, is a lustrous, heavy silk, and may be used throughout the embroidery, or it may be used in combination with rope silk, using the Imperial Silk to define the stripes.

The stitches illustrated for the broadcloth on this page, are worked with Imperial silk. Some of the finer weaves of honeycomb vestings, which want of space will not permit us to illustrate in this number, are worked altogether with Rope Silk as the weave of the material will not admit using the heavier silk.



Perforated Broadcloth, Pattern No. 2.

One point to be emphasized is that sufficient silk to complete the garment should be purchased at first, as it is very difficult to match exactly repeated dyeings of the same shades. It is difficult to state exactly the quantity of silk required to work waistcoats as it depends wholly on the material and stitch selected, for instance, the Perforated Broadcloth requires more silk than is used for the Huckaback vests, as in the former the silk has to be carried from perforation to perforation, while the huckaback has only surface work. In the perforated broadcloth the stitch also regulates the quantity of silk used, as for instance pattern No. 2 will require more silk than pattern No. 3. Another thing to be remembered in working up any waistcoat is to draft upon the material the shape of the garment required. This will save time and silk, and they are to be worked well over the edges of the pattern thus drafted, which will allow for the seams in making up. Worked samples



Perforated Broadcloth, Pattern No. 3.

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This is an entirely new book, just published, and embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, crochet, knitting and embroidery. It contains designs and directions for making nearly fifty different patterns of knitted laces, many charming crochet patterns, also instruction for making many useful articles of wearing apparel and numerous articles for home decoration, among which are tidies, chair-scarfs, doylies, purses, table mats, shopping bags, lamp shades, shawls, Afghans, toilet sets, counterpanes, sofa-cushions, chair-covers, pin-cushions, dressing slippers, babies' socks, etc., etc. Full and complete instructions accompany each design, together with an explanation of the terms used in knitting and crochetting, etc. It also contains full and complete instructions in the art of embroidery, with numerous beautiful designs. The whole is illustrated by 95 handsome engravings, and the whole subject of ladies' fancy work is made so clear in this book that with it as a guide one may become an adept in the art. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only **15 cents.**

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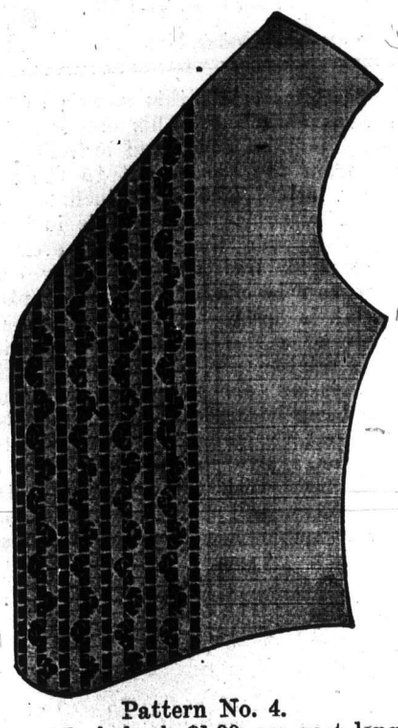
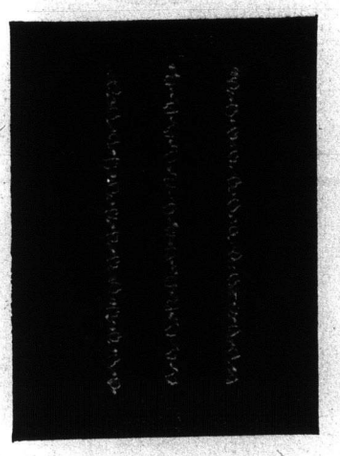
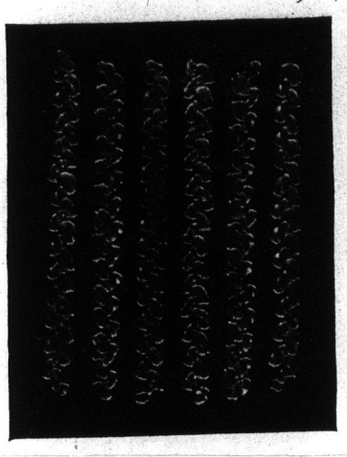
of any of the stitches shown can be supplied at 25 cents each worked on any color of material, or combination of silks selected.



Pattern No. 4.
Linen Huckaback $1.00 per vest length.



Huckaback Patterns No. 5.



Huckaback, Pattern No. .6

Imperial waistcoat silk 90 cents per 1 oz. spools or 10 cents per single skein. Rope silk 55 cents per dozen.

Western Verse.

Oh! Canada.

By "Drina," Griswold, Man.

Thank God for Canada!
Dear bright Canada;
Land of our love,
In work-time and rest;
The sweet, kind, sunny land,
The good, clean money land,
Canada ever! Canada best!

Thank God for Canada!
Young, clean Canada;
Land of the sunshine,
With rain for our thirst;
Our fresh, wild, fairy land,
Our fair, wide, prairie land,
Canada ever! Canada first!

Thank God for Canada!
Free, pure Canada;
Won by our fathers
From East unto West;
The clean, true, fairest land,
The gay, glad, rarest land,
Canada ever! Canada blest!

Meeting-Parting.

By G. F. Simmance, Calgary.

Her eye it is bright and my heart it is light,
If I can only touch her soft hand;
She's the queen of her race and her dear little face
Is the sweetest and best in the land.

Just one little kiss overwhelms me with bliss
And so does a loving caress;
She's tender and true and fond of me too,
And am I not fond of her? Yes.

Then, Oh! when we meet—how deliciously sweet,
I cannot conceal my delight,
But I breathe a low sigh and a tear's in her eye,
When it comes to our saying "Good night."

And Oh! when we part—it goes straight to my heart
And I feel that I'm living in vain,
But I don't wish to die and I'll tell you for why,
I'm hoping to meet her again.

"Life's Tangles."

By "Frances," Port Morien, Cape Breton.

When winding yarn and it gets snarled,
And Dick is sorry he enlisted,
The more we pull, the more 'tis marled,
When threads I break, it worse is twisted,
And growls add fuel to the fuss,
I long for Mother to clear the muss.

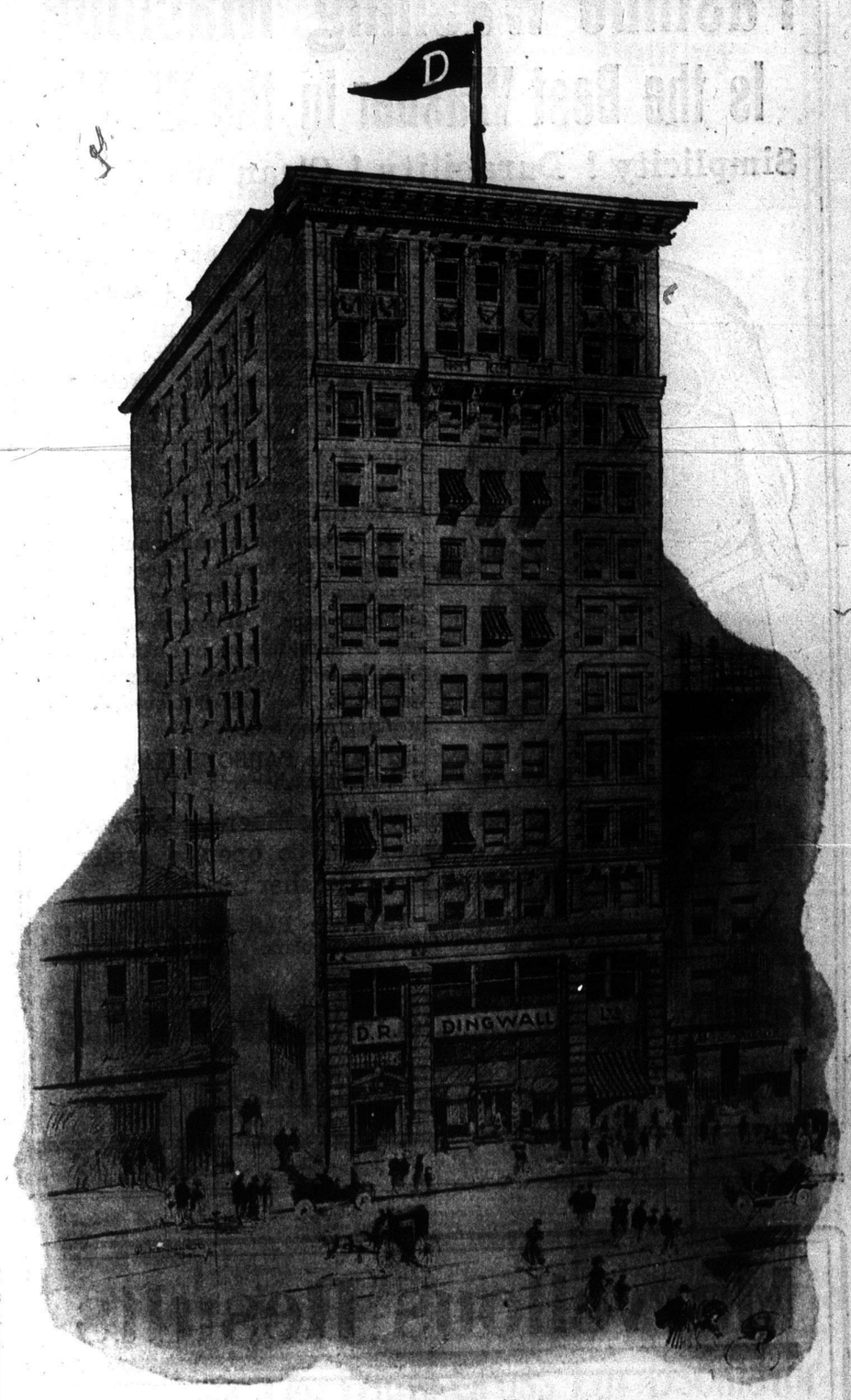
Now, when at home with temper gone,
I struggled with some awful tangle,
Mother would see the "storm cloud" on,
Sail in and right the horrid mangle.
We've put away our childish toys
But still to mother we're girls and boys.

A mother's life is sorely tried;
They talk of Job, he ne'er was in it,
For since I left the mother's side
I've learned she's wanted every minute.
Now Job no doubt had many an ill;
But he never mothered Dan and Bill.

Mother smoothed out my tangled skein,
And now my own is ever calling—
"Thread broke!" "My cap is lost again!"
"A piece of bread!" 'tis most appalling!
When mother's win—their crowns to wear,
What brilliant jewels will glitter there.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

Europe's Wealth in Winnipeg



DINGWALL'S PALACE OF : : EUROPEAN ART : :

The entire ground floor of this magnificent 12 story building—the highest in Western Canada, situated at the corner of Main St and Portage Ave., Winnipeg, will be occupied by D R. Dingwall, Ltd., Diamond Merchants, Jewelers and Silversmiths. about June 1st Mr. D Rand and Mr. D. W. Dingwall have just returned from Europe, where they have purchased an enormous stock for the opening. The fittings of the store are imported and extremely beautiful, and the firm extends a cordial invitation to insp ct a display that has no equal in Canada. **Watch the next issue of "The Western Home Monthly"** for a description of some of the wonderful contents of this wonderful house.

We Want Your Cream

MR. FARMER, we want your cream shipped by express to us, and are prepared to pay cash for it—so soon as tested—at highest prices. Is this offer not better than making your own butter and trading it at the store? Don't delay writing us for particulars. It will pay you

Crescent Creamery Co. Ltd.

WINNIPEG Authorized Capital, $250,000 BRANDON

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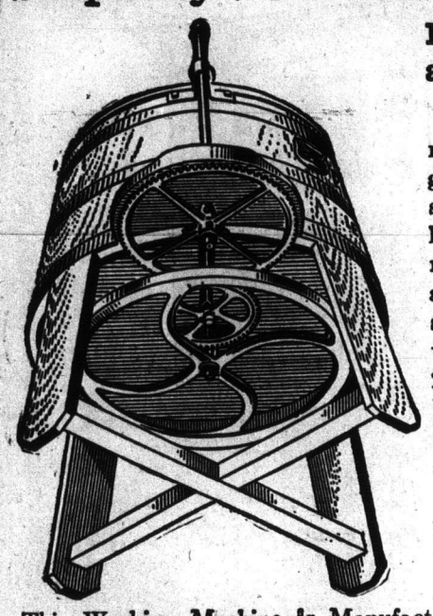
Pastime Washing Machine
Is the Best Washer in the World
Simplicity ! Durability ! Clean Washing !



Runs as Easy Full of Clothes as Others do that are Empty

There is a reason why this Washer runs so easy, and it is no secret, or ghost stories about it. The reason is shown in the illustration. Notice the heavy fly-wheel under the tub. **It is mounted on ball bearings,** scientifically adjusted, highly geared. When it is started it practically runs itself. With the tub full of clothes it will make from 20 to 30 complete revolutions after you let loose of the handle—time enough to go across the room, tend to the baby and come back. Will wash equally as well the finest fabrics, bed clothes, carpets; in fact, anything that was ever washed in the old fashioned, back-breaking wash tub.

This Washing Machine is Manufactured by The PARSONS HAWKEYE MANFG. CO., and the Warranty is put on every washer sold. It says :

"We Guarantee the Pastime Washing Machine to wash the clothing quicker, cleaner, and to operate easier than any other hand power washer made."

If the store you trade at does not keep the PASTIME WASHING MACHINE for sale, ask him to write for full particulars. If he will not do it, write us yourself.

Parsons Hawkeye Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg

DEALERS: Write for trial machine. It's the biggest seller in the field of Washers. Not only that, it stays sold, because it satisfies.

Marvellous Results

are produced on ladies' and gentlemen's garments by our improved process of chemical dry cleaning; also on draperies, upholstered furniture, etc.

Lace Curtains

receive our special attention. They are hand cleaned and finished by experts.

Henry Bros. Dye House

Office: 279 Smith St. **Branch: 569 Ellice Ave.**
Factory: 217-9 Provencher Ave. **Phones 1930, 1931, 7372**
Feathers cleaned and dyed black and all shades desired.

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TO SELL
DOMO CREAM SEPARATORS
They Sell at Less Than Half Usual Prices
Get Price List A
THE DOMO SEPARATOR COMPANY
427 UNION BANK BUILDING **WINNIPEG**
Write for Circular F

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

DAINTY SUMMER GOWNS.

A variety of pretty thin materials are being worn this season and illustrated are two gowns that show one a dotted marquisette, one a bordered batiste, both of which are exceptionally attractive. They not alone make excellent models for general summer wear but they are well adapted to graduation and the various entertainments that accompany the closing of school and college. The gown to the left is made with a pretty yet simple blouse that includes an unusually shaped yoke. The skirt consists of a straight flounce, the lower one being joined to a gored upper portion. If shorter sleeves are liked the cuffs can be made narrower and if the collarless neck is not becoming a regulation stock can be added. All thin materials are appropriate, the foulards and summer silks that are made in lingerie style as well as muslins.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 24, 3¼ yards 27 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 18 for the yoke and 3½ yards of narrow, 2 yards of wide banding; for the skirt 8½ yards 24 or 27, 5 yards 44 inches wide with 5¾ yards of banding. The blouse pattern 6611 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6615 is cut in sizes for a 22 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Bordered batiste is among the smartest of all materials this season and it is always charming. This one is finished with pointed edges and bretelles are made from the border cut to the necessary width. The skirt includes one of the new tunics that in this instance is seamed over the hips to preserve the straight line at the lower edge but it can be made seamless if plain material is used The skirt beneath consists of a five gored upper portion and straight plaited flounce. The blouse is an exceptionally attractive one and can be made just as illustrated or without the yoke and with shorter sleeves as shown in the back view or in this style with the addition of the stock collar. All thin materials that are seasonable are appropriate, marquisettes and muslins, thin silks and the like.

Dainty Summer Gowns, Four Patterns.
Blouse 6611—Sizes 32-40 Blouse 6606—Sizes 32-42.
Skirt 6615—Sizes 22-30. Skirt 6627—Sizes 22-30.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 24, 2¼ yards of 27 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of embroidery for the bretelles, ½ yard of all-over material for the yoke, 2 yards of banding; for the skirt 7 yards of border material 24 or 27 or 7 yards of plain material 24 or 27, 4 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6606 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6627 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure and any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A FASHIONABLE LINEN FROCK.

Linen frocks that are made in semi-princess style and closed at the front are among the newest and smartest of the season. This one is white, piped with blue, and trimming of color on white is much liked this season but the dress will be found appropriate for linen of all colors, for all seasonable materials, and can be trimmed in any way to suit the fancy. In this case it is worn with a Dutch collar and jabot of white batiste hand embroidered, but these last are not included in the dress and the neck edge can be finished with a regulation stock if preferred. The skirt is cut in seven gores with plaited panels at each side of the front and is joined to the simple blouse beneath the belt. If short sleeves are liked the long under ones can be omitted. The design is adapted to the small women as well as to the girls and is equally attractive for both.

A Handsome Linen Frock, One Pattern.
6613—Sizes 14, 16, 18.

A Handsome Linen Gown, Two Patterns.
Blouse 6621—Sizes 32-36.
Skirt 6610—Sizes 22-30.

For the sixteen year size will be required 11½ yards of material 24 or 27 inches, 7 yards 32, or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6613 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16, and 18 years of age; the embroidery design, including pattern for collar and jabot, No. 481, is cut in one size only and both will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A HANDSOME LINEN GOWN.

Linen gowns are made most attractively this season trimmed with bands of contrasting color. This one is white and the bands are buff and the effect is an exceedingly chic one. Buff linen banded with white would be pretty, however, blue with white is much liked and rose color with white is greatly in vogue, indeed, any combination that may be liked can be substituted for this one. The blouse is very new and very smart, closed invisibly at the left of the front and the skirt includes the short pointed over skirt that is one of the very latest developments. It can be made as illustrated or worn with a belt as preferred, also it can be made longer if a more dressy gown is wanted. The plaited side portions are gored and attached to a plaited yoke but the panels at front and back are of full length.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3¼ yards of material, 24, 3⅛ yards 32 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 27 inches for bands; for the skirt 12½ yards 24, 10½ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for trimming.

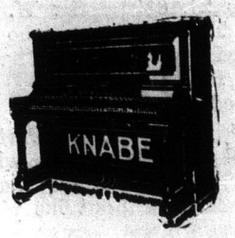
The blouse pattern 6621 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6610 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A SIMPLE GOWN OF FOULARD.

Foulard made simply is one of the most practical, satisfactory costumes that the summer wardrobe can contain. This one combines a distinctly novel blouse with one of the new skirts that are so well liked. The blouse can be trimmed with frill as illustrated or left plain as liked but the full trimming gives a distinctive touch. The skirt can be either tucked or gathered and made in either walking or round length. If the fashionable Dutch neck is becoming the blouse can be cut out to any desired depth but just as illustrated the gown is practical, smart and in every way to be desired. The silk shows white spots on a grayish blue ground. The trimming is blue messaline.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4⅝ yards of material 24, 2⅜ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches

$10.00 Cash



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Are not Incurable When Treated with The White Cross Ear Oscillator

For many decades the cleverest men of science experimented on the ear drum and searched in vain for a cure whereby hearing might be restored to the deaf.

At an International Otological Congress held in London, Eng., Dr. Charles Dalstanchi, of Brussels, was awarded the Lenval prize for the device of Otopneumaticmassage. This invention was the ground work for what is known as Pneumo Oscillation and which is today the only true known method for curing deafness. It consists of suction, compression and vibration by nothing less than Nature's air. This treatment as given by the White Cross Ear Oscillator, breaks up adhesions and restores hearing to all in which catarrhal deafness is the cause; and, as shown by medical statistics, at least 85% of all deafness is caused by catarrh.

This appliance is very easy to work and with the charts and diagrams we supply free of charge with each machine it is impossible to go astray.

The White Cross Ear Oscillator is built on precisely the same principles as those in use by all the noted ear specialists in London, Paris, New York, Chicago, and other big cities where a fee of two or three dollars a treatment is charged.

Our Ear Oscillator can be run by electricity, by hand, or on an ordinary sewing machine. It can be seen and tested in the office by those who will call. Our literature will be sent free to any who are living out of the city.

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SEND $1.98

Receive postpaid this pretty one piece dress of fine Percale with fine black hairline strip on white background.

Made in one piece effect joined at waist with belt pleated waist and tucked skirt and made generally just as pictured. Order dress No. 2. Postage 15c. extra.

Standard Garment Co.
London Ont.

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wide; for the skirt 7¼ yards 24, 6¾ yards 32 or 44 inches wide. To trim the entire gown will be required 1 yard of silk 21 inches wide; for the frill 1 yard of lace will be needed.

The blouse pattern 6618 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6456

A Simple Gown of Foulard, Two Patterns.

Blouse 6618—Sizes 32-42.
Skirt 6456—Sizes 22-30.

is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Rev. A. A. Shaw, of Winnipeg: Send a rogue to Parliament, and he will represent you.

Rev. Dr. Bland: In our legislation we want wisdom as well as enthusiasm for ideals.

Sir Ernest Shackleton: The desire to see round the corner is the great impulse that sends men exploring.

Thomas A. Edison: Probably the first thing the first man did was to invent some labor-saving device.

Andrew Carnegie: Show me the man who has always done the right thing. He doesn't exist.

W. W. Jacobs: I think few authors are satisfied with their work. Their immediate relations never are.

Sir W. C. Van Horne: A bore is a man who wishes to keep talking about himself when I wish to talk about myself.

W. Pett Ridge: If you want to see a man when he is perfectly and completely happy, watch him as he cleans out his pipe.

Rev. Dr. Aked: In the proportion to which each man develops himself educationally, so will he cease to be the dupe of political partisans.

John Burroughs: Among animals we find friendship, confidence and fidelity, such as are rare even among those who call themselves human and men.

Sir Robert Ball: Doubtless there are children who will see the comet this year and in tottering old age will see it again on its next return; but no man or woman can hope for such an experience.

Garrett P. Serviss: We are driven, then, to believe that the universal night which envelopes us is not tenantless; that as we stare out of the star-framed windows of the galaxy and see nothing but uniform blackness, the fault is with our eyes or is due to an obscuring medium. Since our universe is limited in extent, there must be other universes beyond it on all sides.

Ex-President Roosevelt: Don't make the mistake, those of you who are young men, of thinking that, when you get out of school or college, your education stops. On the contrary, it is only about half begun. Now, I am fifty years old, and if I had stopped learning, if I felt now that I had stopped learning, had stopped trying to better myself, I feel that my usefulness to the community would be pretty near at an end.

G. T. Brewster: Of all warm-blooded creatures, there are just two that are really dominant, successful, increasing in numbers and range, and able to maintain themselves anywhere in the world against all rivals. These two are man and a rat. They go everywhere and eat anything.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox: When a marriage is a genuine success no one knows much about it. A few intimate friends may be aware that so-and-so's marriage is an ideal one, but casual acquaintances know and care little about the matter. A failure, on the other hand, gives food for gossip and scandal, and so gets talked about, and the news passed on from one to another.

Lord Charles Beresford: The British Empire is singularly like an open hand, of which the United Kingdom is the thumb, with which each of the fingers co-operates. Canada represents the forefinger, South Africa the second, Australia the third, and little New Zealand the fourth finger. The ocean, with its lines of steamships for sinews and its electric cables for nerves, is the palm of the hand, and gives us a living organism. Let us lose the palm and we have no longer a hand. The fingers are then detached, paralyzed, shrivelled and powerless, and can be picked one by one at the will of the victor.

Sir Richard Cartwright: It might well come to pass that we in Canada, who occupy a very peculiar position between the two great sections of the English-speaking race, might well be able, small nation as we yet are, to assist in bringing these great countries together for such a purpose. I do not think I am wrong in saying that Canadians and Canadian public men more particularly, are in a position to understand and appreciate Great Britain and the United States better, perhaps, than either of them can understand the other without us. True, we are a small nation, but at the same time history shows us that small nations with high ideals have more than once exercised a potential influence in the councils of the world.

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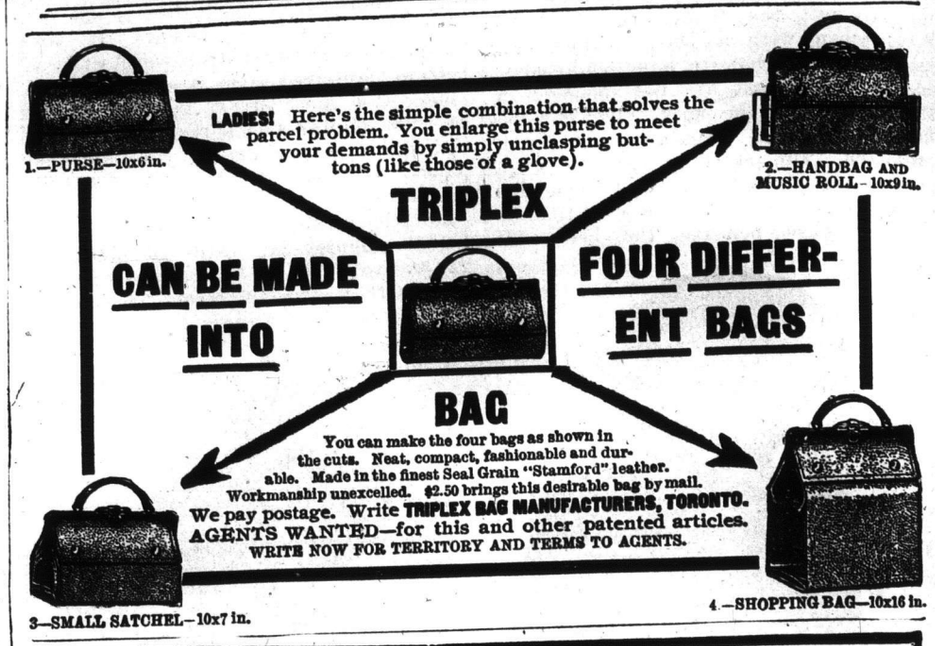

DOCTOR'S BOOK FREE

To any man who will mail me this coupon I will send free (closely sealed) my finely illustrated book regarding the cause and cure of diseases. This book is written in plain language, explains many secrets you should know. It tells how you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home without the use of drugs.

Don't spend another cent on doctors and their worthless medicines. Nature's remedy cures to stay cured. You should know about it.

If you suffer from weakness of any kind, rheumatism, lame back, sciatica, lumbago, debility, drains, loss of power or stomach, kidney, liver or bowel troubles you must not fail to get this book. Don't wait another minute.

Dear Sir,—After using your belt for pains in the back for one month, I find it has cured me. I think it is the cheapest investment I ever made, as I have paid out more money for doctor's medicines that did me no good than would have paid for the Belt. Thanking you for your valuable services and wishing you success, I beg to remain FRANK HOWARD.
Woodbend, Alta

Dear Sir,—I cannot praise your Belt too much for what it has done for me. I am strong and active again. I kept it a secret from my friends, and they are always asking me how I came to be looking so well and strong, and I just show them my Belt, and say that is what did it. I am, A. MATTHEWS,
No. 44 Osborn Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Do you doubt it? If so, any man or woman who will give me reasonable security can have my belt, with all the necessary attachments suitable for their case and they can.

PAY WHEN CURED

Cut out this coupon now and mail it. I'll send the book without delay, absolutely free. Call if you can.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin, 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised.
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ADDRESS.....

About the Farm.

In Blossom Time.

Who would have thought, a while ago,
when bitter winds were raging,
And all the wintry world was chill,
that deep beneath the snow
The heart of summer life and heat a
victor's strife was waging,
Till in the trees that gave no sign the
sap began to flow?

Before a single tiny leaf had shown the
bud's increasing,
Before a glimmer of the spring had
brightened twig or spray,
The bloom and beauty all were pledged;
a loving hand unceasing
Was working in the winter time to
bring the summer's day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Make The Farm Beautiful.

For the benefit of our children it pays to make home beautiful without as well as within. Blessed is he who cherishes the memory of a grand old homestead with its pleasant associations and endearments, on which were spent childhood's happy days. Although children will appear unappreciative of home attractions, yet there will come a day when thrown upon their own resources for a living, fighting the battles of life in a cold and unresponsive world, and when awakened to a fuller realization to all that is good and noble, they will recall with grateful remembrance not only the attractions of the old home, but hold in sacred regard the moral precepts and teachings of those who made home attractive for their sake. And as full grown men and women we can hear them repeat, "What father used to tell us," and "How mother used to do." Yes it will pay you a thousand fold if not for your own enjoyment then for those whom you shelter and provide for, to make home not a barren, disagreeable place, but an attractive abode. Nor does it cost much money or labor to add attraction to a place.

The amateur landscape gardener should imitate nature in his ground plot and carefully avoid planting in circles and rows, except in case of roads and lanes, for nature abhors symmetry and angles. Lawn plantings should be in groups and clumps, in such a manner to open views near and distant and produce surprising effects, by way of contrast and color. We have purple, silver, golden and the various tinges of green colors to accomplish this. All suckering shrubs and trees, as well as soft maples, seed bearing box elders, and cotton woods are not suitable for lawn planting. However valuable a tree or shrub may be in the right place, it may become a nuisance in the wrong place.

Above all we should plant a variety and not share the experience of many farmers of to-day whose maple trees are all dying at the same time, leaving the place treeless just when it ought to be in its prime. There is every chance of making a bungling job of your first planting unless you are an experienced landscape gardener, which none of you are, and rather than master the difficulties of this branch of horticulture, it would pay to engage a professional to assist and advise in laying out a new place, thus starting right and avoiding serious mistakes. For a durable, lasting shade tree, that does not obstruct the view, and improves with age, and is suitable for planting around the house, is pre-eminently the high growing elm tree. The different oaks should have a conspicuous place in lawn ornamenation. If in addition to ornamental trees and shrubs in number and kinds as circumstances allow, you have a good lawn kept short by smaller boys, and studded here and there with a few flowers to give color, the problem of home surroundings will be settled.

Provincial Horse Show, Calgary, 1910

Rules For Peach Growing.

A leading authority writes:—

1. High, dry, sandy or sandy-loam soil.
2. Careful selection of varieties most hardy in fruit bud.
3. Vigorous, healthy feeding stock, budded from bearing trees of undoubted purity and health.
4. Trees given the entire possession of the land from the start.
5. Thorough culture from the beginning of spring until the new growth is well along.

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Send us your specifications, or a statement of what you need, and we will give you price laid down at your Railway Station. We make a specialty of these lines.

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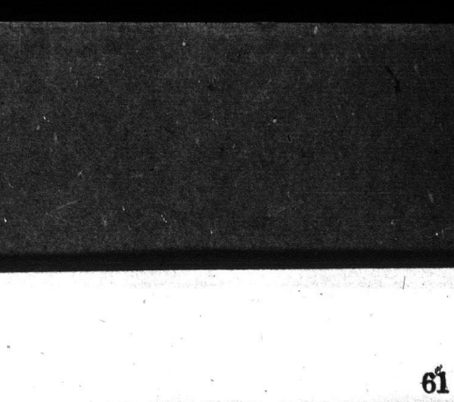

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6. Liberal annual manuring, broadcast, with commercial manures rich in potash and phosphoric acid and lacking in nitrogen.

7. Low heading and close annual pruning of the first five years.

8. Keep out most borers with some suitable wash, and dig out all others.

9. Search for traces of the yellows every week of the growing season, and at first sight pull up and burn every infected tree.

10. Thin the fruit so that there shall never be what is termed a full crop.

Low Headed Fruit Tees.

Fruit trees with low heads are much easier to take care of than trees with high heads. The latter require more than double the amount of work than the ones with low heads. The farmer that has a large orchard finds the problem of labor a hard one to solve. If the trees are low, the spraying can be done effectively and quickly, and the thinning of the fruit, if thinning is to be done, can be accomplished in a very short time. The gathering of the fruit is greatly facilitated by reducing the amount of climbing that has to be done at harvest time. The low headed trees are not affected by the high winds so much as the high headed trees are. Frequently in a high gale the high headed trees will lose about all of their fruit, while the low headed trees will lose very little.

Choose Good Land For Orchards.

In selecting land for an orchard choose good land. There is a wrong impression abroad to the effect that poor land is good enough for the growing of several kinds of fruits. But it should be remembered that land once put into an orchard cannot be improved like other land after the trees have become established, for the roots of the tree interfere with the cultural processes.

If poor land must be used for anything it is better to use it for some crop that can be cultivated, as this will permit the gradual improvement of the soil. While it is true that the soil in an orchard can be improved some, it is also potent to all that the improvement cannot be so great as if the soil were not occupied with trees.

Therefore, choose good land for the planting of trees. As the orchard grows, all the goodness and fertility in the soil will be needed to supply the annual drains for the crops of fruits. Even the handling of a good soil will hardly give the plant food the orchard needs when it gets to bearing large crops of fruit year by year.

Stock on the Stumpy Farm.

The man that goes on to a new farm, covered principally with stumps, finds live stock his great stand-by. The grass grows around the stumps, and the soil soon begins to yield an income. Some men that begin work on such land neglect the great opportunity that could come to them in the possession of live stock. In the reducing of a stump farm to a civilized condition, the farmer's first efforts should include the fencing of the land and the bringing in of live stock. The plant food in the soil is then quickly changed into beef, mutton, pork and wool. Time will help eliminate the stumps, if they be hard wood ones, and the animals will be working on one part of the farm while the farmer is working on another.

Almost any kind of a soil can be made a good garden soil, for it can be enriched to any degree or treated with sand or clay dressings to bring it into proper physical condition.

Why the Goose is Gray.

(By Margaret Bannister, Winnipeg.)

Once upon a time, Nihka, the goose, was snowy white. That was many years ago. Would you like to know how she become gray, as she is now?

Many years ago, there was only one man upon the earth. His name was Wesakchack. He was the father of all the animals and they loved and served him. But there was one, The Evil Spirit, who did not love Wesakchack. He was very wicked and when he saw how much the animals loved Wesakchack, he made up his mind to do a wicked thing.

But the North Wind, when it was passing by his wigwam, heard him say what he was going to do. So the Wind passed by and when it came to the Birch Tree, it told her. She told it to her leaves and they rustled in the wind, as they listened to the terrible plan. "Oh, North Wind," said the Birch Tree, "will you carry my leaves to the wigwam of Wesakchack and they will tell him of his danger?" So the North Wind took the dried leaves of the Birch Tree and carried them many miles until they reached the wigwam of Wesakchack. There it dropped them at his door.

Wesakchack was sitting by the fire and he heard the rustling leaves. "Listen!" they said to him. "We have a message for you." Then they told him of the terrible plan the North Wind had overheard. It was in the Spring the Evil Spirit was going to carry out this plan.

So Wesakchack hunted all winter in the forest. When spring came he was near the edge of the woods one day and as he stepped out into the prairie, he heard a little rustle at his feet. He looked down and saw some leaves of the Birch Tree. They were lying on the ground. "Remember the message we carried to you, Oh, Master," they said and Wesakchack answered "Yes, I remember. It is now spring and I shall go back to my wigwam for my bow and arrows. Then I shall go in search of the Evil Spirit, my enemy."

The next day he left his lodge and travelled on over the prairie. Towards nightfall he reached a low valley. He saw that the snow was melting and that some feet of water lay in the valley. But Wesakchack did not stop for this. He walked on through the water, never resting even when the dark descended. But, when the Sun rose next morning, he saw that the plan of the Evil Spirit was going to be carried out, for all around him lay water. The Evil Spirit had melted the snow during the night and now every little stream was swollen as big as a river and the valley was full of water to the brim.

Wesakchack had to swim and after he had gone some miles, he began to feel very tired. Then the Jackfish swam up to him and said "My Master, get on my back and I will take you safely to the land." Wesakchack at once did as he was told and the Jackfish who was strong and a swift swimmer, soon brought him safely to the dry land. Then Wesachack started home to his lodge. It was not far away and he could see it rising out of the water like an island, for the land on which it was built was a tiny hill. He was very glad to get inside of his wigwam and sit down beside the fire, but as he looked out through the open door he saw the water rising steadily, and knew that by morning it would be in his lodge and that he would be drowned, if no help came.

Wesakchack was very tired and as he sat here thinking he fell asleep and he had a strange dream. He thought Nihka, the wild goose, flew into the wigwam and around and around near the top, flapping her wings and crying. She semed to say. "Give me a message! Give me a message! And I will save you." Around and around she flew and at last lit in the ashes of the smouldering fire and disappeared.

Then Wesakchack wakened and as he looked around the wigwam he knew that Nihka must have been there for everything had fallen on the floor as if struck by her wings and the floor of the lodge was covered with ashes. The fire was out and in the centre of it lay the quill of a goose. Wesakchack picked it up and saw that a little piece of birch bark was rolled inside. He pulled it out, and as he did so, he heard the honk-honk of a wild goose, and Nihka flew in at the door.

"Write on the Birch Bark" she said, and I will take it to your friend the Beaver."

Weskchack did as she told him. He wrote a message on the birch bark and slipped it in the hollow end of the quill. As he gave it to Nihka, he saw that she was no longer white as she had been but was gray with the ashes of the fire, and marked with black specks where the cinders had touched her. Her breast was still white and a small patch under her wings.

Nihka took the quill and flew off at once. It was not long before Wesakchack saw the Beaver coming to him through the water. When he came close, Wesakchack saw that he carried mud in his paws and on his broad flat tail. When he reached the door of the lodge he put the mud down and patted it smooth and hard with his tail. Then he swam away and brought back more and this he did until he had made a path across the water. Wesakchack now left his lodge and walked safely to dry land.

In memory of this kindness Wesakchack told the Beaver that from that time he might always build a path across the water to remind his children of what he had done. Then turning to the goose, he told her that he wished her to always wear her dress of gray and black, so that the world might not forget her loving service.

Each spring, after that, the Evil Spirit, who is the Spring Flood, grows wild with rage, as he remembers how his plan was spoiled and he tries to waste the lands of Wesakchack and his children. But this is always in vain, for the Evil One can never win.

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Whom still I hold, but cannot see
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee!
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day!

I need not tell thee who I am,
Thy mystery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on my hands and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my constant prayer,
Speak or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face—
I see Thee face to face and live;
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way.
And as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Power of Suggestion in Healing.

By Robert H. Gault.

When you ask what means the physician can use in dispensing mental influence for the cure of disease one immediately thinks of suggestion—the shibboleth of the psychotherapist. You suggest to yourself or another suggests to you simply by directing your attention and awakening anticipation, either pleasant or unpleasant.

Thus some one intimates to you that you have a pug nose. It had never occurred to you before. This evil genius suggested it, and now the idea, the image, the thought of a pug nose, and especially of such a protuberance on your so-thought defectless face, plagues you day after day. Your idea has gained force and vividness and through no other means than your attention. Consequently this much heralded suggestion has nothing supernatural about it. It is just as natural as attention.

Now, when any mental experience has been aroused either by suggestion or otherwise, its physiological expression comes with it—that is, a particular form of excitaton of the nervous system. This in turn brings about a peculiar distribution of the blood supply, and hence nutritional processes. It follows, therefore, that the appropriate mental process will induce whatever modification of nutrition any given pathological case may require. Here is the theory of psychotherapy in a nutshell. It is very beautiful. Forgive me now for putting the brakes upon your imagination before I go on to explain what we really can expect of suggestion.

It is a panacea with decided limitations, and hence not a panacea. Suggestion will never make a pug nose out of your finely chiseled Grecian model. Before the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre in the village of Beaupre, near Quebec, are pyramids of crutches and canes which have been thrown away by the lame and halt who have been relieved from their afflictions by the ministrations of the good St. Anne. However that may be, I am sure it is utterly beyond the power of suggestion to lengthen abbreviated limbs. Indeed, I believe it is not within its ability directly to remove or to produce even so much as a wart.

If the disease to be cured involves the wasting away, decay, or modification of tissue in any form whatever, foolhardy is too weak an adjective to use in describing the sufferer who depends upon suggestion alone for relief, and the pow-wow who administers nothing else in such cases is a—well, he is a pow-wow. I must guard myself here, however. For even in the case of the most severe surgical treatment suggestion is efficient in as far as it supplants fear by confidence.

It is the oil on the spindle which makes the machinery run more smoothly than it otherwise could do. It therefore saves many a jolt and many a hot box. It spares a deal of vital energy which can be poured into the channel that needs it most. It checkmates the fearing down processes of fear and fretting.

But is there any kind of case in which suggestion can be employed as a more direct curative agent? Yes, especially among those afflicted with hysteria in its diverse forms. For instance, many a hysterical patient is insensitive to touch over a part of the body. This is the effect of a mental disorder. The patient needs a hard jolt to bring the impressions that she normally gets from that part of the bodily surface into attention. She is suffering from a narrowing of consciousness.

She neglects some normally observed impressions and fixes attention upon others which she thinks are of greater practical value, like impressions of sight and hearing. We normally neglect the pressure of our shoes upon our feet and attend to something else. It is the same sort of thing. Some one with an air of unquestionable authority should tell such an individual that this part of her bodily surface is in just as good condition as ever it was, and that if she does not recover normal sensitivity now some dreadful consequences (whatever the operator pleases) are likely to follow at any moment. If the case is skillfully handled good may be done. There are often cases of partial paralysis due to mental causes which can be handled in the same way.

But one must be sure of the case. Not every Tom, Dick, and Harry can be sure. Hence not every Harry, Dick and Tom should be countenanced in his attempt to practice mental therapeutics. No one should be permitted to follow the profession of psychotherapy who cannot do two things that are absolutely essential to safe and sane practice—first, make an accurate physical diagnosis after the manner of a skilled medical practitioner. Secondly, make just as trustworthy a mental diagnosis after the manner of a skilled psychologist.

This third qualification, furthermore, I consider equally important: Our new doctor must not be so opinionated as to be unable to weigh the results of his two diagnoses. He must be able to let these results determine whether he shall employ quinine and blisters or not.

I suppose that about one-tenth of one per cent. of those who are devoting themselves exclusively to dealing out mental influence in the treatment of disease are able to meet these requirements. As for me, therefore, I shall continue to take pills from a reliable M. D.'s satchel when he says I need them. I shall hope that he will help me to compose my mind if I cannot do it myself. It is probable that all in all he will be partly right. The other fellow is too likely to be altogether wrong. He doesn't appeal to me.

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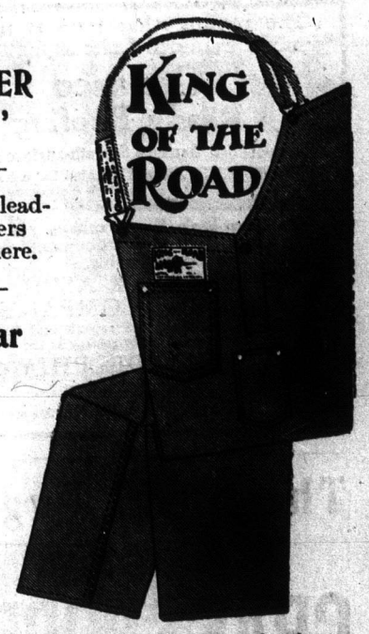

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Physical Education for Women.

By Bertha Beatrice Lash.

To insure ideal results, the necessity of ideal conditions confronts us, and these are not as yet realities in the majority of the gymnasiums for women in this country.

Hence it will be our aim to set forth ideals in the teaching of physical education, with results that may reasonably be expected under fair conditions and direct supervision. The standard for such instruction to-day is quite different from that which was held ten or fifteen years ago. We aimed then largely toward material ends—for the improvement of the physical being quite apart from the other sides of the individual life, and quite divorced from any relationship with the practical activity of every day affairs of a woman's existence.

The advancement in our ideas has been steadily toward a plane of work which not only includes the care and development of the body but, at the same time, recognizes that through physical education there may come intellectual growth and more advancement. Indeed the scope of work is beyond the individual and projects itself into the community life and makes demands for health, sanitation, and hygienic conditions as public safeguards whether in home, school, college, office, or factory.

Activity being one of the first laws of human development, both in the physical and mental realm, we at once recognize proper exercise as one of the chief factors giving in the life of the child freedom and development which lay the foundation for poise, vitality, and efficiency in the life of the adult, and in the woman's life we may add harmony, which should be a reflection of the gracious womanhood within.

As in all forms of education it is ideal to begin with the child; but we have many hundreds of girls and women past the period when, psychologically speaking, these things may be accomplished. Yet physical education has a message for all such, as much may still be accomplished, for in this beautiful work of activity and expression it is never too late to begin.

In making a study of the world's work and play to-day, whether the movement be designated educational, industrial, moral, or religious, one of the crying needs recognized by every one is proper provision for the natural forces of our human lives to express themselves.

We find this one of the serious problems which highly civilized conditions and crowded cities have brought us. As a people and as individuals it is conceded by all educators that we find many of the unfortunate phases of life responsible for lower standards of living, due indirectly if not directly to misdirected energy. In a crowded city particularly there seems little opportunity for life to unfold in a natural manner. The gymnasium is one of the important doors which has opened, providing proper development, adjustment, and expression of the threefold nature of a young woman's life.

This so-called physical work has peculiar possibilities, because it touches, as it were, the "live wires" of every existence.

We are all human beings with a marvelous house, our body, in which the real self dwells, and many times there are conflicts, strivings, restrictions, and rebellions between the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and spiritual forces and from these result ill health, mental affliction, and moral disaster.

It would seem that adjustment of the instrument of expression and removal of friction between forces is necessary if health, peace, and harmony are to reign, and this the gymnastic work proposes to do, and can do if properly handled.

The problems of human life are the most absorbingly interesting of all problems and these are far more similar in all walks of life than we at first realize.

Because the gymnastic work touches these problems in a peculiar and subtle fashion, because it gives these natures of ours a chance for activity and expression of pent up energy and acts as a sort of safety valve, as it were, these are some of the reasons that we would offer in the argument that the work of physical education can and does reach the lives of young women, first appealing to the human instincts and natural cravings for activity, and this desire gratified in a perfectly legitimate channel, the deeper forces of life are touched and respond to higher ideals, aroused ambitions, and a desire for larger usefulness and increasing service to others.

In its results then it gives us desirable ends in themselves to be attained such as health, vigor, and poise, and, at the same time, serves as a means to an end, which is the ultimate direction of woman's power, a force which is being felt in the world to-day as never before.

The woman of the future is to be a woman of action, whether in the home or outside. Health must become a part of her stock in trade; no less will judgment and unprejudiced consideration tend toward successful efforts in any phase of her life. She must be able to think quickly, clearly and keenly. She will be able to do this only when she is sound physically, poised nervously, cheery mentally.

Here again the gymnasium helps to gain these results. It offers work—activities of body and mind that rest us from the duties of every day, give us new circulation, and so refresh us both physically and mentally.

And then there is the real recreation offered by the various lines of gymnastics which give us self-forgetfulness and make us know again the innocent joy of spontaneous living. It is now expected that we spend quite as much time with the game, the play, the dance, and outdoor activities as we do in formal gymnastics.

Hence both the work and recreation of the gymnasium become really the play of life which in its true sense becomes the one perfect form of human action and is often more valuable than work for the highest attainments of the spirit. All this gives balance not only physically but nervously and mentally.

The individual's view of life is apt to be one sided; we see things out of our own colored glasses, we go to extremes in our own deep interests. The discipline of the gymnasium helps to keep us "on the right track," stimulates our physical and mental forces to larger and broader applications and gives us clear headed, large hearted, whole souled women which is only possible where there is balance, poise, and power manifested in physical, intellectual, and spiritual living.

Physical education stands first, last, and always for healthy, wholesome women qualified to move in their spheres of life with simplicity, dignity, and true power.

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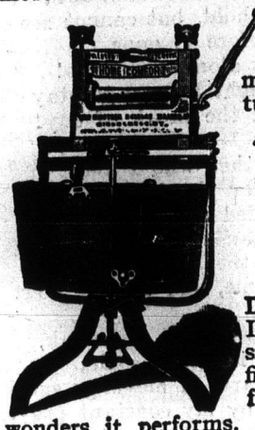

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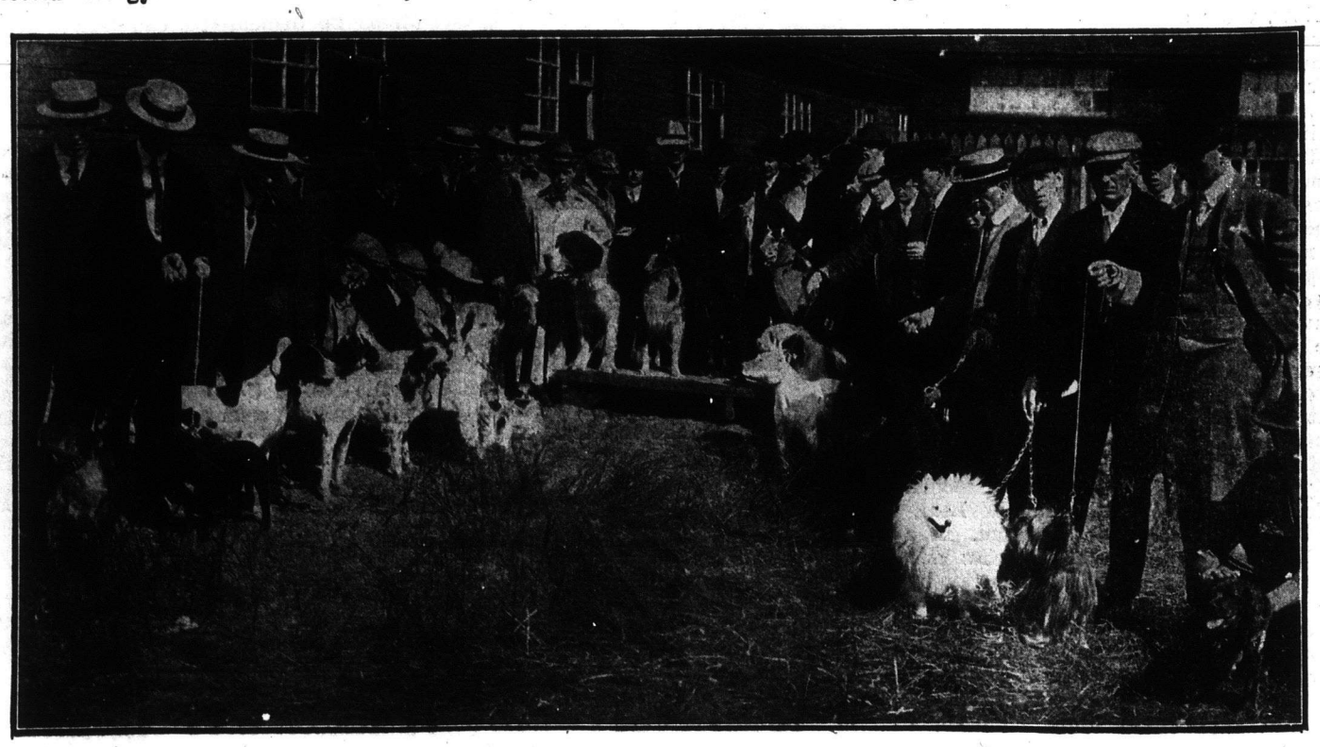

THE BEST LINE OF DOGS IN THE NORTH WEST

The Blue Ribbon Winners of the Winnipeg Exhibition Dog Show last year. The Dog Show is one of the big drawing features of the big Winnipeg Exhibition. Winnipeg and the West makes the best showing of canine stock in America, aside from the Madison Square, New York, and Montreal Shows. This year the Dog Show will be given new and enlarged quarters at the Exhibition, July 13-23.

The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

Tattlin'

Oh, say! the little snoozer!
He went an' blabbed, he did!
An' Pa's a-goin' t' lick me,
The sneakin' little kid!
Now what's the harm o' smokin',
Why, all the fellers does!
But Pa won't stand no foolin'
He says it's bad becuz
It makes a feller shaky
An' keeps him small and dumb,
An' I'm a-goin' t' ketch it
Ez soon ez he gets hum.
There ain't much sport in smokin'
An' mebbe it's a sin,
But I ain't feared o' doin'
What other fellers kin.
But when I ketch me brother
There'll be a pile o' fun.
He'll wish he hadn't tattled
Afore the show is done!
What biz has he a-taggin'
An' snoopin' after us,
An' then t' go an 'tattle
An' kickin' up a fuss?
These kids is gettin' nosey,
An' needs a little trim,
An' we'n I gets me lickin'
I hands it on t' him.
I ain't sure that smokin',
May do a little hurt,
But tattlin's worse 'an smokin',
It's mean, an' mean ez dirt!
An' ef I git a lickin',
An' Pa he said he would,
Then Ted, me kiddie brother,
He gits it, quick, an' good!

Charles Irvin Junkin.

The Great Moon Telescope

Two of our boys who live on the outskirts of the city, where there are plenty of vacant lots, made a telescope with which they had no end of fun and which deceived almost all their friends. It was not a real telescope, and it would not give one a close view of any of the stars, but it did show the moon in a way that surprised every one who gazed into it. We will tell you how it was made, so that you can make one, too, and have just as much fun as they did if you wish.

The great moon telescope was made by two brothers, Harry and Joe. The idea was Harry's, but Joe did most of the work, for, as is usually the way, the inventor was too impatient of details to do much real construction himself.

Harry had found a roll of heavy, wide wrapping paper, and was wondering how to get some fun out of it when the inspiration came to him. He called Joe, who was so pleased with the plan that he started to work upon it at once.

They rolled the paper into a great funnel seven feet long, two feet wide at the large end, but with an opening only two inches in diameter at the small end. Then they pasted the overlapping edges firmly against the side of the funnel and the telescope part was done, and with very little work indeed.

Now for a lens! Of course they were unable to get a great glass lens such as is used in the instruments in the observatories. It takes a lens costing thousands and thousands of dollars to bring the stars close enough to be seen at all distinctly, so the boys decided to make a specialty of the moon, which is ever so much larger.

They got a large piece of very thin wrapping paper at a grocery store for one cent. They got two cents' worth of butter and greased that paper thoroughly, literally soaking it in butter. Then they let it dry. When it was thoroughly dry they drew on it in black ink a circle almost two feet in diameter. This was to be the outline of the moon. Inside of the circle they drew a lot of the odd markings that you may see on the full moon on any clear night, mountains, valleys, dried river beds and the like. Then they added a lot of the oddest monsters you can imagine.

These figures were each an inch or so high and were things never seen on earth or sea; a horse with a bird's head and wheels for hind legs, a cat's and an alligator's head on the body of a turtle; a whole flock of crazy creatures in odd positions. All about the picture in any places which happened to be vacant they put large bare feet with wings on the ankles, but no bodies above them. They let this drawing dry thoroughly and then pasted it over the large end of the telescope so that the circle on the oiled paper just came within the opening of the tube.

They proceeded to a vacant lot near their home and drove into the ground a large forked stick which was to be a rest for their telescope during the nightly observation. A soap box to serve for a seat completed everything.

The first clear night when the moon was full Harry set up the telescope in the vacant lot, while Joe went around to gather together several of their friends. He brought them hot foot but incredulous to the vacant lot, but when they saw the telescope their eyes opened to their fullest extent. It really did look so large and imposing.

As the first boy sat down on the box and prepared to look through the instrument Harry lit a small candle "so he could see to adjust the lenses." When the boy put his eye to the hole and looked up the long black tube, Harry placed the candle in front of the telescope's large end, and then the boy saw the moon as clearly as if it had been but a few feet away. He did not see the real moon, but the flame of the candle lit up the transparent oiled paper, which showed yellow as if aglow with intense moonlight, and the outline of the moon itself was clear as can be imagined.

The most interesting things of all were the odd beasts which inhabited this moon which Harry and Joe exhibited, and the gazers were dumfounded at the sight of them.

It was several days before the secret of the telescope leaked out, and in the meantime the fame of the sights to be seen on the moon spread throughout all Boyville. Those who first perpetrated the trick did not give it away, but aided in fooling others till the deception could be kept no longer. It was the sensation of the neighborhood, and Harry and Joe will be long remembered by those who saw the queer moon folk through the brothers' telescope.

The Last Case of Corporal Punishment

The old grammar-school master looked rather thin and white that morning as he sat dividing his attention between his breakfast and the morning paper, and apparently getting little satisfaction from either.

"Well, it seems that they have done it!" he broke out at last.

"Who have done what, papa?" asked his daughter Minnie.

For answer Mr. Gilson read aloud, in a tone of deep disgust, a paragraph from the report of the school committee meeting of the night before:

"'After considerable discussion, the committee voted to adopt the rule, which had been introduced at the last meeting and laid upon the table, pro-

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Thought the Disease was Cancer of the Stomach

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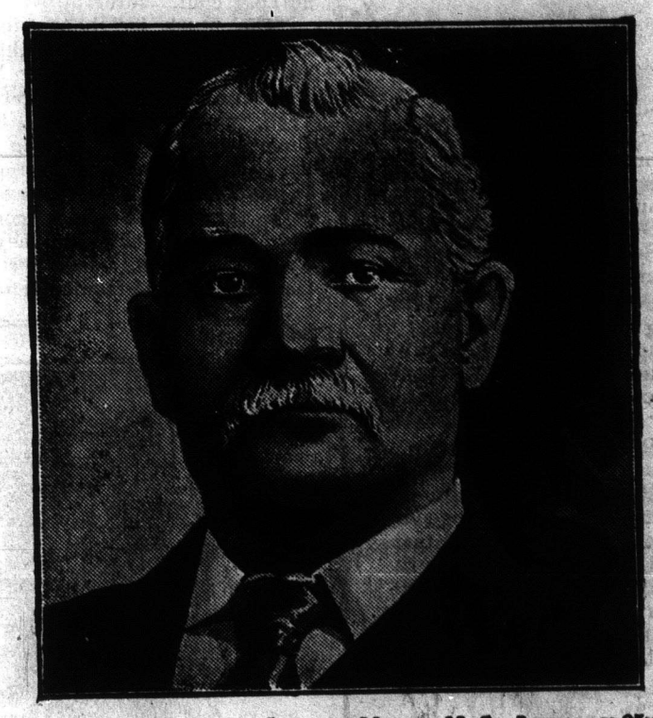

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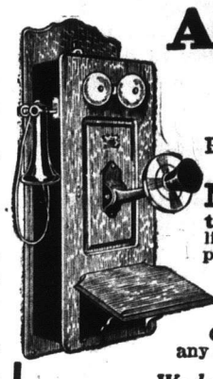

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hibiting corporal punishment in the schools of this city.,"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it," said his wife soothingly. "You'll get along somehow. There must be other ways of governing a school."

"Of course there are other ways, and I have used them. I hope you don't think that I have been carrying on my school by brute force. The fact is, I don't need the rod, but once in a while a boy does. It may save him from something worse. Why, looking back over my experience of thirty years in the Cushnoc Grammar-School, I can recall case after case where a good whipping has worked wonders. For instance, when the present mayor of this city was in school—"

"Come, my dear, your breakfast is getting cold," interrupted Mrs. Gilson.

"The truth is," he resumed, after a few minutes' silence, "this thing is aimed at me. They think I am an old fogy and they want to get rid of me. Well, perhaps they had better have their way," and Mr. Gilson rose gloomily from the table and prepared to go to school.

"I think that those committeemen are just as mean as they can be!" declared Minnie, when her father left the house. "Old-fashioned or not, papa is the best teacher that Cuchnoc ever had, or is likely to have, and they ought to appreciate him."

"Your father wouldn't take things to heart so if he were well," said her mother. "That grippe is hanging round him yet, and he really isn't fit to be in school. No wonder he looks on the dark side of everything."

Mr. Gilson certainly looked on the dark side of school life that day. Right in his own room of ninth-grade pupils there seemed to be a conspiracy to set at defiance all the traditions of good government that had grown up there for years. And for once in his life the master could not cope with the situation.

"I suppose they are celebrating the abolition of corporal punishment," he said to himself. "They may be a little premature, for I have received no notice of the committee's action. But I never yet punished a pupil because I didn't know what else to do, and I shall hardly begin to-day. If I didn't feel so weak, and if my head wouldn't ache so, I could bring order out of this chaos in two minutes."

"Master Parker, I am surprised at you!" he said, aloud.

There was occasion for surprise, for no one could remember when Guy Parker had been spoken to before by way of rebuke. Out of school Guy was brimful of fun and greatly liked by his mates. In school he was "a perfect gentleman," as Mr. Gilson had more than once assured Guy's father, the chairman of the school committee.

But to-day Guy seemed to be tampering with his reputation as the best boy in school.

"Master Parker, that is the third time that I have seen you pass a note," said Mr. Gilson, sternly. "It must not happen again!" And with patience almost exhausted he turned his attention to a division that was making sorry work of a reading lesson.

"You don't know what an anodyne is?" he said sharply, to the overgrown boy who just then had the floor. "Haven't I told you always to look up the meaning of words before you come to the recitation?"

"I did look it up, but I forgot. Oh, I remember now! It's something to a sausage pan."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" thundered the teacher, while another giggle went around the room.

"That is what the book says, anyway!" muttered the boy, producing his pocket dictionary. Then, after a more careful scrutiny, he hastened to correct himself: "No, I meant it's something to assuage pain."

"That will do. You may be seated," said Mr. Gilson, in no mood to join in the laugh that followed.

"Master Gray, was a note just passed to you? I thought so. Hand it back to the person from whom you received it. Master Jackson, do the same. Master Parker, the same."

"If you please, sir," said Guy, "there is no one for me to pass it to. I wrote it myself."

"Very well. Bring it to me."

With an air of bravado quite out of character, Guy came forward with the note.

"You may go to the office, Master Parker," said Mr. Gilson, trying to speak calmly. "I will see you after I have finished my recitations."

But the last vestige of coolness left the old teacher as he glanced at the scrap of paper that Guy had laid upon the desk, and saw what had been scrawled upon it.

Old Gilly would like to lick somebody only he darsent.

He sprang from his chair and hastened after the departing culprit, and three minutes later another case of corporal punishment had been added to the record of the Cushnoc Grammar-School.

"The honor, such as it is' shall never be taken away from you."

Whatever Guy Parker's sufferings on that occasion may have been, they could hardly have equalled those of his teacher. As Mr. Gilson set out for his home at the close of a miserable day, it seemed to him that he had completely spoiled the record of which he had been so proud. Never before had he lost control of himself before his school, or whipped a pupil in anger, or defied the expressed wishes of his superiors. And the boy who had suffered at his hands was the one of all the school that had most deserved forgiveness for a single lapse from good conduct.

For the first time the teacher was ready to acknowledge to himself that flogging was essentially a brutal measure, to which a teacher should be ashamed to resort.

But the fact that Guy's father was chairman of the school committee did not disturb Mr. Gilson in the least. In his present mood he was almost ready to hope that the committee would call him to account for what he had done, in which case he would surely resign. And thus would come to an inglorious ending his thirty years of work in the school.

He was somewhat surprised, however, after reaching home, to receive a message requesting him to appear before the committee that very evening.

"It's a shame for you to be obliged to go out at night!" said his wife, anxiously. "I wonder what that committee can want of you."

"I can tell you better after I get back," replied Mr. Gilson, grimly.

When he entered the school committee's room in the city building he found all the members present, and the chairman at once proceeded to the matter in hand.

"Mr. Gilson," he said, "you have taught in our city for many years without a break."

At this Mr. Gilson bowed assent.

"And the time has come at last when the committee feel that they are willing to dispense with your services"—the old teacher caught his breath, but he looked the speaker straight in the eyes—"for a few weeks,' said the chairman, completing his sentence.

"The fact is," he continued with a smile, "you need rest and an opportunity to recover health and strength; and we are going to give it you, and force it upon you if necessary. The school was never in better condition, but we cannot afford to take any risks with our best teacher, whom we should find it so hard to replace. So we have unanimously voted you a leave of absence, with pay, for the next two months, and we expect you to devote the time to the business of getting well and strong.

"By the way," he added, quite irrelevantly, "there seems to be something going on in the hall above. Let's go up and see what it is."

And at that the committe, without the formality of adjournment, started for the assembly hall, taking the astonished Mr. Gilson along with them.

He was dimly conscious of a large company of people, young and middle-aged, of a hearty round of applause as he entered the room, and presently, of the fact that he was standing upon the platform, facing the mayor of the city, who seemed to be making a speech. And after some minutes he began to realize what the mayor was saying.

"I suppose that some of us fellows would hardly recognize the school if we were to go back to it. Methods change and new ideas come to the front. I hear that even the good old custom of flogging a boy when he goes wrong has been done away with.

"But some things do not go out of fashion. The qualities of mind and heart that have inspired your teaching stand the test of time and cannot be improved upon. And it is in grateful recognition of these that we your pupils, present and past, have assembled here to-night.

"Mr. Gilson, we have heard it whispered that the school committee

intend to give you a well-earned leave of absence from your duties, and it would please us much if you would consent to spend the time as, in a sense, our guest. We ask you to accept this purse, which contains enough for a little trip across the water for yourself and family, and a visit to some of the countries that we used to try to tell you about in the geography class.

"We wish you a pleasant journey, a safe return, and many more years of splendid service in the Cushnoc Grammar-School."

The morning paper gave the mayor's speech in full, and it also reported the remarks of other gentlemen present.

But one little speech, made later in the evening, escaped the attention of the newspaper man.

"Mr. Gilson," said Guy Parker, seizing an opportunity for a quiet word with his teacher, "I hope you'll forget how we all carried on in school to-day. We were so full of what was going to happen that we just couldn't hold in. And about that note. You see, I've heard so many people lately bragging about you having flogged them when they went to school that it made me feel envious.

"And all at once it came over me to-day that it would be quite an honor if I could say that I was the last boy that was ever whipped in the Cushnoc Grammar-School. So I up and wrote that note, hoping that you would capture it. I thought that that would do the business, if anything would. You won't lay it up against me, will you, sir?"

The old teacher, as he looked down into the frank, merry face, forgot all the pain that the boy had caused him.

"It's all right, Guy," he said, with a smile. "And I think you may rest assured that the honor, such as it is, will never be taken away from you."

What the Teacher Said

Last Sunday Louis made his debut as a Sunday school scholar. Everybody about the house was interested in the event, and for several days preceding the Sabbath various members of the family had taken pains to coach him for the ordeal. They had taught him the Golden Text and the story of the lesson, and finally Louis, arrayed in his best suit of clothes and with a shiny Lincoln penny in his pocket to be dropped into the contribution box, was directed into the path which all good little boys are supposed to tread.

When he came home his relatives and friends were anxious to hear an account of his experiences.

"Well, Louis," said his mother, "did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you say the text?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And did you rememeber the lesson?"

Yes, ma'am. I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny into the basket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Louis's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically.

"Oh, you little precious," she said. "Your teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved you. She said something to you, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I knew it," said the fond parent. "Come, Louis darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man."

"She said," was the startling reply, "for me to bring two pennies next Sunday."

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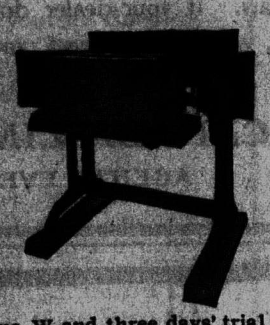

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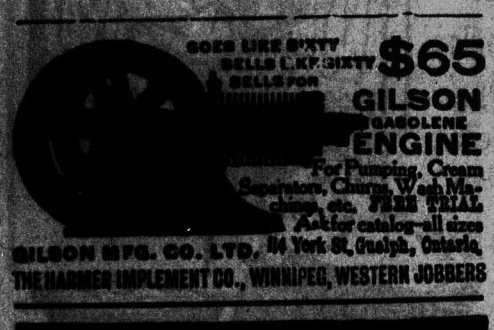

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The Little Ones.

The Robin Redbreasts.

Tow robin-redbreasts built their nests
  Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
  The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
  "Wee, wee, wee; wee, wee, wee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
  And shining in the sky)
Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
  'Tis time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
  "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
  I'll tell you by and by,
When Mama says, "Do this," or "that,"
  She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child, by far,
  If she would say "I'll try."

Nan the Flower Girl.

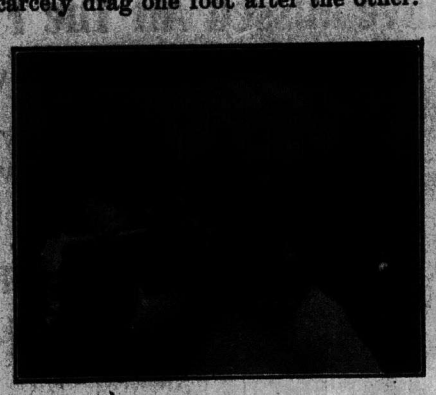
"Oh, how I should like to be rich! How I should like to drive in a carriage, and wear pretty clothes, and to have nothing to do all day long but just what I like best!"

So said the little flower-girl.

Every morning she rose early and went out, from the town, into the woods and fields. There she gathered the sweetest violets and the first primroses, and made them into nose-gays.

People said, as they bought her sweet flowers, "How is it that the little flower-girl looked so fresh and rosy?"

But she was tired to-day, and could scarcely drag one foot after the other.



"Bubbles."

It was a warm spring morning, and the sun shone brightly on Nan's brown hair, as she walked onwards, hat in hand.

"Oh, dear!' 'she said at last, "I am so tired. It cannot be any harm to sit down on this bank, just for a little while."

The birds sang over-head. The sun shone through the great trees and made everything look bright.

Nan watched it all. After a while, the blue eyes closed, the pretty mouth drooped, and she was asleep.

She was dreaming—oh, such a dream!

A beautiful lady, with a sweet face, stepped up to her, and said:

"Nan, little Nan, I know you well. I have often seen you in town selling your flowers."

"But, if you will come and live with me, you shall never need to sell flowers again."

"Oh ,how kind you are! and how beautiful!" cried Nan, gladly. "It is just what I should like, better than anything in the world."

"Come with me then, little Nan." And the fair lady took her by the hand and led her to her house.

She thought she had never seen such a place. It was like a fairy palace.

What rooms! What pictures! A gaily-dressed maid took Nan to a wonderful room, which she told her was to be hers.

The maid then dressed Nan in the fine clothes she had always longed for.

In going about the palace, Nan came upon a hall so large, that she was afraid to enter it.

She put her head between the curtains that hung before the doorway and peeped in.

There was a sound of merry laughing at the other end. Nan saw about twenty maidens, all very lovely to look at, and every one with long flowing hair and rich dress.

One maiden turned and saw Nan's face gazing through the parted curtains.

She pointed to it, then she and her friends fled to the other end of the hall, out of sight, laughing all the time.

Nan stepped in, and saw the beautiful lady coming to meet her.

She took her by the hand and showed her all the pictures on the walls, and the wonderful things in the room, such as Nan had never seen before.

"Well, little Nan, do you think you will like this life?" said her beautiful friend, as she smiled and drew Nan to her, and stroked her hair.

"I am so happy," Nan said. "I think I should like this to last for ever; but—will you tell me what is your name?"

The lady smiled. "My name?" she said. "No matter what my name is; there is time yet, and you will know it soon enough."

Nan thought she had never been so happy in her life.

She drove in a beautiful carriage with the fair-faced lady, and the people looked after her and said: "How lovely she is!"

Once, Nan asked her friend who those girls were that she had seen.

The lady said, smiling: "Those are my maidens," but they always laughed and fled, and looked back at her, and laughed again.

Once they asked her to come and play. They held out their hands to her, but when their fingers closed over hers, she shivered.

After this, Nan would have nothing to do with them.

One morning, Nan rose early, and thought she would try and find the garden.

She longed to see a flower—there were none in the fairy palace.

She stole through the quiet halls, and came upon a large space, which she knew must be the garden.

But, alas! there was a gardener also. He would not let her touch the flowers. And the flowers were not like her sweet wild ones. Nothing looked real.

Nan was so sorry that she could have cried.

Soon after, the gardener sent some cut flowers into the great hall.

"Oh, let me arrange them, do, please!" cried Nan.

"No, no, my child," she said, gently, but firmly, "I could not let you do it. I thought you had forgotten all that. Here you only live for pleasure."

She handed them over to a servant, and Nan felt quite sad.

She was not nearly so happy after this. The large rooms and the fine things tired her out.

One day, sitting in one of the grand rooms, she saw, from the window, children far off, playing.

They laughed and shouted in the open air. They had large bunches of wild flowers, such as Nan knew well.

They looked careless and happy as the day, and Nan put her hands over her face, and burst into tears.

"What an unhappy little girl I am! I should like to go back to the green woods and pluck the flowers freely.

"Oh, my flowers, my flowers! I love you better than ever, but I can never go back to you."

And she sobbed on. All at once, she felt a hand laid on her arm, and heard a kind voice say:

"Oh, Nan! has it come at last? Would you like to go back, dear child?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Nan, "let me go to my flowers—let me go back."

"You shall." The lovely face looked sad. "My name, Nan, my name—my name," and her voice grew fainter—"it is Vanity."

"Vanity, Vanity," cried Nan; "oh, no!"

But the grand rooms and the fair lady had faded away, and—was it a dream?—she seemed in a wood. On every side were trees. Yes- it was all a dream.

And there were her flowers. She picked them up wildly, and clasped them to her.

At last she sprang to her feet. What a long time she had been asleep!

Then she went into the streets and sang out as usual, in her fresh young voice, "Pretty flowers, sweet flowers."

"Ah, there is Nan, at last!" said a passer-by. And the people came to buy, for they all liked Nan.

"After all," thought Nan, "how nice it is to be a flower-girl! But I am sorry for that kind and beautiful lady whose name is Vanity."

A Lesson of Faith.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd, lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly; "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterfies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar: they cannot, of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage-leaf! What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still, you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food——"

And with these words the Butterfly dropped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying yes or no to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she would never have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people

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"In the pale moonlight."

are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage-leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning says she to herself, "Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty: whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy Dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough; he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage-leaf with one brush of his tail if she called him near to talk to her, and then she should never forgive herself. There was the Tom Cat, to be sure, who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple-tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent! there was no hope of him gviing himself the trouble to think about butterflies' eggs. "I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know?" sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought of the Lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must be very clever, and know a great deal; for to go up very high (which she could never do) was the Caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now in the neighboring cornfield there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him, to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar timidly.

The Lark said, "Perhaps he should," but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully, which she did now. But it was of no use, so she dropped upon her legs again, and resumed her walk round the Butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of the cabbage-leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried at last. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown up higher than usual this time, I do think! How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious, blue sky! He always sings in going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!"

And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly's eggs.

At last the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat," and the Lark nodded his beak towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew, and honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

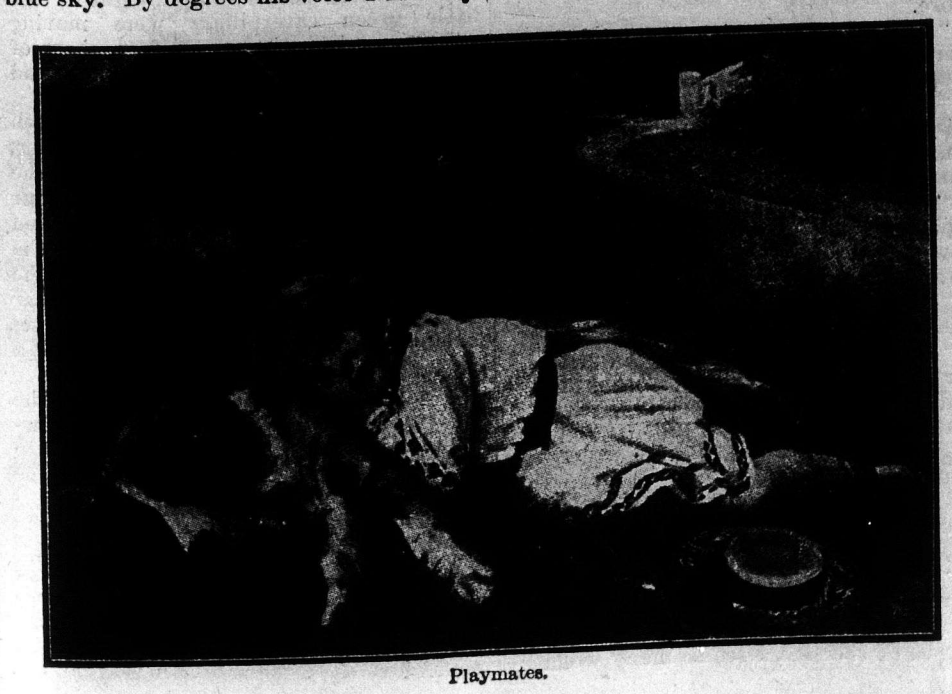
"No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that. Something that you can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage-leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

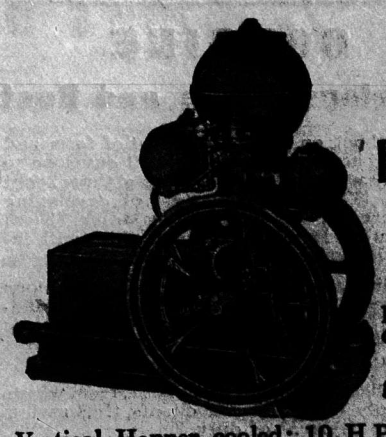
"Excellent! my good friend," cried the Lark exultingly; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage-leaves."

"Never!" cried the Caterpillar indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the Lark.



Playmates.



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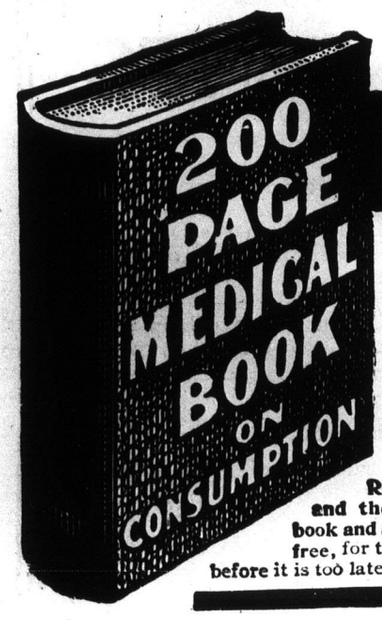

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"But why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark. "You won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but the beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild, green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark, "For the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar, you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything that I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—"everything that is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark warmly. "Whether I hover over the cornfields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. O Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call everything impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar. "I know what's possible and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long, green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? O Caterpillar, what comes to you from thence, receive, as I do, upon trust."

"That s what you call——"

"Faith," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn faith?" asked the Caterpillar.

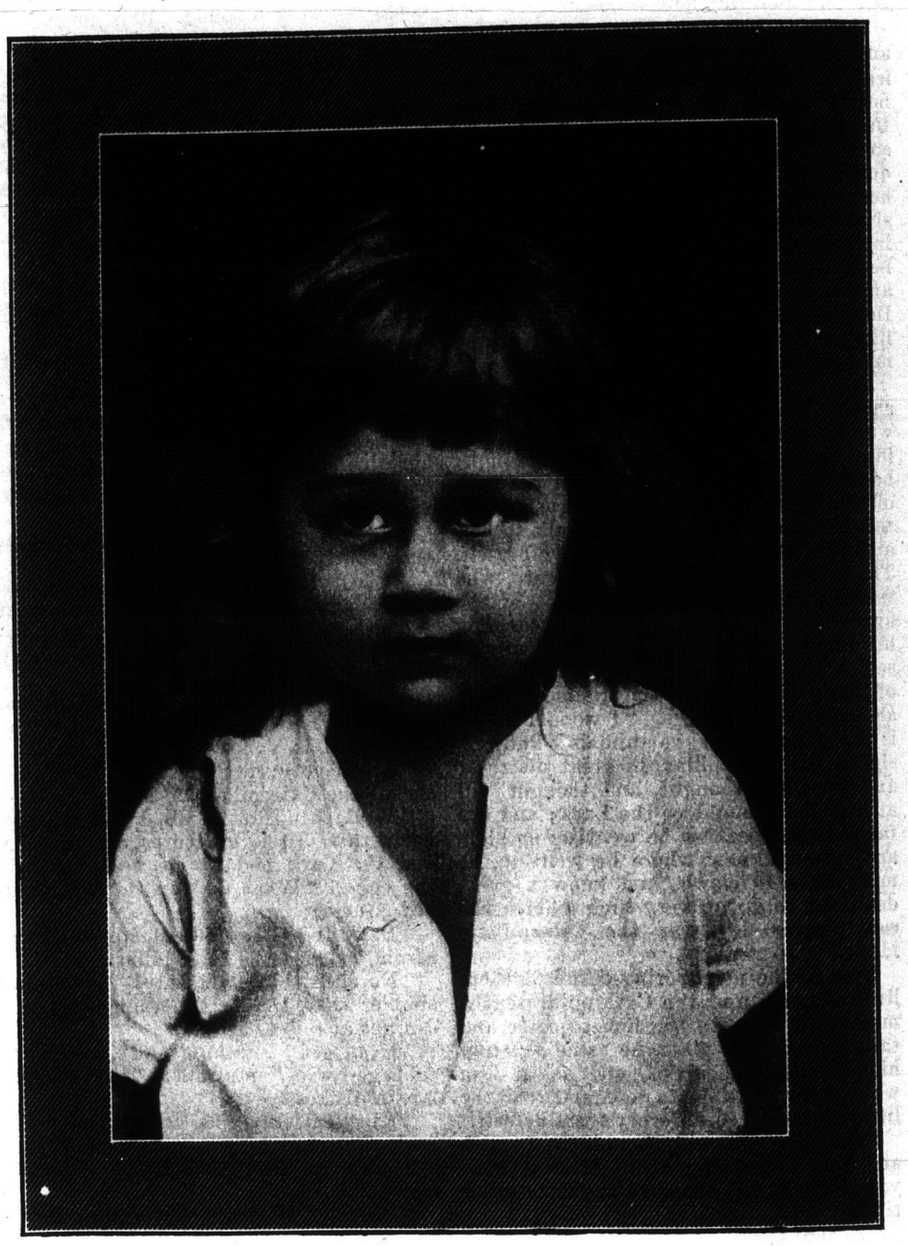
At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round: eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage-leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would often say; and the Lark would sing to her of the wonders of the earth below and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave she said, "I shall be a butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a butterfly, and was going to die again, she said, "I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next."



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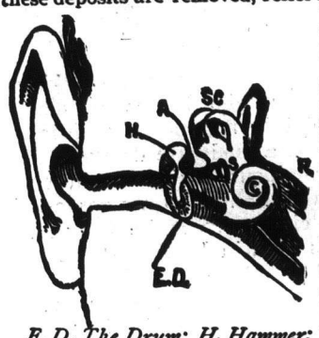

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Temperance Talk.

The Disease of Alcohol.

The disease of alcoholism is caused by the poison of alcohol, resisted by the vital integrity of the cells. The disease consists of a variation of the cells, enabling them to resist the poison. The drunkard's disease is caused by poison resisted by society, family, morality, religion, civilization and all that goes to make life worth living, as well as by the physiological forces of his heart's blood and his nerve cells.

But this is not all. The man so diseased will continue to drink rhythmically. His persistence in drinking is a part of, and the main part of, his disease. Can we make it clear and plain why a drunkard will continue to drink in spite of everybody and everything good? I think if we examine the laws of disease, relating to the actions of poisons, and compare them with similar laws in the physical and mental world, that we can make the question and its answer plainly understood.

Why does the drunkard continue to drink? It is true that in a drunkard his disease is caused by alcohol, but it is also true that in this disease, when once it is established, alcohol is a necessity. The drunkard is diseased because he drank whisky with his friends, or socially, or took it as a medicine, or for any reason whatever that caused him to begin drinking; but he continues to drink because his disease demands alcohol. Why does the disease caused by alcohol demand more alcohol?

The law of life is, whether vegetable or human life, that a change to new conditions, if more or less abrupt, is difficult and may be painful, because it requires organic changes and a new adaptation, and that any adaptation to any sort of condition, in which a person can live at all, necessitates the presence of that condition in order to live the most comfortably. This is the reason why the disease of alcoholism requires the presence of alcohol. The absence of alcohol causes a sort of pain that the drunkard will not endure if he can get his drinks, and it does not follow that such a person, under such conditions, may not drink, though he may know that the poison will ruin him. It is very easy to say that the drunkard could resist the craving or appetite for drink if he would, and that many often do; but the fact remains that the majority of them do not, and our business is with the lost sheep of Israel.

Nature and Beer.

On the recommendation of several medical men in Vienna the municipality last year opened an institution called there by the popular name of "Gauschaufel." It is simply an open air sanitarium for healthy persons. The old idea that sunlight, air and water are the main restoratives at our disposal was long ago taken up by a non-medical philanthropist, who opened an establishment of the most primitive kind on the banks of the Danube on the outskirts of Vienna. The results obtained by him have prompted the municipality to enlarge the establishment and conduct it on modern principles.

An immense area covered with fine sand, deposited from the Danube, which used to flow there in ancient times, a long river-bank with shallow, rapidly flowing cold water and the absence of any shade-givng trees, are the three principal health-giving factors relied on. Special care has been taken to enable schools to make use of the facilities offered there; 4,000 persons can undress at the same time, and free tickets have been granted to schools and work-shops, so that on some days last summer 10,000 persons were seen there, going about in the open air nearly naked.

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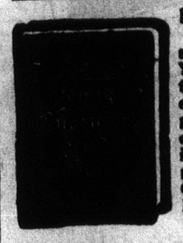

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It is asserted that the institution has done much to convince the lower classes of the good influence of a natural mode of life. No less than 200,000 persons have availed themselves of the opportunity offered them, and for this year an increased area has been thrown open for the "air cure." There is a special medical attendant present.

It is a step in the right direction, that the Germans are learning how to get well otherwise than with beer, kraut and turn-halls.

Make Social Drinking Unpoplar.

If social drinking in the society world could be made unfashionable the cause of temperance would be greatly advanced. If social drinking among men could be made unpopular total abstinence would receive a mighty impulse.

It is as a social custom that strong drink begins its deadly work. The young man does not take his first drink because he likes it. He takes it because he thinks it will make him seem manly and up-to-date to do so. He does not purchase a bottle of whiskey and go off by himself to drink it. He may do that later on; but at first he drinks for the social pleasure he expects to derive from it.

Temperance workers find their main fields of work among the children and the drunkards. One class devotes its chief efforts to pledging the children, and the other class applies its energies to saving the drunkard. But between these two extremes is the great recruiting ground of inebriety—the social drinking customs of the country.

Visit any restaurant where liquors are served at any hour when they are crowded with guests and it will seem to you that every patron of the establishment, whether man or woman, is drinking cocktails, champagne or beer, with an occasional order for straight whiskey. Judging by such appearances you may think that drinking is largely on the increase. And perhaps it is true that there is more social drinking than formerly. Modern demands have not reached this branch of the liquor problem. But it is believed that there is not so much drunkenness as there used to be. Not because people have become more abstemious in their desires, but because sobriety has become a business requirement.

The social drinker is in a sort of fool's paradise. He imagines he is having a good time; but he is blocking his way to advancement. The man who carries a whiskey handicap has a hard road to travel. Nobody wants him.

The real rulers of the world have decided against whiskey. Railroads and corporations have adopted rigid rules with regard to strong drink. They will not employ men who drink. They will not continue in their employ men who are known to use intoxicating liquor.

Trades unions are begininng to bar the drinking man. They are finding him an expensive proposition. By their rules there is a regular scale of wages for certain kinds of work. But the drinking man fails to make good. He reduces the average and brings reproach on worthy members.

In these days of close competition and small margins it is necessary for a man to be at his best if he would succeed; and no man can be entirely fit who is ever so slightly under the influence of strong drink.

Then there is the domestic, or home, side of the drink question. The man who drinks brings wretchedness and misery to his family. He is not a good husband. He is not a good father. He defrauds those whom he has sworn to love and cherish. He robs them of their birthright of honor and protection. If whiskey makes him vicious they fear him. If it makes him stupid they are ashamed of him. If he is poor they suffer deprivation and want. If he is rich they look to the time when bad management or neglect will reduce them to poverty, and added to the humiliation of his habits there will be the discomforts of penury.

Whiskey has been driven from nearly every place of honor and trust. It is a bar to achievement, an enemy to happiness and a menace to health. Even as a medicine alcohol has lost its vogue, and the best physicians seldom prescribe it.

But in spite of business requirements and domestic needs, social drinking continues. There is something incomprehensible about the tolerance of a custom which, if continued, may ruin a man's prospects.

Sobriety is stock in trade for the ambitious man. It open the door of opportunity. It gives him a chance to utilize his ability. It converts his energy into cash. It materializes his aspirations. Inebriety blights ambition, closes the door to opportunity, paralyzes energy and destroys the aspirations.

Sobriety builds up. Inebriety pulls down. The two are antagonistic. They have nothing in common. And yet, at the very time when sobriety is at the highest rate of premium, and drunkenness at the lowest rate of discount, we are told that social drinking is on the increase.

There is more than a note or inconsistency in a policy that finds its pleasures in undermining its possibilities.

Social drinking does not in all cases lead to drunkenness; but nearly all drunkenness begins in social drinking. The young man who begins to drink does not intend to become an inebriate. He means to be a moderate drinker. He knows of prominent business men who drink moderately, but who are respected and honored citizens. If he thinks at all, he thinks he will be like them.

Unfortunately, there are plenty such men—men of wealth and prominence, who, by their example, say to the young man, "It is right and possible to drink moderately."

As has often been said in these columns, all men are not equally affected by the poison of alcohol. Many men can never be moderate drinkers. For them there is no half-way ground. They must let drink alone or they will drink to excess.

It must be remembered that the moderate drinkers who occupy high positions have reached those positions in spite of their drinking practices, and not because of them. While they might defend those habits in themselves they would be quick to object to them in those who asked their assistance.

There is no profession or position or occupation where drinking habits are a recommendation. If they are tolerated, they are not approved. Science and industry have pronounced against them. It remains for fashion to say the final word.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

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Correspondence.

The Bachelor.

The poor old bach, he has to scratch
To get his day's work done;
What with getting meals and other jobs
Of rest he can get none.

Of course he always keeps his place
So very, very neat,
And when one chances into it
It always smells so sweet!

You knock the door, "Come in," says he;
You go in, but can't stay.
You feel obliged to hold your nose
And long to get away.

He'll ask—Have you had dinner yet?
You'll tell him yes, though starving;
You'd rather go without for weeks
Than eat what he is carving.

Some burnt up meat he tries to eat,
His bread is more like dough;
And how on earth he drinks that tea
You really do not know!

His plates have not seen water
For more than a month you'd swear,
And his dirty, little, ill-kept shack
Does not boast of a single chair.

From early morn till late at night
He works and slaves away,
And does not seem one bit ahead
At the closing of the day.

Sunday, while his neighbors are at church,
He washes all his clothes;
It's not the day it should be done,
But they need it, goodness knows!

His clothes are torn, his socks are worn,
His shirts, they all need mending;
And for the poor lone bachelor
There is trouble never-ending.

How long a man can live like that
Is more than I can say;
But I suppose it will be so
Until the judgment day.

So girls, just make up your minds
To do the best you can,
And pack your shoes into the trunk
Of some nice young bachelor man.

For they are not all monsters, no!
I know of more than one "beauty,"
Who I can very safely say,
As husbands would do their duty.

Who Will Write to Leona?

Carnduff, Sask., May 14th, 1910.

Sir.—I am an interested reader of the W. H. M. and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I am a farmer's daughter and I like reading and writing letters very much. I am enclosing two letters if you will kindly address them and send on, you will do me a favor, both wrote in the February number. "A farmer's daughter" Armstrong, B.C., and "Only a Girl," Manitoba. I have written to your magazine but have not been so lucky as to get space for my letters. I would like a few correspondents. I am sweet seventeen, 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, weigh 125 lbs., and have brown hair and eyes and rosy cheeks. I will sign myself. "Leona of White Creek."

Thinks Marriage a Lottery.

Shellbrook, Sask., May 1st, 1909.

Sir.—Having been a reader of your paper for years and enjoy the correspondence so much, I take the liberty of writing also. I like the letters of the girls and boys. Some are interesting, some comical and some are mushy. Some do not approve of matrimony by correspondence; but when it is a lottery I think a person may as well pick their life partner blindfolded as after a year's courtship. Some of the girls seem to be looking for angels but if they find them they will likely have their wings singed. Now for my description. I am 5 ft. 11 in. in height, about 3 ft. in circumference and weigh about 185 lbs. Am just in the twenties. I have auburn hair prominent nose, a cute face and just lovely eyes. I am somewhat awkward when in the company of ladies and my hands and feet seem to trouble me more than need be as I cannot keep them out of sight or comfortable. I am quite attractive as all the ladies seem to stare at me and I oftentimes see them laugh. I like to have a pipe of tobacco occasionally and if I meet a friend of my boyhood days, I don't mind taking a drink, but I know when I get enough. When I fall in the gutter, I quit. I will not tire you more, wishing the magazine and readers success. I hope to get a few letters from ladies and others. I thank you for your valuable space.

O. B. Joyful.

Does Not Approve of Marrying by Mail.

Scobie, Ont., May 21, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for several months, especially in the correspondence page. I think some of the letters are very foolish and others are very sensible. Some of the boys and girls seem to write with the one idea and that of matrimony. How can anybody think of getting married through correspondence only, is more than I can imagine. Those fellows who write and say that they are so handsome and good! Now, I believe that they are the worst kind. I'm not looking for an angel; in fact I'm not looking for one at all. I am strictly out of the matrimony list. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall, weigh 120, fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes and as to my looks it does not matter much for they are only skin deep. I can play the piano or organ, sing a little, and also cook and housekeep very well. I am a farmer's daughter. I think that a pure and noble character is woman's highest motive. And now, Mr. Editor, I will not impose further on your time and good nature but before closing will ask you to be so kind as to publish this letter. For any one who wishes to correspond with me, my address will be found with the editor. Wishing you and your paper every success. "A Canadian Girl."

A Would-Be Druggist.

New Westminster, B. C.

Sir.—I have for a long time been an admirer of your paper, but before now have never taken advantage of your correspondence columns. As you see, I live in the most westerly province of the bunch, and to say the least I am satisfied with it. As the rule of the game appears to be to describe oneself, I will follow suit. I am under twenty-two years of age, and am five feet ten inches in height, with weight to correspond. Have dark eyes, dark hair, and a light complexion. As for business, I expect some day to be a druggist. Would delight to correspond with persons of either sex, especially with girls under eighteen. Those wishing to do so will find my address with the Editor.

"J. Johnson."

Become Acquainted.

Moose Jaw, Sask., May 14th, 1910.

Sir.—Being an interested reader of the W. H. M., I have always taken pleasure in looking over the correspondence column. I think it is quite essential that young people of both sexes should have the privilege of corresponding and by so doing become acquainted. I think the columns of the W. H. M. form a grand opportunity for young folks to become acquainted. I notice a great many of the girls speak of the western bachelors. Well, girls, they are the boys who fear no noise and always stay at home—because they always have dishes to wash. I admire a young girl who sympathizes with a bachelor for I am one myself and I think I will soon have to make a change in regard to household management. I am not one who would ask a woman to work inside and then go out to do chores. I don't think it is right for a woman to do men's work any more than it is right for a man to bach. I have no objections to a girl with lots of money but would

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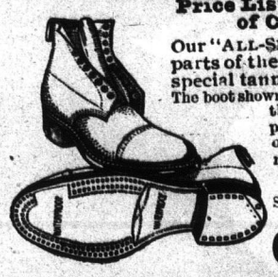

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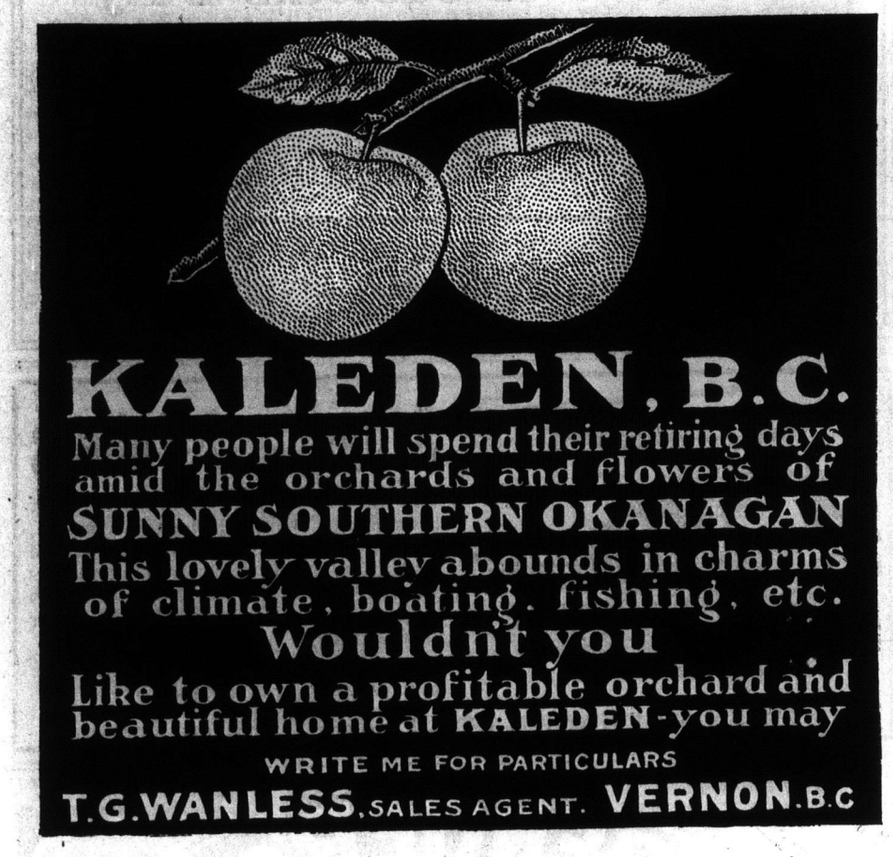

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prefer a good looker as it doesn't look very well to see two of the common class together. I am not expressing this view of the question from a matrimonial stand point, but from experience. Of course, I am not going to draw the line on the dear girls using the "pink rag" for if everyone had done so for the last ten years I am much afraid that this prairie country of ours would not have so much revenue derived from marriage licenses.

Well, Mr. Editor, I don't want to monopolize too much of your valuable space so I will now cut it short. I have blue eyes and brown curly hair, although I'm not as good looking as some people think they are. I do not drink nor chew (except a little rag occasionally) but I smoke a little. Any young girl who cares to write will receive a prompt reply and photos will gladly be exchanged. Now, girls, don't neglect writing. Stay at home one night and write to me instead of going down town with that other fellow, who doesn't like you half as well. Hoping to see this muddled dialect in print at some future date, I will now sing off wishing the Western Home Monthly every possible success. Kindly forward the enclosed letter to "Kismet." I sign myself.

"Nifty Kid."

From Two Western Hoodoos.

Haddington, Sask., May 4th, 1910.

Sir.—Please allow two readers of your valuable paper to escape your big basket so that we may air our views on this burning question called matrimony sometimes, but often called something else, lottery. We believe that two young people of the opposite sex may find they are exactly suited to one another through correspondence and who knows what may follow, though they should certainly exchange photographs as a lot can be learned by a face, I know it would in our case. I would fain give a description of us as others do but words fail me, and we might surprise some of the fair sex. We are both on the list but not listed and both homesteaders. We tried to make some bread once. We kneaded it down, I mean kneed it down, but it wouldn't move only when we moved it which was quite a trick, we put it into buns thinking that would help, but no so we played ball with it and then put it out to freeze to make it hard. The following spring the gophers wouldn't touch it. Of course our excuse was in yeast cakes. We would like correspondents of the fair sex between 20 and 30 which would catch our ages, with not over $1,000, as money is no object with us, for we have great expectations. So hurry up, girls, and you will find our address with the editor if he will be good enough to put this in print for we are so shy and lonely.

"Two Western Hoodoos."

From Old Nova Scotia.

Mahone, N.S., May 1st, 1910.

Sir.—"If you once have failed, try and try again" is an old saying very suitable in my case. I have tried once and failed but shall do so again hoping to meet with better success than previously. I suppose I had better describe myself. I am very dark, have brown eyes, am of good height and weight, and am 18. I should like to correspond with "A Light Blue" also "Samson" both of the February edition. Now I am shy and would like them to write first. If they feel inclined to do so they will find my address with the editor.

"Canadian Lassie."

Hasn't Much to Say.

Southey, Sask., May 18, 1910.

Sir.—While glancing over the correspondence column of this month's issue, I saw rather an odd description of a young lady. It read samewhat like my own—might be related. I have the most beautiful light hair, pink eyes, and a mustache. I also live in a good farming district. I am very fond of all kinds of sports.

Any of the fair sex wishing to hear from me, will please have the editor forward their address to

"The Old Batch."

A Teetotal Bachelor.

Saskatoon, Sask., April 20, 910.

Sire.—Having the pleasure of reading your paper, as my brother is a subscriber, I will hereby say I am very interested in the W. H. M. The "Temperance Talk" and "The young man and his Problem" please me most, although I like the paper all through. It is very interesting to read the letters in the correspondence page. I don't believe in those on the matrimonial list, as I think they should be very well aqcuainted before taking the very important step. I like the girls who don't want a man to drink whiskey. The world would be better if all the girls would say so before they got married. Think it would be very interesting to correspond with people from other parts of the country. My address is with the editor.

"A Saskatchewan Bachelor."

Brief But to the Point.

Kuroki, Sask., April 10, 1910.

Sir.—Have read your paper for some time and find it highly interesting. Not alone the correspondence column.

If space will permit, should like to see this in print.

Am twenty years old, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weight 175, fair complexion. Should enjoy corresponding with any boy or girl wishing to write to me as I have plenty of time to answer.

Should be pleased to hear from "A Farmer's Daughter of Armstrong, B. C." I will sign myself. "Wandering Larry."

Another Letter from Maple Leaf.

Ottawa, Ont., May 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I wrote to the correspondence page of your valuable paper a long time ago, and am so much interested in it and take such pleasure in reading the different opinions of the boys and girls. It amuses me when some of the bachelors ask the girls to write first, "A faint heart never won a fair lady" and if any of the boys and girls of the W. H. M. wish to write or exchange post cards with an Eastern girl would gladly do so. I am not on the matrimonial list, but wouldn't object if I could get a better half with lots of green backs.

I am a farmer's daughter. I love to help to do the chores if help is needed. I can cook and do all kinds of sewing and have done some hand painting which I enjoy very much and love all kind of sports except dancing and card playing. Am a member of the Methodist church and am trying to lead a good life. I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, waist 26 inches, between 25 and 28 years old, brown hair, blue eyes and red cheeks, weigh 165 lbs. I hope I haven't taken too much time and space and would be pleased to see this in print, and any one wishing to write will find my address with the editor and please write addresses plainly as I have had two letters returned (it is no fault of the editor.) I hope to see some more letters in print from "Shorty Doolittle" and De Duch Warbler which appeared in the January number. Wishing the W. H. M. every success and thanking the editor for time and space.

"Maple Leaf."

Lulu Is Content.

Victoria, B. C., May 4th, 1910.

Sir.—As I take the W. H. M. regularly and am interested in the "correspondence" page, I thought I would write a short letter to it. First of all I want to say how silly the girls and boys are who are writing for anything but pure fun, or comradeship, because if they think wisely about it they will know that it is very easy to "tie the knot" but very hard to untie it. I think "An Unsatisfied Wife's" letter was very wise and sensible, and I am dreadfully sorry for her. I also liked the letter some time ago from "A Young Wife and Mother." The letter from "Daddy" who speaks so happily of his home and 4 months' old baby girl, is the kind of letter that does one good, it must be very sweet to be spoken of as he speaks of his wife. The "hired men's" letters appealed to me. I feel sorry for them, but must not be too sorry, for you all know what pity is akin to, or so they say. My hair is fair and shiny, my eyes greyish hazel, my cheeks red as a rose, I am quite young, and at present I

Was All Run Down.

Weighed 125 Lbs. Now Weighs 185.

Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.B., writes:—"I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

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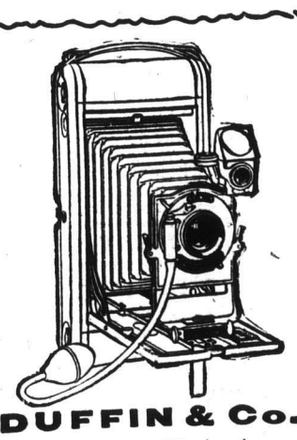

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His First Letter.

Boharm, Sask., May 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I have just been reading your valuable paper and I think the correspondence column is very interesting, also instructive. As this is my first letter, I will try and make it as short as I can. I will try and give a description of myself. I am an Englishman of 21 summers. I am 5 ft. 7 in., weigh 155 pounds and have a dark complexion. I should be pleased to hear from some of the young ladies from 16 to 21. I am a farmer in a very nice part of this province. Please forward enclosed letter to Interested, England. Now, I think it is time for me to close so hoping to hear from some of the fair sex and wishing your valuable paper every success. I will sign myself. "White Rose."

Virginia Has Found Her Ideal.

Brandon, Man., Mar. 7, 1910.

Sir.—Although I am not a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I have been greatly interested in your correspondence column.

I have been reading some of the letters this evening and was very much taken up with Shorty Doolittle's letter. He and I were evidently meant for one another. He is looking for a young, beautiful wife; while I am seeking an old wealthy gentleman. Of course I would rather his nose were straight and both legs were the same length, but I would be quite willing to overlook such small defects.

As it is the custom to describe ones's self I will try to give the readers some idea of my personal appearance. I am eighteen years of age, weigh 140 pounds, and am five feet eight inches in height. Have a pink and white complexion, large velvety black eyes and a wealth of soft black hair. Am generally considered beautiful. I can sing, play the piano and violin, am very fond of dancing, skating, tennis, etc. Do not think I am conceited, I am merely stating facts.

I have lived most of my life in the city so know very little about these homesteads and bachelors that many of the correspondents mention. "Cutie" says all of the bachelors look like "hard tack and coffee." They must be a peculiar looking class of people. May I ask "Cutie" what the old maids out her way look like?

I would like to correspond with some of these bachelors if they care to write. I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the far West.

My address is with the editor. I will answer all letters received.

Wishing the club every success.

"Princess Virginia."

Disconsolate Has Been Badly Treated.

Buchanan, Sask., May 4th, 1910.

Sir.—Some one has said that when a man is a fool he sits down and writes a letter. But I think that the man who don't think any man could ever love me as my dear dad does—perhaps the day may come when Mr. Right may persuade me so, but I am content with what I have, and know I have, just now. My address is with the editor, so I'll sign myself. "Happy Little Lulu."

A Kind-hearted Miss.

Toronto, Ont., April 29th, 1910.

Sir.—Through a friend of mine, I have read several of your W. H. M. papers and I think the correspondent letters very amusing if not instructive. Having spent a year in the far West myself I can quite understand the loneliness and solitude of a rancher's life. Although I was in the city, I saw many of their homes and imagine even a letter would be a welcome visitor to a home like some of them were. I liked the West very much, especially Sunny Alberta and the mountain regions but no prairie life for me! I see a description is the custom but will reserve that for a later date, but will say I am fond of skating, dancing and music. So, boys, if you care to write for pastime, get busy. As Bright Wickaded of Feb. number is a stenographer he might send a few lines in shorthand. Will answer his or any others who care to write. "Unknown."

cannot remember when he was a fool is likely one yet. One of the earliest lessons I can remember being taught was not to cry when hurt. I have tried to carry that lesson through life and unless this is a wail I think I succeeded fairly well.

I replied to a letter which appeared in the W. H. M. (to which I am a subscriber) nearly a year ago. I got a reply and oh! she can certainly write a nice letter. We corresponded regularly for nine months. We exchanged photos. I asked her if she would come West with me and she didn't say she wouldn't. I naturally thought she would and was going after her but she wrote to say that I should not come on purpose to see her. She would be glad to see me all right and would give me a good time, etc., etc. I, of course, did not stop for that but wrote some more. And finally she wrote last month to tell me that she promised one of the western bachelors from Alberta last July to marry him and was going out there in April for that purpose. Now, wouldn't that jar you? It certainly did me. Why didn't she tell me then? Is it a weakness of the sex that they like to give us poor mortals pain?

I suppose according to the story book I should now stop shaving, let my hair grow, turn grey and retire to my farm in Saskatchewan and become a hermit and if I should become wealthy, when I die leave all my wealth to her heirs. But I think the best way to get over it is to get tangled up again as quickly as possible. Therefore I would ask any of your fair readers either maid or widow, say over 25 if they will write to a poor suffering man I will try to forget the past as soon as possible and reply to all of them.

I was born in 1871. I am 5 ft. 11 in. high, weigh 178 lbs., have dark hair and light brown mustache and I think I am good enough looking. Now please write to me. My address is with the editor.

"Disconsolate."

An Eventful Life.

Colonsay P. O., Sask., May 17th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. only three months, and during this short space of time, I am convinced, that it is due 100% credit. My reason for writing is because I am interested in the correspondence columns. I am English born, but my parents are French, hence my "nome de plume." I came to Canada when I was 16 years old, and since then I have been in several parts of the North American continent. I lived six months in British Columbia and Alaska and I guess I was as near to the North Pole as was the famous Dr. Cook. Whilst in these regions I worked in the woods and mines. In 1908 I took up a homestead in Saskatchewan and lived there for six months. During this time I learned how to cook, "a la mode bachelor." In the spring I went to work on a farm and I soon found out that it took more than two seasons' experience to farm. When it came to threshing time I had the position of fireman and here I gained quite a little knowledge. By snowfall I was in Chicago, working in a large department store as a clerk. This seemed to be a fine job, but after three or four months I noticed a change between the open air and the inside of a store, so I determined to go back to the prairies. I arrived at the homestead and stayed three months then I went to work for a neighbor for a while until harvest, then I went to work in the railroad shops as a car repairer's helper.

Having been home a week or so now, I have got time to write the W. H. M. Well, from all my travels and occupations, I am convinced that the farmer is no "green horn" to the outside world, for as to my own personal knowledge, I can apply any of the numerous trades I have worked at to different branches of farming. Generally speaking the genuine farmer is a well educated man.

I am highly pleased with the W. H. M. as it affords me the great pleasure of reading the different views of every day life. To conclude I may as well describe myself. Age 22. Height 6 ft. Chest 41 in. Complexion dark. Hair black, curly. Eyes grey. I am a lover of out door sports and like music very much. For a hobby I have taken up photography. I

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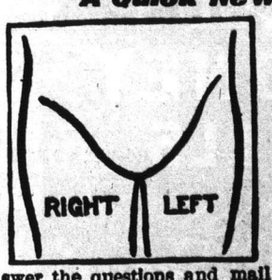

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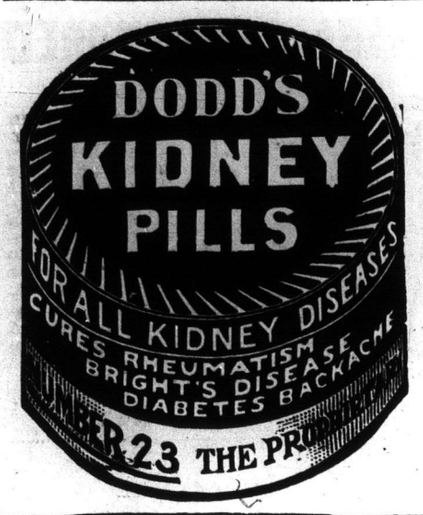

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would like any young lady to write to me between 18 and 22 years of age. I like living in the city in winter time. Picture post cards exchanged, European and American.

Wishing the W. H. M. the greatest of success. I remain, yours truly,

"Anglo-Franco."

Primrose Is Sensible.

Kamloops, B. C., April 28th, 1910.

Sir.—Having your praiseworthy little magazine brought into our home by my brother—in perusing it naturally my gaze strayed to these columns, in which you have made it possible for us to air our views—and blues—and I have been watching with interest the war which has been waging off and on—over the true duties of the young farmer's prospective wife. Well, I hope the problem will be settled to the satisfaction of both parties and that they will all "live happily ever after," as of old. After reading of experiences such as those of "An Unsatisfied Wife," do you not feel indignant, and is it not enough to make one sit down and again contemplate "single blessedness"?

As for my own private opinions and tastes—well, I had better not review them all to-day. However, just by way of an introduction to my humble self I will say—first and foremost, that I am passionately fond of music, although have not quite all the advantages I should like to develop my "passion" at present; and second I am very fond of reading and study of things in general and I should very much like to travel, providing I did not make a too close acquaintance with any of those snow or rock slides, that make traveling in winter or spring so uncertain a thing. I like the winter and its sports, although, except that it must always bring hardships and suffering to those less fortunate than myself.

Now, has all this given you the idea that the writer is some old and staid maiden aunt, I wonder? No, it is only a maiden of eighteen summers, who is very, very far at present from dreaming of anything but a happy young girl's life, and who thinks that a girl should be a girl just as long as she can, enjoying to the full her young life and the pleasures that may be hers, even though perhaps they may not be very exciting ones I am sure I am just as fond of pure, innocent fun and amusement as any young girl, but I really don't believe that it is the exciting things that make and keep one always happy. Just another word before I go—if indeed this does not all go to feed that yawning W. P. B. As to my idea of manliness—I could not really respect a man who indulges in liquor, to any or only a small extent; a smoker in moderation I think is to be forgiven; but a gentleman I am sure would not indulge himself at another's expense, if that other was overcome by the fumes of smoke as I have known some to be. Now, Mr. Editor, I fear I have sadly trespassed on your time and good nature. If you can possibly pardon me for my lengthy stay I may hope to drop in again some day. Wishing you every possible success in your work I will leave you all to form your own opinions of "Primrose."

Severe Criticism for the Doctor.

Milestone, Sask., May 24th, 1910.

Sir.—Would you allow me to write a letter for publication in the W. H. M. on the discussion of the matrimony question. It seems as if the man signing himself "The Doctor" of Meridan, Sask., has got very lofty ideas.

Speaking firstly, Mr. Doctor, you say you have a good chance to muse over the letters of the columns. A man of your stamp and ability should study these letters thoroughly in place of musing over them, as you say.

Secondly you say you would not be bothered with a homestead if you had the learning of a doctor. My opinion of you is this, you could handle the condition of a homestead better than the responsibility of a doctor.

Thirdly, you say you would not be bothered with a girl if you had the learning of a doctor. Mr. Doctor, I believe it is the girls who would not be bothered with you.

Fourthly, you say you never saw a good looking girl. Well, I believe you never were away from your mother's apron or else you are a woman hater or you imagine when you look in the looking glass at your miserable self that you are looking at the best looking man on the face of the globe.

Fifthly, you say some girls like fellows who dance, play cards, throw dice, use profane language. Mr. Doctor, I believe when you see yourself you will wish you had gone to bed instead of writing to the W. H. M. and making your lofty ideas and principles known all over Canada and among foreign readers of the W. H. M.

You say from the telephone exchange to the typewriter a nurse would be an honorable climb for a woman. Mr. Doctor, come down the ladder a little. For man, you say from bank clerk to manager or doctor is a high climb. Mr. Doctor is not a common laborer as good as a doctor. Any place from common laborer to the King of England, Governor of Canada, President of U. S. A. would be an honorable climb for man. Mr. Doctor get down and reason this thing out with a little horse brains. Any sphere of life no matter what it is as long as it is made honest and upright is a high sphere for man or woman. Has not a common laborer got equal or better chance of Heaven than a doctor?

You say after reaching the highest sphere of life you can look back on your old school mates struggling with a team of oxen. Mr. Doctor, did you ever consider that the smartest and richest men of Canada have once driven oxen and feel proud of it. Do you know many of the lawyers of the city of Regina have driven a long string of cattle on a plow. But a hobo calling himself a doctor he would consider it a disgrace to ride behind. Lastly speaking you ask the girls between 15 and 18 years of age to write to you. That goes to prove you are only a young lofty boy. Trusting I have not stepped on your toes too hard and that you will get down and reason this out with good common sense instead of lofty ideas. Mr. Doctor, you are more likely to succeed in your business career if you comply with my request and not lose a month's sleep. Thanking the editor much for publishing this letter.

"Canada Farmer."

Archibald Criticised.

Morris, Man., April 16th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a constant reader of the Western Home Monthly for a year or so and find the letters in the correspondence very interesting, especially the letter signed "Archibald" in the April number.

I am five feet nine inches tall, weigh 129 lbs., have blue eyes, and am between 20 and 25 years old. Just the style of wife to suit Archibald! You just bet I can cook, and would always have hot meals ready for him, providing I had plenty of red pepper and fuel, but of course the chicken money would keep us in those necessaries. I'm just a whirlwind at raising chickens, and being of Irish descent I just love pigs.

Of course he would handle the purse. Why not? A woman would only lose the money anyway.

A husband of such unbounded generosity as to provide two kitchen dresses and a possible good one all in one year must be a catch. He surely won't want for a wife long. But I would not be as extravagant as that. I'm sure I could do with one by patching it occasionally and dyeing it when the colors wore out, providing he would lend me a pair of overalls to wear when milking the cows and feeding the pigs.

As for the smile when he comes home from town, why that's easy. I just naturally smile all the time, and of course the chores would always be done. What poor tired man with his nice clothes on would want to go out and do chores after being to town?

Hoping my list of accomplishments will meet with Archibald's approval, I look hopefully into the future.

"Batty O'Toole."

A New Arrival in Canada

Wellwood, Man., March 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for the last nine months. I

HEADACHE
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Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

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Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all."

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Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"*Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well.*"—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman**, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

think many of the letters of the correspondence columns are very interesting and I would like to say that I have derived much pleasure from reading them. I only came to Canada from Scotland last spring, and I like it very well. I am not in the matrimony line just yet as I am only nineteen. I do not mean to say that I would not marry if Mr. Right would come along, but as yet I am still heart whole and fancy free. I am not very tall being only 5 ft. 4 inches. I have dark brown hair and eyes and a nose somewhat of the pug order; full red lips and a clear complexion. I weigh somewhere about 130 and 140 lbs. I take size 6½ glove and size 5 shoe. I should like to correspond with young people of either sex as I want to know more about the different parts of Canada. I may go further west by spring. I hope you will address and mail the enclosed letter to "Bright Wickaded." I am a working girl and have worked on farms all my life. Now, I hope I have not overstepped the limit, and that this will pass that dreaded waste paper basket.

"Blue Belle."

Uncle Sam's Boy Falls Into Line

Battleford, Sask., March, 1910.

Sir.—As I have been one of your Monthly readers for a long time, I cannot keep from bothering you with a short letter. I am ranching in the southern part of Saskatchewan and like it fine although it is rather cold in the winter. Some like to be in town most of the time but for me I like it where I am, forty miles from town or railroad. I presume lots of the girls will be ready to come and gallop over the prairie on a bronco—and help me round up the cattle or run down a wolf. Well before I say too much, I will give a slight description of myself. I am a Yankee and have been a quarter of a century under this sun. If anyone cares to know anything about bronco busting tell them I can answer all questions. "Uncle Sam's Boy."

This One Wants on Angel

Pelee Island, Ont., March 27th, 1910.

Sir.—My mother has been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for some time so I will venture to write my first letter. I would like to correspond with a nice young gentleman who does not drink or smoke. We keep the post office, customs office, telephone and boarding house and have quite a lot of fruit. I play the piano, paint a little and can do all kinds of house work. My father does not allow me to milk the cows although I think a girl should know how if she marries a farmer. I am soon to be in my twenty-second year and have light brown hair and eyes. "The Midget."

Keeps House for Father

Craik, Sask., March 18th, 1910.

Sir.—As my father has been a subscriber to this paper for some time and I have found it very interesting especially the correspondence column, I thought I would write as it will be good pastime for me. I live in the North-West on a farm. I have kept house for my father for about three years. I am about five feet, three inches tall, between eighteen and twenty-four years of age but not an old maid. I can keep house fine also am a good cook. I can play the organ a little and am very fond of horseback riding and all outdoor sports. I think some of the letters in the W. H. M. very nice while others are foolish. Some of the girls are too strict about the men smoking. I do not mind that at all if the men enjoy a smoke once in a while. I would like a few correspondents from either boys or girls. Please forward enclosed letter to Hooligan, Fairfax, Man., in March number. Wishing the W. H. M. success. "Dark Hair."

Another Youthful Bachelor

Melfort, Sask., April 25th, 1910.

Sir.—I have been reading the letters in your papers for some time and thought I would like to write too. I am a lonely homesteader just 20 years of age and feel if some nice girl would care to correspond with me it might cheer me up. I am 6 ft. high, weigh about 150 lbs., have lovely goo-goo eyes and fair curly hair, nice brown complexion. I neither drink, smoke nor chew. Any nice girl who cares to write first will find my address with the Editor. Wishing your paper every success. "Ox Puncher."

50,000 Boxes Free

If You Have Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Let Me Send You a 50c. Box of My Remedy Free

Deformity in Chronic Rheumatism

John A. Smith and His Remarkable Remedy for Rheumatism. Cured Himself First, and Now Offers 50,000 Boxes of His Remedy Free.

I will give away 50,000 fifty-cent boxes of my remedy for rheumatism to demonstrate its great value in rheumatic conditions.

My remedy is not made of obscure ingredients. It is made of such well known remedies as Potassium Iodide, Poke Root, Guaiac, Resin, Stillingia and Sarsaparilla, and anyone familiar with drugs will at once realize its great value in rheumatic conditions.

Some people seem to think that rheumatism is an incurable disease. I know it is not, because I was told years ago when I had it so bad that I could never be cured. But I was cured by the above ingredients, named the remedy "Gloria Tonic" because I experienced such glorious relief from its use. "Gloria Tonic", of course, did not cure me in a day, nor in a week, but my own case proves that rheumatism can be cured

There are some rheumatic sufferers who will never be cured, even if their cases are slight and easily curable. This is due to the fact that they do not understand what rheumatism really is. They try a remedy a short time, and if relief is not felt at once they discontinue its use, and call it a fake. This class of rheumatic sufferers usually take their affliction to the grave.

Bear in mind that rheumatism never forms in the body over night. Sometimes it is in the system for years before it makes itself known. It is nothing but excess of uric acid in the blood that causes it. Cold, wet or damp may make it known suddenly, but the rheumatism was in the body long before, or the cold or damp would never bring it out. It takes a long time for enough of that "uric acid" to get into the blood to make rheumatism, but when it is there this excess of acid must be neutralized. This is what "Gloria Tonic" has accomplished in hundreds of cases, even in persons of seventy and eighty years of age.

After this remedy cured me I tried it on my friends and acquaintances who were suffering from rheumatism. It worked the same with them as it had with me. At National Military Home, Kans., it cured a veteran who had rheumatism in his hips and knees. In Hannaford, North Dakota, it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I am as supple as a boy." In Stayner, Ontario, it enabled a lady to abandon her crutches. In Westerly, R. I., it cured a farmer 72 years of age. It has also cured many cases which defied electricity, hospital and medical skill, among them persons who had suffered for more than 30 and 40 years. Even prominent physicians have admitted that "Gloria Tonic" is a valuable remedy in rheumatic conditions, among them Doctor Quintero of the University of Venezuela, whose endorsement bears the official seal of the United States Consul.

If you suffer from rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica you know what it means to you to be cured. You at least know that it w ll be worth the trouble to write and get the free 50 cent box that I will send to all who ask. You will certainly get enough relief from it to pay you for the postage stamp and the trouble it takes to write. This offer is not for curiosity seekers or children, as the remedy is too valuable to be wasted.

Cut out the following coupon, mail to me with your name and address and by return mail you will receive the 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic" Tablets free and also free a book on rheumatism which contains many stippled drawings from actual life and which will tell you all about your case.

Coupon for a Free 50 cent Box of "GLORIA TONIC"

JOHN A. SMITH, 669 Laing Bldg., WINDSOR, ONT.

I am a sufferer from rheumatism and I want to be cured. If you will send me a 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic" Tablets free of cost and post paid, I will give it a trial.

My name and address is:

Name.....

Street No.....

Ctiy.....State.....

K.D.C

Still the Most Effectual Cure For Stubborn Dyspepsia

REV. ARTHUR GOULDING, B.D., Chaplain, The Penitentiary, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, writes:—"It affords me very great pleasure in testifying to the merits of your invaluable medicine—K.D.C. which, if taken together with the pills is warranted to remove the most stubborn case of dyspepsia. I cannot say that I arrived at that stage when the disease had become chronic—but I have suffered intensely nevertheless. I had been under medical treatment for some time, with but little relief—when my attention was directed to your cure. I tried it, and it has most effectually cured me."

Use K.D.C. Pills for Constipation. THEY CURE!

12 Tumors Removed Without An Operation

Silver Lake, Ont., Sept. 20, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows. Its use in my case caused 12 tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good it has done for me. Mrs. Louise E. Bolteridge.

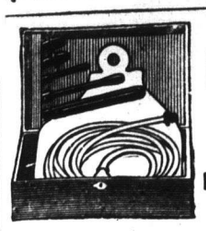
This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling of womb, irregularities, leucorrhoea, etc.

I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address. Enclose 3 stamps and address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. 4

Orange Lily may be procured in Winnipeg from TheT. Eaton Co., Ltd.

Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from $1,000 to $10,000 a year and expenses. Over 700,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be an expert Salesman by mail in eight weeks and our FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU will assist you to secure a good position. We received calls for Salesmen from over 5,000 firms last year and could not fill our orders. Hundreds of our graduates who formerly earned $25 to $75 a month have since earned from $100 to $500 a month and expenses. Hundreds of good positions open for the spring rush. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings, our free book, "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office. Dept. 446, National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.



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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

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is the ONLY successful process for destroying Superfluous Hair without danger of injury to the Skin.

Proper massage with pure, clean, harmless, nourishing Flesh Food, is the only safe way to remove wrinkles.

Pimples, Eczema, and Blackheads are permanently cured by my "Ideal" Acne Cure.

Write for Booklet. Consultation Free.

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You Need This Book

AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

¶ Send 75c. for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.

BOOST YOUR TOWN BY ORGANIZING A

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Information on this subject with printed instructions for amateur bands and a printed form of Constitution and By-Laws for bands, together with our big catalogue, will be mailed FREE on request. Address Dept. "D."

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter Vein.

He Felt It.

The man got into the tramcar and crowded into a seat next to a sharp-faced woman in the corner. He squeezed her up against the end of the car, took out a newspaper, and, shoving it half across her face, began to read. She stood it for about five minutes, when she said:—

"Excuse me, are you a married man?"

He dropped his paper and looked at her.

"Yes," he replied curtly.

"I thought so," she went on. "Isn't your wife a little woman that can't say her soul's her own, and lets you impose on her all you want to?"

"I don't impose on her madam," he said stiffly.

"You don't let her impose on you much, I expect."

The man tried to read his paper again.

"I suppose she carries in the coals, makes the fire, gets your slippers, does the marketing, mends your clothes, tends to the children, submits like a lamb when you find fault, and is generally an excellent wife, isn't she?"

"Madam——" he began.

Don't say a word," she interrupted; "I'm not your wife, am I?"

"No and I'm——"

"That's all right. And as I am not, I don't propose to have you sitting down on me and crowding me up in this corner till I can't breathe without wheezing like a steam-engine. Why don't you get out and walk?"

And the passengers sniggered so that he did.

A Born Lunatic.

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?"

"I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time. Finally, at his wit's end, he said: "I give it up."

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha- Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled: "Oh, that's what you bite on."—The Circle.

A Surprise For Jim

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity.

"Jim," exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?"

"Yassum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet pertaters."

The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!"

"Yassum," said Jim. "So was I, or I wouldn't be here!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Man of Many Offices.

Mr. Gilbert's "Pooh-Bah" was clever at accumulating offices and titles, but a Maine man whose biography has been printed seems to have the advantage of him in some respects. This gentleman, who was engaged on a narrow-gauge railway, gradually became director, general freight-and-passenger-agent, purchasing-agent, station-agent, conductor, brakeman, baggage-master, mail-clerk, express-agent and telegraph-operator all at the same time. When he was elected town treasurer four years ago somebody complimented him with the remark that, so far as the town and the railroad were concerned, he seemed to have no more worlds to conquer. But then, with a twinkle in his eye, the man of many offices told a story of a farmer who, visiting the city, was congratulated on his appointment as post-master. "You must be quite a man in your town now, Silas," remarked the friend. "Well, yes," answered Silas. "You see, besides being postmaster, I am the town clerk, a member of the school committee, tax-collector, correspondent for the Bee, a paper printed up our way, express-agent, and road-commissioner." "Is that so, Silas? You must hold pretty near all the important offices in your town." "No," said Silas dejectedly. "You know Rube Simpkins? Well, he's constable."

The Double Dose

The appearance of the applicant for the vacant post of porter warranted the belief that he had quarrelled with soap and water for many years. But help was badly needed, labour scarce, and the manger decided to give him at least a chance.

"Here, my man," he said, handing him a shilling, "go out and take a bath. Then come back, and maybe I'll take you on."

The man started for the door. Then he turned back.

"Wot shall I do with the change, guv'ner?" he asked huskily.

"Oh," replied the manager, "if there's any change left, take another bath!"

No Shirking.

There is a big, joyous hearty way of accepting what life brings you, but women have not been taught as men have that it is a disgrace to shirk. They seem to think it the proper thing to do, or finding shirking out of the question they are prone to settle down, to relinquish impressions of romance, renounce artistic instincts and narrow themselves to what they call the practical. In this they hugely abuse the practical. A woman may be practical without losing the habits of mirth and laughter that made her girlhood so lovable.

Indeed, if she is thoroughly practical she will see that it is her own personality she should cultivate for her own sake, rather than stupid economies and hard, morbid sacrifices by which she deliberately destroys much of her feminine grace and charm.

Hospitable

Policeman (to tramp)—I want your name and address.

Tramp (sarcastically)—Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number One, the open air. If yer call on me don't trouble to knock, but just walk in.—Scotsman.

"Any Excuse is——"

When Herbert went over to Paris for a two weeks' stay, his mother primed him with instructions of every description—what to say to the Customs' officials, how to avoid the Apaches, how much to pay the "cabbies," and, above all, what to pack up in his bag.

He was a very young man, and before he landed in France he was seasick, and when he landed in France he was homesick. For two days he stood it, and then booked his passage back to London.

When he rang the bell at his home in Hampstead, his mother opened the door.

"Why, Herbert," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, please," answered Herbert innocently, holding out his hand, "I forgot my toothbrush!"

A Rude Awakening

It was a cold, dark night, but Sandy and William were happy, because there sat between them the most charming young lady in Farsley. It was a spirited horse they had hired, and the trap bowled merrily along o'er moor and fell. William held the reins, and as he could dimly perceive, in spite of the darkness, that his side of the lady's muff was unoccupied, he slipped his own disengaged hand into it, and—well, two hands were very soon pressing each other. And so the happy moments flew, and the drive home came almost to an end.

"When you gentlemen have done with

my muff," said the young lady, presently, "I trust you will not fear to tell me, as my own hands are becoming quite numb with the cold!"

Then dark suspicion fell upon her two admirers, for things are not always what they seem. And William and Sandy are sworn enemies now.

Meaning Not Clear

"Why," asked the good man's wife, "are you so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My congregation has raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lonely here without you, but I know you need the rest, and I shall be very sensible. I can spend the summer at some quiet, inexpensive place, cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look at it in that way, my dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger, so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow it seemed to me that the applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."—The Independent.

removed the stopper, took a smell, and turned it upside down. It was as dry as he was.

"Well," he answered slowly, "it ain't a bird-cage now, since them policemen has had a whack at it."

"Probably you are sober now and see things differently."

"That ain't it. It was a bird-cage when I had it last."

"Possibly you can explain what you mean by a bird-cage," suggested the puzzled Court.

"Easy enough," smiled the prisoner. "It had forty or fifty swallows in it when they got it," and the lucidity of the explanation and the possibilities of what had happened to it affected the magistrate so powerfully that he dismissed the case.

She Knew

"Harry, love," exclaimed Mrs. Knowsey to her husband, on his return one evening from the office, "I have b-been d-dreadfully insulted!" "Insulted?" exclaimed Harry. "By whom?" "B-by your m-mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears. "My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away visiting a friend." Flora dried her tears. "I'll tell you all about it, Harry, love," she said. "A letter came to you this morning, addressed in your mother's writing, so, of course, I—I opened it." "Of course," repeated Harry drily. "It—it was written to you all the way through. Do you understand?" "I understand. But where does the insult come in?" "It—it came in the p-p-postscript," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of tears. "It s-said—'P-P-P-S,—D-dear Flora, d-don't f-fail to give this l-letter to Harry, I w-want him to have it.'"

SELF-DESTRUCTION

Every act, every thought, every rush of passion, every emotion, every movement of muscle or mind uses up some of the substance of our bodies, just as every step in walking helps to wear out our shoes. Food repairs the loss to some extent, but the power to digest food grows less, with use, from year to year. That is the reason, sooner or later, we must die.

Now take note. The faster you live, the more you waste; the more you throw away, the sooner you come to the end.

Once more. The great waster, the great thief of life is illness. Then you may lose in a month what might have lasted a year, and (remember!) not merely of flesh and strength, but of the power to get it back.

Here is where Mother Seigel's Syrup does its wonderful work. It gives you back lost power. Not all of it, for when you could live for ever, but most of it. Convincing proof of this is afforded by the case of Mrs. John W. McGregor, of McLarty, Algoma District, Ont. Writing on January 25, 1910, Mrs. McGregor says:—

"At the early age of fifteen I began to suffer distress after eating. The action of my bowels was irregular. I could sleep only by snatches. My face was pale, and frequently I had severe pains in my back. In 1888 I first began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup and I found that it helped me. I used the Syrup with the best results, and I have had no further need of it for twenty-six years. I have unbounded confidence in this remedy."

Mrs. McGregor had no further need for Mother Seigel's Syrup because it restored her stomach, liver and bowels to healthful working order, and for twenty-six years they have done their digestive duty. The cures affected by Mother Seigel's Syrup are not only sure and speedy, but permanent too. Mrs. McGregor has proved this. Prove it yourself.

Mr. John Stewart, of Piper's Glen, Inverness Co., N.S., writing us on January 31, 1910, says he owes the present good state of health to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and proves the assertion by stating the following facts:—

He says: "A few years ago I was troubled with indigestion and loss of appetite, which very soon began to assume a serious aspect. After suffering for sometime, your preparation was recommended to me as a possible help, and I commenced to take it. The Syrup did me a great deal of good, and in a short time I was entirely cured."

The $1 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.

A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

British Politics—The struggle for supremacy.

A Case for the Lawyers

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterwards the two gentlemen met and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darkey cheerfully admitted his guilt.

"Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Blessed if I know, Jedge," replied Uncle Mose, with a broad grin. "I'se no lawyer. I reckon I'll let yo' two gen'men settle it between you'selves."—Cleveland Leader.

A Bird-Cage

The prisoner was before the bar of justice for having been before some other bar too long.

"What were you doing drunk in the street?" asked the magistrate.

"Was I drunk?" was the reply in a tone of surprised innocence.

"The policeman says you were."

"Under oath?"

"Certainly."

"Perhaps he's right; but I was just going along with a bird-cage in my hand."

The magistrate had a bottle set before the prisoner.

"Do you call that a bird-cage?" he inquired. "That's what you were carrying."

The prisoner picked it up carefully,

One on Aunt Esther.

Not long ago little Courtenay ran into the house, his eyes big and eager and his whole body quivering with excitement.

"Aunt Esther," he cried, "do you know why our rooster always keeps his feathers so nice and smooth?"

"No; why is it, Courtenay?" asked his aunt.

"Well, I think it's because he always carries his comb with him," cried Courtenay, with a most engaging smile.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the walls of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

INDIGESTION

MEANS:—

TORTURING PAIN. WRETCHED DAYS.
CHRONIC WEARINESS. WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," bowled over," "good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down system unless you root it out without delay.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion in sixteen countries. Its unrivalled reputation is backed by nearly forty years' unbroken success in curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all diseases arising from a disorded condition of the stomach, liver and bowels. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had miserably failed. Here is a case in point:—"Five years ago I began to feel out of sorts; felt weakness and lack of energy I had never felt before. I lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I always had pains in my back and chest. I had headaches, giddiness, unpleasant breath and coated tongue. I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and in one month was completely cured."—George Morris, 18, Cathedral Street, Montreal. 28.6.09.

GIVES

STRENGTH TO THE WEAK. | ENERGY TO THE LANGUID. | COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Suffered Terrible Pains

From Her Kidneys For Nine Months.

For Backache, Lame or Weak Back— one of the commonest and most distressing symptoms of kidney inaction, there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for taking out the stitches, twitches and twinges, limbering up the stiff back, and giving perfect comfort.

A medicine that strengthens the kidneys so that they are enabled to extract the poisonous uric acid from the blood and prevent the chief cause of Rheumatism.

Mr. Dougald A. McIsaac, Broad Cove Banks, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with my kidneys for nine months, and suffered with such terrible pains across the small of my back all the time that I could hardly get around. After taking two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken three I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG,
MAN.

RECEIPT FOR WARDING OFF AGE

Fat is commonplace—middle aged. It stamps a woman as unquestionably past the period of youth. Hence it lessens her influence. She may charm still—by nimbleness of wit—but that indefinite fascination a fine figure wields has fled from her.

For ever? No! For it can be regained, and that easily. Youth as expressed in the straight front, the lissome hip, the wavy outline, is not beyond recall. Let any woman who is too well filled out, take a Marmola Prescription Tablet after each meal and at bedtime. The sprightliness of youth will come back to her. Off will go the fat, uniformly and smoothly, revealing the foundation of the lost youthful form beneath.

Try this method. No exercising or dieting is necessary to take off a pound a day. The Tablet will do it alone. No wrinkles or haggard lines will form; instead the health, the brightness and the litheness will increase. The Marmola Prescription Tablet is absolutely non-injurious being made of the famous fashionable formula ⅓ oz. Marmola, ⅓ oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 4½ oz. Peppermint Water; and it is also inexpensive, a large case, enough to show results, costing, at any drug store, or direct from the Marmola Co., 498 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., only seventy-five cents.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—Problem.

If a certain book contained five more pages with ten more lines on a page, the number of lines would be increased 450; but if it contained ten pages less with five lines less on a page, the whole number of lines would be diminished 450. How many pages and lines on a page does the book contain?

No. 2.—Word Square.

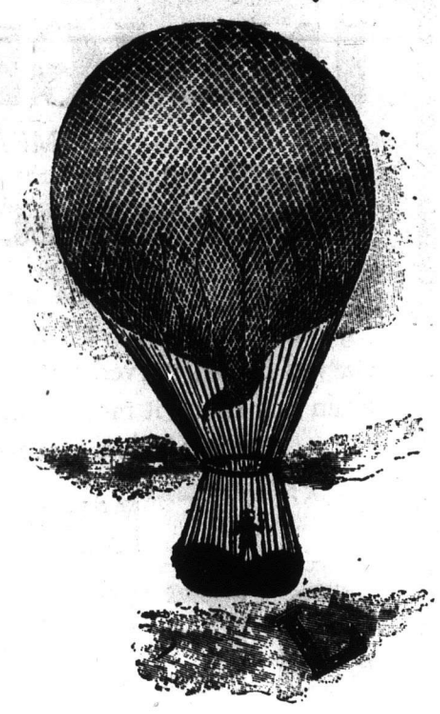
A word square consists of a certain number of words of the same length placed one beneath another in such manner that they will read the same across and downwards.

* * * * * * 1. A servant.
* * * * * * 2. Ablaze.
* * * * * * 3. Captives.
* * * * * * 4. Smells (verb).
* * * * * * 5. To punish with a fine.
* * * * * * 6. Inferior.

No. 3.—Alphabetical Puzzle.

1. Which letter is the most inquisitive?
2. Which letter has wings?
3. Which letter do lazy folks like?
4. Which letter do oxen know?
5. Which letter grows in the garden?
6. Which letter is often drunk?
7. Which letter is out of fashion?

No. 4.—Illustrated Rebus.



The above picture illustrates a flight of fancy.

No. 5.—Riddle.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old.
I'm often in tatters and oft decked with gold,
Tho' I never could read, yet lettered I'm found.
Tho' blind I'm enlightened; tho' loose I am bound.
I'm always in black and I'm always in white.
I'm gray and I'm gay and I'm heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ: I'm thick and I'm thin.
I've no flesh, I've no bones; yet I'm covered with skin.
I've more points that the compass; more stops than the flute.
I sing without voice; without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch.
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much.
I often die soon, tho' I sometimes live ages—
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

No. 6.—Old Style Conundrum,

By what process can you turn a tea-table into food?

No. 7.—Beheaded Rivers.

1. Behead a river and get a preposition.
2. Another, and get a girl's name.
3. Another, and get a boy's nickname.
4. Another, and get a fine whetstone.
5. Another, and get a very wise man.

Modern Fables.

There was once a steer that was a wonder from the time of his childhood. When he was a yearling he out-weighed any 2-year-old in his township, and before he was 3 he could make a steer that weighed a ton look like 30 cents. Then a man bought him and took him around to a country fair and exhibited him to the people at 10c. per look. And still the steer continued to get bigger and bigger until it was necessary to knock out the side of a barn to let him in. And the steer grew proud and haughty an account of all this public notice and concluded as he chewed his cud that he was about the best thing that ever came down the pike. Finally his owner concluded to go out of the show business and decided that he would sell the steer at auction. There was a rattling big crowd at the sale, for everybody in the state had heard of the steer. The crowd, in fact, was so big that it blocked the street so that is was necessary to call the police to clear the road for the street cars. As the fat steer looked around on that crowd and heard the bids he said to himself, "I am certainly a very warm number. The governor couldn't attract half as big a crowd as this." Finally he was bought by a local butcher and led carefully away to a stall in a cattle shed. In the next stall was an undersized runt of Texas parentage which would weigh about 650. The great steer sniffed at the runt as he was led into his stall, but the runt only said as he gathered in another wisp of prairie hay, "You think you are a great many just now, my beauty, but unless I am badly off my trolley, I can see your finish within the next 24 hours." And within ten hours after this the carcass of the great steer was hanging up on exhibition in front of the butcher shop with a tag attached stating that the choice cuts from this carcass could be had for $1 per lb. Then the steer tossed its head in triumph and said, "What did I tell you?" In less than two months the runty Texan was filling tin cans and being devoured by an unsuspecting public under the impression that they were eating choice roast beef.

Moral: All classes get it in the neck sooner or later.

Answers to Puzzles in May Number.

No. 1. Riddle.—Bark.

No. 2.—Concealed Word Squares.—

R I S K
I R O N
S O L O
K N O W

No. 3. A Saint in Bloom.—Violet, Elder, Rose, Oxalis, Narcissus, Iris, Camellia, Arethusa.—Veronica.

No. 4. The Puzzle of the Hot-Cross Buns.—The wording of the song of the hot-cross bun man shows that there must be an even number of children, as there were just as many daughters as there were sons. Seven pennies were to be invested in buns at the rate of a penny, two for a penny or three for a penny. The supposition is that there were three boys and three girls, so by purchasing six buns two for a penny and twelve three for a penny each child could then receive buns according to programme, one half-penny and two three-for-a-penny buns to each. Despite the various attempts to solve the puzzle in other ways, this will be found to be the only answer.

No. 5. Letter Enigma.—Marie Antoinette.

No. 6. Proverb Puzzle.—"April and May are the keys of the whole year."

No. 7. Riddle.—Well.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Bronchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this prince of pectoral remedies. It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Nasty Hacking Cough. Cured.

Mrs. John Pelch, Windsor, Ontario, writes:—"I was troubled with a nasty hacking cough for the past six months and used a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

Don't Cut Out a Goitre, Cyst, or Wen, for ABSORBINE JR.

will clean them off in a mild and pleasant manner. Removes any soft bunch, painful swellings, thickened tissues, gouty and rheumatic deposits. **Kills pain** and takes out soreness and inflammation from **toothache, neuralgia,** acute or inflammatory **rheumatism, stiff neck, lame back, strains and sprains.**

It will reduce **Varicose Veins,** stops the pain and throbbing, gets out the soreness quickly, tones up and restores the elasticity to the circular muscles of the veins, reducing them to a normal condition. Will even heal and clean up a varicose ulcer. A safe, pleasant, antiseptic, discutient liniment. Price $1.00-4 oz., $2.00 12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5F free. Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass

Lymans, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

OOD'S
VAY
YRUP.

d To Cure All Dis-
d Lungs.

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ain or Tightness in
Bronchial Troubles
curative powers of
oral remedies. It
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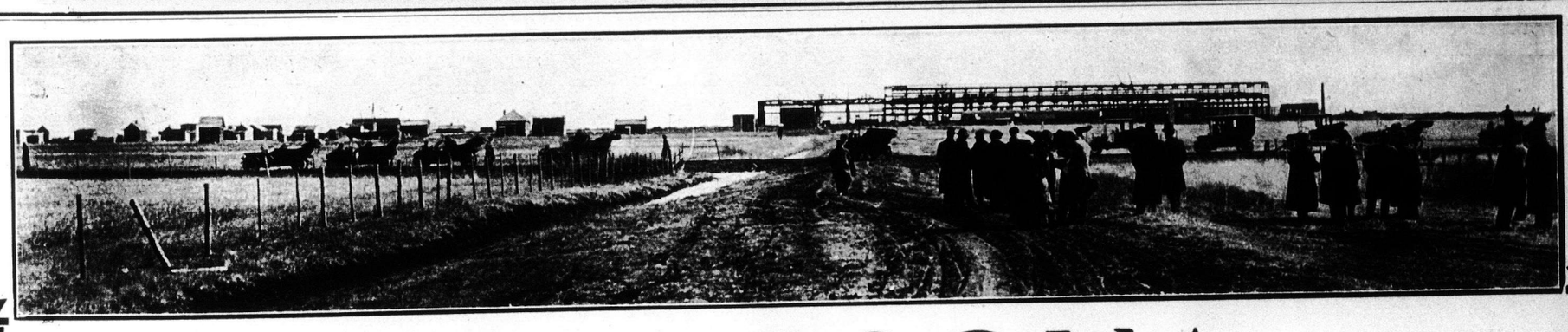

TRANSCONA

THE NEW RAILWAY CENTRE

TRANSCONA is where the mammoth Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Shops are located and in course of erection. It is seven miles East of Winnipeg and will be the terminis of the Eastern and Western Divisions of this great Transcontinental line. It has the facilities for one of the greatest engineering depots and industrial centres in Canada. The shops alone will cost $3,000,000. When completed, 3,000 to 5,000 men will be employed. The pay roll will be up to $200,000 per month.

Imagine the opportunity there is here, now, for investment. But your opportunity is **now,** while Transcona is in the making. It will never be quite so good again. The recognized town lies directly north and in front of the shops. Do not be misled as to location.

We have some of the best property at Transcona at the prices quoted. The best locations are being rapidly taken up. We have just completed the sale of a large block (65 lots) to a bunch of railroad men, after they had thoroughly inspected our property. Marked plans and full information will be sent on application. Our prices are $4.50 to $6.00 per foot. Terms 1/6 cash; balance extending over 2½ years, to suit purchaser. Interest at 6%. All lots have Torrens Title and are 30 x 100 to 16 foot lane.

TRANSCONTINENTAL REALTY CO., LIMITED

Exclusive Selling Agents

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FIRST NATIONAL REALTY CO., LIMITED, 435 Main Street
RILEY BROS., 490 Main Street
W. MARSHALL & CO., 402 McIntyre Block
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a Good Flour

Find out what our
trade mark means
to you and you
will always insist
on getting ——

PURITY FLOUR

MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD