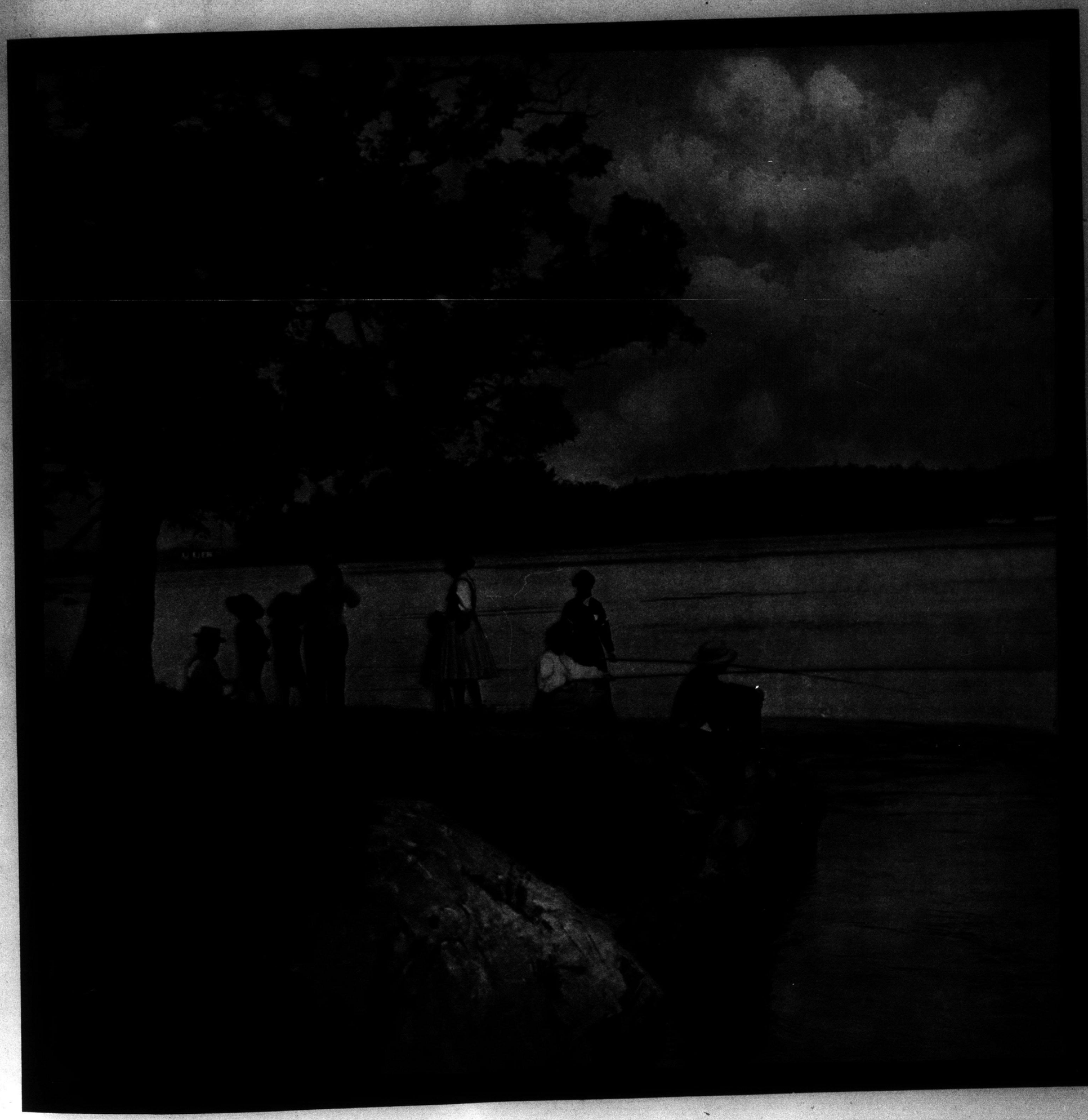
PAGES

MISSING

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. SEPTEMBER, 1911 PRICE TEN CENTS.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII. Published Monthly No. 9

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

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash 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.

In nearly every community there are dozens, in many there are scores, and in others there are hundreds of people who would gladly subscribe for the Western Home Monthly if they were shown one issue. Everybody should get up a club this year. It will be the greatest year for club raisers in the history of the Western Home Monthly, and all who make an effort in this direction will be successful and secure a premium which will be well worth the time and trouble involved in getting the subscriptions.

Tell all your friends and neighbors that by joining a club, the enlarged, improved and beautified Western Home Monthly may be had for only 62½ cents. Make up your clubs of both renewals and new subscriptions — it makes no difference — both are taken upon the same terms. Clubs may be made up now in less time and less effort than ever before, therefore, you should "make hay while the sun shines" and get as many subscribers as you possibly can, and thereby secure for yourself a valuable premium — the finest ever given by a Canadian periodical. In conclusion, you will, therefore, note that while single subscriptions for the Western Home Monthly cannot be accepted for less than $1.00; $2.00 will pay for three yearly subscriptions; $2.50 for four yearly subscriptions. Club raisers in addition to securing a premium should be able to make a little hard cash. The Western Home Monthly is mighty good value at $1.00 a year and many of our subscribers are netting a nice little nest egg by making nearly 40 cents on each of a big batch of subscriptions.

OUR IMPROVED PLAN OF CLUB RAISING.

In order to make it very easy for our readers to get up clubs and to overcome the objections of many who would like to get up a club and secure a premium, but who have a constitutional dislike of or prejudice against what is usually known as canvassing, we have instituted an original system, as follows: We will send you on application, free, ten sample copies of The Western Home Monthly to distribute among such of your neighbors and friends as you think would be most likely to subscribe for such a publication. All you have to do is to go out and leave one of these sample copies at the house of each person whom you think would be most likely to subscribe, or if you have a child or anyone else you can send, let him (or her) take the samples out for you. Leave the samples there for two or three days — long enough for them to read the magazine and get interested in it—then go around and take the subscriptions. You will find that by giving the people a chance to read the magazine in this way you will get five times as many subscriptions as you would by simply showing it—in fact, if you give the sample copies to the right people, and you, of course, know who in your neighborhood would be most likely to take such a magazine as this, you ought to get a subscription at nearly every house. The sample copy will do all the canvassing for you—all you have to do is to distribute the samples and call for the subscriptions—you need not do any talking at all. As you call for the subscriptions you can take up the sample copies and afterwards distribue them among ten other people, thus using them over and over again until, you have a large club. We send only ten copies at the outset, but if you continue the work for some time and your samples become worn, we will send you more. Now, we hope that you, reader, will try this plan of club raising, no matter whether you have ever tried to get up a club for a magazine before or not, for we know that if you do you will succeed in getting up a nice club in your neighborhood without the least difficulty or trouble, and thus become the happy possessor of a nice little sum in cash and a valuable premium into the bargain. Just send us a post card and we will mail you ten sample copies by return mail, and you will be ready to begin at once. It will cost you, therefore, only one cent for a post card to give our improved plan of club raising a itral. This is all we ask you to do—try it and we know that you will never regret it if you do so; on the contrary, your success will be so great that you will be both surprised and delighted.

A FEW THINGS FOR CLUB RAISERS TO REMEMBER.

1.—Your own subscription can be counted as one towards your club.

2.—Clubs may be made up of both renewals and new subscriptions — all count alike.

3.—Subscribers may be sent from any number of different post offices.

4.—Remit by post office money order, express money order, postal note registered letter.

5.—Read your order very carefully after you have written it and be sure that you have made no mistakes, have imitted nothing, and that you have every name and address plainly written. Be brief and to the point; write only that which is a necessary part of your order, and write everything that you need to say on the blank. If possible mail the letter yourself.

6.—In the case of renewals, please put down the name exactly as it was sent in last year; do not vary it in the least. If there is any variation of the name as compared with the previous year, we are unable to connect the two, and, therefore, the subscriber receives circulars concerning renewals, which are more or less of an annoyance.

7.—Send the correct amount of money with every order.

8.—Keep a copy of the list of names of every club you send us, so that you may go to the same people next year and get their renewals.

In conclusion, we again assure our readers that club raising work is both easy and profitable if you have read carefully the foreging passages, everything is in favor of your venture being a success.

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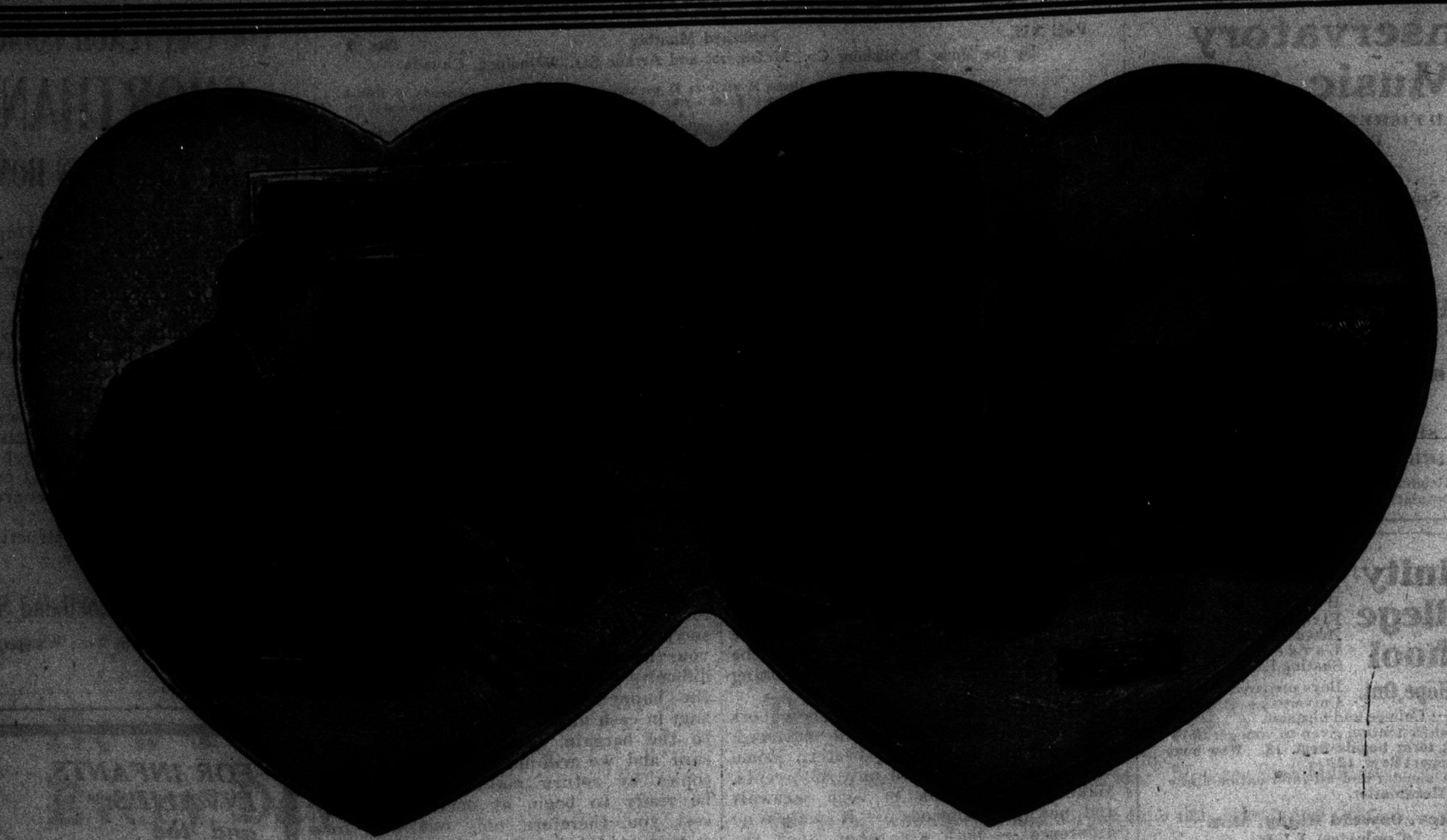
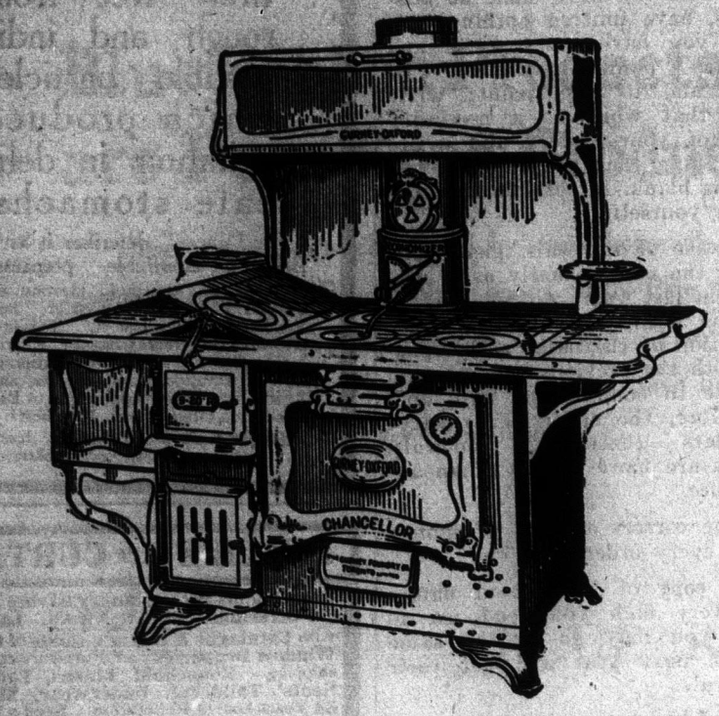


Two Ways to a Man's Heart

One Way

One way is through his **Stomach,** a way that most women try three times every day in the year. And a good way, too, and an easy one if you have a Gurney-Oxford.

You don't watch anxiously every time John puts the carver into a fowl or joint. You know it's not only done **Brown,** but the Gurney-Oxford heat is so controlled and steady that the flesh is tender and juicy, and the man at the platter beams with good humour.



The Other Way

The other way to his heart is through his **pocketbook.** Again a sure and easy road if you have a Gurney-Oxford.

The wonderful saving in fuel effected by the Oxford Economizer is guarantee of good nature, and when you go over the grocery accounts together it warms the cockles of his heart to see how much you have saved.

Besides fuel nothing is burnt or wasted. A pot will simmer all day over the low fire, with a gain in **food value,** as well as health and pocket.

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promote peace and quiet, not only because of well-cooked food and reduced bills, but because of the added nerve-strength and leisure afforded by its ease of operation and care. The Oxford Economizer holds the merest edge of draft, and with the check of this marvellous damper you can leave the fire for hours unreplenished.

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The Leisure Class.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN

We are told that thirty years ago it was common enough to see the red man walk the streets of old Fort Garry, in all his pomp and glory. Dressed in red, with a head dress of feathers, and smoking his long and much used pipe, he marched from post to post visiting his favorite haunts. Empty-handed he was and free from care, for did there not walk behind him his faithful squaw and all her daughters bearing the burdens which represented his whole material wealth. Ask him what he did for a living and he would gaze at you with wondering contempt. A Chieftain did not find it necessary, and it certainly was not becoming to work in order to live. Others might labor and he would enter into their labors. He was not of those who toil and indeed he might be the human likeness of those lilies of the field of which it was written. "They toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He belonged to The Leisure Class.

The red man had his code of honor, and his etiquette was most pronounced. One good old rule stood out above the rest: "The chieftain shall not work." In times of war he mounted his pony and with sharpened tomahawk proceeded to the scene of carnage. It was allowable for him to seek glory—but what glory is there in menial work? When the roaming buffalo herd was sighted he gladly entered the chase, for here again was opportunity for distinction—but, the animals slain, it was not for him to save the hides, and strip the carcass or make the pemmican. This was work, and work is the portion of wives and daughters—the slaves always in primitive times, both here and elsewhere. There were other things possible, also, to leaders of the tribe. If he did not make his weapons and his canoes he added the aesthetic features. A whole forenoon employed in oiling a new bow, a whole day spent on the meagre trappings of his little steed. This was not toil, it was not necessary labor, but partook more of the nature of play, and play in any of its forms was the first right and the first necessity of the red man of the plains.

How did the Indian brave get this ascendency in his household? Need one ask? In the end it was a question of physical force. In the good old days "Might was right," and the only standard of might was physical prowess. To the victor belong the spoils, to his wife the care and hardship involved in preserving the spoils. What could be more beautiful and simple! What more equitable division of duties!

THE LEISURED SISTERHOOD

Old Indian brave first of your type, we salute thee Thou art progenitor of a mighty tribe. Truly thy descendants are as the sands of the sea. That old Fort Garry has given way to a great city and yet thou art not forgotten. The members of The Leisure Class, clad in fine linen and adorned with feathers and with gew gaws worthy of their class, parade the streets, with lackeys following in their train, and they say just as thou in the early days-"Behold me all you common people! See my splendor! See my smoke! I am not a toiler. I have won my way to physical and mental ease. I belong to The Leisure Class."

Two things have distinguished the leisure class in all ages. The first is "conspicious consumption," to use a neat phrase invented by a Chicago writer, and the second is "conspicuous waste." How much more we consume than necessity demands,—in food, in clothing, in shelter in luxuries and comforts. A banquet costing five hundred dollars when fifty would have provided a feast; a cloak for seven hundred, when comfort and magnificience could have been secured for one fourth the sum, a retinue of servants for the sake of show, a brilliant equipage, a costly place of worship. The highest bidder gets the prize—the red ticket for first place in The Leisured Fraternity.

Waste!—Time, money, opportunity how they go! What is evidence of preeminence if it is not capacity for waste? Why the afternoons given up to bridge-whist? Is it because the participants enjoy the game? By no means. Much would many of them prefer to live with their children in quietness and comfort, but they are in the running for the prize and they must play the game. As for the little stakes it is another opportunity for waste. Why not seize it? But want of time and money, what of that? She is the real heroine who can throw away her principles. The religion of childhood, the old fashioned virtues of modesty, clean speech and motherliness, will not a waste of these make a better showing than the waste of earthly substance? Is the picture overdrawn? Let those who know things answer.

A TIRADE AGAINST WOMANK ND!

Nothing of the kind. These are not women any longer. They are but blind followers of custom. True women are as common to day as ever they were—they are as hard working, as patient, as gentle and as good, but with the growth of civilization they have a status that was formerly unknown, and as first to enter into their newly acquired freedom a few of them are bound to emulate the example of the red man of the plain and to show to the world at all costs that they belong to "The Leisure Sorority." Yet the majority delighted to emulate their mothers in work and worships.

THE WOMEN WHO SERVE.

It was work for mothers in those olden days too. You can recall the family of almost a dozen children—how the mother cooked for them, and clothed them—not only making the clothes, but spinning the yarn. You remember how she did this and all the mending which followed, how she looked after the calves and hogs and poultry, how in addition she had time to to help her husband in the fields at times, and even give an occasional hour to visit her neighbors, when they needed help most sorely. And she had no maid. How did she do it? Because the life was simple in those days, and because—listen, a few of you who need the word—She did not feel it necessary to prove that she belonged to The Leisure Class.

THE MAN OF THE WEST.

(Specially Written for W.H.M.)

Out on the billowy prairie
Out where the grasses wave,
Noble and strong and friendly
Lingers my own true brave.

Straight and tall as the pine tree,
Gay as the glancing light,
Steadfast and true as the Rockies
Capped with their snowsheets of white.

His voice sends a call and I hear it
In the heart of the world where I stay,
His heart sends a call from the forest,
I hear it, but what shall I say?

Though I know he'd be tender and loving,
My dearest, my darling, my best,
Yet the sea rolls between us, the Heart of the World,
And my hero, "The Man of the West."

—By May Heward

THE LEISURED FRATERNITY.

Still hard on womankind! Oh' No! Are there not men to day who are trading in the footsteps of the red chieftain? Never in the history of the world was there greater parade of wealth and possession than in this twentieth century of which we boast. Wagner has preached to us "The Simple Life." We read it and applaud, but go forth to show that we can afford to consume and waste in greater measure than our neighbors. Not *a* motor but the *best* motor, not a seat in the parquette but in the boxes, not the home made cheese—the best in the world—but some English, Dutch, or German manufacture. And when it comes to education, Good Lord! preserve us from the nasty common public schools. There is the odor of sweat, and grime and axle grease. Give us the things that costs, at any price. And let our children learn the useless things, for they can afford to waste their time. Give them Latin—No! by all that is holy! Latin is of some practical value—Give them Coptic and Syriac; let them study Logic which they never use, and Philosophy which pretends to wisdom but which makes no bread.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

No! we have not yet completely escaped from savagery. We have not all chosen the quiet simple life, the life of work combined with play, the life of service and of song. Yet it is the life replete with all that unites man to his fellows and his God.

A VOICE FROM THE FIELD'S.

Have you read David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment?" If not get it. There is no book so copyrighted, but we shall take the risk of making a quotation and claim that it is free advertising. Grayson had given up the city rush. He had failed in health, and was down and out. Then it was he went to the farm and for eight years lived the simple unpretentious life—a life which had little leisure, but which was replete with joy. Here what he says. "When I first came to this farm I came empty handed. I was the veritable pattern of the city made failure. I believed that life had nothing in store for me. I was worn out physically mentally and indeed morally. I had diligently planned for Success; and I had reaped defeat. I came here without plans. I plowed and harrowed and planted expecting nothing. In due time I began to reap. And it had been a growing marvel to me, the diverse and unexpected crops that I have produced within the uneven acres of earth. With sweat I planted corn, and I have here a crop not only of corn but of happiness and hope. My tilled fields have miraculously sprung up to friends! For a time in the new life I was happy to drunkenness—working, eating, sleeping. I was an animal again let out to run in green pastures. I was glad of the sunrise and sunset. I was glad of the noon. It delighted me when my muscle ached with work, and when, after supper, I could not keep my eyes open for sheer weariness. I stopped there in my field and looked up. And it seemed as if I had never looked up before. I discovered another world. It had been there before for long and long but I had never seen nor felt it. I had never known that the world had height nor color nor sweet sounds or that there was *feeling* in a hillside.

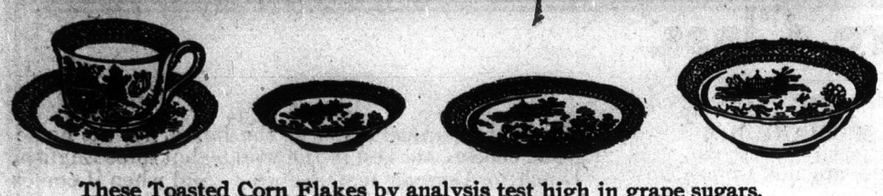
THE CALL TO WORK

Aye, there is something better than a life of leisure. It is the call to work—and all work is worship. When a lady is busy let her thank God, but when she is *so* busy, let her borrow a few children from the orphan's home and begin to do things. When a man is busy and knows what body-sweat and brain-sweat means, let him too thank God; but if he is only a common sucker living on other men by his cunning and deceit, and parading his ill-gotten gains with a vulgarity that disgusts, let him study the red man of the prairies—the first true representative of "The Leisure Class."

We have written there words so that a great mass of our readers—the farming community—might take courage. They need not enoy the class described. There is a growth in the number of representatives of that class in Western Canada just now because wealth has been made rapidly. It is the next generation that is in danger.

Parents beware of leaving your children too great a legacy. It will be their undoing. Give them rather that possession which cannot be taken away—See that they are fortified in soul so that they can resist all temptation and be strong in power to serve. It is for this they live. You remember the good Knight Sir Gareth who was urged by his mother to keep away from the court and join in the chase, and you remember too his noble reply.

"Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King.
Speak truth, live pure, right wrong, follow the King
Else wherefore born?"



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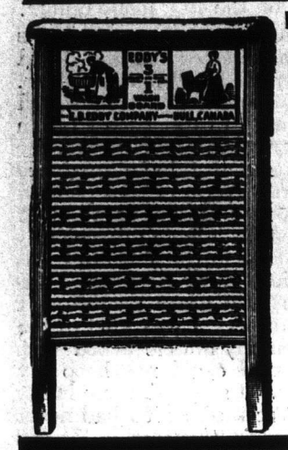

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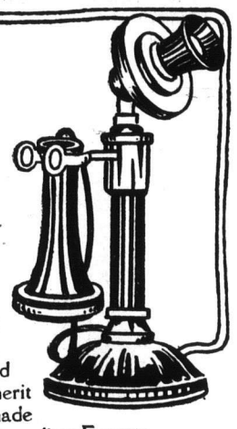

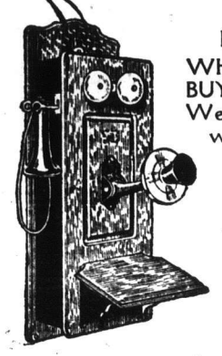

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Sister Madge.

By S. Jean Walker, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

Jack Lennox whistled in a mechanical, pre-occupied way, as he unpacked his trunks, and arranged his various belongings in a room in a new boarding house. He was hot, tired and lonely. With these feelings finally controlling him, he jerked at a stubborn dresser drawer so impatiently that it fell out on the floor. His whistling changed to a prolonged note of surprise, then suddenly ceased. After a few minutes of peculiar stillness he replaced the drawer, and began humming a few bars of a cheerful melody while he arranged some photos on a little table that stood in a prominent corner of the room. He placed and replaced them, and seemed to be in a most critical mood. One claimed more of his attention than the others. He stopped humming and smiled back at the pretty, laughing, pictured face, saying wistfully, "Well, Madge, I'd love to see you." There was a peculiar inflection in his voice that might suggest varying degrees of intimacy. Its intonation was certainly puzzling, when considered with his manner of looking at the picture. He appeared lost in pleasant reverie until certain familiar sounds coming up from below warned him that it was time to make preparation for dinner.

"Things look more cheerful," he soliloquised, "with Madge laughing at me."

At dinner he met several old university acquaintances who, like himself, had decided to try a new boarding house, hoping to make an improvement on last year's abode. When the meal was over, Jack invited two of his most intimate associates, Tom Lester and Archie McLean, to his room to have a talk.

"Hello, Jack, what beauty is this you have perched in a position of honor?" Tom questioned merrily, when his eyes fell on the photo on the corner table.

Archie supplemented the exclamation by saying quizzically, "One of your summer acquaintances, or is she going to be your spring, summer, autumn, and winter partner? Enlighten us, Jack, we are consumed by curiosity and ready for all kinds of confidences."

"Oh, that's my sister, Madge," Jack returned in a matter-of-fact, nonchalant way.

"Sister!" ejaculated Tom, wonderingly. "I was always under the impression that you were an only child."

"Half sister," he explained laconically. Then asked some question about their prospective studies, obviously showing that he did not care to satisfy their inquisitiveness.

Later, when Tom and Archie went down the hall together to their respective rooms, the former remarked, "There seems to be a kink somewhere in Jack's family history. Never heard of this half-sister before. None of my concern, though," he added as an afterthought, "He's a good fellow, anyhow."

"Yes, Jack's alright," Archie agreed. "And that half-sister is a mighty fine-looking kink; but there was something in his manner—can't just explain what—that warned me off the subject. But if he does not court observation why does he place her photo in such a conspicuous place?"

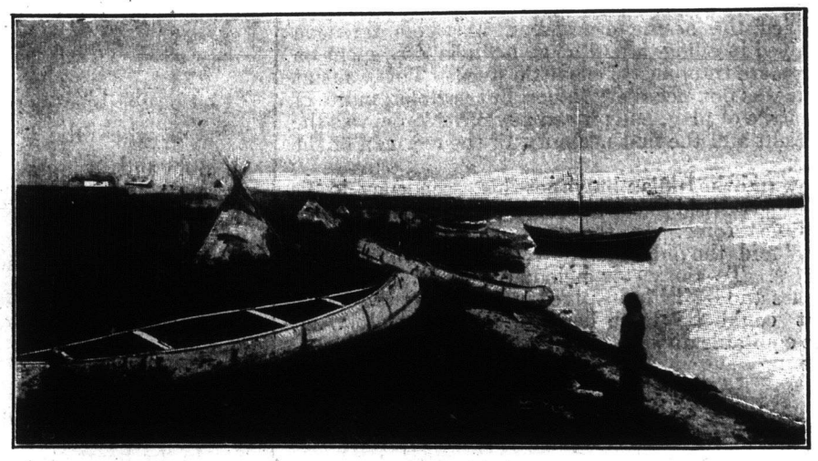
"Don't know, Tom answered. "Perhaps she was a summer girl who did not care enough to marry him, but would be a sister. You know the kind. This graceful, friendly way of covering a matriomonial retreat with colors flying under cover of sisterly regard. He may, however, have had more than a brotherly feeling for her and so keeps the photo."

"Maybe," drawled Archie, sleepily. "But your explanation does not fit, Jack, neither does the half-sister story for that matter. Jack's not the one to moon over the photo of such a girl, or else he's changed mightly during vacation."

"You can never tell what a man will do when a woman gets him in tow,' Tom philosophized. "I expect to play the fool myself some day. I have an uncanny premonition of it now."

"Not very complimentary to the future Mrs. Lester," laughed Archie as he turned to his room.

A few days later there was a new boarder. He was given a place at the table almost opposite Jack. Something in the new comer's face puzzled Jack, and gave him an indefinable feeling of a former acquaintance. When introduced he knew that they had never met before. Yet he could not rid himself of some intangible association in connection with him. He was somehow pleasantly attracted to him, and invited him to his room with Tom and Archie. When he entered the room he gave a startled look at the photo that was still the most attracive and alluring thing on the corner table. Tom saw the angry light in his eyes and, while wondering greatly why it should be there, managed to whisper in a warning voice, "That's Jack's sister; he doesn't like remarks, so keep 'mum.'"



Indian birch bark tents and canoes and Inland boat, of Oxford House.

He certainly kept "mum." Became almost taciturn, and very soon, excusing himself, left the room.

"Well, Howard is rather a queer chap," observed Tom. "Seemed suddenly to be stricken dumb."

"We did not thoughtlessly say or do anything to wound his feelings," Jack wondered anxiously.

"Not a thing," rejoined Archie. "Yet he seemed to crawl into his shell and stay there. Didn't even pop his head out once. Perhaps he had a spasm of indigestion. It attacks people quickly and causes them to act strangely, I'm told."

"I'm sorry if he's offended," said Jack, soberly, "for he seems a fine fellow, much above the average in both brains and appearance."

"Oh, well, don't worry," advised Tom, "wait and see what he will be like to-morrow."

But each to-morrow was the same for about three weeks. His manner towards Jack was decidedly unapproachable. He accepted none of his advances and spoke to him only when it was unavoidable.

"What is the matter with Howard, anyway?" Jack muttered to himself one

evening in his room. The affair was worrying him greatly, and he could form no reason for its cause. "I did nothing to him; hang it all I wish I knew what is the matter with him."

He looked up and the laughing face of the photo caused an answering smile to some to his own. "Well, sister Madge, what would you do in a case like this?" Jack often talked to the photo. "Laugh at him and torment him half to death; that's what you would do. No one could frown long in your presence you mischievous saucy sprite. I——"

A knock at his door interrupted his soliloquy. He was surprised on opening it to find Keith Howard smilingly awaiting admittance. Jack invited him in, wondering greatly why he had come and what had wrought the change.

" I though I heard you talking,' Howard observed, as he entered the room and sat down in the chair Jack had drawn forward for him.

"Yes, I was talking to my sister."

"Your sister!" looking round the room evidently wondering where she had hidden herself.

Jack laughed at his look of bewilderment, and explained, "To my sister's photo, I should have said," looking towards it. "We hold many one-sided conversations. It helps me, too; when I feel gloomy she always laughs at me."

"Is she your only sister?"

"Yes," Jack, answered in a tone that plainly evinced that he did not wish to continue this subject.

Apparently oblivious of the note in Jack's voice, Howard questioned again, "Is she married?"

"No."

happen if she were here," Keith rejoined with a laugh.

"Sister Madge isn't a scold; she's just splendid at undertsanding a fellow. The very best kind of sister a brother could have," Jack championed hotly.

"The right kind of sister is a fine thing to have," Keith answered thoughtfully.

"She will round off one's crudities, break one in, so to speak, for the matrimonial harness. My eldest sister is married; I——"

"I'd feel like shooting a fellow that would take my sister Madge from me," Jack interrupted, savagely, while his eyes glowed with a tender light as they rested upon the photo.

"It's inevitable, though; judging from her looks," Keith replied in a matter-of-fact way. "Most fellows like to see their sisters married to good men, but you seem to be a very exceptional exception."

"And I mean to remain so," Jack answered, rather shortly.

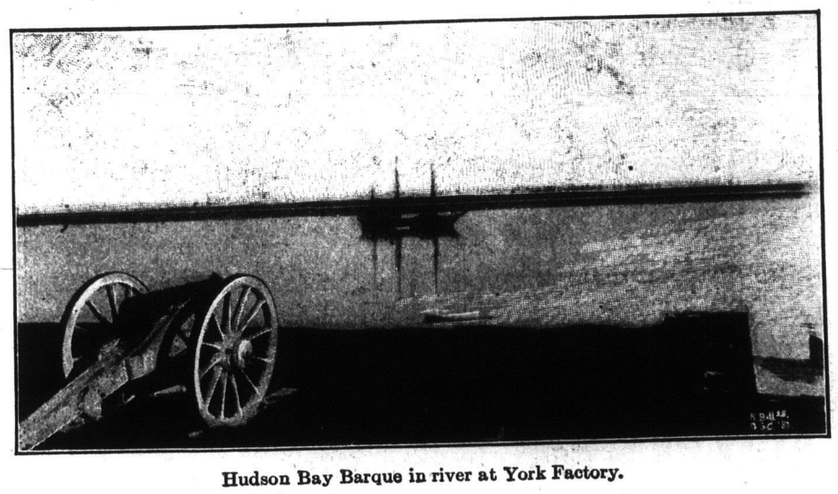
"But suppose you met some girl that you like better than your sister, what then?" Keith questioned.

"But I have no intention of doing so; Madge is first yet," Jack answered, with a finality in his voice that allowed no room for further supposing.

"Well your case is rare. Now, I am very fond of my sisters, especially the younger one; but I certainly hope to meet a girl that I will love in a dearer way than I do even her."

"I hope you may," was all Jack said in answer. And neither that evening nor on any subsequent evening could Keith lead him to speak again about his sister.

Tom and Archie sometimes talked



Hudson Bay Barque in river at York Factory.

"Is she tall like you, or small?"

"Rather tall and slight."

"Are her eyes like yours?"

"No; hers are dark brown."

"Have you any brothers?"

"No."

"I have three brothers and two sisters; so I am richer than you in family relations anyway," Howard laughed. Then continued his questions.

"Where is your home?"

"About one hundred miles from here; my parents are in Europe at present."

"Is your sister with them?"

"My sister?" Jack repeated with a start. Then, bringing himself together, he replied carlessly, "Oh, Madge; yes, of course."

"Having a sort of superficial finish to her education, I suppose," Keith Howard remarked drily, watching Jack closely.

"Superficial!" Jack echoed, indignantly. "There is nothing superficial about Madge; she goes right to the heart of things."

"Her trip will be very beneficial to her then. Is she a very good observer?"

"Excellent," Jack returned, emphatically. "Can you imagine any one with eyes like those missing anything?"

"Well, no, hardly," Keith admitted. Then added, "You seem to be very proud of her."

"You're right, I am. I would not part with that picture for a fortune."

"The picture!" queried Keith. "I'm talking about your sister."

"Oh, well, it's all the same. Her picture is an inspiration when I cannot see her. I tell her all my woes and troubles; she listens and never talks back."

"That's probably more than would

to themselves about her; but never even a hint of their talk reached Jack. The photo still remained in its first position. In fact, Tom declared that he would feel quite lonely were it removed, for it seemed as if he were meeting an old friend every time he went into Jack's room. He still peristed in his first surmise that sister Madge was some girl that Jack had fallen deeply in love with, and to prove the correctness of his surmise, said that Jack would not so much as look the second time at any other girl, whereas he used to be quite an admirer of female beauty.

Archie declared that he still was judging from the photo, advised Tom to give up surmising about it, adding philosophically, that his own love affairs were all that he could manage, and that all girls were puzzles, more or less.

As Chrsitmas drew near, Jack became rather more lonely. He still whistled, but in a dreary, comfortless way. He often talked to Madge, confiding all his lonely feelings to her.

"He misses sister Madge," Keith Howard observed to himself, after spending the evening with Jack, and finding him very dull and quiet. "I believe I'll do it, and sift this thing to the bottom; yes, I will let the consequences be what they may."

A few evenings after this decision he sauntered into Jack's room. It had grown habitual for him now to do so. After a short time of desultory conversation, he asked quite abruptly, "Have you made any engagements for Christmas, Lennox?"

"No," Jack answered, unconsciously betraying his loneliness in his voice.

"Then I'm glad, Keith returned geni-

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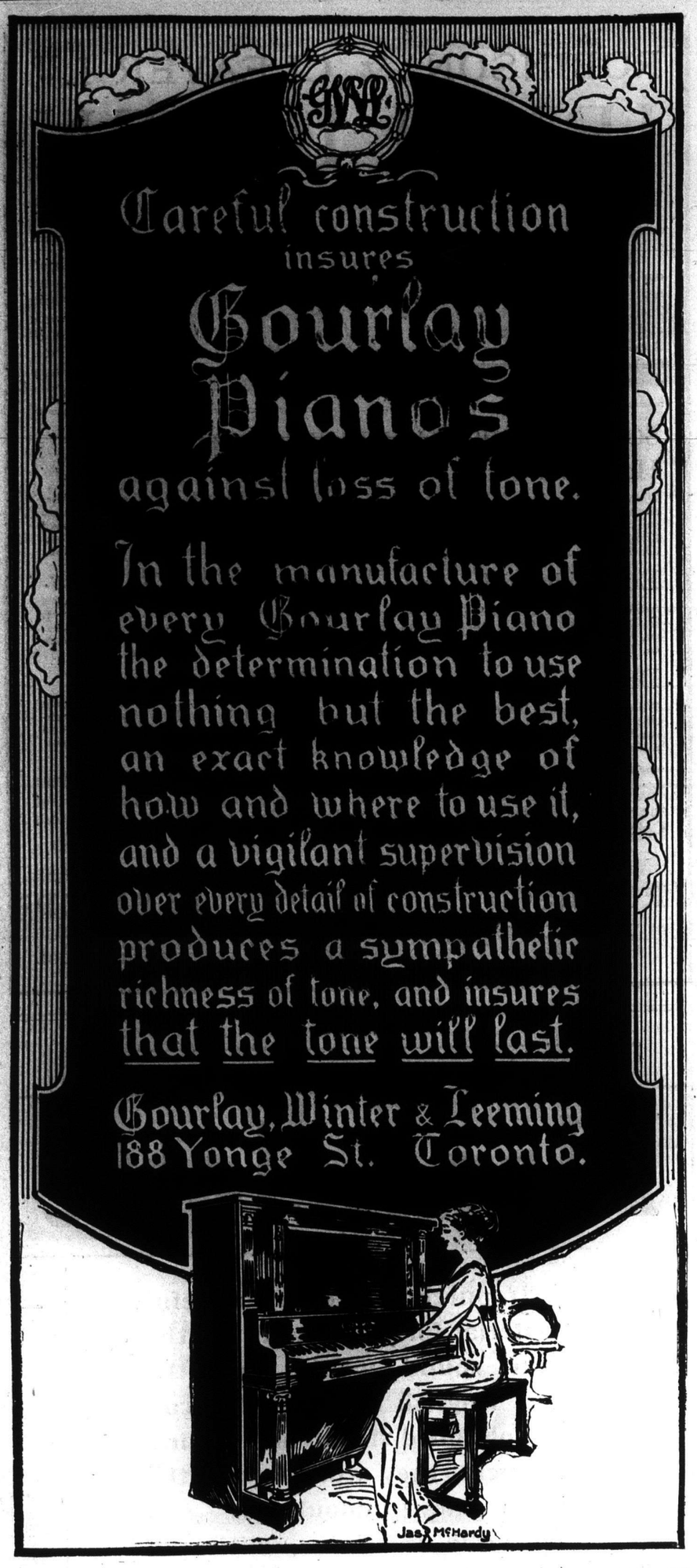

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ally. "I have a letter from mother today, telling me to invite you home for Christmas; I wrote her about you, and she——"

"It's a godsend, Keith," Jack interrupted joyously. "I have been dreading facing a Christmas alone. I have been as nearly homesick as a fellow cares to be. Tell your mother that I am delighted to accept her invitation. At Christmas one misses one's folks, you know. I never appreciated father and mother as I do now when the ocean separates us."

"And your sister; surely you miss her?" Keith questioned.

"My sister; oh, yes, Madge," Jack stammered, quite confused.

"Of course I'd give a great deal to see her."

The day before Christmas they arrived at Keith's home.

Jack was delighted with Keith's mother. She was such a loving, comfortable, sunshiny woman, that no one could feel lonely in her presence. The rest of the family were out shopping, she informed her son, then she bade him take his friend to his room.

When they had removed all traces of their journey, Keith conducted Jack downstairs to the den, saying, "They'll all be home by dinner time, any way, so we can amuse ourselves till then. Hello, there's someone, now we are not going to be long alone. Then they heard a merry voice asking, "Where's Keith, mother?"

"My youngest sister," he explained as they heard her coming towards them. Keith went forward to meet her, and Jack watched him enviously as he bent his tall form to kiss her. He rose to wait an introduction. As Keith stepped back and Jack caught sight of her face, his own flushed with confusion and his self-possession was temporarily lost in embarrassment, while he murmured something incoherently indistinct.

She smiled piquantly up at him, and gave him a pleasant greeting, for he was her brother's friend. But she could not understand the burning glow in his eyes as they met hers, nor the close carressing, lingering hand-clasp. She remained only a few minutes, then excused herself to make ready for dinner. His eyes followed her as she left the room. He was unconscious of the hunger of possession and longing that deepened in them till he felt Keith's scrutinizing look fixed on him. Then pulling himself up he said with a tense voice, "You must think me a cad."

"No; not that," Keith smiled. "But I wish you would solve the riddle how is it that your sister and mine look so much alike? I see that you have never met."

Jack laughed mirthlessly as he explained, "The photo was stuck behind one of my dresser drawers; I jerked the drawer out and the photo came with it."

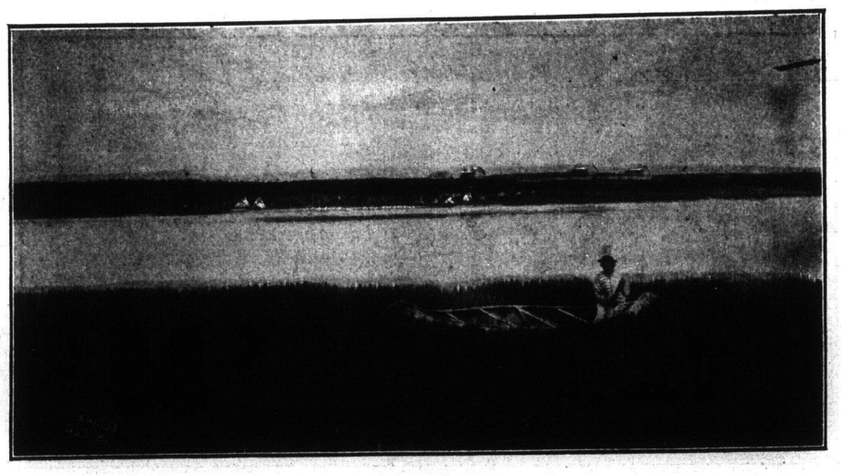
"Don't look so lugubrious, Jack," said Keith, laughing. "I see it all now. My brother Harry boarded in the same house last year, and must have had your room. That's how the photo got there."

"I always wanted a sister," Jack continued in a mechanical way, unheeding the explanation, "And so I appropriated your's it seems. On the back of the photo was written, "With love from sister Madge." So I just made believe that it was meant for me. I had to lie considerably about it, but the joy I had was worth it. And to think of your listening to me, and seeing her photo there all the time—how in the world could you keep silent?"

"Well, I did feel angry and indignant that first night I went to your room and saw her photo there. Tom told me in an undertone that she was your sister, that you did not like remarks, and to keep 'mum.' He saw my look, I suppose. I felt like catching you by the throat and demanding an explanation there and then. Then I thought that possibly you had met Madge, and for her sake concluded that discretion and patience was my wisest plan. At length when I got over my feeling about it, I sought your society, determined to solve the matter. You know with what results."

"Then you invited me here simply to bring your investigations to a climax," Jack broke in hoarsely.

"No, Jack," explained Keith earnestly. "I grew to like you immensely, old fellow, even though I could not understand things. The more I grew to like you, the more indignant I became with Madge. I felt sure you must have met and become quite intimate. I often mentioned your name in my letters to her and wondered why she was so secretive over the affair, for she is a most ingenious girl. Then I conjectured that you and she had quarreled, and that's why you called her your sister and why she was silent. I wondered why you did not confide in me. My wonder reached a climax when you accepted my invitation with such alacrity. In short, I have been in a series of wonders ever since I saw her photo in your room, so I determined to invite you here, and, if possible, settle the matter. If Madge were to blame, I intended standing by you and giving her some sound brotherly advice and admonition."



View of Oxford House.

The anger in Jack's face was replaced by the reflection of a merry light that twinkled in his eyes. Then, catching an answering gleam of merriment in Keith's, they burst into a roar of laughter that reached Madge upstairs where she was hiding some Christmas gifts. "I like his laugh," she remarked to herself, while she smiled in sympathy. "I like his looks, too, and I believe I am going to like him some, too. Keith wrote so much about him that I seem to know him. I wonder why he looked at me so?"

When their laughter had subsided, Jack asked pleadingly, "You'll keep my secret, Keith, and give me a chance, for I cannot give Madge up without doing all in my power to win her; there is no one else, is there," he added, in a jealous afterthought.

Keith noted the omission of the word "sister." He laughed suggestively, as he answered "She is worth winning; there's nothing superficial about Madge. I'd pity the other fellow, if there were one, for I remember your savage threat of shooting anyone that would try to take 'sister' Madge' from you."

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"Apple-Blossoms."

By F. J. Banman, Lowe Farm, Man.

There was a block on Twenty-third street and the car filled with office-workers and early-morning shoppers had stood motionless on the track twenty minutes waiting the signal to go ahead.

The passengers, nervously impatient of the long delay, fidgeted uneasily in their seats and craned their necks in futile attempts to see if the way was clear.

Reyburn, though seemingly indifferent to the rapid flight of time, was inwardly fuming with impatience. He was due at an important meeting at his office at nine o'clock sharp, and it was now ten minutes after. An immense deal was to be considered, which, if carried through successfully, would add several thousands to his already large fortune.

To some men, the old-fashioned and conservative kind, the enterprise might seem a trifle "shady"; but to Reyburn and his friends, all young and enthusiastic like himself, it seemed a splendid thing, with just risk enough about it to add zest to its successful accomplishment.

Suddenly the bell rang—the way was clear at last, and a wave of relief swept over the weary occupants of the car; but it ended in a nervous twitch—the car did not start. The motorman leaned, with exasperating carelessness, against the brake-handle waiting for a passenger, a girl who came running across the street and sprang up the steps, assisted by the friendly hand of the motorman. A man in the corner pushed back the doors and she entered, flushed and breathless, from her run, and bringing with her a breath of fresh country air laden with the perfume of blossoming trees. Just a little country girl she was, with eyes as blue as the April skies above, and soft, sunny hair shaded, but not concealed, by the drooping white hat. Across one arm she carried a great spray of lovely pink and white apple-blossoms, whose fragrance, faint and delicious, fell upon the tired, irritated nerves of the passengers like a sweet and soothing incense.

For a moment she stood looking hesitatingly down the lines of closely-filled seats; not a place was vacant. But it was only for moment: A fierce, elderly man and a dapper young man on the opposite side sprang to their feet simultaneously, With shy smile and a quaint, little school-girl bow, she accepted the seat of the older man, while the younger one returned to his place, where he sat and stared at the girl with open admiration that Reyburn longed to kick him. But she seemed utterly oblivious of the existence of the dapper young man. Setting herself comfortable in her seat, with the branch of apple-blossoms resting across her knees, she began an interesting survey of the advertisements decorating the side of the car, while the other passengers looked admiringly and a little enviously at the picture of sweet, innocent girlhood.

As for Reyburn, cool-headed business man though he was, he felt irresistibly attracted by the girl from the moment she entered the car, and he gazed with almost reverent admiration of the lovely flower-like face. The fresh, sweet scent of the apple-blossoms brought back to him memories of the old country home where his boyhood had been passed, and as he recalled the old scenes to his mind there rose within him a bitter distaste for his present life, for the ceaseless grind and fret of money-making. The thought of what his mother would have said could she have known that the boy, of whom she had always been proud, was fast developing into a grasping money-lover, made him wince and brought the tears to his eyes. A sudden home sick longing for his old home and a sight of his mother's face came over him, and he would have given all his wealth, just to be at home again and to hear his mother's voice once more.

With an effort he roused himself from his dream and became aware that a pair of wonderful blue eyes were regarding him with pitying earnestness. As his eyes met hers she smiled, the frank, innocent smile of a child with the tender sympathy of a woman.

And to him that smile was an angel's blessing, and he vowed to himself that henceforth he would be a better man and would have nothing more to do with questionable enterprises, but would stick to the old methods, as his father before him had.

Just then the girl rang the bell and arose to leave the car. As she moved down the aisle, Reyburn looked at her almost imploringly, hoping for one last look from those tender blue eyes. But she did not glance toward him and his heart sank at the thought that he might never see her again.

Yes, it had come to that John Reyburn, who had been given up by mothers with marriageable daughters as a hardenede bachelor had fallen hopelessly in love with a little country lassie of whose existence he did not dream half an hour before.

She was close to him now, and as she passed he felt something touch his hand like a caress, and then she was gone.

Looking down he saw a tiny cluster of apple-blossoms lying on his knee where she had dropped it—was it an accident or intention? His heart thrilled with delight at the latter thought. Glancing hastily around to see that no one was looking he pressed the fragrant blossoms to his lips, and pocket.
then placed them carefully in his breast-

The three men who had waited long and impatiently for Reyburn's arrival at his office were astonished and disgusted at his positive refusal to enter into their plans. What could have come over him? they indignantly inquired. He had been the keenest one

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of all of them to put the deal through, and now to fail them like this.

They had always thought that back of all his brilliant business abilty there was a streak of old fashioned sentiment ality and over-scrupulousness, but they were sorry that it should crop out like this particular time. Well, fortunately there were other men with no such conscientious scruples, who would jump at the chance of being let in on such a good thing.

But John Reyburn did not care for their reproaches. He went to his work that morning with a lighter heart and cleaner conscience than he had known for years.

The red-headed office boy looked somewhat surprised when his employer told him to bring a glass of water to his desk, and he was still more surprised when that usually matter-of-fact gentleman took a faded cluster of apple-blossoms from his pocket and placed it tenderly and carefully in the water.

"Gee! The old man's got it bad for certain!" exclaimed the boy, with a knowing wink at the stenographer.

Miss Phelps tossed her head in disdain. She didn't think much of anybody who would make such a fuss over a tiny little bunch of apple-blooms, and withered at that. She had presented Mr. Reyburn with a gorgeous American beauty just the other morning and later in the day, she found it reposing in the waste basket. Well, to be sure, there was no accounting for tastes!"

For a month Reyburn haunted the Twenty-third Street cars in the hope of once again seeing his little girl, as he fondly called her to himself, but he was doomed to disappointment. And then just as he had given up in despair of ever seeing her again, the unexpected happened.

One evening he went to call upon an elderly lady, a friend of his mother's, and with whom he had always been a favorite. While he was waiting for his hostess to appear, his glance wandered idly around the room, and finally rested upon a photograph in a handsome silver frame on the mantel. With an exclamation of surprise and joy, he hastily crossed the room for a closer look. No, he was not mistaken; it was his apple-blossom girl standing just as she had stood in the car that April morning, with the branch of apple-blossoms across one arm and the lovely face lit by a half-tender, half-amusing smile.

Was there ever such an adorable child? So absorbed was he in the contemplation of the picture that he was not aware of Mrs. Caswell's presence until her voice at his elbow aroused him.

So you are admiring my little granddaughter's picture are you? "she asked with a smile. I find most people do."

"Your granddaughter!" exclaimed Reyburn in amazement. "I had no idea your granddaughter was a young lady. I thought she was a child."

"Ah, that is because I have always spoken of her as my little granddaughter, and, indeed, it as been such a short time since she was a little girl that I can scarcely realize she is 18. I am very proud of that picture, she continued after a pause, for I was the cause of its being taken. She came to see me one day last April and brought me that beautiful branch of apple-blossoms from her favorite tree at home. She looked so sweet in her white dress and hat with the blossoms in her arms, that I persuaded her to go with me to a studio and and have some photographs taken. Is it not a charming pose.?"

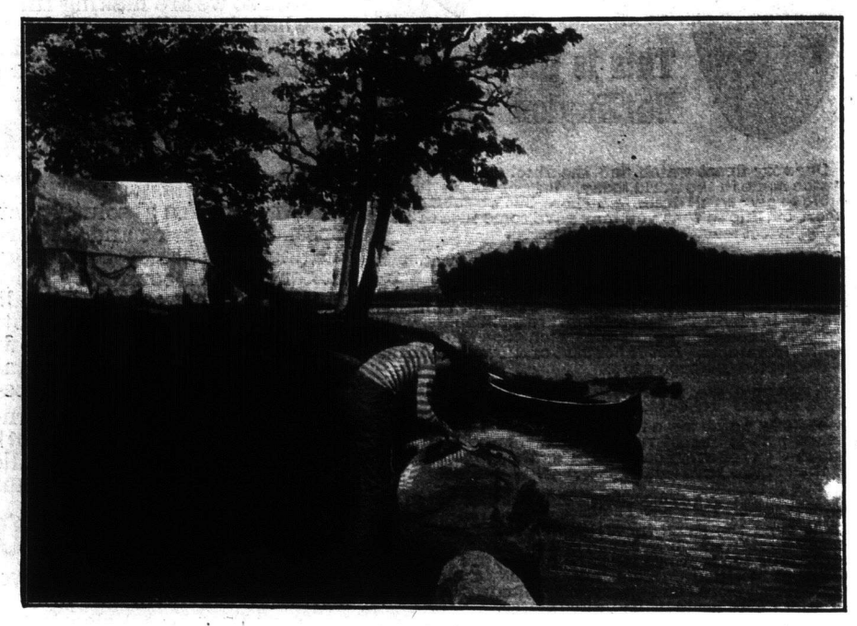
"It is, indeed," replied Reyburn; "she was standing just in that position when I first saw her."

"You saw her!" ejaculated Mrs. Caswell. "When did you see her?"

"One morning last April on the cars. It must have been the very day she came to see you. Of course, I did not know who she was and have ridden daily on the Twenty-third street cars in the hope of seeing her again and had about become discouraged when something led me here to-day, and I find to my great joy that my little apple-blossom girl is the granddaughter of my dearest friend."

And then he told her how he had been on the point of entering into a doubtful business venture and had been saved by one glance from those lovely trustful eyes.

When he finished his old friend took both his hands in hers. "My dear boy," she said with tears in her eyes, "I am so glad you were saved from an act you would ever after regretted, and I am proud that it was my little April Day who acted as your good angel."



Camping at Fort Frances.

"April Day?" he asked eagerly "Is that her name?"

"Yes; rather an absurd little name is it not? As you know, my daughter's married name is Dayton, and when her little girl was born she named her for that month. Naturally, her schoolmates took to calling her April Day as a nickname, and we have all fallen into the same habit. The name suits her so well."

"Does she come to see you often?" asked Reyburn with his eyes on the photograph.

"Not very. You see, she is such a thorough little country-girl and devoted to her home that she very seldom comes to see me here, but she insists upon my spending a great deal of my time with her. I am going there next week," she added in a kindly tone, seeing his look of disappointment. "I shall probably stay the remainder of the summer, and they are always glad to have my friends come to see me while with them."

When John Reyburn brought his charming young bride back from their honeymoon his fashionable friends were astonished that instead of occupying his magnificent suburban house he should buy a neglected but picturesque old farm, whose chief attraction was a splendid apple orchard, on the sunny slope of the hill.

"Well, of all the freaks!" they said to each other. "But, then, John Reyburn always was queer, and since he married that old-fashioned little country-girl, I suppose he will be worse than ever."

A Morning Call.

Miss Warren's Visitor and Mrs. Grayson's Revolver.

By Ethel Watts Mumford.

Miss Warren turned her head and listened intently. There was a pause of absolute silence, followed by a creak, a tingle, and the softest of soft footfalls. Miss Warren rose, gathered the floating folds of her azure tea-gown about her, and walked to the door of the narrow corridor leading to the rear of her flat.

She glanced at the silver clock on the mantelshelf—half after one. From a box on the tea-table at her side she extracted a snub-nosed, double-barreled pocket deringer and slipped it inside her sleeve, where it hung in the loose loop of silk, invisible but convenient. All was still. Turning through the door on the left, she found herself in the pantry—the rear room being the dining room opening upon the fire-escape. With a snap she turned on the electric light.

Before her, blinking at the light, stood a slim young woman in a black walking-suit, a handbag slung at her side by a shoulder strap.

The girl's face was deadly white, her dark hair disarranged, her eyes, intelligent and black, were turned in a hard, bright stare upon the woman before her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"That depends," answered Miss Warren, "on what you intend to do."

"I intend to get out of here, and without any row, too," the intruder announced, thrusting her ungloved hands deep into her pockets of her jacket.

"What's your hurry?" inquired Miss Warren.

"I'm running away," confessed the other. "Put out that light, will you?"

Miss Warren considered. "Well, if you're running away, nobody will think you would take refuge where any one is awake. Did you break the windows? —No? Then lock it from where you stand, on the inside. You've already done it? Weren't you afraid to cut off your exit?"

The girl shook her head. "I was more afraid of their spotting where I went in. I took my chance on getting out through the apartment. Please put out that light!"

"Better leave it," insisted Miss Warren. "However, come on through." She stepped aside as she spoke, and smiled invitingly. "After you my dear Alphonse."

The girl had been taking stock of her involuntary hostess — noting the mass of golden hair, the sweet, dimpled face with its childish blue eyes and humorous, inquisitive mouth; no detail of the frilled, embroidered, flower-trimmed robe de chambre and the velvet tips of tiny high-heeled "mules" escaper her. A look of relief crossed her pallid face.

"All right, Gaston," she said, and walked through to the pantry, into the corridor and thence to the sitting-room, where the lamp cast a warm, shaded glow over a miscellaneous collection of objects of art and feminine luxuries. There she paused. "Which way do I get out?" she inquired calmly.

"That's the door over there," Miss Warren nodded in its direction. "But if I were you, and I might be followed, I wouldn't rush right out like that. Why don't you wait here and see what happens? If any one comes, you're a friend of mine stopping with me—I gave you the keys and you let yourself in, so the janitor did'nt see you—understand?"

The girl gazed at her in amazement. "Mean that?" she said suspiciously.

Miss Warren nodded. "Oh, yes, I mean it! No girl runs away from home unless she has good reason—certainly, when she takes to the fire-escapes at this time of night."

"He struck me," explained the girl sullenly. She lifted her cuff, revealing a bruise. "My husband!" she added fiercely.

"You'll forgive him," said Miss Warren cheerfully.

"Do you think so?" The tone was so icily that Miss Warren looked into the glittering black eyes before her a moment before she dropped her own.

"Of course, I don't know," she answered lamely. The other sneered.

"Of course you don't How should you? You couldn't be a married woman and look as you do—you're a baby in experience. Look at me! You could blunt a gimlet on my face. That's what matrimony does for a woman!"

"Poor thing! Was he so very brutal?"

"Beast!"

"You didn't—do anything—hurt him—or—when you left?"

Miss Warren's eyes were wide with a new suspicion and terror.

The girl laughed harshly. "Kill him, you mean? No—I didn't—I thought of it, though—now I wish I had!"

Miss Warren sighed with relief. "Oh,

OUR CORONATION PREMIUM.

We wish to thank our friends for their quick response to the King George Premium offer announced in our August issue. Just as soon as the number left our presses, our readers got interested in what is, undoubtedly, the most generous premium offer we have yet made. While our subscribers are made up of many nationalities it is evident that they are one in their respect and regard for British Institutions. From every corner of the West new subscribers are being added, both old and new are thus fulfilling the easy conditions on which a beautiful portrait of His Majesty King George can be secured. The King appears in full Coronation robes. The picture is 10 in. x 13 in., printed on fine art paper in six colours, giving splendid effect to the gorgeous robes, and a life-like expression tc the whole picture. It is arranged for framing, and will add beauty and dignity to any room. In the years to come it will be highly valued as commemorative of what is believed will prove the most splendid event of this century. We may add that we secured our supply at a very heavy cost, but we ourselves take such pride in the picture that we would like to see it in every Western home, and are offering it free to our readers—the only condition being that one new subscription for one or two years be sent with the application.

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no! You couldn't. But what will you do now—go home to your family?"

"No. I haven't a home to go to—only my aunt in Oklahoma. I may go there after a while. I think I will stay right here in the city for a week or so."

"How will you live?"

"Oh, I've some money, and I took my jewelry! It isn't much," she added apologetically, "but it's mine. It came to me from my own people—things I inherited, and wedding presents. I didn't take a thing he gave me—left everything of his on the bureau. He can't say I robbed him."

"But he wouldn't say that of his own wife!"

"Yes, he would, too."

Miss Waren gasped. "I don't think," she said judicially, "I will ever marry."

"Don't," said the wife grimly. "But you don't have to—I see you're independent, You're an artist, aren't you?"

The golden head nodded assent. "Yes—how did you guess?"

"Oh, from the look of your place, and the sketches hung on the wall, the skylight and all—and then you're artistic, the right variety, not the sloppy sort. You look like the kind that paints minatures at five hundred per minute."

"I think you have second sight," said Miss Warren.

"What was that?" the visitor exclaimed, springing to her feet, alert and tense.

The women held their breath expectantly, and Miss Warren inventoried her guest. She had recognized the disturbing noise as the velvety thump of her Angora cat leaping from his favorite sleeping-place on top of the dresser in the bedroom. A moment later a loud purr corroborated her thought and relieved the situation, as Tomo, tail in air, entered the room, sprang upon his mistress' lap and sniffed affectionately at her nose.

"You gave us a start, O Pig-Cat of my heart!" she said. "What is it?—Hungry? Go find mices for mother. Oh," she exclaimed, "that reminds me; I'm no sort of a hostess. Pour soul, you must be used up—you must have a bite with me! What will you have to drink? I've a little brandy, I think, and there's some claret and ginger ale—and a bottle of milk."

She rose as she spoke. The runaway followed her example, but without enthusiasm.

"No, I thank you," she said. "I'm neither hungry nor thirsty — don't bother, please."

Miss Warren laughed. "I hadn't the slightest intention of doping you," she said quietly; "but don't tell me you don't need it—food, not doping, you know. You're worn out, Mrs.—whatever-your-name is?"

"Grayson," said the girl.

"Mrs. Grayson, then, go into the pantry yourself and take out what you want. You'll find everything in the ice-box. Bring we whatever you choose. I'm hungry—and I'll trust you. If you didn't kill Mr. Grayson, why you certainly won't poison me." She smiled merrily.

"What made you think I thought you'd doctor me?" inquired Mrs. Grayson.

"You didn't write it on a placard, of course," replied the hostess, "but you might just as well have done so. You're too ingenuous, my girl."

"Go help yourself, anyway. I've relieved your fears.'

"Come, too," said the guest, her quick glance sweeping the walls of the room.

"No," said Miss Warren, laughing again; "the telephone isn't here; it's in my room. My word! You're suspicious."

Mrs. Grayson started, the expression of annoyance deepening. "Well, I must be a sieve!" she exclaimed. "For goodness' sake, are you a human Marconi station? I didn't want to hurt your feelings, you know, after you've been so white to me; but it's been so long since I was treated with any consideration that I get leery if any one is half decent to me, and you—well—you haven't any reason to be kind."

"Oh, yes, I have," was the cordial rejoiner; "every reason — the best of reasons! I was bored to extinction when you dropped in—bored, but not a bit sleepy. I have insomnia, you see; didn't want to take a powder—they interfere with my work, I find. Like all "would-be's' I'm proud of my art, and want to do my best. Thanks to you, I've spent a very interesting hour—so come on—I'll go with you, and you can rifle the ice-box."

Mrs. Grayson smiled for the first time. She had a large, flexible, boyish mouth and excellent teeth. The smile was attractive. "Miss—whatever-your-name-is——"

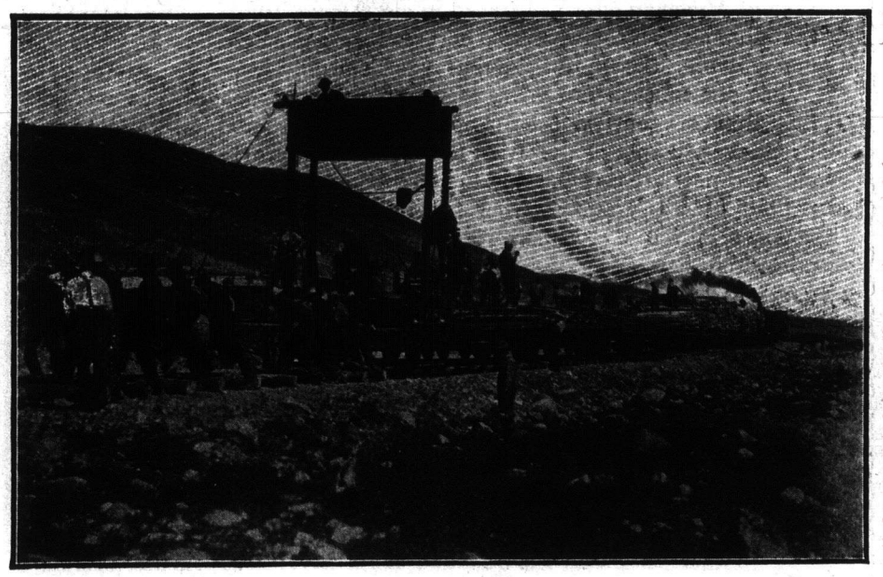
"Miss Ely," said Miss Warren promptly.

"Miss Ely, would you mind putting up that revolver that's lying in the loop of your sleeve? I've a horrid fear of firearms."

Miss Warren blushed crimson. "Really I ——" she hesitated. "I'd forgotten I had it here. However, you have quite disarmed me, Mrs. Grayson. I'll put my revolver here on the mantel-shelf if you'll take yours from your pocket and put it there, too."

It was the guest's turn to start and color. "Well, Miss Marconi, it's X-ray eyes you have. I've never met a girl with all the modern improvements before. Here goes!" She drew an up-to-date magazine revolver from her jacket pocket and laid it beside the snub-nosed derringer. She drew away nervously. "It's his," she almost whispered, "and—it was with that I wanted to kill him—I believe I would have if I hadn't been afraid of the explosion and the mess. All women are like that, I guess. Aren't you?"

Miss Warren shook her head. "I really don't know," she answered. "I never had to use mine, you see, but I feel so safe when I have it. I don't really suppose I could hit the side of a house at two paces; but it is a comforting sensation to hold one in one's hand, isn't it? You see, I felt I could shoot right through the sleeve, if I had to; just slip my hand inside—so—— It would have spoiled my tea-



Railroad building in Saskatchewan.

gown, or set it on fire, perhaps. I suppose. you thought the same thing. Funny, wasn't it? And how fortunate we didn't happen to be two foolish women, and shot each other out of sheer nervousness!"

"Isn't it, though? What a funny situation, anyway! It was a very ticklish minute."

"I felt very thumpy," admitted Miss Warren.

"I do still," confessed Mrs. Grayson. "You'll find the brandy in a little silver flask on my dressing-table; just enough for you. I think you are justified."

The slim, black figure disappeared between the curtains into the bedroom and reappeared with the flask. "Soda?" she said with a business-like directness.

"Ice-box," said Miss Warren. "For you," she continued; "I never touch anything."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Grayson, "except as medicine. Let's make it ginger ale."

They adjourned to the pantry and turned on the light. The larder was well stocked—cheese, crackers, cold chicken, half a cantaloup, the remains of a lobster salad.

"Miniaturing isn't a starvation game, evidently," observed the girl with a grin. "Are you your own cook?"

"No-o, I'm not useful at all—only ornamental."

"You're that, all right," declared Mrs. Grayson with enthusiasm. "Pretty as you are, and a good sort, too, I don't see why you're not a broker's bride."

The hostess accepted the compliment leading nowhere — one of those strange detached events of life that suggests so much, leave such a deep impression, and seem to have no connection with the woof and color of one's rational existence.

The cat stretched, sphinx-like, on the table, contemplated the dissimilar companions with unwinking eyes of liquid wisdom, seeming to comprehend the situation and find it matter for serious thought, even for vague unrest, for the tip of an anxious tail twitched time to the quick flow of talk.

Four o'clock tinkled from the clock in the front room. Already night had given place to blue dawn. The rattle of an occasional vehicle echoed in the street. The girl in black raised her eyebrows.

"Four!" she exclaimed. "How the time has bolted! I'll slip now, I think. Everything is quiet. I don't believe he's missed me yet. I'll go down to the Grand Central as if I was due for an early train—then come out as if I'd just arrived by one. I'll have to find some little hotel before there is much going on. I'm sure, Miss Ely, I'm more than grateful to you—I shan't forget any of it, you can bet your paint-box."

Miss Warren nodded. "You don't know how I've enjoyed my evening—or morning, rather. I don't say 'come again,' because it never would be the same, would it? You wouldn't be you if you arrived at the front door, rang for the elevator, and gave your card to the maid."

"Not like me at all," laughed Mrs. Grayson. "I'd have more sense than to do that," she added seriously. "We couldn't have had the lark of it; talked as we have, bluffed and held each other up, if things hadn't—well just happened. I wouldn't have you find out what a really ordinary sort of a fool I am No, it's 'Good-by' and 'Heaven bless you' and "good luck' and 'gesundheit,' but not 'au revoirs.'"

"Inartistic things," assented Miss Warren. "But I'm awfully glad I was home when you called."

"I'll get my traps, if you don't mind." Mrs. Grayson rose, drank the last drop in her glass, and turned toward the sitting-room, unsnapped the strap from the black handbag, folded it and slipped it in her pocket. "Don't need that now," she smiled. "It was convenient when negotiating fire-escapes. My revolver please."

Miss Warren hesitated. "It's been amusing. Suppose we swap. I'm not usually so silly, and yours is the best, I know, and if you don't want to——"

"Nonsense, here! Swap? Well, rather! You've been a brick to me, and the best sort of entertainer, too. I'll keep your pop-gun for luck—and—mine will play you square."

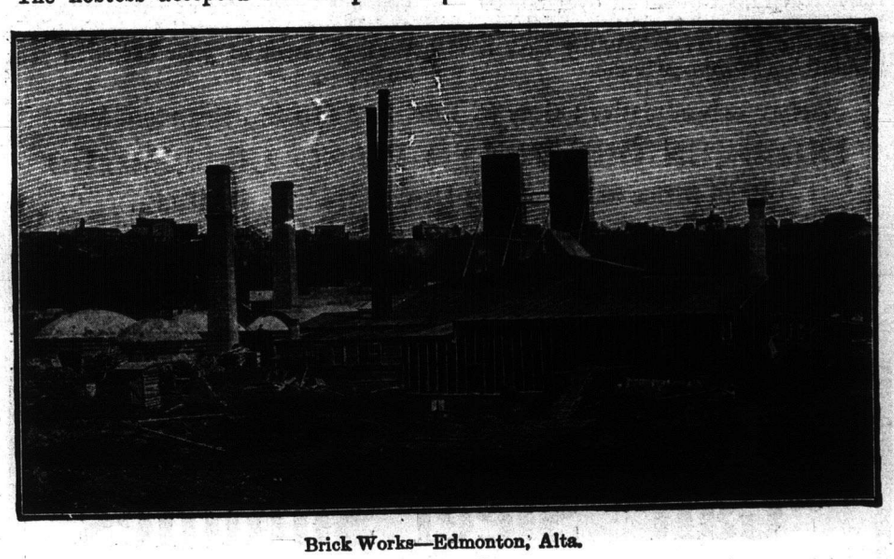
"Good-by," said the hostess, extending her hand.

"Good-by," said the guest, gripping the extended palm.

"If any one meets you in the hall," added Miss Warren, "or says anything, tell them you've been stopping with me, and are off to catch an early train."

The girl smiled irresistibly. "Do you mind telling me the name of the lady I was visiting? That 'Miss Ely' business didn't go down, you know."

"Really—I'd forgotten that. Say



Brick Works—Edmonton, Alta.

and a plate of cold salad simultaneously. "Only a moment ago you were advising me to stick to a single blessedness and leave married cussedness alone."

The girl glanced at her companion and laughed shrewdly. "Well, I meant both," she said engimatically, "and I hope you'll be lucky whatever you do. I like you. Here's your buzz-water, and here's mine. I drink to my hostess—her very excellent health, with the sincere thanks and appreciation of hers truly—Mrs. Grayson of Nowhere."

Miss Warren bowed and smiled. "To my esteemed and self-invited guest—since finding this kind all others will be distasteful — here's her very excellent health, her successful flight from tyranny, and the sincere good wishes of hers cordially—Miss Ely, of Miniature Bohemia."

"You talk like a book," smiled the girl.

Mis Warren attacked the salad. "A good one, I hope."

"Good as Bradstreet and — money talks better than anything else. Can I say more?"

"You might ask me if I wanted some chicken."

It was a very agreeable supper they ate in the pantry. The intruder in the black walking-suit forgot her domestic trouble; the girl in blue chiffon forgot her ennui. They were heartily enjoying the unexpected entr'acte in the crowded play in their lives. Here was wit for wit, laugh for laugh, shrewd comment and rare philosophy. They might never meet again; it was unlikely that either would ever repeat the story of that night. The episode was unique, beginning out of nothing,

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Miss Warren, then—and, by the way, Mrs. Grayson, that story of yours about your cruel husband didn't go down either. I don't want to know what the truth is—I'd rather not—much rather not."

Mrs. Grayson's eyes shifted uneasily, then she laughed. "You're a whited sepulchre," she said — "you and your golden hair and baby eyes and pink cheeks—you ought to be a fox-faced ferret—Miss Warren—am I right this time?"

"I'll prove it," the vision in blue remarked, crossing to her escritoire, and, returning, held out an opened envelope, bearing an address, Miss Eleonore Warren. "Read the inclosure," she said; "it may interest you."

In a few formal phrases a celebrated detective agency requested the co-operative services of the addressee.

The girl in the black whistled, almost dropped her handbag, and was overcome by a mixture of amusement and wonder. "I'll be hanged!" she cried softly. "You're a female detective! I'll be —— Let me get my breath!"

"I don't like to hurry you," Miss Warren broke in, "but if you going to be off before the house wakes you'd better move. I hate to lose you but——"

Mrs. Grayson put down the bag, walked rapidly to the escritoire, scribbled something on a sheet of paper, folded it and thrust it an envelope. "There," she said, "read that when I'm gone. Good-by again — and would it be too much to ask—you've been so good to me—I'm not such a bad lot, really, and I—would you let me kiss you good-by?"

"You're a clever woman," said Miss Warren seriously. "Do, for Heaven's sake, use your cleverness to some good end. You can, you know. Kiss me. There! Good luck, poor girl."

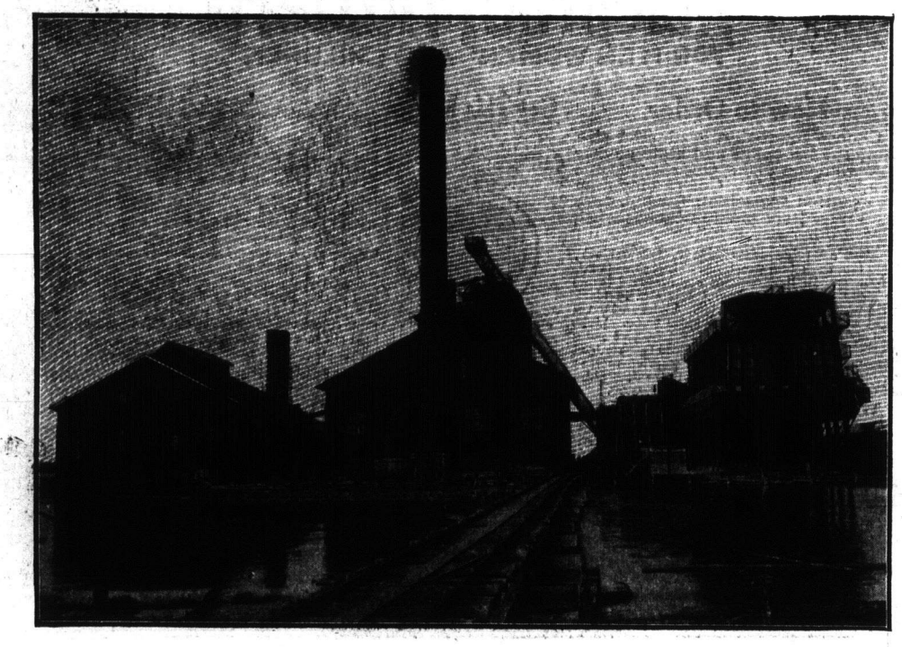
Their lips met. There was an odd look in the dark woman's intelligent eyes as she opened the door and hurried down the faintly-lighted hallway.

Miss Warren sighed as she slipped the bolt. She paused for a moment of introspection, then turned to the writing-desk and tore open the envelope left by her late companion.

You're the whitest woman that ever lived and you'll forgive me who will never forget you.

J. H. Bailey,
Alias "Pipe-Stem Jimmy."

"And I kissed him! I kissed him!" cried Miss Warren, her hands to her flaming cheeks. And I am glad of it!" she added.



Atikokan Iron Works—Port Arthur.

Love's Fallacy.

By "Yallasach." Specially Written for Western Home Monthly.

THE Doctor and his wife had driven over to have tea with them in their little suburban home, and now they were all sitting cozily about the glowing hearth.

The busy Doctor's visits were, of necessity, rare. It was not often the two men, friends since boyhood days, had an opportunity of indulging in a quiet fireside chat, and soon they drifted into one of those sweet, yet sad, conversations of reminiscence, which have for their burden the magic words, "Do you remember?" The women listened, leaning back contented in their chairs.

To Camelia it was an hour of perfect peace, for the Doctor, in the professional part of his visit, had set at rest certain fears that had been troubling her for many days, and now, after a short time of waiting, she could look forward to the joyful ending.

Watching the dancing flames, dreaming dreams, she was oblivious to her surroundings until she felt the Doctor's kindly hand upon her head and heard his voice saying, "I know a little girl who is tired and must go to bed right away." "Oh," she protested, "I am not tired. Must I go so soon." But he was firm, and as the Doctor's wife kissed her good night she begged them to come soon again, for she had known and loved them both from childhood.

The sound of their voices, mellowed by distance, floated up to her, making sleep impossible, and feeling an overwhelming desire to be nearer them, she wrapped herself up in a warm comforter and stole silently down stairs again. In the darkest corner of the library she tucked herself up on the couch, far enough away not to be detected but near enough to enjoy the companionship of the sound of their voices. There she rested happy and content, smiling to herself as she thought of the little trick she had played on them in disobeying orders.

Soon she heard them moving about in the other room and then the three came out into the hall. She heard the Doctor's wife enquiring for her wraps and Horace bounding up the stairs, three steps at time, in quest of them. Then, in the moment that followed, she heard the Doctor's wife anxiously enquire, "How did you find her?" Instinctively Camelia knew the "her" referred to herself, and she listened eagerly for his reply, but happily, too, for had she not that very afternoon had his assurance that all would be well. She knew, too, that Mrs. Moore shared all her husband's professional secrets and that he would tell her exactly how everything was. Therefore, it was with a feeling of uneasiness she heard him reply that he would rather tell his wife later. "But tell me," Mrs.

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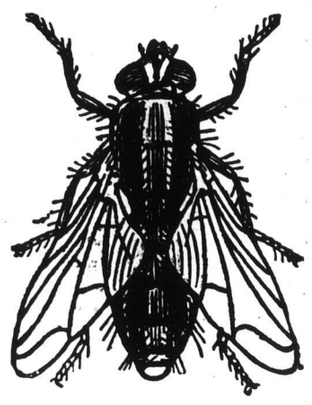

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Moore insisted. "I am very anxious." "Well," he said, in the gruff tone he used when under the stress of great feeling, "She hasn't one chance in a hundred. Her heart is very bad. It will be a case where either mother or child must be sacrificed. But mind," he added, "she must never know. It is my only hope of pulling her through." Terrified and breathless Camelia leaned back in the shadows as the full import of these awful words sank into her brain. He had deceived her then, but only for her own good, but how could she ever die. Stunned, bewildered, she lay there, her mind a chaos, groping blindly for some comforting, sustaining thought. As in a dream she heard the hall door close on their departure. Then, out of the stillness, there floated up to her another sound—her husband replenishing the furnace for the night. Her husband — he must never know she had heard, and instantly she was on her feet speeding up the stairs to her room.

It was the first time she had ever wilfully deceived him, she reflected, as she placed a lighted lamp on the table near her bed and laid a magazine on the coverlet to stimulate reading, but he must not know she was worried over anything. How well she remembered the first time she met him. It was on a visit to her cousin Francis, and this quiet scholarly man had dropped in to spend the evening. He seemed to be on such good terms of friendship with the family and, yes, she did believe that he, at first, seemed to pay particular attention to Francis. Likely that was why her cousin had treated her more coldly as time went on, for she noticed that as Horace's visits increased until it became a usual thing for him to spend all or at least a part of every evening with them, Francis' coldness had seemed to increase proportionately. She remembered how she had determined if she were coming between them, which to her was the only interpretation of her cousin's manner, she would soon eliminate herself, and hastily packing she had gone home. Thither, a few days later, he had followed her. Passing through the hall she had heard the door bell ring, and answering it had found him standing on the threshold. Her blushes and confusion at this sudden, unexpected meeting had told him their own story and ere he left that evening they were betrothed lovers. But even in the midst of her happiness that day, little doubts kept constantly arising as to whether or not she were loyal to her cousin in accepting the man she believed Francis loved. She had tried, incoherently, to express this to her lover, but he had laughingly replied, "What has she to do with us." So she had dismissed the matter from her mind and given herself up to the full enjoyment of her happiness. But now those thoughts came to her again as she remembered that Francis, though in every way an attractive, agreeable girl, had never married, and fully three years had gone by. Perhaps, even yet, she could remedy any unintentional wrong she had done. She would ask Francis to come and stay with her for those last few days and would leave the little baby in her care, then, when all was over, Horace would take an interest in Francis, and everything would be as before she entered their lives.

Her husband's entrance abruptly put an end to those thoughts. "What! not asleep yet?" he asked, then noting the book, "Have you been reading?" "No, I couldn't sleep," she answered, evading his last question. "Horace, I'd like to have Francis here for awhile," she continued, and wondered if he cared as little as his tone implied, as he answered without turning his head, "Well then have her by all means, my dear." A moment later, noting the tears coursing down her cheeks, he bent tenderly over her. "Why, what are you crying for?" he asked, surprised. "Oh, I don't know," she sobbed. "I guess —because I'm happy."

* * * * *

On the morrow Francis came. Gay and cheerful, she showed no sign of the broken heart Camelia thought she must carry with her. Her gaiety was infectious and soon Camelia found herself laughing and talking as of yore, as she watched her cousin unpack.

"What do you intend doing with all that?" she inquired, indicating a roll of fine nainsook and yards upon yards of filmy lace and insertion, which her Cousin had just lifted out of the trunk. "O that," answered Francis, "I am going to make up into lingerie for myself. I assure you I'm quite a seamstress," she added blushing.

Some time later, Horace, coming in to the sitting room, found his wife cozily esconced on the sofa, chatting gaily, while Francis sat near by, busily plying her needle and surrounded with dainty garments in the process of making. "What do you intend to do with all these?" he asked quizzically. "Oh, I intend to wear them all," she answered with a charming blush.

* * * * *

To Francis, sitting in the same room two days later, time seemed an eternity as she listened to the second Doctor's tread ascending the stairs to the room above, where already Dr. Moore and his most skilled nurse had been in attendance for many hours. Camelia, passing through the "Valley of the Shadow," was making a brave fight for life. Again and again as she reached the point where endurance almost failed and she felt she must give up, the strong clasp of her husband's hands and his cheerful smile of courage sustained her. Not much did he resemble the husband who didn't care as he stood there, his ashen face and dripping forehead mute testimony of his agony and fear for her, but always forcing that smile of cheer and encouragement. Almost fainting she hears, as from afar off, her husband's voice of entreaty. "Oh live, my darling, for my sake!" and she rouses herself to smile feebly into the face bending so anxiously over her. The Doctor lays his finger on her wrist and with a triumphant, smile says: "Her pulse is better," and turns to the nurse, who obeying his unspoken command, comes forward and gently administers choloroform and Camelia sinks into a sleep where she feels no pain.

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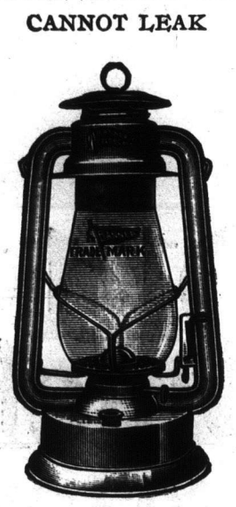

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"I tell you its the finest boy I've seen this winter," said the Dr. indignantly, in answer to the newly made father's proud, but half anxious remark, that it was very red. "And red," he snorted, "Why he isn't red. All babies look like that. He'll lose that in a little while and," he added more gently as he playfully pinched the young mother's pale cheek in farewell, "you'll soon see more red here."

Left alone, Camelia bent over the babe for the hundredth time, in an ectasy of newly found mother love, examining the tiny face cuddled against her. So engrossed was she that it was not until Francis knelt at her side and joined in admiring the babe that she noticed her presence in the room. "Dear little pet," said Francis, hugging him to her, "How I hate to have to leave you." "But why," gasped Camelia, "Why, Francis, I never dreamed of your going so soon. Couldn't you stay with me for the summer anyway," she added, as she realized how lonesome she would be without her. "Oh, I couldn't really, Francis answered earnestly, "besides," she added mischeviously, "it would be too expensive on Horace for there will be lots of bills coming in during the next few months." Then seeing Camelia's puzzled but still despairing look she dropped on her knees beside her. With one arm flung round her she told how she and Arthur Graham had loved each other for the past five years, but only lately had he gotten up courage to tell her. And now they were so happy. It was her trousseau she was sewing on for they were to be married in the early summer. "But, dear," she continued, "I will not tell you another thing just now. How pale you are! I will leave you to rest while I run and pack and—congratulations later!" she cried, as she fled out the door.

Faint with surprise, Camelia sank back in her chair. Oh how glad and thankful she was that she had been wrong and Francis had never cared for Horace in that way, and she herself was safe in his love. Leaning back she closed her eyes, and her husband, coming in a moment later, thought her asleep, but, as he knelt to look at his little son, he felt her hand on his head, and, looking up, saw the tears stealing down her pale cheeks. "Why, my darling," he said, tenderly encircling her with his arms, "I thought you asleep. Why do you weep?" "I guess," she sobbed, "because I'm happy."

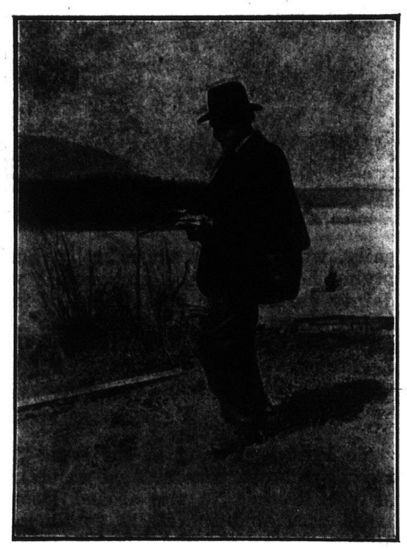
The Water Wizard.

Being an Account of How an Old Settler Locates Springs.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Mayhaps this article will cause a sneering smile. It may create interest! It may make some wonder how I am so credulous. It may also make me decide in my own mind just what I do believe and just what I fail to believe of this strange power in this old man's hands.

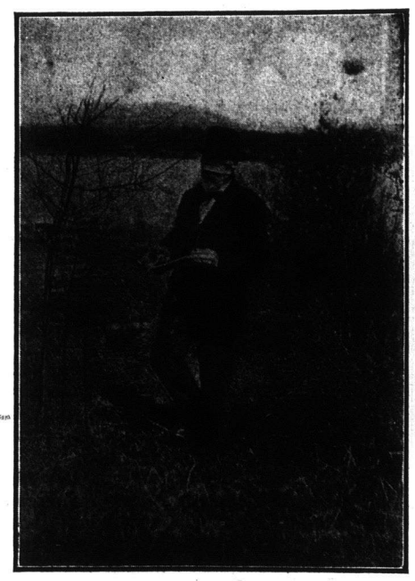
First of all, let me briefly picture to you the country the deviner works in. In the first place his home is perched away up the Esquimault and Nainamo railroad line at seventeen mile post. In



The water wizard at work.

a part of the country that needs water very badly, so high perched up among the hills is it. You must remember that this hugh province of British Columbia is divided into two portions. The mainland—all the lands on the main continent, and Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent. This division is geographical, not departmental; but is often used in common writings to designate the two parts. I have the honor of living on the long, magnificently rugged Island of Vancouver, which lies some eighty miles out in the Pacific, from the City of Vancouver, where the C.P.R. terminates. This mighty island consists of a long backbone range of mountains and their consequent foothills, benches and coast lands. All this high thrown rocky scene is amply clothed with fir and cedar. It is cut up and diversified by numerous rifts and faults that make charming valleys. These are watered by the melting snows of the higher tops and the heavy precipitation of this country. So you see the main supply of water is by seepage.

Now I remember, in that good old Ontario, that we used to buy a property and say: "Build the house there, plant the orchard here, and I think this would be a good place for the well; so sink it right there." Remember there are very extensive plateaus there, under which the water lies, and, when struck, "springs" up in an ever flowing well. Out here it is different. The bed rock



The water wizard blind-folded.

in many places is sandstone, sometimes metamorphisized. Again, you may meet with a strata of "pudding stone," the almost impenetrable conglomerate so common to this island — evidently upthrown beaches firmly cemented by the clay stone. So you may sink many a hole and not strike a "spring."

When I first came out here I, ignorantly, if silently, laughed the water deviner idea down. I could not accept the common belief, even though good men shared it. Then I began to quietly follow up all tales and make notes of the result of the so-called "water witch"—a he witch this time, and no dread of the stake either. Finally, it happened that Mr. Wrigglesworth—a peculiarly appropriate name for the deviner—and I travelled together. The man's belief in his work, or art, or profession, call it what you will, was simply sublime. He ended his journey at a friend's house. Here, after luncheon, he took a slow walk through the orchard, holding in

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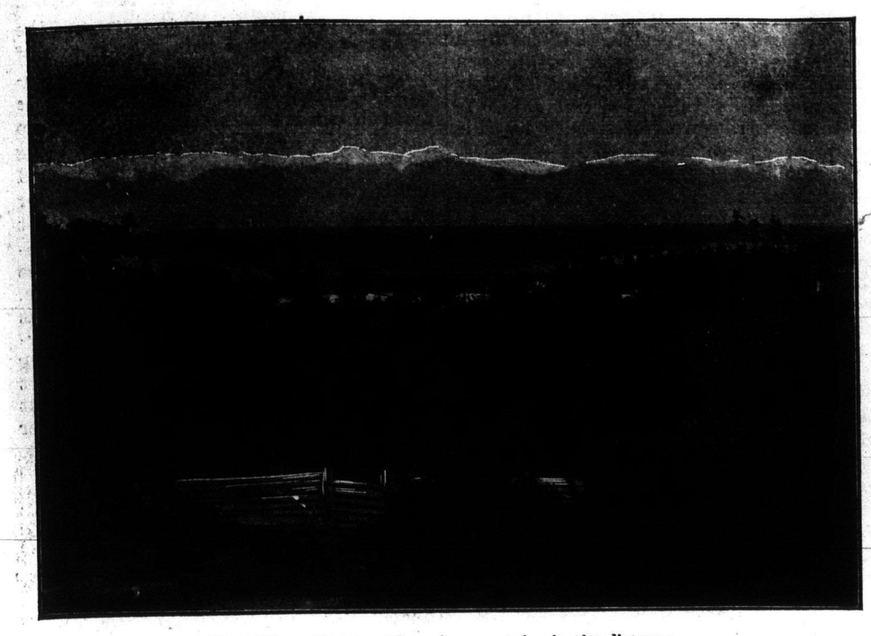


The "Water Gate' —Olympic mountains in the distance.

his hand the fork of a branch of a tree, called, if I would write in the popular yellow journal style, "the witch stick"; just a simple little forked bit off an alder or willow. Not a dozen paces had the old man walked than down turned the forked end of the branch, and he said, "You will get a spring here." Well, I watched my friend and his helper delve and dig; watched them with that unbelievers smile carefully concealed beneath my beard—but it was there all the same. They went down thirty feet, working through hard clay, and, to my discomfiture, they struck water, a good spring, that is flowing yet as I write this.

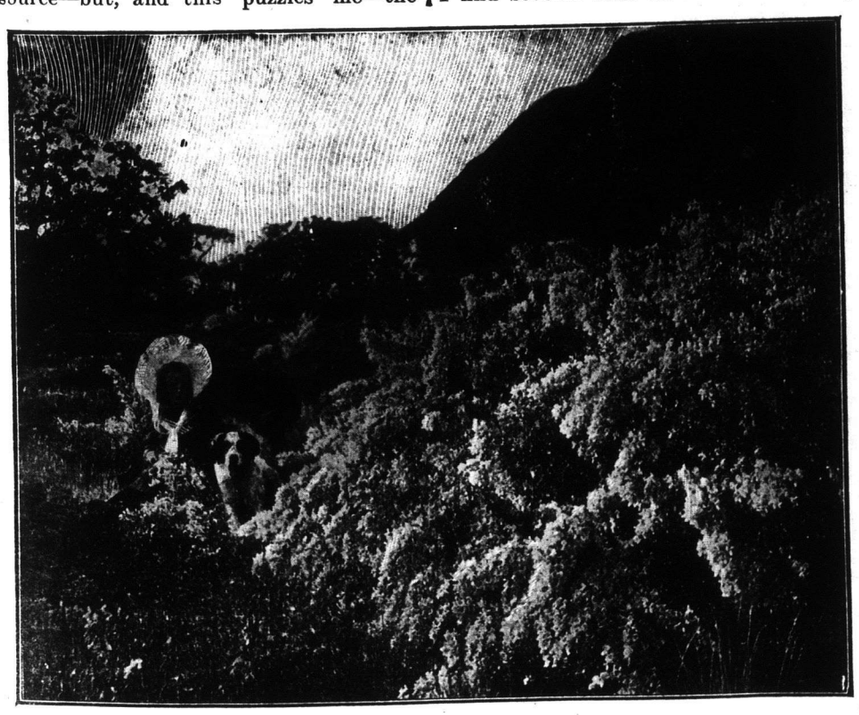
In another case I know of, where a well had been sunk thirty feet, then to ninety feet, and no water struck, this ancient deviner came along holding that ridiculously simple eight inch bit of common tree branch, and said, "dig over here." Over here was only five feet away from the ninety foot hole, yet that is exactly where the spring was—as the well sinker found out.

Mr. Wigglesworth claims to have found one hundred and fifty springs on this end of Vancouver Island without making a single false location. I have closely watched his hands while he held the vulgar little bit of wood. No sooner does he arrive at the spot below which the spring will ultimately be found, than there is some unclassified power that passes from out of the earth up through that simple bit of forked wood and through the man's system, forcing him to allow the trembling bit of wood to point its forked end towards the earth. He says he cannot raise the stick to its upright position until he walks away from the spot. When he has located a spring he can follow it to its source—but, and this puzzles me—the forked stick will not work over an open spring. He has found water from just below the surface to a depth of over one hundred feet. Remember, I do not personally claim that he has never met failure—that is his own pronouncement. At the present moment I am deeply interested in one location that seems to confute his holding an unbroken bound to confute his holding an unbroken record; but that he has wonderful success no one in this locality seems to deny—as many a clanking and bumping can daily bear witness.

He writes me as regards the picture in which he appears blindfolded "I met some doubting Thomases while I was locating a place; I agreed to let them blindfold me and lead me around and to tell them every time I passed over the place where I had located the spring—which I did." That was rather a good test? He can supply you with dozens of others. For some twenty-five years he has possessed this power, and he says "the strange thing is I cannot teach my son how to do it."

I have met other men that could find water by means of a forked stick held in the two hands, but Mr. Wrigglesworth is the first man that has used a bit of common wire. Against my own presumed better judgment I am at least almost a believer, and now am most deeply interested in cause and effect.

Take a man, one fairly educated in common subjects, clothe him as the modern man is clothed, give him a bit of forked wood or wire, and turn him loose in your field and he says, "here is water," and you dig for it and get it. Has that man any wonderful gift that is withheld from the average man? I do not think so. I think the average man has never tried his powers, for now I find several men that are affected by



Seepage from the hills makes luxuriant flower and leaf.

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Not An Extravagance

Because a fairly good open-blade razor can be bought for two dollars, while a GILLETTE costs five, have you concluded that the GILLETTE is an extravagance? **It is not.**

The open-blade costs you $2.00 to buy and at least 25c. a year to keep honed and in condition. Total, $2.25 for the first year.

The GILLETTE, with 12 double-edged blades, costs $5.00, and a second box of blades (should your beard be very tough) adds $1.00. Total, $6.00 for first year. Difference $3.75.

Looks bad for the GILLETTE, eh? But wait!

The three-minute GILLETTE will save you 5 to 10 minutes every time you shave. Put it at 5. That's over three working days a year. Isn't your time worth over $1.25 a day?

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Then there's the comfort of the clean, cool, easy GILLETTE shave—worth in itself several times the difference in price.

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Offices and Factory: 63 St. Alexander St. Montreal.

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248

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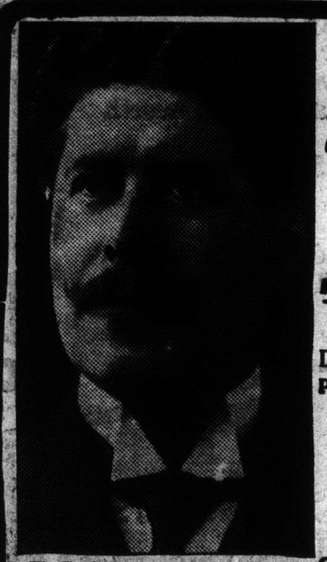
50 Popular Songs with words and music, 27 Stamps of Adventure, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 25 Pictures of the Presidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Joke Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Base Ball Book, given rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 Verses for Autograph Albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once. No stamps taken. George Grattan, New Glasgow, Que., Can.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER

Mind you get a really good reading. Based upon your handwriting. Will please you. Many say I am country's best Graphologist. See for yourself. Send 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. **A. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.**



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A Savings Bank Department is open at every branch of the Bank in Canada, except in the Yukon Territory. Deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest is allowed at current rates. The depositor is subject to no delay in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, and withdrawals made by any one of the number or by the survivor. Every account receives careful attention.

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10 CENTS PER ROLL
All Sizes of 6 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.
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COLLETTE MFG. CO., Dept. B. Collingwood, Ont.

this current of unknown power and substance that seems to proceed from an inclosed spring beneath the earth—a power that is not possessed by an open spring or well. What is it? Fellow delvers in this thing we call Life. Is there a generation of electricity by this compressed, concealed, light-shielded, poor conducting spring of water. Must all such power seek the light of the sun—that very fountain source of the mystery we call Life, and do we, the most senstive of all the animals the Great Creator fashioned, become a conveyor the moment we step over this hidden spring and enter this unseen, unknown current that emanates therefrom. I think it is time we discarded the sneer of the unbeliever and looked a little closer into the mysterious power some of our fellow men claim to posses in this particular. None of these possessors are as highly sensitive as the average professional man, few, if any of them are the deep thinkers and searchers after the truth as found in these more learned ranks, yet they can go out-of-doors and confound us by a thing so simple that I no longer smile and am beginning to believe — for with or without my belief the fact remains that this man Wrigglesworth, with a triangular stick or wire, with the base open, can locate never opened springs. I would like to ask, if the editor is willing, that men having actual knowledge of the facts of other men locating springs would write this paper short fact filled letters on the subject, that we may start to trace this unseen power towards its source.

Customs of the Hairy Ainu.

W. R. Gilbert.

On the Island of Zezo in northern Japan and on certain of the Kurile Isles, which extend towards Kamtchatka, there dwells to-day a race of people distinct in type. They are the Hairy Ainu, and although numbers of their settlements have been visited from time to time by white people, most of the inhabitants have been living in a semi-civilized state. Very few white people have seen the true Ainu, as they are still to be seen living in barbaric style on the wildest parts of Zezo Island, The only writer who has given a graphic description of the natives is H. A. Savage Landor, who in 1893 published "Alone with the Hairy Ainus."

Ainusin Japanese Clothing.

Although I have travelled the whole length of the Kurile Islands, I cannot attempt in an article of this length to do more than briefly touch upon one or two customs of the Ainu.

As their name suggests, they are a race of exceedingly hairy people. The men grow great beards, of which they are excessively proud, and their bodies are thickly covered with hair, almost like members of the monkey tribe. The women grow no hair on their faces, but seem to find a solace in this, for this imaginary defect in tattooing moustachies on their lips, and often primitive designs on their hands and arms and also across their foreheads. Young unmarried women have very little tatooing on them; but once a woman is married, her husband seems to take a pride in decorating his bride with representations of hirsute adornment. The modus operandi is one which requires considerable fortitude on the part of the patient, since the crudest form of tattooing is adopted. This consists of making a number of incisions in the skin with the point of a knife. Cuttle fish black or smoke black is then rubbed into the wounds, and the operation sets up great inflammation of the lips, and is very painful.

A characteristic of the Ainu race is the color of their skin, which is of a deep bronze or copper color, and in no-wise resembles any other of the Oriental races, but more like that of the American Red Indian.

The Ainu have no records written or otherwise of their former history, nor of how or whence they came to inhabit the Island of Zezo. These matters seem unknown to them, and even to anthropologists. Legends, however, exist among certain of the Ainu to the effect that many years ago Zezo was inhabitated by a race of diminutive people, who were conquered and apparently exterminated by the Ainu. These people were called by the Ainu Koro-pok-Kuru, or pit dwellers, owing to the habit of living in huts constructed over of a form of rectangular, circular or oval shaped pit, many traces of which are still to be found in the Kurile Islands.

One great trait in the Ainu character is their great bravery, and this is a quality held in high esteem among them. On the island of Zezo, bears are very numerous. The Ainu men, who are merely armed with such primitive weapons as bows, arrows, and knives, hunt and kill a great number of these animals. One species is notoriously savage. One of the most curious and unnatural costoms is puzzling as to its exact origin. At certain seasons of the year the men organize parties for hunting bears; old bears are killed, their skins and skulls being brought home. The skulls are often erected on sticks, where they remain as trophies outside the hunters' dwelling.

All young bear cubs that are captured are brought home to the settlements, where the women of the tribe adopt them, and actually suckle these beasts as they would their own children. The object is that these young cubs shall be killed and eaten at what is known as a "bear festival." Often when the cubs are too big to be nursed any longer, they are confined in a wooden cage until the time arrives for these festivals. At this the unfortunate bear cub is tied

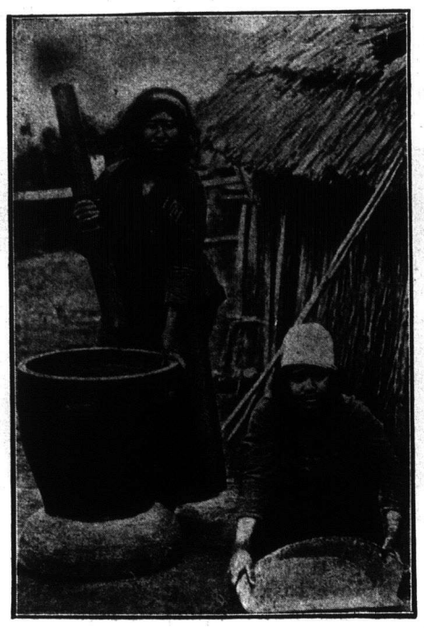
to a post in the centre of a group of Ainus. A headman of the village teases the cub with some shreds of willow bark fastened to the end of a pole while two other men stand with their bows drawn ready to shoot the victim as it stands on its hind legs.

The cooking pot is probably presided over by the foster mother, who generally

Woman with bear cub.

appears rather pleased than otherwise at the impending fate of her nursling.

The Ainu, like the Eskimo, have no religion. They have no knowledge of a Supreme Being and no belief in a future state. In fact they own that they have been taught nothing and know nothing. This is really the state in which they live. Certain of the Ainu intermarry with the Japanese, and hence there is to be seen a number of half



Ainu Women.

breeds. Also where their villages are in proximity to Japanese settlements, the natives to a great extent adopt Japanese costume, whereas among the true Aiun, in warm weather, all forms of clothes are conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps is is fortunate, therefore, that the illustrations were gathered in places where the natives came constantly in touch with the Japanese customs.

If any one, after reading this article, seeks experience among this strange people—in which he will be amply repaid—let him not pay too long a visit to the interior of an Ainu house, unless he be immune from evil smells, for I have never known anything to equal the uncleanliness of Ainu dwellings, nor encountered any creatures of the human race more odoriforous than the Hairy Ainu themselves.

Mooney's Biscuit Co.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement in another column of the Mooney Biscuit & Candy Coy., Ltd., of Stratford, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man. Although less than eight years old, the business of the Mooney Biscuit & Candy Coy. has grown by leaps and bounds, until it is said that at the present time they sell more biscuits than any other any Canadian house. Early in the history of their business, before their Winnipeg factory, they displayed their progressiveness, by building their own line of private freight cars, used exclusively for shipping their own goods.

Last year they opened a large factory in Winnipeg and they have now the distinction of being the only Eastern biscuit manufacturers with a branch factory in Western Canada.

It will perhaps be of interest to our readers to know that they were the first Canadian biscuit manufacturers to realize the value of newspaper space in bringing the merits of their goods before the people of Canada, and ever since their business was established they have been consistent users of newspaper advertising. Their present campaign is of a very unique character. Their announcements are addressed to the lady of the house, and they point out that house work can be considerably reduced by having Mooney's biscuits take the place of much of the baking which is usually done at home. Mooney's biscuits are sold in air tight, dust proof packages, or in sealed tins, guaranteeing their arrival free from any contamination and as fresh and crisp as when they left the Mooney factory.

Remarkable Strawberry Crop.

$1,484 to $1,785 Per Acre.

On the Crow's Nest Ranch, Canoe, B.C., on the Shuswap Lake, T. L. Wilkinson took 2,005 boxes (just over 85 crates) of Magoon strawberries off 1,600 plants, covering one-seventh of an acre. They were worth at the Salmon Arm Farmers' Exchange, prices lowest, at $2.50, $212; highest at $3.00, $255; or in other words, $1,484 to $1,785 per acre. The plants were mostly two year olds and were kept well cultivated, and free from weeds last season. They were well fertilized at minimum cost from the hen house, the cook stove and the wash up. The yield lasted over a month, from June 20th, and all through the berries were large and fine.

A Family Group.

FREE LESSON

IN

MOUNTING BIRDS

Yes, we will actually send you free and pr paid, a lesson in mounting birds and animals, just exactly as it is given by the famous Northwestern School of Taxidermy. Just the thing you need, if you hunt or fish. Every sportsman, hunter and nature lover should have it. You should never go on another trip until you get this free lesson. No obligations whatsoever. We will send you the lesson absolutely free and prepaid.

Learn to Mount Birds and Animals

Sportsmen—Hunters—Nature Lovers

Learn to mount your own trophies. Save taxidermists bills. Decorate your home, your den or your office with your beautiful trophies. Taxidermy can now be learned easily—quickly—perfectly—in your own home. We will teach you how to become an expert taxidermist within a very few weeks. No need to send your trophies hundreds of miles and pay huge sums to have them mounted. Do it yourself—FREE. You can make big money during your spare time mounting specimens for others, or selling your own specimens.

Big Profits

You can easily make from $20.00 to $50.00 monthly during your spare time, mounting specimens for others, or if you go into the profession from $3,000 to $5,000 yearly. We have 35,000 graduates—every one an enthusiastic expert taxidermist. Thousands make big money during their spare time. Hundreds have gone into the profession and make many times more than they ever made before. If you are making less than $3,000 yearly, you should investigate the wonderful possibilities of taxidermy as a profession. Marvelous opportunities. Greatest school of taxidermy in the world. Best instruction. Recognized as the leading institution by naturalists, taxidermists and museums all over the country. This is your opportunity. Do not let it pass.

Free Book

In addition to the handsome, free lesson, we will also send you a new book on Taxidermy, absolutely free. The book tells you all about this most fascinating profession. It tells you all about the famous Northwestern School of Taxidermy. Every one interested in Taxidermy should have this book. You will find it invaluable. Handsomely illustrated—you should write for this book today. If you write at once we will also send you the Taxidermy magazine.

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Send the free coupon today. We will send you the free lesson—free book and also taxidermy magazine. All are absolutely free and prepaid. No obligations whatsoever. This is your opportunity. Write today for the free lesson, free book and the free magazine. Do not delay. Just tear out the free coupon—fill in your name and address and mail to us today. Write today—NOW—immediately—before you lay aside the paper.

Northwestern School of Taxidermy

Dept. 5016, Omaha, Neb.

FREE LESSON COUPON

Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 5016 Omaha, Neb.
Gentlemen—Please send me free lesson in mounting birds, and your big, free book, on taxidermy; also the taxidermy magazine. All are to be free and prepaid. Absolutely no obligation on me whatsoever.

Name.....

Address.....

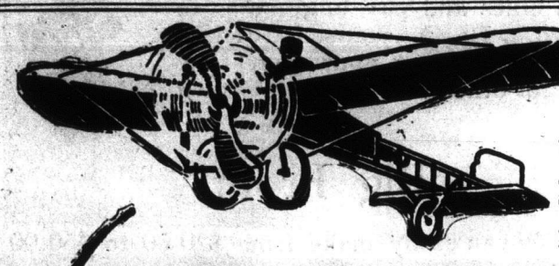
Rennie's Fall Bulbs

SHORT LIST OF PRICES.

Hyacinths, best named, any color, each	13c
Tulips, mixed colors, per doz.	25c
Daffodils, Von Sion, per doz.	40c
Narcissus, Paper White, per doz.	40c
Roman Hyacinths, White, Pink or Blue, 3 for	10c
Chinese Lilies, 3 for	25c
Easter Lilies, each	15c
Freesias, mammoth size, per doz.	30c
Oxalis Bermuda Buttercup, per doz.	35c
Collection "C" for the house, 38 bulbs	50c

For a more complete list **Drop a Card** for our **BULB CATALOGUE,** and it will be sent you by return mail.

Wm. Rennie Co. Ltd.,
394 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG



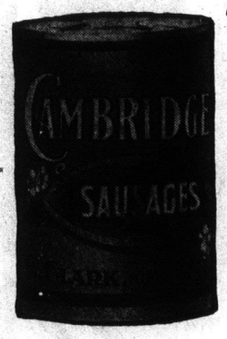
In an age of wonders 'Camp' ably holds its own.

'CAMP' COFFEE

When you think of its delicious flavour, when you know how quickly it can be prepared, when you've noted that it never, never wastes, can you wonder 'Camp's' as popular as it is.

Fly to your Grocer for a bottle to-day

Sole Proprietors—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.



NOTICE THE NAME

Clark's

There's no place like home, and there's no prepared Meats like Clark's.

You who have eaten Clark's delectable Prepared Foods know what quality is.

You also know that every can is an aid to economy, because there is absolutely no waste, and practically no time required to turn Clark's Delicious Preparations into appetizing and nourishing repasts.

Get the habit of keeping some of the following in reserve :

Beef Steak and Onions	Pate de Foie
Stewed Ox Tail	Irish Stew
Minced Collops	Jellied Veal
Stewed Kidney	Loaf Meats

"Chateau" Brand Concentrated Soups.

W. CLARK——MONTREAL
Manufacturer of the Celebrated PORK and BEANS.

The Seamy Sides of London.

By Joseph Buck.

"The Bill-Bunger."

TO the Canadian born who has never visited the old country, the industrial conditions of life there, especially those prevailing in the large crowded centres of population, appear somewhat paradoxical. He has heard of the immense wealth of Great Britain, which hearsay he accepts with wonder, the truth being amply testified by the almost eager readiness with which all sound Canadian enterprises are financed there. It is difficult for an outsider to appreciate that in a country which annually makes such large foreign and colonial investments with its surplus savings (for in Canada alone no less than 81 per cent. of the total industrial and municipal bonds offered last year were taken up in Great Britain with a total approximate sum of two hundred and fifteen million dollars) should contain, as it does, such a large number of able bodied and not necessarily unworthy people who have to adopt, under circumstances that compel them, some of the strangest of strange occupations, in order to obtain a scanty and irregular supply of the barest necessities of life.

View of C.N.R. Coal Docks, Port Arthur.

There a large percentage of the total population are moreover in addition to another class who, working hard and regularly, were estimated by the late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman as numbering not less than ten millions and whom he graphically described as "living constantly on the border line of starvation."

Although it certainly does seem strange that this most unsatisfactory state of things should exist to-day in the wealthiest country in the world, the unpleasant fact, however, remains—it does exist and in spite of the many schemes that are constantly being brought forward by political parties, by philanthropical societies and by benevolent individuals to remove the great social evil in London at least, things do not grow appreciably better.

Of all the many and varied callings of the "down and out" London not the least arduous and precarious is that of the "Bill Bunger."

It may be here explained that "Bill Bunging" is a slang London term for carrying round and delivering from door to door the immense number of circulars and handbills so extensively used by the London shop-keepers and others to advertise their wares.

This work is contracted for by the numerous advertising agencies, at whose offices the bills or circulars are severally or collectively, according to the arrangement made, designed, folded, placed in envelopes, or otherwise got ready for a house to house distribution in a suitable neighborhood.

The men who arrange and undertake the supervision of the delivery work generally earn quite respectable incomes, because it is necessary that they should in their way be something of the nature of experts.

The first essential of a good delivery agent is that he should possess a most extensive and peculiar knowledge of the district in which an advertising campaign is to take place. He must also have made himself familiar with the best and most convenient route for reaching same, and know the approximate rental value of the houses in each road, in order that he may be able to roughly guage the position in life of each occupant.

This last information is, of course, most important and is only to be obtained by carefully going over the ground and making a personal inspection. The street directories are by themselves of but little assistance, because although these give the names of the houses and their residents the former are often most misleading as to their status. In London, the buildings being very crowded, sometimes two or more distinct classes of dwellings appear in the same road, the poorer class houses having frequently very high sounding names; for instance, "Grosvenor Mansions, Chelsea" appearing in the directory of that district might, when visited, prove to be a most elaborate block of magnificently equipped, highly rented flats, or on the other hand be but a number of small, weekly tenements occupied by working people.

Now it is obvious that an expensively got up booklet, drawing attention to the merits of, let us say, a high-class grand piano, would be absolutely wasted if left at the homes of the latter class, and it would be equally useless, from a business point of view, to thrust in the letter box of an expensive residence a cheap throw-away hand bill informing the public that Jones, the cheapest cash butcher in the district, was offering a consignment of frozen mutton at "unheard of prices." The astute advertising agent knows that it is only by satisfactory results that he can hope to obtain the continued patronage of his trading client and so he is careful to only entrust the supervision of the delivery arrangements to a man whom he knows to possess the necessary experience and who can be thoroughly relied upon. Huge office cabinets, prepared and kept up at great expense, containing particulars as to the position in life and names of residents in every district, are, of course, part of an advertising agent's equipment. But so thorough and complete is the knowledge of the delivery contractor that generally he can give the agent, off-hand, a very near estimate as to the number that can be "got out" of a certain district with any advertising matter, concerning it may be such widely diverse articles as range from an automobile to a patent pill.

But to return to the actual "bill-bunger." His lot is indeed one of the most wretched and hopeless of all London's social outcasts. His work is hard, always uncertain and his pay miserable in the extreme, eighteenpence, equivalent to about 36 cents, is his remuneration for delivering 500 bills, which is estimated a fair day's work.

Let us imagine a familiar scene outside the spacious offices of any well-known postal advertising agency trading under some such name as "The Spick and Span Addressing Co." The hour is about 7 a.m. The season perhaps November. Overhead, in the grey dawn, a steady drizzling rain is falling upon the muddy pavements. From the corners of the adjoining streets, out of the surrounding gloom, the ragged, unkept, hungry "bill-bungers" appear, singly or in groups, and huddle round the office doors. The establishment will not open until 9 o'clock, but the weary, waiting crowd know only too well that even for this pitiful job, it will be "first come, first served" and that many of their number will not be required and will have had their long chilly wait in vain.

Many of these men have been shivering on the Thames embankment all night, others more fortunate in having had a few copper coins overnight have risen early from their beds, at the Rowton Houses or the Salvation Army lodging houses, to hurry to the spot. The time passes. At 8 the waiting, ragged crowd have increased to a small army. It is a strange fact that no advertisement or other announcement seeking their services has appeared anywhere. By some strange mouth to mouth, but certain method, the information has been conveyed the previous evening among the "bill-bungers" all over London that "the Spic" have a big job "to go out." Nine o'clock strikes from a clock near-by. The crowd has now become very dense round the office doors. In a few minutes the "delivery boss" arrives. Quickly he selects his men. He divides them into small gangs, selecting one man as a kind of foreman to each party, who receives for this dignity an extra 6 pence or 12 cents a day. Rapidly each man shoulders his loaded bag of bills, the foreman receives his instructions and if the "bunging" is to take place in an outlying district, the money for their fares and away they go.

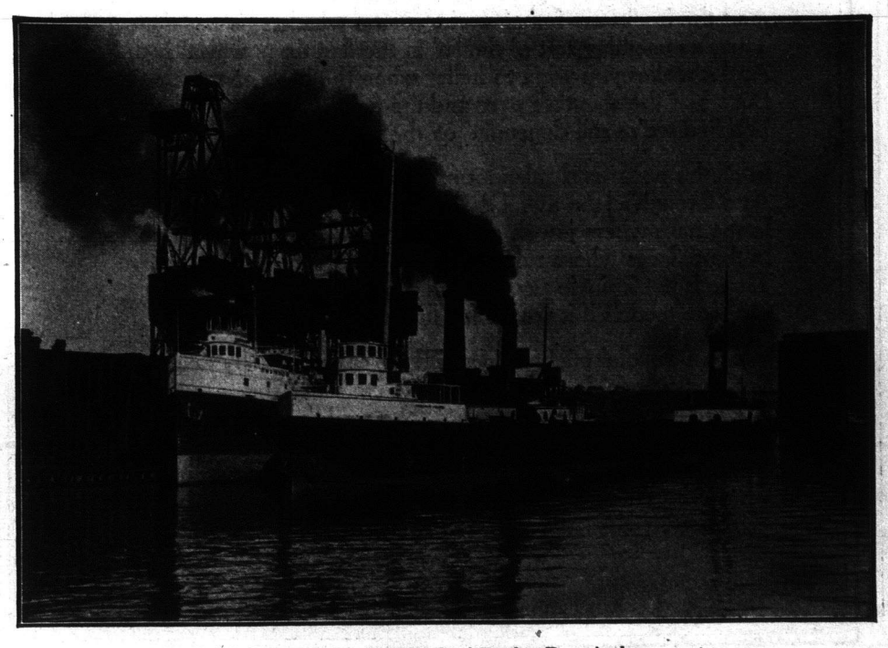
Slowly the remainder, the unchosen, by far the larger portion of the crowd, slink away to hungrily, wearily, and disappointedly pass another hopeless day.

From what class, it may be asked, do these "bill-bungers" come? They are drawn from almost every rank in life. The gentleman, the professional, the trader, the clerk, mechanic and laborer are all represented in the cohorts of London's unemployed to-day, who rush destitute, friendless and starving, with the despair great as that of a drowning man, for the pitiful wages that "bill-bunging" brings.

Unemployed! "Unemployables you mean!" says the snug social critic sitting in his comfortable arm chair.

No! it is not so! for although there certainly are among them as among all other flocks, plenty of black sheep, most of them would scorn to accept charity or the cosy shelter of the poor-house. They want work, and when they get even this miserably paid employment, they work hard. For, let it at once be pointed out, that very nearly every bill is fairly delivered at each door. Not from a matter of conscience but from the certain knowledge that were a bundle thrown away and afterwards discovered by the lynx-eyed boss, who follows over their route, not only the individual guilty, but no member of his gang could ever hope for a similar job anywhere again, for it is surprising how quickly these things become known among all the advertising agencies. They work hard, yes! because delivering 500 bills (some of the doors in the better districts being set back a considerable distance from the street) is surely a hard day's work to any ill-fed and ill-shod man.

Among London's "bill-bungers" there are men of fine character too. Fine, because of the frequent personally reckless division of the scanty wage that will be often made to a less fortunate companion at the end of the day's work. Fine, because of the information as to the whereabouts of a likely job so freely given to another, the informant well knowing that each applicant lessens his own chance and fine, on account of the innumerable other little acts of human kindness the writer himself has witnessed so often rendered by one poor fellow to another. Yes, among London's "bill-bungers" at least the words are as true to-day as when the great-hearted Dickens wrote them: "What the poor are to the poor, only God and the poor really know."



Another view of C.N.R. Coal Docks, Port Arthur.

Successes at Manitoba Agricultural College.

The following is a list of the students who successfully completed the Home Ecomomics Course in Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, which closed July 14th. The names are in order of merit. The subjects included cookery (practical and theoretical), dressmaking, foods and dietetics, home furnishing, millinery, English, horticulture, home nursing, laundry, hygiene, housekeeping, household handicraft, and sanitation.

1, Margaret Bryce, Arcola, Sask.; 2, Anie B. Fraser, Gunton, Man.; 3, Thorunn Sigurjonsen, Coldsprings, Man.; 4, Mary Hallderson, Lundar, Man.; 5, Margaret Sinclair, Rossburn, Man.; 6, Cora W. Hamilton, Neepawa, Man.; 7, Ethel G. Snyder, Portage la Prairie, Man.; 8, Sigurn Austmann, Coldsprings, Man.; 9, Engene Duncanson, Rossburn, Man.; 10, Gudrun Gudmundson, Lundar, Man.; 11, Rose Zimmermann, Oakville, Man.; 12, Janet Coltart, Melbourne, Man.

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The Divine Phyllidia.

By Jeffrey Farnol.

The Cherub drifted into my room one evening with a woe begone expression on his usually placid face, and sinking into the most comfortable arm-chair, sat staring moodily into the empty fireplace.

"Liver?" I inquired in response to a long-drawn sigh.

"Don't you think you might try to be a little less objectionable?" he said reproachfully. "You see," he continued after a pause, "when a fellow wants to —to screw himself up to the point, you know, how the dickens can he when the girl as good as tells him she hates him —er—like the very—"

"Exactly," I put in. "It's not to be done, my dear chap."

"No, I was afraid not," said the Cherub; "that's why I came to ask your advice."

"Certainly," I said encouragingly. "Suppose you begin at the right end and tell me all about it."

Forthwith he plunged into a rambling account of his hopes and fears. what she said on this occasion, what she did on that, ending with the usual fulsome panegyric on her person and attributes.

As becomes a true cynic, I sniggered.

"I thought you might perhaps give me a 'leg-up' with the affair," he said gloomily.

"My good chap," I said, "this sort of thing doesn't suit you; it never did—give it up. Love," I continued, warming to my theme, "love is a disease, an insidious disease, and should be treated as such. What you require is merely a change of air. Go down to your country place and you'll come back cured in a month."

The Cherub looked at me with a malevolent eye.

"I hope you'll get it jolly hard when it comes to your turn, that's all."

"I shall immediately resort to medicine," I returned.

"Oh, it's easy enough for you to sit there and talk lightly of the matter, just because you never happen to have been hit, but I call it beastly low," and the Cherub ran his fingers through his curls with an air of such utter dejection that even my cynicism was not proof against it. I reached down a favorite pipe, filled and handed it to him.

"Now," I began when it was well alight, "how long have you been in this state?"

"About a month now," he replied in a tone of dreary pleasure. We smoked for a while in silence.

"Tried flowers?" I inquired at length.

"Flowers!" he repeated.

"Certainly; they are the usual medium to start with, I believe."

"Well," he hesitated," I gave her a rose once."

"M—yes; but did you stick it in her hair?"

The Cherub gasped. "Lord, no!" he exclaimed.

"Ah! you should have done so— in an off-hand, matter-of-fact, brotherly sort of a way, of course, but with a suggestion of hidden passion, you know—just to let her know you mean it."

The Cherub's speechless admiration flattered me.

"Gad! You seem pretty well up to all the moves, considering you pose as a—"

"My dear Cherub," I broke in, "I look on these things from a purely philosophical standpoint."

The Cherub became paternaturally thoughtful.

"Look here, Gip," he said suddenly, "you r ust tackle her for me—sort of lay the groundwork, talk me up to her, you understand. I fancy I could manage things then. It could be quite easy," he continued; "they are staying with mother at Down."

"They?" I inquired.

"She and her cousin. You and I might run over for a day or two—be quite a merry little party."

"House-parties are an abomination," I said.

The Cherub assented, and reached down a time-table.

"There's a train leaving in an hour," he suggested.

"Well?"

"If we catch that we shall be there in time for dinner." Now it is one thing to sit in one's own rooms and describe the right and proper way to carry so delicate a matter to a successful issue, but quite another to face the haughty "She" one's self. My mind was made up in an instant.

"Such an idea is not to be thought of," I said decidedly. The Cherub's smile was anything but cherubic.

"Meaning, that theory is one thing, and practice another."

"My good chap, don't be a fool," I

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun,
And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done;
There's something sort o' thrillin' in the flag that's wavin' high.
And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by;
But when the shoutin's over and the fightin's done, somehow
We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade,
And through all the awful darkness that the smoke of battles made;
In the halls where jewels glitter and where shoutin' men debate:
In the palaces where rulers deal out honors to the great,
There is not a single person who'd be doing' bizness now
Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're a-buildin' mighty cities and we're gainin' lofty heights;
We're a-winnin' lots of glory and we're settin' things to rights;
We're a-showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run;
Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things that we have done,
And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as we do now,
Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plow.

—S. E. Kiser.

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Saskatoon is already a great and important railroad centre. A glance at any reliable map will show you this. There are nine railroad outlets, with new branches still building.

All this means greater and faster growth for Saskatoon. As an example let us give you these figures :—

City Assessment—1906, $2,517,145; 1907, $6,621,337; 1908, $7,450,135; 1909, $8,156,357; 1910, $10,748,629; 1911, $13,000,000 conservatively.

Population—1903, 113; 1906, 3011; 1909, 12,100; 1911, February, over 16,000—a greater percentage of increase by far than any other city in the whole Empire.

Building Statistics—1907, $377,211; 1908, $115,625; 1909, $1002,065; 1910, $2,817,771.
School Attendance—1906, 296; 1907, 364; 1908, 651; 1909, 1,113; Feb. 1911, 1660.

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said, "of course, I'd stand by you in the affair, but unfortunately I've promised to go fishing with Pattison this week."

"Put him off.—Pat won't mind,— urgent business,—called out of town, etc., you know the style," beamed the Cherub, thrusting a sheet of note-paper before me.

I groaned inwardly, and took up the pad. I am not a weak man as a rule, but what could one do in the face of such determination? Thus while I lied to Pattison, the Cherub busied himself throwing things into my grip; as I sealed the note, he was in the act of ramming in a dress coat.

"Hurry up," he panted, "or we shall miss that train."

"Tooth-brush in?" I inquired.

"It can't go in here," he cried excitedly,—"no room," and with a mighty effort he closed the grip.

"But my dear chap," I remonstrated.

"All right, I'll make a parcel of the rest," he said, buckling the straps feverishly.

Thus exactly fifty-eight minutes later we were facing each other, somewhat out of breath, in the express for Down.

"By the way, you're not much of a hand at parcels, are you?" I said, glancing at the bulging, misshapen object in the rack.

"Oh, I fancy it will be all right," he said easily, and leaning back he puffed at his pipe with a dreamy expression that warned me what was coming. Presently he sighed.

"She's wonderful, old chap," he exclaimed.

"Since I'm in for it, you might tell me her name and have done with it." I said.

"I call her the Divine Phyllidia," he replied.

"Look here, Cherub, do you expect me to lie about you with any success to a girl with a name like that?"

He looked a trifle uncomfortable. "Well, you needn't pitch it too steep, and I'll back you up, you know, Gip."

After this we traveled some time in silence.

"Yes," he said suddenly, "she's wonderful, with eyes black, my boy, as a moonless night, that flash at you, man, beneath low brows crowned with misty hair."

I did not even attempt to hide my smile.

When in due time we arrived at Down there was of course no conveyance to be had for miles round, and the Cherub, taking the paper parcel gingerly under his arm—I had, with an eye to possible future contingencies, prudently secured the grip before hand—elected to show me a short cut.

"By the way," I said, "looks a trifle unwell, that parcel."

"Oh! it will hang together all right until we get there, it isn't far, you know, this way." So saying, he led the way down a maze of narrow lanes, and after climbing grassy banks and squeezing through numerous fences, we found ourselves in a small wood. Here the Cherub suddenly stood still and swore,—the parcel had gone wrong.

Willow Island, Assiniboine Park.

"Just what I expected," I sighed, "and by-the-way, what did you do with my tooth-brush?"

"Tooth-brush be hanged," he cried, struggling desperately with the parcel, "come and help me with the confounded thing." But instead of complying, fancying I heard voices, I stole towards a clump of bushes, and stealthily peered round.

Within a few inches of mine was a face, so close that I might almost have kissed it,—piquant face it was, warm with the rich coloring of scarlet mouth and raven hair. I started back.

"I beg your pardon," I began, and lifted my hat,—as I did so something leaped thence to the grass at my feet—it was my errant tooth-brush. I trod upon it immediately, but too late, for I heard a half-suppressed laugh behind me, and turning, I saw another face peeping at me over a bush, and this time the hair was red gold, and the laughing eyes wonderfully blue. I was standing there with my foot on my tooth-brush, looking from one to the other helplessly, when the Cherub appeared. I fancy he must have had a bad time with that parcel, for it was torn in several places, from one of which dangled a white flannel trouser leg.

"Phyllidia!" he gasped, and, dropping the parcel, stood staring. In a moment Phyllidia was down on her knees, and began setting it to rights.

"This is outrageously packed," she laughed, "and just look Kate, tied with two boot laces."

The Cherub looked apologetic. "You see," he began, but meeting the cousin's blue eyes stopped.

"We were in rather a hurry packing, and the Cherub's idea of a parcel is decidedly quaint," I put in.

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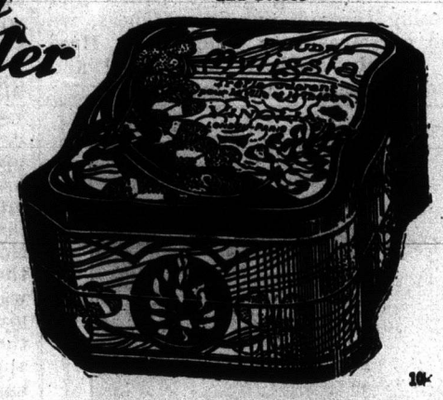

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The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West.

"And pray, is it your custom to carry tooth-brushes in your hat?" she inquired, flashing a laughing glance up at me as with a few dexterous touches she transformed the Cherub's bundle into a really respectable-looking affair.

"As a matter of fact," I said, as we followed the other two toward the house, "I have always found a tooth-brush a source of worry and anxiety. I never travel anywhere but I begin to try and recollect if I packed it, and if so where, and, after turning my things over, generally end by finding it in my vest pocket or tobacco pouch. I don't remember that I ever carried it in my hat before."

On the lawn beneath the cedars we came upon Mrs. Dymott, reading, her pince-nez, with its broad, black ribbon, balanced upon the extreme tip of her nose in that way, which, in my schoolboy days, had always caused me to wonder how it managed to stick on. She rose to meet us with many expressions of pleased surprise, kissing us both resoundingly in her old, motherly way.

"How you've grown!" she remarked, patting me affectionately on the shoulder, "though, to be sure, I haven't seen you since you left Harvard."

"And he's degenerated into an awful cynic since then," put in the Cherub.

"And carries tooth-brushes in his hat!" added Phyllidia.

"Still your tooth-brush," laughed Mrs. Dymott. "Do you remember, when you were quite little, losing it in the stables?"

"And fighting the boy because you found him cleaning the silver with it?" put in the Cherub again.

"I had settled convictions on the rights of property, even in those days," I said as we entered the house.

So that is the girl I have come to win for the cherub, I said to myself as a little later I followed him upstairs, and somehow the idea seemed singularly repulsive, and I felt unreasonably angry with him.

"Well," he inquired, as we dressed for dinner, "what do you think of Phyllidia?"

"Well," I began guardedly, "She is —"

"Magnificent," he broke in, "and her eyes—what do you think of her eyes now?"

"Black as a moonless night," I repeated, fixing my collar, "'that flash at you, man, from under low brows crowned with misty hair.'"

The Cherub glanced at me sheepishly and changed the subject.

"Cousin's rather nice," he ventured.

"Charming," I answered, arranging my tie. "You had better be prepared," I continued, after a pause. "I shall commence operations for you at dinner to-night," and somehow I found myself sighing heavily.

And yet I did not after all, for, sitting with her voice in my ears and an occasional glance into her black-fringed eyes, I forgot the Cherub's very existence.

As the days passed my promise became a grisly phantom, haunting me in all places, my sleep became broken and when I met the Cherub's eye by accident I felt a traitor, and although I argued that he was unworthy of her, that such a mind as hers would be wasted on him, my conscience refused to be quieted. True he had ceased to worry me lately concerning the progress I had made, but his very avoidance of the subject served but to add coals of fire. I determined, therefore, to have it over once and for all at the next opportunity.

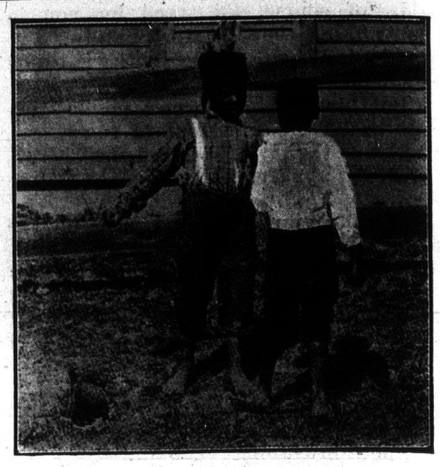
That evening, sitting in a quiet corner of the drawing-room, chance favored me.

"I've been wondering why you call Mr. Dymott the 'Cherub'?" she inquired, glancing to where he and Kate were turning over some music at the piano.

"Oh, he got that at college," I began. "You see he was such a contrast to himself, so to speak, his golden curls and blue eyes were so—so very cherubic, you know, and his general character was so—er—so—"

"And what did they call you?"

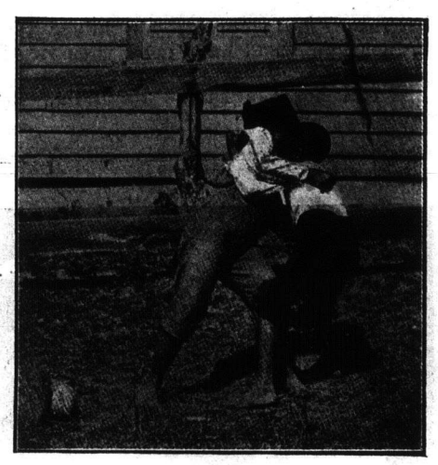
"They called me—'Gip'," I said, grateful for the interruption.



The Challenge.

"Gip," she repeated, and her eyes belied her solemn mouth. "I have a dog named Gip, the dearest old fellow. I really believe that, in his own way, he loves me better than anybody else in the whole world."

I shook my head. "I doubt it," I began unwarily, "though to be sure," I continued more cautiously, "there is a strange affinity between men and some animals, especially dogs; for instance, now I—" In another moment, despite my stern self-repression, I really believe I should have said more than I ought, for as she sat there beside me looking at me out of those deep eyes of hers, so close that her skirts brushed my knee, I had an almost overmasting



The Battle.

desire to relegate the Cherub to the deepest limbo, and my fingers itched to clasp the hand lying so near my own, but at that instant Kate began playing and I pulled myself up in time.

"Well," she said, under cover of the music, with a look that was almost expectant in her eyes.

"For instance," I repeated, "if I were a dog, I believe I could get to—to—love the Cherub—in time."

The corner of her red mouth quivered suspiciously, and I felt that she was laughing at me.

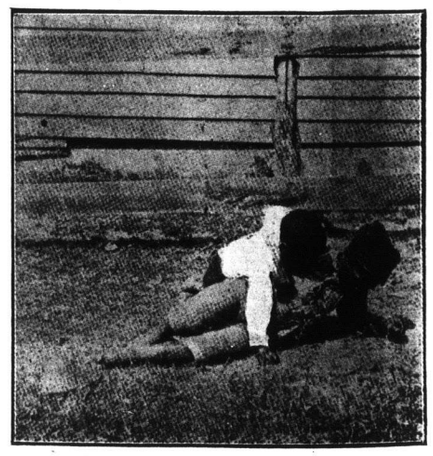
"You see," I continued, hurriedly, "he's such a—a splendid fellow,—er, not bad looking I mean, any woman might—er—"

"Love him," she said softly, without looking up.

"Er—yes—that is, I suppose so,—though some people object to fair men I believe, think them—er—unstable and all that, but, of course, the Cherub—"

"Is perfection," she said, opening and shutting her fan.

"Certainly."



The Victory.

Kate was playing a soft, dreamy air, and as I sat, watching Phyllidia's half-averted face, a bitter feeling took possession of me. Why should I do this thing? I asked myself. Why should I trample thus on my own heart? What right had the Cherub—? My hand closed suddenly over hers, I felt her start, and for one delicious moment I looked into her eyes, and read there,—what? Then her lashes drooped, her fingers slipped from mine, and the knowledge of my presumptuous folly overwhelmed me.

"I once saw a fire," I began, desperately, "such a fire as few have ever witnessed. Standing in the pale-faced crowd, I watched the vain endeavors of the firemen. Suddenly, high up at one of the windows, I saw something that turned me faint and sick. It was a child. I closed my eyes. When I looked again, a fire escape had been run up and a fireman was trying to fight his way to that blazing window—but without success. A great mumuring sigh went up to the blood red heavens, for that little helpless child. Suddenly, a tall figure, conspicuous in the fire-glow, began to ascend, climbing with strong, firm steps. A great silence fell upon all, broken only by the roar of the flames. Nearer he got and nearer, once his sleeve puffed out in flame, but still he climbed, while—er—strong men held their breath. Then came a wild roar of exultation; he had reached the window, snatched the trembling

Mr. A. J. Cotton, a prosperous Swan River farmer, still attends to youthful wants.

child, and as I watched a thousand arms were stretched to welcome him, unharmed, save for his hands, and,—I ended, turning to my companion who had listened with bent head, "the marks are there to this day?—it was the Cherub." When I told her all this —heaven knows, no one could have been more surprised than myself at my imaginative powers; perhaps the music inspired it, perhaps the sense of the wrong I had so nearly committed.

The music stopped, and seeing the Cherub approaching, I rose and slipping out upon the lawn, leaned there, staring up at the moon with a sense of duty nobly done. Yet it had been a near thing, the touch of her fingers thrilled me even then.

Despite my philosophy, my heart was strangely heavy as I shut myself into my room that night.

Anyhow, I had kept my word, I told myself, but at what a cost. Looking at the matter in a colder light, I began to wish I had not made him quite so heroic,—true it was cheap melodrama, —but then women like that sort of thing, I told myself, with a cynical laugh. Of course, the Cherub was not worthy of her, but I shrugged my shoulders, she might think so, and after all how could it affect me?

So I went to bed, but not to sleep, and dawn found me tossing restlessly. I heard the first sleepy notes of a bird beneath my window, and presently up came the sun, and with it the determination came to me that I would not stop to see their happiness. I rose, and having packed up, slipped from my room, and opening a side door, stepped out into the cool freshness of the morning.

At the edge of the grove I came upon a fallen tree and sitting down I lighted my pipe, and listened to the merry carols of the birds about me.

And as the smoke rose in the still air I seemed to see the face of Phyllidia peeping at me through the blue wreaths full of mischief and laughter as I had seen at first.

A bush rustled beside, and glancing up I beheld, no dream-face this time, but Phyllidia herself standing before me fresh as the morning; she carried her hat in her hand, and her lustrous hair was braided low on her temples.

"Phyllidia," I said, using the name unconsciously.

She greeted me with a studied ease.

"You are down very early," I said, wondering why she did not always dress her hair so.

"Oh, I'm fond of the early morning; but you — what brings you down at such an unusual hour?"

"Well, you see," I answered, "I'm going back to town by the early train."

She evinced no emotion at my sudden departure.

"Then I'm glad I happened to find you," she said lightly, "because I want to ask you why you told me all that about Mr. Dymott last night, about the fire and the little child. You must have known it was totally untrue."

"Untrue?" I repeated, trying to look hurt, "you surely don't think—"

"His hands are quite unmarked, except for one small scar, and that he told me he did years ago with a ginger-ale bottle, and he told me, besides, that he had never seen a big fire in his life."

I could joyfully have kicked the Cherub at that moment.

"Let me explain," I began, "but first please sit down."

"Well?" she said, seeing that I yet hesitated.

"Well, you see, I came down to help the Cherub with the—ah—with the—the affair," I stammered.

"'The affair!'" she repeated, with raised brows. "What affair?"

"Oh, the affair, to—er—to propose, you know."

"To propose?" she echoed.

"Yes; you see, fact is, he's got no idea how to manage these things, and so—er—so he got me to—to promise to lend him a hand, you know."

"And, of course, you succeeded?" she asked, after a pause.

"I'm afraid so," I said bitterly—that's why I'm going. I can't stop to see your happiness."

She glanced swiftly up. "My happiness?" she exclaimed.

"Yours, and his," I added. "I couldn't bear it—just at present — so I'm going."

For a moment she looked at me as if scarcely comprehending, then turned suddenly away, and I saw her shoulders

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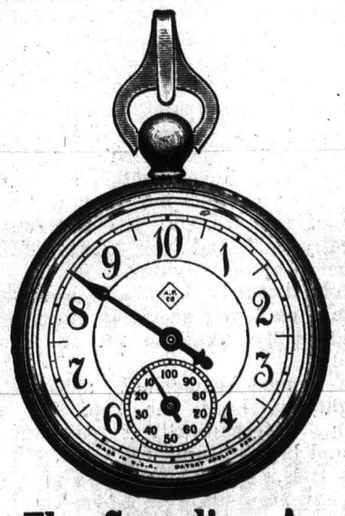

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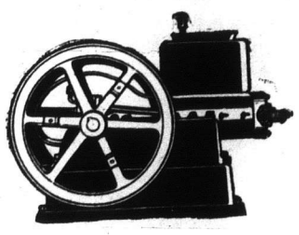

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heaving. After all," I thought, "I misjudged her; my going does affect her, then, and it is some consolation to have such a woman shed tears over one."

"You will think of me sometimes, Phyllidia, in all my loneliness when—when you are happy?" I said, leaning above her bowed head. She did not answer, and leaning nearer, I saw her face—and Phyllidia was laughing. Yes, there was no doubt of it, she was actually laughing, and seeing she was discovered cast aside all dissimulation.

"And that," she cried, dabbing her eyes with a lace handkerchief—"that was why you told me that wonderful story of the fire. Oh! it's too funny—it really is," and she went off into another peal of laughter.

I felt distinctly hurt and annoyed.

"I am glad you see it in that light," I said stiffly, "but to me it is a—a tragedy."

She seemed somewhat ashamed, I thought, at least she kept her face hidden. Mechanically I took out my pipe and began filling it.

"As it is," I continued with an effort, "you have my sincerest wishes for your future happiness, though, of course, the Cherub can never appreciate you as—as—" I stopped suddenly.

"As Gip does," she ended, peeping at me over her handkerchief. The pipe dropped from my fingers and I seized her hands, handkerchief and all.

"Phyllidia."

"I didn't say which Gip," she added, and the droop of her lashes was divine. Then, without another word, I bent forward and kissed her.

Some one approached whistling "Chin, Chin, Chinaman," with astonishing power and volume.

"Now what the dickens is he doing at this time of day?" I exclaimed, "confound him!"

Phyllidia smiled. "Kate told me he was to show her over the farm," she answered naively.

"Kate," I cried with a sense of sudden awakening. "Why, then — good heavens!"

"Exactly," said Phyllidia, "and now do let me go please, I wouldn't let any one see me just now for worlds—please," she pleaded.

"On one condition," I began, but she eluded my arm dexterously and disappeared into the grove.

I turned to meet the Cherub with a sense of offended virtue at his perfidy and the thought of what I had endured on his account.

Catching sight of me he immediately dodged and tried to hide behind the nearest bush. With pitiless irony I demanded to know if he had taken to bird's-nesting, and thereupon he came forth a trifle uncomfortable.

"You're down awfully early," he began. but I brushed this aside.

"I have spoken," I began.

The Cherub's discomfort grew painful to witness, and he shufflled from one foot to the other in the old way I remembered of him when in hot water at school.

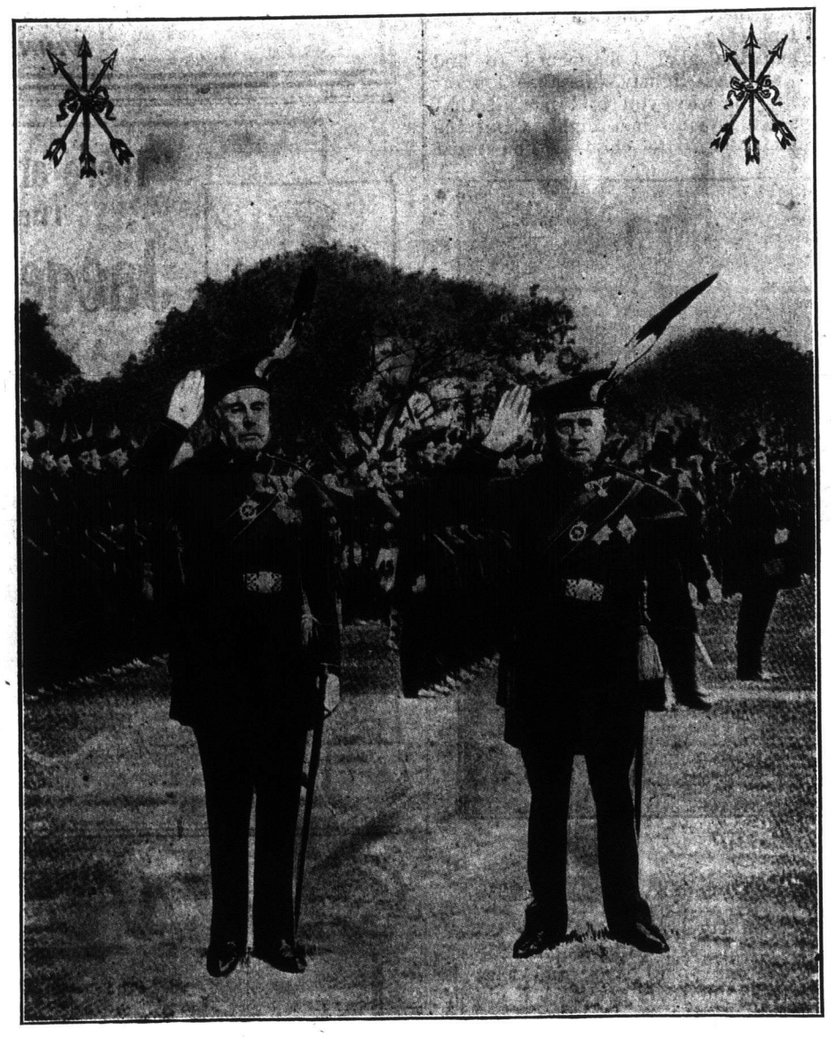
"You mean—"

"To Phyllidia," I nodded sternly.

"Oh—er—really. that's awfully nice of you dontcherknow,—but I—I fancy I made a mistake."

"A mistake," I repeated.

"Yes, —you see,—fact is," he stammered, avoiding my eye. "I thought—that is, I fancy I was a—a trifle premature."



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Review of the Royal Scottish Archers. The Earl of Haddington and the Earl of Midlothian (Lord Rosebery) to the Front.

"You begged me to speak, and I've done so," I said, with a sensation of virtue beaming in the very buttons of my coat.

The Cherub appeared utterly abashed.

"Oh Lord," he groaned, "what an infernal mess. I meant to tell you,—to explain things, but you've dodged me lately, and—and—it's Kate, you know."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I promised to do it, and I've done it," I repeated.

"With a vengeance," he added bitterly, "what did she say?"

I took out my pipe and lighted it carefully, ere I answered.

"She gave me to understand that she would marry me."

The Cherub sprang forward and fairly hugged me in his delight.

"Good old Gip," he cried. "I congratulate—"

But I broke away from him, and presently found the Divine Phyllidia in the grove.

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The Poacher's Hut.

By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

It had stood for years untenanted. No one knew when or why it was first built; only among the most patriarchal among the "oldest inhabitants" made any pretence to recollect anything about the last occupier. And the sum of their testimony came to this, that he was a sort of converted poacher, who was allowed to live there rent free, and made such a living as he could by rude rushwork, catching fish and snaring wild-fowl. And one day he was found dead, and the local papers were full of the harrowing discovery which they delated on with superabundant details. It was doubtless owing in part to the uncanny termination of the tenancy that from that day the hut had stood desolated.

But apart from this it must be admitted that as a place of residence the Poachers Hut was almost unthinkable and became more so as time went on. Years of vacancy had not contributed to its weather-worthiness: in fact that it stood at all was a sterling tribute to its original stability. The doors and windows were broken, the roof in more than one place fallen through, the leaning chimney only kept in its place by the straggling branches of a willow that had grown against the wall.

But comfortless as it was as a dwelling the hut was undoubtely a picturesque feature in the landscape. It occupied a slight eminence—the only spot it was said, which, when the winter floods rose and the snow water rushed down from the high land round about was never submerged. Around it the march stretched for miles. Once when a casual revival of that gruesome story of the last tenant had attracted attention to the marshland hut a certain well nown painter had come there, and been revived by the weird splendor of the landscape.

It was of course a fore-gone conclusion that in a compartively primitive neighborhood legends should grow and multiply arond the lonely hut. The original and simplest form these took was naturally associated with the Last Tenant. He had been seen ghastly and spectral, laying ghostly snares or fashioning shadowy baskets. The solitary angler would be aware of a gaunt figure in tattered tweeds watching him with gleaming eyes in a livid face.

If unknowing or unmindful the angler spoke to it, the figure would vanish before his eyes and a gust of deadly cold wind—no matter how hot or calm the day—would whirl around him. Another variant had it, that once—the time is indeterminate as befits your genuine legend—a casual visitor looked in at the hut, and there in the corner lay the fearsome body just as it was discovered years and years before. The visitor "sickened and shuddered and fled from the door," and full of the horror of his discovery, and convinced that it pointed to a recent tragedy, hurried to the village and told the constable.

After some hesitation, at which he indignantly wondered, the constable and his two stout fellows accompanied him back to the hut. But there was no dead body there—only that cold, charnel house atmosphere enveloped them; and the blacksmith's dog that had come with his master howled suddenly and slunk away, and was found afterwards hidden in a corner of the forge cowering and shivering. And so the legend grew, and acquired later the picturesque addition of red lights gleaming at times through the broken window, and the dark shadow of "the old man" wandering about at nightfall looking for ghostly birds in spectral snares. The whole story was very properly stigmatized as all rubbish by the "quality" who talked about "ignis fatus" and mist wreaths and referred with inconsiderable emphasis to the strength and popularity of the liquor sold at the village inn.

But the Poacher's Hut was destined to provide yet another sensation, startling enough, but not at all supernatural. One day the miller's little six year old daughter was missing. She was generally described by the neighbors as "being that venturesome there was no holding of her." and by her mother as "a handful if ever there was one." and in spite, or because of these seemingly contrary attributes, was a universal pet and plaything.

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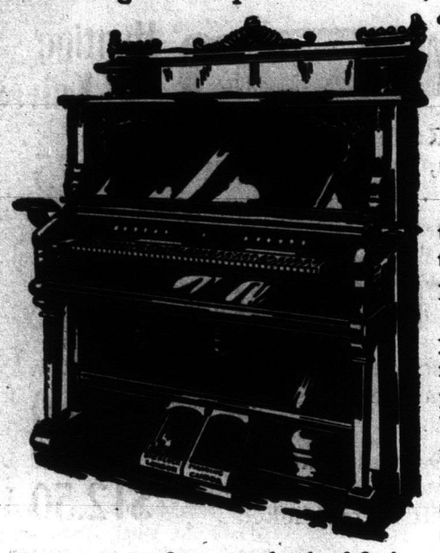

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Enquiries elicted that she was last seen early in the afternoon with her doll clutched firmly by one leg—the unhappy thing's usual unhealthy position — in the lane leading to the marsh. The marsh was forbidden under pains and penalties of the direst corporal character, but the mother remembered with a pang that a tame rabbit that shared with the doll the child's passionate devotion had escaped, and the father had said in her hearing that, of course, it had made for the marsh. And weighed with the rescue of the poor rabbit, pains and penalties would count for little with The Pet. The autumn evening drew on apace and uneasiness became alarm. Only by those who knew it well could the marsh be traversed in safety; the planks and causeways across the "quakes" were hard to find. Tradition had that one at least of the swamps was bottomless, and their green smoothness would be just the thing to attract a child. A search party was organized, and as the pale distracted mother stood to watch them off, those near her saw her start and point at something and then cover her eyes with a wild cry. And looking where she had pointed, they shuddered in their turn and the whisper ran round—"The lights in the hut." On and on went the searchers, more helpless each step they took, till at last they came to the most treacherous "quake" of all, fifty yards from the hut. And then for the first time they, too, saw the "lights," and saw, too, another sight that made "the boldest hold his breath for a time." For in front of the hut, half shrouded in mist, lurid and blood-hued in the red light from the window, stood a gaunt, forbidding figure. It was the miller, having most at stake, who first broke the spell.

"Old man or old devil, I want my child!" he said hoarsely, and led the way across the narrow zigzag causeway that crossed the "quake." And then the Figure spoke, in a rough voice enough, albeit rather faint and quavery, and sweeter words surely man nor ghost ever uttered.

"She's all right, mates, if you're looking for the kid. I should have brought her down presently and chanced it, but things ain't dry. She's all right, I tell you; come and see for yourselves."

The search party hurried on to the ill-famed hut. In the broken hearth was a glowing fire of peat and wood; and in front of it, wrapped in a coarse, drab colored garment, and her face sheltered from the heat by a screen of her own clothes fastened up to dry, lay The Pet, asleep and smiling; and resting against her, so that she might see it when she woke, was the doll, bedraggled and steaming, and obviously uneasy at finding itself in a sitting position.

"It was lucky I found her when I did," said the Figure. "She was almost—but there! She's all right now, though I had nothing to give her—nothing, and that's the truth."

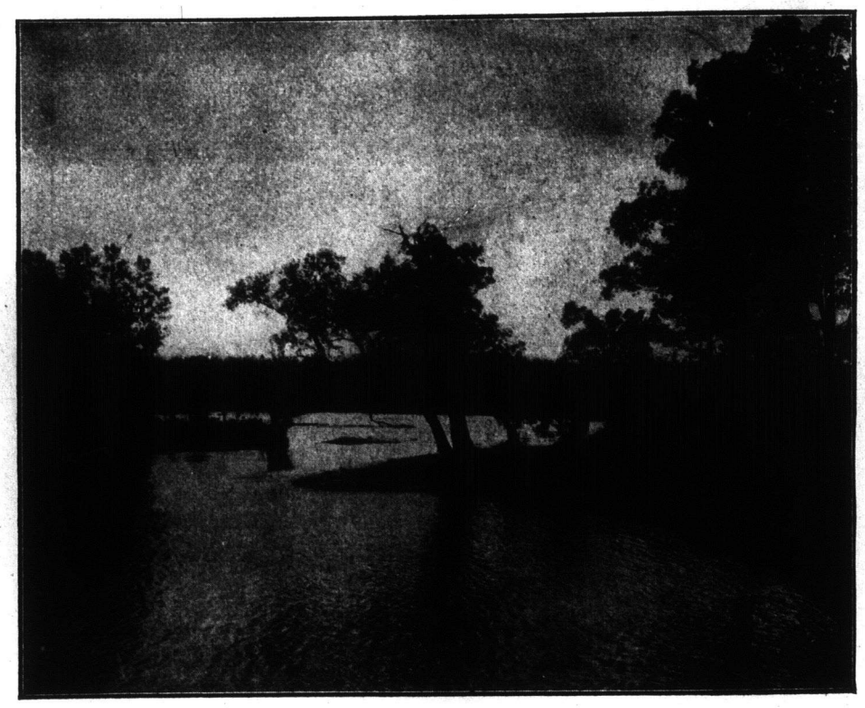
The voice certainly sounded shaky, and they began to think they knew why.

The miller lifted the child up, and his eyes fell on the garment she was wrapped in. He started and looked at the Figure, who was leaning trembling against the wall; it was a tattered sack that covered his bare shoulders—the child had on a flannel shirt, with queer markings on it like those on the coat.

"Well, mates, what's it to be?" asked the raspy, quivering voice.

And then the miller remembered that his wife had made him bring some wine and a great hunk of bread.

In the general rejoicing caused by the triumphant return of The Pet, the misfortunes of the rescue party was scarcely noticed, which was fortunate, for one came back minus a shirt and a vest, another a hat and coat, and a third, who was luckily a bachelor—in an improvised pair of nether garments made out of an old sack. The "quakes" had evidently exacted heavy toll. And as the adventure of The Pet engrossed all thoughts for the next few days, no attention was paid to a stupid report about the escape of a convict under sentence for robbery. But it added a new interest to the hut for some of those—the miller and his friends—who, as became men of light and learning, were foremost in ridiculing the story.



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An Ex-King's Unbending.

Mr. Julian Ralph, author and war correspondent tells a story of the late King Kalakana, who on one occasion held a reception at the Windsor hotel in New York. He stood in a parlor with the aldermanic committee "doing the honors" as the people passed by to shake the swarthy monarch's hand. All at once a man reached the King's side in his regular turn, shot out of the line, gripped the king's hand with a hearty grasp, and fairly shouted:—"Why, Dave, old man, how are you?" "Why, Billy," said the King, "I'm very glad to see you!" "Put it there again!" said the man. "It's a good many years, Dave, since you and I ran to fires together in Honolulu?"—and the King shook his hand again, smiling with delight at meeting a familiar face among such a multitude of strangers.

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Love's Riddle Solved.

By Emil Morgani.

If there was one thing more than another that Judge Green of Millwood desired it was that his only child Ralph should marry Nellie, the only child of Dr. Ford, his neighbor around the corner, and his life-long friend; and Dr. Ford was of a mind with Judge Green. So anxious were they for the union that they had offered to each of the proposed participants a check of $25,000 as a wedding present. The young people, however, entertained quite different views on this important subject, and Ralph was as ready to marry Rose Marion as Nellie was willing to become Mrs. Fred Percy. Such is love of the old-fashioned kind.

"Preposterous," exclaimed the Judge when the Doctor communicated to him his latest information.

"It is true, just the same," insisted the Doctor, "and if we hope to have our wishes respected in the matter we must change our tactics. Of course, they really are in love with each other and would marry soon enough, but you know how stubborn young people are, and they feel it be their duty to oppose their parents in love matters."

"But how should we change our tactics?" inquired the Judge, who was of judicial rather than inventive mind.

"I'll tell you," said the Doctor, coming closer as if to communicate a great secret. "We'll just inform the youngsters that they shall not marry each other under any circumstances, and shall not even see each other any more. We won't tell them why, or anything, because if they don't know that they will be more curious and more likely to want to show us they will do as as they please, which is any way that doesn't please us."

"Good; very good; excellent," said the Judge, rubbing his hands and smiling. And after thoroughly explaining to each other the course each would pursue they separated to put their plan into action as soon as practicable.

This was immediately, and when the Judge and the Doctor had announced to their children that they had changed their minds and forebade them seeing ing each other again, and as for marrying, that was not to be thought of for an instant, Ralph and Nellie at once began to wonder what had happened. They tried to find out from their parents, but those two astute gentlemen were absolutely uncommunicative, and not being able to learn from any other source they sought each other, notwithstanding the ban placed upon further intercourse between them. They were discovered at one of their meetings, and Nellie was locked in her room. She escaped through a window to meet Ralph on the next occasion, and although her father stormed at her violently when he learned of her disobedience, he afterwards chuckled in his heart when he told the Judge about it; and the Judge had a somewhat similar story to narrate of his experience in trying to prevent Ralph from seeing Nellie.

This surveillance by the Judge and the Doctor continued for three weeks, and the two old schemers enjoyed the success of their deep-laid plot amazingly. But they did not let their children know that they so much as spoke to each other. Indeed, they did not hesitate to say that the families were estranged for good and sufficient reasons.

One day, or rather one night, came a climax, and the next morning the Judge and the Doctor each received a telegram in these words:—

Swanscot, Tuesday.

We were married here last night by Rev. J. H. West.

One to the Judge was signed "Ralph" and Nellie," and the other to the Doctor was signed "Nellie and Ralph."

The Judge on his way to the Doctor's, met the Doctor on his way to the Judge's, each with a telegram in hand.

"Possibly it is some scheme of theirs," ventured the Judge warily, as is the habit of lawyers.

"We'll telegraph the preacher and see," said the Doctor, and they adjourned in great spirits to the Judge's to breakfast, from which point a telegram was sent as follows:—

Rev. J. H. West, Swanscot.

Did you marry Ralph Green and Nellie Ford last night?

(Signed) Green and Ford.

"He knows us both," said the Doctor, when the messenger had gone, "and being a preacher he will tell the truth."

"Of course," assented the Judge, who was a deacon.

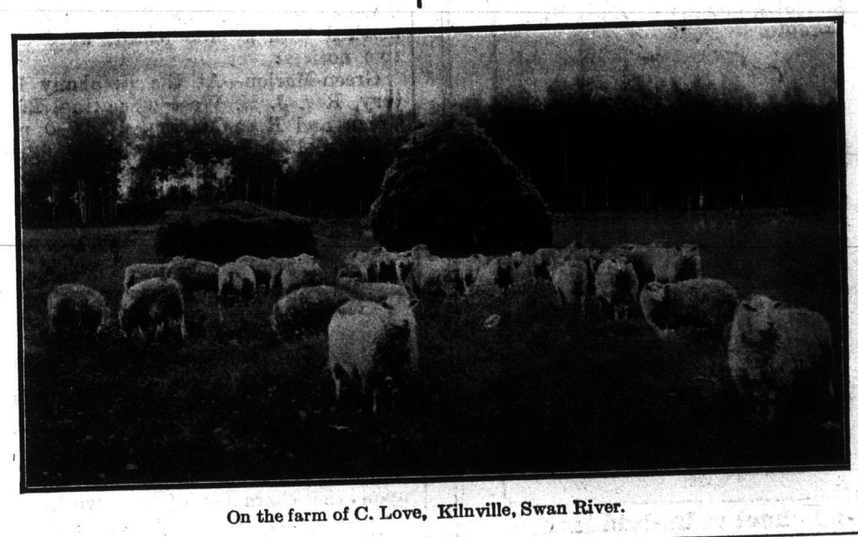
In an hour or so a telegram to Dr. Ford was received to this effect:—

Swanscot.

Yes, at half-past 11 o'clock.

Collect.

J. H. West.



On the farm of C. Love, Kilnville, Swan River.

When this message was received the Judge and the Doctor were so greatly elated that the actually hugged each other.

Swanscot was but fifty miles from Milwood, and on the 10.30 train came a letter to the Judge from Ralph, and one to the Doctor from Nellie, confirming the telegram, and saying they would remain in Swanscot until they had received the paternal forgiveness for their ruse, and their blessing. They also intimated that they had no money, and that their promised wedding present, or a portion of it, would be most convenient on their bridal tour previous to their return home, but youth is ever bold.

The two fathers held a further conference over the letters, and their enthusiasm over their own part in the affair, rather than the marriage itself, so exhilarated them, that they not only sent each a check for the $25,000, as promised, but a bonus for a thousand dollars was added by each to celebrate the success of their scheme. Then they sat down to wait the home-coming, chuckling with each other nightly over large copious hot toddies, pleasing to elderly gentlemen of convival tastes.

In the meantime Ralph and Nellie received their wedding checks and the extras, and without delay deposited them to their respective credits in the Swanscot Bank. This occurred on Wednesday, and on Friday the Swanscot Herald appeared. At noon of that

A SNOW WHITE CLOTHES LINE

Mrs. Bell was a charming little woman with a cheerful, fascinating smile. You felt the better for her happy presence, and she went about her household duties with a song on her lips and a glad smile in her eye.

Wash day made no difference to her cheerfulness. Her clothes line, strung with fleecy-white garments, fairly glistened and was the envy of her neighbors. One day her next door neighbor was so much taken with the dazzling white appearance of her linen that she asked her however she got them so white. "Look at mine; they are yellow in comparison with yours." "Why," answered Mrs. Bell, "Sunlight Soap does it. I never wash with anything else. I just soak the clothes in lukewarm water, soap them well over with Sunlight, roll them up and allow to stand for about half an hour. Then I rub lightly, rinse them in clean water and hang them up on the line. It's the purity of the soap that does the work. My washing is done by eleven o'clock. For next wash day you buy Sunlight, and I'll show you how."
And she did!

The woman who uses Sunlight Soap regularly to do her washing has the satisfaction of having her linens and other fabrics made snowy white with the greatest economy in work, time and money. She knows that the purity of Sunlight saves the life of the clothes and does not injure them in the least. Sunlight purifies and cleanses everything it touches.

Use Sunlight Soap This Way

If you follow directions, you do not need to boil your laundry when you use Sunlight Soap. Soak and soap the clothes well, roll them up tight and immerse them in lukewarm water for half an hour; then rinse in clear, fresh, tepid water. You do not need to do any back-breaking rubbing.

22

5c

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day the Judge, with a newspaper in his hand, on his way to the Doctor's met the Doctor on his way to the Judge's, also with a newspaper in his hand. Their faces were red, and they did not seem to be enjoying the news.

"Did you——" began the Doctor, opening his paper.

"Yes, I did," broke in the Judge, opening his.

"Well, I will be ——" began the Doctor.

"So will I,' broke in the Judge, not waiting for the Doctor to finish what he was about to say.

Under the "Marriages" in The Herald, marked with a blue pencil, were these two notices:

Green-Marion—At the Epiphany Rectory, Rev. J. H. West officiating, Ralph Green and Rose Marion, at 11.30 p.m., Monday, 12th inst.

Percy-Ford—At the Epiphany Rectory, Rev. J. H. West officiating, Frederick Percy and Ellen Page Ford, at 11.30 p.m., 12th inst.

The Judge and the Doctor chafed over their defeat for a time, but when their children came home from their bridal trip of a month, they took them right into their homes and forgave them everthing, even the extra thousand which had never been promised.

"Um," said the Judge, looking sheepishly at the Doctor.

"Um," responded the Doctor, looking likewise at the Judge.

"You've got a son just the same, papa," said Nellie to her father.

"And you've got a daughter, dad" said Ralph to his.

The Rev. J. H. West came over from Swanscot to attend the grand wedding reception and he proved conclusively that he had told the truth in his telegram, but not necessarily the whole truth, because he wasn't asked to do so.

Some Examination Humors.

By Thomas Laidlaw, Principal Alexandra School, Winnipeg.

Specially Written for W.H.M.

It is no part of the purpose of the writer of this article to cast reflection upon the character of the work done by the great majority of students, writing on the teachers' examinations referred to throughout. That would be unfair as well as untrue. The work as a whole was excellent, and showed long and careful preparation. But amongst the answers of twenty-five hundred candidates, there must be a few exceptions from the general standard of proficiency. It is from these few that the following gems have been taken. Whoever reads them will please bear this in mind that they are not typical of the whole. It is only just that this fact should be clearly understood.

Examinations are not usually looked upon as humorous subjects by anxious candidates; indeed, we suspect that the distant prospect of a surgical operation might even be regarded as a joke in comparison. But the grimmest subject has its laughable side and examinations are no exception to this rule.

Perhaps a Non-Conformist or a Scotchman might fail to see the joke in the following, but its humor should be appreciated by the churchman. At an examination in history the pupils were asked to give an account of the life of Thomas A. Beckett. One youth closed a thrilling account of the career of the great Archbishop by saying that "he was drowned in the Sea of Canterbury."

The candidate who wrote the answer to this question must have been brought up far from the surrounding quiet of the country school. The question from a paper on Agriculture asked for an explanation of the terms "Annual," "Biennial," "Perennial." The reply was as follows:

"Annuals are plants that grow every year."

"Biennials grow once or twice a year."

"Perennials grow three or four times a year."

To eradicate Annuals, pick the flowers once a year. To eradicate Biennials, pick two or three times a year. To eradicate Perennials, pick the roots. A good way also to kill Perennials is to poison them with Pau's Green.

Supper time, Assiniboine Park

Comment is unnecessary. But think of the delight of a practical farmer, when his son or daughter comes home from school, and gives him the above explanations. Now he knows how to rid his farm of any hard Annual, Biennial, or Perennial weed that grows, and the Noxious Weed Inspector will be in danger of losing his situation.

Grammar, except to the enthusiast, must always be a somewhat dry-as-dust and uninteresting subject, and the examiner who can wade through the papers of a thousand budding teachers, must be an enthusiast indeed, if he does not find the work a weariness to both flesh and brain. But grammar, too, has its lurking humors though we may not always think so.

In the examination already referred to, candidates were asked to analyze a passage from the "Eve of Waterloo." The passage begins,

"Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fabled chieftain,
He did hear that sound the
first," etc.

It is not necessary to give the whole quotation which is well known, though its hidden humors may be all unsuspected. Neither does it present any great difficulty. It was only when he

read the following arrangement of the clauses that the tired examiner's grim visage lit up with a smile.

"Brunswick's faked chieftain safe within a windowed niche of that high hall, and when they smiled he rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell on a bloody bier which stretched his father, because he deemed it near." Alas poor father! and alas poor candidate. Striking and original is the arrangement, but, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

History also is a subject which lends itself to distortion even somewhat easily we confess. The following account of the career of Napoleon is, however, quite new. The account was written by a candidate for a Second Class Teacher's Certificate:

"It was Napoleon's plan to conquer all Europe and as much of Asia as he could. His first intention after settling affairs at home in France was to conquer Italy. On his way to Italy he was for a short time at Trafalgar, an English coaling station in the Mediterranean. There he was met by Wolfe, who won an overwhelming victory and almost annihilated his army.

"He (Napoleon I presume) when resolved to conquer India. He and his army were landed at Plassey where Colonel Robert Clive who previously was a clerk in The East India Company, with his few courageous redoubtables met Napoleon. Clive was victorious in winning one of the most important battles in history. Napoleon now tired of war returned to France."

Exit the Emperor. What a hotch potch of undigested information it all makes. The Crimean War, and the Indian Mutiny, with their attendant horrors, do not afford much room for laughter, though frequently they have been thought of with tears. It is refreshing to learn from an account of the Crimean War.

"The English helped the Chinese in this war and drove them back. (Who theme were history does not say.) The British then sent an expedition to Moscow, but when they got there the place was burned down and the British had to march back again."

We are all familiar with the famous charge of the famous Brigade at Balaclava, but are somewhat amazed to learn that, "At the Battle of Balaclava the Light Brigade stopped and they all sang "Annie Laurie," before continuing the charge.

Russell, the great war correspondent, makes no mention of this incident in his thrilling account of the mad ride. Evidently he missed something.

We all know the part played by the greased cartridges as one of the causes of the great mutiny. The story varies, however, according to the historian.

We are not surprised to learn that when the Sepoys found that they were to be compelled to use bullets made of tallow and fat, they rose in revolt. Doubtless they did not consider that the combination would make an effective bullet, even at short range.

But what do you think of this cause and how do you explain it.

"When they were told to use 'The Cartilage of the pig' in the Crimean War, the sepoys thought it was an insult, and so they rose in revolt."

Or this:

"The Crimean War was in the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Walpole was the leader of the army at that time. It took place in India in 1863."

But to come nearer home:

"The Union of Upper and Lower Canada took place in 1701. It was caused by the King sending out leaders to the Continent of America to start a trade in furs and hides. The South Sea Bubble was its name."

In another account we find that:

"The Quebec Act provided that nobody could be a member of the House of Lords without possessing a certain amount of land.

"If anybody committed a crime he was to be beheaded. If he stole anything he was to be imprisoned for life.

"Roman Catholics would worship in their own churches; other people in their own faith."

Again "The British North American Act was one of the causes that led to the Confederation Act."

The writer of that reply will doubtless be able to speak and vote with intelligence on all political questions in Canada.

But to return to the great mutiny. Not many of us are aware that Canada played any conspicuous part in the memorable tragedy. Of course, we know that her voyageurs overcame the difficulties of navigation on the Nile during the Egyptian War, and that her sons fought side by side with the British regulars in Africa. It is only when one reads the following that we learn that even in the dark days of 1857 she also sent her sons to the front, for

"In the Indian Mutiny Colin Campbell was sent out to India with some soldiers from Canada to quell the uprising."

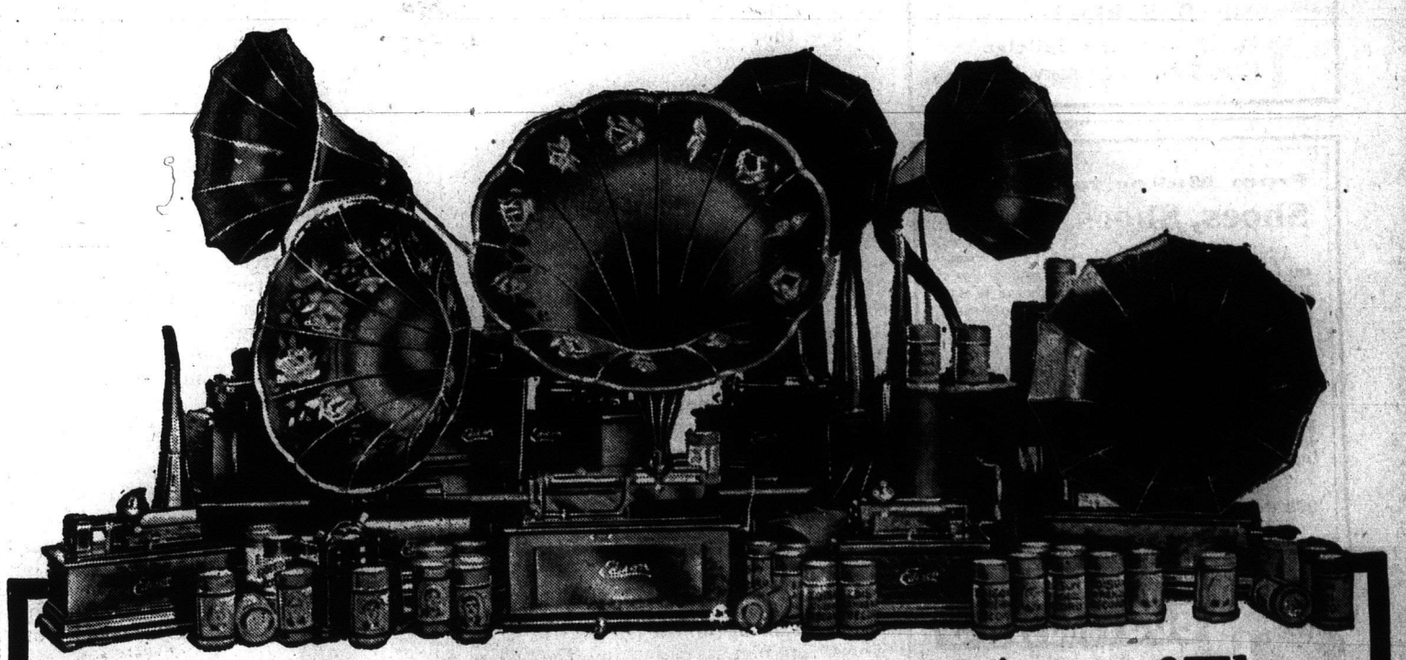
Before such humors as these such simple statements as—

"At Crecy the knights were mounted and heavily plated;"

Or, "In one part of the room was a huge fireplace large enough to roast an ox with a gigantic chimney," hardly bring a smile to the worn visage of the weary examiner.

But let us leave historical humors and turn to the love tragedies that we find portrayed in Tennyson's well-known poems of "Maud" and "Locksley Hall." As you know the poems resemble each other in some respects. Candidates were asked to compare the characters of the heroes and here they are at least as one budding genius saw them:

"The heroes of "Maud and "Locksley Hall" are both love-sick. Both men think that if the girls they are thinking of do not marry them, they will become worse by marrying some one else. The youth in "Locksley Hall" says he will end up by stduying science and let the world know of many things she did not know of before. These two think only of their own love affairs and let love come before everything else instead of letting it come in somewhere in the background. The hero of "Maud" is very proud of her. At one time he will be 'aviating away up in in the sky' with nothing on his mind but Maud."



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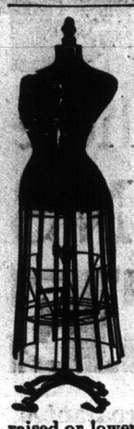

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Receive postpaid this all wool serge dress The waist is made just as pictured with sailor collar trimmed with braid, silk tie and fancy design in front. The skirt comes in the new pleated style trimmed with six cloth buttons as illustrated. The material is all wool serge suitable for winter wear. The suit is beautifully made and is bound to please and fit you. It also comes all wool Panama in rich dark red $5 50 Give inches around largest part of bust and smallest part of waist and largest part of hips also length of skirt in front. Order this beautiful suit today No. 6 add 35c. for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building. London, Ont.

Surely "aviating" is good and modern to a degree.

In another question students were asked to explain the meaning of the following:

"For the child too clothes the father
With a dearness not his due."

It is a little difficult to get at the point of view that inspired the following: "The child belongs to the father and also to the mother, and so it will be good enough for them, though it may not amount to much."

We can perhaps better appreciate a somewhat different reply to the same question:

Amy had a son, and as her husband was nearly always 'glazed with wine,' the boy had to lend a hand to earn clothes for his father."

This is an interpretation undreamed of by either Tennyson or his critics. So are they all for that matter. Let originality flourish:

"The hero as happy as a 'martingale' listening to love songs."

As the husband is the wife, is,
Thou are marked with a clown."

This is another passage which they were asked to explain. We may have been accustomed to think of Amy as weak and unfaithful, but who ever suspected her of being a contortionist until he had read the explanation of the above lines.

"The hero of Locksley Hall represents Amy as unable to get from the fact, that, 'A sorrows crown of sorrow, is remembering happier days.' That at night when her husband is sleeping the delirious sleep of the drunkard, she will be lying wide awake staring at the wall behind her."

Again another budding pedogogue, discussing the hero of "Maud," say: "All these years he had been dreaming to have Maud for his wife but now he thinks his dreams are bad, and that she might bring him a curse." He says: "There is fatter game on the moor, which means there are lots of nicer girls than Maud in the country. The fiend best knows whether woman or man is the worse."

Asked to give the value of the love songs in the same poem, we have the following: "The love songs are of great value in "Maud," especially the one which he sings when they are dancing, 'Come in to the Garden, Maud.'"

Another question asked for an explanation of the metrical forms used in these poems. Two replies will suffice, as they are illuminating:

"The metrical forms enable us to put our thoughts into words and by this relieve the stress on our minds."

The mind that evolved the foregoing must have been immensely relieved, as also the mind or rather memory of the writer of another explanation of the same question:

"The different variety of the metrical forms in Maud are Trochaic, Spoudie, Iambie, Anapest, Amphibrach, Dactylie, feet."

What a breath of triumphant relief he must have drawn when he worked it off.

Ridiculous and incomprehensible as they seem, these replies were actually given by candidates writing for teachers' certificates on a recent examination. Though we smile when we read them, are we not also inclined to weep? For are they not—

"Too comic for the serious things they are
Too serious for the comic touches in them."

Two Great Influences.

By Helen Murray. Specially written for the W.H.M.

Two great influences mould every character and life:

First. Heredity, or the temperament and disposition which is transmitted to us from our parents.

Second. Environment, or the surroundings and circumstances which attend us all through life.

We do not choose our parents. Therefore we are not responsible for the influence of heredity. Nevertheless, we have it in our power to cherish and develop the nobler tendencies we have received, and to repress the evil.

We all have to be born; but a great deal depends on what happens us after we are born. Even a little thought and investigation will show us that the influence of environment is a factor of tremendous importance in the building of our characters and the making of our lives.

The Influence of Environment.

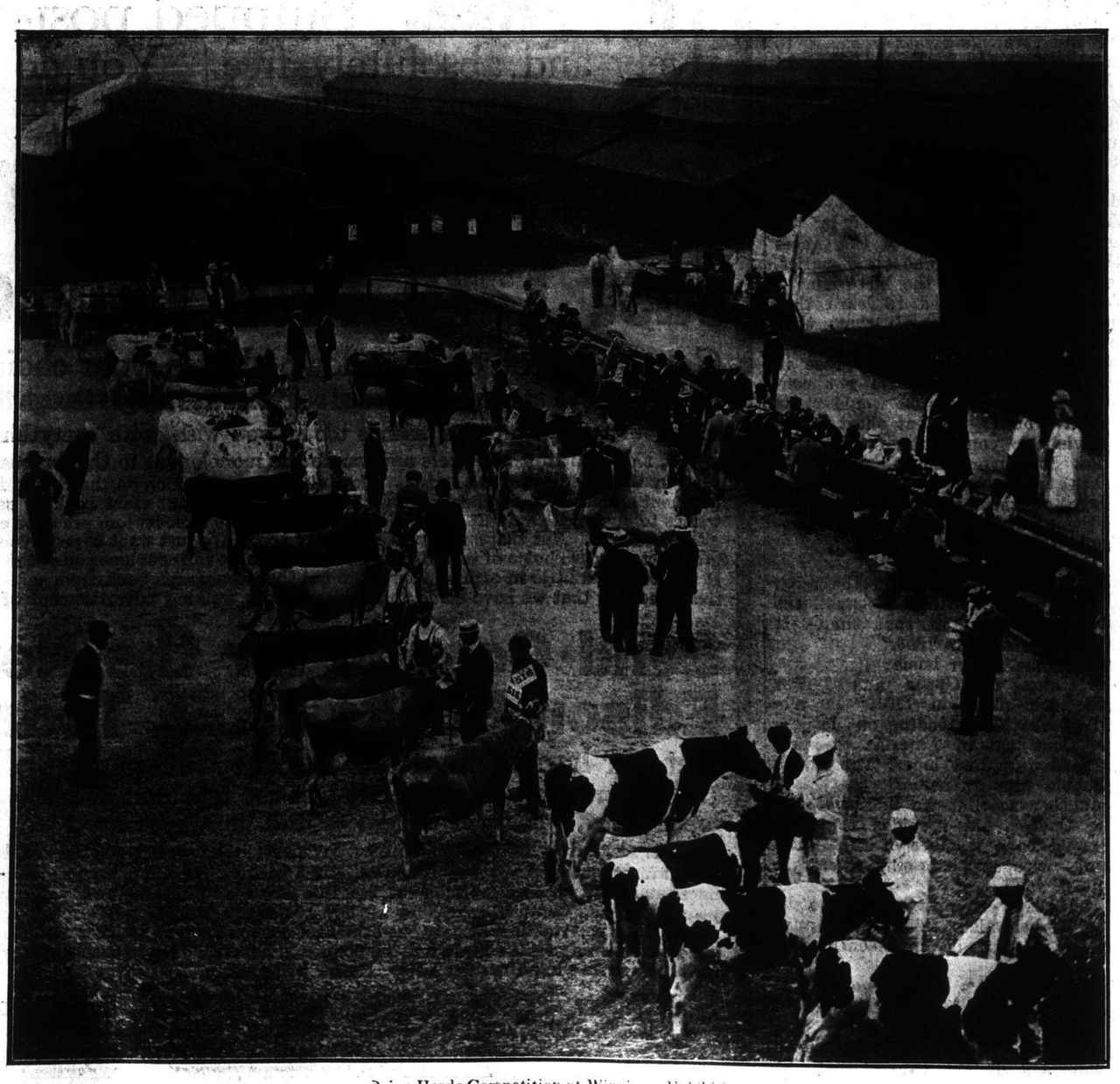
If we look at the countries of the world we shall find that climate, soil and the conditions of life have determined very largely the leading characteristics of the inhabitants.

On the rugged mountain sides of Switzerland, Wales and the Highlands of Scotland dwell an emotional people, brave, patriotic, independent, poetic, sometimes visionary; on the great plains of the world live a commercial class—practical, matter-of-fact, self-sufficient, shrewd, often mercenary.

It would seem that neither excessive heat nor is cold conducive to the highest type of character. In the tropics, food is so easily obtained, and so little clothing is necessary that the powers and facilities of the natives are undeveloped as a result of their inactivity. In the polar regions, on the other hand, the maintenance of the merest existence is so difficult that it takes all the time and energy of the people, who consequently make but little progress.

The Favored Region.

It is a remarkable fact that all the great discoverers and inventors who have given to the world the results of their labors in the form of printing, gun-powder, chloroform, machinery, the steam engine, electric appliances, auto-



Dairy Herds Competition at Winnipeg, Exhibition.

mobiles and aeroplanes, have lived in the north temperate zone. The same region has furnished the home of the writers of the greatest books. It is also in the temperate zone that the highest type of civilization, culture and refinement is reached. Looking at these facts we may reasonably infer that, for his highest development, man needs obstacles to overcome, problems to solve, difficulties to surmount. But the obstacles, the problems and the difficulties should not be so great as to be impossible, nor so stupendous as to baffle his supremest efforts.

Effect on Animals and Plants.

It is not in the realm of humanity alone that we see the effect of the influence of environment, for the same principle obtains in animals and plants.

Contrast the ill-shaped form of the Shaganappi pony, whose forebears have roamed the plains for ages in the scorching drought of summer and freezing blasts of winter, with the magnificent physique of the Clydesdale or Percheron, whose ancestors have been carefully fed, housed and worked for centuries,

If a plant is to attain perfection, we must give it conditions favorable to its growth—proper soil, temperature, light, moistures and atmosphere. If any of these are lacking in any degree, the plant will not attain its perfect maturity.

How careful we are too, to remove the decayed apples from the barrel, lest by contact we should lose all.

Man is the Sum of His Experiences.

"I am a Part of All that I have met" Tennyson has Ulysses exclaim, and every one can testify to the same truth.

We expect the child who has been surrounded by the best influences to become an honored and useful citizen; we are not surprised when the child of the slum becomes a criminal. We say of such an one that he was the victim of circumstances, by which we mean that so great was the influence of his environment that he could not overcome it and it overcame him.

The Influence of an Ideal.

Hawthorne's story, "The Great Stone Face," illustrates the same truth. On a mountain side, overlooking a New England village, carved only by the hand of nature, is the face of a man, noble, majestic, inspiring. It is a tradition in the village that some day a man, who shall resemble the great stone face, shall come and do great things for the people.

A boy named Ernest thinks much about this great one who will come, and studies the face reverently, thoughtfully, continuously. Years pass and several imposters are welcomed and afterwards rejected. At last, the people realize that it is the man named Ernest, noble, true and good, who resembles the face on the mountain side, and who is the real benefactor of the village.

The Secret of Influence.

"How can I hear what you say, when what you are keeps thundering in my ears?" exclaims a great thinker. One who would influence others should be, as far as possible, the personification of his or her ideals.

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Your Address on a Post Card will bring it.

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THE SIMPSON STORE

you'll find that on everything from a packet of pins to a load of furniture, we pay all delivery charges to your nearest Railway Station, no matter where you live in Canada.

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We will not issue a Christmas Catalogue this year. You will find all Christmas Goods included in this one.

If for any reason you find the goods we send you unsatisfactory, return them within seven days after you receive them, in good condition, and we will exchange or refund money, and pay all freight, express or mail charges both ways.

TORONTO

A feature of this Catalogue is its forty-four pages of delivery-paid furniture. Just write on a post card: "Send me Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 34

Don't Fill the Lumber Room

with those old pieces of furniture that have gotten marred, scratched and the worse for wear and tear.

You can extend their usefulness and restore their pristine beauty by using

LACQUERET

Lacqueret acts like magic in beautifying and preserving old furniture and dingy woodwork, and dries hard over night. Colors will not fade. Very easy to apply. Have you a copy of our entertaining and informing booklet "Dainty Decorator?" You can have one for the asking.

All International products put up in full imperial measure cans.

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The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly is $1.00 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.00 a year and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States of America $1.25 a year

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

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

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. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

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.

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[*To be cut out on the dotted lines.*]

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Childhood is the sowing time for the seeds of those qualities which we hope to see blossom and bear fruit in noble useful lives.

The mother can begin when the child is very young to teach it to express its love in service. When the little tot puts its arms around your neck and says, "I love you, mamma," ask it to do something—to close a door, to bring you a book, any little thing just to show how much the baby loves mamma. This course, wisely pursued, will make work a privilege, not a burden. "Lovest thou me?" our Lord asked Peter, who replied, "Thou knowest I love thee." Then said the Lord, "Feed my lambs." It is a divine law that real love costs something—it means service.

Importance of First Impressions. Ideals for Parents.

Early lessons in unselfishness may be given by having the little ones share their candy, their toys, their good times with others. Teach the child always to respect authority at home, at school, in the church, and in the nation. A rebel anywhere is always unhappy. Teach them to help, not to criticize; to build, not to destroy. The writer of the first Psalm considered the seat of the scorner the lowest place of all.

Lifters and Leaners.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says there are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who lift and the people who lean. She also says that there is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

Teach your child to be a lifter not a leaner.

Influence of Pictures.

Pictures have a great influence on the minds of children. A mother of four boys living in an inland town was puzzled, when each of her sons on growing to manhood, became a sailor. A visitor one day pointed out the cause. On the walls in her home hung several pictures of ships and the sea.

Miss Margaret Slattery tells, as a true story, of a Sunday school teacher who had a rude unmanageable girl in her class. She gave her a picture of Christ, a copy of the painting of a great artist. The girl put it on her dresser, dusted it, looked at it every day. Before long both teacher and mother noticed a great change in the girl. She became kind, gentle, unselfish.

Effect of Evil Pictures.

While we all are glad that the soul may be inspired by beautiful, noble pictures, we deplore the fact that many children and young people are being dragged down by the moving picture show, the picture advertisement and the picture post card. Though some of these are the means of doing good, there are others which suggest evil. Parents, teachers, and ministers try to guard the child's life and keep it pure, but there in full view, every time he goes to school he sees pictures which magnify the delights of cigarette smoking or beer drinking, or the coarse picture of some vulgar play.

Should not all right minded citizens protest against this, and petition the mayors and councils to prevent the posting of any pictures except such as should be approved of by a competent committee.

Environment is Not Everything.

Great as is the influence of our surroundings upon us, it is refreshing to know that we are something more than the mere victims of circumstances. We can be pure, honorable, true "in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation." A pond lily with its pure white blossom has its roots in the black slime and muck in the bottom of the pond. When we are in Rome, we do not need to do what Rome does, unless Rome is doing right.

When you pour water into a square vessel, it is square; into a round vessel, it is round. Some people are just like the company they are in, but they are not a very desirable kind of people. Jacob's eldest son Reuben was a character of this kind. His father's parting word to him was: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." That is the penalty of such a spineless existence. Excellence is impossible.

Masters of Circumstances.

Many of the world's greatest characters have risen superior to the most unfavorable environment. Caedmon, the first English poet, was a cow-herd; Bunyan was a tinker, and wrote his sublime "Pilgrim's Progress" when in Bedford jail; Carey, the first foreign missionary of modern times, was a shoemaker; Lincoln, the liberator of slaves and President of the United States, was a rail splitter; Garfield was a mule driver on the Erie Canal; Edison was a news boy. None of these were daunted by circumstances, but each took pleasure in overcoming every obstacle.

Holland the poet sings:

"We rise by things that are 'neath our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

The Life Worth While.

We should be masters of circumstances. We should be .ast rt 'by conquerors. Let us turn the searchlight of eternity on our lives and consider what we shall wish we had done when opportunities are ours no longer. We should not let the good crowd out the best.

"Fill up the hours with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go,
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

Donald Flett's Dog Train—Fort Alexander.

Western Verse.

Flint Island Light.

For the Children

Mrs. Wm. G. Matheson, Port Morien, Cape Bretcn, N.S.

Sleepy and blue—the Bay's placid waters
After the heat of the day,
After the sun has gone flaming
Down, and the shadows are grey,
A moon and the stars all a peeping—
Upon us—so friendly and bright,
While out over there—you can see the red flare
Of a small island's slow, winking light.

Wink, wink, four winks—the wait of a second,
Like some great eye making fun,
But when a wild storm is howling,
And there's stern work to be done,
When the sea shoots foam all a boiling—
Up skyward—almost out of sight,
Then—flash, flash it goes, and the sailorman knows
It is Flint Island's brave, winking light.

Guarding a moody and rugged highway,
Winking so gravely and grand,
Like to some firefly voyager—
Venturing out, from the land;
But always the signals a showing—
They pierce through the blackness of night,
'Tis dreary and lone—when the surf makes a moan
But, it fails not—that wee island light.

As a line one might trace with a pencil
The island appears from town;
Washed by the mighty Atlantic,
Meeting her smile and her frown;
All ready to send out a warning—
To wink and to whistle—just right,
A keeper of souls—when the grey fog unrolls—
Here's to Flint Island's bold, saving light!

(Frances)

The New Year.

J. L. Haggett

The midnight bells have ceased their peel,
And ushered in for woe or weal
Another year;
What it will bring we cannot tell
But God our Father knoweth well:
Then child, why fear?

What'ere is best, He'll surely send,
And for His loved ones it will tend
To work their good;
But they will need the spirit's aid
To bear what on them may be laid
To work this good.
If health and wealth and friends be given
And all the choicest stores of Heaven
Be on them pressed,
E'en then you'll need the spirit's power
To keep you humble in that hour,
So richly blest.
But should afflictions be thy meed,
And these should press thee sore indeed,
At God's decree.
His grace to help you all the way
You'll doubly need, and if you pray
He'll give it thee.
Go then to Him by prayer of faith,
And credit what His goodness saith,
E'en, e'en to thee.
'Tis "that He'll be thy constant stay,"
And "that in all things as thy day,
Thy strength shall be."

The Dollie of Long Ago.

By Lilian Leveridge

I have dressed a beautiful doll to-night
For a little one sweet and fair.
Ah me! Can it be I am growing old?
That the hoar-frost has touched my hair?

O, the years are ruthless, the years are long,
And the shadows are dim and deep
'Twixt me and the gleam of that golden day
When I rocked my dollies to sleep.

But to-night they ebb like the ocean tide,
And I am a girl again:
My heart is the heart of a little child
That knoweth no care, no pain.

O, fair little lady with ribbon of rose
'Gainst the white of your dainty dress,
For the sake of the dollie I loved and lost
I give you one fond caress.

Your cheeks are pink as the glowing dawn,
Your eyes are forget-me-nots.
The face of my Rosie was pale and wan,
And her eyes they were two black dots

Your ringlets, a shower of shining gold,
Soft over your shoulders fall.
My dollie, the love of that far, sweet day
Long dead, had no hair at all.

But I held her close in my arms at night
And sang to her soft and low,
And I lavished the love of my childish heart,
On that dollie of long ago.

I wonder, O, you of the sweet blue eyes
And cheeks like the morn aglow,
Will you ever be loved like that old rag doll,
My darling of long ago?

The Summer Time, and ——

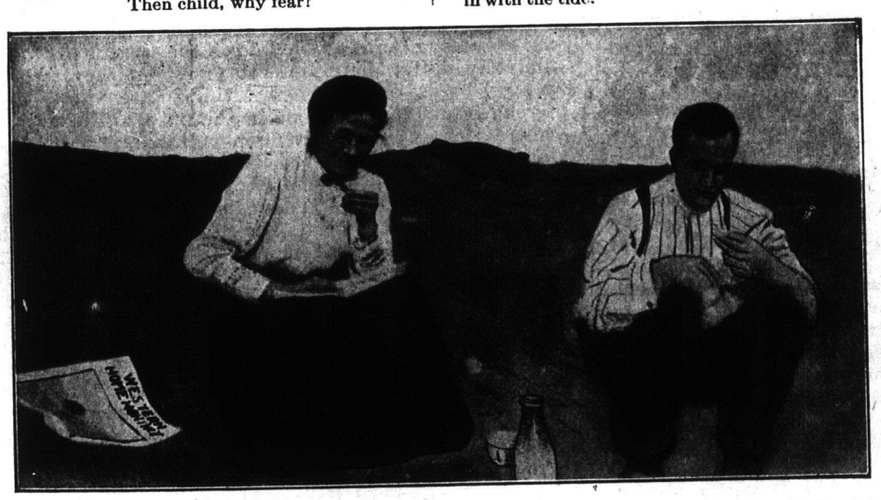
By H. Easton-Jenner A.C.C.M., Yorkton

Do you see that bluff out yonder, to the southward,
near the poplars,
That are growing tall and stately by yon steep
mountain side?
Well, just beyond that angle, wandering over moss
and pebbles
Is a quiet rippling streamlet, where the
young
trout
hide.

Oh, many an hour I've sat there still and silent, in
the shadows
In a gastronomic dream of joy, too blissful far to
last,
As I thought me of the treat in store at night time
in my shanty.
And the wily trout they chuckled as they
winked
and
passed.

For pass they did, and ne'er a one I caught from
morn till even.
But what of that, I'd sat there idly all the livelong
day,
With all my troubles banished and the cares of
life,—pouf,—never
Child of man so happy, half as I, in
Child-
hood's
day.

And perhaps in dreams, when I have reached the
end of my life's journey,
And am waiting for the "Phantom Bark" to pull
in with the tide.



An accidental snap shot on Centre Island, Toronto, shows the Western Home Monthly's popularity is not confined to the West.

I shall see again the poplars, and the shadows, and
the mountains,
And stand beside the streamlet, where the
cunning
trout
hide.

Jack Carter, Yorkton, Sask.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

Don't go too long without food. Hunger gives a strained look to the face too. Now and then if one is fatigued a bite between meals will invigorate the whole system and give relaxation and repose to strained muscles and nerves.

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KILLS ALL BUGS

Completely rids the house of them. Beats any "insect powder". Absolutely safe and certain. Use it on the beds and in the kitchen. Money back if you are not satisfied.

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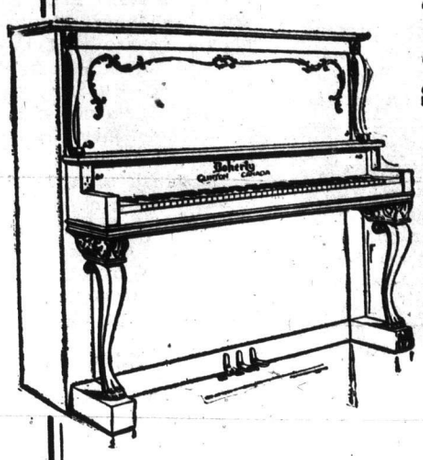

HOME is nothing without music and in this connection the PIANO IS SUPREME.

More people than we imagine do appreciate QUALITY IN A PIANO. They are the people who make the standing of any instrument in a community.

Ask your music teacher or musical friend to give you their CANDID OPINION of the

DOHERTY PIANO : :

They will tell you that MONEY and BRAINS cannot produce a better instrument, and they will be telling the truth.

Our new 1912 designs are now ready for delivery and we will send you cuts and prices on receipt of a post card. Ask for our Free Trial Offer, by which we place the Piano in your home for THIRTY DAY'S FREE TRIAL before you pay us one cent.

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

There is one outstanding feature of the present election campaign that givs satisfaction to the self-respecting elector. The issue is clean cut, and not necessarily partisan. It can be discussed in all its phases without involving personal animosity and recrimination. The pros and cons of the proposed reciprocity pact negotiated between the Governments of this country and the United States, which is now before the electors of the Dominion, who will give their verdict upon it on the twenty-first day of this month, have been thoroughly set forth by the supporters and the opponents of the pact. The whole question has been, and is being, and will be, thoroughly discussed; and the acceptance, or rejection, of the pact may safely be left to the intelligent and patriotic electors.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It is absurd to say that everything is all right, but the world is not half as wrong as the complainers try to make out. Effects continue to have their causes, and frequently when a man is telling you his grievances, you could tell him, if you choose, where the trouble lies, and usually it is located under his own hat. The person who goes about relating his grievances is only sowing the seed of more. He convicts himself of bad judgment; for, if he were wise, he would realize that nobody wants to hear about grievances. People may offer him sympathy, but is it truly genuine? Are they not agreeing with him so that he will sooner finish his tale and go away? When he is gone, the listener will reflect that if all those other people who have known him well have used him so, there must be something wrong with him. As a wise man said, getting through life successfully is a job that calls for much wise reticence and an unvarying air of cheerfulness.

A MILITARIST ON WAR.

In the Ninteenth Century for August there is an article entitled "A Vindication of War," written by Sir Reginald C. Hart, from the point of view of the professional militarist. He argues that war is in the nature of things, and says that history warns us that it is not good for a nation to be too long at peace. "War has been the history of man in the past," writes this warrior, who, no doubt, grieves that he is wielding his pen instead of his sword, "and it must be so in the future." A curious idea this military gentleman must have of the progress of humanity and of the divine purpose in regard to the advancement of the race. Under peace, he tells us, nations languish and perish. He warns mankind "not to commit the folly of beating our swords into ploughshares," and asserts that the Almighty intends human life to be "on a war, not on a peace, basis," adding: "the Bible does not say that war is the root of all evil, but that money is so."

This assertion is on a par with many of Sir Reginald's other assertions. The Bible does not say that money is the root of all evil, but that "the love of money is the root of all evil"—quite a different thing. It is to be said for Sir Reginald, however, that he does not put forward the plea that war is a good thing because it "wipes out surplus population." If that were a benefit, why should we carry on the fight against tuberculosis and other deadly diseases that claim such heavy toll of human life? The truth is that militarism itself is a disease, which like consumption, may produce certain delusive appearances of health and beauty, but in the end brings ruin.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF PARENTS.

In a somewhat self-complaisant article in a current magazine, a writer who has made something of a name for himself tells of the harsh rule which his father exercised over him as a boy forty or fifty years ago. In reading the article you cannot help feeling that the purpose of the writer is to make it appear that he deserves special credit for having done so well in life, considering the sort of father he had. The theme of the article is that a great change for the better has taken place in half a century in the relations between parents and children. That there is more frankness and cordiality between parents and children now, speaking generally than there was a few generations ago, is no doubt true; but is it to be believed that the fathers who were harsh with their chidren were lacking in the natural affection felt by the more demonstrative parents of to-day? Habits and customs change, but human nature preserves a pretty flow. The practise used to be for parents to be strict with their children, to be stern and unflinching in their parental duty. It was considered imperative that they should not spare the rod. But does any parent of to-day suppose that parental affections were suppressed or concealed without an effort in the days of his grandfather? We must know that the duty was often a hard one, and when we look through old family albums and see those bearded faces of men whom we never think of as having been young, we should realize that the old system was one which, perhaps, bare less hardly on the children than on those self-denying parents who suppressed and schooled themselves, in order to do what they felt to be their duty towards the young lives they were training. In one sense, the unselfish parent is the most selfish of all parents. It is easier to be unselfish with a child, in the sense of being indulgent, than it is to be firm and just. When a man writes of the cold sternness of his father, perhaps he is disclosing his own dullness in not having suspected what that sternness cost the man who wore it as a shield imposed by his sense of duty.

DAWSON'S POTATO CROPS.

From Dawson City, a thousand miles north of Winnipeg, comes the news that the harvest, small as it is will be the greatest that the Far North has ever seen. "This year's potato crop is better than anything in southern Canada on a similar acreage," says the dispatch. "Hundreds of tons worth many thousands of dollars, are represented in these Klondyke potato crops." Truly, our ideas about the northern parts of our vast Dominion are undergoing change. Who would have imagined fifteen years ago that potatoes, or anything else, could be grown in the vicinity of Dawson? Now we learn that some of the potato growers up there last year took so much as $8,000 worth from single farms of seventy or eighty acres. This year they expect in some cases to increase greatly that remarkable showing. There is no reason to doubt that the soil in that far northern region will yet be found suitable for the growing of other products than have yet been grown there. And there is little reason for surprise, when we learn of the progress of agriculture in the vicinity of Dawson, that such success is being met with in the Peace River country in growing wheat.

CITY AND COUNTRY INCREASE.

The latest bulletin from the Census Bureau at Washington says that the United States census taken last year shows an increase in city population since 1900 in every state and territory, while in seven states there has been an actual decrease in rural population In all but two states the city population has increased faster than the rural population, and generally at a very much more rapid rate. There is no state or territory in which the increase in city population has been less than 10 per cent. since 1900. In thirteen states it has been between 50 and 100 per cent., and in six states it has been more than 100 per cent. The figures the Canadian census are not yet available, but there is every certainty that they will show a very different and more healthy tendency than that prevailing in the United States. The chief feature of the growth of population in the Dominion during the past ten years has been, of course, the settlement of large areas here in the West, enormously increasing the country's production of grain. A land whose farming population increases faster than its city population is in the healthiest condition possible.

THE BONDS OF WEDLOCK.

In the State of Washington, under the law of a few years ago to compel medical examination of prospective bridegrooms and brides, many couples intending to be married considered such inspection inquisitorial and humiliating, and to avoid it they took a run across the border and were married in British Columbia. Artificial impediments to marriage have never been successfully maintained. Couples who have made up their minds to join their lives in wedlock will find means for evading any restrictions they might regard as interferences with their personal liberty. Yet we read a great deal nowadays in favor of prohibiting marriage under certain circumstances for the good of future generations. In the gossiping letters of Horace Walpole about English life in the eighteenth century there is a queer story about the arrangement of a marriage between members of two families of title. When the marriage settlements were being discussd, the representative of one side admitted that there was "a touch of insanity in the family." "So have we," replied the representative of the other family, "and so the arrangement is quite even and mutually just." Surely this was the very worst of arrangements. There are cases where marriage entails misery, and into which people may be plunged in entire ignorance.

A WOMAN, AND SOME LAWYERS.

In Toronto recently there was a suit brought by a lady of that city against a firm of brokers. The lady in the case it appears had been unfortunate in her speculations, and her suit was for the sum of $8,153.46, being the amount paid by her in margins, commissions and interest during the somewhat protracted period of time in which she had dealings with the firm of brokers. A financial paper in Toronto, in discussing the case, says that "the fair plaintiff alleged that the brokerage firm did not buy the stock, or if they did, converted it to their own uses. The judgment declared that the brokers had the right to hypothecate the stock of a client, so long as it was pledged for an amount in excess of the amount owned by the client." The same paper says further: "this case is of interest for two reasons, first, as showing that a woman's reasoning faculties when they come down to plain ordinary business may take extraordinary twists, and secondly, that if the judgment had been in favor of the plaintiff, the speculative stock brokerage business in Canada would have been pronounced dead and buried." While there may not be any special reason for the Philosopher to "butt in," as the phrase goes among the vulgar, it is a little hard to resist the temptation to say that there is a third point in view which the case is of interest. Granted that "a woman's reasoning faculties, when they come down to plain ordinary business, may take extraordinary twists," how about the lawyer who carried the case into court for "the fair plaintiff," and for so doing saw to it, we may safely assume, that they were well paid? Lawyers usually make sure of that. It was man's reasoning faculties, not woman's, that they exercised. And though it may be somewhat late now to offer the remark, it seems almost worth while to point out, even at this distance that the Toronto paper missed an opportunity for comment on their part in the proceedings.

RICH AND POOR.

In our cities we see the costly palaces which our banks and other great concerns have built and are building as places of business, and on every side we see evidences of the accumulating capital in those reservoirs into which flows the wealth produced annually. But here, in this new country, where prosperity is fairly general, things are vastly different from the conditions in the old world countries where there is a numerous population far engulfed in poverty. The contrast between wealth and poverty is greater than ever before. In a recent address in London, Mr. George Paish, editor of that great English financial journal, The Statist, dealt with this subject, and said that money is now spent with a lavishness that would have amazed the wealthy people of a couple of generations ago and would have been impossible to them. "Money is spent on travel by land and by sea, on living, dress, sports, amusements, automobiles and yachts. The nations spend more on armaments during peace than they ever before spent in war. Gold has replaced silver as the ornament of the masses in most parts of the world, while the demand for diamonds, pearls and other precious stones is universal." InI his address Mr. Paish surveyed the world and took into account all the relations of an ordinarily prosperous man's life, showing how markedly every kind of expenditure has increased. But, to look on the best side of this subject, a great deal of the increased outlay results in advantage to the race—better sanitation, education, better food, better clothing, health, a declining death rate. The world's wealth is being devoted in unprecedented quantities to mere luxuries, but at the same time it is being devoted in unprecedented quantities to the betterment of human conditions.

THE "BARREN LANDS."

Can the immense areas of our Canadian northland lying between the coast of Hudson Bay and the valley of the Mackenzie River be utilized for forest reserves? The Forestry Branch of the Department of Interior has just issued a report on the exploration by foresters of the route of the Hudson Bay Railway. Spruce is, for the most part the only timber there which is large enough for sawtimber or railway ties. The poplar, birch and Jack pine are short and spindly. Most of the tamarack has been killed by insects. "We did not find two hundred green tamarack trees above ten inches in diameter," says the report. The rate of growth we are told is decidedly slow, on account of the cold, wet soil of the muskegs which cover so much of the region. There is nothing, however, in all this that militates against the possibility of establishing spruce reserves. The Government might well devote the necessary money to the drainage and scientific reforesting of an area large enough to test the question thoroughly. In Europe there is ample forest growth far north of the Hudson Bay region. Practically all of Norway lies north of the latitude of Fort Churchill, and Great Britain gets most of its mine props as well as its pulpwood from Norway. There is no reason why the vast moss covered area of the "barren lands" should not yield to the scientific methods which have covered not only with spruce forests but with farms the Danish heath, which was once regarded as the most useless land under the sun.

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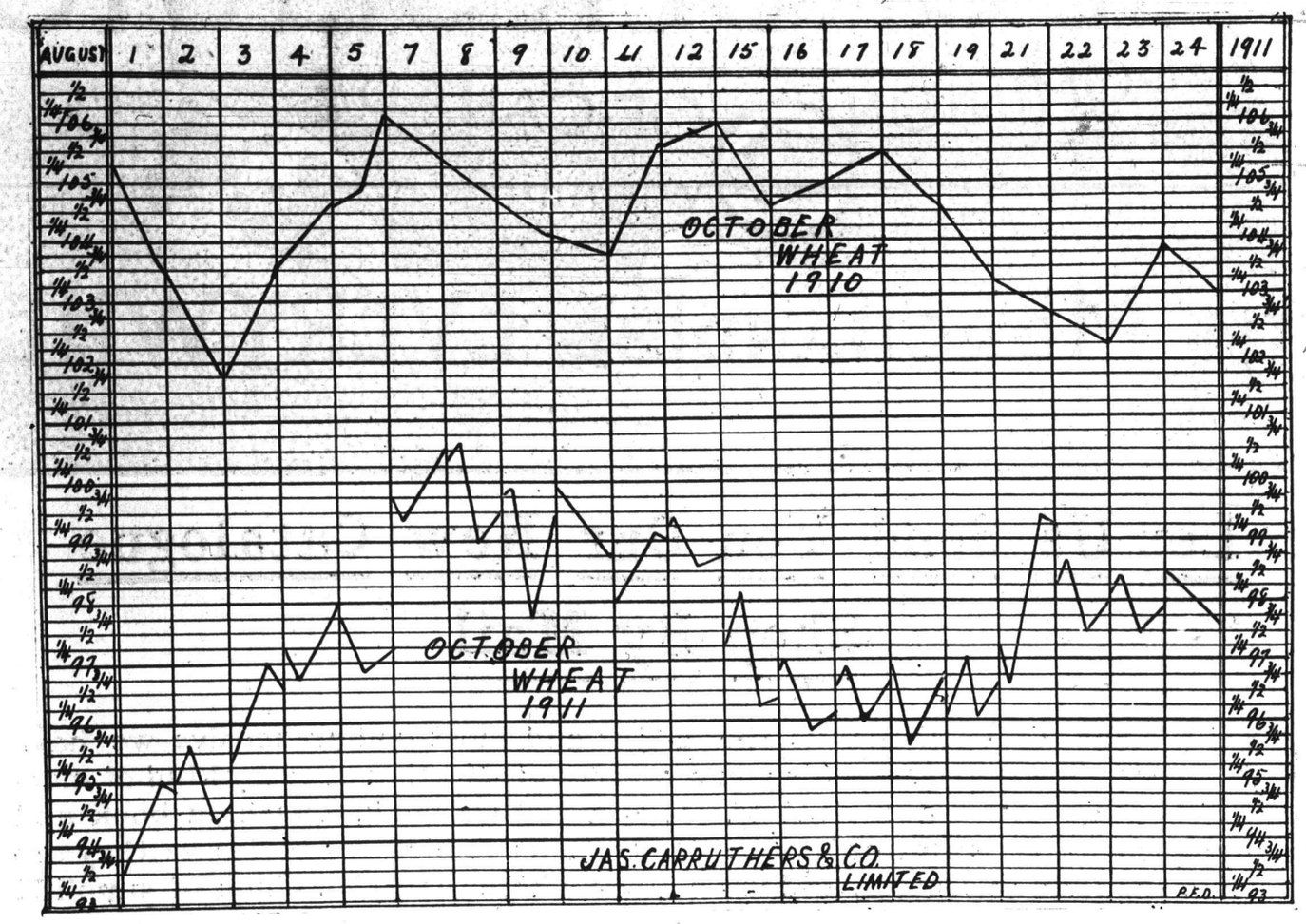
Comparative Chart of Winnipeg Wheat Prices supplied by James Carruthers & Co., Limited, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg



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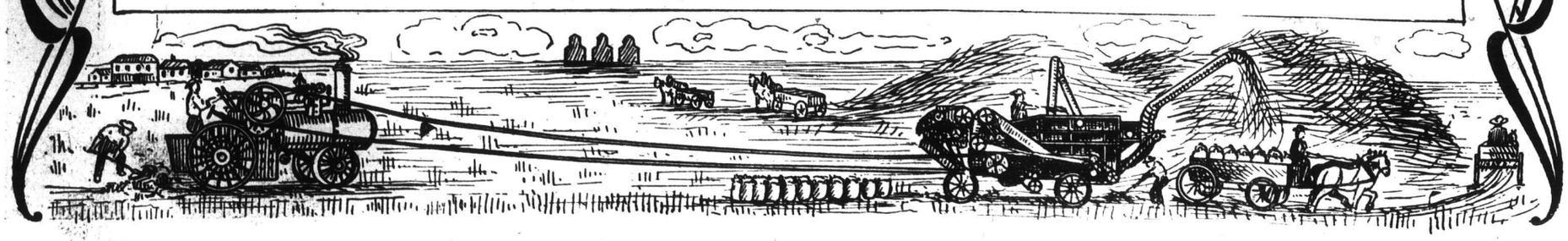

Field Crops in Canada.

The condition of field crops in Canada shows good averages for all provinces as well as for all crops. Fall wheat was hurt by the hard winter in Ontario, but fared better in Alberta. The estimated yield is 23.24 bushels for the former province and 27.89 bushels for the latter. The total estimated yield is 17,706,000 bushels. The condition of spring wheat at the end of July was 90 for the whole of Canada, being 85 to 95 in the Maritime provinces, 80 to 89, in Ontario and Quebec, 90 to 96 in the Northwest provinces and 85 in British Columbia. Oats and barley have an average condition of 88 for Canada, 85 to 95 in the Maritime provinces, and 87 to 89 in British Columbia. Rye, peas and beans range from 78 to 84 in Canada and buckwheat is 81.85. Mixed grains have a condition of 86, which is 14 per cent. less than last year, and flax is 91, which is nearly 20 better. The average of corn for husking is 86 and of potatoes 85.64—being in each case a little higher than last year. Potatoes, turnips and mangolds range from 81 to 85, or about the same as a year ago. Hay and clover and alfalfa are 80 to 83, which is a little lower in each case than last year. Corn for fodder has an average condition of 87, sugar beets of 79 and pasture of 79. The eastern provinces are lower than the figures quoted for the whole of Canada, and the western provinces are higher. The highest averages are given for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Sugar beets have a condition of 81 in Ontario and Alberta, where they are grown to supply the sugar factories.

Compared with last year's crops in the Northwest provinces, the condition of spring wheat in Manitoba south of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is 88 to 39, of oats 88.72 to 38.85, and of barley 85.16 to 34.92; and north of the same railway the condition is 92.21 to 77.42 for wheat, 90.71 to 72.90 for oats, and 88.95 to 50.84 for barley. In Saskatchewan south of townships 25 the condition of wheat is 90.19 to 69.33, of oats 88.27 to 61.64, and of barley 80.03 to 65.89; and north of townships 24 the condition of wheat is 98.22 to 67.69, of oats it is 95.35 to 63.88, and of barley 94.58 to 71.30. In Alberta south of townships 31 the condition of wheat is 93.89 to 24.93, of oats 95.28 to 20.43, and of barley 93.70 to 26.36; and north of townships 30 the condition of wheat is 97.84 to 71.55, of oats 97.95 to 65.68 and of barley 105.95 to 73.60.

The area of spring wheat in the Northwest provinces this year is 1,500,000 acres more than last year and of oats 341,000 acres, but no increase is shown for barley.

The yield of hay and clover is estimated at 12,189,000 tons for Canada, being 1.43 tons per acre and the largest yields for provinces are 4,736,000 tons in Ontario, 5,028,000 tons in Quebec, 254,000 tons in Prince Edward Island, 941,000 tons in Nova Scotia and 885,000 tons in New Brunswick.

The New View Point in Agriculture.

The man, the soil and the crop are inseparable in the new outlook — formerly the great mass of people were concerned only with the crop. That old sign "Cash for wheat," which used to be found on mills and warehouses was the great incentive to one crop farming —the great cause of the one crop farmer with his great limitations and his burden of misery.

As has been said: "Production is fundamental but it is not final."

The urge of pioneer conditions, however, made the production of wheat almost final. If we have a new view point it is because we have risen on the experiences, the knowledge and the hopes of our fathers.

We have added to our appreciation of the value of the crop—our appreciation of the fact that we hold the soil in trust to be passed on, monre fertile than we found it—and to that, our appreciation of the man and woman who make a home on the farm—and our solicitude for the welfare of their children.

There are three things which stand out with clearness,—contribute to the new view and are to be reckoned with in our consideration of the feature of agriculture. 1. The enclosure of the public domain. 2. The imperative demand for increased production, a demand made by increasing population. 3. The education of the children on the farm, so as to insure a physical and intellectual life that places the farmer on the level with the best in other lines of business.

There never has been a public question, it is said, upon which there is so much oneness of sentiment as that of agricultural education. It is true that agriculture binds all interests, that it fosters true democracy. If in fifty years every state must double its production, then whatever affects that production is of public concern, and is not a class interest. If production is increasing faster than transportation facilities, then that is a matter of public concern, and improved waterways is properly a subject for a public policy. It has come to pass that the best minds advocate making agricultural education a part of our general educational system. There are two points which bear strongly on this subject: 1. The new attitude toward work —actual work with the hands. There are those who believe that work only is educative, and that the farmer's work is most educative because of its freedom from meaningless repetition. The second point is well expressed by Pres. Sledd, who says, "education should give to life a satisfying content. . . . The farmer be given training that will give him poise and content." Some one writing of the North Adams High School in Michigan says: "Agricultural instruction gives point and value to all other high school work in science, arithmetic and language." So it would seem that the right plan is coming, and that we shall have agriculture in all schools, rather than special schools of agriculture.

Mutual.

"Mary," said a lady to her maid, "I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night."

"Well, well," said Mary, "ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you."

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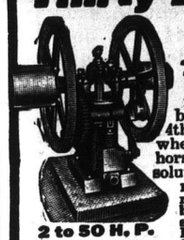
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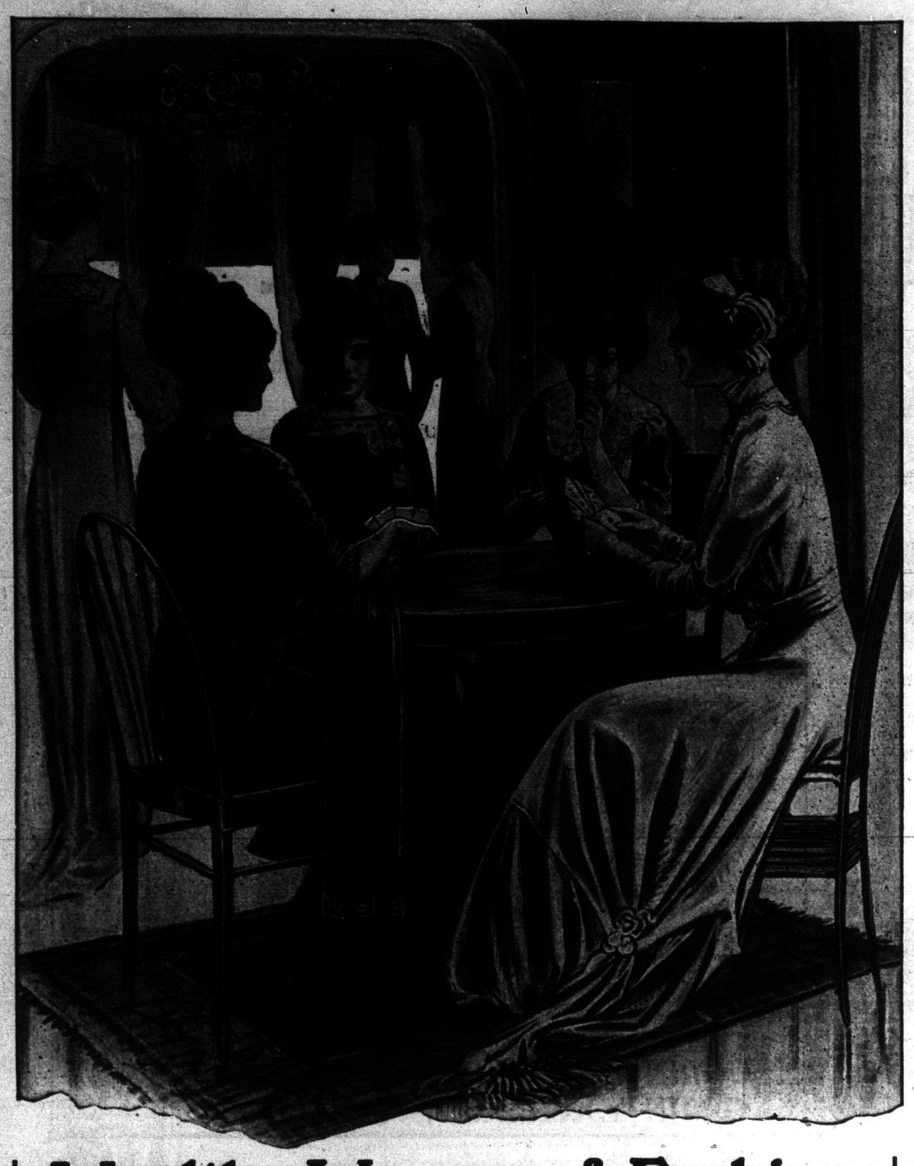

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Aside from the saving they represent, Diamond Dyes make possible constant freshness and beauty of coloring—in the wardrobe as well as in the furnishings of the home. With Diamond Dyes, the most expensive gown can be as easily and as profitably recolored as the simplest summer dress. And, similarly, can the most elaborate or the most inexpensive hangings and draperies be virtually made new again.

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Mrs. W. L. Allen, Winnipeg, Canada.

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Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

For these reasons we manufacture *one class* of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, *and another class* of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the *very best* results on EVERY fabric.

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HOUSE GOWN OR WRAPPER, 7091.

With pointed or round collar with three-quarter full or long, plain sleeves, in walking length or with train.

The simple house gown that is loose and easily slipped on, yet gives becoming lines, is always desirable. Here is one that can be made just as illustrated or with a little higher neck, finished with a narrow, round collar and with plain, long sleeves. The back is plain and half-fitted, while the fronts are loose and tucked at the shoulders. The model is an excellent one for all the simple materials adapted to morning wear.

The gown is made with fronts, back and side-back. The fronts are joined for a portion of their depth and the opening above is finished with hems. The tucks at the shoulders provide becoming fullness. Whichever collar is used, it is joined to the neck edge. The three-quarter sleeves are made in one-piece each and finished with cuffs. The long sleeves are plain, made with upper and under portions. The gown can be made with a train or in walking length.

7091 House Gown or Wrapper, 34 to 44 bust.

For the medium size will be required 8 yards of material 27, 7 yards 36 or 4⅝ yards 44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at lower edge is 3 yards for the walking length.

The pattern, No. 7091, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

CHILD'S APRON, 7081.

With high or square neck, with or without sleeves and pockets.

The really protective apron is the one that always is needed. [illegible] can be made with long sleeves and high neck or with square neck without sleeves, becoming somewhat more dainty in effect. Used in either way it protects the dress, for it completely covers it. It is simple and easily made. All materials that are used for aprons are appropriate, the white lawns for the more dressy aprons, the ginghams and the like for the one with the high neck and long sleeves.

7081 Child's Apron, 2, 4 and 6 years.

The apron is made with fronts and backs. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and gathered into bands. The high neck is finished with a collar, but when the apron is made with square neck and without sleeves, the neck and armhole edges can be finished in any way to suit the fancy.

For a child of 4 years of age will be required 2½ yards of material 27 or 2 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7081, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

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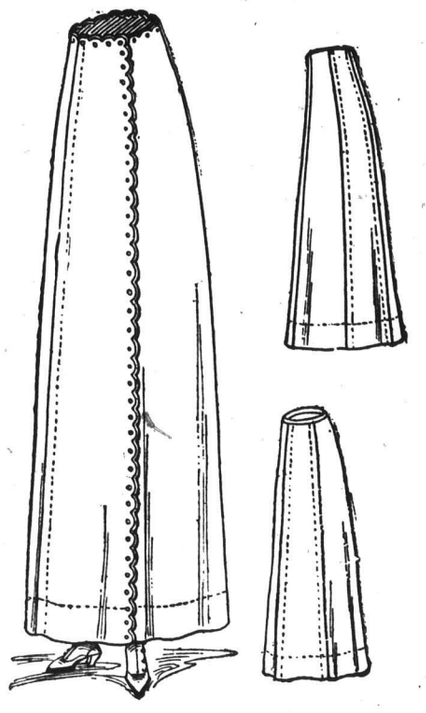
SIX GORED SKIRT FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 7093.



7093 Six Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

SIX GORED SKIRT FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 7093.

With front gore made with scalloped or plain edge with high or natural waist line.

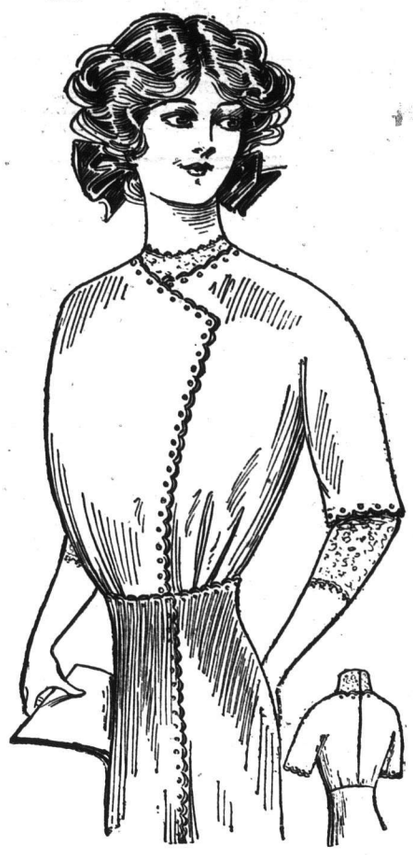
The six gored skirt that gives a box-plait effect at front and back is one of the best liked. This one can be finished with scalloped edges, as illustrated, or plain, as preferred, and the box-plaits can be stitched for their entire length, or part of the way only, with the edges of the plaits joined and left free below.

The skirt is cut in six gores. The edges of front and back gores are turned under and lapped onto the side gores. The closing can be made at the left of the front or the left of the back. The high waisted skirt is under-faced at the upper edge. The skirt cut to the natural waist line is joined to a belt.

For the 16 year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅝ yards.

The pattern, No. 7093, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PEASANT BLOUSE FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 7092.



7092 Peasant Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

With or without stock collar, and under sleeves.
583 Embroidery Design.

The blouse that is closed at the left of the front is a favorite and a very generally becoming one. Here is a model designed for small women and young girls that can be treated in a number of ways. In the illustration, it is made of linen, finished with scalloped edges and with little eyelets in the scallops and the edges bound, or it can be left plain and trimmed with scallops, but it can be cut in larger banding or with applique, and the blouse can be made either of plain material or of fancy material. If a more elaborate effect is wanted, it can be embroidered or braided in some attractive design. It can be worn with a six gored skirt as illustrated, and give a semi-princesse effect, or it can be worn with any preferred skirt either cut to the high or to the natural waist line.

The blouse is made in two pieces, the sleeves making a part of it. The chemisette is separate and adjusted under the blouse and closed at the back, while the blouse itself is closed invisibly at the left of the front. The under sleeves are attached beneath the sleeve edges.

For the 16 year size will be required 2⅛ yards of material 27 or 36, 1⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under sleeves.

The pattern, No. 7092, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Either it or the embroidery pattern, No. 583, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

GIRL'S SAILOR SUIT, 7096.

With sailor collar that can be made round or square, with or without yoke facing, with straight skirt that can be plaited or gathered.

7096 Girl's Sailor Suit, 6 to 12 years.

The sailor suit is one that always is in demand for little girls. This one is finished with a blouse that is hemmed at the front edges and which can be made plain or with an applied yoke. The skirt is joined to an under-body, and this under-body is faced to form the shield. In the illustration, white linen is trimmed with blue and with white braid, but dresses of this kind are made from serge, flannel and from various other materials.

The dress consists of blouse, under-body and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions and when the yoke is used it is applied on indicated lines. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and tucked at their lower edges. They can be finished with or without straight cuffs. The collar without straight cuffs. The collar is joined to the neck edge.

The quantity of material required for the 10 year size is 6 yards 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 27 inches wide for sailor collar and cuffs, ⅜ yard for shield and standing collar.

The pattern, No. 7096, is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 12 years of age, and it will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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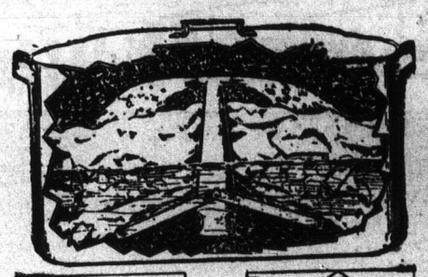

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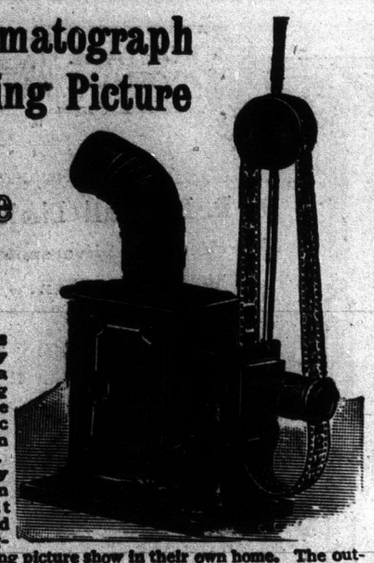

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As the hunting season will soon be here, sportsmen generally are thinking of their hunting outfit. This makes it more opportune to call attention to the repeating rifles, repeating shotguns and ammunition of all kinds manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the largest manufacturers of arms and ammunition in the world, which are justly celebrated for their superiority and reliability. Over two million Winchester guns have been sold during the forty odd years they have been upon the market, and to-day they are in general use all over the world. Having established such a demand for their guns and ammunition, the Winchester Company strive to maintain them by exercising great care in the selection of the materials used, and by employing modern methods and machinery in manufacturing their product. The Winchester Company employ the leading experts in gun and ammunition making, and expend annually a larger amount of money in experimental work and in perfecting new and desirable types of guns and ammunition. By means of this experimental work and by an exacting system of tests and inspections, embracing every stage of manufacture, from the materials in their rough state to the finished product, the Winchester Company are enabled to keep thoroughly modern in every way and up to a high degree of perfection. As proof of the superiority of Winchester cartridges, might be cited the report of the Board of Government Experts, who, after a thorough test of various makes, reported officially that Winchester rifle cartridges were superior to all others. This is the second year that Winchester cartridges have been so honored. Notwithstanding their superiority and the care taken in manufacturing Winchester guns and ammmunition, they cost the consumer no more than inferior makes. Quality considered, Winchester goods are the cheapest upon the market. Winchester goods are sold by most all reputable dealers in hardware and sporting goods.

Caruso in America.

It is expected that Caruso will be in America again next season. His throat trouble is causing him no more uneasiness. This is good news, for Caruso holds a unique position in grand opera. Not only is he able to produce a ravishing tone quality in all registers, but he has temperamental gifts of the highest order. His interpretation of the role of Aida is an art accomplishment. Indeed, in the whole range of French and Italian opera he compels attention, interest and admiration. Mr. Caruso is a musician of keen appreciation. For a considerable time he declined to believe that the pnuematic piano-player could be anything more than a dead mechanism. Lately, however, he was convinced that all the means of expression adopted by a virtuoso pianist were available to the person using the Angelus. After a thorough test and an examination of other players, M. Caruso purchased an Angelus player, and already is delighted with the responsiveness of the player. It answers every mood of the most temperamental musician. The Angelus is sold in Canada as an interior part of the Gourlay piano. The best piano and the best player are united in the Gourlay-Angelus. A player which can satisfy Caruso deserves attention. It can be seen and heard at the Portage Avenue warerooms of the Winnipeg Piano Company, who are exclusive agents of the Angelus for Western Canada.

Rudyard Kipling: There are few men in existence now who could wear a complete suit of armour, let alone fight in it.

Sir William Osler, M.D.: The public must be taught that the health of the nation is its most valuable asset, and that the maintenance of health is of much more importance than the treatment of disease.

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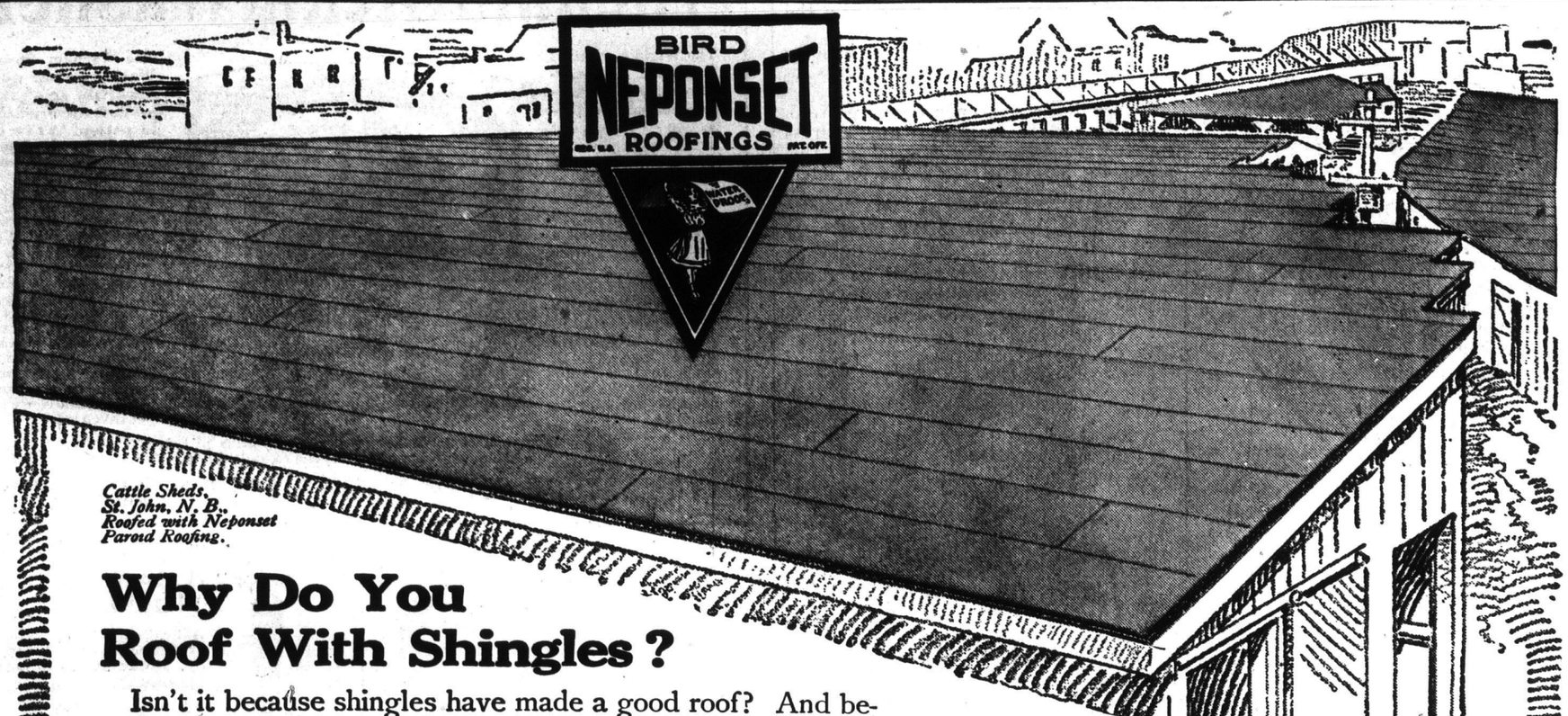

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The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

About China.

I find that my mention of the catalogue of china, to be issued by one of the department stores, was of very considerable interest to readers of this column. I think that, in all, I received over twenty inquiries, and these were scattered from Ontario to the most northern part of Alberta. I sent in the requests to the house getting out the catalogues, and I believe that by this time all requests have been filled. I should be glad to hear from any of the women who order this china as to how they find the articles furnished compare with the catalogue, or rather, with their idea of them gathered from the catalogue. I was very grateful to a number of the women who, in writing for a catalogue, were kind enough to express their appreciation of the column and to say that they find it both helpful and interesting.

The Cotton Farms.

During the past month I had the opportunity of visiting the Swan River Valley, one of the few parts of Manitoba which I had not previously seen. It is a wonderful stretch of country, lying between the Duck Mountains and the Porcupine Hills, varying in width from 16 to 35 miles long. It is a country of wide, open spaces, with tree-bordered streams of clear water running over gravel, and near its centre is pierced by Thunder Hill, which adds not only character but beauty to the valley. The soil is marvelously rich, and the growth, this year remarkably luxuriant. In addition to the Swan River itself—from which the Valley takes its name—there is Cotton Creek, Roaring River, Thunder Creek, and a number of smaller streams. Through this valley, in the old days, ran one of the famous northern trails. This train was from Yorkton, cross country, through old Fort Pelly, past McPherson (where, by the way, the very first administration of government for the Northwestern Territories took place) and up through the Swan River Valley, past what is now the town of Swan River, and on to the north. The streams, also, were very much used in the old days for Hudson's Bay freight transport. The southern end of the valley is in Saskatchewan, but the most beautiful part of it is in Manitoba. On this trip I was entertained at the home of Mr. A. J. Cotton, who is a pioneer of the more recent settlement of the valley, it being ten years since he moved from Treherne to that point. His home lies about nine miles from the present Thunder Hill branch of the Canadian Northern Railway; and he has really carried on an experimental farm for his own benefit and the benefit of his neighbors. He has proved that the Swan River valley can produce almost any kind of grain or vegetables; also that it is an ideal spot for the breeding of horses and cattle. Indeed, the natural feed for stock could hardly be surpassed, as growth of wild peas and vetches is often from 3½ to 5 feet high. Tradition says that in the very early days it was frequently impossible to ride a horse through this valley by the end of June on account of the luxuriant growth of pea vines. The home of the Cottons is a white farmhouse on the banks of the beautiful little stream on the main trail from Kenville to Thunder Hill. There is a beautiful garden and a regular plantation of raspberries, red, white and black currants, and gooseberries; but Mrs. Cotton has firmly set her face against the clearing-up of the stretch of native timber and underbrush right along the stream, so that it is possible to step from this well-ordered garden into the real wilderness, lending a delightful touch of contrast to this farm home. I shall always remember the cordial greeting I received when, an unexpected and really uninvited guest, I arrived there one evening just at supper time. Mrs. Cotton has all the heartiness of the old timers, and though her hospitality has been drawn upon for many years, the supply seems to be inexhaustible. We spent the evening going about the farm, where they breed good cattle and horses, and good poultry. I am glad to be able to give my readers a picture of Miss Cotton, the daughter of the house, among her feathered brood. She is a very successful poultry woman, though they do not raise poultry for the market, but only for their own use. Swan River Valley rejoices in the rural postal service, and the women of the family were loud in their praise of its conveniences. The cost is comparatively small, and they get their mail, in this particular instance, three time a week, right at their own door, and can, if they wish, send, in this way, money orders for anything which they require from the city. They have not yet got the rural telephone, but will have it this fall. I was so struck by the beauty of the valley and its fertility that I asked Mr. Cotton how much of it was still vacant. He thinks that less than 20 per cent. of the land has, as yet, been brought under cultivation.

Miss Cotton and her feathered tribe.

Women Who Raise Foals.

I had a very interesting chat recently with a man who has visited France frequently for the purchase of Percheron horses. We were commenting on the different breeds, and I asked him if there were any truth in the statement that the Percheron horses being descended from the old Arab strain had something to do with their docility and the ease with which they can be trained—a feature which has always made them popular with circus managers. He said the question of how much Arab blood there is in the Percheron of the present day is ex

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There are only a very limited number of these catalogues so that immediate application is suggested. In dealing with us you have the benefit of an exceptionally large stock, as well as our 30 years of Western experience.

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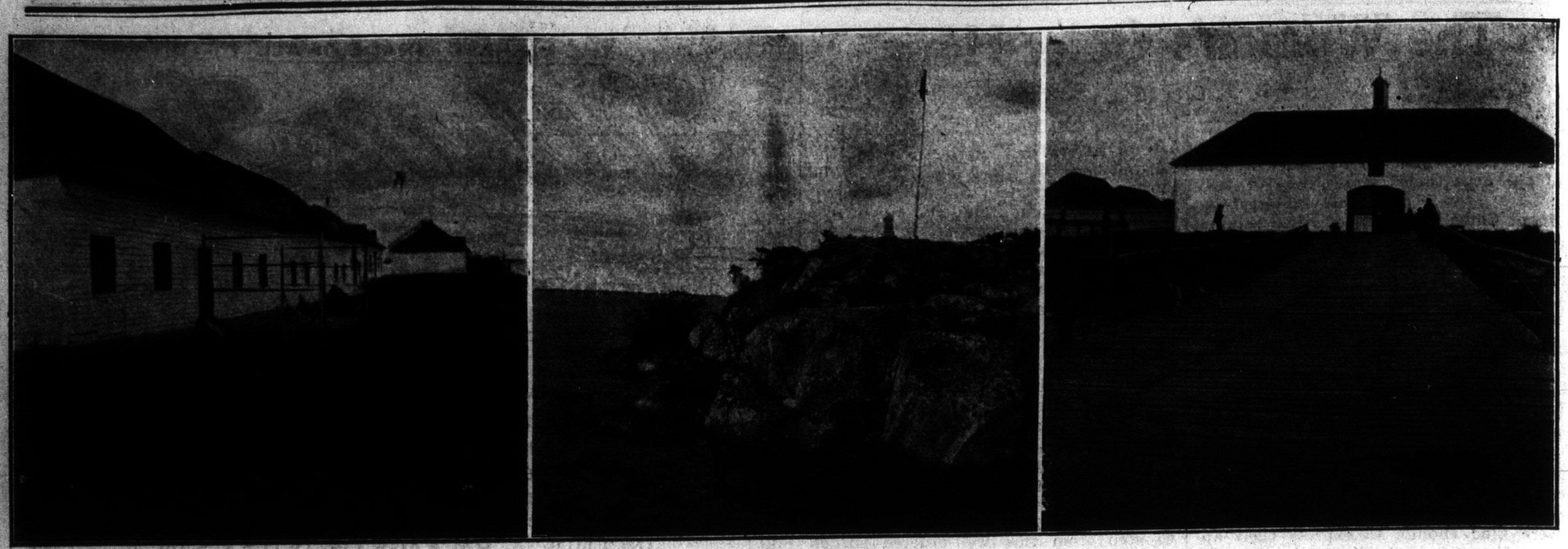


NORWAY HOUSE VIEWS.

Hudson Bay "Quarters."

Rocky Point at landing, showing Monument to Chief Fractor Belanger, who was drowned trying to save one of his men.

Warehouse and walk to Landing.

tremely problematic, but that the docility of the Percheron horse is due to the fact that he has that best of all trainers for horses—or children— a woman. The system under which horses are raised in France is, of course, familiar to most breeders or importers, but may not be so familiar to readers of this column. The French Government takes a very active interest in the breeding of horses, and sets aside certain sums for this purpose. A man who is in the business of horse-raising and selling may have hundreds of stallions of all ages on his farm, and perhaps not more than one or two mares. The mares are on the small farm holdings of France. In the season the stallions are sent through the country and stand for service at various points in the farming districts. The man who owns the stallions takes an option on the stallion colts. The farms being small, the mare with foal is sent out to work, and returned to the home regularly, to suckle her colt. The room in which the colts are raised is only divided by a short passage from the living room of the family on these small French farms; and the foals, from the time they are dropped until they are old enough to go to the stallion farms, are constantly tended, handed by the women of the family. This not only has accounted for the very small percentage of loss in the raising of foals, but has developed, in this particular breed, the wonderful docility and tractability for which they are noted. This conversation with Professor Carlyle roused in me once more the idea of which I have frequently written—that there is a very excellent opening in the Canadian West for this class of work by women. Why don't the girls on the farms make a bargain with their fathers for the raising of the foals? They would add immensely to the value of the horses for sale, and they should receive a good percentage of the price for which the horses are eventually sold. One of the complaints which farmers so frequently make about the horse business is that a horse trader will frequently come and pay them $200 for a horse, and that in a few months he will sell the horse for $300 or even $400. And they cannot be made to understand that the months that have intervened have been spent by the dealer in the most careful training of that horse. Now if these horses were trained on the farms by the women they would have the enhanced value at once; for the dealer would greatly prefer buying the horse already trained. In these days, when there are automobiles, railway trains, threshing engines and the like in every country district, there is no reason why a horse should not be completely broken for city use before it ever comes into the city. Women as a rule have much better hands for horses than men. They have more patience; and wherever they have undertaken this work, they have made a success of it. While it it not good for foals, any more than it is for lambs, to be made complete pets of, the fact that they have been accustomed always to being handled to some extent, and, from their second year, having been broken to harness and driven, and ultimately broken by women, almost invariably ensures good, safe horses, with plenty of spirit and no vice.

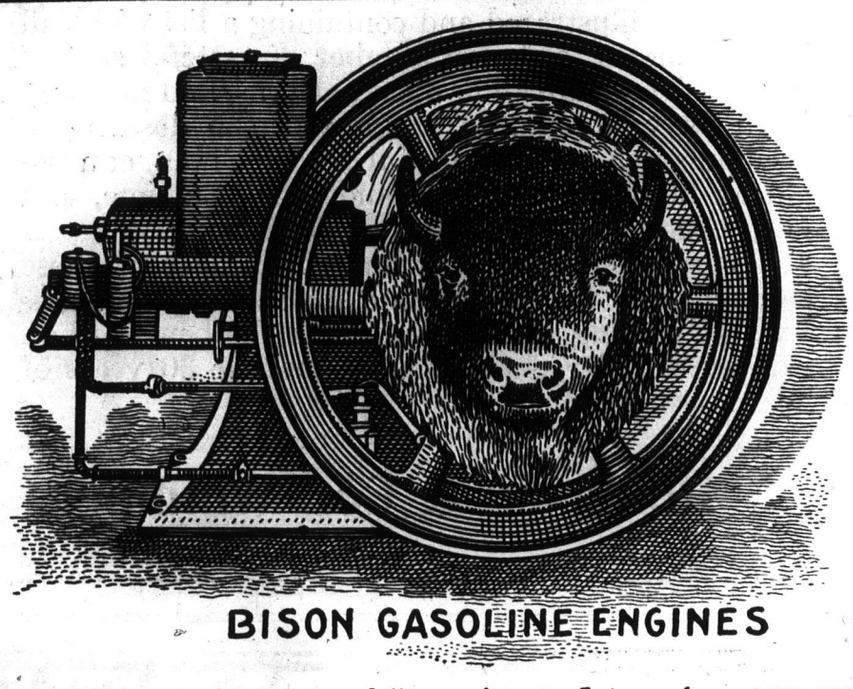
Miss A. B. Juniper.

I think that all of my readers who have the pleasure of meeting Miss A. B. Juniper, the Professof of Domestic Science for Manitoba Agricultural College, will be glad to know that she is enjoying a well-earned holiday in her old home in England. Before she left, however, she had completed the plans for the Domestic Science building in connection with the new college, as it is being erected at St. Vital. Miss Juniper has succeeded in capturing the hearts of all the students who, so far, have worked under her, and there is no doubt that when the new building is completed the work will go forward very rapidly. The Home Economics clubs in Manitoba and the Homemakers' clubs in Saskatchewan have all had a busy and interesting summer, and much interest has been aroused, and, I think, great progress made, in the work of improving conditions for the women on the farms.

Books.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Kilmeny," and numerous short stories, has betaken herself to matrimony, and has also got out a new book—"The Story Girl." Frankly, tnis book is not equal to "Anne of Green Gables," but it is a very bright story of the sayings and doings of a party of school boys and girls in Prince Edward Island. It is a very wholesome book, and one which mothers may take into the home with the utmost confidence. Personally, I think that author has been writing too many books in too short a time; but, perhaps, now that she has a husband and a home to look after, she will write more slowly and her readers will get the benefit.

"George Thorne," by Norval Richardson, is a book that I would strongly recommend to mothers to buy for their sons. Norval Richardson has one other novel to his credit—"The Lead of Honor." George Thorne is a young man who, after very hard struggles, at the age of 23 or 24 is suddenly confronted with temptation to pass himself off as the son of a very wealthy man, whose child has been abducted when it was three or four years old. He yields to the temptation, and succeeds in completely deceiving the man and his wife. The whole strength of the book lies in the effect on his character of the absolute goodness and trust of the woman.



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It affects him so strongly that he is finally compelled to confess the whole fraud to his supposed father. The scene is tremendously dramatic, and, in the end, the supposed father is constrained to keep the whole story from his wife, and the hero, George Thorne, consents, to for the rest of his life, bear the martyrdom of living a part, rather than that the woman's life should be sacrificed to the second blow of being told that this young man, of whom she has become so passionately fond, is not her real son. The cleverest touch in the whole book is perhaps the suggestion that sometimes the confession of a crime, long after its commission, is the most absolute form of selfishness.

Mrs. Fiske: Most of some people's happiness would be swept away if one removed their sense of grievance.

Dr. Grenfell: The true prosperity of a nation lies not in the number of its multi-millionaires, but in the comfort, content, and well-doing of its people at large.

A CANADIAN SUNSET.

Behold! the gorgeous splendor!
A Canadian sunset scene,
Artist and poet,
Come lend your powers,
To portray the grandeur
Of the hour, when
The sun is sinking,
Slowly, sinking,
In the West.

A Tennyson, wreathed in laurels,
An Angelo, crowned with fame,
Would pause, enraptured
With the glory,
As fleecy clouds
Float on in space,
Outlined with perfect grace,
Tinged with the radiance
Of departing day.

Delicate hues and softest tints,
Kissed with the sinking rays,
Blended with colors of
Crimson and gold,
Illumine the West
With a glorious light,
Then, as tho' loath
To say good night,
Frown and darker grow.

'Tis now in the hush of evening,
Gentle zephyrs are at play,
Wafting the fragrance of beautiful flowers,
The perfume of new-mown hay.
My soul is serenely resting,
As I watch the close of day,
And I would that life's dar- shadows
Might thus fade
And pass away.

To form as it were, a curtain
And draw the shades of night,
The darkening clouds
Dance round and round,
Then one and all unite;
Their billlowy peaks catch
The last lingering ray
As Old Sol sinks to his rest.
Oh! what can compare to a sunset
In Canada's glorious West!

Tabitha Ann.

George Bernard Shaw: Few people can write letters, since the days of the picture postcard.

Lord Rosebery: The British have a genius for hastening slowly.

Harold Begbie: I often wonder whether the Elizabethan age was quite as golden as we imagine it to have been.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: Many people think they are imitating the poor widow when they only put a half-penny on the plate.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson: It is trifles that wreck philosophers, and pin-pricks that prevent happiness.

Rev. Dr. Hillis: The world is not less religious than it was; it is simply more practical.

Dr. J. W. Robertson: Willingness and ability are not the same things; ability can only be obtained by training.

J. M. Barrie: The friendships of grown up people are incomprehensible to children, because they seem so unintelligible and so dreary.

Eaton's Fall and Winter Catalogue Has Been Issued

NO DOUBT you have received the copy of our 1911 Fall and Winter Catalogue which was sent you some days ago, if you have been in the habit of dealing with us, or if you have been receiving our Catalogues in times past. If you have not received it, we want you to let us know at once, so that we may send you one. We know that you will like it, because it is the biggest and best we have ever issued and because it is, as usual, the price dictionary of Canada. It tells what ought to be paid for dependable goods when they are bought right and sold at a reasonable profit. Our Catalogue prices are misleading to those who do not know the quality of our merchandise, because they are so low that people misjudge the quality of the goods we handle. As a matter of fact, we sell our ready-to-wear garments anywhere from 30 to 50 per cent lower than we could possibly sell them for, did we buy in the regular way. But, by buying the tweeds and linings direct from the makers and ourselves manufacturing them into wearing apparel, we save all middlemen's profits and our customers have the advantage of all savings thus effected.

Take Men's Clothing, for instance; on page 84 of our new Catalogue we describe and illustrate a man's suit, which we are selling for $12.50, and the same suit, made from the same tweed, only that our suit is better made and fits better, is sold to the trade for $16.00 by a leading Canada Clothing Manufacturer.

And the same is true of Women's Suits and Skirts. The styles we are showing are the same as are now being worn in Paris, New York and other Fashion Centres. Did we buy these garments in New York or Paris we could not sell them for three times the prices we are quoting.

So much for our values, but the chief point is that our Fall and Winter Catalogue is now ready and we want all in Western Canada who require any kind of merchandise to have access to our Catalogue, because we can save them money on every dollar's worth of goods they buy from us.

We also want to get in touch with any who intend coming from Great Britain or the United States to make Canada their future home. We want to send them our Catalogue. It may assist them. To this end, we invite the co-operation of our Mail Order friends who can help us by sending us the names and addresses of all who, to their knowledge, intend coming to Canada.

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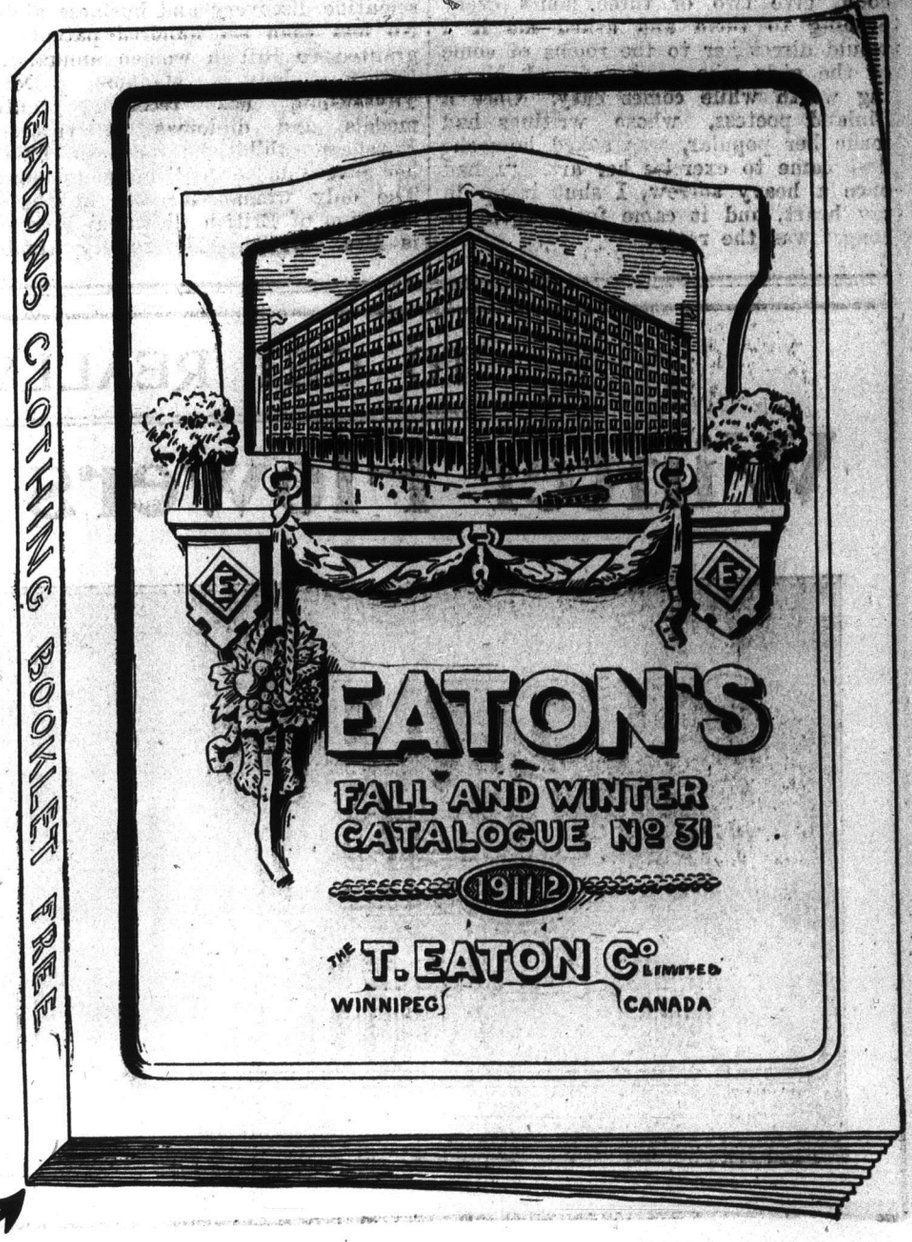

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

COZY CUSHIONS OF COURTESIES.

Cover the hard benches of daily life with the cozy cushions of little courtesies. Many girls who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with their sisters and brothers. Strangers can understand when courtesy is artificial. It is visible in the lines of the face. Petty sacrifices develop the art of courtesy, and these secure harmony and peace in the home as well as in society. They never lose their power of charm. There is nothing on earth so powerful as a soul. If it be brought under the inspiration of ideal love for others, a girl's life will be like a chain of joy between earth and heaven. "Memory is possession" and in after years when the reality of the present life is beyond our reach, the beauty of the sacrifices we make now will be reflected from a life rich in womanly loveliness, like a beautiful scene in the deep waters of a mountain lake. There is close connection between character and service, between inward nobleness and outward loveliness. We are responsible, each in our own little way, for the welfare of others. I know a lovely young English woman whose life has been touched with great sorrow. She did not allow it to conquer her, but, on the contrary, she has come out of it stronger and sweeter. Out of her affliction has come a new life—a resurrection as it were—"grown from the seed of the best that died in the old self." She forgot herself in the service of others. I have known her some time, and the people she comforts and helps say she is the loveliest young woman they know. And yet she herself has passed though more trouble than those she has comforted. She came to me the other day with a request that filled me with admiration for her. Knowing that the city is full of lonely, homeless girls, she said she could give two or three hours every evening to them and asked me if I would direct her to the rooms of some of the girls who need a friend. Nothing worth while comes easy. Once a Finland poetess, whose writings had made her popular, was asked how she first came to exercise her art. "I had once a heavy sorrow, I shut it up in my heart, and it came forth again in song," was the reply.

Mrs. Hemans did most of her work in a sick-room. The "Sabbath Sonnet" was dictated by her upon her death-bed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, too, wrote much of her work "when on a sofa in a darkened room." "Love is the sweet exchange of personality," which finds its expression in the cry, "Not I, but you!" There are many lovely girls who face a dark future because the one they love has left them. This is a very great sorrow and the only way to turn away from the direction of despondency is to take a bit of sunshine to others, hide the gloom behind a smile and "do something for somebody quick." "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me." Mrs. Wiggs says: "When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says, 'O Lord whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour!' Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then sit on the lid an' smile."

* * * * *

THE STIMULUS OF AMBITION.

Some people say women should not take up men's work because they are liable to mental overstrain. It is more wholesome to work into disease than to lounge into it. A woman with no mental exercise and by too luxurious living, too much amusement and overdress is in more danger of a nervous breakdown than the woman who takes up a line of work. The busy woman is not a gossip; the ambitious girl is not despondent; the brilliant lady is not a bondslave to dress; the philanthropic person is not discontented. Wholesome ambition is worth more than medicine in promoting health. The stimulus of ambition adds immense zest to life. There is a growing number of world-wide examples of woman's capacity in the realms of invention, scientific discovery and business ability. No less than six hundred patents are granted to British women annually. A French lady, Madame Delong Tuyssusian, has received eighteen medals and diplomas at successive European exhibitions for a machine of her invention for cutting metal plates. The only woman member of the Institution of British Electrical Engineers is Mrs. Ayrton. The society numbers over six thousand men. Mrs. Ayrton has also won the Hughes gold medal for experimental investigations on the electric arc and on sand ripples. Dr. Marie Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., who was appointed assistant to the Professor of Botany at Manchester University, has made valuable researches concerning the geologic and botanic problems regarding coal nodules. Two French women, Mademoiselle and Madame Merian, have made astonishing discoveries in relation to bees and other insect life. They prove that the eyes and hands of women are adapted to dealing with the smaller objects of creation. James Johnston, F. R. Hist. S., says that in the case of the American reaper, "a woman first hit upon the idea of combining the action of a row of scissors in cutting. She took ordinary scissors for cutting her grass border, fastening one limb of each to a board, and controlling the others by a strong wire. In this lay the principle of the reaper of world-wide use." Western Texas is proud of Mrs. Anney McElroy Brett, woman promoter. To-day she is the telephone queen of the southwest. She is president of the Southern Independent Telephone and Telegraph Company and president and general manager of the Brett Construction, Telephone and Telegraph Company. These companies, representing more than $500,000, were organized by her without a dollar of capital to start with. At any rate it is "better to wear out than to rust out."

* * * *

ABSENCE.

It is after the good-bye to the home-folks that we sit back in the car seat and reflect on our past life in the old home. Our hearts grow tender and how we long to live the life over again! Were we given the opportunity, we would be kinder, softer and more thoughtful. This new country is full of young women who are far from the parental roof and they realize just what this absence means. Let the girl who is at home picture herself among strangers and she will appreciate more her home environment. Our country is fast filling up with young people; and young women who marry and go into the new land should be well prepared in the knowledge of what the life away from friends and medical assistance means. This is a vital problem among young wives in the West. I have a most pathetic letter from a young wife who is too far from a town for medical assistance and she asks me to give her information. Let every mother of a daughter who is about to become a bride take her into a heart-to-heart confidence, and give her the information she will need when far from home and friends. So many young girls tell me that their mothers do not tell them what they should know. Many girls tell me, after bitter experience, that their mothers are to blame for their errors, because they did not tell them what girls should know.

Girls and mothers do not appreciate one another half enough when they are all at home. One of our readers has sent me the following poem for publication:

Absence.

The shortest absence brings to every thought
Of those we love a solemn tenderness.
It is akin to death, we now confess,
Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought,
That they were dearer far than we had taught
Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less
Than hope of their return could cheer or bless
Our weary days. We wonder how far aught
Or all of fault in them, we could heed,
Or anger with their loving presence near
Or wound them by the smallest word or deed.
Dear absent love of mine! It did not need
Thy absence to tell me thou were dear,
And yet the absence maketh it more clear.

* * * * * *

THE BORDER LINE BETWEEN A LIVING AND LXURY.

There is a heavy duty demanded of the girl who steps over the border line between a living and luxury. Custom demanded the price of her life in many cases. I know a girl who earns four dollars a week and she wears a twenty-dollar willow plume. Too many wage-earning girls starve body and soul in order to ape the fashionable women whom they serve. They dress sort of tawdry swell. The willow plume may be an offering on the shrine of fashion representing many lunchless days and the sacrifice of comfortable clothing. The other day I saw a girl wearing an expensive plume on her hat and her

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WINNIPEG.

dress was shabby and too warm for the day. How much more sensible and more attractive would she have appeared in a neat muslin dress with a pretty, inexpensive hat. A girl made this remark to me only to-day: "Really, all that girls talk about now may be put in three words—clothes, men and money. That is all they think about." But there are girls, I am pleased to state, who spend their time in improving the mind and character. In looking back over my life at the moments that have been worth while, how many of them did money buy? By the way conspicuous dressing courts vulgar familiarity girls—young girls—do not dress simply enough, especially on the street. Two young girls will pin two hats on the back of a bunch of false curls, paint two faces, wear two startingly generous V-necked dresses and walk down the street where two-thirds of the people who pass them will turn around for a second, gaze—not one of admiration, but one of disgust. Soon these two girls may be seen walking through a down-town thoroughfare with two strange young men. These girls courted this familiarity by their dress.

Rev. John D. Stratton preached a sermon on "Choosing a Wife," and here is a telling extract from the sermon: "A man may while away idle moments with the flippant maiden. He may giggle with her, dance with her, drink with her and pet her, but when it comes to marrying he will seek one who has the pride of purity, that self respect which does not brook familiarity, and that maidenly modesty and reserve which to his heart are the seal of true womanhood."

* * * * *

HEROIC LONELINESS.

Girls often indulge in day-dreams Some young women liven in continual come true. Whatever life has for a girl will reach her sooner if she be contented, capable and cheerful. I know girls whose lives seem to stretch before them like a dull, dreary and uninviting road. They see nothing bright in life. It is an art to be able to enjoy one's self. It is one art which may be independent of circumstances. Furthermore it is one that every girl may attain if she be determined. Let her aim be advancement. Now, a girl cannot enjoy herself if self be unworthy. Cultivate pursuits for solitary moments to which the thoughts may turn with expectation of pleasure. Store up wholesome memories by filling the mind with rich material from books and observations of daily life. In the forest we listen to the voice of love. It lures us into the hidden places with hinted promises. The prairie—our generous promising prairie-land—is the voice of hope. Crushed hope blossoms forth when we witness the growth of the grass, the flowers, the wheat. The sound of singing birds is a comfort and the cool night breezes bringing us the scent of rich harvest fields whisper that God is everywhere. From the mountain we hear the voice of prayer. The grandest prayers of the universe should be breathed by Western Canadian women if they would live up to their environment. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler says: "It is only those who have scaled the mountain that hear the whisper of the still small voice." So many young women are sad and gloomy beacuse the future is blank, as one said to me: "I can't help being down hearted. I am not popular and have not the slightest prospects of a home." "My dear girl," I answered, "banish with determination all that speaks of regret, self and gloom or bitterness. Convert your mind into a garden of delight. You will grow lovely and popular with wonderful rapidity by so doing." We live in an environment of love, hope and prayer.

* * * * *

JEALOUS SISTERS.

A letter from a young bride came to my desk yesterday. It was full of discouragement over the treatment of her husband's sister, who is a young lady older than the bride. When a girl leaves home and friends for the new life it seems to me that the husband's sister should receive her kindly and be proud of a new sister. If the brother be happy the sister's love is extremely selfish if she treat the new wife unkindly. Genuine love wants to see the loved one happy. To be sure the sister suffers sharp, deep agony when her brother goes out from the home, but she should feel no hardness or rebellion. She herself will probably some time be some brother's wife. It is one of the mysteries that a man and woman totally different can live happily together as husband and wife, while the wife and sister have little harmony. But sisters should be more generous, else in the opinion of others they appear jealous.

* * * * *

DO YOU PITY YOURSELF?

Some young women live in continual fear of what other people may think of them. This fear is an indication of selfishness. They lose entire self-control and worry themselves into nervous prostration. Archbishop Temple says: "Good manners demand three things, self-control, seld-denial and self-respect." I know a girl who pities herself constantly until she walks about the home like a frozen icicle and every one who comes near her feels a cold sting. She says she is a martyr. Yet she has a beautiful home, plenty of money and good parents. I wish she had to work, for when one is forced to work it develops self-control, strength of will, cheefulness and content. A girl who harbors secret jealousy and antagonism creates an atmosphere that drives away the best of friends. This young lady takes kindnesses from others as a matter of course. To receive a kindness, an emotion of gratitude should be excited. All culture is but tinsel if the person has little spiritual beauty of soul. There are so many diseases among women that could be cured by a dose of self-sacrifice taken twice each day. In order to help on charitable movements women are denying themselves luxuries that they have been accustomed to. The Red Cross Hospital in Tokyo was born of the charitable activity of the Empress of China. One time the Tokyo Charity Hospital in the district of Shiba, where the poorest people of Tokyo were admitted free, needed help. She had given all she could from her funds, but when she felt the needs of the suffering children she cut down her own personal expenditures. A lady of her court told the British minister that the Empress hardly bought her a pair of gloves or a handkerchief. The greatest lady of Japan sacrificed for the needs of the afflicted poor of her country. God has spread before us a beautiful world and He meant all of His children to have an equal share in the enjoyment so far as possible, but we cannot enjoy life if we live in a continual state of pity."

Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole.

A Healthy Pipe.

On another page of this issue, a Winnipeg firm is advertising a pipe which should prove of interest to every smoker. The cartridges provided with this pipe readily absorb all nicotine, so that a pleasant and healthy smoke is assured.

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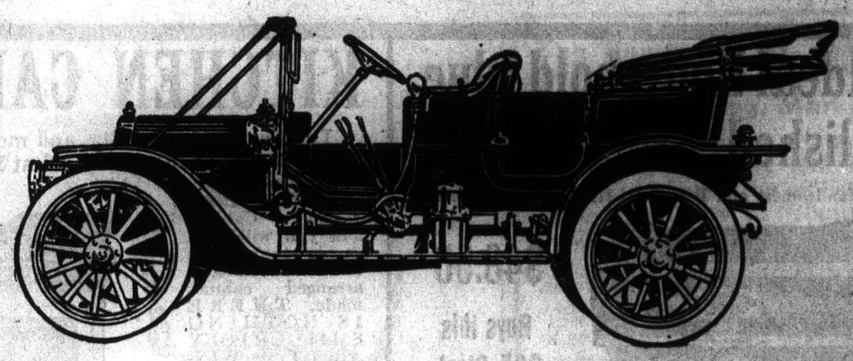
The Mighty Reo



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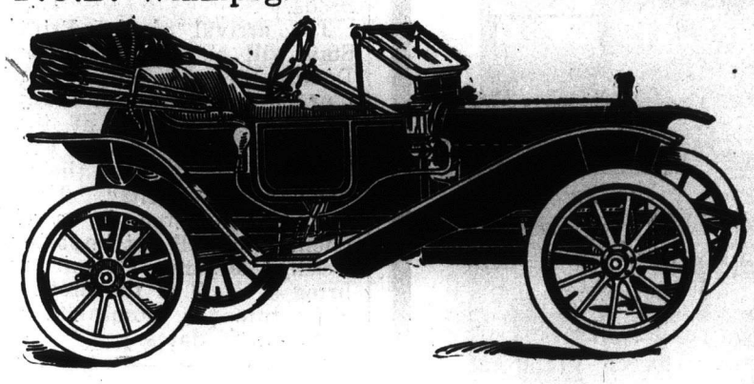

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Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds
Adorn the banks sae briery, O!
Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka King is cheery, O!
Robert Tannahill.

The tulziesome tyke come hirplin hame.

Ance Provost, aye "My Lord."

An auld mason maks a gude barrow-man.

It isna chains that mak a slave.

A man may spier the gate he kens fu' well.

A man's hat in his hand ne'er did him any harm.

Scotch joy is a deep and silent thing; a fermentation at the centre, rather than an effervescence at the surface.
R. E. Knowles.

The Marys in Dundee who have contributed to the Queen's Coronation gift, include Mary Nelson, who was born the same year as Queen Victoria, and who made King Edward's first pair of mittens.

Every year in Paisley is held the Tannahill Concert on the "Braes o' Gleniffer." This year there were some 18,000 people present. The programme comprised a number of Tannahill's lyrics, such as "Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes," "The Braes o' Balquidder," etc.

I blame na what has been;
They maun fa' wha canna flee;
But, Oh to see what I hae seen,
To see what now I see!
O Flodden Field!
James B. Brown.

An old saw is: "Thirteen weeks from the coming out of the hawthorn in bloom till harvest." Some of the earliest blooms of the hawthorn this year were on 14th May.

A Little Bit of History. James II. of Scotland was crowned when he was only six. James III., crowned at Kelso, was only one year older. James IV. was sixteen when he was crowned; James V. was crowned at Scone when eighteen months old. Mary was only nine months old, and her son James VI. only fourteen months when he was crowned.

Kilmarnock has lost for the last year some £2,200 on its "Tramways," and Aberdeen, having lost about £60 a year for some years on its Public Concerts, has discontinued them. Is some better book-keeping needed?

Edinburgh has £115,874 profit on its gas this year. Jamie Fleck suggests that "Gas mich come doon a wee."

Rothesay claims that it is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any other resort in Scotland.

Beware of that hope of Heaven which doth not prepare and dispose you for Heaven.
Samuel Rutherford.

The cultivation of turnips as a food for cattle was first introduced into Moray from the County of Norfolk by Earl of Findlater, about the year 1780.

"Tak it man, tak it," and "Donald Gunn," were written by David Webster, a weaver by occupation as well as by name, in Dunblane; born 1789, died 1837.

A thrawn question should have a thrawart answer.

"Margaret" is the most common of feminine names in Scotland.

"William" is the most common of male names in the "Land o' Cakes."

"Mary," said Sir Walter Scott, "is the prettiest and most classical of Scottish names."

The Visit of Curzon.

From time to time during the last few months the cryptic message "Curzon are coming" has been flashed across the Atlantic. Doubtless many of our readers have seen this message, and seeing wondered as to its full purport. It is certainly not a communication of every day importance, for explained in its entirety it means that the greatest measure tailoring house in England of modern times is coming right into Canada to pay a personal visit to its thousands of customers and friends, living throughout the Dominion. It means even more than this, for with the Curzon contingent come the choicest confections of the leading woollen mills of England, Ireland and Scotland, making a wonderful collection of real British materials in the latest shades and designs. Tweeds, Worsteds, Vicunas, Serges, Cheviots, Meltons, Beavers, and in fact every class of fabric for which the Mother Country is so justly celebrated.

MR. T. CURZON.

The Curzon tour throughout Canada is being conducted by the leading representatives of the house, including one of the Principals, and is conducted not altogether for the purposes of lifting business but with a view to the Principals getting into closer touch with their friends and clients residing overseas.

It is true that the Curzon service annihilates the distances separating Britain's Colonies from their Mother, but this step on the part of the Proprietors to personally pay a tour of inspection to their ramifications across the Atlantic, must do much to even strengthen the very life spirit permeating the house, and enable them to give even more efficient service to their thousands of patrons.

Mr. T. Curzon and his staff will carry with them on their tour all the leading samples, all the latest West End of London and New York and Canadian fashions and will, in short, be fully equipped to take orders and to measure clients for their tailoring needs.

The arrival of the Principal and Staff will be duly advertised in the Dominion newspapers during the tour, and visitors will always receive a hearty reception at the various hotels at which Messrs. Curzons will be staying during their progress through the country. They will always be honored by a visit from clients and will not importune orders. Briefly Messrs. Curzon intend to bring a touch of the Mother Country right into the Dominion. Look out for definite dates.

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JUST LOOK what we are doing. We are furnishing you this magnificent new six-hole full nickeled range, in all sizes, complete with reservoir and warming closet, just as illustrated, beyond question or doubt the **highest grade range made in the world.** Burns wood or any kind of coal. Takes wood 24 inches long.

No. 9-20 has oven 20x20x13 inches; six 9-in. lids, copper reservoir encased, shipping weight, 550 pounds. Complete with high closet and oven thermometer $48.50

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Embroidered Hand Bags.

Many varieties of embroidered hand bags are to be seen and any of these can be embroidered easily and effectively. Not so long ago the average woman was content in the possession of one hand bag but now the well dressed woman has several of these which match the costume and the occasion. Many beautiful fancy bags are shown in the shops and some of these are too handsome and expensive for summer use as the brocades, leather, etc., are

1501.—Musketeer Bag, 75 cents.

easily soiled and this difficulty has been met by the appearance of inexpensive bags made from stamped linens and suitably mounted. These bags are already made up, but the linings are left open at the bottom, so that they can be easily embroidered as the linings are afterwards slip stitched and turned back into place. We have selected several varieties of bags which will interest our readers, one of the most effective of these and the very latest in style is the "Musketeer," which is worn suspended from the shoulder by the long cord handles. This bag, which is most practical, is made from heavy tan linen and finished with fringe to match, the design is effectively em-

1388.—Velvet Bag, $1.35.

broidered with shades of golden brown and greens, outlined with black. Nos. 1388 and 1389 are made of black velvet, these bags have been very fashionable, and will be again used for fall as they

1386.—Linen Bag, 50 cents.

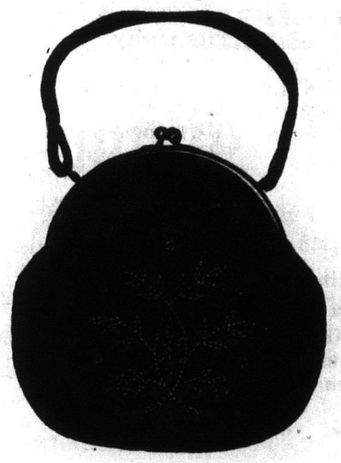
are very handsome when embroidered and suitable to wear with handsome costumes. The former bag is mounted in a gilt frame and the other in dull grey silver. No. 1392 is a very useful bag which may be had in either tan or white linen. This bag as well

1389.—Velvet Bag, $1.35.

as the 1386 are most practical as they are inexpensive and just the thing to carry with tub gowns or other summer costumes.

In addition to the prices quoted for the hand bags, silk to embroider will be supplied at 5 cents extra per skein; about 4 skeins are necessary to embroider any of the designs shown.

We do not ourselves supply the articles described on this page, but readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly and carefully filled,



1392.—Linen Bag, 60 cents.

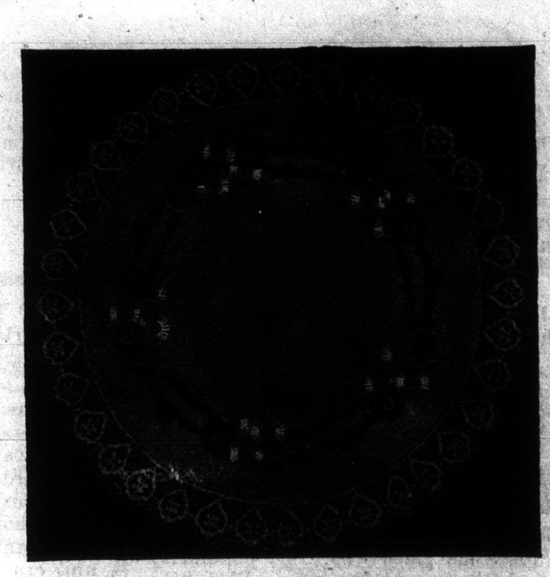
allowing ten days from the time the order is received for filling. When ordering, mention the article required as well as the design number, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake.

Any further particulars regarding the articles shown on this page may be had by addressing Belding Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L., Montreal.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour: That amazing phenomenon, the British Empire, has grown like a tree rather than been built like a castle.

Owen Wister: Anything more odious and disagreeable in daily life than the over-candid friend would be difficult to find.

Send At Once 35 Cents.



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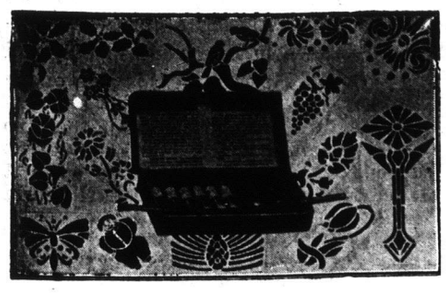

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

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

GETTING THERE.

Are you getting there? Where?—Somewhere! Are you making progress? Can you see any improvement in yourself? Have you been able to crystalize one splendid thought in fact, habit or character? You should question each reasonable idea which you are not able to realize. If your ideal can be reached why not reach it. Somebody has suggested the following inscription for the tombstone of Joseph II., of Vienna, "Here lies a King, who, with the best intentions, never succeeded in carrying out a single plan."

WHAT'S THE USE.

The great orator gets tired of his crowd. The successful producer of literature grows weary of reviews even when complimentary. The "popular" man, ever and anon seeks for some place where his popularity is not known, and the man of money called "the monied man" wonders why there are so many things in the realm of human need which money will not buy. Even so great a genius as Michael Angelo, remarked in an hour of gloom:—"It would have been better for me if I had spent my life making matches instead of cutting marble and painting domes."

FORTUNE TELLING.

Tell me your habits and I will tell you your fortune. Tell me how you spend your spare moments and I will tell you what comforts will surround you in your maturity. Tell me your aspirations, your ambitions and your secret desires and I will tell you what the leading traits of your character will be when you have passed the seventh milestone of your life. Said Lord Beaconfield:—"We make our own fortunes and then call them 'fate.'"

IF.

Did you ever play with an "IF"? Did you ever ask yourself the question, "What would happen if—" If the preacher should lose his voice. If the dentist should lose control of the nerves of his hand. If the musician should lose the gift of hearing. If the photographer should lose the sense of sight. If the wholesale tea merchant should lose the sense of taste. When Maurice Burke met with the most terrible accident of his life—a great rock rolling down one side of a vast mountain ravine and cutting off both his feet—he lay for six weeks in a lonely mountain cabin, and found himself driven to this stern conclusion:—"My feet are gone—now I must use my head!" Cripples have made a great record in the world because they have been compelled to go through life head first. Brains brings a higher price than brawn. Could you think your way through life?

DON'T BOAST.

Don't say that you can do a thing—do it! Be modest in all your claims when you are climbing and when you have reached the top, be just a little more modest. Let others boast of your skill and ability but, for all purposes of praise, be seemingly unconscious of your gifts and talents. When men speak of you of your success venture a look of surprise. The compliment may be flattery and you may have just cause for mentally refusing to take all the kind words which you receive at their full value. Whatever you do or say—Never boast. Remember, it is easier to make predictions than it is to fufill them. Be as good as your word, always, and be better than your prophecies—if possible. Adelaide, daughter of the Duke of Savoy, exclaimed on one occasion! "They will have to reckon with me when I become queen!—But she never became queen.

TRY AGAIN.

Success is written so large on the bill board of life that we cannot see the inevitable record of failure in the rear. Most of the great scholars of destiny have been sent back to the hard benches of unfavoring circumstances and told to do their sum over again. In mastering a sum they have mastered a system and thus spelled out the meaning of that word—success. When Thomas Carlyle heard that the first volume of the "French Revolution" had been ignorantly destroyed by the servant of John Stuart Mill, he remarked to a friend. "It is as if my invisible schoolmaster had torn my copy book and said:—'You must write it better my boy' "—and after his spirit had been calmed and his heart strengthened he began again and with heroic determination produced a world classic which will live for centuries.

CRITICISM.

Criticism is of great value to the man who knows how to profit by it. The man who imagines that his work is above criticism is the man who, in all probality, needs the attention of the critic the most. It is not necessary to ask for criticism but it is wise and sensible to give due weight and consideration to all the comments which may float your way concerning your work and achievement.

In order to keep out of a rut and in order to avoid extremes, listen to every adverse criticism, even though it may be profferred to you in a style and manner which is objectionable, and even unkind and cruel. Randolph Churchill, when a member of Parliament wrote to a newspaper cutting agency, saying:—"Send me nothing but adverse articles." Your enemies may sometimes speak the truth.

LASTING TREASURES.

The only treasure which will last is that which you are able to work into the fibre of your soul. Every picture painted on the walls of your memory is as indestructable as the life of your soul. Every line of poetry which you commit to memory will bring you compound interest in the realm of eternal values. The wealth which you leave behind you may benefit others, but only that which you incorporate in your inner nature, will you be able to carry beyond the realm of time and sense. When Napoleon ordered the Duke of Parma to send the celebrated picture of Jerome, in his possession, to Paris, the duke offered the handsome sum of $200,000 if the great national treasure might be retained, but Napoleon, who was often cruel in his decisions, though shrewd in the sweep of his thought, coldly remarked:—"The figure is a handsome one and, financially, tempting; but the money will soon be spent whereas this master piece if secured will adorn the capitol for ages."

HEARTOLOGY.

Work your creed into your life. Remember that religion is not a thing to be kept in cold storage. Religion is like a river—a swift motion guarantees its purity. Emotion which never reaches a practical application in the life of the individual whose affections have been touched, quenches the spirit of genuine piety and breeds hypocrisy, Henry Drummond, the well-known author, once affirmed that he was acquainted with a theologian of repute whose literary work had reached a dozen editions, and who was, financially independent, but who never gave a farthing to charity, never went to church or mission, and who was never known to manifest an interest in any project which was not directly or indirectly related to himself. Even a preacher has his temptations. Frederick Robertson once said: "When a preacher finds himself more interested in truth than he is in men, he should beware."

INDEPENDENTLY POOR.

If you can't be independently rich be independently poor. Enthrone your conscience as sovereign your soul and obey every behest and degree. Remember that men respect honesty, revere purity, and fear integrity. When Benjamin Franklin was offered a larg sum of mony if he would publish a mean article in his paper he replied: "Last night I dined on bread and milk and slept on the floor of my office; the same provision awaits me to-night —and I need no more." Noble answer!

"GET ONE—QUICK."

Except to sleep well, eat regularly, dress neatly, rest systematically and handle a cigar skillfully, certain young men seem to be absolutely without aim, purpose or ambition. To all such we commend the words of Carlyle to the young man who remarked in the presence of the old philosopher:—"I haven't any particular purpose in life!" "Then get one quick!" said the stern old man, striking his cain on the pavement, "Get one quick!"

LIFE PRESERVERS.

I have never been able to find an insect which was not busy in a little world of its own. The inhabitants of an ant hill are just as busy as the pushing business men of Winnipeg. The worm in the clod and the bee in the hive seem to be ever up and at it. The unhappy people are those who can find nothing to do. Charles Kingsley once said:—"Thank God every day, when you arise, that you have something to do, whether you like it or not." Your task is your preserver, says Emerson

A NOBLE PURPOSE.

"I dreamed a beautiful dream, in my youth, and I awoke and found it true" says Jacob Riis in his "Making of an American. To dream and to do, is the blending of action and reflection, which gives birth to noble deeds, and creates fuel for the altar fires of memory. A young man without purpose is drifting—a soul without anchorage. A youth without a program is as helpless as a ship without a rudder. What we try to do makes us what we are. Better have a mark even though you miss it. Firing at random never produced a marksman. Purpose is the soul of personality. Have a purpose and it may be that when your hair begins to grow grey you will be able to say "I dreamed a beautiful dream, in my youth, and I awoke and found it true."

FATHER AND SON.

"Goodbye, my boy—if you turn out bad it will break my heart!"—It was the last message of a man of forty-seven to a boy of seventeen, as the lad stepped aboard a train. There was a sob in the father's voice and a suggestion of love's intensity in his eyes. Oh, what a suggestion of invested interest! Could that boy measure the depths of his father's concern, or know to what an extent his father's comfort and happiness would be effected by his acts and deeds? What anxious eyes are fixed on the youth as he makes his first venture upon the uncertain sea of life's pilgrimage. A thoughtful young man would rather forego a thousand pleasures than take one step that would cause a cloud to settle upon the faces of loved ones who from the old homestead in the country watch the fortunes of the lad who left home blessed with tender thought and anxious prayer.

A WEATHER EYE.

Keep an eye open for danger signals. The weather changes sometimes suddenly, we have met with unlooked for accidents when turning a corner. I suddenly met the man for whom I was nto looking and was not looking for me. He was on this side of the corner and I on that. So we met without appointment. Watch your own personal habits. Let no habit get the position of control. "I know of no form of amusement which is so dangerous when it becomes a passion as card playing" says Carl Schurz in "A Story of A Long Life."

PUT HIM OUT!

"Put him out!" shouted the crowd. "Put him out!" and a circle of brawny men, angry and wrathful, were ready to shoulder the offending citizen and hurl him out of a political gathering where the crowd preferred to listen to the superb eloquence of William Jennings Bryan, but Mr. Bryan exclaimed with a becalming gesture, "Don't put him out—don't put him out—he is the man whom I am trying to reach!" Well done! Have a respect for the man who differs with you.

NO

Learn to say "No!" Say it kindly. Say it slowly. Say it gently. Say it firmly. Say it with a steady eye. Say it with compressed lips. Say it once and no more. But learn to say "No!" As Spurgeon used to say:—"Learn to say "No"; it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin."

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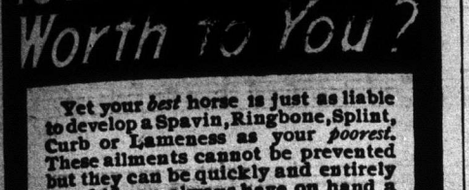

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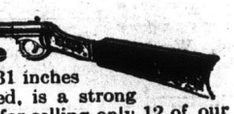

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Possibilites of Siberia.

In the near future Siberia may be the most formidable competitor of the United States in agricultural products. It is an immense country, embracing territory over three times the area of the United States, and although a large part of this area consists of Arctic tundra and mountain ranges, its soil available for agriculture is at least twice the size of the whole of the United States. Its agricultural products are varied from the production of cotton in the southwest or Caspian Sea districts, to the more northern regions.

Until recently the vast southern part was the domain of the Kirghiz, a roving tribe living in tents, their herds spending the summer on the vast northern steppes, moving south on the approach of winter; now these people together with the remains of once powerful Tartar tribes are retreating before the advance of Russian immigration, and are confining themselves to narrower limits, very much the same as the Indians have been compelled to do on this continent. Russian immigration to Siberia began some 30 years ago and before the recent disastrous war had assumed immense proportions. In 1900 it amounted to over 300,000 and the recent disturbance in Russia proper will still further turn immigration eastward to this country. The building of the transsiberian railway also did much to show the world her possibilities. Danish engineers employed on the railway, settling down on the land dairying followed as a matter of course and now the export of dairy products is assuming formidable proportions. The Russian government gives to each male citizen forty-five acres free in the shape of homestead, still further assisting him with implements and team; holding his homestead as security.

An agricultural college has been established at Tomsk, and experimental stations placed in various parts of the country, very much in the same manner as in Canada.

Experimental stations have also been established and as far back as 1898 at Koorgan it was found that the average butter fat in milk was nearly 6 per cent. Danish and German merchants now have stations in Siberia to buy butter that they ship to London, Hamburg and other European markets.

The export of butter increased rapidly previous to the Japanese war. In 1909 one train load of butter was shipped in refrigerator cars through Russia proper to Rega, where it was taken by steamer to London and other ports, and also during the year previous to the war three million poods, or 135,000,000 pounds of butter was shipped from Siberia.

Every village in some districts has one or more dairies, and are engaged in the production of butter and cheese for export.

Improved machinery is being used and modern methods adopted and although the present unrest following the disastrous war has temporarily checked development it is safe to predict that in the near future the product of Siberia will be an important factor in the markets of the world.

Wrinkle Dont's.

Don't go too long without food.

Don't worry and don't fret are the most healthful of maxims.

Don't wear tight shoes; they make a young face look old, drawn and wrinkled in a few hours.

Don't speak with all the muscles of the face. It is very charming and captivating to be deeply, deadly in earnest, but facial grimaces form creases which in time will become wrinkles.

Don't worry, but if worry you must, keep the forehead smooth—don't wrinkle it. Worry is called the American national disease, and Americanitis is its distinctive name. The women of the Orient are wiser—they never worry.

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I ring at intervals for 15 minutes or steadily as you choose.

And I wake you *on time* for I'm *watch accurate* as a *timekeeper*.

I've got a regular watch *escapement*—the mechanism upon which a watch *most depends* for its timekeeping qualities. You'll notice that I tick *fast, evenly and tightly* like a watch instead of slowly and heavily like common alarm clocks.

I must *run* like a watch for six days and nights in my factory under careful inspection before they will let me *go to the jeweler*.

I was designed by a Swiss, and I'm made in a factory that's been running for the past thirty years. I'm the result of all that experience and all those facilities.

An inner casing of steel gives me great strength and makes me *dust-proof*.

I'm to be found at your dealer. Ask yours to introduce me to you today. My price is $3.00. It could easily be more and you'd willingly pay it, for once you see me *you'll know* I'm worth it.

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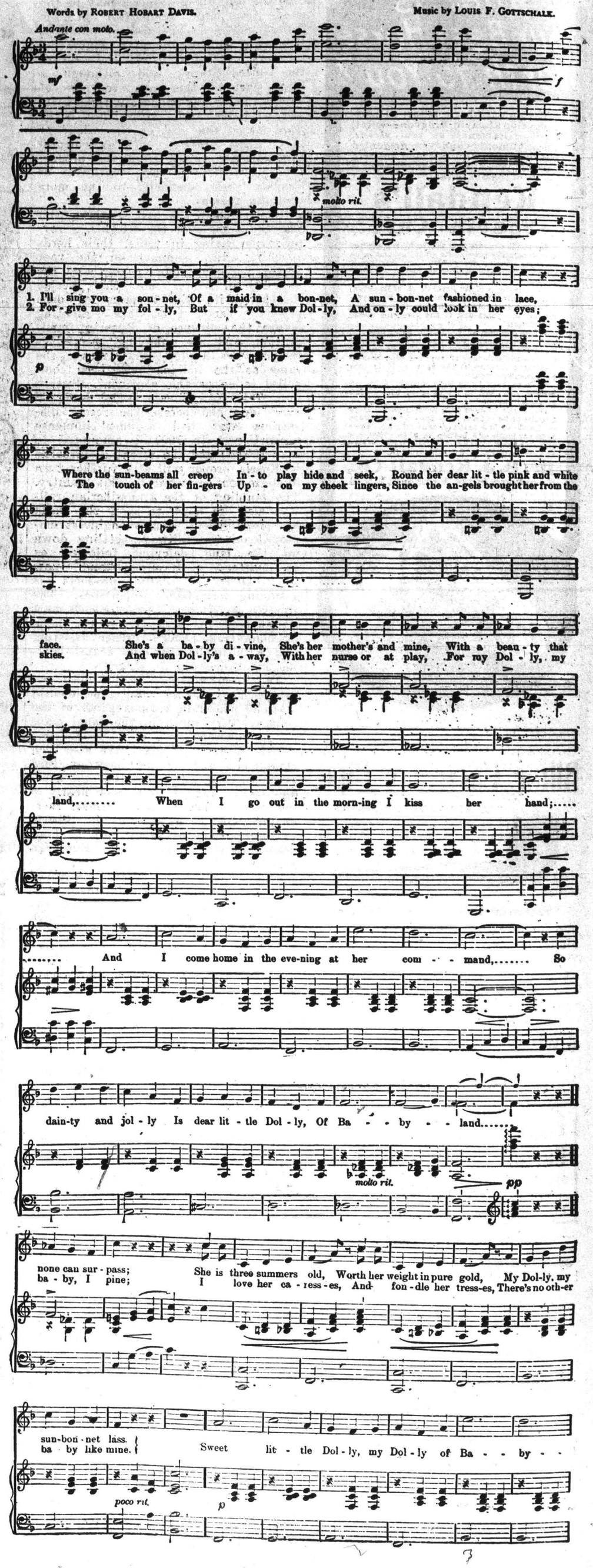
MY DOLLY OF BABY-LAND.

Words by ROBERT HOBART DAVIS. Music by LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.



Young People.

Flip.

By Eric Waters.

They were absolutely still—the boy and the dog. They might have been taken for statues, but for the bright eyes of the tiny black-and-tan.

Charley—in the whitest of sailor suits—sat, with legs stretched out, his back against a pillar and the little dog held tightly in his arms. His eyes had a dreamy look, for he was thinking—thinking hard—wondering why, when he and his mother were visiting and conversation was just at the most interesting point, mother was sure to say:

"Run away, Charley; go and play."

Charley did not want to play, for the boys he knew had gone away for the summer, and "a little fellow could not have much fun playing alone." But Charley knew how to obey, and though he felt vexed, he jumped up quickly and started for the door.

Aunt Anna must have guessed at the loneliness, and to comfort him, said:

"You may take Flip with you, Charley, but do not let him out of your sight."

Now, Flip was quite the most important member of the family, "almost human" everyone said, for did he not shed real tears when his beloved mistress was away? It was quite an honor to be trusted with him, because, although he was a most endearing little creature and full of amusing tricks, he was also a thoroughbred and worth a big sum of money. So, to start with, Charlie thought it safest to hold him fast. The street was quiet on this particular afternoon, except for an occasional carriage or bicycle; then the sharp little ears were all attention and the eyes brighter than ever.

Flip was a dog with strong likes and dislikes. He liked the butcher boy for very good reasons, and was fond of little boys; but the rag and bottle men he hated—dashed after them, snapping at them and barking altogether like a mad litle fury at the very sound of "Rags! bottles! bones!" If he could not get out, he ran from window to window like "one possessed."

The poor ragmen were very harmless, patient and even kind, and knew no reason for the petted darling's spite. Perhaps, in his little dog's heart, he resented their gathering so many bones. As a rule they only laughed at the fury of the little atom, with the exception of a Russian Jew, who had no doubt received harsh treatment enough in his own country to make him bitter. He was very ugly, with a bushy black beard. He pushed a miserable little cart, made of an old packing-box and two small wheels. He had cause to hate Flip, for he had felt Flip's sharp little teeth in his leg, and vowed in broken English that he would have revenge on that "leetle dog." This enemy had passed in the morning, muttering vengeance as he went onward into the country, probably seeking bones. The pretty street where Charley was visiting was in the suburbs of a big city, and just beyond were woods and country lanes and a lonely road.

Suddenly a very large, beautiful butterfly flew by, attracting the bright eyes of boy and dog. What a prize it would be for Charley's collection! He would not have tried to capture it, however, but the excited little dog sprang from his grasp, pursuing the pretty flutterer. Then the boy, too, gave chase, forgetting everything. On and on they went, the butterfly ever in advance. On and on into the sweet, green country.

How long they ran the child had no idea, nor how many turnings they made, till suddenly he stood still, as the winged creature soared high above him quite beyond his reach; stood still, to discover that they were in a strange place, with no one near to tell them how to go home. What would mother and Aunt Anna think? They turned down a lane, but every step took them further from home.

Suddenly the little dog pricked up his ears, trembled and burst into furious barking. Somebody must be near.

Somebody, alas! was near. Danger lurked before them; for there by the roadside was Flip's enemy, the rag-and-bottle-man, with his wobbly little cart besides him. Charley's heart sank down into his very shoes. It had been very funny to watch the little vixen from Aunt Anna's windows, but it was not the least bit funny out here, so far away from home, with darkness coming on; for Charlie was only a little fellow after all, though brave enough as little boys go.

"I haf you now. I will kill you," the ragman cried. "I sell your bones! Rags! bottles!" he sang out, the better to aggravate his little foe.

More furious than ever, Flip sprang at him, only to be seized by two strong hands, hit with a stick, and—oh! the insult!—thrust into a dirty bag half full of rags and bones. Then the bag was tied tightly with strong cords.

"Let my dog out! Give him back!" screamed Charley. "Please, please let him out! We'll never let him tease you any more." But the man was deaf to his pleading.

"Go home," he said fiercely, pointing down the road, "or I'll put you in the bag, too."

Charlie was almost distracted. He could never go home without Flip; he had promised to "keep him in sight." Then—like a flash—the idea came to him to pretend to go. So he walked very sadly away and turned down the road that he now saw led to town. Then he peeped through some bushes, and saw the ragman watching. Apparently satisfied that the child had gone, he began to push the cart rapidly in the other direction.

Then Charley, looking about, saw an old ditch running beside the lane, and, slipping in, followed cautiously through the tall weeds lest he might be discovered. How lonely it was; how still! How hungry the child felt, too! By and by the ragman, evidently thinking that no one would find him, sat down and began to eat his supper. Of the torture that poor Flip was enduring in the dirty bag, Charley did not dare to think. Crouching down in the ditch, he watched.

The man drew a big black bottle from the rubbish in the cart, and putting it to his lips took a long, long drink.

"Ah!" thought Charley, "p'r'ps that's what makes him so cross." It must have made him sleepy, for presently he lay down on the grass. If the man would only sleep!

Charley felt vainly in his pocket for a stray cooky. His hand touched his knife, which he drew out and opened. He waited patiently. Then he crept nearer, to hear a loud snore. He was almost certain, too, that he heard a faint whine from Flip. With fear and trembling he reached the cart, keeping one eye on the sleeping man. Touching the bag, he felt the shivering little creature. Try as he would, he could not untie the heavy cords. Ah! his knife would help. The bag was old and full of little holes. Starting at one, he made a slit big enough to release poor Flip. He laid a hand tightly over his mouth lest he should bark, and, tucking him into his sailor blouse, ran as fast as his little legs could go.

Once on the road, he ran faster and faster, stumbling or falling sometimes, only to pick himself up again and struggle on. Far below he saw the lights of the city, for darkness had nearly come. Hark! he heard someone following, and looking back, saw a dark form and heard the horrid "Rags, bottles!" ring out on the still air—the cruel man knowing that it would infuriate the dog.

Faster and faster ran boy and dog; faster and faster came their enemy. Terror—abject terror—seized the child. Oh! would no one come?

Then down the hill he spied a bright light piercing the darkness. Surely it was coming toward them. Hope quickened his steps. Nearer and nearer came the light, big and bright and glowing—nearer and nearer! Then a horn. Oh! welcome sound! An automobile! Would it stop for a poor little boy? Like a fiery chariot it rushed along.

"Help! Help!' cried the child as he fell ehausted in the dust. A sudden stop—a joyous cry— a happy bark from Flip, and Uncle Willie had them both in his arms, and there was auntie and mother, too. They had come to the rescue just in time.

A forlorn little figure was Charley, his once spick-and-span suit all soiled and creased; his rosy cheeks pale and stained with tears. As he told his tale of terror he looked back for his tormentor; but the ragman had disappeared into the woods—and out of their lives—for he was never more seen.

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You may be sure that no one scolded Charley when they learned how cleverly and bravely he had rescued his little friend. How safe, how joyous, how happy was the boy in his mother's arms; how beside himself with delight the tiny pet restored to her he loved we need not tell; but years were to pass before either of them could hear without a shiver—"Rags! bottles! bottles! rags!"

A Python that Loved Music.

By Charles Hungerford.

Hamburg, as many know, is the great headquarters of the trade in wild animals for menageries and "zoos." To Hamburg are shipped lions, elephants and giraffes, captured in South and East Africa, tigers from India, jaguars and tapirs from South America, gorillas from the Congo, Orang-ou-tang from Borneo, and, in fact, every kind of beast, bird and reptile from all quarters of the globe.

The warehcuses of the two principal firms engaged in this business are interesting places to visit after the arrival of a "beast ship," with new or unusually large specimens of animal life.

The narrator made such a visit a few weeks since, on the arrival of a remarkably large, brilliantly marked python, shipped from Padang, Sumatra. This Colubrine giant is more than 30 feet in length and was bespoken by the Austrian government for a zoo at Budapest.

But the story of its capture is even more interesting than the huge creature itself, for this python had fallen a victim to its fondness for the notes of a violin.

There is a telegraph-line extending across Sumatra, from Padang, connecting that port, by means of submarine cables, with Batavia and Singapore.

Along this line of land wire are a number of interior stations. One of these, called Pali-lo-pom, has been in charge of an operator named Carlos Gambrino, a mestizo from Batavia, Java, educated at the industrial school there.

The station is on a hillock in the valley of the river Kampar, and is adjacent to dense forest, jungle and a long morass. It is a solitary little place, consisting merely of four or five thatched huts, elevated on posts to a height of six feet from the ground, to be more secure from noxious insects, reptiles and wild beasts.

The station is at the junction of two native roads, or trails, along which the interior trade of the island is conducted after a desultory fashion; and as a rule Gambrino has little enough to do, except listen to the ticking of the instrument, monotonously repeating messages to remote points in which he can feel little interest. For solace and company, therefore, he frequently has recourse to his violin.

Thatched houses on posts in Sumatra are not commonly supplied with glass windows; but Gambrino had afforded himself the luxury of a two-pane sash, set to slide in an aperture in the side wall of his hut, and some five or six months ago, during the wet season, he was sitting at this window one afternoon, as he played his violin, when he saw the head of a large serpent rise out of the grass, at a distance of seventy or eighty yards.

His first impulse was to get his carbine and try to shoot the monster, for he saw that it was a very large python, and not a desirable neighbor. But something in the attitude of the reptile led him to surmise that it had raised itself to hear the violin, and he passed at once to a lively air.

As long as he continued playing the python remained there apparently motionless; but when he ceased it drew its head down, and he saw nothing more of it that day, although he went out with his gun to look for it.

Nearly a fortnight passed, and the incident had gone from his mind,—for large snakes are not uncommon in Sumatra,—when one night, as he was playing the violin to some native acquaintances who had come to the hut, they heard the sounds made by a large snake gliding across the bamboo platform or floor of the little veranda. On looking out with a light, one of the party saw a huge, mottled python gliding away.

But it was not until the reptile appeared a third time, raising its head near his window, that the telegrapher became certain that it was really his violin which attracted it.

In the meantime the operator at Padang, with whom Gambrino held daily conversations by wire, had told him that the German agent of a Hamburg house at that port would pay ten pounds, English money, for such a python as he described.

Gambrino began scheming to capture the reptile. In one of the huts at the station there was stored a quantity of fiber rope, such as is used in Sumatra for bridging small rivers and ravines.

Gambrino contrived three large nooses from this rope, which he elevated horizontally, on bamboo poles, to the height of his window, and carried the drawing ends of the nooses inside the hut.

This was done after the operator had ascertained that at times the snake would come about the house and raise its head if it heard the violin.

Some time later the python was beguiled by the music into raising its head inside one of the nooses, which a native, who was on the watch while Gambrino played, instantly jerked tight.

What followed was exciting. The reptile resented the trick with vigor, and showed itself possessed of far more strength than they had expected.

The rope had been made fast to a beam inside, and the snake nearly pulled the entire structure down, making it rock and creak in a way that caused Gambrino and his native ally to leap to the ground in haste from a back entrance. The reptile coiled its body about the posts and pulled desperately to break away. Altogether, it was a wild night at this little remote telegraph station.

The next morning a crowd of natives collected; and as the python had by this time exhausted itself, they contrived to hoist its head as high as the roof of the hut and to secure its tail.

It was then lowered into a molasses hogshead, which was covered and trussed up securely with ropes.

In this condition the python was drawn to Padang on a bullock cart. It is said to weigh more than four hundred pounds.

Only a Thing.

In a pretty, sunny parlor, modest but tasteful, two women were arranging flowers. One was the hostess, the other a visitor who was helping with the preparations for a tea that afternoon. It was from the visitor's hand that a delicate glass vase slipped and crashed to pieces on the hearth.

"O Ellen, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed, in distress. "The Venetian glass vase your sister brought from Italy—the very one I can't possibly replace. It's too bad!"

"It was pretty, and I'm sorry, of course," acknowledged Ellen, frankly, burrowing promptly in a closet for the dust-pan, "but don't stand there frozen with horror, and your face like a tragic mask. After all it's only a thing."

"'Only a thing!'" echoed the culprit, in a voice of astonishment tinged with indignation. "Of course it's a thing. Most things are things. But that doesn't prevent their being precious."

Ellen laughed outright.

"Most things certainly are things," she admitted, "and a few things are precious; but even then there's a dif-

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ference. I forgot that you didn't know the family byword, and couldn't finish it out for yourself.

"You see, I was quoting my name-aunt, who was the dearest, coziest, most comfortable and yet most wide-awake and spirited old lady in the world. She always declared that the richest gain that came to her through age and experience was the perception of relative importance. Life is so much more easy and interesting if we never let ourselves be troubled about what need not really matter; and compared with people and actions things, our mere little possessions, are after all so trifling. She deemed it disgraceful that anything less than war, earthquake or fire, affecting things should make us unhappy.

"'When a heart, a promise or a principle is broken,' she used to say, 'that's disaster, and one may grieve; but when a teapot is—a thing is only a thing. Laugh and take a brown pitcher, and the tea will taste just as good.'"

"I suppose it would," agreed Ellen's friend, reflectively, "if the laugh were genuine, but so many of us couldn't laugh. It's Emerson, isn't it, who says, 'Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind?' Only he should have said womankind; it's we housekeepers who are slaves to things."

"Oh, not all of us," protested Ellen, cheerfully. "Suppose you put the pink chrysanthemums in that old Dutch mug and twist the trailing fern round the handle — I'm not sure it isn't going to be prettier than the Venetian vase, after all."

Nest Babies.

By Clarence Hawkes.

The most interesting time of the whole year in bird land is the time when the fledglings are hatched and the life of the new family begins. You children could hardly know unless you have often watched the birds what patience it has taken to bring this little bird family into the world.

In the first place, it took days to build the nest. Perhaps the first nest was destroyed by the wind, so a second may have been built. After the nest was finally built, with much planning by the parent birds, the eggs had to be laid; this usually takes a day for an egg, but some birds skip a day between each egg.

After all the eggs were laid the mother bird had to sit upon them for about three weeks before her patience was rewarded by seeing a small spot pecked in each egg.

Think how hard it would be for you children who like to wriggle about to sit perfectly still, just as the mother bird has to do on the eggs, for three weeks.

After the fledglings are finally hatched there is great activity in the family for many days. Most of the little birds stay in the nest for several weeks, but little partridges are an exemption to this rule, for they are among the brightest and hardiest of chicks, and in a very few hours after being hatched they are picking up their own living just as though they had always worked for it.

But this is not the case with most young birds. Young herons stay in the nest and are fed by the old herons until they are nearly grown.

It is a pretty sight to see those wide-open mouths go up at the slightest sound near the nest. Most of these ugly, naked little birds are greedy and take a great deal of feeding. I have seen old robins carrying worms to their young nearly all day long.

Did you ever hear of a fledgling that was hatched in a hole in the ground? Well, that is where the young kingfisher is hatched.

When a pair of kingfishers want to build themselves a nest they dig a hole back into some sandy bank for several feet, and at the end of it they hollow out a round place and line it with fish bones. Here in darkness the young kingfishers are hatched.

Young kingfishers are among the hungriest of fledglings, and when there is a large family you may see the old birds fishing for these wide-open mouths all day long.

Some birds, like the kingfisher, digest the food for their young before feeding it to them. They first swallow the food themselves, and when it has become soft they gulp it up and feed it to the young birds.

Most little birds when they are first hatched are rather ugly, shapeless little things without any feathers.

Young bluebirds feather out very early, but the queer thing about them is that they are black as little crows and it is not until they have been out of the nest for some time that they put on the blue and red of their parents.

The cuckoo also has a queer family of fledgings. This shy bird is very slow about laying her eggs, for she sometimes takes a week to an egg, so that the first cuckoo is hatched out long before his brothers and sisters. So a cuckoo's nest will usually contain birds of several sizes? There will be one little naked cuckoo just hatched, another a week old, and perhaps one just ready to go out into the world and pick up his own living.

There is one bird that is quite shiftless about her young. In fact, she has nothing to do with them; this is the cowbird, she goes about laying her eggs in other birds' nests. When the other birds find a cowbird has laid an egg in their nest they usually hatch it out and take care of the young bird with their own.

The young cowbird is a greedy fellow, and it greatly surprises its foster mother, who wonders why one of her brood is so greedy and so much larger than the rest of her family.

Most old birds teach their young to fly, showing them by example how the trick is done, and often withholding food to coax them to try their wings.

An old robin will frequently sit upon a limb holding a tempting worm in its bill, while the young robin perches upon a limb near by winking and blinking and wishing so much that he had that worm but not daring for a long time to fly to his parent and get it.

When the young birds first go forth from the nest is a time of peril to the family, for there is always a chance that some luckless bird will flop down on the grass and the cat will get it. If it is not the cat sometimes thoughtless children will injure young birds, and some other birds will even kill the fledgings of their neighbors.

Hawks, shrikes, kingbirds, crows, and others often rob nests of their young birds and still more frequently steal the eggs before they are hatched.

Once the young birds leave the nest they never return, but are pushed out into the world to shift for themselves. It is surprising how quickly they learn what things are good for food and which things to let alone. They are never deceived into eating poison foods, as children often are.

Nature has given each young bird such instinct as he needs to take care of himself in the great world into which he has come. Each bird has in its little head such wisdom as will enable it to build its nest and rear its young when the time comes. Also he knows that he must fly many miles away to warmer climes when the cold comes, where he will not perish.

Little birds love the sunshine and the warmth and plenty of good things to eat. When they have all these things their songs gladden the earth and their bright feathers cheer us as they flash by.

Let us, then, feed and protect these little friends and encourage them to build about our houses, for it is a great thing to have the full confidence of even a little bird.

How Spiders Work.

Watch an old spider making a fine web. A fly will get caught in it as he goes quickly through the window if he is not careful, then the spider will eat him, and when the spider goes for a walk he must look sharply to right and left or some creature will eat him. A bird will suddenly swallow him or a wasp will kill him; the centipedes, too, are always looking for spiders.

The spider's silk, with which he makes his beautiful web, is like a piece of your mother's sewing silk — it is made of a lot of very fine strands. And in what a wonderful way the spider spins his web from bush to bush! He throws out a silken thread, and the wind carries it to a leaf, where it sticks, then he walks carefully across the thread, carrying another thread to make his tight rope stronger. He pulls the thread with his claws, as a sailor tugs at the sail ropes, and fastens it with great care; round and round he goes until the splendid web is made, and, if the wind is blowing, he fastens tiny pieces of stick to the web for fear it will blow away.

A spider often stretches a thread from the web to his home; when any

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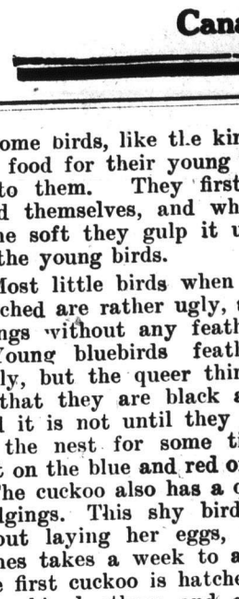

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creature is caught in the web the spider feels the web shake, and out he runs to see what has happened.

Spiders are very clever. If you should touch a green one he would double up his little legs and fall from the place where you saw him. If you did not notice that he was hanging from his thread you would likely say: "It is only a green lead." There is a brown spider that does the same thing, hoping to be taken for a brown leaf.

The trap-door spider makes her house by digging a hole in the ground; she scratches it up with her front legs and carries out the tiny lumps of earth until there is a nice long hole. She lines this with fine silk, which she weaves herself, then makes a little door of leaves and sticks woven together with her silk and fastens it on with a silken hinge. This is a safe, warm home for the baby spiders, and if the mother hears some dangerous creature trying to get in she holds onto the door with all her might, and the children run to the other end of the house. The spider children are very industrious; they amuse themselves by making tiny houses just like the one their mother has made, so that when they grow up they can make safe, warm houses for their own children.

Some spiders live under the water in little balls made of their own silk; some live under the ground, and others live in trees or in our houses. There are big and little spiders of many different colors, but they can all run very fast for they have eight legs.—Amelia De Wolffers.

That Young Misbehave.

By R. H. Woodbine.

Mina Welding was a bright girl, though perhaps not as bright as she thought herself. But that may be said of a great many people.

One evening she came bounding into the house and said to her mother, who was sewing in the sitting-room:

"Mother, I hear that Mr. Sandover, the editor of the Compass, wants a clerk. That's just the kind of a position I'd like."

"Has he advertised for a clerk?" asked Mrs. Welding.

"No, he's afraid he'll have a crush of applicants, and so he's just looking around and trying to find the clerk he wants in a quiet way. Somebody mentioned me to him, and he said he wished I'd come up to his office. I'm going the first thing in the morning."

"I hope you'll succeed," said her mother. "You could earn your own pin money, and maybe help a little to keep the pot boiling these hard times."

If you think Mina delayed her going to Mr. Sandover's office the next day, you do not know what an energetic little body she was. Bright and early she entered the office. She stated her errand in her brisk way, and told Mr. Sandover about her acquirements.

"I am pleased with what you say," Mr. Sandover stated at the end of the interview. "Come up day after tomorrow, and I may give you a trial with some work."

The young girl hurried home in a very hopeful frame of mind, and told her mother that Mr. Sandover and his office were "just delightful." It would be "splendid" to work in such a place.

In this sanguine mood she spent the day, and in the evening she and her "chum," Lizzie Osgood, went to a service in one of the churches—the one the girls usually attended. It was a small church in the suburbs, near Mina's home.

Now, you would scarcely believe it of Mina, but truth compels me to say that she was not as well behaved in church services and at other gatherings as she should have been.

That evening she and Lizzie did a great deal of "cutting up," as they called it. They had a vast amount of sport themselves, and kept the circle of girls around them in a titter, disturbing many people who wanted to listen to the sermon, so that the minister had to reprimand them.

That made Mina angry. But whom do you suppose she saw when the service was over, as she turned to look back over the church?

"Oh, Lizzie," she whispered, "there's my editor, Mr. Sandover, the man I'm going to work for—any way, I'm almost sure of the position. Isn't he a fine-looking man? He's smart, too, I tell you. He's looking this way now. My! hasn't he got keen eyes?"

At the appointed time the second day after, she made her way to the office of the Compass to decide on the final arrangements about the position. Mr. Sandover turned his revolving chair as she entered and scanned her searchingly.

"Well, you have come to see about that position, have you?" he said. "I was at the Lisbon street church night before last. You were there?"

"Yes," Mina replied, her face turning several colors.

"I saw a couple of girls behaving themselves very badly during the service," the editor went on. "One of them I called in my mind 'that young misbehave.' She was the leader of the mischief."

He paused, and Mina wished the floor would open and let her sink through.

"Now, my young friend, I recognized the girl who conducted herself so badly, and I have decided that any girl who has such mistaken ideas of smartness isn't smart enough to work in my office. She took advantage of the minister and misbehaved when he was not looking. How do I know but she might be dishonest in working for me? I can make no use of your services in my office."

The editor resumed his writing, while Mina crept home an humbler and a wiser girl.

So Old that it is New.

By Mary Joslyn Smith.

Mabel went into the kitchen one day and asked, "Katy, do you know any new riddle or conundrum? They are all the fashion at school, and I want a new one."

"I know just one, and that is not a new one. I heard it in good old Ireland a long time ago."

"Well, I guess it's so old that it will be new to all of us, so you will teach it to me?"

"A question I will ask of thee,
Come, answer if you please.
Tell in what chapter there's a verse
With three and fifty t's?"

When Mabel had learned the rhyme she asked Katy the answer.

"That's the hard part for me to remember. It's in the Bible, sure, but I forget where. I remember that the name of the book it is in is a girl's name."

Mabel went to her mother and found the answer to be Esther, the eighth chapter and the ninth verse. Mabel's mother assured her the riddle was old enough to be new at school, and perhaps in many other places.

The First Temperance Society.

The first temperance society in Connecticut, and probably in the world, was organized in Litchfield in 1789. The pledge was as follows: "So many are the avenues leading to misery, that it is impossible to guard them all. Such evils as are produced by our own folly and weakness are within our power to avoid. The immoderate use which the people of our State make of distilled spirits is undoubtedly an evil of this kind. The morals are corrupted, property is exhausted, and health destroyed. Whereupon we do hereby associate and mutually agree that hereafter we will carry on our business without the use of distilled spirits as an article of refreshment either for ourselves or those we employ, and that instead thereof, we will serve our workmen with wholesome food and common, simple drinks of our own production." This was signed by thirty-six men. These facts are recorded by an old county history, and are believed to be well substantiated. Such an agreement among employers of the present day might result in much good.

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Temperance Talk.

The Voice Within.

A late eminent preacher and writer, speaking of his early childhood, relates the following:—

"When I was a little boy in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow waters at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in a wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions.

"I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice.'"

A Drunkard's Dinner.

A man was in the habit of spending his days and nights lounging about public houses, gambling and indulging in the various gross amusements that pertain to such a life. One day, while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the saloon, bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise, while she said:

"I thought, husband, that as you were so busy, and had no time to come home to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you;" and setting the dish upon the table she quietly retired.

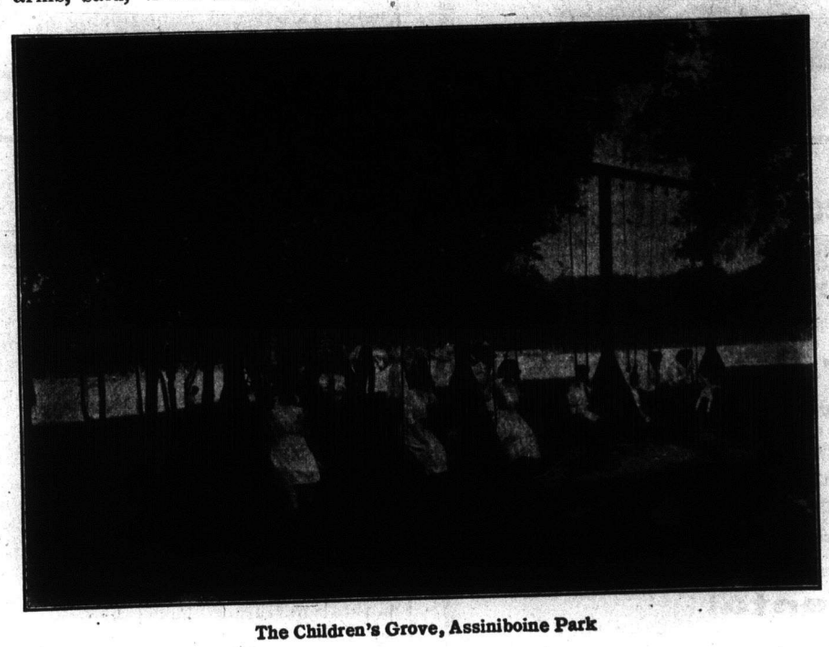
Calling his associates around him, he invited to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish, he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Dear Husband,—I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is the same kind that your wife and children have at home."

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftness man, who so effectually considered the matter as to give up his drinking habits and provide another kind of dinner for those at home.

Three Pints a Day.

I was exceedingly struck with an anecdote told me by a London physician. He went into the park and sat down upon a bench, and there sat down by him an old pauper of eighty years of age. And this physician entered into conversation with him and asked him what his trade was. The man said, "A carpenter." "A very good trade, indeed," said the physician; "well, how is it that you come at this time of life to be a pauper; have you been addicted to drink?" "Not at all; I have only taken my three pints a day—never spent more than 6d. a day." The physician took out his pencil and a piece of paper, and said to the man, "How long have you continued this practice of drinking your three pints of ale a day?" The man said, "I am now eighty, and I have continued this practice, more or less, for sixty years." "Very well," said the physician, "I will just do the sum," and he found that by doing the sum that if this ma nhad only laid by that sixpence a day for those sixty years it would have come, with compound interest, to £3,226; and he said to the pauper, "My good man, instead of being a pauper at this moment you might have been quite as well in health, in every respect quite as happy, and you might have been the possessor of £3,226 at this moment; in other words, you might have had £150 a year, or some £3 a week, not by working an hour longer or doing anything differently, except by being a total abstainer, and by putting this money that you have been spending day by day these sixty years on your beer."
—Archdeacon Farrar.



The Children's Grove, Assiniboine Park

"I'll Pay."

When men meet together at a tavern or ale house, upon jovial occasions, by way of kindness to drink together, then happy is that man, when the reckoning is brought, that can be rid of his money first. "I'll pay," says one; "I'll pay," says another. "You shall not pay a penny," says a third, "I'll pay all," etc.; and so it grows sometimes very near unto a quarrel, because one man cannot spend his money before another. Thus in words of worldy fellowship and merry making; but come to a work of mercy, how is it then? Is the money upon the table? Is every man ready to throw down, and make it a leading case to the rest of the company? No such matter; one puts it off to another; "Alas! I am in debt," says one; "I have no money about me," says another. Then every finger is a thumb, and it is such

Nervous Prostration Sleeplessness Palpitation of the Heart Dizzy Spells

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Mr. Peter Halstad, Tilley, Alta., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing a few lines to tell you what your Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I had a long standing case of nervous prostration, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, and dizzy spells. I bought a box of the pills and they did me so much good I continued their use until I had used several boxes and they restored me to health again. They are a great remedy and I recommend them to all my friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

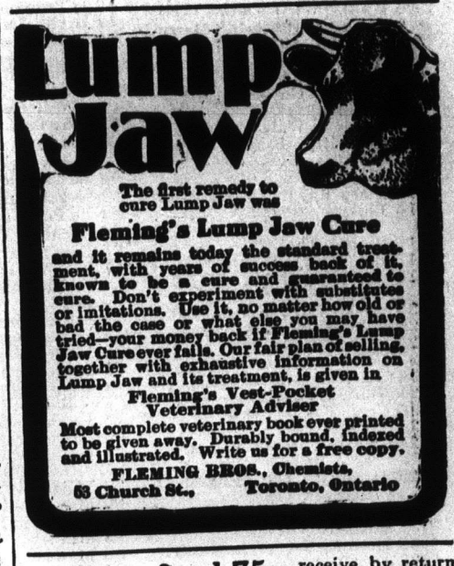
Send Name and Address Today—You Gan Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free

Lump Jaw



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Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

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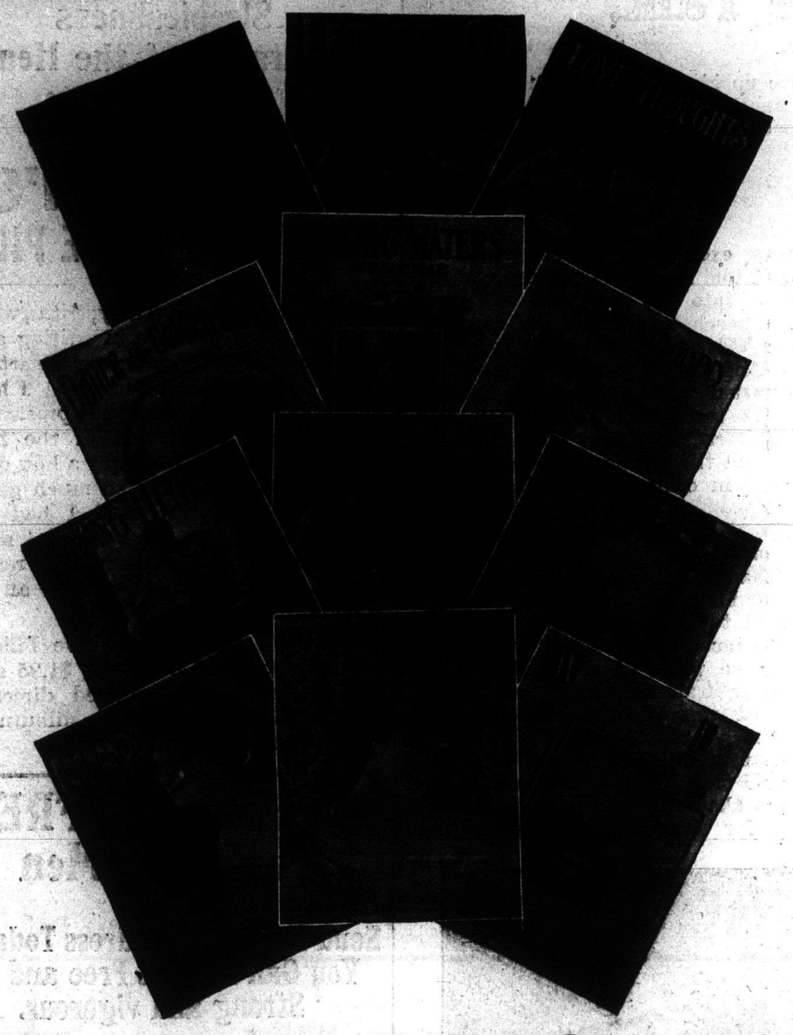

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us **One New Subscriber** to **The Western Home Monthly** for One Year at One Dollar, at any time before Sept. 30th, 1911 we will send free by mail, postpaid, any three pieces of music selected from the following list:—

Instrumental

1 A Frangesa March
2 Alpine Hut
3 An Easter Emblem
4 Angel's Serenade
5 Anvil Chorus (from "Il Trovatore")
6 April Smiles, Waltzes
7 Arbutus Waltz, (Merry Bells)
8 At Sundown
9 Artist Life, Waltzes
10 Autumn Gavotte, (Merry Bells)
11 Battle of Waterloo
12 Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes
13 Black Hawk, Waltzes
14 Black Key Polka Mazurka
15 Bluetts Polka (Merry Bells)
16 Brook, (The)
17 Bohemian Girl
18 Campion March (Merry Bells)
20 Cavalleria Rusticana, Int.
21 Convent Grand March
22 Convent Bells
23 Cornflower Waltzes
24 Con Amore (with my love)
25 Chaconne
26 Chapelin the Fores
27 Consolation
28 Daffodil, Schottische, (Merry Bells)
29 Dorothy's Old English Dance
30 Dixie, Transcription
31 Echoes of the Ball
32 Evening Star (Tannhauser)
33 Evening Song
34 Flower of Spring, A
35 Fairy Wedding, Waltz
36 Faust, (Transcription)
37 Fifth Nocturne
38 First Heart Throbs
39 Flatterer (The)
40 Flower Song
41 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz
42 Funeral March
43 Fur Elise
44 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
45 Gipsy Dance
46 Girlhood days, Three-step
47 Hazel Blossoms
48 Heather Rose
49 Heartsease
50 Heimwich, (Longing for Home)
51 Home Sweet Home, (Trans.)
52 Il Trovatore
53 In the Country
54 In the Meadow
55 In the Twilight
56 Invitation to the Dance
57 Il Bacio, (The Kiss) Waltzes
58 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
60 L'Argentine, (Silvery Thistle)
61 La Czarine, Mazurka
62 La Fountaine
63 La Paloma
64 Largo
65 Last Hope
67 Last Waltz of a Madman
68 Le Tremolo
69 Lily
70 Little Fairy, Waltzes
71 Little Fairy, Polka
72 Little Fairy, Schottische
73 Little Fairy, March
74 Love's Dream After The Ball
75 La Serenata
76 Lily of the Valley
78 Loin Du Bal, (Sounds from the Ball)
79 Maiden's Prayer
80 May Has Come
81 Melody in F
82 Minuet
83 Monastry Bells
84 Moment Musicale
85 Morning Flowers, (Gavotte
86 Mountain Belle, (Schottische)
87 Music Box
88 My Old Kentucky Home (Trans.)
89 Old Folks at Home, with variations
90 Orange Blossoms, Waltzes
91 Orvetta Waltzes
92 Over the Waves, Mexican Waltzes
93 Over the Waves
94 Old Black Joe, (Trans.)
95 One Heart—One Soul
96 Padishah, (Persian March
97 Palms (The)
98 Patti Waltzes, (Tyrolienne)
99 Pearly Dew Drops
100 Peri Waltzes
101 Polish Dance
102 Pure as Snow
103 Pretty Picture
104 Qui Vive Galop (4 H'ds) (Double Number)
105 Ramona Waltzes
106 Remember Me
107 Rippling Waves
108 Rustic Dance
109 Sack Waltz
110 Scarf Dance
111 Schubert's Serenade
112 Secret Love
113 Shepherd Boy
114 Silvery Waves
116 Simple Confession
118 Spring Song
119 Spring's Awakening
120 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Bells)
121 Stephanie Gavotte
122 Storm (The)
123 Shepherd's Song
124 Tam O'Shanter
125 Tannhauser, (Evening Star)
127 Thine Own, (Melody)
128 Traumere and Romance
129 Twentieth Century Woman, March
130 Two Angels
131 Under the Double Eagle, March
133 Valse Bleue
134 Valse in E flat
135 Waves of the Danube
136 Waves of the Ocean
137 Warblings at Eve
138 Weber's Last Waltz
139 Wedding March
140 Whispering of Love
141 Wine, Women and Song Waltzes
142 You and I Waltzes

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

a while before anything will be got out, that it would trouble anyone to behold it. Then the question is not, who shall be first? but, who shall be last? A sad thing! that in way of courtesy or indulgence any man should be thus free; and yet when it comes to a work of mercy, he is thus bound up.—From an old Sermon. Date 1642.

Alcohol and Insanity.

The power of alcohol to cause either temporary or permanent insanity is well known to all of us. I have been told that one single visit to the padded room of the London Hospital, where those suffering from delirium tremens are confined, is simply sufficient to shake the faith of the most confirmed alcohol worshipper in his mistaken creed. As regards its relation to permanent insanity, we have the statement of a former Bishop of London, who has informed us that out of 1,271 maniacs whose previous histories were investigated, 649 wrecked their reason by excessive drinking. But the most terrible results of this list of evils have yet to be considered. Even supposing we grant that from a moral point of view it is allowable that, for the gratification of a mere animal desire, we may risk both our own health and reason, there can be no doubt that, to risk the entailment of the above terrible afflictions upon those who are to come after us, is among the most wicked and unjustifiable of deeds. Yet this is the guilt all who indulge in the fatal vice of drink. Many diseases are well known as being capable of transmission by inheritance, so that the wickedness of one individual may literally cause the "inipuity of the fathers" to be "visited upon the children, and upon the children's children," tions," entailing such results in futuro even unto "the third and fourth genera- upon the innocent unborn, that even the most hardened sinner may turn with horror from the prospect of such a crime. To give one instance, Dr. Howe, in his report on idiocy to the legislature of Massachusetts, says: "The habits of the parents of 300 of the idiots were ascertained, and 145, or nearly one-half, are reported as known to be habitual drunkards." In the social world alcohol is equally a source from which many evils flow. But a short time since a medical man who had hadlarge experience among the wrokhouses of the metropolis, and who, though not himself a total abstainer, has taken great interest in this question, assured me that he had never known a teetotaler to apply for parish relief. In Edinburgh, out of 27,000 cases of pauperism, 20,000 were traceable to drunkenness, and in London it is estimated that two-thirds of our paupers owe their condition to the same terrible evil. This is no matter for wonder when we come to consider the amount of money which is squandered in drink, coupled with the unprofitable and unproductive nature of the trade to the community at large. During four years, up to 1879, the amount spent in the United Kingdom upon intoxicating liquors amounted to £574,000,000, a sum within £18,000,000 of the total of our export trade with of the whole world during three years! And judging from the number of workmen in proportion to the money value of the various liquors sent out at the large Caledonian Distillery in Edinburgh, the drink money spent in the country would, if more productively applied, employ 2,000,000 instead of 250,000 of our population.

Making It Red.

A gentleman the other day saw his daughter dipping her little doll-baby's dress into a tin cup, and inquired "What ae you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion into your head, my child? You can't color it red with beer." "Yes, I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red." And the gentleman had business that required him down town immediately.

The Switch.

On this fast train of life, boys, 'tis well to take heed,
To attend to the brakes, maybe lessen the speed;
For the down grades are trying, your train you may ditch;
And whatever you do, boys, don't fail at the switch.

More trains have been wrecked, more lives have been lost,
More loads have been carried at ruinous cost
By this error of youth, which no words can explain.
The blunder of blunders—not switching the train.

If you come to a place where the grade is too steep,
Switch some of the cars, that the rest you may keep;
Perhaps it is smoking, perhaps it is drink:
Whatever's a hindrance, stop the train, boys, and think.

And when you have passed on this Wonderful route
And brushed off the cinders, the dust, and the soot,
Examine the wheels, sound them well, sound the true:
If they ring as they ought, why—carry them through.

But if they sound hollow and dull to your knock,
Don't drag them along, all the others to block,
But switch them right here on some little side track,
And when you are free don't ever go back.

Perhaps you have learned to take "God's name in vain;"
Now, it must be quite wrong to have this on the train.
If you have to explode, when things break in two,
Try Constantinople; you'll find it will do.

There's a place on the line—you will find it, I know—
Where the road is so rough that the train must move slow;
And 'tis said at this point, if the switch were misplaced,
That the whole of the train would be sadly disgraced.

So, on down grade or up, when 'tis level or rough,
Attend to the switch, be it ever so tough;
And you'll run your through train in that station at last,
Where the freight is oft judged by the switch of the past.

Sir Andrew Clark and Total Abstinence.

Dr. Andrew Clark gives in the following words an excellent testimony to the advantage of total abstinence: "Every adult man will find after trial that he will work better, he will enjoy more, he will have a longer exemption from disease, he will probably better in all the higher relations of live longer, and certainly he will be life. . . . I daresay if a man took a glass of wine, as sometimes people do to overcome nervousness, he might succeed, and, indeed, I am bound to say that that sort of help alcohol sometimes curiously enough, at the expense of blunting his sensibilities. . . . That is my testimony as to the effect of alcoholic liquors upon health and upon work—namely, that for all purposes of sustained, enduring, fruitful work, it is my experience that alcohol does not help, but hinders it. . . . I am bound to say that for all honest work alcohol never helps a human soul, never, never."

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

Sunday Reading.

If.

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten up the blue.
If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while;
If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.
If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would route the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not—
Then Love would kneel to Duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.
If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die—
If neighbor spake to neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the sabre,
The spear stay on the wall;
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

—Washington Times.

"I try to keep my life simple. Long ago, I learned that what women possess beyond the real necessities soon grow to be a weariness to the nerves. The more of the unessentials we acquire the more we want. Our most coveted treasure soon grows insignificant in the thought of something still to be achieved. I make my rule of life less change and more repose."

That is a good rule for any harrassed mother or business woman who has come to think life too much for her.

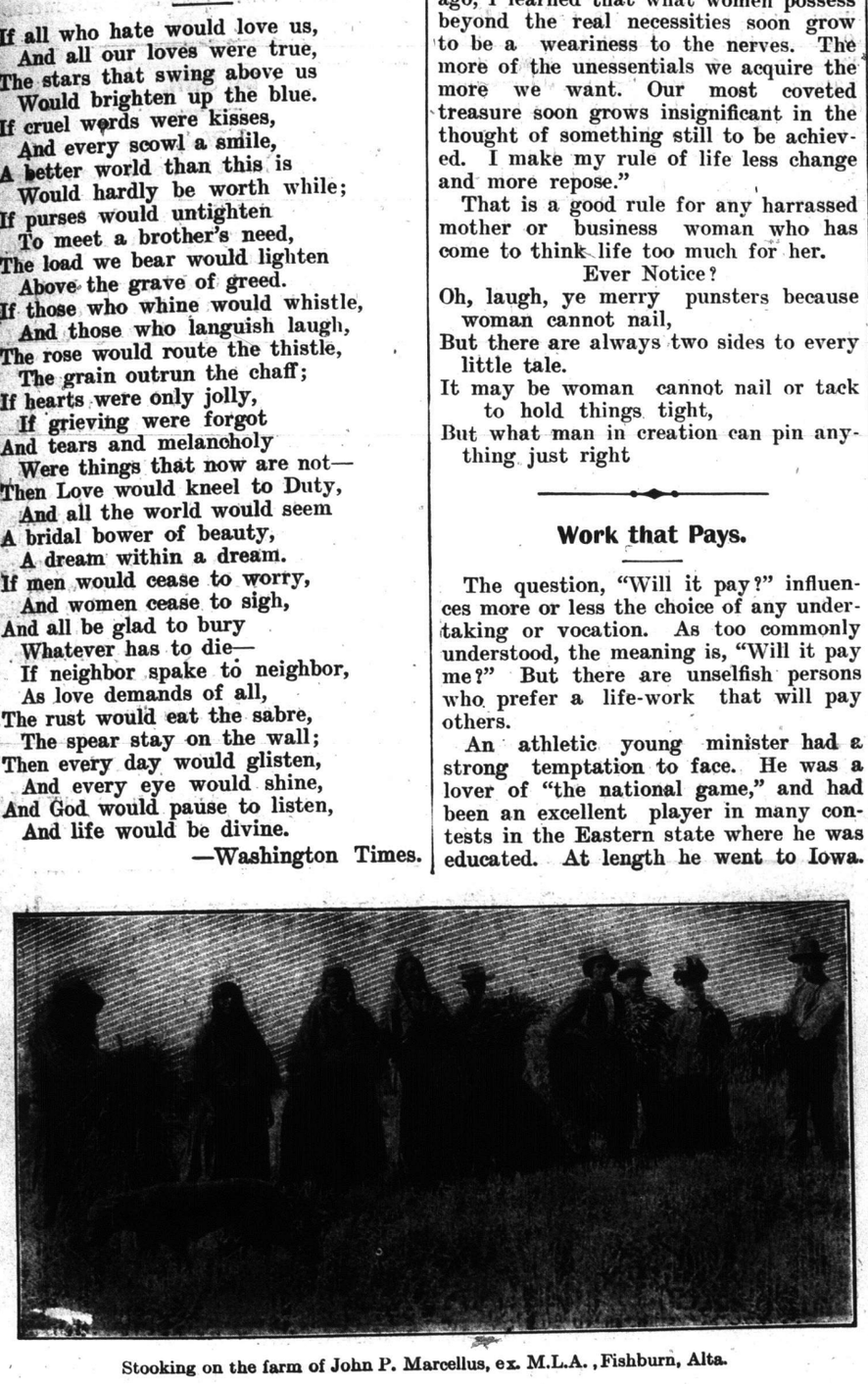
Ever Notice?

Oh, laugh, ye merry punsters because woman cannot nail,
But there are always two sides to every little tale.
It may be woman cannot nail or tack to hold things tight,
But what man in creation can pin anything just right

Work that Pays.

The question, "Will it pay?" influences more or less the choice of any undertaking or vocation. As too commonly understood, the meaning is, "Will it pay me?" But there are unselfish persons who prefer a life-work that will pay others.

An athletic young minister had a strong temptation to face. He was a lover of "the national game," and had been an excellent player in many contests in the Eastern state where he was educated. At length he went to Iowa.



Stooking on the farm of John P. Marcellus, ex. M.L.A., Fishburn, Alta.

Craving for Novelty.

It is easy to talk about the simple life, and so hard to live it, for life is not simple any more. Its complications seem unavoidable.

The trouble lies in ourselves; the entire trend of womanly sentiment is away from the centuries held dear.

It was not so hard to keep life simple when one's black silk did duty for a decade. Nowadays if the silk don't cut into ribbons the cut of the garment would mean the patch box in at least two seasons.

It is the craze for something new that is the undoing of simplicity. Novelty is the keynote of most of our lives. Even friendships and matrimony are getting injected with this microbe of restlessness. A mother said not long ago. "Baby Louise is so finicky she will only play with her toys two or three times before she is tired of them, and I have to send them off to the hospital." And the mother seemed to think that it showed a progressive spirit in her child. Such a craving for novelty can mean nothing but unhappiness, no matter what one's ability to gratify it.

If we are ever to become simple again without some dire calamity forcing it upon our country, we must change our views of that which we now think progressive.

We will have to learn to draw a sharp distinction between our necessities and our frills. A woman who is noted for her restfulness and her placidity in the midst of a hard life was asked how she managed to keep unfretted.

He had accepted a position as a county superintendent of schools there. In a little while he received an offer of five thousand dollars from a big Eastern club to play ball from April to November, and at the same time a call to the pastorate of a small country parish at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. He chose the little church and the small salary. He is serving God as a successful minister, and he sees no reason why the newspapers should praise him as an example of remarkable self-sacrifice.

The Rev. T. M. Hurst has told, in the Cumberland Presbyterian, of a wealthy politician who met by appointment, in Washington, a city missionary, who twenty years before had been his intimate friend. The politician found to his dismay that he was advertised to make an evening address at a mission meeting. Both men in the days of their young Christian zeal had been active workers in the same Sunday-school, one as superintendent and the other as musical director; but in lapse of years the superintendent had drifted into politics and lost his interest in religious work, although he retained his church-membership. To his friend, evidently, he was the same earnest and spiritual Christian that he used to be, and he did not have the courage to confess the change. He was caught, and felt obliged to make the best of it.

He went to the meeting with the missionary, and floundered through his speech. By an effort he could recall and repeat some of the good things he used to say to his Sunday-school, but this "sermon" was a sadly perfunctory per-

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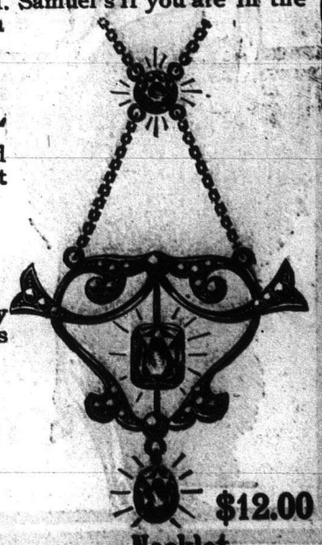

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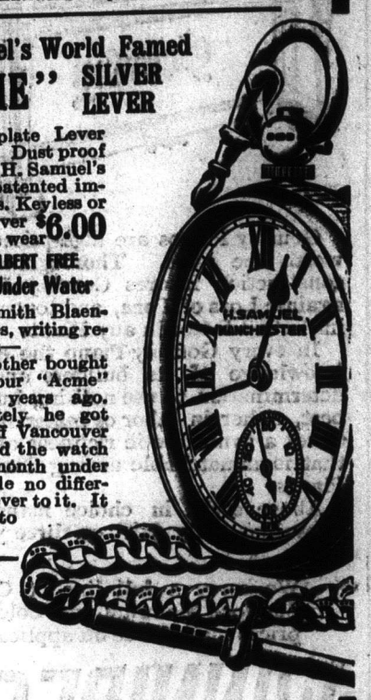
Mr. A. Smith Blaengarw, Wales, writing recently says—

"My brother bought one of your "Acme" Levers 7 years ago. Unfortunately he got drowned off Vancouver Island, and the watch being a month under water made no difference whatever to it. It keeps time to a second.



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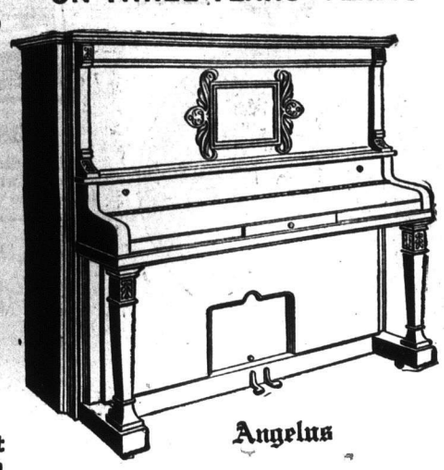

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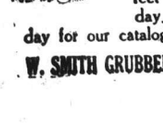

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formance that disappointed his friend as much as it mortified himself.

About a year afterward a neatly clad stranger called at his office, and thanked him for that address.

"I am the son of Christian parents," the man said, "but an idle ambition lured me into political life, and I drifted to Washington. There I loafed and waited for months, a beggar for a government job. Disappointment drove me to dissipation, and the night you spoke at the mission I had wandered in, ragged and penniless, to listen to the singing. In your address I heard you say, 'Even if there were no heaven Christianity would be worth all it costs.' Something in that sentence made me ashamed of my wasted manhood and set me to longing for a life worth living. I went home, and with the help of God made a new beginning."

The stranger went out, leaving the rich man astonished and humbled. What sort of work was it that was taking up his mind and time? This crazing strife for party advantage and personal spoil—did it pay? Infinitely better than it all was the rescue of a single soul. The politician became a devoted and successful evangelist.

What My Faith Means to Me

By David Starr Jordan

The faith which appeals to me is not confidence in any record, pledge, or saying. It does not concern my own individual fate which is of no consequence unless it is likewise and in like fulness the fate of my brothers and my neighbors.

fathers were born here and our father's fathers. The world is fitted to our family—and we are fitted to the world. The pledge of the future is adequate. We are links in the eternal chain and the part assigned to us is the conquest of Here and Now. This my faith means to me.

Be Still.

L.W.A.

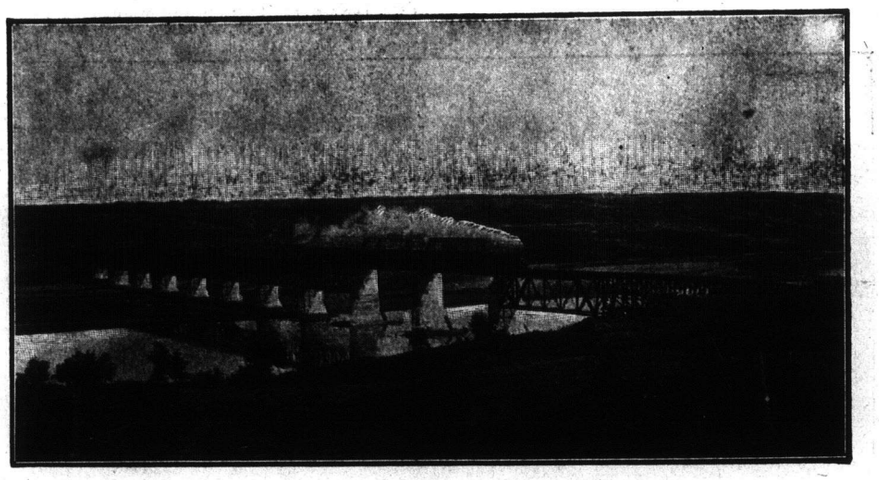
Be still, my heart! God's hands are strong
To hold thee, tho' the years be long
And nights be crying emptiness and gnawing want.
Be still, my heart! God knowest best,
And He would have thy life at rest
In Him, though temptests surge around and foes assail.
Be still, my heart! thou canst not see
To what great goal God leadeth thee;
He goes before and asks thee but to follow Him.
Be still, my heart! God whispers peace
And causes all thy pain to cease,
And round thy life He casts the mantle of His care.
Rest thus, and know that God is good;
Beneath thy feet His changeless word,
And all His will concerning thee shall be fulfilled.

—Exchange.

The Multitude Fed.

G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

Golden Text: "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of life." John 6:35



Battleford Bridge crossing Saskatchewan River.

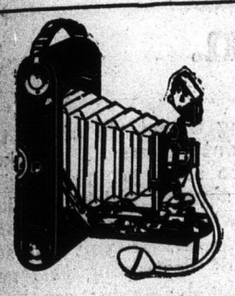
I have faith that this is God's world—none more so. He is the God of the things as they are, and no place or time lies outside of his hand. We can conceive of no limit to time or space. They must extend everywhere—forever. But whatever be the bounds of the unbounded, two things are real—here and now. They are real to me because I am given power to touch them and to mold them. Here and now—this is our place and our day. Here and now our lives make their count.

Many men for a hundred thousand years have had their day; other men the world over have found their peace, and others more will come and go, for our race is still in its childhood. Yesterday has passed away. It is as far from us as the days of Julius Caesar. We cannot make it nor mar it now. To-morrow is still unborn. It may never be ours, for it is not yet to-day. To-day is our day, and no day was ever so inspiring, so glorious, so worshipful as the day that actually is. For this is our time to act, the hour for us to play our part. The ages have waited for us. Our lives have led up to it. For every meanest day is the conflux of two eternities. Let our part be large or small, it is our part. It is a part of love and action. It is for us to do our best, not our second best; to do it with good cheer and with perfect confidence that in God's economy no right act is ever wasted. Whatever our immediate or our ultimate fate it is not for us to cringe or whine nor to cry for any special recompense for days of doubt, discomfort, or despair.

Have faith that I am at home in God's universe. This is no alien land. Our

In approaching the study of this lesson it is most interesting and instructive to notice its connection with the picture of Herod. While under the then existing conditions he was only tetrarch, he does, nevertheless, stand as the representative of lase knigship. In these accounts of the feeding of the multitudes Christ is revealed as the true King. In each case the miracle is introduced by the declaration of His compassion. "He.....saw a great multitude, and He had compassion on them" (14:14); "I have compassion on the multitude" (15:32). These quotations take us back to that illuminative verse to which we have already more than once referred: "When He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion, because they were distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd" (9:36). The idea of kingship has its most illuminative interpretation according to the Scriptures, and according to all highest human conception, in the work of the shepherd. That work is ever that of guidance and healing and feeding. On both these occasions of the feeding of the multitudes there were also evidences of healing power. The contrast therefore is evident. Herod feared the multitude, Jesus had compassion on the multitude. Herod's fear issued in destructive administration, for when the king breaks law and violates conscience, the people are scattered. The compassion of Jesus knew no fear of the crowd, and expressed itself not only in the benefits it conferred, but in the moral requirements upon which it insisted.

The first lesson of these stories is that of His ability to feed the multitudes. The account of the material miracle



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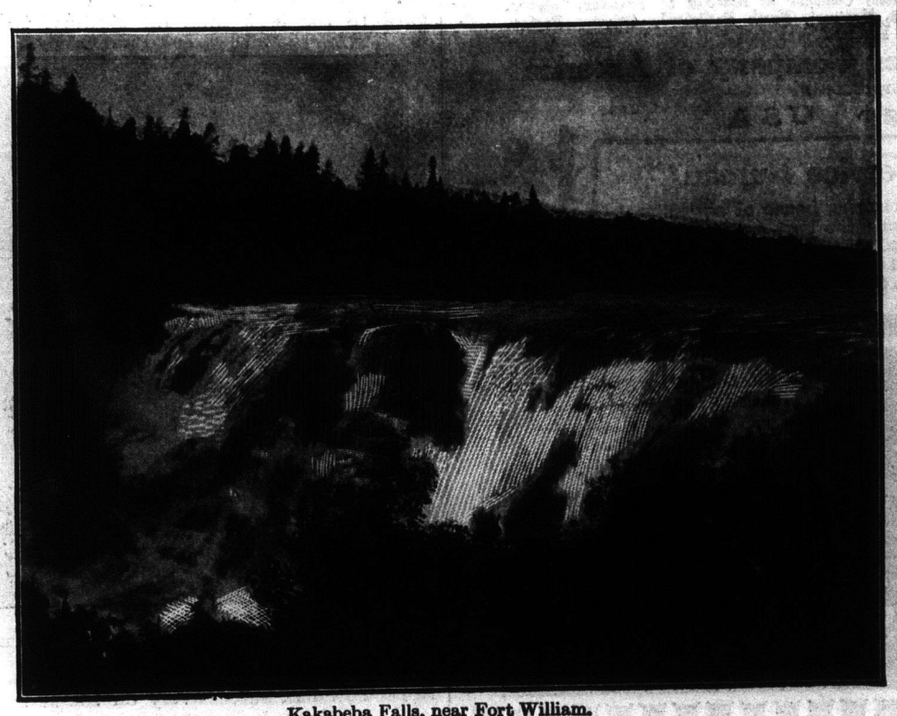
Marriage, Domicile, Divorce, 11th Edition, 1911, gives the correct time required in every state of the United States, to acquire domicile, sue for and obtain a valid divorce judgment, together with all the leading court decisions on the statutes. Postpaid, One Dollar: Attorney Donovan, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.

is a plain and simple story, demonstrating His ability to meet the physical needs of men. That it had a spiritual value is self-evident from the fact that He so interpreted it, as John records, in his report of the wonderful discourse from which the Golden Text is taken. In that discourse He rebuked the materialism of those who discovered nothing in the feeding of the multitude other than the satisfaction of physical need. "Ye seek Me, not because ye saw signs, but because ye ate of the loaves, and were filled." Whatever wonder He wrought in the realm of the material was a revelation of His ability in spiritual things; and an unveiling of the intimate relationship between spiritual and material things. He Himself had stood erect in the presence of the most direct assaults of evil recognition of the truth of the Word written long before. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The word of God is His revelation of Himself; and His speech to men as a law of life. It is, moreover, a law not merely in the sense of a rule or regulation, but the discovery to man of the secret by which his life realizes its own possibilities. Hence all the hunger or desire of life is perfectly met and satisfied by such as hear the Word of God and obey it. Thus when Jesus in interpretation of the profoundest spiritual values of His miracle, declared, "I am the Bread of life,"



Kakabeba Falls, near Fort William.

He claimed that in Himself the will of God for man is manifest; and more, that through Him, it is possible that men should not only see, but obey. Those who yield to Him as the Word of God discover the secret of their own life, and receive such strength as will enable them to realize it, and thus to find its fullest satisfaction, bread for all hunger, and the true answer to all desire.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

To freshen black silk.—A reader of the Western Home Monthly writes to ask how to freshen black silk that has become somewhat rusty by being worn on a hat. The simplest way to do this is to sponge the silk well with some strong cold tea, and then carefully iron on the wrong side.

To make milk glasses shine.—Always rinse milk glasses in cold water previous to washing in hot soapsuds if you wish them to be clean and bright.

To freshen a velvet collar.—Velvet coat collars are greatly improved by rubbing with a flannel wrung out of ammonia and hot water.

To prevent pies boiling over.—In baking meat pies and fruit tarts they often boil over. To prevent this stand them in a baking-tin with some water in the tin. This will prevent the juice and gravy boiling out in the least, as the steam from the baking-tin keeps it in.

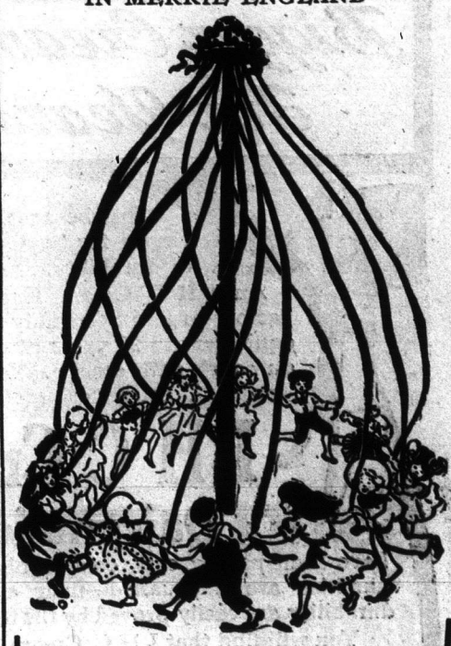
Uses for old newspapers.—Old newspapers are excellent moth preventives. Whenever practicable they should be placed under the carpets (this saves the nail heads in wooden floors from damaging them), and woollens can safely be kept over the summer if wrapped securely in newspapers and all edges pasted down. Moths avoid the odour of printers' ink. For cleaning stoves and polishing windows, newspapers have few equals, and are better than having dirty cloths hanging about, as they can be burned as soon as used.

Salt and Pepper.—The proper use of these two and especially the salt has made a reputation for a great many cooks. It is used in nearly every article of food and one would think that constant use would have made any cook perfect, but this is far from the fact. It is never possible to give exact quantities as this would vary in every different dish and in small quantities would need a delicate scale to measure, so we must always season by taste. In meats it is necessary always to season at the start, but do not put in all at once, rather use about two-thirds of what you think is sufficient and this will leave you a margin of safety. You will often find that this two-thirds is all that is needed and if not you can add more; but if too much is used your dish is spoiled beyond reclamation. From time to time as you cook, taste and add a very little salt as you think needed until it suits you, and when you have done this you are at the limit of human capabilities. People differ greatly in taste and you will be often disappointed by a lack of appreciation of that which you think a culinary masterpiece. You can only season correctly for those people with tastes similar to your own, so do not try to suit everyone, but always under season slightly, which will allow each person the chance to humor his or her own peculiarities of taste.

All stews should be salted when put on the fire in order that the meat be seasoned through. Boiled meats or roasts the same. Do not depend on the seasoning in the sance or gravy to make these palatable. Laugh at the person who says that salt makes a steak or roast tough and juiceless. Nothing under the sun will toughen a steak as much as a dull table knife and the cook who neglects the knife edges is always the one that forgets to use the salt.

In using pepper do not forget that it is cumulative in effect and while the first bite or spoonful may taste very mild, by the time you have half finished the plate it seems much better. Furthermore, in seasoning a soup for instance, you will find that it is much hotter a few minutes later as the pepper flavor needs time to cook as well as anything else. This is especially true of Chili Pepper or Curry Powder.

"IN MERRIE ENGLAND"



Maypole Soap Dye

is as strong a favorite as the time-honored Maypole itself, and like it, Maypole Soap is always an emblem of brightness and beauty.

It transforms faded, dingy, ready-for-the-rag-bag clothes and house furnishings into things of freshness and beauty. Dresses, petticoats, stockings, gloves, sweaters, golf-coats, children's dresses, ribbons, feathers, colored table-cloths, curtains, cushion tops, couch covers, rugs—these are some of your possessions to which Maypole Soap would give a new lease of life.

At one operation Maypole Soap cleanses and dyes to the brightest prettiest colors, fadeless in sun or rain.

But one of the best things about Maypole Soap is the ease of using it. No muss or fuss—no scattering powder around—no stained hands or kettles. It's the most satisfactory home dye.

Made in 24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c; black 15c. At your dealer's or post paid with booklet, "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co.
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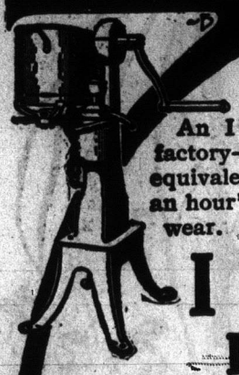

Just because a separator skims close is not sufficient reason for buying it. Equally important is the question of durability.

An I H C Cream Harvester was put to a year's test at the factory—running steadily for 10 hours every working day. This is equivalent to 20 years of ordinary use, figuring on a basis of half an hour's daily service. Yet in all this time there was no perceptible wear. What better proof of I H C durability can you ask?

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Dairymaid and Bluebell

have been paying cow owners big dividends for years. Their skimming qualities are unequalled—their ease of turning—ease of cleaning—and durability are easily proved by the testimony of owners. Why not investigate?

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I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive, and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes. The I H C local agent will be glad to point out the above features and many others, or, write nearest branch house for catalogues.

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I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problem to the I H C Service-Bureau.

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About the Farm.

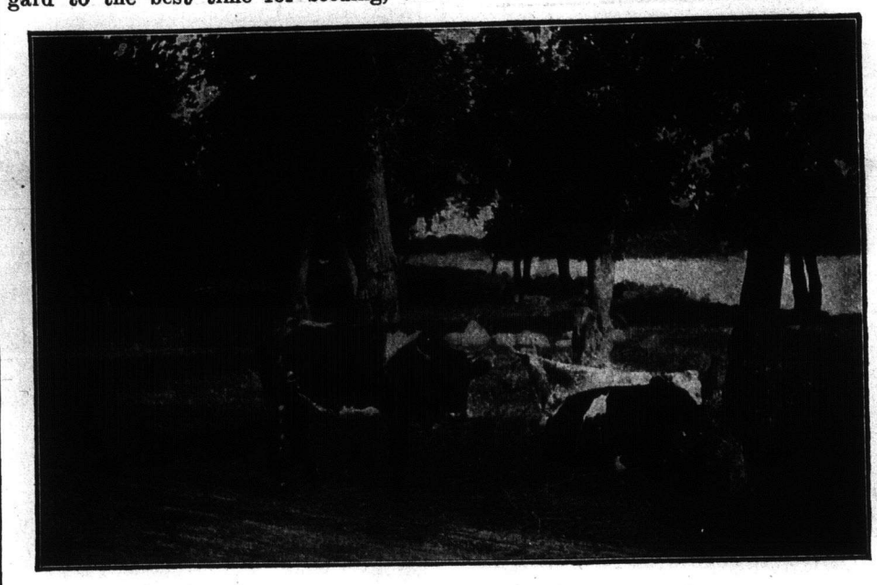
Mowing Flax to Cause Stooling.

Flax grown for seed is one of the best paying crops, yet the most neglected. Any old time for sowing, or any old piece of land is good enough for flax in the mind of the average grain grower. Flax is essentially a homesteader's first crop, for it can be grown on new breaking. While new breaking will produce a crop in a season of ordinary rainfall, the best and surest method is to grow flax on deep, well tilled soil in a good condition of fertility. In fact, any soil in fit condition for wheat or oats would be suitable for flax. The prairie lands of the Canadian Northwest, as well as climatic conditions, seem favorable for the production of flax seed.

To prepare raw prairie for flax, deep breaking should be resorted to, 4 or 5 inches deep, with discing and harrowing to form a compact seed bed. Sow the seed at the rate of 20 to 30 pounds per acre. The seed should not be sown too deep. About one inch seems to be the best. When discing the breaking, set the discs to cut the soil fairly well, but not to disturb the sod. Then pack the sod and harrow well.

Flax should be thoroughly cleaned of foul weeds before sowing. With regard to the best time for seeding, the last week in May has proven best. Never sow flax successively on the same land, as there is great danger from a disease known as "flax wilt." This disease is said to be due to fungoid growth, and shows itself by the young plants wilting just as if suffering from intense heat or drought. Professor Bolley, of North Dakota, has proven that flax is no more a soil-exhausting crop than any other grain.

In the spring of 1909 I sowed some flax, and when the young plants were four to five inches high, horses got into the crop and pastured part of it. When I was cutting the crop in the fall, I noticed that where the horses had been the flax plants had stooled considerably, resulting in a very much heavier yield. I decided to follow up this "experiment" and ran a mowing machine over a patch of flax when the young plants were about 4 inches high, cutting off the tops. The result was very similar to when the horses ate off the tops. I intend to follow up my experiment in this line by mowing a measured acre, when the young flax plants are four inches high, and thresh the acre separately to satisfy myself on this matter, for I think cutting off the tops of the young plants strengthens the growth and causes a branching to take place. As regards the advisability of pasturing the young crop, I should think the cattle or horses would be inclined to do considerable injury to the crop by pulling up the young plants.



At Mapleton near Winnipeg.

Destroying Canada Thistle

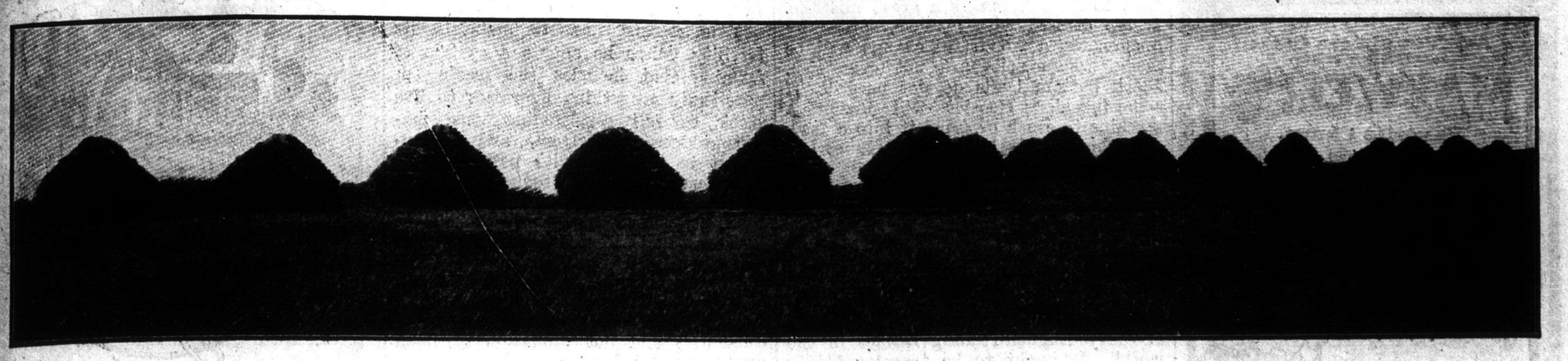
A subscriber writes: "I herewith send you a specimen of a weed that I have been trying to get rid of for two years, but without success. I have kept it from going to seed, yet the original patch, 40 feet square, which was here two years ago when I bought the farm, has doubled in size. If you can suggest any way of destroying this pest, I shall certainly be under great obligation to you."

The specimen sent was of the weed known as Canada thistle. It is one of the most persistent of the common weeds found in this territory. It is as difficult to destroy as quack grass. The reason is that it is perennial and it reproduces both by seeds and underground rootstocks. This means that keeping the weed from producing seed does not stop it from spreading, as our correspondent has found out. For his particular purpose, where the weed is confined to one small place on the farm, and for other similar cases, the best thing to do is to plow the patch up right away, disc and harrow it thoroughly till the roots come to the top; then haul them off and burn them.

This accomplished, continue to cultivate the patch at least once a week throughout the entire summer season. Don't allow the thistles to form any leaves at all. If you succeed in preventing leaf growth, what roots there will be left in the ground when winter sets in will be very weak and comparatively easy to keep down next year, when the land should be planted to some cultivated crop like potatoes. This method may necessitate fencing the patch off next season. The following year the thistles should all be gone and the patch may be seeded down to clover and timothy again if desired. There is no use in trying to kill Canada thistle by half-way means. Go at it in earnest before it spreads further over the farm.

Where these thistles have spread quite generally over the farm, the best way to destroy them is as follows: Allow them to grow undisturbed till they are in full bloom; then cut them as close to the ground as possible and plow the land shallow — say three inches deep — during the first days in August. Then disc very thoroughly and harrow, so as to get as many roots on top of the soil as possible. It is a good plan to gather the dry roots with a rake and burn them. The reason for this is that even after the roots have become pretty well dried out they still retain their vitality, and as soon as favorable conditions appear they begin to grow again. The ground should be harrowed, or disced, and harrowed at least once a week during August and September. This done, seed down to winter wheat or rye.

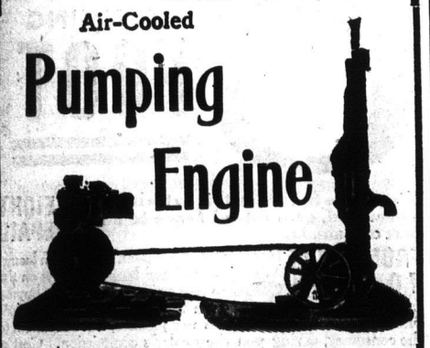
The winter grain may be pastured in the fall and early spring; it may then be plowed under and the ground planted to corn, or if preferable seeded to sorghum, using 60 pounds of seed per acre. If the ground is rich so the sorghum will make a heavy crop, this will do much toward smothering the



First year's crop Stacks on a Manitoba Farm.

THE Manitoba Air-Cooled

Pumping Engine



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Will run any hand power machine such as cream separator, churn, fanning mill, grindstone, etc.
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A complete High Grade Power Plant

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Write to-day for descriptive literature and price.

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THE GARDEN SPOT OF CANADA. Send for booklet, "Victoria, British Columbia." Unsurpassed climate and fertility of soil. Remarkable development proceeding on Vancouver Island.

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thistles during the growing season. The sorghum should be cut for hay, and the ground fall plowed as early as possible. A good crop to follow the sorghum is corn, provided it is given thorough cultivation and hoeing if necessary. This treatment should kill the thistles. The land may then be prepared for seeding to clover and timothy with one of the small grains as a nurse crop.

The man who sets out to kill Canada thistles must be prepared to do a thorough job. A half-hearted way of going about the work will only cultivate the thistle and make it grow faster. The reason we speak of letting the thistles come into full bloom before cutting them is that during this period the main strength of the plant is used for the production of seed, and this is a weakening process so far as the underground rootstocks are concerned. When the thistle is prevented from producing seed, it immediately makes another effort which further weakens its rootstocks. By following this method, the starch and other nutrients that are stored in the rootstocks early in the spring or late in the fall will be out of them when the tops are cut and the ground is plowed; consequently they are more easily killed.

Iron sulphate has been recommended as a spray for keeping Canada thistles in check. The sulphate solution will destroy the leaves and stems of the thistle, but not the roots. If a small grain crop like oats or wheat, infested with the thistle, is sprayed with iron sulphate when the grain is from six to ten inches high, the tops of the thistles are destroyed and the grain given an opportunity to partially smother them and weaken their roots, and at the same time prevent them from doing much damage to the grain in which they are growing. Under field conditions the spray would have to be applied with a power sprayer, using 100 pounds of iron sulphate to 52 gallons of water. Iron sulphate does not injure small grain or grasses, but it destroys the leaves of Canada thistles at once. The sulphate costs in the neighborhood of 75 to 90 cents per cwt. and 52 gallons of the spray is sufficient for one acre. Remember that this spray treatment is only temporary in its effect, and it must be followed by thorough cultivation.

The Best Forage Plant.

2d Premium.—Our experience with alfalfa leads us to the following conclusions: That any soil heavy enough to maintain continuous moisture through the summer will grow alfalfa. That rich, well drained soils are best suited, especially if the subsoil is such as to permit underdrainage. That river bottom land with gravel subsoils is ideal land for its growth. That it is folly to attempt to grow it on heavy undrained clay soils, or those of a sandy nature, or on any kind of thin soils. Our soil is river bottom subject an annual overflow. It has gravel subsoils leading to river.

As to its value: It is worth as much for cows giving milk as corn or any of its products. As a pasture for swine it outranks clover. For poultry the dry leaves, moistened and fed to them, equals green feeds in summer. For hay it outyileds, the season through, any crop grown. The hay is eaten by all stock. Even the large stalks refused by other stock are eaten by the sheep.

We estimate its value as a reclaimer of worn-out soils as double that of any other plant, from the fact that its deep root system brings to the surface a greater amount of nitrogen than any other legume, and the same fact exists as to its absorption from the air of vast quantities of nitrogen. No other crop will stand continuous cropping as it does, two three, and even four cuttings being made in one season. We have a neighboring field, on like soil to ours, that have been cut four times this year for feeding hogs.

Our experience in sowing is that August sowings on well prepared lands give best results. Sowings with oats or rye do not give as good results. June sowing is too risky in almost any year. Cross sowing pays; that is, sow 10 pounds one way and then cross sow 10 pounds. This leaves no vacant spots. For ease of curing and for keeping qualities it equals any of the clovers. One field of alfalfa, plowed under two years ago, has been double cropped the past two years, with peas and sweet corn following, and shows good fertility. Its nitrogenous quality makes it a great feed for fattening any stock, saving much in grain feeding. We estimate its value, all things considered, as greater than any other plant grown for forage purposes. Any farmer who has the soil adapted to its growth and

OPERATIONS AVOIDED

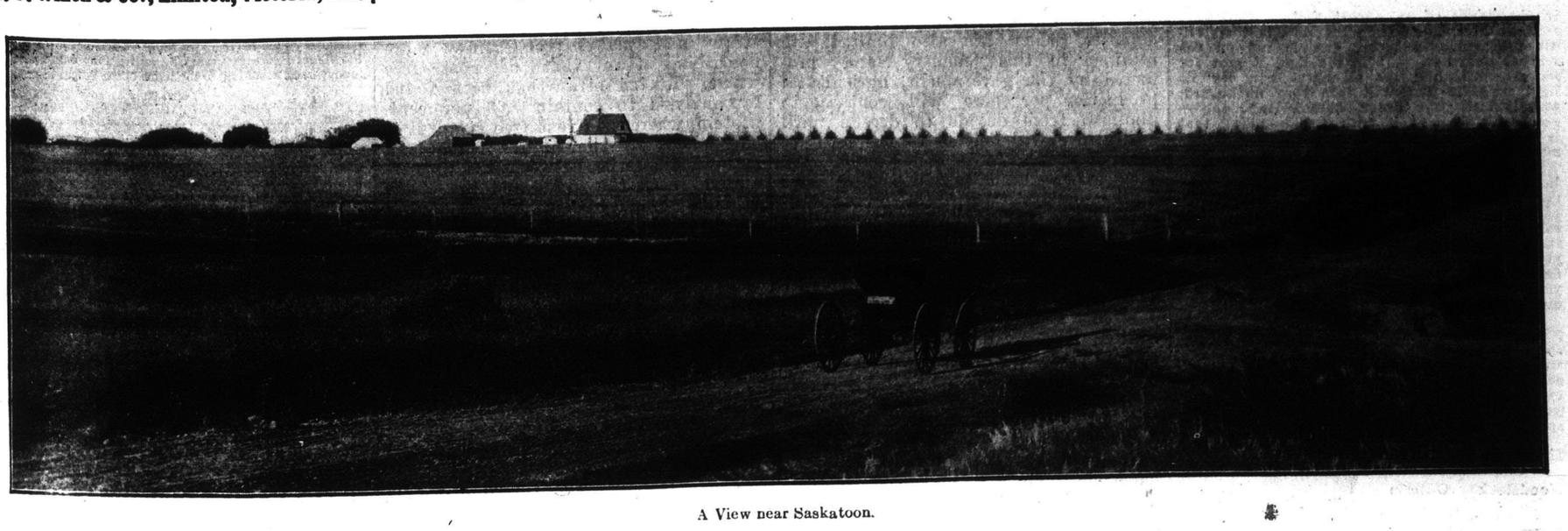
By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleriver, Que. — "Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise." — Mrs. EMMA CHATEL, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec.

Another Operation Avoided.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—I run a sewing machine in a large factory and got all run down. I had to give up work for I could not stand the pains in my back. The doctor said I needed an operation for womb trouble but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did more for me than the doctors did. I have gained five pounds. I hope that everyone who is suffering from female trouble, hervousness and backache will take the Compound. I owe my thanks to Mrs. Pinkham. She is the working girl's friend for health and all women who suffer should write to her and take her advice.—MISS TILLIE PLENZIG, 3 Jay St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases.



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It makes the smoothest, richest, most delicious butter you ever tasted.

The roller bearings—and hand and foot levers—make churning an easy task, even for a child.

All sizes from ½ to 30 gallons.

Write for catalogue if your dealer does not handle this churn and Maxwell's "Champion" Washer.

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fails to have it makes a great mistake. If top dressed with manure, spread by a spreader, a wonderful change will be made, where soils are not ever rich. Black bottom lands do not need it. If some ingenious Hoosier will invent a machine to crush or grind it into a feed, a fortune awaits him; and fortunes can be made in feding it so.

"The Story of the Soil."

The above is the title of a book that ought to be in the hands of every farmer in this country; yes, in the hands of every English-reading farmer in the world. It ought to be translated into all the languages of the earth, so that every farmer in the world might be able to read it. It is based upon truth—facts that cannot be controverted—but there is mixed with it a little story of human interest and of love that adds spice to the whole, making it not only highly profitable, but also intensely interesting reading matter. The author of the book is Prof. Cyril G. Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, and the publisher, R. G. Badger, Boston, Massachusetts.

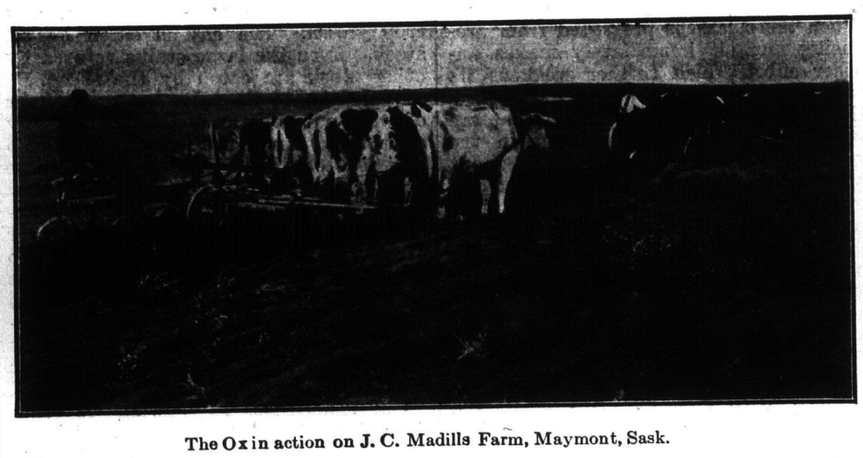
We wish to congratulate Professor Hopkins in this pioneer work of combining truth and fiction and of teaching fundamental principles of agriculture in so plain and straightforward a manner, devoid of scientific technicalities. Professor Hopkins is an enthusiast, as everyone knows who is familiar with his work at the Illinois Experiment Station as an investigator, writer, and speaker. By some he is said to be a "soil crank," and to an extent that is, no doubt, true. On the other hand, he deals with facts, not theories. His views on soil fertility are sound. His studies of American soils in general and of Illinois soils in particular have not only convinced him of the fact—which every farmer knows to be true — that our soils are being systematically robbed of their fertility, and that they always have been robbed, but also he sees that if this condition is continued very much longer, American civilization will soon go the way that other civilizations have gone before.

His contention is that the phosphorus content of our soils is very limited, practically exhausted in some of our eastern and southern states, and that unless our natural phosphate rock deposits, which are also limited, are retained in this country and protected by the government, agricultural production per acre will continue to diminish from decade to decade until agriculture will decline to the level of that of China, India and Russia. We are now annually exporting five million dollars' worth of raw phosphate rock, enough phosphorus "for the production of more than a billion dollar's worth of wheat." He adds: "How long can we afford to give away a thousand millions for five millions?"

It has been reported by the United States Geological Survey that if the present rate of increase in phosphate rock export continues, in 50 years our mines will be empty. Whether this will prove to be true may be open to question. Large new beds of this rock have recently been found and inexhaustible supplies may yet be discovered. Be that as it may, however, the fact remains that while the average farmer knows that continuous grain farming impoverishes the soil, he does not understand how to maintain its fertility unless he adopts a system of farming that includes the feeding of practically everything he raises to live stock, carefully husbanding the manure produced therefrom, and returning it to the land with perhaps some additional manure produced by purchased concentrates in the shape of bran, cottonseed meal, oil meal, or other products of that kind, and such a system it is manifestly impossible for every man to follow. This is evident upon the slightest thought. The two-thirds of our population who are consumers and not producers of farm products must have bread, potatoes, rice, peas, beans, breakfast food, cornmeal mush, pancakes, and a thousand other things—all of which carry with them farm fertility.

Most of our soils are rich in potassium; nitrogen we can get from the atmosphere through the growing of legumes, such as clover, alfalfa, etc.; but phosphorus is present in comparatively small amounts in all our soils, and in very small amounts in our run-down soils, and the phosphate mines are the only outside source of supply. While our Corn Belt soils are may continue to be productive for anstill rich in phosphorus, and while they other country or two, under systems of live stock farming, it is an undeniable fact that without the application of phosphorus the great bulk of our soils in the United States will not remain productive for another century to such an extent that they will be able to supply the needs of our population a hundred years from now, when instead of 90 million there will be 500 million mouths to feed.

It is this great soil fertility question which is discussed in "The Story of the Soil" in a new, original, instructive, and enteraining manner. The facts in the case are so plainly set forth, yet so strikingly told, that we wish thousands of our readers would send for the book.



The Ox in action on J. C. Madills Farm, Maymont, Sask.

Effect of Rust on Straw and Grain.

The effect of rust is to arrest the development of the plant and to prevent the seed from arriving at a proper maturity. It would seem that much of nutriment which with healthy growth would reach the grain, remains in the straw and makes the straw more nourishing than that of rust free wreat. Rusted straw has been found by analysis to contain 7.69 per cent. protein, whereas in rust free straw it is only about 2.44 per cent. There is a marked difference between the appearance of both the grain and the straw of healthy and affected wheat, according to a report of the government chemist.

The rust free wheat had a clear, bright yellow, well ripened straw; a normal ear, both as to size and color, and a plump, well filled grain. On the other hand, the rusted wheat straw presented in general a dirty greenish brown appearance, and on closer inspection showed many spots or patches of infection, while its ears were smaller than normal, and the kernels light and much shrivelled.

The Straw. — The rusted straw is much the richer in crude protein. Under the term crude protein is included all those nitrogenous compounds of a

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Ornamental Wire Fence

8 C PER RUNNING FOOT

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EXTRA REGAL FEATURES The Regal Oval Top Ornamental Wire Fence marks a new epoch in the Canadian fence industry. Never before has any firm made a fence as good as we make the Regal and sold it at the sacrifice prices we ask. The Regal is beautiful, artistic and durable; it will protect and increase the value of your property; it will enhance the attractiveness of the grounds of any mansion, cottage, farm-house, church, school, public building or park; it won't rust, corrode, sag nor require propping. No matter where you live, it will cost you from 25 to 65 per cent. less than the fence sold through your local dealer. It embodies the following: Uprights, No. 9 wires that are three inches apart and *crimped* from end to end; line wires, each embrace two No. 12 wires *twisted* alternately between each stay; special feature, both upright and line wires are *doubled at the top*. Made in any length desired.

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES By the introduction of new methods, up-to-date machinery and the employing of skilled wire experts, we have cut the cost of manufacture lower than that of any other fence factory. This economy added to our low buying cost enables us to quote the very best inside prices and at the same time offer a much superior fence than you can buy elsewhere for double the money. Prices:

36 inches high— 8 cents per running foot
42 " " — 9 " " " "
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Notice—These prices are for Old Ontario only. For New Ontario, Maritime Provinces and Quebec, add 1 cent per foot. For Manitoba and Saskatchewan, add 3 cents per foot. For Alberta and British Columbia, add 4 cents per foot. This increase over Old Ontario prices is due to the additional freight rates which we pay.

3 foot Walk Gate $2.75; 10 foot Drive Gate $5.00

PROTECTION GUARANTEED We guarantee every foot of Regal fence, including its galvanization for *12 years*. We challange comparison. Simply figure out the price of the quantity of Regal fence you require and fill out the order blank below. Upon receipt, we will ship your order, freight prepaid. If your purchase is not entirely satisfactory, return wire at our expense, and we will refund your money in full. The satisfied customer is our best advertisement and business asset.

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I enclose herewith purchase money to the amount of .....dollars.....cents (state whether currency, P. O. order, express order or draft) for which you are to ship to me (freight prepaid).....feet of Regal Ornamental Wire Fence.....inches high. If it is not satisfactory I am to return the fence to, and at the expense of, the Regal Fence & Gate Co., and get my entire purchase money back according to the terms of the Regal Guarantee.

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Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

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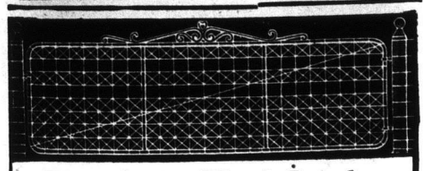

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food that go to repair waste, form blood, and build up muscle and tissue. The high value of concentrated feed stuffs is due chiefly to the large proportion of protein they contain. It may safely be concluded, therefore, that the rusted straw, containing as it does more than three times the protein found in the rust-free straw is very much superior in feeding value.

Further, in the rusted straw we have a slightly higher percentage of fat—the consistent next in value to protein—and somewhat less fibre—the element of least value in a fodder, and hence there is additional evidence of the most satisfactory character to support the statement respecting the more nutritious nature of the rust affected straw.

The Grain.—The small and shrivelled character of the grain from the rusted wheat may be deduced from the weight of 100 kernels being only half that of 100 kernels from the unaffected wheat. This fact, however, from the standpoint of a feed does not betoken a lessening of the nutritive qualities; indeed, as the data for the protein show, it has, weight for weight, considerably the higher value.

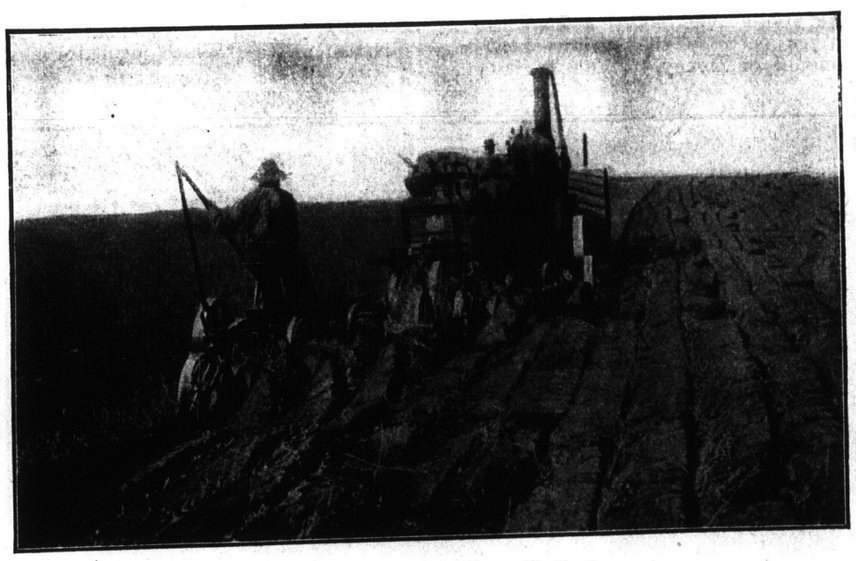
The protein of the shrivelled grain is 3.19 per cent. higher than that of the plump grain from the rust-free plant. Part of this higher protein content in the smaller grain is no doubt to be accounted for in its larger proportion of bran—but chiefly is it due to the fact that the transference and accumulation of starch in the kernel has been but partial and incomplete.

period advances the fungus attains the ascendancy, crippling the energies and functions of the tissues and checking the movement of the food materials to the seed. In other words, the growth of the rust arrests development and induces premature ripening, which, as we have seen, means a straw in which still remains the elaborated food, and a grain small, shrivelled, immature, rich in protein and deficient in starch,

It may be well to point out that although the rust makes the grain more nitrogenous, it at the same time very materially reduces the yield per acre—the average figures indicating a loss of about 50 per cent. We have not as yet been able to complete the analysis of the milling products of this shrivelled wheat, but we may rest assured until such time as the data are available that its proportion of bran to flour will be higher than normally ripened wheat. We may, further, conjecture that this bran will be found slightly more nitrogenous than that from rust-free wheat. It is held by certain millers that rust makes the flour somewhat "stronger," but at the moment there are no data to support this contention.

Selecting Breeds.

In selecting a breed for table sale remember that the dark fowls with black legs, have blue flesh and black pin feathers, are not so saleable for market purposes. I think the yellow



A Steam Plowing Outfit at Vegreville, Sask.

Other features of note in the analysis of the grain from the rusted wheat are: (1) The somewhat larger percentage of fibre and ash—indicating more bran—and, (2) the lower carbohydrates (starch) and fat content.

Apart from the valuable information that these data furnish regarding the relative feeding value of the straw and grain of rusted wheat, we have in these results interesting evidence as to the physiological effect of the rust on the wheat plant. Speaking broadly, there are (after germination) two periods in the life of the wheat plant—the first, a period of feeding and assimilation; the second, a later and usually shorter period, during which the food materials accumulated in the stem and leaf (straw) are transferred to and stored in the seed (kernel). There is, of course, no exact time when it can be said that the one ends and the other begins. Under normal conditions there is a gradual cessation of feeding, both by root and leaf, accompanied by an ever-increasing movement of the first period is characterised by growth, accumulated material to the seed. The second is recognised by the maturation or ripening of the seed.

Further, it would seem than in the development of the seed, the albuminoids or protein are the first to be transferred, and later—towards the close of the maturation period — the carbo-hydrates (starch, etc.), are more particularly deposited.

The rust apparently does not effect the vitality of the wheat plant during the first stage or period, but as the season progresses and the ripening

fleshed, white legged, white pin feather fowl far more attractive as a seller and so more valuable all through. Eggs all alike are, too, the best marketing article. Large eggs still more ready sellers, size first, then shape and color.

I like the leghorn breeds for all around laying; they are laying standard for egg producers. The white leghorn gives the fine white oval egg of the markets we see so many of now; the brown lays a slightly smaller egg, deep cream in color, and for that reason not so much fancied for market purpose, but the brown pullet beats her white sister by a month's time in laying possibilities, as I have had brown pullets lay for me in three and a half months from the shell on good feed, while four and a half months is the early date for the white pullet.

For table fowl give me the barred plymouth rocks every time. They make a fine, yellow legged, fat breasted fowl, with a small eating capacity in proportion to their weight. They will make—cock and hen—nine and more pounds to the pair. This is possible weight—the standard of weight to be fed for, they will not give crack results without fine care. No fowl will.

Were I going to start at raising poultry, and minus experience, my first step would be to buy the Potter book of instructions. Then I should study it and follow its instructions. Doing so, you will pretty surely learn shortly what and how to do in the matter of the care of your own. One of the first things it will tell you to do will be to weed out your wasteful

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The pain stops instantly. Within two days the whole corn loosens and comes out.

Blue-jay has done this fifty million times. It will do it for you—that we guarantee—no matter how tough the corn.

The secret lies in a bit of B & B wax—a wonderful invention. It loosens the corn without soreness or pain. You don't feel it at all. The corn is forgotten until it comes out.

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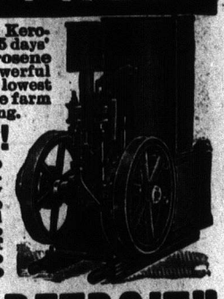

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are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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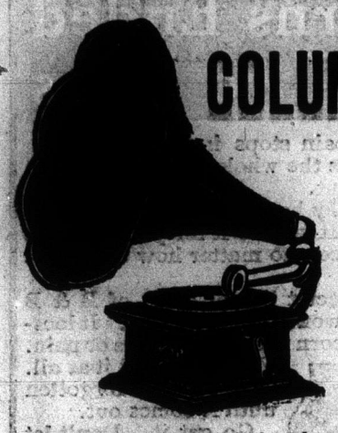

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stock is that which eats and gives no stock and get rid of it. Wasteful profit. Look over your fowl, sell all your roosters as soon as saleable, also all the third year hens who are then laying sparsely. They eat more than they pay for in eggs; that is the standard of hen uselessness. Weed out right along, all the poorer layers, till your stock is useful, fine laying stock. Set all of your hens as fast as they lay out their litters, and when they are setting, watch to give them good, kind care. A setting hen that comes off her nest worn out by neglect and want of good food and water and proper chance to get out and scratch a few minutes a day will be a dead loss to you for weeks to come, where a hen taken care of will begin to lay before her brood is away from her. Care of your hens is your money, remember.

I saw one woman start in with six hens and a bundle of laths for a yard. She had a packing box for a henhouse, and no money to get any fancy fixings. That women kept on working cent by cent, until she had a fine yard, a fine henhouse, two hundred or more fowl, and regularly gathered something like a hundred eggs a day. But she worked. She cooked and chopped food and fed and watched all her barnyard full, and they were not neglected; she raised poultry, she didn't intend to. This was not a big "business." More fowl would bring a much better average return, but it shows that small beginnings in the poultry line will bring good returns if you stay with the business, and that the woman who resolves can so accomplish in the end the result that many a man has attained only by the outlay of a large amount of money.

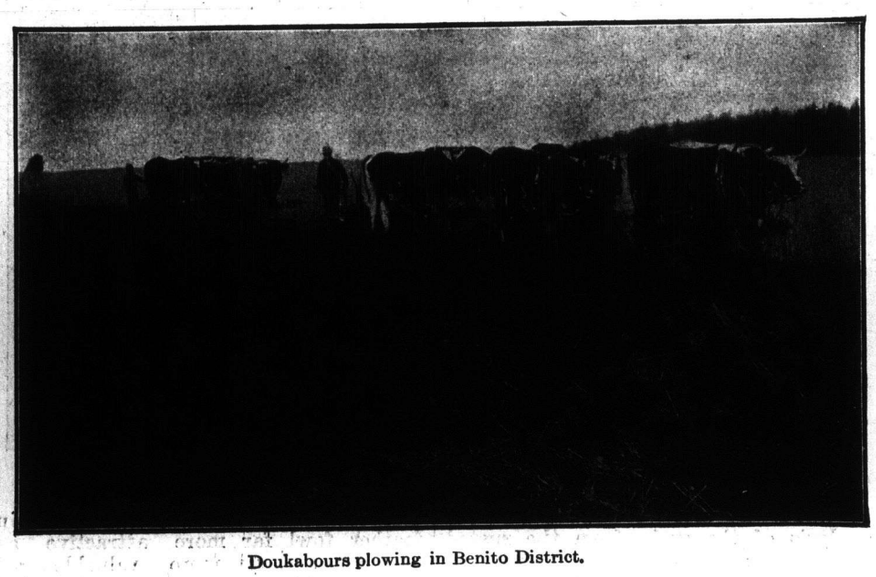
posted; and those will go back to the old custom of only when they are prepared to put the cream separator on the shelf.

Poultrymen woh are in the business commercially, whose living depends upon the profits, would as soon think of threshing the grain with an old-time flail, as they would of hatching chicks or ducklings with hens or ducks. The though would be absurd. Without the incubator they would have to go out of business.

Before the introduction of incubators large commercial poultry plants were an impossibility. Mr. James Rankin gets the credit of putting the first lot of ducklings and broilers on the market in considerable numbers, and making it pay. But James Rankin's only salvation was the invention of an incubator. Without its aid he found he could not make a business of raising poultry for market at a profit; so he made one.

That was many years ago. The incubator of to-day has improved as time has rolled on, and—but no more need be said regarding the future of the incubator (the built-to-hatch incubator) in the poultry business. Hens will continue to be used where only a dozen or two chickens are intended to be kept for home use; but on the farm where chickens can be fed cheaply and are raised by fifties and hundreds, the time-saving incubator, the economic method, will be—is—adopted.

The farmer and his wife sometimes face a disconcerting situation when they have finally decided that they wish to get more of the poultry profits by buying an incubator. The question arises—"Which incubator shall I buy?"



Doukabours plowing in Benito District.

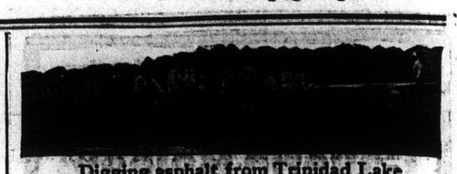
Hatching Chicks with Incubator.

Farmers are conservative in taking up new ideas; conservative in buying new things. They have to be. Nevertheless, when they see prospective profits oozing through the safety-valve of a new or improved implement, they must have it, even if they have to give a note for it, or encounter their farm with a new mortgage. That's farm progress, which interpreted signifies prosperity on the farm. No farm can be complete, no farmer can be superlatively prosperous where progress in labor-saving implements is ignored. And this applies as well to incubators as to any other implement.

Where not many years ago nine out of ten farms had never heard of an incubator, to-day the word is passing from farm to farm that the profits are larger, the work less onerous, the hatches more sure, and the hens are taking fewer holidays — laying more eggs; not all on account of incubators, but primarily on account of the incubator, and secondarily on account of the large amount of book knowledge distributed with it. The farmer's wife is doing her share in the profit-making. She always has done it; but now she is gaining recognition as a partner in the business. This is having—it has had — its effects and the result is, farmers are now posted on poultry profits. They will continue to be

I may not advise them here except generally. There are a number of good incubators on the market; and there are a number of built-to-sell machines that the farmer cannot afford to experiment with; but the present-day farmer has his eye-teeth cut and he knows he cannot get something for nothing. To be successful in raising poultry one must use business-like methods with business-like equipment. In buying an incubator go about it in the same way as you would if you were buying another agricultural implement. I might advise again and again, but I cannot give better advice than that. Think it over; and be as particular as you would in trading horses.

When you personally know of poultry plants each using from 50 to 100 incubators; of plants hatching 40,000 ducklings in a single season; of fanciers hatching their big show winners in incubators, and raising them in brooders, there's not much left for me to say. It is not evidence of the utility of incubators that is wanted, because anybody can get that in any down-to-date incubator manufacturer's catalogue—evidence on the size of the poultry business; on the profits in the business; on the decadence of "mother" hen (unless the hen that lays the eggs is the mother); and the coming-into-her-own of the hen that never could be made to sit. That is all common knowledge.



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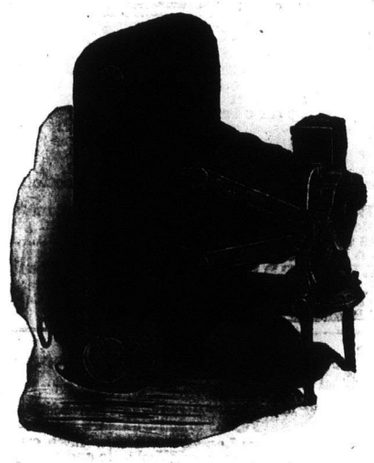

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In Lighter Vein.

Some Tame Animals I Have Known.

By Nixon Waterman.

A thick-fleeced lamb came trotting by:
"Pray, whither now, my lamb?" quoth I.
"To have," said he, with ne'er a stop,
"My wool clipped at the baa-baa shop."

I asked the dog: "Why all this din?"
Said he: "I'm fashioned outside in,
And all my days and nights I've tried
My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling lound and long,
Said I to her: "How strange your song."
Said she:"Tis scarce a song; in fact,
It's just a lay, to be eggs-act."

I asked the cat: "Pray tell me why
You love to sing?" She blinked her eye.
"My purr-puss, sir, as you can see,
Is to a-mews myself," said she.

A horse was being lashed one day.
Said I: "Why don't you run away?"
"Neigh, neigh! my stable mind," sai. he,
"Stills keeps its equine-imity."

I asked the cow, "Why don't you kick
The man who whips you with the stick?"
"Alas I must be lashed," said she,
"So I can give whipped cream, you see!"

Rejected With Scorn.

A certain social organization, called the "Young Woman's Club," found itself in difficulties after the lapse of some twenty years. The "young" women were no longer rightly named.

The New York "Times" says that Mr. William H. Crane, the actor, was once consulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective club.

Their object, they wrote, was the building of character. They wished that to be suggested in the title, and also the fact that they were unmarried.

Mr. Crane replied that he had a name for the club—"The Building and Lone Association."

A Rare Disease.

Mrs. Juniper entered the doctor's office, dragging by the hand an overgrown boy of fourteen. She was excited and impatient; he was dogged and glum. "O, doctor, he has lost his voice! He hasn't spoken a word for two days," she said.

The boy loked at her sullenly, and suffered the doctor to hold his face up to the light.

"Open your mouth. H'm! Tongue all right?"

"Ya-ah."

"Hold your head up and let me look at your throat. Seems to be nothing the trouble there. Push your tongue out. Now pull it back. Feel all right?"

"Ya-ah.'

"Why, Mrs. Juniper, there is nothing the matter with him," said the doctor, impatiently. "Boy, why don't you talk?"

"How can I when I ain't got anything to say?"

Per Capita.

Europeans who are inclined to deny the South African native a sense of humor should read a story of Veltman, the chief of the Fingoes, which Dr. Perceval Laurence has told in his recent book, "On Circuit in Kaffirland."

On one occasion four advocates, one of whom was Dr. Laurence, were hard up for transportation, and were glad to charter one of Veltman's wagons, with a span of six mules, to convey them to the next circuit town.

The charge, they were told, would be four pounds per mule, which they suggested was a trifle stiff.

Veltman took time to consider their representation, but ultimately sent a message that his price would not be four pounds per mule, but four pounds per advocate.

The Idol of His State.

One of the most prominent citizens of Pickens County, Georgia, was not long ago driving through the sparesly-settled mountain section of his State when darkness overtook him. It is the custom throughout the South for the latch-string of a farmer's home to hang on the outside for the accommodation of the wandering stranger, so this particular wanderer stopped in front of the first home he reached and halloed. After some delay the head of the household appeared at the door.

"My friend, can you put me up for the night?" asked the wanderer.

"Can't do it, stranger. Sorry, but my house is full. You'll find Squire Dickey's nigh on to three mile farther down the road."

"But it's already dark. Surely you can find a place for me. I'm a lawyer and I'm all right," the wayfarer added, fearing he might have been taken for one of the "revenoos" so much dreaded in the region of mountain dew.

"All lawyers is robbers. I'm agin them all."

"But I'm a Baptist preacher over my way."

"Squire Dickey's a Baptist. I'm Methodist myself. You go on yonder."

Thinking to find some means of melting the stony heart, the stranger announced himself as chairman of the Democratic County Committee of

What "Montserrat" Is

The lime is a tropical fruit, belonging to the same family as the orange, lemon and grape fruit. It grows on trees—is about half the size of a lemon—almost round—of a greenish, yellow color when ripe—and is valuable for its juice which is unique and distinctive in flavor, tart like the grape fruit but much more pungent and pleasing in flavor.

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It makes most delicious summer drinks and frozen desserts—and is a delightful flavoring for pies and cakes.

Because of its wholesomeness and healthfulness, all ships of the British Navy must carry "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice and serve it to the men.

Get a bottle of "Montserrat" from your druggist or grocer—and learn the "Montserrat" way of having lots of good things that you don't usually get at most places you go.

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Every farmer in Canada is eligible. Therefore, do not be deterred from entering by any feeling that you would have little chance against your neighbor. For remember, Prizes "C" and "D" have no bearing whatever upon the quantity of cement used.

As a matter of fact, your success in this contest will depend to a great extent on your careful reading of our 160-page book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." In this book—sent free on request to any farmer, full instructions are given as to the uses of concrete, and plans for every kind of farm buildings and farm utility. You'll see the need of this book, whether you are going to try for a prize or not. If you have not got your copy yet, write for it to-night. Simply cut off the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—sign your name and address thereto and mail it to-night.

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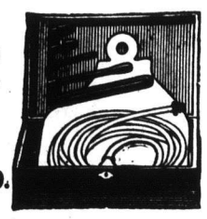


Pickens.

"I'm a Populist. Dickey's a Democrat."

"My son, Welden Henley, told me——"

"Good gracious, stranger, be you the daddy of Weldon Henley, the baseball player? Why didn't you say so at first? Take that hoss around to the barn. If you're the daddy of that boy you kin have the best room in my house, sure enough!"

And Henley pere got it.

Bread and Milk and Philosophy.

They were having luncheon in one of Canada's great department stores—the boy and his mother—and the boy was having one of the times of his life. He had ordered fried potatoes and sirloin steak with magnificent carelessness and had added salad and maple walnut ice cream as mere incidentals. Suddenly his mother put her hand on his knee and bending forward, said confidentially:

"Teddy, do you see that man in the grey suit and bright green tie?"

"Yes," replied Teddy, as well as he could for a mouthful of potatoes.

"Well, he's getting ten thousand dollars a year—he's the manager."

Teddy regarded the gentleman with a certain degree of awe and then slipping from his chair, went down to survey the manager. He returned with an expression of disgust on his chubby face.

"He ain't eatin' nothing but bread and milk."

"He's got dyspepsia and dare not eat any rich food."

"Not any maple walnut ice cream?" asked Teddy incredulously

"Of course not."

"Well, said Young Canada, reaching for another roll, "I don't see where the fun comes in. Think of not having maple walnut or raspberry tarts or peanut brittle. Gee!"

And a pitying glance went backward towards the table where the manager was calmly disposing of a bowl of bread and milk. A fancy income means the simple life.

Against His Convictions.

A respectable-looking man of middle age applied one night for free lodgings at one of the police-stations in Chicago. "I have tramped all over this town," he said "looking for work, and can't find any."

"I understand they are short of help at the stock-yards," said the desk sergeant. "You might get a job there for a few weeks anyhow."

"At the stockyards!" exclaimed the other, in a voice trembling with indignation. "I wouldn't work there for fifty dollars a day if I were starving to death!"

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, I'm a vegetarian."

The Higher Strategy.

Senator Spooner tells of a lawyer in Wisconsin who had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a suit against a neighbor relative to the title of a strip of land running between their respective farms.

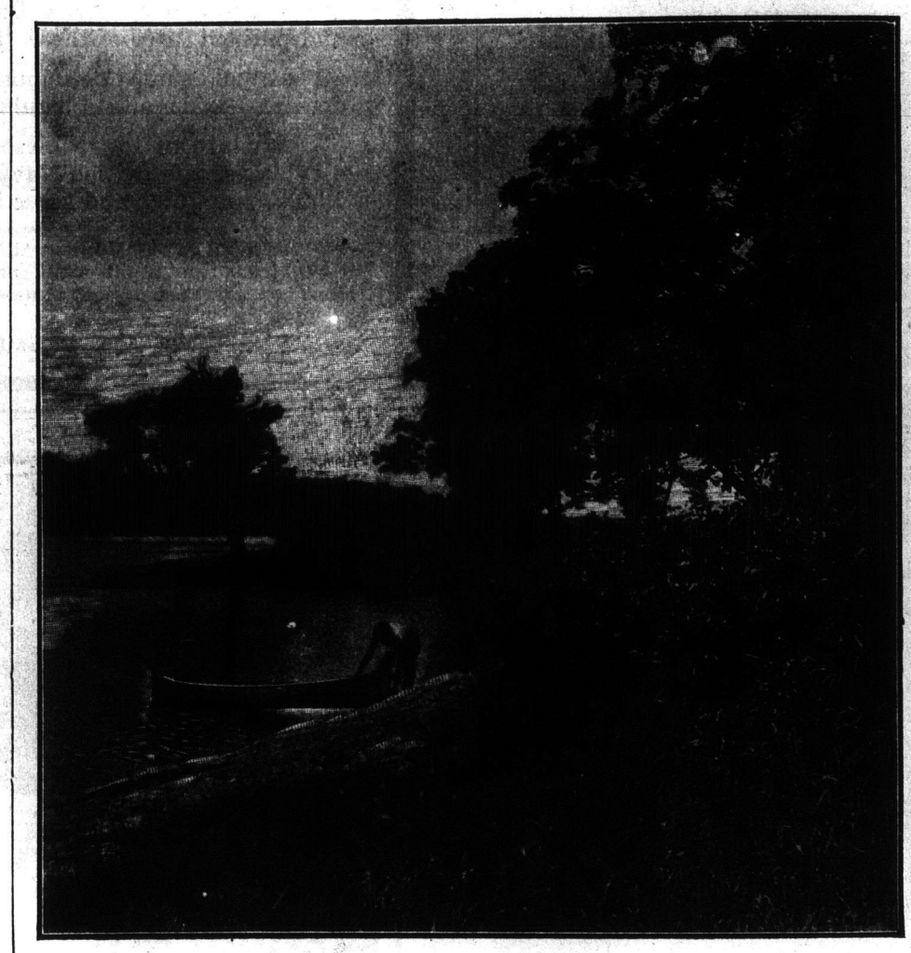
It appears that during a conversation as to the status of the suit the first-mentioned farmer suggested to his attorney that it might be a good idea to send the presiding judge a couple of fine turkeys.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the counsel, "that would never do, my man! You would be sure to lose your suit."

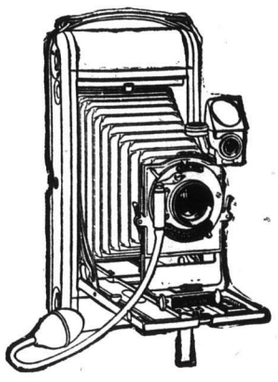
Nothing more was said on the subject. The case came up, was tried, and judgment was rendered in the plaintiff's favor. When the news was brought to him the farmer expressed his satisfaction, adding: "I sent him the turkeys!"

Too astonished at the man's temerity to say anything, the lawyer merely stared at his client.

"Yes," chuckled the farmer, "I sent him the turkeys, but I sent them in my opponent's name!"



A Rainy River scene near Fort Frances.



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Correspondence.

Contributors to the correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly are reminded that space under this heading is primarily intended for the large circle that constitutes our regular subscribers. The volume of correspondence sent us for this department is so great that it becomes necessary to give preference, if not exclusive attention, to names that appear on our mailing lists, but then all our friends of these pages, young and old, should be subscribers to "The Western Home Monthly."

Satisfied with Life.

Sask., 31st July, 1911.

Dear editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for a considerable time, and enjoy reading its pages. After reading Winunla's letter in the July number, I would like to say a few words in defence of the average farmer.

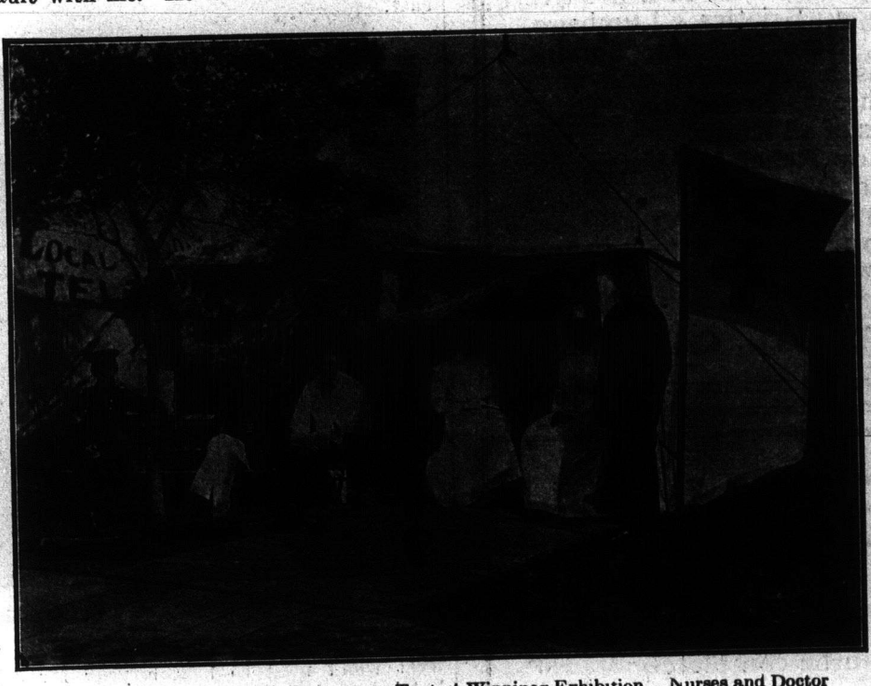
I am a farmer's wife. Have been married five years, and have three children, the eldest is 3½ years and the youngest three months. My husband never finds fault with me. He looks after the outside work and I attend to the work inside. We farm 960 acres of land, and it is all under cultivation. We have 750 acres in crop this year. I usually have a girl to help me in the summer, but do the work alone in the winter. My husband is just the same to me now as he was during our courting days, and I hope I am the same to him. Last winter he thought I wasn't looking very well so he sent me over to the Old Country for a holiday and he stayed alone. I enjoyed my holiday very well, but was glad to get home again. There were quite a lot of women going over at that time and leaving their hubbies behind, so it isn't always the men who have the fine times. I don't think it fair to expect hubby to help with the house work after he has been working out all day, and women shouldn't need his help if they plan their work properly. I don't think house work the long monotonous grind Winunla talks of. If a girl loves her husband it will be a pleasure instead of a burden to cater to that one man for the rest of her life. Now if we did nothing, but were simply ornaments where would be the home makers? Riches are not everything and women were meant to work as well as the men.

All the farmer's wives around here have a pretty fair time. They are not stinted to either chicken money or butter money, but get as many clothes as they want, whether they need them or not, and have a horse and buggy to drive around week days as well as Sundays. Some women are never satisfied unless they are going around gossiping and spending a whole lot more money than their husbands can afford.

Does Winunla ever treat her husband to a little of the "taffy stick?" Is it fair to expect the men to do all the loving? Now girls, you do your part: don't be afraid to let hubby see that you love him. Treat him to a little of the taffy stick, and I am sure you won't be disappointed. What if hubby does forget the groceries? Does wifie not do the same occasionaly when she meets in with Mrs. So and So. I know I have often. Browney was going to allow her husband two nights out a week. Well, I don't think hubby will want it. I remember about a year ago one of my husband's companions before he was married called one evening and wanted him to go with him to see some game, but he refused and told him he didn't care for these things any more, he preferred staying at home.

Girls have the making of their husbands, and it is their own fault when they drive them from the home with their fault finding and complaining.

I hope I haven't taken up too much of your valuable space, and will answer all letters of those who would like to write. Wishing the W. H. M. every success. A Happy Farmer's Wife.



Winnipeg General Hospital. Emergency Tent at Winnipeg Exhibition. Nurses and Doctor with squad from Army Medical Corps.

Interesting and Instructive.

Saskatchewan.

Dear editor,—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for about there years and enjoy reading it very much, and think it is a very good paper for the young folks, especially the correspondence columns. The editor must have quite a time getting the letters printed and looking after them. I live about the centre of the west side of Saskatchewan, about thirty-five miles from Battleford. I have been living in the west six years, and think it is a good country to make money in a short time if you are willing to work. It is a great place for a young fellow to start in, if he is willing to work as he can get a homestead and work himself up. Out here a few years ago you could get a half section, a pre-emption and a homestead. There is all kinds of work in the west, and the very best of wages, and one can get work all the year round.

I think I am living in a good part of the west, as there are miles and miles of level prairie, just as level as a table, and one can see for miles. The land is the very best and grows the best of crops. It is going to be one of the greatest wheat growing parts of the west when it is in full swing. But as it is being just lately opened up, and the railway being so far away, it has not had a chance, but still in its present condition the amount of grain shipped every year is something wonderful.

Be sure your dress-material is "worth making up."

Simpson-Eddystone Fast Hazel Brown Prints

are the brown cotton dress-goods with cloth of superior quality.

The experience of 65 years enables us to make this calico in the most beautiful shade of brown absolutely unmoved by soap, light, or perspiration. New designs in artistic effects.

Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Phila.

Founded 1842 by Wm. Simpson Sr.

REAL SCOTCH WINCEY

—LAWRIE & SMITH— have for many years manufactured this fabric, which has been much appreciated, and goes on increasingly so. The excellent quality of the material, which is practically unshrinkable, makes it most adaptable to those who make up garments for day and night wear in their own homes.

PRICES—

1/- to 3/6 per yard.

Write for Free Samples to

Lawrie & Smith, Ayr, Scotland.

HERE'S A MASTERPIECE IN BOOTS

FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

THE **FIFE**

Is all a good boot ought to be

Nothing but the best and most pliable Waterproof Leathers are used in the making.

***REAL BOOT QUALITY** is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer*

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horsehide Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

PER PAIR **$4.75**, CARRIAGE PAID

Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.

A. T. Hogg, No. 103 **Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland**

R R R
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Friends Of a Lifetime

For over 60 years our family physician. It is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Chest or Kidneys, Sore Muscles, Sprains and Strains. It is unrivalled as a preventive and cure for all Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, "Grip" and Pains and Aches of all Kinds.
Also Internally Radway's Ready Relief in Water, for all Bowel Pains and Disorders.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send for FREE COPY of "HOPE FOR THE SICK," a list of the principal ailments of mankind—with directions for their treatment—to
RADWAY & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

Pimples and Blackheads

Why suffer with these unsightly blemishes when they can be completely cured and the skin left clean and pure as before. My Ideal Acne Cure has cured hundreds of cases and I can cure YOU. Write for booklet or call for free consultation.

MRS E. COATES COLEMAN
224 Smith Street, Winnipeg
Phone Main 996

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer.
Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"
They will if you take SHAKESPEARE
NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS
They correct stomach disorders, assist digestion, and make life worth living again for the victim of dyspepsia. 50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet, send us 50c. and we will mail them. 35
National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, - Montreal.

In the course of five years the prairie will all be broken up, and it will be a network of railroads, and in the summer time you will see nothing for miles but wheat. There has been a great quantity of land broken up this last few years with steam and gasoline plowing outfits, but still it is going to have a larger boom next year than ever. There are a good many more plowing outfits coming in and more settlers.

I live a few miles from where the great Cut Kinfe battle was fought about twenty-five years ago. When Reil tried to drive the white men out of this country. It was fought at the Cut Knife Hill and on the banks of the Cut Knife Creek. There were a good many soldiers buried where the battle was fought, but a few years ago they removed them to Battleford. There are a good many old timers here who lived here at the time of the battle.

I was born in Ontario, but still I would sooner live in the west, and I think any body that lived in the west for a while would say so too. I think it is a good place for a man or a woman to live or to work in, as they have just as many pleasures, or more, and if they do go out to work they get just as good places to work in and a good deal better wages. As for a man and his wife coming out west to homestead, they would have little hardships for a time, but in a few years they would have as good a home, or a little better, than they would have in the east.

As the old saying is, I am one of those lonely homesteader's in the western part of Ontario, where there is not anything to see but timber and muskeg. Still at the same time I enjoy it better than I do the city, as I have tried both.

Well, I guess, that I had better describe myself. I am only 35 years of age, weight 140 pounds, 5ft. 4in. tall, blue eyes and light hair. Now I would be very pleased if some of the young ladies or old maids or widows, or in fact anybody, would write me, as then I would have something to do to wear away the long hours of the evening. You will find my address with the editor.

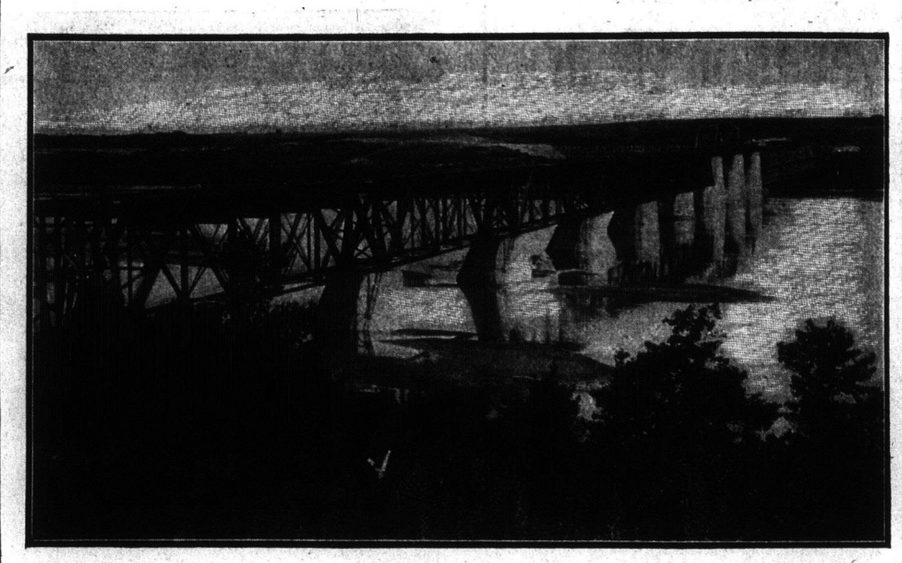
Wishing the W. H. M. success, yours truly, Muskeg Farmer.

The Magic Circle.

Wellwood, July 25, 1911.

Dear sir,—Will you let a lonely western girl take a peep in your charming page of correspondence, and enter the magic circle. I must say your magazine is the most amusing and instructive paper on record, and also one of the best printed to-day. I am a girl and only 25—no boys, not any more I am thankful to say; but I would like some nice correspondents. Brown Eyed Solitaire would be a jolly kind of friend to have. I wish he would write to me if he can't kill time any better, he will find my address with the editor.

Now I will describe myself. I am



Elbow Bridge, C.N.R.

Any girl who wishes to come out west won't need to look a year for a batchelor, for there are a string of them from one end of the west to the other. Now girls do not get discouraged, but come right along and pick one out as you go through the bunch of wild and woolly batchelors that you see in the west. I see that most of the writers give a description of themselves, that seems to be the funny part of it to read some of the descriptions some people give to themselves. Of course everybody makes themselves as pretty as a doll, with a complexion like a rose, so I guess if I don't give a description of myself I will have to fall out of line. So here goes. I am a Canadian, pretty as a picture, my hair has never got long enough to see how long it is, and I am five feet and a potato high, and if I have counted it right I am nineteen years old.

If I don't stop writing soon I will get a poke on the shoulder from somebody.

I would like to get a few letters from anybody who cares to write, and I will answer same promptly. Hoping this history will interest somebody, and wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, and thanking you for the space those lonely homesteader's in the west-write to me will find my address with the editor. I will sign myself,

Last Grain.

A Letter From The East.

Ont., July.

Sir,—I have taken your paper for some months now, and I am very much pleased with it, especially the correspondence pages.

tall and have black hair and eyes to match. I will sign myself,

Dellrose.

A Letter from Alberta.

Alberta, July, 1911.

Dear sir,—Here comes a dancing little maid who wishes to join your jolly circle. I have taken the Western Home Monthly for quite a while, and am very much interested in the correspondence columns, so I thought the editor might find room for a breezy little letter from the west. As the custom is to describe oneself, I must do so also, I suppose. I am nearing seventeen years of age, am five feet and three inches short, weight 106 lbs., have brown hair and brown eyes, and as for complexion—oh! you "apple blossom" and "blushing moon." I don't like to hear a person talk about their own fine looks, so I will not say anything about mine. Am very fond of nearly all kinds of out and indoor sport. I ride, drive, skate and play tennis; I can sing, play the piano some, and can talk like a chatterbox when once started. I do not dance or play cards, and only indulge in clean, healthy games of any kind. I was unfortunate enough to miss Archibald's letter, but it has certainly caused a disturbance among the fair sex, and I think it is lucky for Archibald that we don't know his real name and addres; don't you? I think much injustice is done to the woman of the 20th century, and perhaps she deserves some of it too, but what would the world be without the sunshine and love of the women's cheerful nature? This does not answer in every case, but just because all women do not toe the mark, that is no reason why

SUMMER COMPLAINT

Is one of the most troublesome troubles of the Hot Summer Days. The Old and the Young, the Strong and the Weak are all affected alike.

—

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of Wild Strawberry

Is the most effective remedy known for the cure of

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

This sterling remedy has been on the market for over 65 years and has yet failed to do what we claim for it.

Be sure and ask for Dr. Fowler's and insist on being given what you ask for.

Mrs. C. E. Mills, Teulon, Man., writes "Just a line to let you know that I have a little girl five years old, and during the hot weather of last summer she was very bad with the Summer Complaint, in fact I thought we were going to lose her. We tried everything we could think of but without success. One day one of our neighbors asked what was the trouble with the little girl, and we told him. He advised us to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which we did. I honestly believe it was the only thing that saved my little girl's life. I don't think there is anything better for Summer Complaint than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry." Price 35c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co. Limited. Toronto. Ont.

The Slim Summer Girl is Winning.

The day of the slim woman's triumph has arrived. "The thinner one is the more stylish," say the dressmakers, "and the more comfortable," say those whose fat makes summer intolerable.

This would have been sad news for the fat woman a year ago. She would have had to try dieting or exercise. Nowadays, however, the woman who is too fat for the styles goes to the druggist and gets a tablet of Marmola Prescription Tablets, one of which she takes after each meal and at bedtime, and so reduces her superfluous flesh quickly.

These tablets being made in accordance with the famous prescription, are perfectly harmless, even on the hottest days, and they are, also, the most economical preparation a person can buy, for they cost only 75 cents a large case, one of which is frequently enough to start a person losing fat at the rate of 12 or 14 ounces a day. Pretty nearly every druggist keeps this tablet in stock, but should yours be sold out, you can easily obtain a case by sending to the makers, The Marmola Company, 1412 Farmer Building, Detroit, Mich.

This Corset Cover only 25c.

Send only 25c. and we will mail you, postage prepaid by us, this fine Corset cover. Made of good quality Cambric front yoke of three rows 1-inch Torchon lace trimmed with ribbon, beading and bow, edged around neck with 1-inch lace to match; armpits, lace trimmed, draw string. A well made corset cover. Sizes 34 to 44. State size desired. When you receive the Corset Cover, if you do not find it worth at least 50c. mail it right back and we will promptly refund your money, also postage.

With every order for Corset Cover we will include, absolutely free of charge, one years subscription to "Art Needlework Magazine." Send in your order to-day.

AVALLONE & Co., Inc. Dep't B. 515 Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ontario

they should all be condemned. This is the first time I have been in a sober mood for such a long time, I must return to my usual self or I will forget how. I must say Inconner of the July number is made of the right kind of stuff. I quite agree with her on the subject of chewing, smoking, dancing, and playing cards, etc. Hurrah! for more like her. I would like to secure a few correspondents to pass away the lonely moments, and will endeavor to answer all letters promptly. Boys, don't be backward in coming forward, and would like to correspond with Bashful Bill, if he is not too bashful and if he will write first.

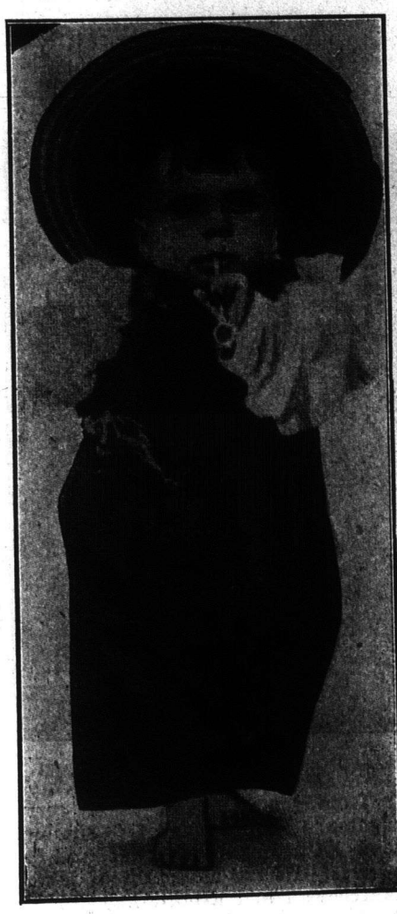
Hoping I have not taken up too much of the editor's precious space, I will close, wishing the editor and club every success and signing myself,

"Oh! you Kid."

A Successful Farmer.

Bethune, Sask., June 11th, 1911.

Dear sir,—As I am an interested reader of your valuable paper the W.H.M., and not seeing my first letter in print I will try again. I enjoy reading correspondence very much. Some write lots of truth and good sense and some otherwise. Well I am a batchelor and own a big stock and grain farm with



A Western Delegate.

lots of money in the bank. I enjoy life fairly well, but also think it might be happier with a life partner, so if any of the fair sex care to write to me I will gladly answer them. I am five feet eight inches fair complexion, dark hair, weight 150 lbs. Very fond of music; can play anything from a tin can to a sweet potato. So wishing all sure success, I will ring off. My address is with the editor.

"Riches."

Girls and Homesteads.

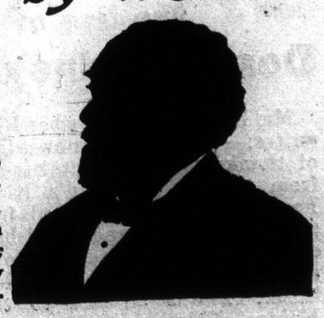
Sask., July, 1911.

Sir,—Having been both a subscriber and a reader of your paper for three years, I think I will write you a letter now. I enjoy the correspondence column very much, and I read it carefully every month, in fact I like all of the W. H. M., and I do not know which I like best.

"Only a Mere Boy's" letter in the May number is one I enjoyed very much. He must be a sensible man. I, for myself, do not think it gentlemanly for a man to drink, chew, or gamble. I do not mind smoking very much.

For myself, I am very fond of dancing and playing cards, and also horseback riding; I am really happy when riding a good horse. I am a westerner, and have always lived either in Manitoba or Saskatchewan. I like Sask.

Honored by Women



When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription —which saves the *suffering sex from pain*, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and *stubborn ills*.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

WE INVITE
Every Thin Man and Women Here
Every reader of this magazine who lacks weight, strength and vigor to get Fat at our Expense.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We'll tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the foods you eat —that puts good, solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight, no matter what the cause may be—that makes brain in five hours and blood in four—that puts the red corpuscles in the blood which every thin man or woman so sadly needs. How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes in digestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved a boon to every thin person, is called Sargol. Don't forget the name "S-a-r-g-o-l." Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is under weight or is lacking in nerve force or energy. If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud—if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 5-J, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol that will prove all we claim. Take one with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence to unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried | who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later. I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c package of the most wonderful tablets you have ever seen. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, Sargol makes thin folks fat, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and inclose 10c stamps to help cover distribution expenses and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you the most valuable package you ever received

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-J, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

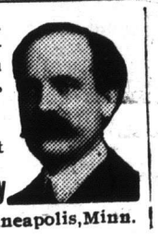
Write your name and address plainly, and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

CASH for your real estate or business, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale, send description and price.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY property, any kind, anywhere, let us know your wants.

Northwestern Business Agency

K11, Bank of Commerce Bldg, Minneapolis, Minn.



APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of Wm Martin (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

A Justice of the Peace Guarantees this Cure by the Use of

Doan's Kidney Pills

Mr. B. J. Thomas, Fisher River, Man., writes:—"I beg to acknowledge a receipt of thanks for the great benefit derived from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. For some years I suffered from severe pains in my back and could hardly work at all, and when I stooped down to pick up anything I felt as if my back would break. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking two boxes I was completely cured and feel that I cannot speak too highly in their favor. It will be two years this April and am still cured and expect to stay cured."

'TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I, the undersigned, J.P. of Fisher River, do hereby take oath and swear, knowing the above statement to be true as testified. Knowing all men by this right.

Signed, L. C. Rogers, J.P.,
Fisher River, Man.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

CANADIAN NORTHERN RLY.

Summer Excursion Fares

Eastern Canada
Eastern States
Pacific Coast

Your choice of

Two Trains Daily

One-Night Train
One-Day Train

Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Edmonton, Strathcona

The New Train

"The Capital Cities Express."
(Day Train)

Runs daily, connecting up the three capitals of the three western provinces: Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton with daily service through Saskatoon.

The Other Train

"The Alberta Express"
(Night Train)

The pioneer train into Saskatoon and Edmonton, on a faster schedule than before.

All Trains connect at Winnipeg with

"The Lake Superior Express"
Daily via the Great Lakes.

"The Duluth Express"
Daily via Duluth, the Great Lakes, and Chicago.

"The St. Paul Night Flyer"
Daily via St. Paul and Chicago.

"The St. Paul Day Express"
Daily via St. Paul and Chicago.

For Time Tables, reservations, fares and full information call on any Canadian Northern Railway agent, or write

R. CREELMAN,
General Passenger Agent,
New Canadian Northern Station
Winnipeg, Can

MAGIC POCKET TRICK FREE Worth 25c
Catalog included. send 4c stamp
MAGIC, Dept. 12 270 W 30th St. New York

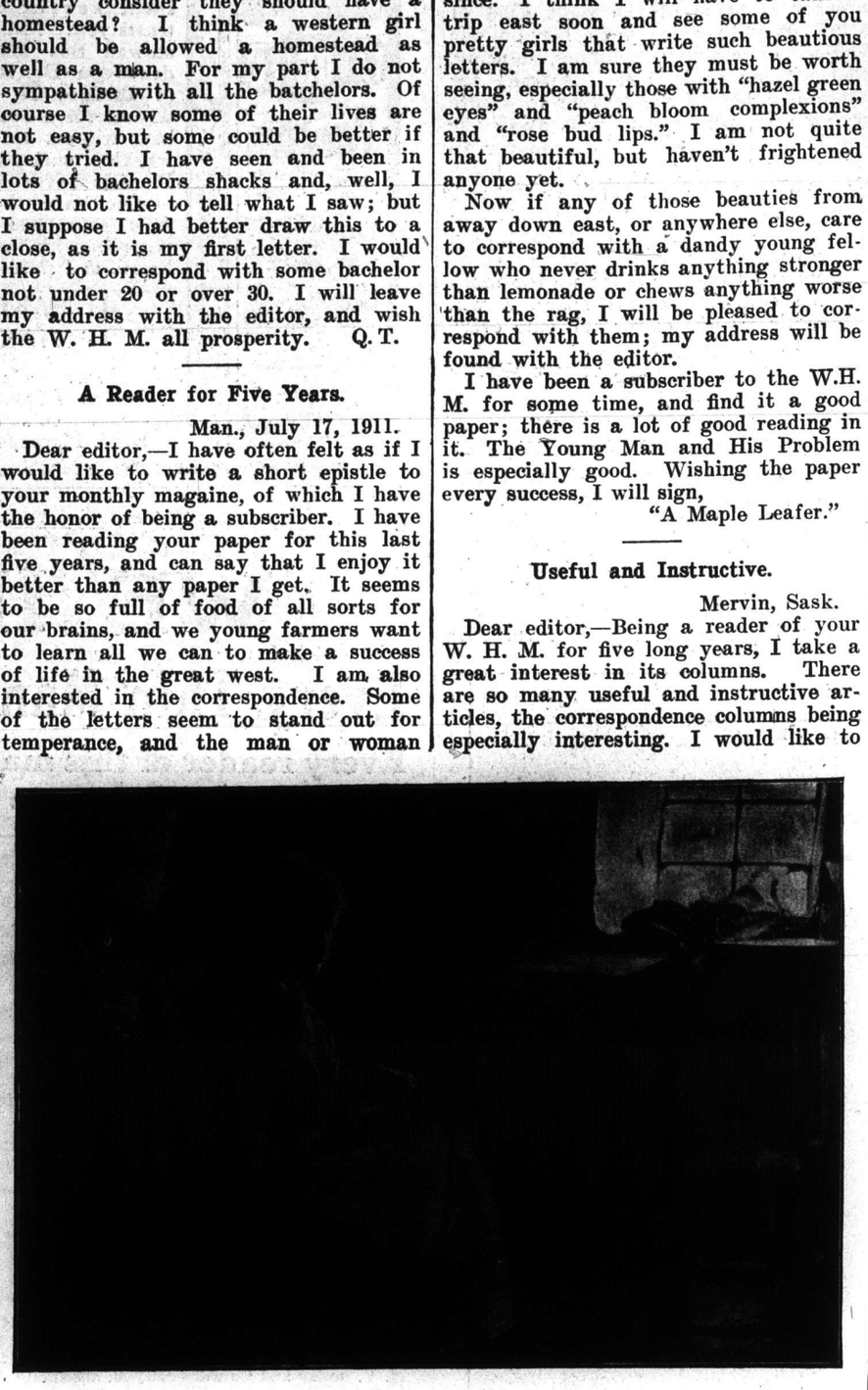
best. Am five feet six inches tall, brown hair and fair complexion, and I never yet stopped a son from shining.

How many girls in this western country consider they should have a homestead? I think a western girl should be allowed a homestead as well as a man. For my part I do not sympathise with all the batchelors. Of course I know some of their lives are not easy, but some could be better if they tried. I have seen and been in lots of bachelors shacks and, well, I would not like to tell what I saw; but I suppose I had better draw this to a close, as it is my first letter. I would like to correspond with some bachelor not under 20 or over 30. I will leave my address with the editor, and wish the W. H. M. all prosperity. Q. T.

A Reader for Five Years.

Man., July 17, 1911.

Dear editor,—I have often felt as if I would like to write a short epistle to your monthly magaine, of which I have the honor of being a subscriber. I have been reading your paper for this last five years, and can say that I enjoy it better than any paper I get. It seems to be so full of food of all sorts for our brains, and we young farmers want to learn all we can to make a success of life in the great west. I am also interested in the correspondence. Some of the letters seem to stand out for temperance, and the man or woman



The Watcher.

who is upright, who is trying to live a life of usefulness, a life that is pleasing to both God and man, while a great many others seem to be satisfied with a sort of a half-and-half way of living. Some girls write: I don't mind a man smoking or chewing, and he can have a good spree once in a while. Those little habits are fast being crowded out of good society. I wish it was the motto of each person in the correspondence ranks to look up, aim high, for if we dont aim high we can't expect to gain the standard that we ought.

Now for fear you are mistaken in me, I will tell you what I am like. I am a farmer's son, 23 years old, very fond of sports; I am 5ft. 7in., weigh 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. I can enjoy a good time with almost anyone. I liked the letter from a girl in Manitoba, she calls herself Inconnu. I would like very much to hear from her or any other nice girl that cares to write.

Wishing the editor and his readers of the W. H. M. every success, I remain,
"Always Pleasant."

Would Not Scare Anyone.

Saskatchewan, June 29, 1911.

Dear sir,—I see so few letters from this part of the world in your correspondence page, I thought I would write one.

Perhaps the girls would like to know what kind of a fellow I am, so I will give them a short description. Here it is. Age 25, height 5 ft. 9½ in., brown hair, hazel eyes, weight 150 pounds. I am at present living on a half section in South Saskatchewan; I applied a South African scrip on it about a year ago.

I came from Nova Scotia about four years ago; have been in the west ever since. I think I will have to take a trip east soon and see some of you pretty girls that write such beautious letters. I am sure they must be worth seeing, especially those with "hazel green eyes" and "peach bloom complexions" and "rose bud lips." I am not quite that beautiful, but haven't frightened anyone yet.

Now if any of those beauties from away down east, or anywhere else, care to correspond with a dandy young fellow who never drinks anything stronger than lemonade or chews anything worse than the rag, I will be pleased to correspond with them; my address will be found with the editor.

I have been a subscriber to the W.H. M. for some time, and find it a good paper; there is a lot of good reading in it. The Young Man and His Problem is especially good. Wishing the paper every success, I will sign,
"A Maple Leafer."

Useful and Instructive.

Mervin, Sask.

Dear editor,—Being a reader of your W. H. M. for five long years, I take a great interest in its columns. There are so many useful and instructive articles, the correspondence columns being especially interesting. I would like to hear from some middle aged correspondents, as I am a man of 40 summers. I weigh 170 lbs., am well built, and have blue eyes. I have a section of land in Saskatchewan and a good home.

Wishing the W. H. M. much success, I remain, "Country Farmer."

Two British Lillies.

Regina, Sask., July, 1911.

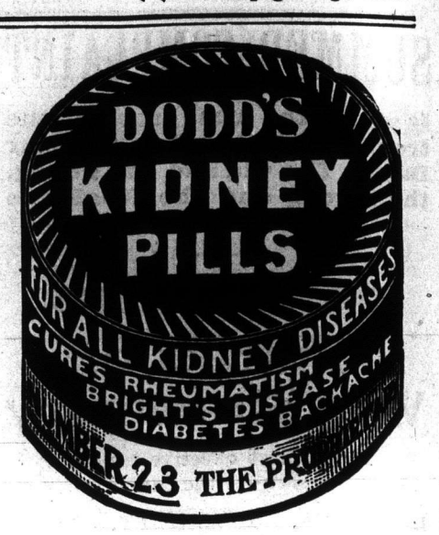
Sir,—We have been readers of the W.H.M. for some time past, and have been interested in the correspondence page. We are extremely sorry for some of the poor lonely bachelors, and would certainly like to write to some of them. Now for our names we are going to to take Tiger Lily and Water Lily. Tiger is a brunette, with a very sweet nature, is a good cook, and quite used to farming. Water Lily is a blonde, and is also good tempered, except when put out quite a bit, good cook, and would in time get used to farming. We are both of the same age—still in our teens. Now, Water Lily would like to correspond with "Old Country Chap" in June issue, as she is an old country girl herself; in fact both of us are. We hope to see this in print, and also to hear from quite a few nice young people.

We remain, The Two Lillies.

Has a Good Time.

Saskatchewan, June 26th, 1911.

Sir,—I, too, am an interested reader of the W. H. M., especially the correspondence column, and I find I cannot longer resist the temptation to get in touch with some of the wide-awake Western-



THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

GRASSHOPPER

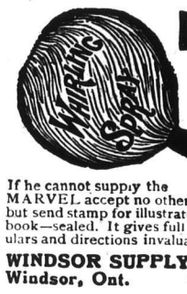
OINTMENT and PILLS

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT



Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

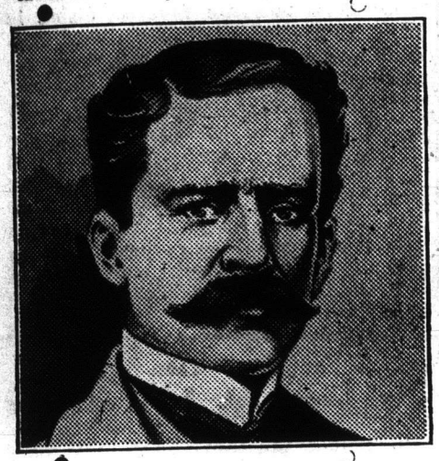
"FRUIT-A-TIVES" WILL CURE RHEUMATISM

McMillan's Corner, Ont., Sept. 30th, 1910.

"Your remedy, "Fruit-a-tives" is a perfect panacea for Rheumatism. For years, I suffered distressing pain from Sciatic Rheumatism, being laid up several times a year, and not being able to work at anything. I went to different doctors who told me there was no use doing anything, it would pass away.

Fortunately, about two years ago, I got "Fruit-a-tives" and they cured me.

"Since then, I take them occasionally and keep free from pain. I am satisfied that "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of Rheumatism and they will cure anyone who takes them". JOHN B. McDONALD.



"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago in the world.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures, because like fruit juice it purifies the blood—regulates kidneys, bowels and skin—and thus keeps the whole system free of uric acid. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and you will find instant relief and a prompt cure.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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.

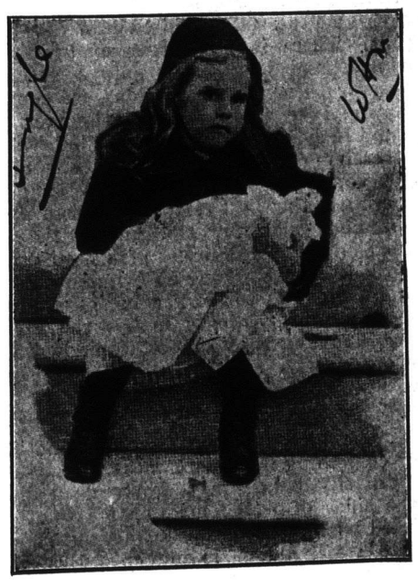
When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

ers. I am a young Scotchman, 23 years of age, 5ft. 10in. in height, have brown eyes, dark hair, kind of broad in build, and weigh about 160 lbs. I came to this country five years ago, and have worked in Manitoba all the time until two or three months ago, when I found my way into Saskatchewan. I must say I am very glad to be one of the many bachelor homesteaders out in the far West, while it is a very lonely life in many respects, we may find most agreeable company in good reading, of which I am very fond. The prospects for us young men in the West

Two Lillies.

are good, and by careful management can soon have home ready for one of the bright cheery girls who would be willing to share the tempest and sunshine of life on the prairie. I am very fond of music, an old choir boy at home, and play the mandoline very well. My mother thinks I am fairly good to look at, and hope somebody else may think the same. Now, girls, here's your chance if any one cares to write to me, my address is with the editor.

Hoping to see this first letter of mine in next month's isue, wishing the W.H.M. a succesful future, I will sign myself, Young Lochinvar.



A Little Nursemaid.

Will You Correspond?

Alberta, June 28, 1911.

Sir,—I have read your magazine every month since I came here, and we always look forward to it, and, after a long time, I am writing this to join the already large crowd in your columns, and try and get some correspondents. I am English, and have been here two and a half years. I am seventeen, weigh 124 pounds, and am 5 ft. 7 in. tall. I work in a large store 14 miles from the railroad. If Brunette, Lily of the Valley, Siamese Twin No. 1, Wise or any other young ladies will write to me, I shall be pleased to answer them. My address is with the editor.

Hoping to receive some letters, I will sign myself, Albertan.

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is Fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often Fatal to Life.

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly.

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "Your treatment cured me permanently, it has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound. It also cured my Dyspepsia and I now enjoy the best of health."

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 S. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "Before I took your treatment I was subject to violent choking fits, my friends were often afraid I would choke to death. Your treatment has cured all this and reduced my waist 6 inches and my hips 8 inches. My garments now are all so large they seem as if made for another women."

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kan., says: "Your treatment has reduced my weight from 203 pounds to 145 pounds and has also wonderfully improved my general health. I can do my housework now without pain or the smothering spells I used to have. My husband says it is worth $1000 to him and the children since I used your Kresslin Treatment."

SPECIAL FREE OFFER I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this; I will prove it at my own expense.** Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address **Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. E., 72 Madison Ave., New York City.**

Dr. Spillenger is well known as a successful Obesity Specialist and any statements he makes can be absolutely relied upon. He is licensed and registered by the State of New York.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; eg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

On the Schwager farm—Dundurn, Sask.

Household Suggestions.

"In Friendly Guise" By Frances, Port Morien, Cape Breton.

Wealthy housekeepers can skip this article; it is a little chat with the many women who do their own work, thereby dispensing with that uncertain element known as "hired help"—I call it "emancipation"—it is one of the "blessings" of poverty.

Many able writers discourse glibly—through the domestic departments of sundry magazines on "housekeeping"—but very much of their advice is useless to the wives of working men, although there are a few practical grains to be gleaned from out the mass. But, dear "house-mothers," don't you experience a sinking sensation when they talk of "system?" System is so impossible to the great majority of us.

Where can system come in when at times the bread winner is starting out for a night's work at an hour when other men are getting into their slippers and hunting for the day's paper. How can system flourish, when on sweeping days for the upper chambers, a tired man is sleeping the sleep of the "just," and must not be disturbed, and the house must be kept quiet below stairs as well.

We must take all this good council with a sprinkling of salt, for every household is a law unto itself, and you must plan work according to your need.

But use your brains instead of your feet and don't make a slave of yourself in any of your "doings," or sooner or later your pots and pans and other household gods will rise up and "do" you. Train the little ones to help—begin early. Teach them to wait upon themselves, to put away their playthings, dust, lay the table, hang out small garments on wash days, pull out bastings, and pick up scraps when you are sewing—and great will be your reward in the future.

Make simple washdresses for everyday wear, for yourself and children; good ginghams and "ducks," well lined, are plenty heavy enough for winter, and can be washed whenever desired; while prints are both cheap and dainty for summer days. Likewise, prepare wholesome and plain fare for your table, and whenever your nerves begin to feel "frazzled," just drop everything, go out and lock the door on all your worries—take the tots, and hie you to the fields, woods, or parks, and let Mother Nature strengthen you anew. Don't say, "how can I"; remember you are your own mistress, you are not chained to the dress-makers task, an office desk, or the school room; you are queen of that realm called Home! Then plot, plan, contrive ways and means, simplify, reduce, only get there somehow—everyone requires a breathing spell sometimes.

And your husband will help you to attain this measure of freedom once in a while, if he is a halfway decent fellow, and, I think, most men are—if they get a fair show.

My sympathy goes out to all the tired, conscientious mothers, who strive so hard to make the best and the most of everything; who believe in cleanliness, first, last, and always— and whose souls are racked at the sight of disorder; but there is a certain amount of "clutter" that cannot well be avoided in a houseful of children, and one must overlook it, comfort is better than "style," anyway.

The workingmen's wives to-day are facing the greatest problem of the times—how to make one dollar do the work of two—how they manage, they alone can tell.

To the young and inexperienced housewives, I would like to say there is much prated economy that is not really economy at all. Don't be deluded into trying to make a tasty meal from a "bone," "a cold potato," and a spoonful of "boiled rice." You may delude yourself, but the effect of the combination will not be generally much appreciated. I have learned many things through my many failures; experience is the only real teacher, though she is a very stern one, and some day you will surely arrive at success.

Now, a word more, and I will have done. Above all things, learn to depend upon yourselves. If your mother and sisters live near, don't rush to them for help in every trifling emergency. Oh, they would come willingly to your aid, no doubt of that—your mother especially—but it is not "playing fair." Of course, there are many occasions when help is really needed, time enough then to seek it. Your mother brought up one family, don't expect her to rear yours.

Don't lose your head if Kate should happen to sneeze, or Johnny runs a splinter into his finger, you will in time have pulled enough of wood from your children's hands to make a goodly bonfire, and you will regard it as "all in the day's work." You have entered into the great game, now play it thoroughly; better to live and die an honorable single maiden, than to marry and be a "quitter."

Dinner in the Field.

It often happens during the busy season that the men want their dinner brought out to them in a distant field, and the ladies are at a loss to know what to carry as only a buggy is at hand to transport the provisions. One must drive, so there is usually but one pair of hands to hold tipsy things, and the packing and delivering of the goods becomes a serious problem especially as it is desired to get there quickly and have the things as hot as possible.

A deep stone jar with cover is the very best utensil to carry dinners which should be boiled or baked for these occasions, as fried foods cool very rapidly. Before the dinner is to be packed the jar can be filled with boiling water or placed on the back of the stove or in the oven to get thoroughly heated, and then the dinner will not cool off during the journey.

A roast of beef to be carved in the field and served with potatoes browned with it, or boiled beef with potatoes will always be relished. Boiled ham with potatoes, or ham pot pie, never goes begging in the harvest field. Such vegetables as peas, beans, corn, tomatoes—in fact any garden vegetable—may be cooked and placed with little trouble. Just so the things are hot and good they will be liked by all.

For dessert the very best things are cookies and coffee or some sort of cake easily transported. Of course fruit is always easily carried, but pies never carry well. Custards are a snare and all soft puddings a nuisance. A man likes to sit down with a tin of hot coffee and a cooky or a couple of doughnuts, but he does hate to muss around with a soft pie or a custard.

A lady who has had much experience in taking dinners to the field packs her apple sauce in a quart fruit jar, her pickled beets in another, her dinner in a stone jar and her dessert in a covered basket, and with a jug of hot coffee she sets forth alone to deliver the noon meal. The food is served on bright pie pans and the coffee poured into new tin cups. There is no danger of breaking things, and she really enjoys getting out for these picnic spreads. Of course it would be easier to feed the men at home in her cool dining room, but when necessity demands the picnics she does not complain, but sets herself to give the men the best things she can find hot and good, for she knows that a good dinner in the midst of a hard day's work is a great thing to a hungry man. and a great factor in keeping good hired men, so she willingly makes the sacrifice, knowing that harvest can't last for ever,

Meat Pies.

Meat pies represent another method of combining flour with meat. They are ordinarily baked in a fairly deep dish, the sides of which may or may not be lined with dough. The cooked meat, cut into small pieces, is put into the dish, sometimes with small pieces of vegetables, a gravy is poured over the meat, the dish is covered with a layer of dough, and then baked. Most commonly the dough is like that used for soda or cream-of-tartar biscuit, but sometimes shortened pastry dough, such as is made for pies, is used. This is especially the case in the fancy individual dishes usually called patties. Occasionally the pie is covered with a potato crust, in which case the meat is put directly into the dish without lining the latter. Sewed beef, veal, and chicken are probably most frequently used in pies, but any kind of meat may be used, or several kinds in combination. Pork pies are favorite dishes in many rural regions, especially at hog-killing time, and when well made are excellent.

If pies are made from raw meat and vegetables longer cooking is needed than otherwise, and in such cases it is well to cover the dish with a plate, cook until the pie is nearly done, then return to the oven until the crust is lightly browned. Many cooks insist on piercing holes in the top crust of a meat pie directly it is taken from the oven.

Egg Sandwiches.

Boil 6 eggs hard. Put in cold water to cool. Chop fine and season with salt, pepper, mustard and a little vinegar. Have thin slices of bread buttered and spread with lettuce leaves. Spread the egg between.

Salmon Sandwiches.

Two thin slices of bread cut triangular and buttered; between them put canned salmon, dressed with lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, on a lettuce leaf. These are best eaten soon after made.

Egg and Cheese Sandwiches.

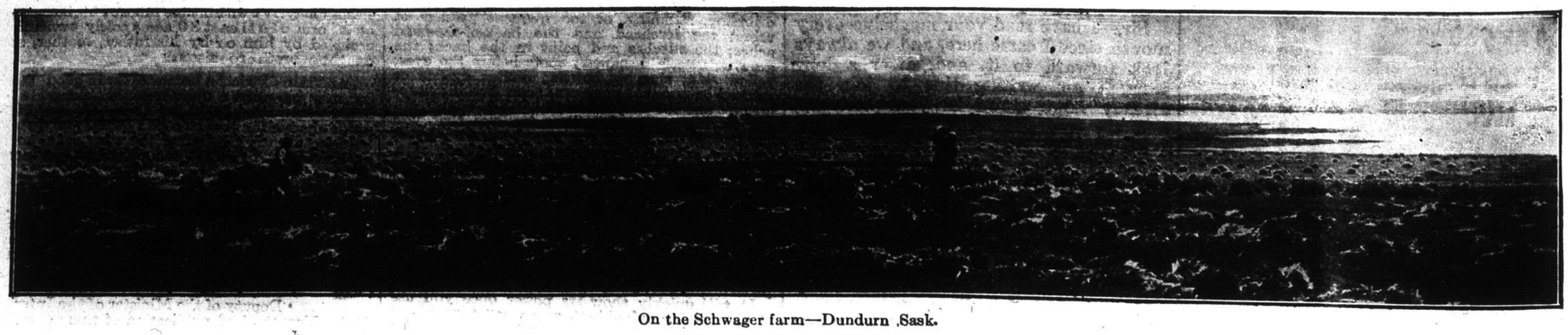
Yolks of six hard-boiled eggs mashed fine with ½ pound grated cheese and moistened mayonnaise. Make a nice filling for sandwiches.

Iced Tea.

Put ½ cupful of tea in cold water in a pitcher in the morning; when wanted, strain, add cold water, and ice to taste, serve. Add more cold water to the tea leaves in the pitcher with a little fresh tea; set away, and use again. The flavor is nicer than any way I have ever tried. I keep the pitcher in the ice box and change twice a week.

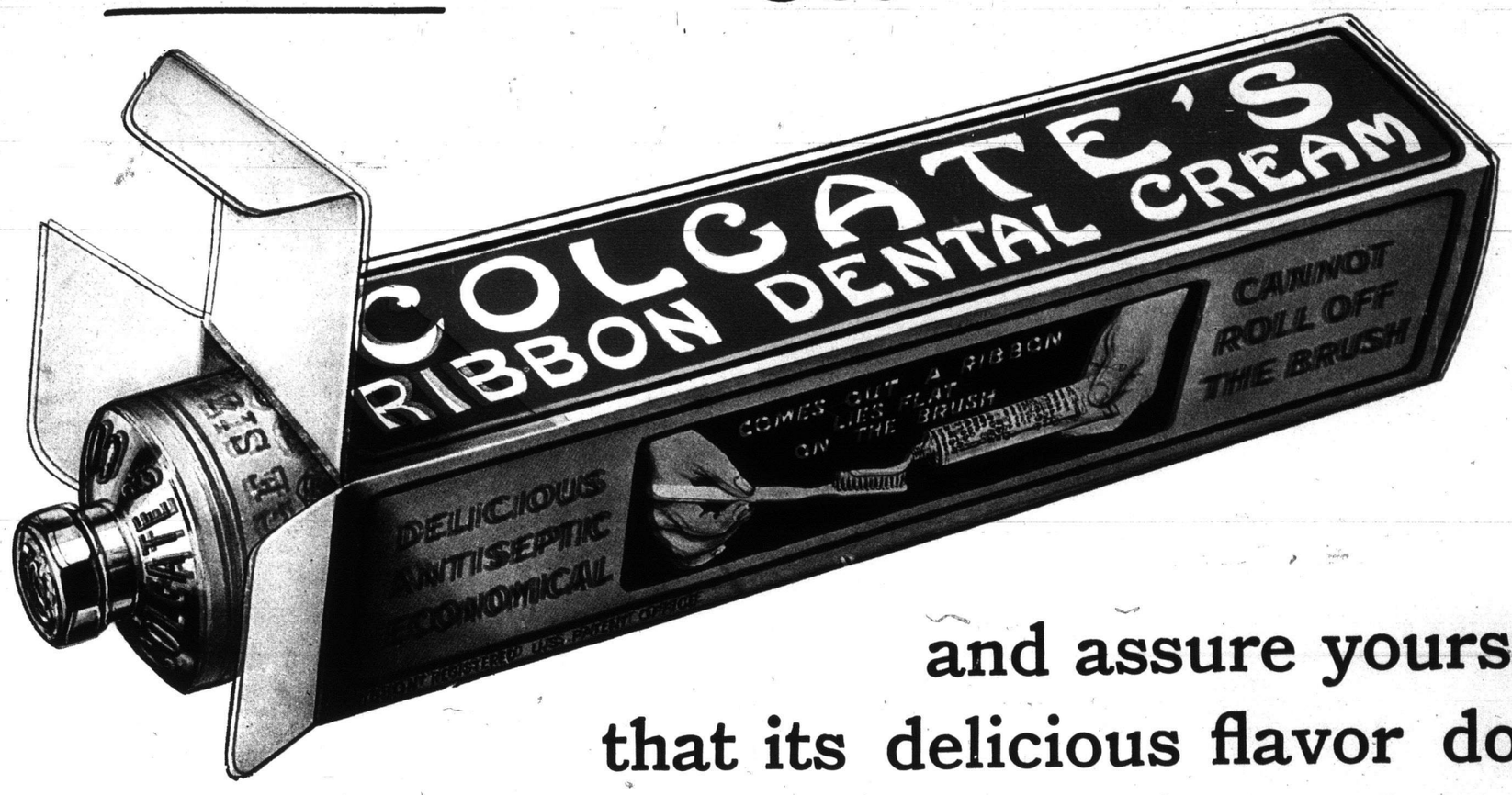
Tongue Sandwiches.

One cupful finely chopped tongue, 1 teaspoonful made mustard, 1 teaspoonful soft butter, ¼ teaspoonful Cayenne pepper, yolk of 1 hard-boiled egg, juice of ½ lemon, dash of nutmeg. Mix all ingredients thoroughly and spread between thin slices of bread.



On the Schwager farm—Dundurn ,Sask.

If you are one of those who are looking for an efficient dentifrice without a "druggy" taste, try



and assure yourself that its delicious flavor does not lessen its efficiency. Ask your dentist, or notice for yourself the difference in your teeth after a month or two of its twice-a-day use.

TO DENTISTS

You will please your patients and induce them to take care of their teeth—and your work—if you recommend the regular use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

As a neutralizer of excessive acidity of the mouth, and as an efficient cleanser, it has the endorsement of eminent dentists and of expert chemists.

Every day letters are received from well-known dentists in praise of the benefits which Ribbon Dental Cream confers on their patients.

Read what these Dentists say:

"It is positively the first cream I have found that will polish gold crowns and bridge work in the mouth."

"I heartily endorse your Ribbon Dental Cream. It has a tendency to stimulate gum tissue."

"It leaves a cool, delicious taste in the mouth."

"I know of no more cleanly, efficient, convenient and dainty dentifrice to keep the teeth clean and the breath pure."

Names will be given on application

Educators all over the country have found this pleasant-tasting dentifrice their greatest aid in teaching their scholars the importance of "Good Teeth--Good Health."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes perfectly and antiseptically, leaving the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition which counteracts germ growth.

A trial tube of this delicious, efficient cream sent for 4c. in stamps.

Address Colgate & Co., Dept. M, Coristine Bldg., Montreal

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada

This Trade Mark on
a sack stands
for all that is
Desirable in Flour

To get the best, buy

PURITY FLOUR

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"