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WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

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MAY, 1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Say "I Want Blue Ribbon Tea"



Mention the name when you buy Tea. Otherwise there is a chance that you may not get Blue Ribbon, which is guaranteed superior to other Tea. If you are not fully satisfied with it you merely have to return the packet to your grocer and we authorize him to refund your money at once.

FREE GIFTS FOR THE CHILDREN

Three Big Dollies. We Want to Play With You

- 1 GREAT BIG DOLL, 27 INCHES TALL, AND
- 2 SMALLER DOLLIES, ALL READY TO CUT OUT, SEW UP, AND STUFF.

LOTS BIGGER THAN A BABY

We have a great, big, handsome, life-size doll, 27 inches tall, looking for a little mama. She is just the finest playmate any little girl could wish for and you will love her as soon as you see her pretty face and big brown eyes, her pink cheeks and light curly hair.

In addition to the great, big dolly we also send two smaller dollies, making three dollies in all.

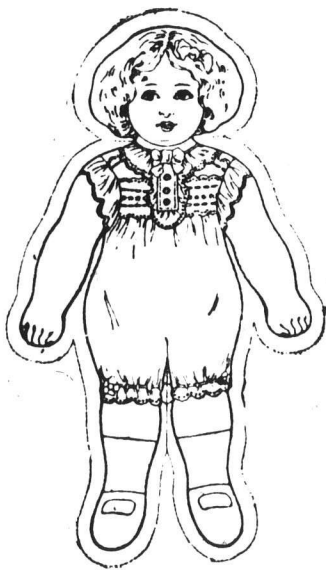
You will have lots of fun playing together and needn't be afraid of hurting the big mama dolly and her two baby dolls, because they won't break, soil their hair or lose their pretty eyes. These three dollies are stamped in bright colors on strong cloth and mother can sew them up on the machine in ten minutes. You can set these dollies down, bend their arms and legs and dress them up in all kinds of clothes and play all day long.

These three beautiful dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. They won't break and we believe they are the most popular plaything you can give your children or little friends.

Actual size of big dolly, 27 inches tall. It is so large that baby's own clothes fit it.

Every little girl wants a big doll. Think of the joy and happiness these three dollies will bring into your own home when the little ones see them.

Thousands of little ones all over the country will be made happy with these three dollies. After your little girl gets her dolls all your neighbors' children will want dolls just like hers. The supply of dolls is limited and we will fill all orders as long as our supply enables us to do so.



The limbs are movable and the dolls won't break

How To Get These Dollies Free

Send us a yearly subscription to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 and these three beautiful dollies—one big one and two smaller ones—will be sent you by return mail.

Now, in case you do not get a NEW subscription, just get your papa or mama to EXTEND your own family subscription for one year. Send us this subscription, and by return mail we will send you the three beautiful dollies—

Absolutely Free!

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for "One Full Year's" subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

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.....at.....

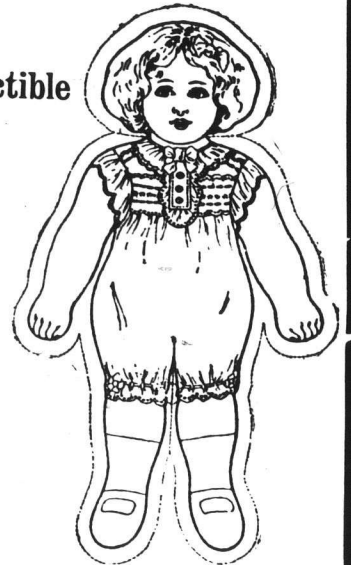
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No little girl has enough dollies



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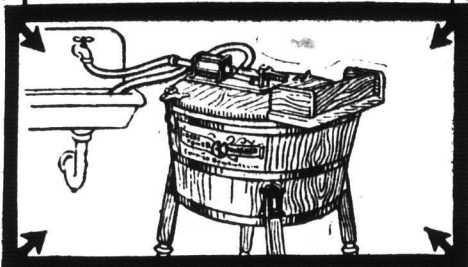
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If the Water Motor of the Ideal Washer was its only feature, it would still be the best one that could be bought.



But it is only one of many and the combination makes the Ideal unique among washing machines.

There is a patented feature that prevents warping and another that gives rigidity, strength and durability.

Investigate this washer at your dealer's or send us for information.

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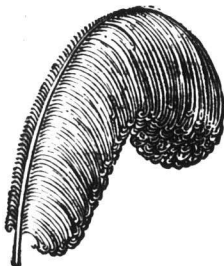
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144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

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Send me your latest Plume and Hat Catalogues. I am thinking of buying a hat or some new plumes, or of getting my old plumes redyed and made over.

Name
Address
Western Home Monthly.

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Have Them Made Over Into Fashionable Novelties.

The cost is very low. For from 75c. up it is astonishing what strikingly handsome novelties can be made from old Ostrich and Willow Plumes.

Don't throw your last season's plume away. Put it in a box, mail it to us and we will tell you how it can be made over and redyed into a fashionable novelty plume for a very small price.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

because if you should decide not to have the work done, we carefully return your plume post paid. Our references are the editors of "The Western Home Monthly."

If you haven't seen our new Hat and Plume Catalogues, mail the coupon above and we'll send you them at once. But by all means send your old plume along and let us tell you how it can be attractively made over into a new season's novelty. Address:

London Feather Company, Limited
Dept., 10 144 YONGE ST., TORONTO

SHILOH

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, and heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XV. Published Monthly No. 5.
By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.20 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 or 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.

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 REVIEW 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

Last month we told you something about a few of the men and women who are regular contributors to The Western Home Monthly. Next month we will have more to say in this connection, as we are daily exploring all quarters for matters of interest to the Western Canadian Home. Few magazines can boast of such galaxy of able writers—and a noteworthy fact is that each one is an outstanding and widely known authority in his or her respective departments. To be a regular reader of The Western Home Monthly means that one is kept well informed on all matters that concern the average individual, and to have intelligent and sane views on the problems of the day. This issue will not we feel be a disappointment to any one. Its every department is full of good live instructive matter—dealing with questions that are pressing for solution. Its fiction is fascinating and wholesome, and almost entirely Canadian. Here is the bill of fare, at once appetizing and satisfying:

Editorial The Editor

STORIES

A Rough Diamond ... E. Charles Cuming
Springtime Adventures in the Gulf of Georgia ... Bonnycastle Dale
A Strange Warfare ...

Mrs. David H. Williams
When Faint Heart Won ... Myrtle Levine
A B.C. Jury on Six Months' Duty ...

P. W. Luce
The Sunset ... Frank Steele
The Doctor's Visit ... Elliot Roberts
The Joy Tear ... J. D. A. Evans
Only Jack ... W. R. Gilbert
Our Neighbors—The Buffaloes ...

Wolf Willow
Rural Schools in Alberta ... S. J. Wigley
The Reil Rebellion ... Edith J. Bayne
The Passing of the Cowboy ... Max McD.
The Canadian Forest Rangers ...
H. Mortimer Batten

DEPARTMENTS

The Young Man and His Problem ... J. L. Gordon, D.D.
Comments on Current Events ... The Philosopher
What the World is Saying ... The Editor
The Woman's Quiet Hour ... E. Cora Hind
The Young Woman and Her Problem ... Pearl Richmond Hamilton
The Farm ... Agricultural Editor
Poultry ... H. E. Vialoux

Other departments conducted by our office Editorial Staff are The Home Doctor, Sunday Reading, Household Suggestions, Woman and the Home, Young People, Lighter Vein, etc. Then there is that other interesting section where we make room for a number of letters each month in which our readers exchange ideas.

We would like to be able to allow more space for this popular department, as we can now only make room for about 10 per cent of the very excellent communications received.

We would suggest to our readers that in writing they practise the virtue of brevity, and enable us to publish a greater number of letters and a wider range of thought.

We reproduce the following kind appreciations from this morning's mail:

Earl Gray, Sask.

Dear Sir,—
Having been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for two years, I cannot do without it now. My

cousin and I have been taking it together but now I want it myself. It is no use to recommend it, for that it does itself, but one fault with it is that it does not come often enough. But how much does one expect for a dollar?

Joel Hillstrom.

Crossfield, Alta.

Dear Sir,—

Enclosed please find postal note for one dollar in payment for this year's subscription. I may say it is the best magazine we get. The matter is so varied, and interesting to all. Wishing it all success, I am,

Yours respectfully,
John Morrison.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—

The enclosed money order for one dollar and twenty-five cents is for renewal of my subscription to The Western Home Monthly for one year. I have been a subscriber for a few years now, and certainly would not want to do without it, as it has become my favorite among the magazines.

Miss Bone.

Nelson, B.C.

Dear Sir,—

I am a present subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, and regard it very highly. "A good thing" deserves to be passed on, so I am interesting a few friends in your cheap introductory offer of the Monthly for five months from date for twenty-five cents. I hope to interest more of my acquaintances in The Western Home Monthly because of its worth and as a bit of appreciation of the publishers' efforts to enterprise in producing monthly so much wholesome reading.

Yours truly,
Geo. A. Purvis.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Dear Sir,—

I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly ever since it was first printed, and find it so interesting, educative and useful in every way, that we do not want to be without it or miss one paper if possible. Please find enclosed a subscription for three years. It certainly has improved in every way since we first subscribed for it, and we hope it will still improve. It is splendid now, and I am sure it will yet be more so.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Jas. Paisley.

Battleford.

Dear Sirs,—

We have only recently become subscribers to The Western Home Monthly, which we find most interesting and educative. We regret that we had not earlier subscribed for your valuable magazine.

Having seen your offer of a free dinner set, for seven new subscribers, we decided to try for it, and have succeeded in securing the necessary number this week, which was not difficult, as The Western Home Monthly is so well known and appreciated.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. J. P. Cousins.



Directions and Suggestions for Easy House Cleaning



Write to The Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our Booklet "Hints to Housewives."



Five Breakfasts Like This

Five Suppers Like This

All Ten Are Free This Week

Now again we invite you—as once each year—to breakfast and sup with us. Breakfasts for five of you—suppers for five. And all with our compliments—nothing to pay.

Take this coupon to your grocer—that is all. He will give you for it a Package of Puffed Wheat—a full-size, 10-cent package. And we will pay him for it.

Don't hesitate. We make this offer only once a year. And you will serve Puffed Grains hundreds of times when you learn their fascinations.

Just a Revelation

You read of Puffed Grains. But cold type can never picture these delightful foods. The first taste always means a revelation, and we want you to have that taste.

'Twill reveal these things to you:

Bubbles of grain, thin-walled and porous, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Airy morsels—dainty, fragile—ready to melt at a touch of the teeth into almond-flavored granules.

Grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. Made three times as crisp as crackers and four times as porous as bread.

100,000,000 Explosions

Each of those grains of Wheat or Rice contained 100,000,000 food granules. In Prof. Anderson's process these grains are shot from guns. And each of those granules is exploded from within.

The Quaker Oats Company

Thus the granules are broken for ease of digestion. By no other method is whole grain ever made wholly digestible.

This Coupon Pays

This coupon pays for a package of Puffed Wheat. Go get it. Serve with our compliments.

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For supper serve like crackers floating in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Or heat the grains in butter and let the children eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Then you will realize what Prof. Anderson did for you when he invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Simply cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in
Extreme
West

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER C 40

Good in Canada or the United States Only
This Certifies that my grocer this day accepted this coupon as payment in full for a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba—Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario—Saskatoon, Sask.

Name.....
Address.....
Dated 1914

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

10-Cent Coupon

Prison Reform

Prison Reform

In Manila, Philippine Islands, there is a great prison in which are confined almost two-thirds of the prison population. In 1904 a penal colony was opened on Iwahig with forty-two men from the central prison. This number was speedily increased to one thousand "colonists."—Mark the word! Among those who have left the colony at the expiration of their sentence, or who have been pardoned, not a single individual has reverted to a life of crime. This is remarkable when it is remembered that the "colonists" were of the hardened criminal class—murderers, robbers, and the like.

The colony was started with the purpose of giving the prisoners a chance to make good. It was felt that the principles of self-government and self-support would be as effective in rebuilding the lives of criminals as they were in building the lives of young people in the George Junior Republics.

The colony has more than 100,000 acres. It is an island from which it is practically impossible to escape, but even if there were opportunity to get away few of the colonists would take advantage of it. They find it more profitable to remain, for they can pass from grade to grade in the service, and even the worst of them is able to look for ultimate pardon and freedom as the result of consistent good behavior. On arrival at the colony the workers are at first restricted to the barracks zone. On showing power to reform they may be removed to the home zone—in which they live in small houses along with their families. Later on they may get into the free zone, where they live on their independent small farms—which they work on shares with the government. From the beginning, each "colonist" works but a part of the day for the government. The rest of the time he can give to earning money for his family, or for use after his liberation. All the officers but nine are "colonists." The executive council is elective, and the punishments meted out to offenders, though severe, are just. The chief of police for a time was a murderer. Having by good conduct merited a pardon he returned to his native town and reorganized the police force. The success of the colony as a moneymaking proposition has not yet been assured, but it surely has been a maker of men—and that is the important thing. The ordinary prison—the prison of Western Canada—cuts a man off from all opportunity for self-development just at the time when his only hope lies in such development. The ordinary prison is a huge failure. It is constantly sending forth men who are a menace to society. Should we not unite in urging such prison reform as will make it easy for fallen men to become once more useful members of society?

Western Growth

At times we all grow discouraged. We hear the words depression and stringency until we begin to believe there is nothing but blue ruin ahead. It is like taking a tonic to read a little table of Western productions in 1913. Here it is:

Wheat	\$94,000,000
Oats	14,500,000
Barley	6,000,000
Flax	11,000,000
Cattle, Hogs and Sheep...	24,000,000
Potatoes, Hay and Roots..	13,500,000
Dairy Products	5,000,000
Total Farm Products ...	\$168,000,000

A parallel illustration of growth is the case of the greatest local Life Assurance Co. The Great West had over thirteen millions more insurance than in 1912, and the income was increased by over two million dollars.

These figures show that in spite of occasional hardship caused by indiscretion progress has been abundantly evident. The West is all right.

Growth of Sentiment

A political platform has at least one value. It crystallizes public sentiment. Evidently one of the parties in Western Canada believes the people are in favor of the referendum, woman suffrage, the abolition of the retail sale of liquor. That is surely a great advance on the beliefs of twenty years ago. It seems also that all parties in the West are in favor of free agricultural implements, and lower duties generally for farmers. When people are only bold enough and patriotic enough to express their honest convictions the politicians are sure to get into line. Although the voice of the farmers has not been loud enough to reach Ottawa, after redistribution there will be a scurry to grant all just demands.

The New Education

Nothing that has appeared recently is more illuminating than the report of the Royal Commission on Industrial Education. Dr. Robertson, the chairman, has just paid a visit to Western Canada, and his addresses in Winnipeg, Moose Jaw and Lethbridge have aroused general interest and enthusiasm. Evidently the secondary school must change its methods and its attitude if it is to accomplish the high purpose for which it was intended. There are 387,000 Canadian children between 14 and 18 who should be in school, and if the schools were offering the bill of fare they should, at least, 200,000 of these children would be attending classes. To transform the secondary schools into institutions which will provide vocational, as well as cultural education will require an immense outlay of money, and the discovery and employment of an army of instructors, not now in sight, because there has been no demand for them. If the recommendation of the commission, that the Federal government give to the provinces \$3,000,000 a year for the purposes of vocational education, be carried into effect, the financial difficulties will be overcome. Time will provide the instructors. Winnipeg has shown what is possible in a few years. Courses are now given in domestic science, needlework, dressmaking, home economics, drawing (mechanical, freehand, architectural), iron work, wood work, painting, printing and half-a-dozen other lines—and this is but the the beginning. The evening classes alone provide instruction to 1,500 people. If Canada is to hold its place with Denmark, Finland, Prussia, France, England, or, indeed, with any of the modern civilized nations it must wake up. We are hopelessly behind in the matter of education. We must not only protect ourselves against illiteracy, but must make certain that our young people possess intelligence, practical ability and co-operative power. It is comparatively few people who attend a university, but there are thousands who would attend secondary schools if the right bill of fare were provided. The following from a contemporary magazine, discussing the place of the agricultural college (which is but one department of the university) seems to meet the situation pretty accurately:

Agricultural colleges, such as exist today in Guelph; Ont.; Winnipeg, Man., and Saskatoon, Sask., fail to educate the farmers of the province. These colleges produce experts, who may help to educate the farmers, but the colleges themselves do not. In the very nature of the case they should not be expected to do it.

Take Ontario, for example, where there are 175,000 farmers. Not more than five per cent. of them ever had or ever will have a chance to attend the one agricultural college in the province. The other 165,000 farmers must get their farming education elsewhere, or go without.

The agricultural college is useful, but it does not produce an educational generation of farmers. The people of any province who think it will are doomed to the disappointment which has come to the people of Ontario. Professor Robertson makes this absolutely clear in his report on "Industrial Training and Technical Education." (See Part II. p. 344).

What, then, is more necessary than agricultural colleges? The answer is simple. A university is a fine institution, and every province should have one; but the great majority of boys and girls get their training at a high school. Applying this principle, there should be rural high schools for farm boys and girls. In Ontario, at least half of the present high schools and collegiate institutes should be turned into rural high schools. As a preparation for these courses, elementary agriculture should be taught in all rural schools.

Ten county agricultural schools have been established in Wisconsin, and a recent act provides for twenty more. North Dakota makes a special grant to any high school providing a special course in agriculture, manual training and domestic science. Carolina, in 1911, provided for "county farm life schools," which embody all the features of a rural high school. In Massachusetts, cities and towns may establish independent agricultural schools and the State pays half the cost of maintenance.

Agricultural colleges train experts for other agricultural colleges and schools; rural high schools train farmers' boys and daughters for actual farm work.

A Question of Honor

It is a great lesson which President Wilson has just given to the American people. He has impressed upon them the fact that a nation must keep its word. The lesson is not for Americans alone, nor for that matter for nations alone. It is for all classes and parties within a nation. We need the lesson in Canada at the present time. We need it in our politics. If as a nation we have so far been able to keep our word, no one will pretend that either party in provincial or federal politics has even pretended to live up to its professions. The use of the word platform usually creates a smile of derision. Indeed the nature of the legislation that is enacted is considered as of secondary importance. It is administration that counts. There are now many excellent laws that are inoperative because of the apathy or wilful disregard of the parties responsible for their enforcement. It is comparatively unimportant what the statutes say with regard to the sale of liquor, bribery at elections, employment of children. It is of the greatest importance that the officials of a government enforce the provisions of the various acts with sincerity and goodwill. After all it is moral character that tells.

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Alberta—Airdrie, Alix, Barons, Bashaw, Bassano, Bellevue, Blackie, Blairmore, Bowden, Bow Island, Brooks, Calgary, Carbon, Cardston, Carlstadt, Carstairs, Cereal, Chinook, Claresholm, Cochrane, Consort, Cowley, Didsbury, Edmonton, Empress, Fort Saskatchewan, Grande Prairie, Grassy Lake, Hanna, High River, Hillcrest, Innisfail, Irvine, Lacombe, Langdon, Lethbridge, Macleod, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, Passburg, Pincher Creek, Seven Persons, Standard, Strathmore, Swallow, Three Hills, Wainwright, Winnifred.

British Columbia—Enderby, Glacier, Hazelton, Lillooet, Nanaimo, New Hazelton, Newport, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Smithers, Telkwa, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.

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Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of exchange.

Two Central Offices in Winnipeg—Main St. and William Ave., D. M. Neeve, Mgr. Portage Ave., cor. Garry St. (adjoining Post Office), F. J. Boulton, Mgr.

Other Branches in Winnipeg as follows:—Corydon Ave., Logan Ave., North End, Sargent Ave., Portage Ave. and Arlington St., Sargent Ave. and Arlington St., 490 Portage Ave.

A Rough Diamond

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. Charles Cuming

"WELL, anyhow I don't believe he'll ever make out in all his life, boys, for he's a real wrong 'un."

Thus was summed up the character of the worst fellow in all the Prairie district for miles around. Dick Tempest had earned his reputation by a long series of misdemeanors ever since he had made his advent some two years before. Like many fellows, he had come out from the Old Country where he had been a working man, who through long periods of unemployment had begun to lose the vital interest in life and things. He had migrated to the West just in time to save himself from an absolute and overwhelming ruin. His homestead upon which he had settled, adjoined the one upon which the present discussion was taking place, and was an advertisement of his slothful habits. Weeds were everywhere galore. His breaking was badly done, and his buildings were already in a bad state of repair. Yet there were those who thought they saw in him the promise of large heartedness. There are a large number of men whom one meets on the Prairies, whose good nature causes them to go wrong and whose generosity is often the first step on the road downward.

The speaker was Sam Vistune, a Swede and the neighbor of Tempest. He had come into the district about the same time and his farm was the antithesis of the one already described. For some reason Sam had always been somewhat unkindly in his criticism of Dick and hard words had frequently passed between them as a result. He with his English training had failed to understand the somewhat rough treatment by Vistune to his wife and had quietly remonstrated with him. Mrs. Vistune was one of those quiet insignificant women to whom life is little more than one long drudgery, even without the unkindness that such men heap upon them. The chivalry of his British origin was roused often, as he heard the harsh words and saw the woman doing duties around the farm, which to say the least were outside the feminine sphere. The fact that he had dared to interfere had been the means of dispute between these two men and every time they met the estrangement grew worse.

There was, however, one person in the Vistune home for whom Dick had a real affection. They had a small baby girl of some three years. How this affection started no one ever knew much less Dick himself, but that it was there was a fact that was indisputable. She seemed to be the veritable angel in his life, for whenever he came into her presence it was as though some subtle influence was upon him, restraining the vile words he would otherwise use, and he would sober himself when she was near. There was never a trip to town without some candies or a little trinket would find its way into his possession until it became a joke that the "bachelor bought toys for the kid he hadn't got." Xmas always meant a doll and several nights would be spent studying the catalogue in that department only to be followed by an order to "Eaton's" a few days afterward. His trip to town at this time of the year, meant an extra present for the kid, which was invariably purchased first to avoid the money being spent in other ways and thus render the purchase impossible.

Everyone was agreed upon one point, namely, that Dick was a good fellow away from the drink, but drink was his foe and perhaps no one knew it better than he.

Sometime before the story opens Vistune had made a move which had made the break between these men more complete. Coming home one night and seeing the baby playing with the latest toy from town, which had been left during the day, he smashed it up and sent it down to the neighbor's shack with the request that the thing be stopped. In his pharisaical mood, he had endeav-

ored to tell him of his unfitness to associate with the innocent child, a fact that no one knew better than Dick himself. Instead of giving him what most men would have judged his deserts, Dick quietly withdrew, but with a heart that was torn and lacerated. Now the star had gone from his heart he would go into the very depths and before long he was well on the way to carrying out his determination. It was not long however before the tables would be completely turned and the influence was not only to be restored but the bachelor's shack was to become almost a paradise.

It happened two weeks after the discussion already referred to. The winter had well set in and the signs which every Westerner learns to read forecasted some bad weather within the next few hours. Some ten inches of fine snow had already fallen and the huge sundog at sundown had foretold a bad and stormy night to follow. As he looked out from his door after the lonely supper, Dick noticed the wind was rising and a fine snow falling fast. The temperature was well below zero.

"Thank goodness I am not out on such a night," he commented as he piled more coal on to the bachelor's stove, now almost red hot.

"I pity any guy coming from town in this blizzard, it means a certain freezing if he's lost!"

With this he sat musing over the events of the day and to dream of the future. The information had come to him that little Dolly Vistune was awfully sick, and he had felt just as though his own child was in danger. Oh! how he had wished to go and see the kid and to see if anything he could do would help to ease the small sufferer. Then he soliloquised concerning his own ambitions, and began to remember that he too had hoped to have some day, a curly headed bairn, but now that seemed afar off and impossible.

"Hello! What's that? Some one coming? Gee-whizz they must have had a pretty urgent call to be out in this!" All this was addressed to his dog who hearing the approach of sleigh bells had announced the same with a bark. Dick immediately sprang to the door and with ears and eyes strained tried to locate the possible visitor.

"No, it was merely a fancy, no one could be out in this surely?" But again the bells sounded and this time somewhat nearer. Making his way, with the lantern he always kept in readiness, he went out to try and attract the wayfarer and to help him if possible on his way. He noticed especially the terrific bite of the north-western wind upon which was being carried one of the worst blizzards he could remember. Vigorously he shook his lantern, but with a hopelessness that its feeble light could penetrate such a storm. The bells however again caught his ear and thus he redoubled his efforts. As he glanced to Vistune's shack he noticed its light entirely shut out, and immediately there came the thought of kindness concerning his little friend. By this time the sleigh was drawing nearer and somehow his signal had been seen.

"Hello there! Who are you eh? A pretty night to be out in old boy!"

All this was addressed to someone whom as yet he could not see, but which had none the less cordiality in the welcome which is characteristic of the Western people. One feels that it must be the fellowship of danger which makes such cordiality possible.

When the sleigh drew to a standstill, however, there jumped out a man who lived but a few farms off from Dick. Jim Owens had been up to Vistunes and had delayed his departure until he found himself almost storm-bound, and had thus missed his trail somewhat, in his attempt to make for home.

"Well, old man, you'd better put the team in for the night rather than chance it home in this," said Dick.

"No thanks, kid, I must hike it if I can," was the reply. "I've just been up

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to Sam's and say I am afraid it's all up with their kid," he announced. "They ought to have a doctor out, but of course that's out of the question to-night, for no one would go to town in such a storm. By George, if my team knew the way back I believe I'd chance it myself if the wife 'ud let me," he further commented.

For a moment Dick said nothing. Within him was being fought a battle in which the Angel and Demon were struggling for supremacy. "What did it concern him whether the kid died after Sam's treatment? After all it was a risk whether a fellow could get to town and whether a doctor would come out." Then came the sweet face of the laughing child and in its appeal it conquered once again the soul of a hard matter-of-fact man.

"Say Jimmy, if you'll go back to Sam's, I'll hitch up and go to town for a doctor!" was his startling reply.

"What Dick, you go to Weyburn after Sam's way with you the last month. Well you must be a bigger fool than I thought you were," was his comment. "Besides you'll never reach town in this and do you think Doc Rose will come out thirty miles without any likelihood of getting his pay? No sir, you bet he won't!"

"Well we'll see Jimmy! Will you try and do as I ask you and I'll have a shot at my part anyhow," was the reply to the incredulous remarks of his visitor.

"Sure boy, you bet I'll get to Sam's, if you are going to Weyburn, but say you've got some spunk left yet, and I wish you luck although I don't think it's any use," was Jimmie's reply, and he felt an admiration for his friend which was too deep for words.

Within a comparatively few minutes the horses were ready and the two men had parted on their respective errands, Owens to what he thought was a joyful one to Sam's, Dick to battle for thirty miles to Weyburn.

"Hello there Sam! Say old Dick Tempest has gone in to town for Doc Rose to come out to see your kid, and he sent me to let you know," was his announcement to Sam on his arrival.

"What? Dick gone to town tonight," was the astonished reply to his visitor. "Well I hope he don't get too drunk to return, that's all, and somehow I don't think I'll put myself about a great deal against his return."

If ever he had been near getting a thrashing, Vistun was near getting one at that moment, for Owens was enraged more than words can relate against

such beastly ingratitude. But Owens knew Dick too, and in fact the same misgiving had arisen in his own mind concerning this possible failure, and so he said nothing in reply, but with a disgusted crack at the team turned on his way home.

While this was going on Dick was plowing his way through the blizzard. All the rugs which he possessed had been piled into his sleigh and he soon found that even these were not enough to keep out the intense cold. The best team he had, was chosen and the driver knew the utmost that could be got out of them. They had often made ten miles an hour and they should do it tonight in order to land him by morning back again. Only those who have driven in the face of such a blizzard for a mile or two can realize just what such an experience means. The howling wind, which piloses even the furs and chills the very blood; the blinding snow, which shuts out all sight of the trail; the impenetrable darkness which makes every mile seem twice its real length; to understand such is to enter fully into the heroism of this comparatively simple act of kindness.

"Come on now boys. Get up lads. Let's see what we can do to save the kid now." So he urged the horses on and they with an instinctive reasoning seemed to understand what was expected of them.

"Am I on the trail, though? Yes!" the question rose once but that was all and by some strange power the horses kept the track and at every turn took the right one. If they had made a mistake the whole project would have been entirely off and possibly would have meant the death of the driver. So the struggle lasted mile after mile, hour after hour he fought that almost infernal storm. The cold began to freeze his hands so he must stop and rub them, now the long inactivity causes him to become drowsy and he had better get out and walk away. No, with a brave effort he fights on and he is rewarded after a three hours battle with the knowledge that he is near town. What that fight meant no one ever knew. As he arrived he thought the storm was lifting a little and it argued well for the return.

After having given orders concerning the care of the horses, Dick made his way out into town to find the Doctor and the quest of his journey. Going down the main street however to his office he was met by his arch-enemy and the power which was to attempt to ruin the whole action. There standing with its inviting signs and windows stood the saloon and within were a number of associates. The cold never made a sharper pierce than at that moment, and never had he felt thirst as he felt it now. "Yes he would go and get something hot for the journey back." But there was one person who knew that something hot meant that the child for whom he was making that sacrifice would never see the doctor if he succumbed. For five minutes he stood fighting the hellish thirst, now giving in, now withstanding until with a curse he turned away to find the doctor's office.

"Well I'm not so sure about going out in this storm. Don't you think the morning would do?"

"No, sir, you are needed to-night and if you'd come I'll see that you get double your fees," was Dick's reply to the doctor's query.

"Aha, young man don't be so free with the dollars for do you know that it costs \$70 to go out under those conditions?" was the doctor's kindly rejoinder.

"Well if it costs one hundred and seventy I'll see you're paid if you'll only just come out and save the kid," was the reply.

This won the doctor's heart and immediately bade him get ready. "All right boy, I'll be ready in a quarter of an hour."

Dr. Rose was one of the great army of men who never shirked duty, even when overwhelming danger comes with it. The question of fees was a minor one with him, and although those mentioned may seem exorbitant, when balanced by the losses and dangers endured they become almost paltry. When

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"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate.

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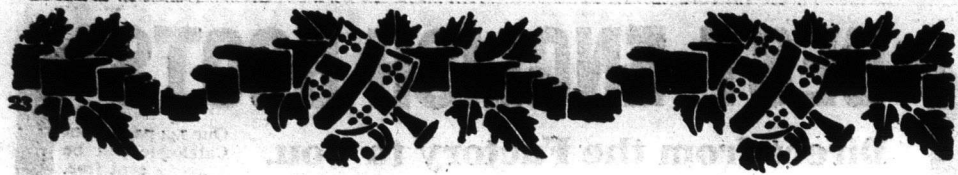
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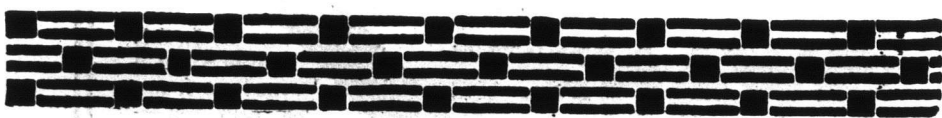
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the story of the North-west is written, the men who tend the sick should have a first place in the array of its heroes.

True to his word, Dick was ready almost within the specified time at the doctor's office, anxious to start back again through the storm to the bedside of his friend. The storm seemed to have abated somewhat however, and he felt determined to be back again by two o'clock. It was now just past eleven. It seemed almost cruelty to drive back thirty miles with so little rest for the team but a human life perhaps depended upon it and so it must be done at all costs.

The hopes regarding the abatement of the storm proved futile however for as soon as they were away from the shelter of the town they realized that it had seered around, so that they had to face it most of the return journey. They faced the problem, however as brave men, knowing that for three hours they were to battle with the elements, and mile after mile to fight their way back again. On—on they went, hardly speaking a word because they could not hear above the storm. On, Dick urged his horses, afraid every minute that one would drop from exhaustion, yet bravely did those splendid beasts plow through the snow making almost ten miles an hour.

"But after all would they be too late?"

"Could they possibly reach the shack in time?"

Such were the questions which urged through the mind of the driver as he won each step of that lone, cold, way. Once he wondered whether he was on the trail and the doctor even shouted the question, but he knew the horses would get home somehow so he just let them go into the blackness of the night. Other than this question no word passed for there seemed some power which made conversation impossible. Then after a couple of hours and a half Dick began to see familiar scenes on the road home. Here a light of some lone bachelor or family who were keeping in the fire for the night and were thus late in retiring as a result. Then came the last mile with all flood of anxiety. Never did a mile seem longer to any man as did that one to Tempest. At last it comes to an end and the battle has been won. With a shout of joy he drives into the familiar houseyard and hails the occupants.

With tears welling up in his eyes, Sam came out at the cry and although incredulous, welcomed in the doctor and his neighbor. He was, however, too late for the latter for Dick had already made his way in and almost as one insane he was kneeling beside his sick friend.

With almost breathless silence that little group listened with strained ears and eyes for the result of that fateful diagnosis. After all that fearful struggle, was it too late to save the kid?

"Well!" said the doctor at length with a saddened face, "I think we might be able to pull her through, although she is now very sick. She seems to be passing through a crisis and with very gentle care she may be through in a few hours."

What hours those were and what joy filled that shack when the danger was "Well Dick, thank you old boy!" were the only words Sam could utter through the welling tears. His wife who stood near, radiant with joy at the news, hardly spoke, but just looked her thanks at the man who had saved her child to her.

For some weeks later there hovered between life and death a man in the neighboring shack. The doctor made another trip out and brought with him a nurse who for those weeks tended with loving hands the hero. He had received, what almost proved his death-blow that night, in the effort to save the child, but the happiest day in his whole life was when she came and with prattling smile and footstep gave him the baby kiss.

Another discussion has taken place in the same shack as the one before. A clergyman was present and for his benefit Sam was telling the story for the hundredth time. "Somehow there seems a change in Dick these days for he never gets drunk now!" he commented at length.

To the visitor this was plain, for he had seen similar cases wherein by the act of kindness men's lives had been cultured and polished. To the people who look to the Northwest and who say there are those who live their lives of excess, the story of Dick Tempest emphasizes another point that the great West with its hardship, also polishes the roughest of diamonds.

Earnest Pleas for Spotless Town

"Do not drop the fruit you're eating.

Neighbor mine,

On the sidewalk, sewer, or grating,

Neighbor mine;

But lest you and I should quarrel,

Listen to my little moral,

Go and toss it in the barrel,

Neighbor mine.

"Look! Whene'er you drop a paper,

Neighbor mine,

In the wind it cuts a caper,

Neighbor mine;

Down the street it madly courses,

And should fill you with remorses,

When you see it scare the horses,

Neighbor mine.

"Paper cans were made for papers,

Neighbor mine,

Let's not have this fact escape us,

Neighbor mine;

And if you will lend a hand,

Soon our city dear shall stand

As the cleanest in the land,

Neighbor mine."

Irish Retort

A pompous physician who was inclined to criticize others was watching a stone-mason build a fence for his neighbor, and thought the mason was using too much mortar. He said,

"Jim, mortar covers up a good many mistakes, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the mason, "and so does the spade."—Sacred Heart Review.

Smiles

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Ready to eat with cream or good milk, and a sprinkling of sugar if you like.

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Springtime Adventures in the Gulf of Georgia

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.

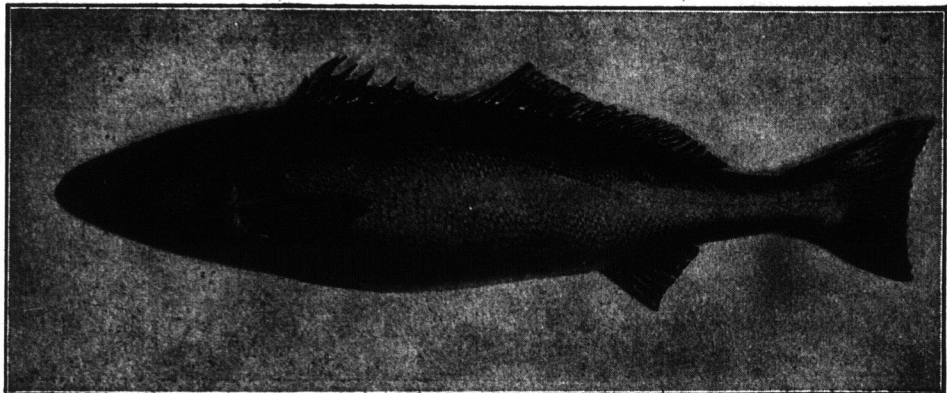
"I SAY! Look at that for a fish," ejaculated Fritz as we stood in front of the huge sea bass in the Victoria Museum; all about us were cases and jars containing some of the wonders of the Northern Pacific Ocean. "Why not take another cruise? It is April, the rains are over and we are used to the old Terror" (the lad's favorite name for our little unstable steam puffer the Terra Nova called you will remember by her distractors the "Turn Over.")

"Laddie, I have an unusual respect for my interior department and that old wabblar has none, still the storms are about over, let's get the crew together for a Gulf run." So we left the well regulated Museum and sought Watts the Engineer. He had fully half the engine grime worn off by this time and was almost a white man. He always carries his hat in his hand when speaking to the owner of the unruly craft, and I could hardly keep my face straight when I saw the lad tuck around behind him to take bearings of his neck. Fritz swears that neck is a chart and he can tell just what month it is by the smut on it. Our engineer's assistant was a halfbreed, one William Henry. The lad said it kept him



The Strawberry Starfish of the Pacific.

in a dear little bay, shallow enough to let us rest on the bottom when the tide was out and threaten to turn us completely over and fill us when it returned; but we straightened up before dawn—don't tell me there is not a "little angel that sits up aloft and looks after the cares of poor Jack" truly we needed a whole host of these good people. I think the anchor had got fouled in the smokestack or some such thing for Watts was blacker than Eberus when he emerged, but we finally puff, puff, puffed on our uncertain way and came to anchor off Starfish Bay.

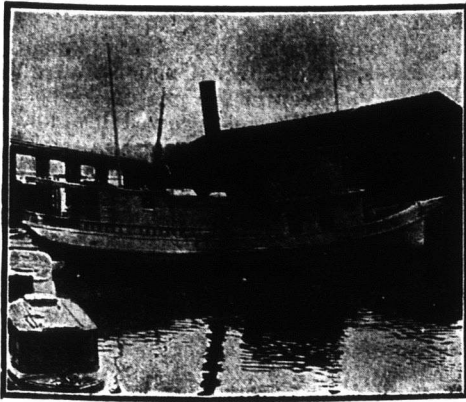


The Sea Bass of the Pacific Runs to 80 lbs. weight.

puffed up by calling him this and not just common fireman. He wore many sweaters and coats and Fritz declared he had "as many skins as an onion."

Next morning was bright and sunny with a bit of the early trade wind blowing. In the harbor of Victoria all was calm and sheltered.

"Didn't I tell you, Sir," laughed Fritz, "they would have a nice big swell all ready for us outside. Oh! golly here comes the Princess now we will get ours." Along came the huge passenger steamer, just slowing down for the entrance and we had to steer pretty close to her to avoid the rocks. Our little thirty footer rushed up her swell like a dog up a hill, took a good shake on the top and plunged down like a runaway whale. I must have a marine doctor examine the way this thing is



The "Terra Nova" otherwise the "Turn Over."

built, she acts everyway but the one you would expect. Now we entered the long, big, smooth roll of the Straits of Fuca and the Terror—I beg her pardon the Turn Over—No! I mean the Terra Nova ducked and dipped and rolled in a truly alarming manner.

We bobbed along in our insane manoeuvres until we reached the fishing grounds, just at nightfall. We anchored

We wanted to see these wonderfully colored star fish, so Fritz and I rowed ashore in the eight foot Dingy. Fritz swears this was made for a tribe of lilliputians, it is just big enough for a nice little bread trough or a maple syrup log. Anyhow we got to shore and searched the pebbly beach for these exquisite things—there were hundreds of them, more beautifully colored than the strawberries they were called after, about ten inches across, five short points and myriads of sucking feelers that acted like legs and feet. They were found with their prey beneath them, completely smothering it, their stomachs come right out and envelop the shellfish or other small objects they feed upon. The bright blue water, the clear white pebbles and these brilliant red stars made a wonderful combination.

We fitted ourselves gingerly into the dingy and paddled out as carefully to the steamer.

"Take care you don't upset her getting aboard," said Fritz.

"I'll be careful of the little dingy," I answered.

"No! I mean the Terror—say I—'s be a pirate crew—The Terror of the Seas—say she's got all the old Black Flags beaten 'cause she could dip under so nicely if we were chased." So I heard the lad mutter to himself as he lifted the very small ferry to the very small deck on which it watched and waited for us.

Now we were passing in behind Denman's Island and the water was nicely sheltered. We went closely by the reef where H.M.S. Flora one foggy morning, when the look-out mistook a gull sitting on the rocks for the buoy, on with a bump! bumpety! bump! A lady friend of mine was seated on her verandah that morning wondering when the fog would lift. She heard these crunching heavy bumps and, when the fog kindly lifted, it showed her a great British



27 Royal Appointment



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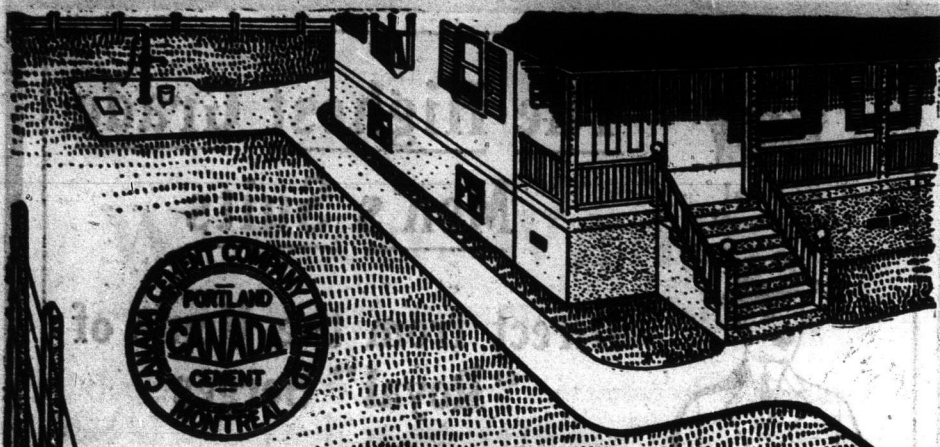
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war vessel right in front of her landing place. We fitted ourselves into the waiting marine error and paddled ashore—and years ago though this happened, fully a score of years ago, we found little bits of crushed up copper from the bottom of the great cruiser.

Now, after paddling back with extreme care—Fritz said the cooper might disarrange the balance of this weird craft, we puffed ahead and cast anchor off the three mile long sandspit, a most truly interesting place. The few fir trees, or helmlocks rather that grow upon it are tortured and wind twisted into strange shapes and, as if Nature could not wreck them fully, Man has stepped in, for the great guns of the cruisers were often trained upon targets along these sands and the branches of these few trees show the effect of the projectiles. We camped here several days. We found many Moon-fish, this is a shellfish about the size of a baseball, with three whirls or turns and it does one most remarkable thing.

"Look, I've found some gray felt hats," called the boy. I walked over and examined the find. Yes, they closely resembled the brims and part of the tops of the aforesaid hats but there was a gap left in every brim. When we squatted down and examined these big odd things we found they were composed of sand, all glued together with some mucous—here was the nest of the Moon-fish. This big shell fish can protrude its foot or mantle all out about its shell and gradually build up a thin wide nest, all so smooth and polished that it looks like fine felt. This makes a sheltered place for the eggs and the

the snare just above the sand, the birds, bill-seeking for sand worms put their heads in to noose. I did not know Fritz had made these. I was sitting studying a clam, the first I had ever seen. The sands had frozen and killed all the shellfish and the warm sun and spring



Fritz and the Dowitcher.

tides had uncovered them, and there they stood showing just how the colony of clams had lived and worked. I saw the lad creeping along the edge of the water, very cautiously and slowly, seizing my binoculars I saw that he was slowly driving a flock of phalarope ahead of him. By instinct I searched for the snare, it was too small to find at two hundred yards, foot by foot the creeping lad advanced, edging towards the sea if the birds were close to it,



Specimens of B.C. Sea Fish in Victoria Museum.

young for a time. Every time we saw one lying on the sand we always thought of it as a gray felt hat thrown carelessly there.

Now was the season of flowers along the coast, of all that bloom in that moist climate none are more beautiful than the wild cabbage, vulgarly known as the "skunk cabbage." Fritz had never seen this gorgeous, big, golden yellow flower so when we approached a swamp place where the spit met the shore of the island he leaped into a patch of black muck and seized the beautiful yellow lily growing there. I got the camera ready. "Has it any perfume laddie," I asked. He raised it to his nose, took one whiff. "Say! What's the matter with this flower anyhow?" he exclaimed. Of all the repulsive odors extant this takes the world's series. He heard the camera snap, saw me laughing and threw the great handsome bloom away. You can smell this foetid plant several hundred yards off when the air is moist and wind blowing your way.

The spring migration was on and the sands had many a multitudinous flight of shorebirds—plover and snipe, willet and curlew, turnstone and sandpiper in their hundreds and their thousands. The air was filled with their querulous cries. The lad, imitating the young natives made a snare. This was composed of three pieces of cedar about two inches thick and three feet long, set with matchlike posts three inches apart, on each of these was a fine brass wire noose (the Indian lads use the coarse black hairs out of their mothers' head). I was much surprised once on the west coast when a little brown eyed lad dashed into the native house where we were sitting and asked "Pot-latch hy-in yak-so" (give me plenty hair). These three sticks were buried in the sand near the water's edge, making an open square, with the tops of the posts and

working up the slight rise of the shore if they were feeding inland. Ahead of them walked a solitary Dowitcher, the little plover drove like a flock of sheep and the big awkward "snipe" did likewise. Finally I saw Fritz pause and watch steadily, then he half rose to his knees, fell back as the birds halted, sat up, jumped up and ran like wild to undo the harm his inquisitiveness had led him into—for the Dowitcher was on its back giving a very good imitation of a bird chocking to death. I saw a spout of sand as the lad darted in, a hurried lifting and quick working of his hands and he came running to me to picture his first—and as I told him—his last noosed bird.

Po' li' Ram

A ram, famous in a West Virginia village for its propensity to butt, was enraged one morning, says the Philadelphia Press, to discover Uncle Billy, an aged dorky, asleep in the pasture. Uncle Billy sat with his head bowed low and his bald spot shining in the sun. The ram eyed it from a distance. Uncle Billy nodded, and the bald top of his head bade defiance.

The ram stood up and waved a challenge with its horns. Uncle Billy nodded in acceptance. With a sharp "Ba-a-a-a!" the ram charged and launched itself like a catapult at the offending pate.

A little later it picked itself up from the ground and wandered away to the farthest side of the pasture to ruminate over the collision. Uncle Billy looked up drowsily.

"Po' li' ram!" he murmured. "He done wandered fom de fold and foun' sorrow and tribulation!"

A Scotch accent is almost as good as a testimonial.

A Strange Warfare

In which Cattle are both Victors and Vanquished

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. David H. Williams

COTTONWOOD farm, where dwelt the Camerons, formed one of the numerous homesteads, situated in south-eastern Alberta in the waning days of cattle ranching.

Four or five years previous, vast herds of cattle, numbering many thousands, with their attendants, the cow-boys, roamed over the great prairies, or among the foothills of the Rockies further west. No smoke from a settler's shack curled upwards, nor were there extensive ranges obstructed by fences, or other indications of the immigration that was soon to invade their solitude. As the buffalo period passed, so was rapidly drawing to a close the era of ranching on the boundless plains of Western Canada. Land-seekers from the East, and across the border to the South, trekked over their territory; viewed with favor the rich soil, flowing streams, and liked well the sunny Alberta climate. They took up homesteads, pitched their tents, built

from the farmers, but poisoned their dogs, broke down their fences, left open their gates, and by many petty annoyances told the newcomers they were unwelcome. They ridiculed the idea of grain-growing in that vicinity. The soil was not suitable. Crops would be frozen before the grain ripened, or cut down by hail. If they escaped these calamities, they would probably be burnt by the fierce sun in a dry season.

To this list of woes the tillers of the soil paid little heed, though the ranchers' predictions were verified. The first year's crop was destroyed by hail; the second by an early frost and snowstorm. The following year the scorching sun burnt them into mere stubble before the dog days of August. The ranchers were jubilant, and expected the settlers to abandon their visionary schemes of grain growing.

The farmers, discouraged and financially poorer than when they came to



Camping by the River Bank near Winnipeg.

their shack, and settled by the side of a small river known as Cottonwood Creek; the name being derived from a bluff of Cottonwood maples fringing its banks. Others followed their footsteps. Little by little they encroached upon the prairie, bit by bit was wrested from the wilderness, the days of its virginity gone forever. The homesteads were fenced with wire, trails made, and in course of time the air vibrated with a new song, the whir of machinery. East of the creek was left in its wild unbroken state.

The Cameron family consisted of the father, a man of sixty years; one daughter, a fine looking girl of twenty; two grown up sons and a boy just entering his teens. They had received what in those days was called a fair education. Capable described Stella and the sons were fine strapping fellows; the right kind of settlers to form the foundation and backbone of a new country.

Unfortunately, and unknown to them, their choice of location was one that was particularly favored by the ranchers and their cattle. The banks of the stream here sloped gradually to the water's edge. Always flowing, in the driest of summers, the cattle found their way hither, over trails the buffalo had made in a by-gone age. Nearby, the cowboys had erected their largest round-up corral. The creek was also a convenient stopping place on their way to town, twenty or thirty miles distant. Their wrath was great on finding this district invaded. They could no longer dash to town over unobstructed prairie, and their cattle were scared away from the best watering place in the country by the farmer's dogs and unfamiliar sights and sounds. They accepted no friendly overtures

Alberta, were determined to test fate, or Providence, another season. No homestead was vacated.

The fourth year—ah! that glorious fourth year—repaid the unrequited toil of former seasons. The weather, upon which the crops depend, was perfect. Early rain, long sunny days, balmy atmosphere, with no suspicion of frost. They rejoiced in their labors and waving fields of grain. A thrill of excitement permeated the settlement, men, women and children, when the first golden tinge appeared. While they rejoiced and prepared for harvesting, far out on the open plains, revelling in luxuriant grass, wandered the ever restless cattle, needing little care. To the cowboys the fast ripening grain and prospects for a bountiful harvest, was a source of consternation, but they were divided in their hostility. With some the fleeting years had partially obliterated jealousy and enmity. To them the farmers were not such a bad lot, the prairie was wide enough for both, immigration was sure to come, it was in vain to stop it, besides, there were "enticing Dillahs in the camp of the Philistines" who were not averse to bestowing smiles and friendly greetings to them as they passed on their way to town, or took their cattle to the creek. Others, and by far the larger number, argued differently. The farmers must not be allowed to reap their harvest. Already the outside world was commenting on the success attending the grain growing. Next spring the country would be flooded with settlers, and ranching be put clean out of business. They would not leave their territory, the cattle knew every slough in the vicinity, the large rocks worn smooth by the rubbing of countless buffalo. They needed no guiding to the fattest, richest grass and flowing



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CORN FLAKES

Every Morning

streams. No! here they would remain as long as possible, the farming outfit must go.

The grain growers, working and waiting in fancied security, gave little heed to ranchers and cattle. They had not seen either for days. Since the grain matured, the cowboys had taken the cattle further down stream; they had been more friendly of late, and had visited their shacks earlier in the season. Bert McDougall, the noted broncho rider, had been a frequent visitor at the Cameron homestead, the dark-eyed Stella being the supposed attraction. She had ridden with him to the Fair in town. Oft scanning the horizon for signs of approaching storms, all unconscious of one brewing for their ruin midst prairie roses and summer sunshine, they gloated over their treasure, the golden grain.

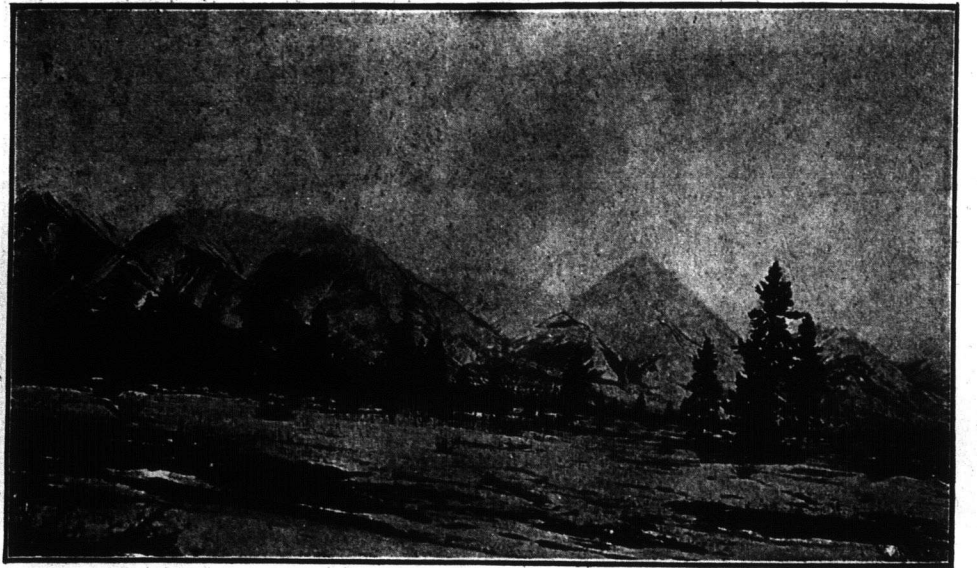
One moonless night, when the crops were about ready for cutting, something dreadful happened. Awakened at night by the now familiar sound, the thud, thud, thud of many cattle, they rushed out to find their fences down and homesteads invaded by the largest herd they had ever seen. From both sides of the creek they came, at head-long speed, a stampede, tearing through the settlement as though mad with fear. Not a rancher, not a cowboy was to be seen. What were wire fencing, shouting men, lighted torches, and firing of guns to stampeding cattle? Onward they rushed, caring for naught, the bewildered and

The winter following the stampede was unusually severe. Storm succeeded storm; snow fell to unprecedented depths, blown into high drifts by blizzards which swept o'er the plains with relentless fury.

The settlement, illy prepared for this state of affairs, suffered keenly; and the ranchers, in trying to preserve and protect their cattle, had many adventures and narrow escapes from death by exposure. Day by day the animals became thinner, weaker and less able to find food for themselves.

In February the ranchers appealed to the farmers. "Would they sell their straw stacks to save their starving cattle?" One or two responded, and sold their stacks at fabulous prices; but the majority, controlled by the younger element, utterly refused to comply with the request.

Another period of snow, blizzard and zero weather sent a second deputation which fared worse than the first, no straw could they get. The farmers were obdurate to a man. A chinook came to their relief. The ranchers hailed the balmy wind and almost summer-like temperature with hilarious delight. In a few hours there was running water, bare grass and feed in plenty, the cattle were saved. Their joy was of short duration, another twenty-four hours saw the prairies wrapped in a sheet of ice and frozen snow, through which the animals in their weak state



The first really high peaks in the Rockies going west on the new C.N.R. transcontinental.

enraged farmers saw their treasured grain a trampled mass, more utterly ruined than in previous years. Only a few escaped. To them the little settlement owed its existence in the succeeding months. An investigation followed, at which both farmers and ranchers attended, but nothing came of it. Something had frightened the cattle which caused the stampede—there was nothing uncommon in that. They had made for the old fort at the creek regardless of homesteads. They regretted the incident of course, but could not be responsible for stampeding cattle—thus testified the ranchers. No one told of the camp-fire conclaves, or the rounding up of the vast herd. The ruined farmers, wrathful and unsatisfied, appealed, through the press, for protection. In town they had their sympathizers, so had the ranchers.

Their legislative representative assured each, also through the press, the matter should receive his most careful consideration, and there it ended. Henceforth there were no dealings between farmers and ranchers. The former were seen no more at the round-ups, nor did the riders of the plains receive glances from bright eyes, or merry words of greeting. Bert McDougall tried in vain to re-establish friendly relations between himself and the Camerons. The boys avoided him, and Stella met him with flashing and scornful eyes.

If the settlers prayed for vengeance they had reason to think their petition granted. Before many moons came their great opportunity to "do good to them who spitefully use you," or get even. During the winter season the cattle remained out on the open prairie, no feed being stacked. They foraged for themselves, scraping the rich bunch grass from under the soft, not overly deep, snow, seeking the coulees in inclement weather and welcoming the chinooks occurring at frequent intervals, when the snow would altogether disappear, till the next downfall.

could not break. Many perished, the plains were strewn with carcasses and the blizzards re-appeared with unabated force. Again the settlement was besieged and, in spite of bribes and threats, met with a flat refusal. The older farmers, led by Mr. Cameron, would have sold; the cattle were suffering and they needed the money. The women folks had been won over long since, the moaning and starving cattle had pleaded their own cause. The dejected cowboys, riding their lean and spirited ponies, were objects of pity. Stella, from her little kitchen window, watched the finely marked pinto, bearing the once dashing broncho rider, slowly over the plains on his way to town, or back to their shacks and cattle.

"It is a shame, an unholy conspiracy," she cried, her dark eyes flashing ominously. "We don't need the stacks and we do need the money. How can you hear the poor brutes and withhold what will keep life in them?"

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," her brother replied. "It must be a fight to the finish; the prairie is wide, but not large enough for us both. If the ranchers win out, then we must pull up stakes and go." This view was general throughout the settlement. Bob Cameron, Stella's youngest and favorite brother, did not share this opinion. He had a great admiration for ranchers, cowboys and cattle. Ranching was more to his liking than farming. "Some day," he thought, "he would roam the prairies with his herd. Pity the stampede had occurred to spoil the affair between Stella and that broncho rider, he might have been useful to further his ranching ambitions."

At the close of a cold day, Stella, returning from chicken feeding, noticed a solitary rancher loping along the icy trail, looking neither to the right or left, nor slackening speed till the ice-bound ford was reached. Dropping her feed can in amazement, she perceived her one-

time wooper, Bert McDougall, waving for her to stop, as she was about to flee to the shack. Not since the stampede had they exchanged greetings. Outwardly calm, but inwardly wondering, she awaited his approach. Ranchers and pioneers, soft meeting emergencies and perils, learn self-control. Consequently there were no tender or harsh words exchanged. Leaning against his tired and sweating pinto, the rancher spoke earnestly and quietly.

"Miss Cameron! Stella! I am fortunate in seeing you. I have ridden far, secretly and alone, to warn you, and through you, the settlement. The straw stacks that we have tried in vain to buy for our starving cattle are to be raided tonight. It is a case of necessity."

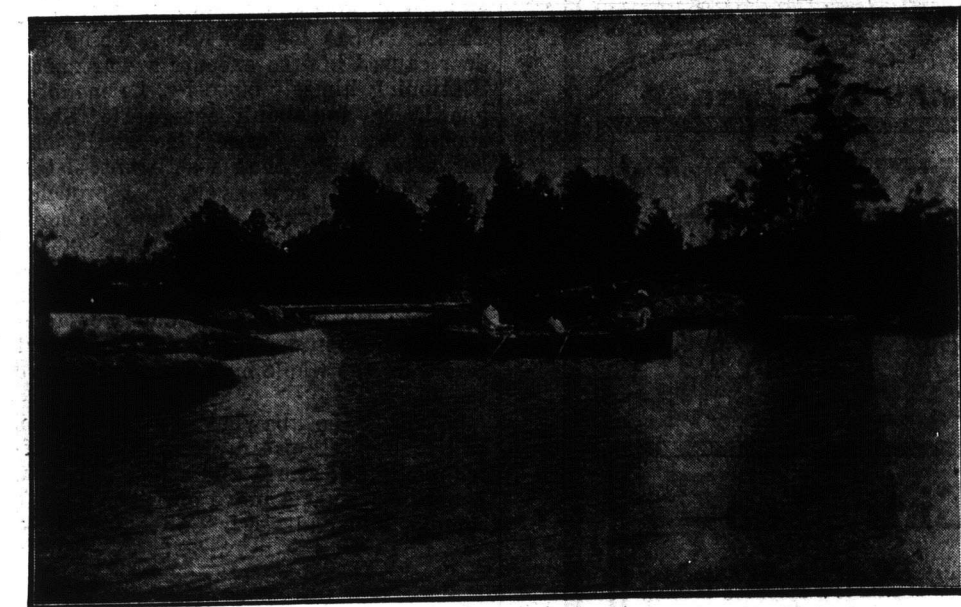
Seeing her face flush, and the indignant glance of her dark eyes.

"Will the trouble never end," she cried passionately. "Is this guerrilla warfare to go on indefinitely? Are you ranchers quite determined to drive us out? And —"

"Not so," he interrupted eagerly. "We are not so bad as you have cause to think. We must have feed for our cattle. Most of us are tired of the feud. You may expect a delegation to-morrow when we will try to make amends, but to-night the raid will take place." This was spoken in a very decided tone, then, in a changed voice, he continued: "No one must know I have betrayed the boys, we are leal and true to each other, but woe be to the 'unfaithful,' Stella!"

fiance of the fires. What cared starving cattle for barbed wire or burning stacks? Of what avail were shots from infuriated farmers? Goaded by their drivers, they rushed into the homesteads from north, south, east and west completely encircling the settlement. Bellowing, moaning, crowding, trampling the weaker to earth, rushing over the fallen, they bore down all before them, making for the stacks burned and unburned, often buried by those they pulled down upon themselves. Until the stacks were either burnt or demolished, the ranchers had no control over the maddened creatures they had driven into the once peaceful settlement. In spite of their efforts and those of the farmers, more than one shack was burnt and other damage done. It was a night of terror to Stella and the women shut in the shacks with doors and windows, barricaded. The din outside in every homestead was appalling. Bob was Stella's only companion; occasionally she heard the voice of her father or brothers as they galloped to and fro, and once Bert's call to her father concerning her safety. She knew that their little home was guarded and took comfort from the knowledge that their stacks were feeding the cattle untouched by fire.

At the dawn of day that heralded a wild March morning, with some difficulty the cattle were rounded up and slowly driven across the creek, leaving many dead animals in every homestead and a despoiled settlement. Weary and dis-



Boating on the Lake.

There is a wonderful softness in his voice now, "I have done this for you, will you be true to me?" She had been stroking the pinto, seemingly absorbed, she gazed into the wan but rugged features of the man by her side, how proud she was of him now. A telegraphic signal flashed from eyes to eyes, from soul to soul. Who shall say when, or by whom wireless telegraphy was invented? When soul speaks to soul, by a flash of the eye, when no speech is needed to carry the message. Ah! wireless telegraphy is as old as Adam. Her glance was sufficient, the man was satisfied. With a clasp of hands he remounted and was soon speeding across the prairie, while the girl returned thoughtfully to the shack.

Cottonwood Creek had witnessed many scenes of a dramatic nature when Indians roamed at will, tenting on its banks, chasing buffalo, or waylaying caravans as they trekked westward, but never in its history had such a unique battle been waged as that which occurred on that eventful night when ranchers, cowboys, farmers and cattle were mixed in a great melee. The enraged and insulted farmers cared not how or by whom the warning came. They believed the ranchers capable of everything bad; they would meet them on their own ground and give them a warm reception. Fencing was taken down, cattle corralled, stacks encircled with barbed wire, and everything barricaded as far as possible. When dusk deepened into night, a pyramid of fire towered upward, a silent signal which was followed by others till the prairie west of the creek was illuminated by countless huge bon fires, and the air infused by the odor of burning straw. Out on the plains, gradually drawing nearer, a vast herd of cattle snuffed the air frantically, and cowboys muttered curses and threats, realizing the signi-

pirited, the farmers viewed the desolation, and later in the day assembled at the Cameron shack to decide upon their future course. Rage and anger reigned supreme. None heeded the chinook wind, fast disappearing snow, and balmy atmosphere. Outside all was dirty, down-trodden and ruined. In the little kitchen Stella prepared coffee, frequently going to the window, which commanded a fine view of the wide reaching plains. Smilingly she gazed; she had confided in no one as to whom or what she expected. She scarcely knew herself, but she smiled, and, woman-like, trusted. She listened to the conversation within and a frown gathered on her brow. "We'll not try it again," her brother Fred spoke; "we need not expect any redress nor mercy from the ranchers. They have won out; let them keep the prairie. We will go further west." In this the younger men concurred without a dissenting voice; but even now the older farmers would remain. They had ventured and dared much; they would wait for their patents, and then would sell.

Coffee served, the men strolled out one by one, ill-satisfied and gloomy. Someone spied a moving object away across the prairie; another, and yet another. What were they? Men or cattle? Horses! was the general verdict. No! Ranchers! Ranchers! They are returning. Now there is wild excitement, almost equalling the Indians when surprised by a war party. All the guns at Cottonwood farm were taken from their straps on the log walls; farmers rushed to their homesteads to protect them from — they knew not what — but the majority remained and awaited the coming of what appeared to be a long line of mounted cowboys, loping along the trail. No cattle in sight, and Stella, a glad light in her eyes, watched from her

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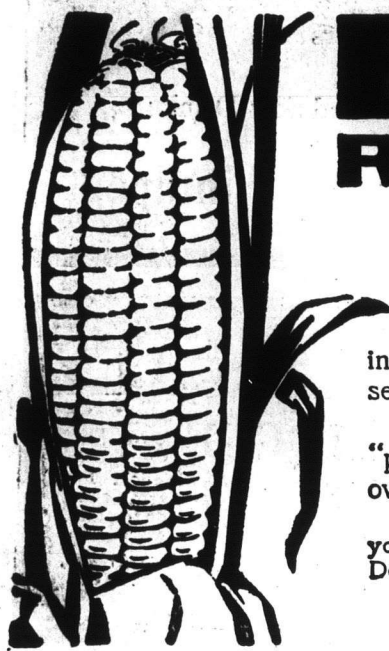
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Seed Merchants, McGill Street, Montreal.



the creek, now flowing water, they made straight for the Cameron homestead, their laughter and merry voices sounding strangely to the waiting and overstrained men. Forming a semi-circle, each rancher dismounted and stood beside his horse, while Dick Walters, the oldest rancher among them, strode toward the grain-growers, and, cap in hand, saluted farmer Cameron, the only gray-haired man present.

"Mr. Cameron and gentlemen," he began politely, "we—the ranchers—have left our cattle to wander at will while we come to you first to ask pardon for past offences. Not being ranchers, you cannot be expected to enter into feelings that prompted those offences, but be assured it was no personal spite. The events of the past winter have taught us it is wiser to 'live and let live.' We do not wish the settlement to be abandoned. We stand ready, both with service and cash, to repair the damage we and our cattle have caused and hope this summer will see again golden fields of grain in the settlement at Cottonwood Creek, when none will rejoice more than the cowboys of the plains." Extending his hand to farmer Cameron, his further words the fervent, "The Lord be thanked," from the delighted grain-growers were drowned in a deafening cheer from ranchers and farmers, while the guns, which the cowboys pretended not to see, were sneaked out of sight. Bob, not waiting for the handshaking which followed, dashed to the kitchen to give a whispered message from his father to Stella. What he saw on reaching the door caused him to execute a war dance. Stationing himself close by, he mounted guard. No one should enter. No! Stella should have her chance. He would jolly her afterwards; that was what sisters were for, but now—well, that bronch-rider was the right kind. His horse could do more tricks than any other on the range. It would be great fun being a cowboy with Bert McDougall for a brother. He wondered if dad would let him go this summer. If so, he—Golly! ere were the whole bunch coming toward the shack.

"Stella," he bawled to two who, oblivious of all else, were making up after months of storm and stress. "Stella, you'd better get a move on. The outfit's coming, and dad says, 'Coffee for all!'"

Not a Hearty Dish

A lively imagination is a source of great fun to many men. Unlike women, they have a faculty for "pretending" things which rivals that of children. Not long ago, in a Chicago restaurant, a man called the waiter and asked him what kind of fish he had on hand. The Cleveland Leader tells the story.

"Oh," said the waiter, "all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, graylings, sea-bass, weakfish, perch—"

"Pshaw!" cried the customer. "I'm tired of those common fishes. Haven't you got some new kind of fish—something I never ate before?"

"Well," said the waiter, promptly, "the whiffletits are very fine to-day."

"Whiffletits? What is a whiffletit?"

The waiter looked disgusted.

"Don't you know what a whiffletit is? Common enough here. You see, the whiffletit lives in—er—in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an auger and bore a hole in the water and put a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it swells him out so that he can't get back down the hole. Then—"

"Well," said the customer, breathlessly, "what then?"

"Why," said the waiter, "you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Want some?"

"Yes," said the customer, "half a dozen. And you might bring me some bluefish, also. Whiffletits aren't very filling, you know."

The full dinner pail follows the full grain car.

B. C. Jurors on Six Months Duty

By W. P. Luce.



One hundred and twenty jurors—the group here shown—were released from service on March 26, at New Westminster, B.C., where they had been on duty for almost six months at the longest and most expensive assize ever held in Canada. This assize was occupied almost exclusively with the hearing of 140 cases arising out of the labor troubles at the coal mines of Vancouver Island last August, when demonstrations took place at Nanaimo, Cumberland and Extension. The more serious troubles were at Extension, where several houses were burned down and the strikebreakers occupying them compelled to flee to the bush for shelter. Three hundred witnesses were examined during the long assize, some of

them telling the same story scores of times. At first the trial of a prisoner occupied several days, but towards the close the witnesses had become so expert that occasionally two cases could be disposed of in one day.

During the third week in March the committee having charge of the defence of the accused miners came to the conclusion that it was useless trying to avert convictions, as prisoner after prisoner was being convicted with distressing regularity. So a compromise was arranged with the crown prosecutor, and in one day forty-four miners came forward and pleaded guilty to being members of an unlawful assembly, a comparatively venial offense. The court

accepted his plea and agreed to drop the charges of rioting in order to hurry the close of the special assize.

Two days later sixty-three miners stood before the judge for sentence. Most of these he allowed to go on suspended sentence, on their promising to abstain from all disturbances in future. A few others he sentenced to six months in jail, some others to twelve months, and one, Joe Angelo, a notorious Italian agitator, to four years in the penitentiary.

The assizes cost the country the huge sum of \$150,000, an average of \$1200 a day for every day court was held. This sum does not include the fees paid the lawyers, which were very large.

When Faint Heart Won

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Myrtle Levine

THE big car stopped in front of a fashionable residence, and a young man dressed in light grey jumped lightly out and in a careless, easy manner approached the house. A tender light shone in his eyes as the slight figure of a young girl of probably eighteen summers sprang down the steps and bounded across the lawn to meet him.

"What made you so late, Reg? I've waited almost an hour for you. Do you have to go to that stupid old office again to-day, or are you home to stay? We have an invitation to the garden party at Overton's this evening. Will you take me?" she asked, all in one breath, as she slipped her hand into his.

"Whew, I guess I'm in for it now," exclaimed Reginald, as he tweaked a stray curl. "I say, how you do shoot questions at a fellow, to be sure. I am late all right; couldn't help it though, as dad went out of town this morning. I am off duty now though, so what shall I do for you? Shall I walk, talk, sing, play, dance, do all at once, or do nothing at all? I'm an admirable success at doing nothing. Sweet lady, command your humble servant," and he swept her a low bow.

"Then, Sir Reginald, take me to the party," she commanded.

"Why, garden parties are extremely stupid, I think," said he, "uninteresting speeches and bad music usually constituting the programme. I'd much sooner play tennis at home, and—"

The shadow of disappointment that flitted across her face caused him to drop his bantering tone and ask hastily, "Are you really anxious to go to this garden party, Ruth? If so, why we go."

A faint flush crept into her face as she said hesitatingly, "I think you will wish to go when you hear that the Chatterton's are back once more to their city home. Helen will be there," she added significantly.

Reginald threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Two words for yourself and one for me, eh? Dick Chatterton will be there also you think. I noticed he was growing rather attentive before he went away. I shall have to talk to him, I fear. Well, for dear old Dick's sake we go to-night."

He scarcely knew he leaned slightly towards the girl and scanned her face searchingly as she protested, "Nonsense Reginald. Don't tease. I really do want to see Helen almost as much as you do."

"Indeed. You must be quite anxious then," smiled Reg as he entered the hall and passed on up the stair to his room.

For some reason Reginald Browning did not play tennis well that afternoon, much to Ruth's disgust.

That evening they arrived late at the Overton Grounds. Almost immediately Ruth spied Helen and ran to her. Reginald followed, and after shaking hands and talking for some minutes with Helen he asked, "Did Dick come with you this evening, Helen?"

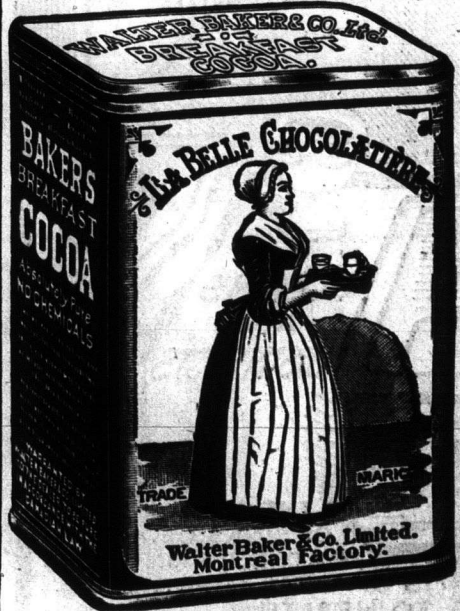
"Oh yes. He is somewhere on the grounds, Reg, and is no doubt looking for you."

"Then, if you ladies will excuse me, I will look for him," and raising his hat he turned away, leaving the two girls to chatter over the events of their long separation.

"Had you a good trip, Helen?" asked Ruth as they seated themselves on a near-by bench.

"A perfectly splendid trip, Ruth. The weather was ideal for travelling, and mother's health was exceptionally good all the time we were gone, I got a trifle lonely sometimes, though, and would have been glad to have had you along with me. I was sorry I had not coaxed mother to persuade Mr. Browning to allow you to accompany us. So was Dick. When he saw or visited a particularly beautiful spot he would say, 'Couldn't Ruth paint this scenery beautifully, and wouldn't she enjoy herself immensely if she were only here?'"

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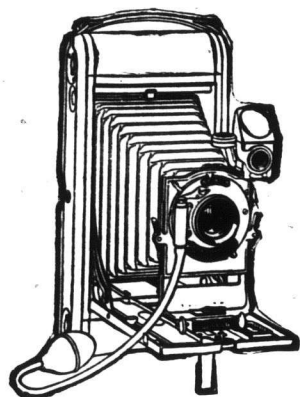
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"Glad to see you back again, old man. Evidently your trip agreed with you, as you're looking fine," said Reg.

Dick laughed delightedly. "I am in pretty good shape. How's everyone around town? Did you bring Ruth along with you?"

Reginald nodded. "I left her with Helen while I looked you up."

"Lead the way and I'll follow, old man," exclaimed Dick with great alacrity. "You've already seen Helen, then. She looks pretty good too, does she not? She wished a hundred times that Ruth had been with us to Europe, and so did I."

For the next hour he and Helen toured the grounds together, stopping occasionally to exchange a few words with some of Helen's friends. But Reg was strangely silent, listening to Helen, but answering her in monosyllables only. For the first time in their life-long friendship he was in trouble and did not confide in Helen. And she knew it. But she talked bravely on and, when he finally took leave of her at her own door, she merely said, "Good night Reg. When will you be over?"

"Possibly to-morrow afternoon or evening, Helen. Goodnight," he answered, and passed out into the night.

When alone once more he stood with his hat in his hand, and sweeping back a mass of hair from his forehead he looked earnestly at the stars. "Tell me," he whispered, "why should I care so much? He is the best friend I have except dad, and he is in every way worthy of her. He loves her too, and he will speak to-night, I saw it in his face. He will speak to her to-night," he repeated slowly, and groaned aloud in the night.

As he neared his home he saw a light in the den. "Dear old dad is home and waiting for me," he thought.

He absently opened the door and stepped inside the hall.

"That you, Reg?" called his father.

"Yes."

"Come up here and have a smoke with me."

"All right," he returned in a disheartened manner.

"Where's Ruth?" asked Mr. Browning, as Reginald entered the room.

"Coming. With Dick."

"Are the Chatterton's back again?"

"Yes. They came yesterday."

They puffed away in silence for a few minutes. Mr. Browning's eyes were half shut, but they were sufficiently opened for him to note Reginald's haggard face, and it's misery touched his kindly old heart. He was a shrewd man.

"Reg."

"Yes, father."

"I am tired to death to-night. I'm getting too old to do so much knocking about. Since Bob Carson, my old college chum died twelve years ago, leaving me the guardian of his motherless little Ruth, I have grown to love the child as though she were my own, and I have set my heart on seeing you two marry. I want you to do so at once and I am going to sign the business over to you, my boy. You've not enough to do to keep you busy, and I need the rest. All I ask is that when you and Ruth settle down in your own home that neither of you will forget your old dad."

Reginald stared hard at his father, too surprised for the moment to utter a word. Then suddenly the realization of the miserable truth burst upon him and he dropped his head in his hands. Before him rose the picture of a girlish form, whose head was crowned with undisciplined curls. He saw a pair of bright blue eyes that had looked trustingly into his own thousands of times. He almost felt the touch of a soft hand nestling in his own. But that form would never grace his home. That small head would never snuggle against his shoulder. That head belonged to Dick.

Suddenly Reginald Browning squared his shoulders, held his head up and looked his father in the face.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you dad, and if I could help it I wouldn't. But Ruth loves Dick, and nothing must cross her happiness; she must marry him and never know how we feel about things."

Mr. Browning jumped to his feet.

"Who said she loved Dick? Did she?"

"No."

"Who in thunder did, then?"

"No one."

"Humph" grunted the old gentleman under his breath, "some folks who ought to have sense are fools after all."

There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he viciously poked the fire in the grate. His heart was sore for the boy.

"I hear the child coming now. I think. Better trot down and let her in, boy," he said in a wonderfully gentle tone.

As Reginald reached the door he heard the firm manly tread of receding steps, and he felt glad that Dick was happy. He resolutely put aside his own grief and framed a message of congratulation for Ruth. He softly opened the door, then stood in amazement at the sight of a small figure swaying to and fro and sobbing. Instinctively Reginald laid his hand on her shoulder, and his voice expressed much concern as he exclaimed, "Ruth. What has happened? Have you two quarrelled?"

"Oh, no. We have not quarrelled."

"Tell me about it Ruth," he said softly. "You surely have not sent Dick away."

During the silence that followed the ticking of Reginald's watch was distinctly audible.

With downcast eyes Ruth replied, "I had to, Reg, though it made me sad."

"Why, Ruth?"

No answer. A flush slowly dyed her cheeks, and she did not raise her head.

A great wave of hope surged into his heart, and made him tremble. Gently he took her face between his hands and raised it that he might look into her eyes.

"Why, Ruth?" he repeated as he scanned her face.

But she only dropped her eyes, while the flush on her face deepened. Reginald made a sudden movement.

"Oh God," he breathed as he caught her and carried her swiftly upstairs to his father.

"Dad," he called buoyantly, "do you think you could manage the business a few months more, while Ruth and I go on our honeymoon?"

Substitutes for Wit

Chinese school-teachers do not strengthen the brains of children with algebra and calculus, but stuff them with Confucian morals, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. He further declares that in China he found no wit or imagination, but tells the following incidents, which prove that the Chinaman has good unconscious substitutes for one or the other:

One day in Shanghai, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said, "John, do you have good doctors in China?"

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world."

"Eudon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with a doctor's signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Eudon good doctor!" he exclaimed.

"He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"You don't say so!" I said. "How was it?"

"Me velly sick," he said, confidentially. "Me callee Doctor Han Kou. Givee some medicine. Get velly, velly sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimeby call Doctor Eudon. He no got time, no come. He savee my life!"

In Chefoo my wife engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked his name. Shaking hands with himself and smiling, he said, "My namee Yong Hang Ho."

"Oh, that's too long!" said my wife.

"I can't remember all that. I call you John."

"All right, he said, smiling. "What your namee?"


"My name," said my wife, slowly, "is Mrs. Melville D. Landon."

"Hi!" cried John. "Too long namee! Can't remember all lot. Callee you Charley."

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The Sunset

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Frank Steele

It was in the early fall of nineteen hundred and seven when Phyllis Cartwright, special correspondent of a leading Toronto daily, halted her horse before the front gate of old Charley Crockett's place. She had selected Old Crockett's home as a possible abode for the night, not from any atmosphere of comfort or refinement that it possessed, but rather because it was harshly barren of these qualities. Undoubtedly, it was her keen journalistic eye that did it, for her editor had entrusted her with an important assignment—the investigation of social conditions in the Great West. And the special correspondent knew that it was on just such farms as these that she would find her best material.

lot like her, too. He imagines he's somebody, and wants to know why he can't go to school. It was that Sally Perkins, a silly school marm from Ontario, that put the stuff into his head. He says he wants to be a painter, and when I gave him a dollar to spend at the Dominion Day celebration at Prairie View, the lussy sent to Winnipeg for a box of paints."

"Poor fellow," cried Miss Cartwright, seating herself beside the blustering farmer.

"Poor fellow! Rats! He's a darned fool. That was a year ago, and he has never done a good day's work since. What does he need education for, anyway? He gets enough sense from me to whip any

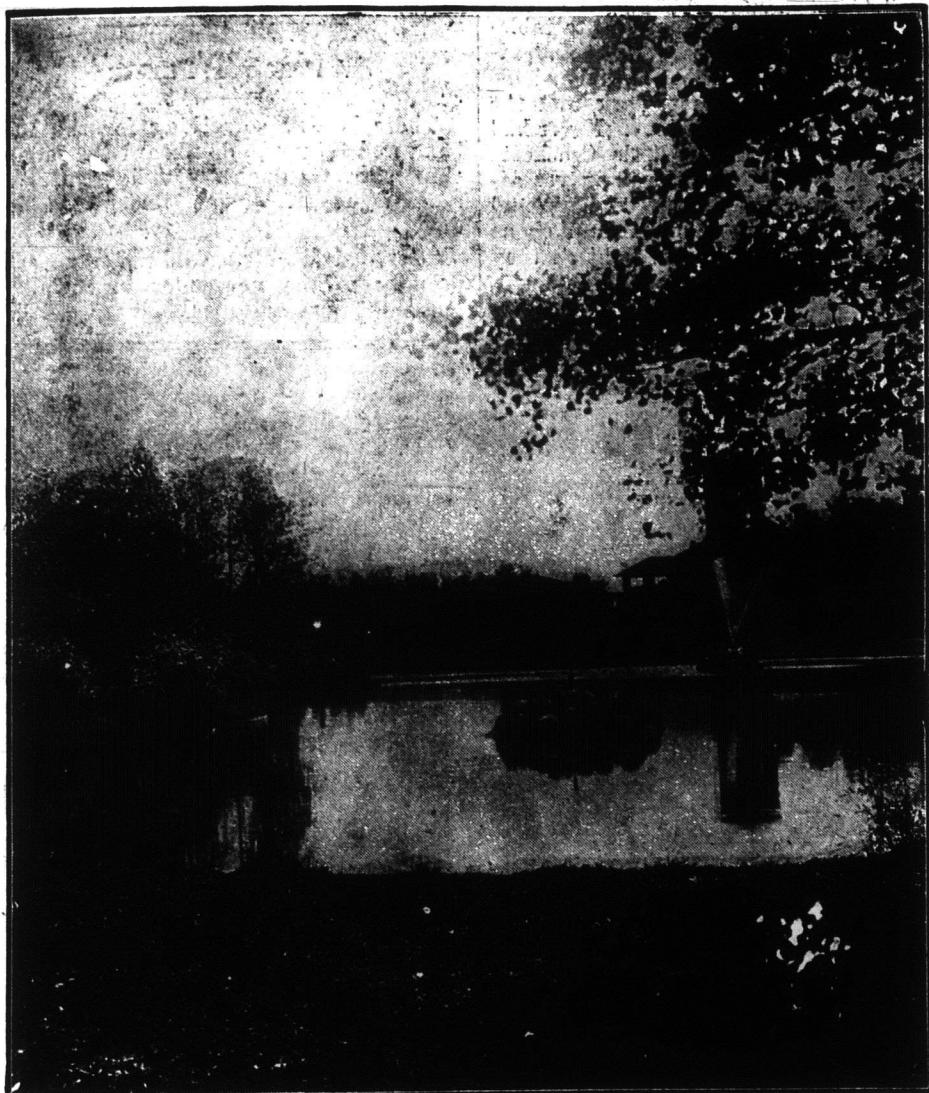
or your preachers. I wasn't in Toronto four hours and a half three years ago for nothin' I saw a few things. Look here, miss, I guess you want me to buy one of your farm papers written by some city fool who knows as much about farming as that yellow cur knows about his forefathers."

"But you are mistaken. I am not solicitating subscribers to any newspaper. I only want you to allow me to—"

"Show you this wonderful book. I can see, you're as slick as the rest of 'em. I am surprised that a handsome young

girl like you would be goin' about this wild country alone. I don't want any books, pianos or incubators; Miriam doesn't want any new fangled corsets; and we have a chest full of pills. All the money I can scrape together goes to pay off my notes at the bank. So, miss, I reckon we can't jibe, so you just might as well take your horse and go."

Old Crockett had evidently closed the conversation. He picked up the rusty tug and some barbed wire; then, seizing the pliers, he began his operations on the harness, exerting his store of knowledge in a vain attempt to give the feeble, old



Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

As the gravel creaked and an ugly, yellow cur barked, Old Crockett looked up from the chain plow-harness he was mending for the eleventh time. His face slightly reddened, old as he was, when he beheld the cause of the disturbance, and the tug dropped from his dry, bony fingers as he arose to meet the dainty bit of beauty and freshness.

"Mr. Crockett, I believe," said the young lady, in a sweet, pleasant voice.

"Well, yes, that's what they call me when they come for the insurance money. Sorry, miss, but I can't ask you in the front room 'cause Miriam is gettin' the supper, and musn't be taken from her work," replied the farmer; and in a rather loquacious mood continued: "You see, miss, we farmers out here in the West work from sun to sun, and we want our meals on time. So she hasn't any time to waste on Ontario school marms. Not on your life. Miriam's been a good wife, but she's gettin' kind o' pale and sickish lately. She's not near the wife that she used to be. No, miss, you school marm—"

"Pardon me, sir," cried Miss Cartwright, "but I am not a school teacher. I confess that I am from the East, but we are human beings in Ontario. My father was a pioneer and a farmer."

"Yes, the looks o' them duds you're wearin' would prove that," sneered Crockett, sarcastically. "I'm gettin' on in years and I never wore anything but a black shirt and corduroy pants in my life, 'cept when I buried my first wife. Thomas William is her boy, and he's a

o' them slick, smart, oily, good-for-nothin' machine agents, who stick around the farmers like wolves around a dead horse. That's all the education we need in the West. It's muscle and hard work that the kid wants, and he'll get it, too, or get off the place."

"Hasn't William any education whatever?" asked the Easterner, who had now become genuinely interested in so strange and yet so real a story—a story which may still be heard in almost any district in the great Westland.

"Yes, I sent him three winters to district school, but he got so many fool notions in his head that I took him out. He cried like a baby, but I gave him a yearlin' calf to keep his mouth shut. But here's the joke. He got stuck on the teacher, the little idiot. When she went home, a few post cards and a letter came back from her. The kid would ask for his mail, but ne never got any. Not on your life. I read 'em, then I burned—"

"How could you be so cruel!" cried the young lady, as tears came to her tender eyes.

"Cut it out, please. None of that mammy talk goes here. I didn't want to spoil the boy."

"But it was only natural."

"Natural! Fiddlesticks! It might be natural for you Easterners who spend the week layin' around the parks or in your soft, warm parlors, then go to church on Sunday with faces as long and pious as a cow's after she has kicked over the milk. I don't give a rap for your spoonin', your education, your churches,



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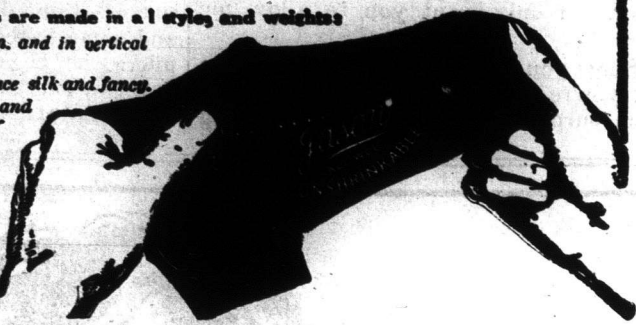
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veteran a new lease of life. But for some reason his big fingers were in the way. He was getting warm, but for no evident reason. He gave the stiff wire a lusty jerk, the plyers lost their hold, and the poor fellow's hand flew backward, striking the edge of a ploughshare lying on the porch.

"Miriam!" was all the helpless Crockett could cry. At the sight of the blood issuing from the wound he groaned pitiously.

Miss Cartwright took full charge of the patient. She now acknowledged the wisdom of a practical mother, who had taught her the rudiments of nursing. The wound, though not dangerous, was carefully dressed, the young nurse ordering a two days' rest. The horny, old farmer at first flatly refused, but when he was told that blood poison might set-in, he yielded like a child.

A new atmosphere pervaded the home of Old Charley Crockett that evening. Miss Cartwright instantly won her way into the hearts of the whole family. And what a magnificent supper they had that night! Never had the snow-white tablecloth looked so spotlessly clean and attractive, nor the dishes glistened so brightly, nor the roast pork and the squash pie tasted so delicious. Never had the rosy cheeks of the little Crocketts beamed so joyously, or the plain yet attractive features of Thomas William and the thin, languid face of Miriam shone with such a warm, hopeful light as they did that September evening.

Even the stern, flinty sire arrayed him-

to the group on the rustic porch. To make our story complete we are constrained to add another incident. It was on the twelfth day of last June when the social columns of Toronto's papers reported the most charming wedding of the season. Smiling serenely from a bulwark of type was the picture of the bride, Miss Phyllis Cartwright, President of the Women's Press Club, and beside it was the features of the young husband, James Wallace McDonald, managing editor of the "Daily Express." Following a marvellous flow of exquisite descriptive rhetoric, of which society editors have such a remarkable command, was the following paragraph:

"Among the most highly-prized favors to the bride was a beautiful painting 'The Sunset,' the gift of the promising Canadian artist, William Crockett, who is now in Rome studying his art in the studios of that classic city. It is said that it was Mrs. McDonald who discovered this gifted, young painter, a boy on his father's farm in the West."

A Practical Puzzle

There is still something for the husband and father to do aboard the family ship. Mr. Glidingberry, who figures in a dialogue in Judge, understood his duty.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Glidingberry said proudly to the newcomer in town, "I guess I've got one of the intellectualist



A Fine Field of Lettuce.

self in a clean shirt, and chatted familiarly with one of them "good-for-nothin' Eastern females." That night the hogs, horses and cattle rejoiced over additional rations, and Miss Cartwright's pony was treated to a generous feed of Old Crockett's specially selected oats, fed only to "Prince Napoleon," his fine, imported Percheron stallion.

That night, grouped on the porch, was Old Crockett, seated in his great arm-chair, his good wife, wearing on her cheeks a little color for the first time in months. Thomas William planted on a wooden stool, the little ones sitting in divers places and divers positions, and in their midst Miss Cartwright, in grandmother Crockett's ancient English rocker, teaching them, as only a woman of culture can, the lesson of life—the love of the higher, the nobler, the godlier things in human existence.

Their eyes followed hers to the west. The sun was setting, its golden shafts immersing the plains in a flood of light, and painting in the skies a picture of divine loveliness. A thousand colors, tints known only to celestial artists, blended in perfect harmony and proper intensity, the whole, set in the pale, blue vaults of heaven, forming a scene of exalted beauty and lasting remembrance.

But the picture was fast perishing as the moments sped on. Soon the sun-god, weary of his eternal labor, gathered the rays into his blood-red breast, and peacefully sank into the depths of the far-distant Rockies. A chill, autumn breeze arose from the north, the wail of hungry coyote was borne on its wings, and with sentiments of heavenly-inspired origin, the little group sought the comforts of the fire-side.

Five years have passed since that evening, and many changes have transpired

families in these parts—always taking up with something that calls for the exercise of the mental powers to the utmost."

"Is that so?" politely murmured the newcomer.

"Yes. Now, there's mother. She's up-stairs this morning with a set o' newspaper puzzle-pictures. If she solves 'em, and writes a good serial story to go along with 'em, she gets two dollars. And my daughter Lizzie is covering the dinin'-room floor with sheets o' paper that she's been figuring on, trying to find out how old Ann is.

"Henry, he's trying to cut down the time-record on the pigs-in-clover puzzle. And Jim—that's Jim over by the fence—he's studying up a new way to work the fifteen puzzle. He's worked on it for three years now, and thinks he's pretty near got it."

"But you," inquired the new citizen, "what problem are you devoted to?"

"Who—me? My problem?" repeated Mr. Glidingberry. "Oh, I work out the problem of keeping the family together."

He Knew the Instrument

Mr. Clancy, the blacksmith, had sprained his wrist and went to the doctor. The doctor started to take down a bottle of fluid from his cabinet, but found the bottle empty.

After a moment's search he called for his assistant, and said, "Will you get me a couple of those phials from the closet up-stairs?"

"Files!" cried Mr. Clancy, in alarm. "Sure, if ye're goin' to work at it wid tools can't ye take a smoother wan?"

The Joy Tear

A Story of Manitoba by J. D. A. Evans. Written for The Western Home Monthly

MCOURDY'S stage from Holmewood had stopped in front of the Lakeview House on the main street of Wabigoosis. Amongst a sprinkling of passengers alighting in that village was Munsbery, who, after depositing his valise in the hostelry office, wended his way toward a house, to which, in the years before, his visits were frequent. There was not much change to be noticed in the hamlet on Lake Manitoba's shore; in fact, few alterations were visible. For a moment he stood at the garden gate of the house, then walked down the gravelled pathway to the front door.

Munsbery had loved Beryl Fanning, but a stronger than he came upon the scene. He won. In a departmental store of the great city on Red River's bank the girl and Munsbery had worked together; later on he had purchased a business in a small town situate amidst the pine woods of Southeastern Manitoba. Then Beryl returned to Wabigoosis. But a dark cloud hovered over Munsbery's life, its meaning only realized when the girl of his heart transferred her love to an elderly man who appeared in the village. It was of somewhat rare occurrence that a stranger, a reputed Croesus, signed the register of the Lakeview and intimated to Frigon, the proprietor, that his stay might be lengthy, having arrived to spend the summer amidst the quietitude of Northern Manitoba scenes. A few days afterwards, Beryl was noticed walking along the lakeshore with the man of the fleshpots, who was a Chicago widower, which fact the girl had learned from him — lips which might have revealed the hideous truth concerning the death of his wife a few years before.

Some event of local interest was apparently creating a stir; little groups of people could be seen standing upon the street, and were evidently in eager discussion. A team and buggy from Denham's livery had been standing in front of Beryl's home. Into the vehicle stepped the girl and the elderly gentleman; then the driver sped away toward Holmewood, a bride and groom his passengers. For one short week, however; then a telegram conveyed by special messenger from Holmewood to the bride's mother contained startling information. The message dispatched by the proprietor of a well-known hotel in Winnipeg said:

"Misfortune occurred to party known you; come soon as possible."

The same morning city newspapers heralded amongst front page items:

"Chicago business man on wedding trip in city drops dead from heart failure."

The news of Beryl's marriage becoming known to Munsbery, he was consternated. A Winnipeg friend, to whom his engagement was known, had read of the bridegroom's marriage with Beryl in connection with his sudden demise, hence communicated with Munsbery over the phone. The paths of life are intricate ways, deeply puzzling, for what reason the girl had continued to write him when her affections were usurped by another was a problem he could find no solution for. Then Munsbery's thoughts swerved into one direction. The deed was done; he had loved and—lost. That he was leaving by the evening train to Winnipeg en route for a Western trip was the only comment made to his clerk. Four days afterward Munsbery stepped upon the station platform at Edson. A busy world would not furnish the goal he desired to attain; on the prairies of Peace River his life's grief might be forgotten in the mists of years, tranquility enter into his soul. He learned that a party of emigrants would leave in a few days for the Ragged Hills; he would travel thither to take up a homestead. To the wholesale firm in Winnipeg with whom he transacted much of his dealings a letter was forwarded with the request that they assume control of his affairs and dispose of

his business; that his absence was indefinite; in fact, he would probably not return to Manitoba again. And months passed away into the years; he plodded along at his work, the one solace now that his life was relegated into the shadows. Prosperity smiled upon him; the money received through sale of his business had, through investment in land of a Western city at that period passing through inflated boom, made the balance in his banker's hands representative of a wealthy man. A ray of sunshine passed over life, the determination to take a trip to the city at the gateway of Canada West. He could not overcome that desire. To him it bore a message that from friends of the years before he would learn something of Beryl whose widowhood was not known to him; he had ever avoided communication with any former acquaintance; at the time of her husband's death his informant had alone mentioned the fact of the marriage. On the first evening of his arrival in Winnipeg the story was told him, the fact that the widow had not figured as a legatee of her husband's will, the entire wealth of the man passing to his family of grown-up children. Within Munsbery's soul the

spark had been rekindled; he could realize that. And then he longed to meet her, tell her of that forgiveness he bore, the years trodden by him through the valley of the shadow land.

There was not much change to be noticed in the hamlet on Lake Manitoba's shore; in fact, few alterations were visible. He wended his way toward a house in the years ago well known to him. For a few moments he stood at the garden gate, then walked down the gravelled pathway to the front door. He rapped. Footsteps in the passage greeted his ear. Someone was approaching. The latch slowly lifted, the door opened, she was standing there—Beryl his once-loved, the light of his life. She stared at him. "Archie!" she cried.

"It is I, Beryl," he said. And as these words were spoken the years of sorrow dropped away as a dream leaves one who awakens. Then he clasped her in his arms, the old, old story which never ages with the years. The long kept tears had come.

It may be a refreshing change from stories of "quiet times" to learn that in March of this year The Great-West Life Assurance Company wrote the largest business yet secured in any month of the Company's existence; applications being received for \$2,686,000 of Life Insurance. This is a new Canadian record.

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L. C. Worthy

"How can you afford the money for that?" asked a close-fisted neighbor of mine, years ago, as I was putting a window into the basement of our house to light up a workbench our children and their mother had planned for their use.

I replied: "Yes, this will cost \$15, to say nothing of the work, but if it makes the place interesting for the children, so they can benefit by working with their tools, and keeps them at home instead of idling their time elsewhere, mother and I think it will pay."

He disdainfully answered: "I don't believe in such nonsense," and went his way.

He has had trouble with his children; his boys ran away from home, one of them turned out badly. That our children have done better, mother and I attribute partly to the little workshop with which we provided them. One of our boys had a small printing press down there, and is now in the publishing business. Another made a number of handy contrivances for use in the home and around the farm, is now in the agricultural college, and will return to run the farm. One daughter is married to a good farmer and runs her home better than I do mine; the other is studying domestic science.

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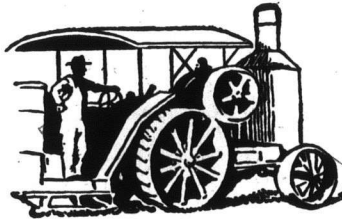
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"Only Jack"

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

"WELL, Lena, all I can say is I think you're behaving very badly."

"Oh Aunt Emily, what nonsense! Why, Jack and I have been pals for goodness knows how long!"

"Yes, I know, but you can see as well as I can, that it goes deeper with him than that."

"Well, I can't help that, can I auntie?"

Lena looked up with a coquettish glance from the flowers she was arranging.

"Yes, you can—at least you might have played fair with him!"

Aunt Emily gave an extra vicious click with her knitting needles, and refused to discuss the matter further.

Only under extreme provocation did she ever interfere with the affairs of her niece. In this case the provocation had been supplied by Lena's outrageous flirtation with Jack Lawrence. Aunt Emily, though a confirmed spinster herself, had the greatest sympathy with any pair of lovers. But she loved fair play.

So she laughed. Pulling her hands away she drew back a step, and as she laughed she said gaily:

"Don't be silly, Jack. Why, of course I shan't wait for you or do anything half so sentimental. Let's drop it all and be the pals we've always been."

But as she looked up into his face she was amazed at the change she saw there. Jack looked as if someone had struck him. His face had flushed and there was anger in his eyes. When he spoke his voice was older, tenser, more vibrating than Lena had ever heard it.

"Then you mean you've—you've been playing with me?"

"Playing with you? What ever do you mean?" Lena tried to speak naturally, but even to herself her voice sounded artificial. Aunt Emily's words suddenly flashed across her mind: "At least you might have played fair!" She knew—her conscience told her—that she hadn't "played the game." She had felt pleased and flattered when she realized the change that had come over Jack



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Jack and Lena had been neighbors and friends since their young days, and Aunt Emily was quite ready to admit that, up till the last six months, Lena had been justified, in more or less "making a convenience" of Jack. Indeed she had grown so used to his comradeship, that to rely on it, had become almost a habit.

Six months ago Jack had accepted an excellent post in India. He was due to start in a month's time now. And it was during these last six months that his attitude towards Lena had changed.

It was patent to everyone—to Lena herself, to Aunt Emily, and to all their mutual friends—that Jack loved her. Lena had found it a little thrilling, quite a welcome variation in the more or less monotonous round of her days. And just to add to the excitement, she had "played up" to Jack, though she knew all the time that he was in deadly earnest.

This afternoon, as she strolled out into the garden to gather more flowers, Jack came towards her from the little wicket gate, that led from the garden to the meadow path.

"Lena, I want to talk to you."

"Talk away, then, while I clip this green stuff."

"I can't, Lena. Put all that stuff down."

He came towards her, and Lena was a little frightened when she saw the pallor of his face and felt the trembling of his hands.

"Lena, you do care for me, don't you? I love you dear. Will you wait for me till I come back?"

The words were crude in their sincerity, and for a moment Lena felt a responsive thrill. But then she looked up. This wasn't the romance she pined for. This was only Jack—her old pal—the boy she had played with, the young man she had "led on" just for a bit of fun. Oh, no, no, no! She could never marry him. She must get him back to the old friendly level.

in the last few months. She had understood quite well that he cared more deeply than she did. And now she was ashamed.

"Well, never mind. There it is!" Jack was speaking again. "I've been a fool that's all. I shan't come to see you again, Lena. This is good bye."

"Oh, Jack, don't say that. Let's forget this, and—and perhaps you'll find someone heaps nicer in India."

"Would you like me to?"

"Why sure, Jack."

"Then I'll do my best. Good bye."

Without another word, he hurried away. The sarcasm of his parting words remained as a sting in Lena's mind for many a long day.

The months passed away and never once did Jack Ingle set foot inside the house or grounds of Meriton, Lena's home. Occasionally Lena met him in the village or at a neighboring function. Jack was cheerfully polite and apparently in excellent spirits. And Lena tried to think she was glad.

Just at the time he sailed for India, Lena's days and nights were filled with a round of garches. Her father, Colonel Frodsham, took her up to London, and she enjoyed "the time of her life." The women were very sweet to her and she had many admirers among the men. But, somewhat to her father's disappointment she did not seem inclined to marry any of them.

Though she would not confess it even to herself she missed Jack's companionship at every turn. She was hurt that he never wrote but she tried to persuade herself that she would have felt just as hurt if any other of her friends had treated her in the same way.

And so the time passed on till Jack had been away for three whole years. By this time Lena had found many new interests and made many new friends, so that the memory of her "chum" had faded a little and she had given up all hope of ever hearing from him.

Then all at once there came a letter. It was very brief, and merely announced that Jack was coming home.

The weeks that followed passed very slowly for Lena. But at last the day dawned when Jack's ship was due in. She had expected a cable or a wire to tell her exactly when he would reach home, and she had meant to go down to the station to meet him.

But to her astonishment he sent her no further details of his arrival. So she made a point of going off to some friends some miles away to spend the day.

"Just like him, silly fellow!" she smiled to herself. "I expect he thinks he'll surprise me, or that I shall go down to the station 'on the off chance.' But of course I shan't."

She felt gay and happy, and though she would not acknowledge the fact even to herself it was because she knew that her old chum was coming back.

As she pedalled her trusty bicycle up the drive to the door of Meriton, after the day with her friends she felt quite sure that she would either find Jack himself waiting for her or at any rate a note from him.

But she found neither.

The next day passed and still there was no sign of Jack. Lena knew that he had really arrived, because several of her friends had already seen him. And then on the second morning she came face to face with him in the village.

But her heart stood still as he drew nearer. For by his side, with her arm linked in his, was a charmingly pretty woman—a stranger to Lena. She was laughing and talking with Jack, and every now and then their merry conversation was interrupted by the shrill voice of a tiny boy who was toddling along with his hand in Jack's.

With an effort, Lena pulled herself together. Of course she did not care! It made no difference to her that Jack had taken her advice and found "someone nicer" in India. But he might have written to tell his old friends.

Lena bowed and forced a smile to her lips as she passed. Jack had not caught sight of her until she was quite close, and Lena saw that he pulled up sharp as though to stop and speak. But she gave him no chance, for she walked briskly on.

A strange trembling had overtaken her, and she felt her hands grow cold. Blindly she kept on her way, but it needed a mighty effort of her will to carry her on. For a few seconds things looked black before her eyes.

And in that one tragic moment she realized how she loved Jack Ingle. Now that he was lost to her, she would have given all she possessed to have recalled her foolish words of three years ago, and to be to him what that laughing brown eyed woman was who had just passed.

After a time when her thoughts grew more coherent, Lena reviewed the situation. She had no intention of "giving herself away." Whatever happened she must feign indifference and be as nice as she possibly could to Jack, and to Jack's wife and child.

It proved a difficult task—far more difficult than Lena had imagined it would be. The first meeting was so hard to bear—Lena could not help feeling that Jack's eyes rested on her very often, and she found it almost more than she could bear to have to appear indifferent.

He had grown into such a splendid fellow. To Lena he was an even more perfect companion than he had been in the old days, and in addition there was an indefinable charm and vigor about him that she had never discovered before.

Perhaps it was due to his travels: or perhaps marriage had improved him, as it does sometimes improve a man. But in that case, it would mean that his marriage must have been a great success. Yet if that were so, why did she so often find his eyes following her?

The little boy Vivian was altogether charming. His lisping voice was the prettiest thing imaginable and he soon became great friends with Lena. Sometimes his mother would look at him wistfully, and then Lena knew that she

was thinking of the day when she would be compelled to leave him behind as the doctor had said that he must not remain in India.

"That's the worst of living in India," she said one day. "You have to give up your children. You must get reconciled to that if you ever come out."

"Why I shan't come out to India," said Lena with a laugh. "Can't afford."

"Oh, you never know!" was the reply delivered with a strangely wise smile, which somewhat puzzled Lena. Little Vivian was not a strong child and although every care was taken of him, he suddenly contracted pneumonia. His poor mother was nearly distracted, and Lena's services were called in. For three days she watched and cared for the patient, and then the little lad was declared out of danger.

Lena heavy eyed and weary crept out of the room, and left the mother and father alone with the child. She felt a strange sensation of desolation and loneliness, for though she knew they were grateful to her, she realized that they must want to be together at such a time by the side of the little child.

"I'm a fool! And I suppose I'm overtired—and—Oh it's no use! I shall have to cry!"

And burying her head in the soft cushion of one of the easy chairs she gave way. All the pent up tortures of the last few weeks, the cruel irony of the whole situation came home to her, and she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Why Lena! What's the matter?" She felt a firm hand drawing her upwards and hastily brushing aside her tears, she said:

"Oh it's—I'm quite, all right, Jack, thank you. You see, it's the relief, and I—I'm overtired, and—"

But the rest of her sentence was never uttered for her mouth was covered with kisses. Straining her to him Jack kissed her again and again.

"Lena," he whispered, "Am I too late? Is there anyone else? Will you take me now?"

The questions tumbled out as he gazed eagerly into her eyes. For one delirious moment Lena gave herself up to the sheer joy of resting in his strong arms. Then remembering everything, she pushed him from her, and her eyes blazed.

"Jack Ingle how dare you? Let me go!"

"No, Lena, not again—not till you tell me definitely that you don't love me."

"Are you mad? Have you—think!—your wife, and your little child."

"But they're not mine, Lena!" She almost stopped breathing as she looked at him. Was he mad really? Or—

"Listen, little woman! It was like this. When you sent me away before, I was terribly hurt—wounded to the quick to think that you had played with me. I didn't realize that I had been too precipitate that you could naturally only look upon me as a pal—I vowed I wouldn't write to you, and I very nearly rushed into marriage, just to—well just to spite you." He smiled as he said this. "But I wouldn't do that. At the last moment something held me back, because I knew that I could never love any other woman in the whole world but you. Well, to cut a long story short, when I arranged to come home, I promised a pal of mine out there—Vivian Masters—to look after his wife and kiddie on the way over. She's a splendid little woman, and one night I told her all about you, I told her, Lena, that you were the only woman in the world for me, but that I was desperately afraid of making a fool of myself a second time."

"Well little Mrs. Masters thought out a plan. She arranged to come and stay with my people here for a while, and we were to pretend that she was my wife; and she said we need only keep it up a short time because if you cared you would—well dear, she said you would—"

"Give myself away?" said Lena with a smile. "And I did, Jack, in a thousand ways."

Just at that moment Mrs. Masters came downstairs humming a gay tune in a rather unnecessarily loud voice.

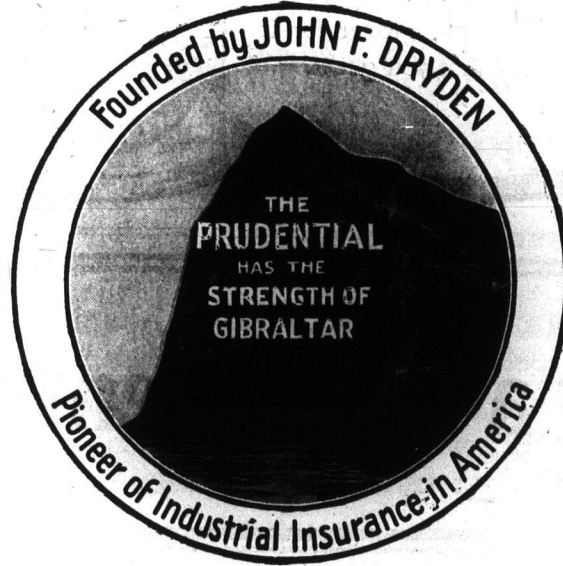
"Ah!" she cried, with one comprehensive glance round. "Who said she wasn't going out to India."

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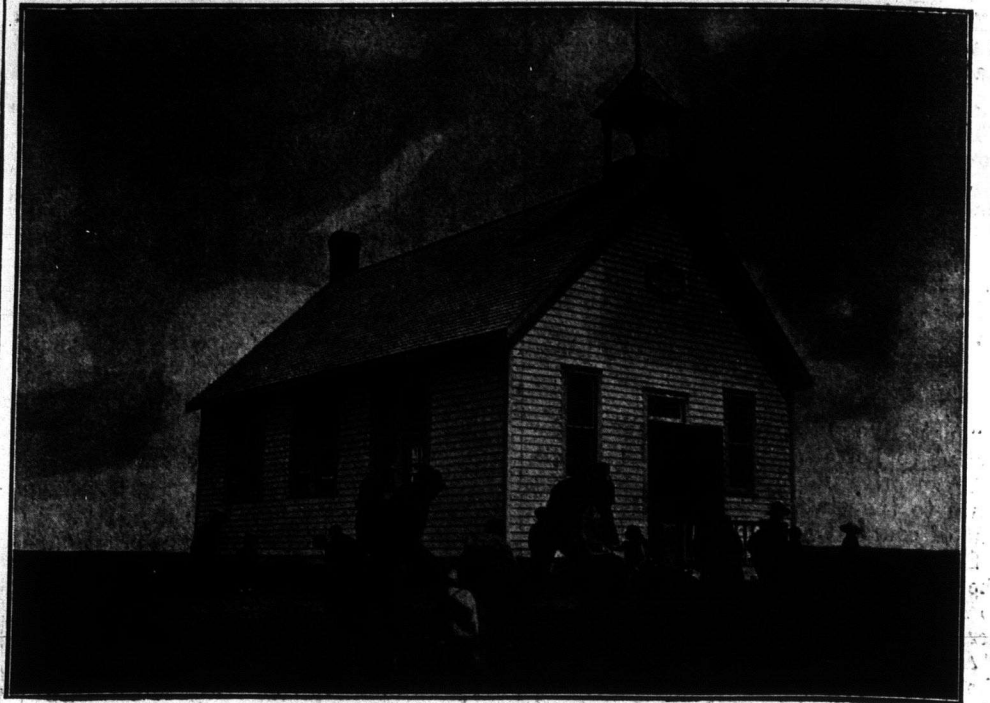
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Rural Schools in Alberta

Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.

PERHAPS the most healthy sign and certainly one of the most pleasing prospects, amidst all the change on our western plains, is the now almost universal country or prairie school.

The settler's struggle to success may be long and difficult, crops may fail and hard times be in store, but the children must have a chance, and at any cost the little ones must be educated.

And so a school district is formed; a school site is chosen and in a few weeks a pretty little school springs into existence, to become also the centre of social and religious life and the pride of the whole neighborhood. To one familiar with the indifference shown to educational advantages in the Old Country, it is almost pitiful to witness the eagerness to attend and the willingness to learn of the children themselves.

Through storm and heat and even in sickness a school day must not be lost; for the long cold winter is coming when roads are blocked and the school doors shut.

A long tramp through prairie grass, soaked with early dew and the only trail to guide them the one made by their own little feet, is the lot of many a child. And it is the custom to come bare-footed in order that boots and stockings may be kept dry, and in rain even hats are given the shelter of a coat for hair and flesh are not harmed and will dry more quickly than clothing.

The average number of scholars in these country schools rarely exceeds twenty and though so few children will use the building, the fittings and furniture are of the best, and up-to-date in every possible way.

Nature study forms an important item in the course of studies for these rural schools and one calls to mind the best wish of Captain Scott—that his little son Peter be taught natural history.

Wild animal life exists right at the school steps and the teacher may find illustrations for her teaching from the little shrew-mouse, past the gopher, the wolf and the bear, to the giant moose; for all have been and can still be seen from the windows of the country school.

"Tommy, your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when George Washington was your age he was head of the school?"

"Yes, pa; and when he was your age he was President of the United States?"

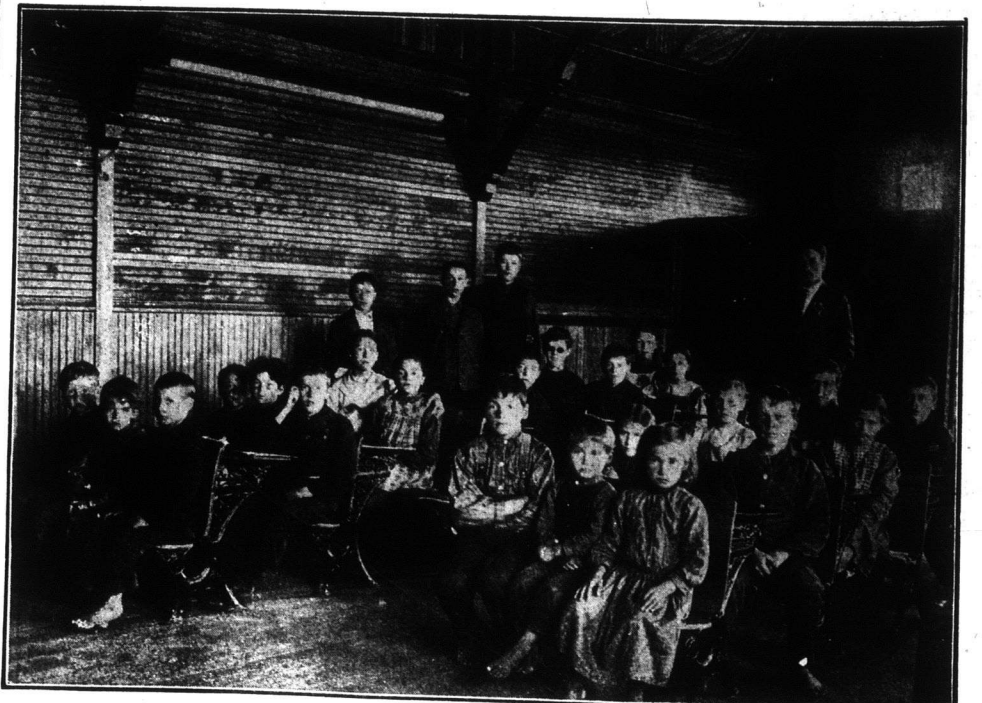
Good and Best

Once from my windows towards the north

I saw the mountains rise;
Southward the sea in majesty
Enchained my awestruck eyes;
Eastward the dawn illumined my skies,
Westward the sunset's glow.

"Much of beauty is mine," I said,
"Yet would I more;" and so
I planted trees all round about.
Full swift and strong they rise,
But sea and height are hid from sight,
The dawns and sunset skies!

Now see I as I had not seen
How earth's good things may hide
It's best from view, and shut off, too,
All heaven's horizon wide.



The Pupils of an Albertan Rural School, made up of many Nationalities.

Household Suggestions

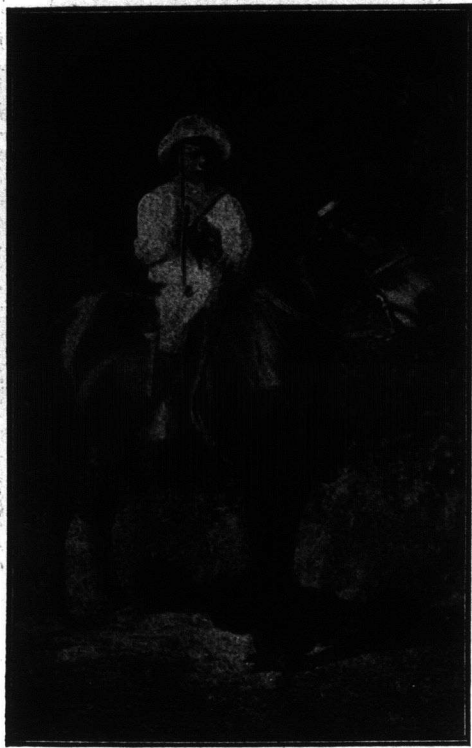
Household Helps

To Prevent Iron from Rusting—Iron nails—indeed, all metal hooks used for hanging things in damp places, such as bath-rooms or sculleries and wash-houses, where there is much steam—should be dipped in enamel. It saves them from rusting and from damaging material hung on them.

The rust, verdigris, which forms on copper utensils is very poisonous, and must be removed immediately. Dip a soft rag in spirit ammonia, and briskly rub the affected part until it has gone. It is essential to have the interiors of all copper cooking pans retinned when once they begin to wear through badly and show blackened patches and spots.

A few drops of methylated spirit on a pad of cotton-wool will quickly lead stains from lamp or gas chimneys that will not yield to the ordinary washing methods. Polish with tissue paper.

Waterproofing Tarpaulins—A suitable recipe for rendering tarpaulins thoroughly waterproof is as follows. It is by the courtesy of the Chief Commissioner for Railways we are enabled to give the treatment given to tarpaulins by the



"Buster" Holden. The youngest exhibitor at the Winnipeg Horse Show.

Department of Railways of New South Wales. The tarpaulins are dressed with two coats of the following mixture: Boiled oil, 60 per cent; raw oil, 31 per cent; fish oil, 9 per cent.

Some Good Cooking Recipes

Graham Gems — One egg, one cup graham flour, one cup white flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one scant half teaspoon soda, two tablespoons melted butter, and sour milk or butter-milk enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Beat well and bake in gem pans.

Soda Biscuits — If soda biscuits are made right they are no harder on the stomach than baking powder breads. Never mix the soda with hot milk, but always with cold water and then add some of the cold milk. One quart of flour, one-half teaspoon soda, teaspoon salt, one-half cup butter and lard mixed and flour to make a soft dough. Mix the flour, salt and shortening well together and then add the soda and milk. About one cup will be required, but it is better to start with too little than too much. Mix quickly and roll as soft as can be handled. Bake in a quick oven.

Corn Bread—One egg, one cup white flour, one cup corn meal, one scant half teaspoon soda, two tablespoons melted butter and enough sour milk to make a good batter. Mix the egg, milk, salt flour and meal well together and then add the soda dissolved in a little cold

water. Lastly add the melted butter and pour into a buttered pan. Bake 40 minutes.

Brown Bread — One cup each of graham, white and corn flour, one cup molasses, one-half teaspoon soda, one cup of raisins, pinch of salt and sour milk enough to make a stiff batter. Put the dough in a well buttered tin, pail or coffee can, put on the lid and steam in a kettle of water for three hours. The raisins may be omitted if liked. Figs, dates or currants may be used instead of the raisins.

Wheat Gems—Beat one egg well and add one-half cup of buttermilk. Add a quarter teaspoon of salt and enough flour to make a stiff batter. When about half enough flour has been added or the batter is about like pancake batter, then add one scant half teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little cold water. Have oven and gem pans very hot and bake quickly.

Nut Layer Cake — Three eggs, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder sifted with three cups of flour. Try your batter to see that you have flour enough and add one teaspoon vanilla and one cup of English walnuts or common walnuts. Use a plain white frosting.

Drop Cakes—Two eggs beaten light, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, three-fourths cup butter, half cup milk, flavoring and about two and one-half cups of flour into which has been sifted two teaspoons of baking powder. If more must be used add it without baking powder, but well sifted. Last of all lightly stir in one cup of nut meats of any kind, or two kinds mixed. If the meats are large break them up.

White Nut Cake — Whites of four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup butter, 2/3 cup milk, two teaspoons of baking powder (heaping) in three cups of flour, one teaspoon lemon flavoring and one cup of nut meats. Make the cake and try it, and when the batter is in layers sprinkle the nuts on top. Bake in a quick oven, but be careful not to scorch.

Backbone and Vegetables — Cook a tender pork backbone in a little water, and season with pepper and salt. Add two quarts of turnips peeled and cut in blocks, one quart of potatoes, and one quart of carrots. Put the turnips and carrots on with the backbone, adding the potatoes half an hour before dinner. Use very little water, and do not scorch.

Baked Macaroni With Cheese — Four tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, two cups milk, one teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 lb. cheese, half small box of macaroni. Cook macaroni in salted boiling water until soft. Drain, and pour over it cold water to prevent the pieces adhering to each other. Melt the butter in a saucepan; add flour and stir until smooth. When cooked add milk slowly. When thick add the cheese cut in cubes. Stir until thoroughly blended; add macaroni, put in a buttered baking-dish, cover with breadcrumbs, and brown uniformly in the oven.

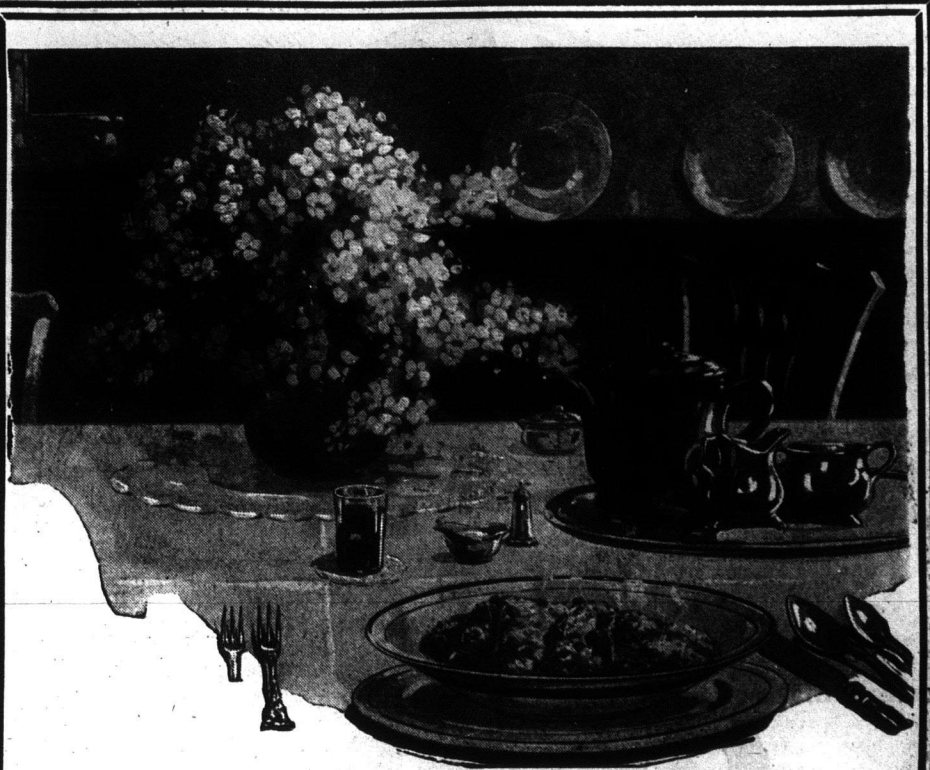
The young Scotchman never liked his mother-in-law, and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill. Calling her husband to her bedside she said to him: "Sandy, lad, I'm verra ill, and I think I'm gang to dee, and before I dee I want you to gie me a promise."

"I'll promise," said Sandy. "What is it?"

"Well, I ken that when I dee I'll have a fine funeral and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' my mother."

"Well," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that's gang back on that; but I'll tell ye one thing, ye've spoilt the day for me."

The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything. —Theodore Roosevelt.



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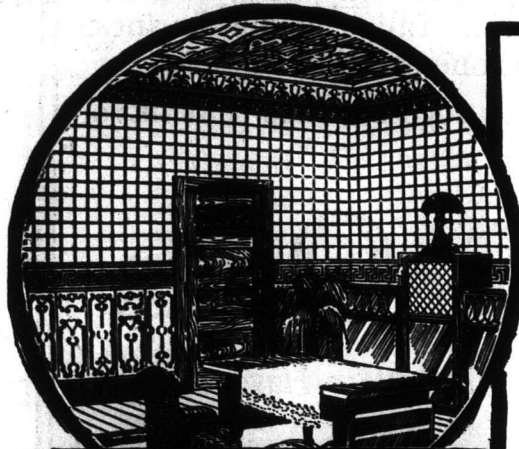
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Our Neighbors, the Buffaloes

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Wolf Willow.
Photos by J. H. Cano

WHEN we sold our free homestead in Manitoba, and came from the flats around the lake of that name, to the hilly country and high altitude of the Wainwright district, we found quite a contrast.

After our journey on the G.T.P. from Winnipeg we stayed in the town of Wainwright for about a month, while the buildings were going up on the purchased homestead. The month of the town was quite enough and my two little boys and I enjoyed packing up, and wending our way, with the same old horses and dog, between leafy trees, and rose and lily grown paths, out to the country, resplendent in early July.

The farm is adjacent on one side to the picturesque Battle River, and on another, is separated by a fence merely, from the famous Dominion Buffalo Park. We have not many human neighbors, so our next door ones, the buffaloes, engross a good deal of our attention.

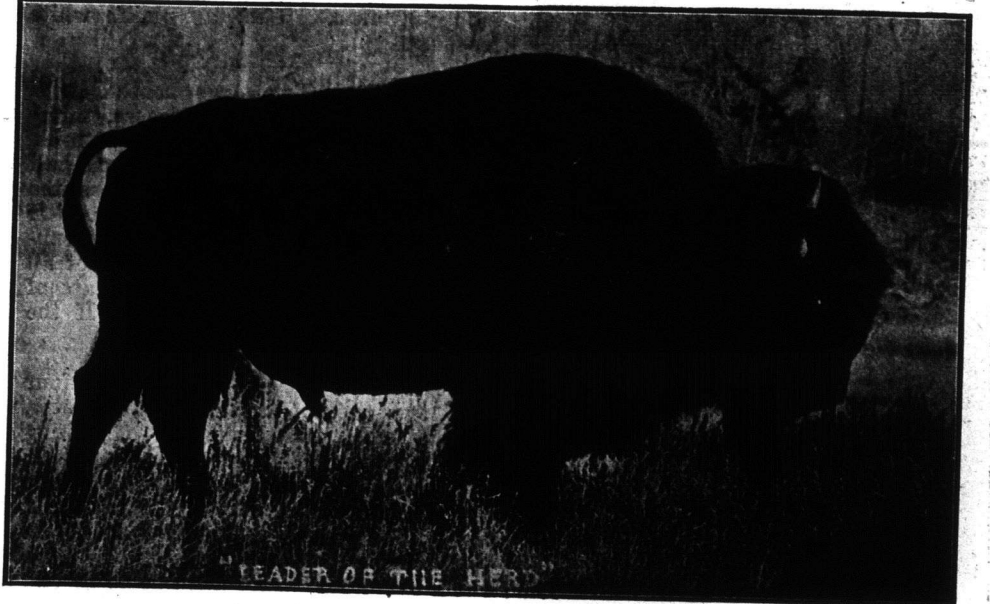
In settling out here all the lumber, stock, household effects, implements, etc., had to be brought through the park, a distance of about fifteen miles, as the road around is quite inaccessible; so we have had quite a chance to study the park, inside and out.

to annually plow guards, men to put up hay in case of deep snow, gate keepers, game wardens, a park governor, commissioner, and superintendent.

We live so close to the park that we take our observations of it along with the weather. The buffaloes seem, in the warm weather, to make the rounds of the inclosure about once a month. There is a mighty hill near us that we call the Heart Hill, and once every month, or thereabouts, we will look out, and see it dotted all over with hundreds of the big fellows—like gigantic ants on a gigantic ant hill. They feed along like cattle, and peacefully make their way past our line, and we and the children run down to look through at them, with their front-heavy, furry bodies, and little, searching black eyes.

The buffalo calves are red like a red calf of the domestic cattle, and, not yet having so much fur, look quite like a calf. When frightened, the buffaloes bounce along, with a funny lope, apparently as lightly, for all their great bulk, as a rubber ball.

The park is cross fenced, making parks within the park, by which the buffaloes may be separated for various reasons, and then, in some of these smaller in-



Leader of the Great Buffalo Herd.

This park is an enormous enclosure, and juts in and out in all kinds of shapes. Drive where you will around the country, it seems you cannot get away from it, and in most unexpected places, will loom up the black fire-guards, the high fence, and, maybe a monstrous black bulk or two, peering out at you with bright little eyes—in other words, some buffaloes.

The park contains, all told, over one hundred thousand acres of land, and is surrounded and cross fenced by 75 miles of strong fencing, at a cost of \$1,000 a mile. This park is a fine grazing ground, the land is rolling, and partly wooded, and has many sand dunes, providing wallows, which the buffaloes enjoy.

In it are many crystal clear, fresh water lakes, with sand beaches, and the native grasses, luxuriant at all times, and nature cured, provide pasture the year round.

This park contains the largest herd of wild buffalo in the world. A few years ago the Dominion Government purchased from Michael Pablo, a Mexican half-breed, of Kaliespell, Montana, the only large herd of buffaloes, 850 in number, in existence, and the animals were crated up and shipped in instalments to Wainwright. Fifty more were got in various parts of Canada, Oklahoma and Texas. There has been a natural increase, and now there are over 1,400. Two were presented, lately, to Phoenix Park, Dublin, and a few were killed to provide juicy steaks for old timer's reunions. The bulls fight terribly amongst themselves, and I suppose some are killed that way. I often notice some going lame.

Quite a number of men are employed in connection with the park: fence riders who go around on horseback and report on the condition of the fence, men

closure, a number of other animals are kept in considerable numbers, such as elk, moose, deer and antelope. The latter are beautiful, graceful, fairy like creatures. When we drive through the inclosure where the antelope are, the females and the dear little fawns will stand shyly back, but the male will follow the rig for some distance with a curious boldness, to the delight of the children.

We do not much mind driving through the main Buffalo Park in daylight, and with a light rig and swift horse or team. But, of course, the buffaloes are a good deal like range cattle, and, if not downright ugly, might stampede over something they were curious about. Again an old buffalo bull or two might take it into their heads that their charges were not safe when such intruders as ourselves were about. In that case a wagon with an upright piano or a load of lumber, might be a serious handicap in making a get away. The only thing to do, I suppose, would be to unhitch, if they gave you time enough, jump on one horse and lead the other, and make for a gate.

The Dominion Government is now considering a petition from a number of settlers, asking for a fenced-off road through the park.

We would not attempt to drive through after night, as a herd might be camped across the trail, and one thing that these animals never think of doing, and that is, of getting out of the road for anything, or anybody. And, if you try to make a great noise to frighten them, the noise is apt to affect them the same as a dinner bell in a boarding house.

One time, when we were moving out here, the boys and I and their grandfather came in a buggy, and my husband

with a load of lumber. Just when we were started into the main park, a tire came off the wagon. The men started to try and fix it, and the boys and I endeavored to quiet the horses, new to these parts, who were frightened of a big buffalo on the other side of a cross-fence, that was rolling and wallowing. That was bad enough, but we were in terror of a herd of the buffaloes, somewhere in the park in which we were, coming thundering and stampeding over some adjacent hill, and putting us all out of existence. But, fortunately, such an event did not happen. It was impossible to fix the wheel, so the lumber was unloaded and left in the park, and we went back to town, to try the trip the next day.

Another time we were going through the main park, with the buggy and driver, and thought we were not going to see any of the animals, when, just as we went over a hill, spread before us were hundreds of the dark monsters. The horse smelled them and snorted, but needed no urging, as he wound, shieing, through them. I hardly breathed with terror. They all remained unmoved, but one old fellow at a distance, that put his head to the ground, tore up the sand with his feet, and advanced a few paces repeating the performance. But he then stopped, and our fine driver soon had us clear of them.

No shooting is allowed in the park, and it is wonderful how the wild fowl have learned to fly to it, as to a city

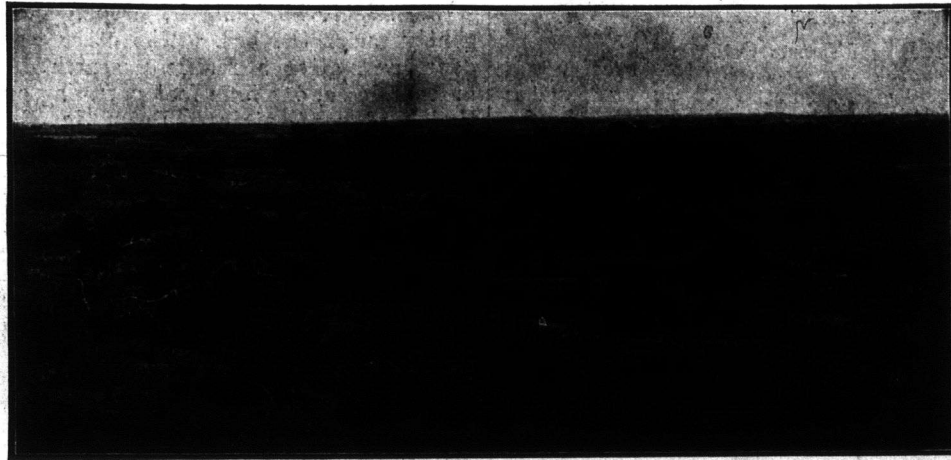
of refuge in shooting season. Its lakes have thousands of wild ducks and geese upon them, and the prairie chickens abound. The coyotes also multiply and take their toll of fowl.

On one trip to town, seventeen wild deer ran across our path in a line, at a great rate. I never before realized what "fleece" meant in connection with deer, especially the head one of the herd.

It is said that these deer simply happened to be in the section of country enclosed by the park fence, and their number was not known until after the enclosure was made. Although there is still quite a number of wild deer in this part of the country, some bold and lawless settlers with a taste for venison, do

not like the trouble of stalking these, but have actually, it is said, shot some in the park, and, I suppose, hoisted them over the fence. The park authorities believe this, anyway, and are on the qui vive for such marauders. The superintendent was quite badly gored, not long ago, by one of the deer in the park.

We find the leafy, green park and its inhabitants quite a source of interest in these prosaic times, and my little boys, when they read of Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood and his merry men, picture to themselves the Dominion Buffalo Park, and surely 100,000 acres, must, somewhere, shelter such a jolly bandit.



Buffaloes in Wainwright Park, Alta.

How The World is Filling Up

Most people do not realize how the world is filling up now, and although we hear of millions of acres of land still unoccupied, yet the population is pressing already on the food supply. Probably the population now is ten times greater than it was, say, at the time of the Norman Conquest, but it is increasing in geometrical ratio, and the production of food is not increasing accordingly. We are, as a matter of fact, approaching the limit of food production. Twenty years ago, when "the depression" was at the worst, a great deal of wheat was sold at under 20s. per quarter. It has been rising ever since, and although it is not much over 30s. still it touched 40s. last autumn. We have the example of the United States, which is actually now importing food, and where the population has made up on the food production. Thirty or forty years ago the reverse was the case, and we were drowned out in this country by American produce. As the result of all this the price of food is bound to rise, and will continue to rise irrespective of anything that may be done. There are many regions still to bring under for farm use, but these are very remote, or they are undesirable to a certain extent; such districts, for instance, as the extreme north-west of Canada and the dry regions of the earth. The price of all land is certain to rise also, because it will become more valuable for the production of food as time goes on. The earth is growing no bigger, while the population does, and although there will not be any famine or trouble in our time, yet there is certainly ahead of the human race the time when a great deal more food will require to be produced somehow than is being done at the present time. Even in our colonies at the moment settled land is actually selling at a higher price than in this country, and this where by going a few miles farther virgin land may be obtained. In other words, the cost of land has already risen and is probably likely to go still higher, and open spaces are beginning to get rarer and rarer as time goes on and as the population increases. All this, of course, will be to the benefit of farmers, but the rest of the population may not like the outlook.—"The Dairy," England.

Promissory Notes

It is said that a man whose musical talent was as widely known as his impecunious condition once accosted a friend on the street, drew him into a doorway, and requested a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"When do you think you'll be able to repay it?" asked the friend, to whom it was by no means a new experience.

"This time," said the ready borrower, with an engaging smile, "I hoped you'd be willing to make it a 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan."

"A what?" demanded the practical man.

"A 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan," said his expensive friend. "It may be for years, and it may be forever."

Married in the Dark

Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff says in his "Notes from a Diary, 1892-95," that Browning was not in the least thin-skinned about the charge of obscurity so commonly made against his poetry.

He once repeated to Sir Mountstuart a story which illustrated Wordsworth's strange want both of humor and of the sense of humor.

"But, after all, Wordsworth was unjust to himself," commented Browning. "He was not without humor, for on hearing of my engagement to Miss Barrett, he said, 'Well, I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them!'"

"If I were poor would you be as eager to marry me as you are now?"

"Every bit, my dear, but we might have to postpone our wedding for a year or two."

P. A. makes men pipe hungry

JUST you get a whiff of the "inter-national joy smoke," and it's dollars to doughnuts you beat it to the nearest store that sells tobacco and stock up. The flavor and aroma of Prince Albert has sure got 'em all backed off the boards.

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The Doctor's Visitor

By Elliott Roberts

DR. WILLIAMSON had just got into his first sleep when the office bell rang. As the upstairs bell was directly outside his bedroom door, and was possessed of a strong and violent voice, the doctor leaped from bed and thrust the first object that came to hand under the edge of the gong. After that the bell rang, muffled and hoarse, at frequent intervals, while the doctor felt around for his bathrobe and slippers.

One slipper he found by groping diligently under the bed. The other was gone, and after a fruitless search he hurried down, one bare foot pattering on the hard-wood stairs. Down in the hall he remembered that he had muffled the bell with the other slipper, but the man at the door was pounding vigorously now, and with visions of a mangled form

"Is that Dr. Williamson?"

"It is."

"Well, look here, doctor. This is the Clearfield Asylum for the Insane. I don't want to worry you, but one of the patients here got away to-night, and as he'd been fooling with an old business card of yours for a day or so, his attendant thinks he may give you a call."

"Indeed!" said the doctor in a non-committal tone, looking furtively at his visitor, who had opened the instrument-case, and was running his fingers nervously over the knives.

"If he comes, you'd better call us at once. He's been pretty quiet for a time, but he killed his first attendant here at the hospital—brained him with a chair."

The visitor was walking the floor again, his hands clasped behind his back, the fingers lacing and interlacing ner-



Deer in Wainwright Park, Alta. (See Article on Page 22.)

from the street-car track before the house, the doctor opened the door.

A gust of cold wind and a dash of rain struck him full in the face. Outside a man was standing, the rain dripping from the rim of his derby hat and rolling from the shoulders of his light overcoat.

"Good-evening," said the stranger, taking off his hat. He was extremely bald, and in the light above the office door the doctor could see the rain-drops falling, and breaking into spray on the dome-like surface. "It's a wet evening."

"Come in, man," said the doctor. "We'll talk about the weather later."

The man stepped through the doorway apologetically.

"I'm sorry to have hurried you," he said. "I—I'm very nervous, doctor. I feel that I am on the verge of a nervous explosion. Can't you give me something?"

The doctor led the way into the consulting-room and struck a match.

"Try to calm yourself," he said. "I'll have to talk to you a little before I give you anything. You haven't been drinking to excess, have you?"

"I have not, sir!"

The tone was somewhat injured, and the doctor's next words were soothing.

"Well, well," he said, drawing up his chair to his desk, "I didn't suppose you had, but it's common, sir, very common."

The visitor did not sit down. He threw his coat over the back of a chair and began to pace the floor restlessly. The doctor was chilly.

"Now for the symptoms," he said, drawing his bath-robe closer around him.

At that moment the desk telephone rang—the imperative ring of the night operator, who expects to rouse people from sleep. If there is anything that makes more noise in the middle of the night than a telephone bell, it must be two telephone bells.

The doctor took down the receiver, while the visitor paused in his uneasy walk to listen.

The doctor's voice was a bit quavery as he spoke again.

"Look here," he said, "if that's the case, suppose you come around at once!"

"Holy smoke! Do you mean that he's there?"

"Yes," said the doctor faintly.

"Nervous-looking fellow, bald-headed, derby hat, and light overcoat?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, keep him as quiet as possible. I'll telephone to the police-station and have them send the patrol. He hasn't got a weapon, has he?"

The doctor turned. The nervous patient had taken the poker from the rack beside the fireplace and was weighing it abstractedly in his hand.

"Yes, a sort of one."

"Well, watch him. There'll be help there soon. Good-by!"

As the doctor rang off, the visitor turned to him abruptly.

"I'm flying to pieces, doctor. It's nervousness, of course, but every time I close my eyes I see a blood-red mist. I tell you, in this condition, I'm a menace to society—I'm not responsible. I could shriek with the tension."

He took a step forward, holding out a large clenched fist.

"Feel my pulse," he said. "I can hear it in my ear-drums. I've been taking bromide for a couple of months, but for two or three days my stomach has been upset, and I've been trying to do without any."

"I'll give you some," said the doctor promptly, looking at the office clock. He unlocked the medicine cupboard and got out some bromide. The patient ran his restless eyes over the labels.

"Ah," he said, "there's prussic acid, peach-stone odor, quick death and all. And carbolic acid, too!" He took down the bottle and, uncorking it, sniffed the contents. "It's a peculiar taste, but I am fond of the odor of carbolic acid. It seems to titillate my nostrils."

The doctor had measured out the bromide, an enormous dose, and was proffering it in a rather unsteady glass. The patient yielded the bottle without a struggle, and took the medicine. Then he sank into a chair.

"I'm overdone," he said. "That's the trouble. This thing of haying always a lot of people around, never a minute to oneself, is enough to drive a man mad. Whatever I do, whatever I say, there is always some one to report it. There's no privacy in my life!"

The doctor went to the instrument-closet, and, taking out a heavy bone forceps, laid it carelessly on the desk beside him.

"There's not much privacy in my life, either," he said.

"You've helped me already, doctor. I'm a hundred per cent better. The nervous irritability is gone, but I am still restless." The visitor got up as he spoke, and began again to pace the floor.

"I was at one time an athlete, doctor, in my younger days, but I'm very stale now, very stale."

The doctor felt considerably relieved.

"As you can imagine, I have little time for exercise," the other went on volubly;

an hour ago, in the rain. Has he been there, doctor?"

The doctor moistened his dry lips.

"A large man with a bald head?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Interested in jui-jitsu?"

"Yes, yes."

The doctor's jaw dropped, and he stared with glassy eyes at the framed picture of the nervous system that hung over the desk.

"My dear madam," he said huskily, "your husband was here, but he was—er—called away suddenly, I may say peremptorily. He—he will be quite certain to return in the morning."

"But the rain, doctor! It's a frightful night for him to be out."

"He—he was driving," said the doctor; and human endurance being at an end, he hung up the receiver and laid his throbbing head on his desk.

"That horn doesn't blow, sir," said the friendly salesman. "Wrap it up, said the grouchy man. "That's the kind of a horn I want."

ters, where he remonstrated with me for interfering with the military discipline of the camp. The colonel said I was out of sorts for two or three days, but that I came one day to his tent and put my head in and said, 'Colonel, you were right and I was wrong; henceforth I will obey orders.'"

"Just like McCabe," said his friends.

Place and power do not give happiness. Gold will not bring joy. Whatever is born in vanity must end in vanity.

New York "Times"—"Twelve Thousand Persons Hear Him Speak."

New York "World"—"Twenty Thousand Cheer as Sulzer Opens His Primary Campaign"

New York "American"—"Fifteen thousand cheering, militant citizens . . . greeted Governor Sulzer."

New York "Tribune"—"An audience of 7,500 persons."

At any rate, we suppose all are agreed that the meeting was in Buffalo, and that Governor Sulzer spoke.—"Columbia, S. C. State."



A Moose Chieftain in the Park. (See Article on Page 22.)

"but through a correspondence school I have taken up the study of jui-jitsu. It's a wonderful thing, sir!"

The doctor laid his hand caressingly on the bald-headed man.

"I am becoming an enthusiast," went on the bald-headed man. "You're probably sleepy, but I'd like to show you a few things about it."

The doctor strained his ears. Far off down the street there was certainly the gong of a patrol wagon.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said. "I—I'm interested in jui-jitsu myself."

"Well, it's something like this. Just stand up a minute and I'll show you. Now, you see, I put my right arm here, so, and my left there." The doctor drew a long breath. The wagon was stopping at the door. "Then my knee here, and presto!"

"Great Scott, he's got the doctor down!" shouted a hoarse voice. "Easy, boys, he may have a gun!"

As the doctor raised his head he saw four burly officers carrying out the writhing and expostulating form of the disciple of jui-jitsu. With a sigh of thankfulness, he closed and locked the office door. He was starting up-stairs again when the telephone rang, and with a groan he retraced his steps.

"Hello!" he said gruffly.

"Is that Dr. Williamson? Well, look here, doctor, I guess we gave you a false alarm a while ago. Some doctor of the same name on the next street has called up to say that he has our man there, locked in a cupboard. When the patrol comes will you send it around to him? His number is—"

"Hello," said a feminine voice on the line. "Is that Dr. Williamson? Doctor, I am very anxious about my husband, Dr. Martin, of the Presbyterian Church. He's been overworking on some lectures on the Pentateuch, and as he was unable to sleep, he started for your office

"Just Like McCabe"

Chaplain, afterward Bishop, McCabe had the amusing weakness of being indifferent to all red tape in ecclesiastical, parliamentary or military law and discipline. He was impatient of the petty technicalities that hindered him in his good work. As a rule, says Bishop F. M. Bristol, in his biography of the chaplain, his disposition to ignore the restraints of regulation and the technicalities of discipline met with good nature.

In his speech at a reception in Philadelphia in 1904 he gave this charming bit of reminiscence, which illustrates several characteristics of his nature:

"I went down to the army and joined my regiment. It was not yet quite time for the forward move, and I got the boys to help me build a big arbor church, and we began to hold meetings every day and every night. Fully five hundred souls were converted at those meetings."

"I met my old colonel the other day. He is in his eighty-fourth year, and he reminded me of an incident that I had forgotten. He said that one day during that protracted meeting, when he went out for the usual three-o'clock dress parade, the soldiers were not present. He stood there almost alone on the parade-ground. The bugle had called the men to the order of the day, but they did not respond. The colonel shouted to the adjutant:

"Where are the men?" and he said, 'The chaplain has them all in the church, and he declares that the meeting is so good that he won't let them out.'

"The colonel was angry. He sent a message to me and ordered me to dismiss the meeting. I sent back word that I could not dismiss the meeting—it was going on with such great power that I did not feel that it would be right."

"The colonel then sent a guard and arrested me, and brought me to headquar-

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The Long-Range Fisherman

How a silver quarter came to assume the dimensions of a cart-wheel, and the manner in which its acquisition opened the path to fame

By Harry B. Allyn

HE hobbled painfully down Park Row from the crowded entrance at the bridge, pausing intermittently to feast his eyes through the crevices of the swinging screen doors upon the variegated free lunches so temptingly displayed upon the counters of various so-called "Workingmen's Clubs."

While Mr. John Lyon was not, to use a vulgar phrase, "busted," three of the minutest coins of the realm were the bulwarks which stood between him and a compound financial fracture.

Eight months of disheartening effort in the newspaper line had seen his sinking fund dwindle from forty-seven dollars to the smallest sum a man can be possessed of in the United States and still have money.

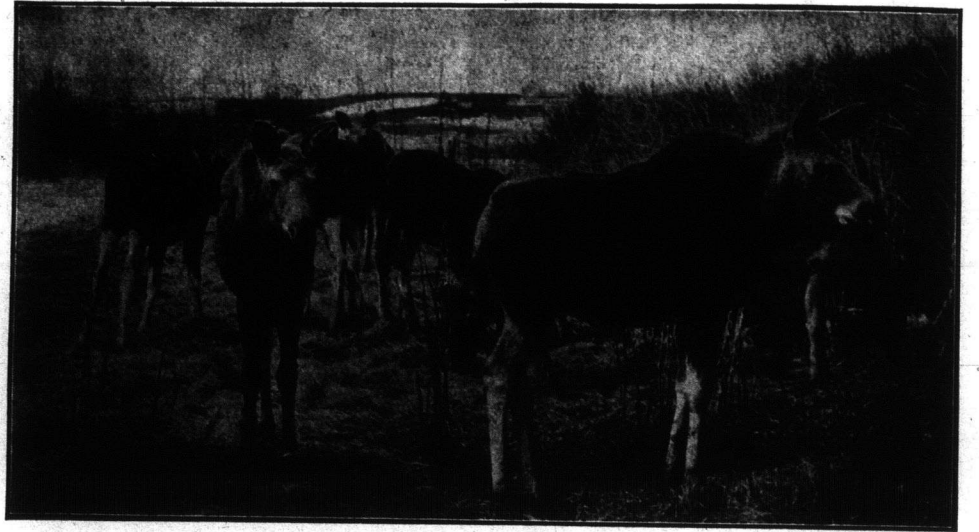
Even his latest acquisition—a sprained ankle—had been acquired by his chase after the elusive dollar—or, rather, dime

It is singular how all other thoughts step back when hunger pushes itself to the front; but man's stomach is and always has been, even back to the original eater, his greatest source of trouble or satisfaction.

John stopped in front of one of the second-hand book stores and varied the monotony of thinking by reading over the titles of the highly inflammable literature externally exposed for sale or theft.

As he did so, leaning heavily on his roller to favor the injured ankle, his support slipped down between the bars of a sidewalk grating.

He received a twinge which drove his thoughts momentarily from his visions of feasts and literature. As he stooped to retrieve the stick, which had dropped to the bottom, he barely escaped an at-



Moose also are plentiful in the Park. (See Article on Page 22.)

—which he with thirty or forty other mercenaries of the park had seen fall from the hand of a news-purchaser of yesterday.

The deafening roar of the elevated trains overhead, the clanging cars and rattling trucks, the extremely lurid remarks of their drivers, and the continual shouts of the news-vendors, in combination with the countless mysterious and awful smells, made his stomach back up in disgust.

Why his stomach should get its back up was rather puzzling, seeing that it had had a rest for over twelve hours.

Without attempting to further disguise the fact, John was hungry—and good and hungry, too. His last attempt at epicurean satisfaction had been a five-cent plate of "ham and," purchased at one of the aforesaid "Workingmen's Clubs" the day before.

Leaning upon an old shade roller, culled from the debris of the subway near the City Hall, he limped down the street, stopping to gaze with covetous eyes at the windows wherein were displayed, under the sign of the three golden balls, the fruits of other persons' hunger and—incidentally—thirst.

He thought of the comfortable kitchen in his up-State home; of the ram barrel upon which he had tapped with the ancient tin wash-basin so many times to scare the wrigglers down; of the thrice-a-day loaded table; of the pies set out upon the shelf to cool; the dusky cellar with its broad, shallow pans of milk, the crocks of doughnuts, cookies, cakes—and, thinking of cakes, mother's buck-wheat cakes; no soggy flannellette counterfeits, but real crispy brown buck-wheat.

How well he remembered the earthen batter pail, which was always placed behind the stove at night—and the running-mate of the cakes, the home made sausage and maple syrup; chickens, apples, popcorn, pigs, cider. He thought of every good thing edible.

Tears came to his eyes, and he endeavored to turn his thoughts to other things, succeeding only passably well.

tack of heart failure, for there in the dirt and refuse lay a bright and shining quarter!

Oh, vision of wealth!

As he stood over the grating and gazed down upon the coin, it assumed the proportions of a wagon-wheel. It seemed to him that had he been unfortunate enough to have dropped that quarter, he would have missed its weight from his pocket instantly.

Here arose a point in social ethics—to whom did the coin belong: the person who dropped it, the one upon whose property it had fallen, or to our friend, by virtue of discovery?

A hungry stomach has little or no conscience, and John came to the swift and unalterable decision that the quarter was or should be his, if by means of any stupendous engineering skill he could raise it from its lowly bed. He immediately put his thought-mill in motion.

In the doorway of a neighboring confectioner's stood one of those highly decorated machines of mystery, where, by means of a copper coin placed in the proper aperture, one may become the possessor of a tablet labeled either "Pep," "Wint," or some other delectable flavor.

He pondered deeply on the adhesive qualities of the different brands of chewing gums with which his boyhood days had made him familiar, and, deciding in favor of "Pep," approached the machine.

Shivering at his own temerity in thus rashly hazarding his fortune, he deposited one-third of his earthly possessions in the all-devouring machine. He heard it tinkle down into the metallic bowels, and, with fear and trembling lest he had picked an empty, pushed the brass plug according to the printed directions.

With a dull but not sickening thud, the tablet dropped into view. John seized it, tore off the wrapping and feverishly thrust it into his mouth.

Now arose a new fear. Supposing he should swallow the gum? But by exercising great care he kept it in the place intended for it, and, standing guard over his silver mine in as careless an atti-

tude as his agitated condition would allow, he soon had the substance chewed to the proper consistency.

He threw a sharp look around to see if there were any prospects of claim-jumpers in the vicinity, and, taking the sticky mass from his mouth, applied it to the end of his shade roller. It stuck like a politician in office, and with few fears now as to the result, providing he be fortunate enough to remain uninterrupted for a few moments longer, John pushed his gum-baited stick down through the grating firmly on to the coin.

He waited a few seconds, so that the gum and quarter might become deeply attached to each other, then slowly and carefully raised it from the depths.

John limped down the Row, his hand in the deepest recesses of his pocket tightly clinching the quarter, his mind busy making calculations as to the best means of laying out a portion of his find in food.

He passed several places offering a table-d'hote dinner, including wine, at the astonishing figure of seventeen cents; but, his few months in the city of swindles having taught him to put not his trust in prices—and quantity being the important factor—he at length, after deep meditation, settled upon a

denoted a man of parts—and widely distinctive parts at that—for he had the copper-colored complexion of an Indian, the flat nose of an Ethiopian, and a pair of pale-blue eyes obliquely set under heavy sandy brows.

The lower part of his face had enjoyed a two-week's respite from a razor, and reminded John of a cocoa fiber doormat, while his head was thatched with a somewhat lighter shade of fiber.

John broke the bread and divided the cheese upon a paper. The disciple in his turn made a swift but comprehensive mental inventory of his host. As his eyes rested upon the bandage around John's injured member, he glanced up inquiringly.

"Got it yesterday," said John.

"Serious?"

"Nope."

"Well, that's what I call a neatly turned ankle," said the disciple.

John grinned.

"Out of work?" inquired John.

"Nope."

"But you're not working," insisted John.

"Never have. Man's never out of a thing he has never had, is he? How about you? Out of a job?"

"Yes," replied John.

"What line of business?"



Elk add to the beauty and interest of Wainwright Park. (See Article on Page 22.)

three-cent loaf of yesterday's whole-wheat bread and a quarter of a pound of cheese, at the total expenditure of eight cents.

At the corner of Duane Street, where half the trucks, trolleys and ancient horse-cars in the city seem to be busily engaged in piling themselves up in a heap, he turned down toward the river front, where he and his loaf could enjoy a little privacy, for he disliked greatly to feast before the public eye. An old dock near Roosevelt Street ferry seemed to offer the most inviting prospect for a picnic, and John sat down upon the string-piece in the sunshine, leaning back against a pile.

As he unwrapped his whole-wheat paving substitute, a brother member of the fraternity of Disciples of Leisure, seated a few yards away upon the same timber, eyed the proceedings with great interest, and at the cheese disclosure showed signs of being willing, under pressure, to assist at the festivities.

John recognized the hungry sign thrown out by his fellow laborer in a doubtful calling, and responded with a nod. The disciple hitched along the string-piece to as close quarters with the feast as his ideas of deportment would allow.

"Rather late in the season for a lawn party, ain't it?"—from the D. of L. John agreed with him, meanwhile looking him over curiously.

A black hat, decidedly soft and bearing evidences of having witnessed the maximum rise and fall of the thermometer at least twice, a rubber collar which had no doubt been white in the past, but had now assumed a rather yellowish hue from numberless moistenings with the tongue in lieu of laundry bills, attached to a shirt which would have been greatly benefited if it also had been rubber; a tie whose prismatic glories had long since departed; a tightly buttoned frock coat, very much glazed, vest an unknown quantity, and trousers—"least said, soonest mended."

His shoes, indeed, were the most creditable portion of his outfit, John's being much more open to criticism. His face

"Well, I once thought maybe newspapers—now I don't know what."

"Uh-huh!" grunted the disciple. "Same old story. Boy from the rural districts. Written a few things for the village paper; been patted on the back; great things prophesied of him; Horace Greeley and other ancient history quoted for his benefit; leaves his happy home, comes down to the big burg—then what? Finds that he holds a four flush; stays in the game; fails to fill; kitty gets all his coin—then back to the wood lot for his. Right?"

"Yes," assented John; "mainly so. But on the other hand, you with your overload of worldly wisdom don't seem to have made an actual howling success!" "Howling success!" exclaimed the other. "Say, that's what's the matter. I'm a howling success, if I only get a swing at it; but I ain't been used well by my party."

"Party?" questioned John. "What party?"

"Oh," said the disciple easily, "Republican, Democratic, Prohibition—any old party that pays the price. You see, I'm one of those necessary men hired by the different political organizations to show the futility of voting for the wrong candidate—sometimes called 'spell-binders,' although once or twice I believe I have been addressed as a 'highbinder'!"

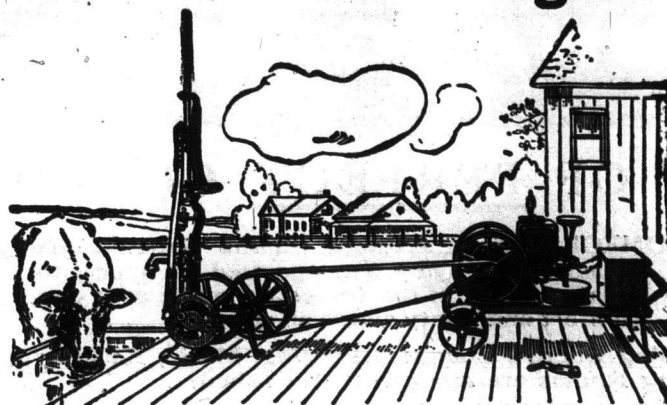
"Now, my professional seasons being at best rather short and somewhat far between, I have adopted promoting as a side issue. I've put some pretty good things up, but owing to lack of business acumen upon the part of my associates, they are still in an embryonic state."

"However, the latest thing I have promises to be big, providing I can get in touch with the right parties. It's going to be rather difficult to get it in shape for immediate results, but things seem very promising just now."

"What is it?" asked John.

"Well, on the quiet," mumbled the disciple, as he gnawed off another hunk of whole-wheat, "I'm in a fair way to get the timber right of Central Park. Then, of course, the timber being all cut off, it ceases to be a park, and we can get

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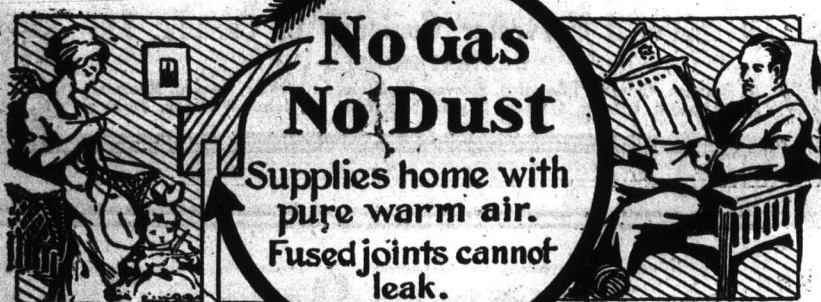
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an option on the land and buy it in at our own figure. What do you think of that—great, isn't it?"

He enthusiastically made another vigorous assault upon the loaf.

"I'd let you in on the ground," he continued, "if you had any money, but of course, in big operations like this, one has to interest the captains of industry. Still, when the stock is issued I may slip you a block on the strength of this feed!"

John, dumb with amazement, bread and cheese, furtively put his hand down on his nineteen cents, gulped down his mouthful, and remarked in withering accents:

"Say, I know I wasn't born in New York City — for which my parents will some day receive grateful thanks—but I've got enough horse sense to know hot air when I catch a blast of it."

"Young feller," exclaimed the indignant disciple, "let me give you a wad of advice. Get before the people. It don't make any difference how you do it—decently, if you can—but get there! Get a reputation! If you can't get reputation—notoriety! It's about as well, in these days, to be notorious as it is to be famous."

which he immediately wound upon a stick. Picking up the two young members of the finny tribe, he made his way back to the street.

A shabbily dressed individual with a limp dropped off the rear end of a truck when that vehicle had reached the center of the big bridge. He had carefully gauged his chances of being seen, and chose the time when the car inspector, on duty, and the police officer, supposed to be, were looking opposite ways.

He jumped across the roadway as quickly as his lameness permitted, clambered through the steel work of the structure, and seated himself calmly—outwardly so, at least—upon the mighty cable.

The very audacity of the act made it successful.

He unwound a fish line from a stick, baited it with a bit of clam obtained from a garbage can behind a restaurant, tied on a supplementary ball of cord acquired by the expenditure of a cent, and with apparently as much interest in the sport as though he were fishing from the bank of the creek at home, he cast his two hundred or more feet of fishing tackle into the water below.



Antelope in Wainwright Park. (See Article on Page 22.)

"Now, I may not be famous yet, but I may say, without jeopardizing my modesty, that there are few police judges in New York with whom I am not on speaking terms. But time flies—"

And the advice-giver arose, gazed at the empty papers regretfully, and luxuriously stretched himself.

"I've got to meet a man at the City Hall. Pleasant though our meeting has been, one must obey the mandates of business. Thanks for the feed — if I have a chance to reciprocate some time, command me!"

Brushing a few crumbs from his coat, he strolled leisurely from the pier.

Left alone, John pondered upon the peculiar advice so freely given. He thought how hard it is to tackle the ladder of fame, and, after a few steps up, find that the man who climbed it before him has kicked out the rungs, making it imperative to shin up the side rail, if one got up at all.

Discouraged and disgusted, he gazed down on the greasy water of the East River—too thick to bathe in and too thin for an ointment — wondering how fish fattened on Standard Oil would taste.

Fish! Ah! He painfully arose to his feet and hobbled out farther on the wharf to where some small boys were trying to entice the wily denizens from the oily deep.

"Had any luck?" inquired John. "Yep," responded one. "Got two." And he held up a couple of diminutive fish. "Had lots of bites, too."

"Yes?" said John. "How much will you take for your catch and fishing tackle?"

"What'll yer give?" asked the business-like fisherman.

"A nickel?" "Aw, nit! Gimme seven cents, an' she's your'n."

John dug up a five-cent piece and two coppers, dropped them into the grimy paw, and took possession of the line,

He tied the end of the cord to one of the suspending cables and busied himself stringing a couple of undergrown fish, freshly caught, which he extracted from his pocket. He again went into these same pockets, and, after a lengthy and somewhat anxious search, brought forth the half of a cigarette, which he lighted after some trouble.

To those who have never experienced the exhilaration of fishing from the center of Brooklyn Bridge, let me say that it is far from being the gentle sport one would choose for an afternoon of recreation. The difficulty of manipulating the line to avoid impaling a ferry-boat or Sound steamer; or, worse still, having to pull up a railroad float one hundred and thirty-five feet to unhook it; of keeping an eye upon the police officer, who is supposed to be doing the same by you; to say nothing of being the recipient of various remarks handed out by the occupants of passing vehicles, makes fishing from this high altitude a developer of mental activity.

Our friend John, the long-range fisherman, found it a rather strenuous proceeding—his hands full of fish-line and his mind full of police court matters.

The view, which is one of the most interesting in the world, appealed to him.

"Say, officer," shouted a man from a passing truck, "they're a man fishin' from th' cable back er ways; or else he's thinkin' o' suicidin' hisself."

"Hey? What's that?" growled the enforcer of the law in his official voice.

"Man fishin'," and his informant jerked a backward thumb.

"Man fishin'—let him fish, can't ye? No law ag'inst fishin'."

"Yeh, but not off'en th' bridge!" responded the insistent truckman.

"Aw, gwan you and yer bridge fishin'!" and the police officer swaggered up the driveway, swinging his locust by its leather thong.

"Hey, boss! Feller fishin' back thar!" yelled a dirty-faced urchin from the rear of a delivery wagon.

"How fur?" shouted the officer, in whom this corroborative evidence had aroused a hitherto unsuspected case of hot-foot.

"Bout a block."

"Here, get t'ell off that wire 'fore I git out there an' wear this stick out on ye!" yelled an authoritative voice; and John, looking back over his shoulder, responded in a complaining tone: "Don't make so darned much noise; you'll scare the fish!"

The bluecoat must have been familiar with the old proverb, for he opened his mouth three times, evidently thinking once at each effort, before he spoke:

"Well, I'll be—be cussed from Harlem to high livin'. You're sure the president of the nerve builders, you are. Come out of that now 'fore I come out after ye!"—and he made a motion in John's direction.

John held his position, well knowing that the only things that would induce the patrolman to venture out upon that fragile eighteen-inch cable would be the presence of his captain or a pair of wings—which latter generally feather out too late to be of any use in this life — and, realizing his security, was about to parley for terms when he felt a violent tug at the line which lay across his legs.

He looked down expecting to see some blunt-bowed soft-coal burner in distress. But, no—it was the other kind of a tug! His sporting instincts instantly arose.

"Say, hold on a minute! I've got a thundering good bite!"

Again the tug. John struck, and hand over hand, up from the briny deep, came a wriggling, glistening victim!

The police officer's interest was as intense as John's; and after hauling up what seemed a mile of line, John laid his fish at his captor's feet.

They both gave vent to great sighs of relief.

The officer was the first to break the silence.

"Say, young feller, Ike Walton wasn't one, two, three with you. That fish has saved you just about ninety days on the island. It's a shame to do it, but I've got to take ye in."

"All right," said John. "Wait till I get my mess"—and he untied the string which held the two fish taken from his pocket.

The policeman stretched his neck through the braces, gulping down his astonishment as he did so.

"What? Two more? How long ye been here?"

"Only a few minutes," replied John.

"Well, I'll be gosh-dinged! I've got a blamed good notion to set a line to-morrow."

"Yes, you might as well combine business with pleasure," said John, as he carefully crawled from his perilous seat up to the roadway.

"What's th' matter with th' foot?" inquired his good-hearted captor as John limped along at his side.

"Sprained ankle."

"That's too darned bad; but don't ye care—I don't believe the judge will be very hard on ye, particular when he hears about yer fish. He's somethin' of a sport himself. Them fish show you know where to go to get 'em, and then to-morrow's Sunday and ye can lay over in the station-house an' rest yer ankle up till Monday mornin'."

With this questionable consolation, the two, officer and prisoner, moved "across the bridge to the New York terminal."

"So you were fishin' from the center of Brooklyn Bridge, eh?" questioned the keen-eyed judge of human nature and offenders.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you go there to fish? Couldn't you find any better place?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Other places have been fished to death, sir."

"Ever fish from the bridge before?"

"No, sir."

"Live in New York?"

"No, sir. I'm trying to!"

"What are you doing here in the city?"

John told the story of his hopes and aspirations, ending his narrative with his discharge from the staff of the Morning Eyeopener on account of the dull times.

The judge eyed him a few minutes with great interest, then gazed out of the window a few more, and then, turning to the prisoner at the bar, he brusquely inquired:

"Got any money?"

"Ten cents," replied John.

"Here, take this"—reaching out a dollar.

John gasped, but took the dollar.

"And come in here to-morrow at this time and I will give you a letter to the city editor of the Eyeopener, who happens to be a personal friend. I think you are altogether too original to be at large, and perhaps he can keep you busy."

With renewed hope, the fisher for public recognition stepped down and out.

The bee that gets the honey doesn't loaf around the hive.

Making the Best of Land

I am free to say that I have never seen a worn out or exhausted farm says an American writer. I have seen many run-down farms in such bad condition that they can't produce good crops; but these are not exhausted farms. If they are intelligently handled they will respond with good crops, provided the right crops are selected, and the land put in fit condition so that they can live there in comfort. I am satisfied that the first step in restoring rundown land is to practice good tillage. Next to this must go drainage to get rid of the wet portions of the arable land. Then the weeds must be killed and the soil made mellow and clean, which is also a tillage operation. On top of these things must go more manure. I don't care what method is resorted to to get the manure, whether it be stable manure, or green manure, or chemical manure, but manure you must have, not only to help the soil at the very present time, but to grow better crops so as to get more vegetable matter that will make humus, the real backbone of good soil.

Some years ago grass was called the pivotal crop of American agriculture. No one appreciates the importance of grass more than I, but I am inclined to think that the pivot of which our agriculture stands and rotates lies deeper. The grass crop as we know it, creates nothing, it really develops nothing, it takes plane food out of the soil, may or may not contribute to the humus supply, and when it is sold from the farm, helps to deplete the fertility of the land. Indeed, as used ordinarily on the farm, through the improvident methods of feeding, much of the real fertility in grass or hay is lost. Pasture lands and grass lands, unless they are top-dressed with bone, chemical or other manures, seldom become more productive. It takes a long time for grass alone to make the land rich. Grass is a good savings bank. It gathers up and saves plant food from running to waste. It pays a good interest, and is a capital institution, but unless other things are added to it, the principal is not greatly increased.

Mabel—"He's a perfect bear!"
Daisy—"Do you refer to his arms or his temper?"

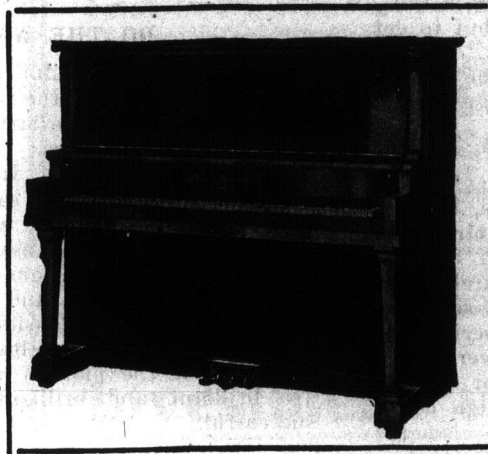
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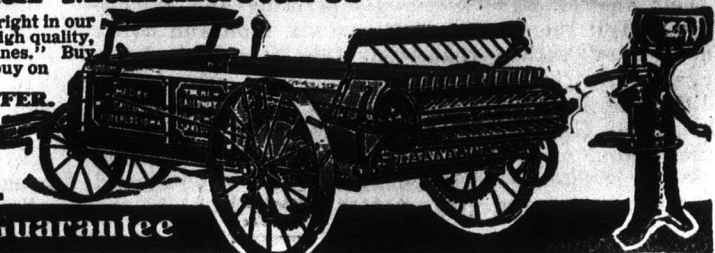
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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

TAKING LIFE SERIOUSLY

The world is looking for the man who takes life seriously, whose spirit is dominated by an high ideal and a splendid purpose. Strong men make no bid for the sham popularity of life. They do not seek to be known among men as the "hail fellow, well met." They are not willing to saturate their physical frames with stale beer and bad whiskey in order to develop a reputation for sociability. They have a goal and seek to reach it—an ideal and they seek to achieve it.

STANDING ROOM

If you would know a man's size and calibre ascertain his ideal of success; know, if possible, the thoughts which dominate his soul. Discover, if you can, the ambitions which stir his heart. After all, a man is what he would like to be. Every man needs a solid foundation upon which to build. There ought to be a certain fundamental element in your nature which would remain solid and unmoved if everything material were swept away. Goethe said: "Give me a good standing place and I will move the world." The standing place we certainly need, even though we never move the world.

GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE

The greatest art in the world is the art of getting along with people. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest people to get along with. The son of "General" Booth said to Gipsy Smith: "Gipsy, we can get along without you in the Salvation Army." So Gipsy retired from the ranks of the Salvation Army, and made a name for himself standing upon the rock of his own individuality. "Gipsy, we can get along without you." It is so easy to utter such a sentence as that—"We can get along without you." But, my friend, the main thing in life is not to get along without people, but to get along with them, and this requires "Tact," infinite tact.

SOCIAL LAWS

David Thoreau, the naturalist, once said: "I have three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, and three for society." That third chair is the important one. Social laws touch and influence the commercial realm, and the circle of a man's acquaintance in its size and quality seriously affects his prospects of success and prosperity. It was said of Abraham Lincoln that he never lost a friend. What is the secret of making and keeping friends. Tact, sweetness of disposition, high honor and personal magnetism are all important elements which have to do with the science of Salesmanship, because they have to do with a man's sovereignty in the realm of his social relationship.

GET AN IDEA

Carlyle has said that "every noble work is, at first impossible." It is when man attempts the impossible that he becomes heroic. Emerson's words are suggestive: "Do the thing which you are afraid to do." And I may add that if you will do the thing which you are afraid to do, the thing which you are afraid to do will do the most for you. Fall in love with your own work. Give your whole heart to it. Do one thing and do it well. "You must have a world of perseverance," said Faust, the German capitalist, to John Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing press. Gutenberg replied with enthusiasm, "When one gets on the track of a great idea it is hard to give it up." That is the secret of all success—the inspiration of a great idea. And that is what Baudelaire the French poet and philosopher means when he exclaims: "Be ever intoxicated—with poetry, or philosophy, or virtue, or what you will, but be ever intoxicated." That is, let one grand thought take full possession of your soul, and give yourself to it completely.

A \$6,000 MAN

When the late Professor Henry Drummond was in Tokio, he said, in addressing a conference of forty Japanese Christian pastors: "Have you any message which you would like to send to the Christian Churches in Great Britain and the United States?" Their answer was exceedingly striking and suggestive. "Tell them to send us one six thousand dollar missionary rather than ten two thousand dollar missionaries." There is a difference in men. The difference is not in the color of the skin, or the height of the form, or the weight of the body, or the contour of the face. The difference is an internal one; it has to do with the fibre of the intellect and the quality of the grey matter which floats in the skull.

HE LIVED

"That man won't live," said the chief surgeon to his assistant, as he wandered over the field of battle, touching a corpse here and there with the toe of his boot, and looking for likely cases. "No use paying any attention to him, he can't live." Just then the wounded soldier requested the surgeon to examine his knapsack. The surgeon did so and in so doing came across an old five dollar bill. "Place that bill in my right hand," weakly whispered the wounded warrior. The surgeon did as he was requested, and placed the old, greasy bill in the pale hand of the soldier whom he supposed to be near death's gate. Imagine, if you can, the surgeon's surprise, when the young soldier shook the five dollar bill in the surgeon's face and exclaimed: "I'll bet you five dollars I will live." The surgeon turned to his assistants quietly and remarked: "Put him on the stretcher, boys, he'll live,"—and he lived.

WORK YOUR PLAN

We must begin our career with a decision. An intelligent resolution must be the foundation upon which we shall build the superstructure of our character and achievements. The Intellect may provide a programme for the day and outline the route for the procession, but the Will must give the command "Forward, March!" Having reached the decision that success is possible for us—that the gem is within our reach and that the coveted jewel may be had if we are ready and willing to pay the price—the next thing in order is the plan of battle. How shall we begin? How shall we proceed? Method is the mother of commercial progress. System is the father of financial success. Take nothing for granted. Lay the foundation solid and secure. "Plan your work and work your plan."

DO THE NEXT THING

There are two possibilities before you: the possibility of victory and the possibility of defeat. Woo the first and shun the latter. Remember that commercial life is a science. Life is a game of skill and not a game of chance. It was Hugh Price Hughes concerning whom it was said that "He never opened a door in front of him without shutting the door behind him." "Do the next thing" was John Wanamaker's reply, when someone asked him what his business motto was. And it is this steady application to the daily procession of events which secures steady and reliable results as we mark the onward evolution of the months and the years. Few men are brilliant and brilliant men are not always successful.

MAKE ANOTHER

Everything depends upon yourself. No man can write you up and no man can write you down. When a newspaper reporter said to Sam. Jones, the famous evangelist, of the south, "Mr. Jones, the newspapers made you, had it not been for the newspapers the world would never have heard of you." Sam. Jones replied with a smile, "If the newspapers made Sam. Jones, let them make another just like him." Every man, good or bad, successful or unsuccessful is a self-made man. Your destiny is in your own hands. "If you journey to the end of the world," says a modern philosopher, "none but yourself shall meet you on the highway of life." To every city which you visit, to every problem which you attack, to every enterprise which you approach, to every circle which you enter, you bring—yourself. Everything depends on you.

FLATTERY

Disraeli affirmed that "all men liked to be flattered,—kings, dukes, lords and earls." "In fact," he says, "the higher a man's social position the more he expects and enjoys flattery." I can hardly accept such a doctrine. I would flatter no man, but I would not hesitate to express to a man things which would be pleasing to his pride and an inspiration to his soul. If a man is enjoying excellent health, if his business is evidently prosperous, if his children are winning the love of the neighborhood, if his wife is possessed of peculiar gifts and talents, or if he, himself, has just made a public address, which has reflected credit upon the community, what harm can there be in letting him know that you are conscious of any or all of these things. Tact, true tact, has to do with the heart—it is born of a genuine love of humanity. Tact, true tact, has to do with the head—it calls for the exercise of every business faculty. Tact, true tact, has to do with the hand—wherever man touches man in social contact, there we need to be students of the greatest science in the world—the art of getting on with people—Tact.

WHAT IS CHARACTER?

Guard well your own character. "A man's character," says one writer, "is what a man is in the dark." Let the secret springs of your soul be true. If you are right in your thinking and living the world will find it out. Right thinking is the mother of right doing. Wrong thinking is the mother of wrong doing. You can't think crooked and live straight. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The way in which a man lives will ever be the best expression of what a man believes. Alexander Pope was right when he said:

"For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

STUDY MEN

"Get the reasonable men on your side and you need not fear the unreasonable." There are splendid men in every calling and profession. Their experience is of value and may be had for the asking. Associate with men who are older and more experienced than yourself. Remember that the keenest compliment which you can pay to a man is to ask him for his advice. (You need not always follow it.) James A. Garfield once said that: "Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a thoughtful student at the other end make a University." Read books if you can spare the time, but study men, no matter how busy you are. "The proper study of mankind is man."

SECRET OF SUCCESS

"History," says the historian, Mr. Lecky, is full of the examples of men who in great trials and emergencies have acted with admirable and persevering heroism, yet who readily succumbed to private vices and passions." And he might have added that there have been many men who have acted in a heroic spirit in the time of some sudden emergency, who have failed miserably in discharging the little duties and details of every day life. When somebody questioned William Carey concerning the achievements of his wonderful career, he modestly replied: "I can plod, and I can pursue a plan when once I have decided upon it." Dwight L. Moody seemed quite surprised when a newspaper reporter asked him how he had succeeded so well as a preacher and an evangelist. He replied: "The secret of my success can be expressed in two words, 'Consecration and Concentration.'" I imagine that almost any successful business man could tell you the secret of his prosperity in a sentence of five words.

LAW

Remember that our civilization rests on law. The difference between civilization and barbarism is in that word. A poor law is better than no law, and a true citizen will obey a poor law until he can get a better one. We need, to-day, to preach, and write, and exhort concerning the sacredness of law. A "yellow pulpiteer" is better than a "pink politician" if the pulpiteer stands for law. British respect for law is the thing which commands international respect and consideration. Thomas Starr King remarks: There was great wisdom sententiously expressed in the exclamation of a little constable I heard of once who went to arrest a burly offender against the statutes, and was threatened with a shaking if he did not "clear out." If it had been a matter of fists and muscles, the majesty of the law would have been miserably bruised. But the intrepid little officer responded: "Do it if you please; only remember, if you shake me, you shake the whole State of Massachusetts."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Let business be business. Let it be understood that lying, cheating, defrauding and deceiving are not business. Business is the science of a square deal and an honest bargain. It does not take great brains to muckle people out of money by unfair means—almost anybody could do that. In an old volume of illustrations I find the following: An incident is related of Mr. A. T. Stewart's first day's business. A woman came to buy calico, and a clerk told her that the colors were fast and would not wash out. Mr. Stewart indignantly remonstrated with the salesman. "What do you mean by saying what you know to be untrue? The calico will fade; she will demand her money back, and she will be right. I don't want goods represented for what they are not." "Look here, Mr. Stewart," said the clerk, "if those are going to be your principles in trade, I'm going to look for another situation. You won't last long." But Mr. Stewart did last.

The Riel Rebellion

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne.

TWENTY-NINE years ago this spring witnessed the last struggle of the red man against the forces of law and order in Canada. His final surrender was inevitable, but he did not bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace without one last long reign of terror and the shedding of much blood. Slowly and surely year by year he had been driven from his heretofore undisputed possessions until even the limitless prairie was wrested from him by the paleface. Mounted police posts, forts, farmsteads and embryo towns encroached upon his happy-hunting-ground and his trails bore the wagon wheel imprint of the new settler. Generous grants of land were given him but the Indian makes an indifferent farmer. He wanted more and more land, and civilization failed to tame his wild free spirit. Louis

pletely by surprise. On St. Patrick's Day the metis formed a provincial government with Riel as president, Gabriel Dumont as adjutant-general, and a large council. The Saskatchewan Indians, under the leadership of Beardy and One-Arrow joined them and they proceeded to shout defiance at the Canadian government. All available stores were seized and telegraph communication was shut off by cutting the wires. Supplies en route to Prince Albert were intercepted and the rebels demanded the surrender of Fort Carlton, a North West Mounted Police post, 40 miles from Prince Albert. Major Crozier with a few of his aides held this post and succeeded in getting word to Prince Albert and obtaining a reinforcement of volunteers, with whose assistance he made an effort to secure the stores from Duck Lake. But at this point he was attacked and forced to retreat.

The only forces available to cope with the insurrection were 500 Mounted Police scattered in small detachments over the territory, with much less than half that number distributed between Fort Carlton, Fort Pitt and Battleford, the most important posts. Great excitement prevailed throughout Canada, now that the fight was on and steps were immediately taken to despatch a force of militia to the West. By the middle of April 3,000 men had gone out from Ontario and Quebec, and 1,500 had been raised in Manitoba.

The main body of the rebels was gathered at Batoche on the South Saskatchewan river. General Middleton mustered his men at Qu'Appelle and Swift Current resolving to attack the rebel camp in two columns. The largest under himself, was to proceed north by trail to Clark's Crossing, a rough 40 miles from Batoche and the second, under Lieutenant-Colonel Otter, was ordered to march on Battleford. Lieutenant-Colonel Van Straubenzie, a veteran of the Crimea, of the Indian Mutiny and of the Chinese Rebellion was second in command under Middleton. An auxiliary army was to descend from Edmonton to Fort Pitt.

Poundmaker, the Cree chief, with 500 Indians laid siege to the stockade near Battleford while Big Bear with his Indians seized the stores near Fort Pitt and killed nine people. The settlers in the valley of the upper river fled in terror north and west in an effort to reach Edmonton while hot on their trail sped the Indians, pillaging and burning every farm house. For days the smoke of battle hung like a pall on the horizon and no white man's life was safe. By forced marches the main army, the Royal Grenadiers and Battery A with other troops gained Clark's Crossing and advanced boldly on the enemy. At Fish Creek the Indians were gathered behind rifle pits which they had constructed in a wooded coulee or valley. A sharp and bloody conflict ensued on April 24th and although the rebels fought stubbornly under Gabriel Dumont they were finally defeated at this stronghold. In the meantime, Otter's army, leaving Swift Current on April 13th, marched steadily the two hundred miles to the fort at Battleford and successfully met the Indians there, beating them back to the river. Moving on with 325 men to attack Poundmaker, Otter came upon the Indians at Cut Knife Hill. A severe skirmish followed and the white men, through insufficient numbers were forced to retreat to Battleford again. General Strange with a small division directed his forces against Big Bear while Van Straubenzie proceeded to Batoche and planned and carried out the attack there. Spring was now well advanced and the steamer Northcote was enabled to navigate the river, going down with a plentiful supply of food and ammunition for the main army who reached Batoche on May 9th. They found the rebels entrenched along the river banks in rifle pits and Van Straubenzie immediately threw up earthworks to protect his army, and began to use his artillery. Unfortunately the Northcote was of no material assistance after all, for, as she

advanced down the river under a heavy fire from the enemy, her captain found it impossible to put in to shore on account of a severe injury to her wheel. Having thus become disabled she drifted

on past the fort. The siege of Batoche continued for four days, the firing at first desultory but on the last day a full and determined charge by the militia gaining for them the victory. Riel and



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Riel, a half-breed, belonging to the hot-blooded race once known as Franco-Indian, was born at St. Boniface in 1844 and educated at the Jesuit College in Montreal, as a protegee of Bishop Tache. He had all the qualities of a leader and he early grew to believe that his mission in life was to lead his people in a war upon the white man to regain the land in the west of Canada. In 1869 he took an active part in a protest against Canadian authority but the rebellion was suppressed by force under Sir Garnet Wolseley and Riel fled the country for a time. In 1873 he again incited rebellion among the Indians and half-breeds but it did not gather strength and a warrant of outlawry was issued sentencing him to five years' banishment.

In the summer of 1884 he returned from Montana and again led a movement of the metis or half-breeds—augmented by a force of Indians from the valley of the Saskatchewan—to a grand rally at St. Laurent. Here they drew up a Bill of Rights and forwarded it to the government, demanding the same grant of 240 acres per head for the half-breeds on the territories that had been given their kinsmen in Manitoba. There were other more extravagant demands, but, although the government appointed a commission to look into the matter, the whole affair aroused very little public attention, and so when the news of actual revolt came in the following March, eastern Canada was taken com-



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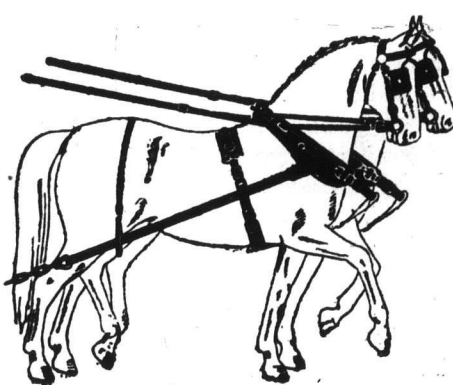
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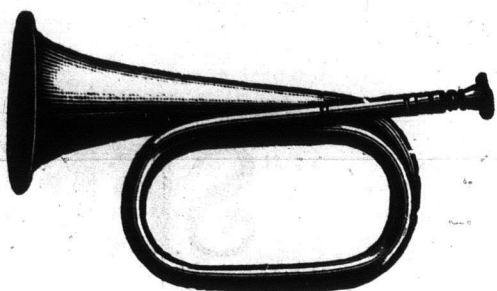
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many of his aides were captured. Dumont escaped over the American border, Poundmaker surrendered and Big Bear was ultimately captured. With the siege of Batoche the rebellion was practically ended, although not without severe loss to the militia.

Louis Riel was taken to Regina and tried for treason-felony. He was sentenced to be hanged in November of the same year, and notwithstanding the eloquent pleading of his counsel and the many letters from French-Canadians asking for commutation of his sentence, it was carried out to the full letter of the law. Eight Indians met the same fate at Battleford and Poundmaker died in the Manitoba penitentiary.

The excellent work of Straubenzie and of Capt. Howard and his gatling gun at Batoche and of Col. Williams and his men of the midlands has gone down to history and Canadians will always have reason to be proud of the "fighting 90th" or "the little black devils," as the half-breeds called them. The suppression of the rebellion throughout was distinguished for bravery in the ranks of our defenders who fought, every man, like a Canadian and a hero.

Poultry Keeping in Alberta

G. P. W., Irvine, Alta.: "Our climate here is very dry with winter weather which changes very suddenly from very cold to very warm. We keep before our flock in a hopper charcoal, oyster shell, granulated charcoal, sharp sand, fine gravel and alfalfa hay. In the drinking fountains we keep separator milk and twice a week we give them fresh buttermilk. They have water all the time. We feed whole oats in the morning, a mash of crushed grain at noon mixed with water, milk or buttermilk, and towards evening plenty of whole wheat in wheat straw litter eight or ten inches deep. We feed beets one day, raw potatoes the next and cabbage the third day. What proportion of the crushed feeds should be fed in the mash and how much salt? What quantities of wheat and oats should we give and when? Would it be wise to feed a cooked root mash twice a week in place of an all grain mash? We want all the eggs we can get during the winter and early spring. Would green cut bone increase the egg yield when plenty of milk is always before them? Is there any important factor missing in the diet of my hens? Would sprouted oats be better for them than the roots? We wish to breed from purebred White Wyandotte males, but we intend to hatch the chicks early enough to sell the cockerels for broilers during June and July. If we use White Wyandotte males on the Barred Rock pullets will we be able to tell the cockerels from the pullets early enough to sell them for broilers? With the purebred White Wyandottes the sex is not distinguishable until the birds are almost mature."

As corn is not procurable these hens are being fed about as well as they can be. Milk is a good substitute for meat as far as it can be made to go. but average milk is about 85 per cent water and the solids in it are so greatly diluted that laying hens cannot consume enough of it to secure as much protein as they should have for the best results. I do not feed oats to my hens, except at long intervals. I try them two or three times a year but my hens will not eat them unless I starve them to it and short feeding has no place in my system. If I could get clipped oats I would try to accustom my hens to eating them as they contain lecithin, an element found in eggs, in larger proportions than any other grain.

I never feed my hens raw potatoes. I boil the potatoes and use them in making a mash, mixing wheat shorts with them. Raw cabbage and beets are good green feeds, but I doubt if there is any advantage in bothering with them as long as alfalfa hay can be supplied. I feed my hens alfalfa hay by the forkful and I notice they do not care much about other green feed as long as they can get the alfalfa.

I have no set rule for feeding my hens. I give them the kind of grain they seem to like best and as much as they will eat with a good appetite.

Much of the time I give a mash made of wheat middlings for the morning feed. To this is added 10 per cent of beef scraps. In spring and summer when the young birds are growing up, I feed a dampened mash made of equal weights of wheat and corn coarsely ground together, to which is added 10 per cent of beef scrap, for laying hens once a day and for the chickens twice.

If there is any advantage for fowls in cooking roots—except potatoes, which are not roots—I have not discovered it.

Green cut bone is one of the very best feeds for laying hens if not more than half an ounce every other day is fed to each hen. Too much of the feed is not good as it brings on bowel trouble.

Sprouted oats is the best form of green feed for fowls at any age. This is the only form in which I would use oats if I used them regularly. Sprouting the oats softens the hulls, changes the form of the starch in the kernel to a more digestible one and furnishes a laxative green feed which maintains good digestion.

Using White Wyandotte males on Barred Plymouth Rock females should produce a large percentage of white rose-combed chicks which would be hard to distinguish from purebred White Wyandottes. The difference between the long bodied strains of White Wyandottes and the short bodied strains of White Plymouth Rocks is largely of the shape of the comb. This is not as it should be but it is the cause.

This correspondent does not seem in great need of advice. The great factors in making a success in poultry keeping are good houses and plenty of feed in variety. This flock seems to be fortunate in having the owner it has.

An Irreparable Loss

The teacher of the primary school, in looking round the room after the children had taken their seats, saw a new face. It pertained to a little boy. She called him to her desk. "What is your name, dear?" she asked him.

"Tommy Hunter, ma'am," he answered.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Six, going on seven."

"You don't look over five," she said, after a careful scrutiny. "I shall have to ask you to bring me a certificate of your age."

"Bring you what, ma'am?"

"A statement from your parents. You may stay here this morning, but when you go home at noon ask your mother to write me a note, telling me when and where you were born. Don't forget it, Tommy. You may go back to your seat."

After the noon recess was over and the children had reassembled in the schoolroom, Tommy presented himself at her desk, flushed with triumph. The glow soon faded from his little face, however, as he felt in his pockets, one after another, and failed to find the note his mother had written. He began to cry.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the teacher.

"I—I've lost my—my excuse for being born!" sobbed Tommy.

The Real Reason

Certain public employees who have to submit daily to a rapid fire of well-meant but needless questions may be excused if they occasionally turn upon their persecutors. An elevator boy, in the New York "Tribune," was one of the victims.

"Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?" a fussy lady asked him.

"Yes, ma'am," courteously replied the elevator boy.

"Is it the motion going down?" pursued the lady.

"No, ma'am."

"The going up?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it the stopping that does it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then what is it?"

"Answering questions, ma'am."

Ingersoll and Alcohol

Mr. Windle, of Chicago, who has been doing a lot of work for the liquor party in Ontario, has also been lauding the work of the famous American anti-Bible orator, R. G. Ingersoll, of whom he holds a very high opinion.

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends.

"All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the talented men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this stuff called alcohol."

The New Gospel

These are the days not of cure but of prevention. We cure diseases by the hundred, but we prevent them by the ten thousand. We know of no cure for typhoid, and we are not very busy looking for one. We know the cause of it, and it is a cause we can so easily remove that we look on every case as a danger signal—a warning—a call to clean up.

The burden of the old song in regard to drink was a declamation of drunkenness as a sin, and a rallying call to all to reclaim the drunkard. These were the deepest sin and the highest virtue. Books and books were written on the cure of drunkenness.

Prevention

We preach the new gospel of prevention. Drunkenness is a symptom—a symptom only—a symptom of drinking. Drinking is the cause of drunkenness, therefore, stop the cause. When we held up drunkenness to opprobrium, condemned it, preached against it, declaimed against it, we made no progress. All agreed with us, including the brewers, the distillers, and the publicans. We were preaching to the converted. Everyone, without exception, resolved in his heart not to be a drunkard. Of what earthly use is it to-day to tell a young man not to get drunk, to show him a ghastly picture of the brain of the drunkard, of his stomach, of his arteries, to paint to him the home and the miseries, the crime and the poverty, of the drunkard. He agrees; he resolves; he pledges himself not to follow that dreadful example

Drinking is the Evil

All this is futile if he continue to drink. Drinking is the evil. Drunkenness is the result. For the drinker is drinking a paralytic poison that is weakening (to the extent to which he takes it), first his will power, and second, his resistance to disease. Its action is insidious. It is subtle. The victim rarely knows. I have heard men declare, and they sincerely believe it, that "drink never did them any harm," when it was obvious to all their friends that they were dying on their legs

Cause of Drinking

The chief cause of drinking are the facilities for getting it; the temptations, the inducements, the pitfalls. Increase the facilities for getting drink and you increase the amount consumed. Main-

tain the facilities for getting drink and you maintain the amount consumed. Decrease the facilities for getting drink and you decrease the amount consumed. This has been proved up to the hilt. Sunday Closing has proved it. Liverpool temporary closing has proved it. Bar closing during strikes and civil disturbance has proved it. Early night closing has proved it. Higher liquor rates have proved it. No-License districts in different parts of the world have proved it. Take these. In the No-License districts in New Zealand during 1910, the value of the liquor consumed per head of the population was 18s. In the license districts it was £4 3s. 1d. In one No-License district with which I was personally acquainted, the total public offences for the year, prior to the closing of the bars, was 474, and for the year after they were only 45.

I heard Mr. W. R. Gibson, of Kilsyth, that trusty old Temperance stalwart, give most effective testimony to the truth of this law of facilities from his travels in the United States.

Keeping the Connection Open.

By Rev. John McNeill

In driving between my Australian home and Melbourne I often stop at a wayside trough to give the horse a drink. I notice that the trough is quite full of water, and that there is a box at one end of it. As the horse drinks the water is lowering and presently I hear a sound as of a running tap. Yes, the sound is coming from the box. That box is covering a piece of mechanism which needs explaining. Within it there is a tap connected by pipes with the main reservoir up in the Plenty ranges.

Attached by a lever to the tap is a metal ball which rests on the surface of the water. As the horse drinks, the water on which the ball is floating is lowered, and thus the ball is lowered; the lowering of the ball opens the tap and the water begins to pour in, so that, although the water is being withdrawn

by the thirsty animal a fresh supply is being poured in, the trough is "being filled," so that it is always "full."

Thus may it be with the soul of the believer. No matter what the outflow into the surrounding emptiness may be, or the withdrawals by thirsty, needy souls, there is the continual inflow, so that there may be the constant "fullness." It is ours to see to the connection away up among the hills of God being kept open—to see that the tap is kept in proper working order by faith, prayer, and meditation.

"How awfully quiet young Mr. Bashley is."

"Yes. He always reminds me of the gnat in gnat."—Chicago Record-Herald.

You'll notice that the letter 's' is found quite often in distress. And it really deserves to be, For it is 'crooked,' don't you see?

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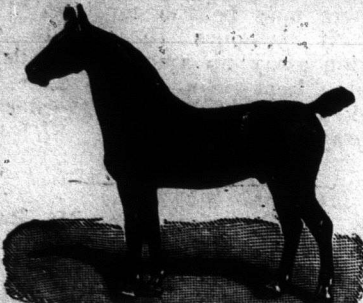
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Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek.

The Rearing of Chicks

Hatching is a much simpler matter than the rearing of all the wee mites brought forth from the incubator or hatched under a hen. Therefore various methods of raising chickens are of the utmost importance at this season, when millions of atoms of chicken life are being hatched out in both town and country.

For the man or woman desirous of raising from one to two hundred chickens, I strongly advocate the old hen as a means of mothering, and find nothing can beat her in taking care of chicks, providing common sense is shown in her treatment. She should never be allowed to trail her brood about the yard, in uncertain weather especially.

Roomy, clean weather proof coops should be made for her reception, as soon as the chicks are nest ripe, whether they are hatched in a machine or under a hen does not matter at all. A hen of large size, a B. Rock or Orpington will mother 20 chicks with ease in a proper coop. She should be allowed to hatch a few eggs then at night, when "love is unusually blind," place the extra chicks under her. She will tenderly embrace them as her very own if she is a normal mother hen. For the first 24 or 36 hours chickens should just be cuddled any way, so after feeding mother well I cover the coop up, and leave them to gain strength, feeding bread squeezed out of milk and some fine grit when the young fry are 48 to 60 hours old. Gradually give chick feed, and rolled oats, bread crumbs, bran, a little boiled egg, chopped up "shell and all," charcoal, green feed, such as lettuce, beets, chopped very fine, are relished. Sprouted oats are an ideal food for young chicks, and it pays to provide some for them. The oats grow readily and in shallow boxes, especially if soaked 24 hours, and there is an excellent oat sprouter on the market, but a handy man can make one easily, lamp heat to 90 degrees is all that is required. The green feed of some kind is a necessity to keep away "bowel trouble" and indigestion. I find when May is on the wane there is plenty of tender grass for the lusty little fellows to nibble at, and they should always be placed on a grassy sward if possible, but the early hatched chicks must be provided with their green fodder, also a little bran meal or chopped liver.

Water is, auringly during the first week, then skim milk and water should be always provided, but see that both are clean and pure. Butter milk is greatly used at the M. A. C., but I have seen very bad results from giving butter milk from a city creamery, bowel trouble set in owing to some impurity in the milk. Provide some little shingles to place in front of each coop or brooder to

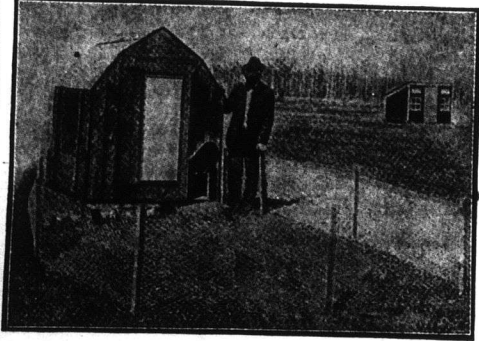


Fig. 7—This portable colony house for rearing chickens is made out of two piano boxes, with the backs taken out and placed back to back, on 3 x 6 inch runners. The illustration shows the method of yarding chicks until they are two weeks old.

feed the chicks upon, until they have sense enough to scratch in the chaff. Give very small feeds of whatever the ration is, do not let them eat all they want, as they will gorge themselves and get indigestion. For the first ten days they need very little at one time as the egg yolk is not yet thoroughly assimilated inside of each little body.

I know from experience when the chicks have passed the danger point of

chickendom three weeks the caretaker feels much more comfortable. At 15 to 20 days whole wheat can be added to the chick feed, and cracked wheat and corn and pinhead oatmeal. I like to send them to roost with a full crop at 3 weeks old. When a month old a crumbly mash can be sparingly fed, and hoppers of assorted cracked and whole grain, bran, grit and charcoal can be placed here and there in the yarded enclosure, which every one should have for growing chicks.

When the chicks are ready to leave their mothers at 8 weeks, or thereabouts, a large coop similar to those pictured in these cuts can be used. The one which is reproduced from Prof. Herner's booklet on poultry in Manitoba is very good, and can be cheaply made from two piano boxes, as shown in cut fig. 7.

The growing of sunflowers in abundance is a capital idea, providing splen-



Fig. 8—A photograph illustrating the piano box colony house in use for raising chickens, and also the method of supplying shade for chickens. The self-feed hopper is also used here.

did shade, and in the fall season the sunflower seeds are the very thing to help the old hens over their moult as well as to put the pullets in shape for early laying. "Coop B," shown in cut, is excellent for young stock a couple of months old, and is the type of house used on an eastern farm. I should prefer some cotton in the front of this coop, as well as the wire netting. Two 4 x 4 scantlings are placed under the building, so it can be readily moved to a fresh pasture. Birds thus housed in a good colony house in which there are level roosts are comfortable until ready for market or the laying pen in the autumn. Pullets and cockerels should be placed in different colony houses when 2 to 3 months old. Very often the mother hen will get so smart she will start to lay again within a month of hatching her first brood. In that case I take her back to the laying pen, leaving her family roosting in the small coop until 6 or 8 weeks of age, shutting them in carefully at night. The chicks to be raised in a brooder need much the same care, only more of it, in my experience. Brooder chicks must not be kept too warm, though at first 90 degrees is right, and they must never get chilled, but very soon cool the brooder down and harden them, as early as possible. No doubt the somewhat new method of "fireless brooders" will give good results, but then in our climate they can only be used in a very sunny well heated brooder house, so I cannot see much advantage. The ideal method to raise a large flock is undoubtedly by the use of a good indoor lamp heated hover, placed in a colony house, such as I described. Gradually the chicks are hardened off, to flourish without the artificial heat, and when 2 months old the hover is removed, and some low level roosts provided for the chicks. Feed hoppers are placed near the door, drinking fountains, grit, etc. If lice are kept down and good pasture given the young birds grow like weeds. Chicks should be dusted with insect powder once a week all summer, whether in coops or brooders, to keep the dreaded vermin down. Heads should be examined for the large head lice, a veritable blood sucker. If any are seen grease the head lightly with lard, this will kill the vermin very quickly.

A new breed of handsome appearance of the Leghorn type originated by

Robt. Miller of Scotland, are checked black and white in plumage and named "the Exchequer," on account of their great laying qualities, producing white eggs of large size nine months in the year. They are non sitters and mature very early.

Mr. William Miller, of Tompkins, Saskatchewan, got sittings of eggs over from Scotland in 1911, and also in 1913, and gives a glowing account of their beauty and egg production, and claims the Exchequer Leghorn is perfectly hardy in the northwest. We all like to hear of success in poultry ventures. "The Christian Science Monitor," Boston, of April 20th, tells of the experience of a Mrs. Anna Wellbeck, a tired out boarding housekeeper, of New York, who took up poultry raising on a small holding of 10 acres in an out of the way part of the States. Owing to the fine parcels post system she was enabled to market her new laid eggs in New York at gilt-edge prices, delighting her customers. She used an especial box of corrugated cardboard for parcels post, and has no complaints of breakage in the mails.

Mrs. Wellbeck is making money out of her poultry scheme, and advises other women tired of the city to try their luck.

I believe already the parcels post here in Manitoba is shipping a goodly number of fresh eggs to the city. Of course, eggs must be mailed in a proper box for safety in transit.

Details of Raising Ducks

J. S. Smith, Jr.

Raising ducks is my business, and in order to give the duckling a fighting chance when it is ushered into this world it is necessary that your breeding stock should be vigorous and healthy, as "like produces like."

When the eggs are laid I place them in a cool place and mark them with an X on one side and an O on the opposite side. In order to prevent the germ from settling on the bottom I turn them a little each day.

When I have the required number I want to set I place them under chicken hens, setting four hens at one time. On the tenth day I test the eggs, removing the infertile eggs.

Ducks' eggs require more moisture than hen's eggs, and it is necessary to supply same. On the 15th, 20 and 25th days moisten with warm water. Sprinkle with a whisk broom just as if you were sprinkling clothes before ironing, but sprinkle until the water starts to run off the eggs. If this system is followed there will be little trouble with sticking in the shell.

I remove the ducklings as soon as dry from the nest and place them in a basket lined with soft straw; then they are wrapped up warm and set away in a quiet place until they are 48 hours old. By this time their digestive organs are fully developed and they are ready for their first feed, which consists of stale bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry, and lightly sprinkled with powdered charcoal. They are fed this ration every three hours until they are three days old.

After a week old add green food to their diet; lettuce is best, and give them all they will eat of it. When two weeks old begin to add a little beef scraps and wheat bran to the food and also corn meal and middlings. By the time they are four weeks old I have them on a ration of two parts bran, one part middlings, one part corn meal, by measure, and 10 per cent beef scrap. If allowed to run on a range they will be busy running from one meal to the next, and will pick up one-half of their food in the shape of bugs, worms, weed seed and grasses.

At five weeks of age they begin to feather out and in nine weeks look like grown ducks. All surplus stock should be sold off now at this age for profit. It is not necessary to have a pond to raise ducks, only water deep enough to immerse their heads in.

There are many discouragements in the duck business, but if you will stay with it you will win out and success will crown your efforts.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A Message

A letter came to the Mayor of Winnipeg last month from a girl who had been lured away from the city by a woman. This woman sprained her ankle and two girls walking behind her rushed to her assistance. She said she could not walk alone, so they helped her to her room. Of course, she invited them to spend the evening with her. They were wage-earning girls, and she expressed great interest in their work, and offered them better work with higher pay. They gladly accepted, and went with her to the States. One dropped out of existence in Minneapolis, the other was imprisoned in a den of vice in Chicago for seven months. She escaped, and wrote this letter as a warning to Canadian girls who are discontented with their quiet life in the country or their position in the city. "Do not trust strange women" this girl writes. "Do not accept offers to go to the States, and use your will power if approached by glittering offers of a life of greater scope, but of which you know nothing."

I am very sure that smooth-tongued women travel through Western Canada, stopping at small towns for the purpose of bringing country girls to the city. Most young girls in rural places long to see the city, and they gladly accept the positions offered. These women work so mysteriously that it is difficult to catch them. Sometimes they pose as representatives of good institutions, again they offer situations in offices, and often they urge girls to come to live with them. Women of this type are and have been operating in Western Canada. Sometimes they stop at good institutions where girls room and board. They pick their way carefully, and the graft back of them prevents them from being caught while they fill the hungry hearts of young girls with the syrup of sentiment.

If a country girl wants to come to the city, the safest way is to write to the minister of her denomination, and he will see that the right woman looks after her. There are home-makers' clubs in Saskatchewan, home economics clubs in Manitoba, and missionary and aid societies in most of our Western towns. They could not do a better work than direct the girls of their community who plan to come to the city to a safe person. This would not be difficult. If a girl is a Presbyterian—communicate with a minister of that denomination; if she be a Methodist—write to a Methodist minister; or write to the Y.W.C.A. This is really important, for there are in Winnipeg certain dangerous places that pose as boarding homes for girls. I have one in mind, to which many country girls come, as well as immigrant girls.

Furthermore, let me urge the country girl to remain in the rural community. She is needed there more than in the city.

I can never understand how a woman will lay a trap for an innocent clean pure girl, but I am convinced that the most daring and cruel agents of white slavery are women. Theirs are deeds that make the heart numb.

What do You Need?

The first dollar I ever earned I spent for ten novels of the Bertha M. Clay kind. I began one, and the next day found to my dismay that they had suddenly taken flight. The mysterious thief of the night was my mother, who would not allow me to read trash. Now we learn that Bertha M. Clay or Charlotte M. Braeme was a man who turned out fair ladies and handsome men by the dozen to fascinate the fair fourteen-year-old school girl. Two men who were boys together recently met in Winnipeg. The first is a well-known Canadian in the financial world—the other is one of life's failures. Why did you not succeed like your friend someone asked? "I was too good a disciple of Nick Carter" was the reply.

A Successful Social Service Worker. (Her Opinion of the Immigrant Girl in Canada).

Prominent men and women from this continent and European countries have visited Winnipeg during the past year in the interests of social service work. The need of this service in Western Canada is continually brought before the churches and charitable institutions. We have among us men, women and children who are unfortunate victims of circumstances they cannot control. One of the most successful of social service workers in Canada is Mrs. Genevieve-Lipsett-Skinner, Canadian organizer of the International Sunshine Movement. Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner has organized branches in Western Canada, and her personal work touches many lives in periods of sickness and poverty. Children whose parents have died, now live in comfortable homes through her efforts, and widows in their fresh grief have appealed to her, and she has made it possible for them to keep their little homes together.

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner has a keen sense of judgment, and quickly detects the impostor. None but the deserving need apply to her. The best employers in Winnipeg are in sympathy with her work.



Mrs. Lipsett Skinner.

She goes personally into the homes of the sick and suffering, and cooks a dainty meal for a half-starved woman or child—or sees that little bare feet and bodies are clothed and protected from the frosts of a Manitoba winter, or perhaps a young girl needs shelter from the tortures of cruel temptations when Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner listens sympathetically and acts.

During the Christmas season under her management several thousand dollars are collected for hampers of food and clothing for Winnipeg's needy. Beginning weeks before Christmas, her helpers make a careful canvas of the city, and every needy family in the city who cannot afford to see Santa Claus is remembered with a Christmas dinner and the children with mittens, stockings, caps, sweaters and toys.

Having learned so much of her good work I sought an interview with her. She had three bundles in her arms, and as she placed them on a chair I asked: "Have you been shopping?"

"Yes," she replied. "These are some clothes for a little boy whose mother had to go into the country to work. She had no place for him to stay, so I told her to leave him with me for a while. He is a fine little lad, and he needs clothes, so I have a new outfit for him here. This is just a little venture of my own outside of Sunshine. Sunshine has so many needs to supply, and Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner enthusiastically enumerated the excellent qualities of the lad.

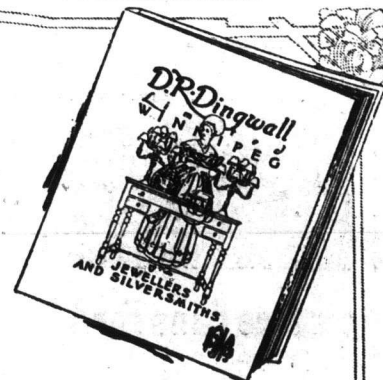
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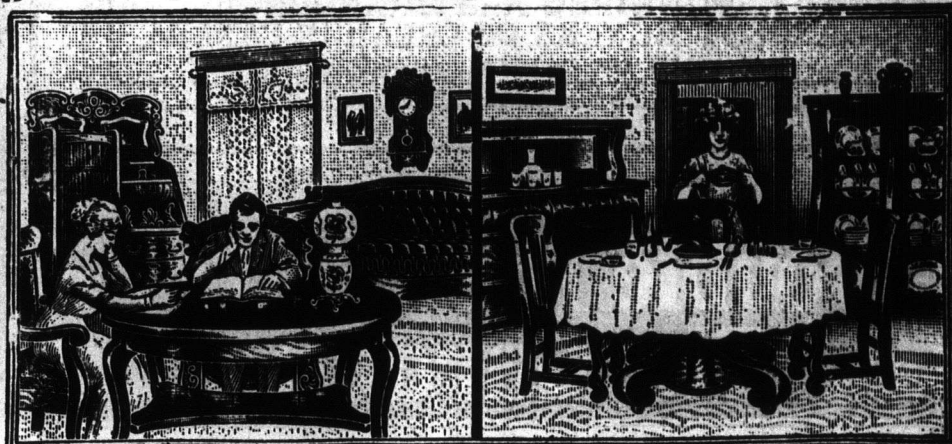
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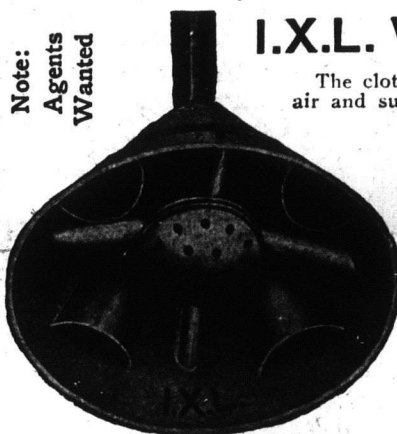
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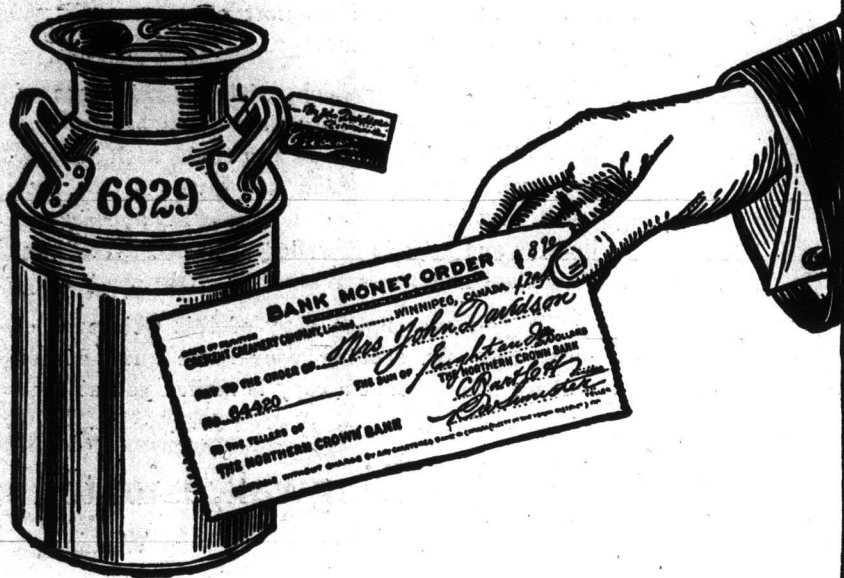
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Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner is a clever woman, who has been engaged in many activities. Early in 1912 she was appointed by the Minister of the Interior to lecture in Great Britain on "Opportunities for Women in Canada." The Minister of the Interior felt that if women could be interested in settling in Canada they would come over as a result of these lectures. She travelled over rural England, spending a great deal of time in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire and Devonshire. She spoke in many of the big centres—in fact, the largest audience ever gathered in the famous Athenaeum Hall of Manchester came to hear her lecture on Canada, and to see the pictures which proved the statements she made.

Then she travelled through rural districts in a huge motor caravan, which was a nomadic exhibition of Canada's fruits and grain—this caravan was halted and the display opened wherever a handful of people were accosted on the roads, while Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner explained the advantages of living in Canada. This caravan also drew up in the various county seats on market days, occupying a conspicuous place on the market square, where Mrs. Skinner answered questions, handed out literature about various provinces and gave interviews.

London was her head-quarters, and while there she addressed some of the best known organizations of journalists and writers who seemed eager to learn all they could about Canada.

On her return to Canada the leading Canadian dailies commended the Minister of the Interior for his forward step in immigration propaganda, declaring that a woman who combined a personal experience of pioneer life on a homestead, a school teacher in rural districts of Manitoba, and who also had taught foreign children in Winnipeg's north end, knew what she was talking about.

Having heard several complaints from old country girls, I asked her to compare conditions in the old country with the Canadian. She replied:

"I met stenographers—high school graduates—who received \$1.75 a week.

"In London the highest salaried typists receive \$7.50 a week, and have to live in the suburbs. They have tram fares to pay and luncheon and tea to buy because it is seven in the evening before they reach home."

What do they receive in Winnipeg?

"The youngest and most incompetent graduate of a business college gets \$35.00 and \$40.00 a month."

"What was your experience with maids?" I asked.

"I was interviewed by maids who worked for sixty cents a week—others for one dollar and twenty-five cents a week, and they worked hard. They had grates in every room to clean and polish, steps to scour in front of the houses, and—where do they live? In most city residences they occupy quarters in the almost subterranean basement, where the kitchen usually is, the front room—an added weariness to work. Ireland is a much poorer country, and domestics there told me they could not get sixty cents a week. Take the case of the same class of workers in Canada, and what do you find? The kitchen is equipped with last month's labor-saving devices—there is seldom a grate to clean there are no ashes to carry, the girl has a comfortable room, and she gets from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a month. The high cost of living does not affect the girl who engages in domestic service—for some one else has to worry about the butcher's and grocer's bill."

"What about the dressmaker?" I urged.

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner replied: "I had lovely frocks made in London for five dollars—you can imagine that the girls who made them did not get two dollars a week in their pay envelope—I doubt if there is a competent girl sewing in Winnipeg to-day who gets less than nine dollars a week."

"What do you think is the most common error the immigrant girls make when they come to this country?" I questioned.

"So long as the girl remains employed she is, as a rule, happy and prosperous, but the trouble with many is they grasp the first opportunity that

offers to embrace matrimony. For example, I know some who have married on a week's acquaintance.

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner as a journalist contributes to "Toronto Saturday Night," "The Canadian Courier," and while in England she wrote "Impressions of the Canadian Woman in the Motherland." She is a young woman full of enthusiasm, ambition and Western Canadian optimism. She has a broad grasp of complicated situations, and is a prominent member on executive boards of several of the most important charitable institutions in Winnipeg. Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner is an active worker in The Civic League, The Political Equality League, and is President of The Winnipeg Branch of The Canadian Women's Press Club. Though an acknowledged success in public life, Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner is at her best in the home, where she plans and cooks dainty dishes for a little dinner party or a reception or just for "themselves." She is extremely pleasing as a hostess, and prominent people from abroad, as well as in the Dominion, have enjoyed her hospitality. She is a real type of the distinct Canadian woman—a public spirited worker, all the more genuine because she is domestic at heart.

The Aristocracy of Girlhood

A young woman has sent me the problem: "A young man who is above me socially and financially, and is manager of one of the departments where I work, asks me to accept his attentions. I am wondering why he does not pay attention to one of his class instead of a working girl. Is it better for me to be content with some one my own equal?"

"Aristocracy comprises those people who are superior to the rest of the community." In some places dollars and diamonds are the measure of value. In other lands the inheritance of blue blooded grandfathers determines rank. The more I study this word the more am I persuaded that there are several kinds of aristocracy. The aristocracy of girlhood may be classed under the following divisions: Aristocracy of dress forms—a factor in the girl life. The girl in shabby clothes looks up to the stylish girl at her side—even though both earn the same wages as is often the case. This is weak aristocracy. In the aristocracy of fashion, I do not censure the neatly dressed girl. In yonder kitchen a sweet young girl entertains a man—brought with dissipation he is—I tell her he is not safe. The next time she visits me she wears a gold chain around her neck. Young girl it does not pay to be admitted into the aristocracy of dress if you sacrifice your purity on the auction block as you enter. There is the aristocracy of fascination. Cleopatra and Mary of Scotland belonged to this class. These are the dangerously attractive and the savingly attractive. Then there is the aristocracy of accomplishment and the aristocracy of intellect, but the supreme aristocracy of girlhood and manhood is that of character. Ask yourself: "What is he? Not what is he worth?" The young man is not your superior if you have a clean pure character. Character is the only true aristocracy, and there are young men to-day who are tired of the artificial deception among women of their own class that they go among wage-earning girls for a wife, whom they feel they can trust, and one whose domesticity is not danced and bridged out.

"I never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the old countryman.

"A fe-fe-low asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a-horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him s-sixteen pounds he offered me fifty."

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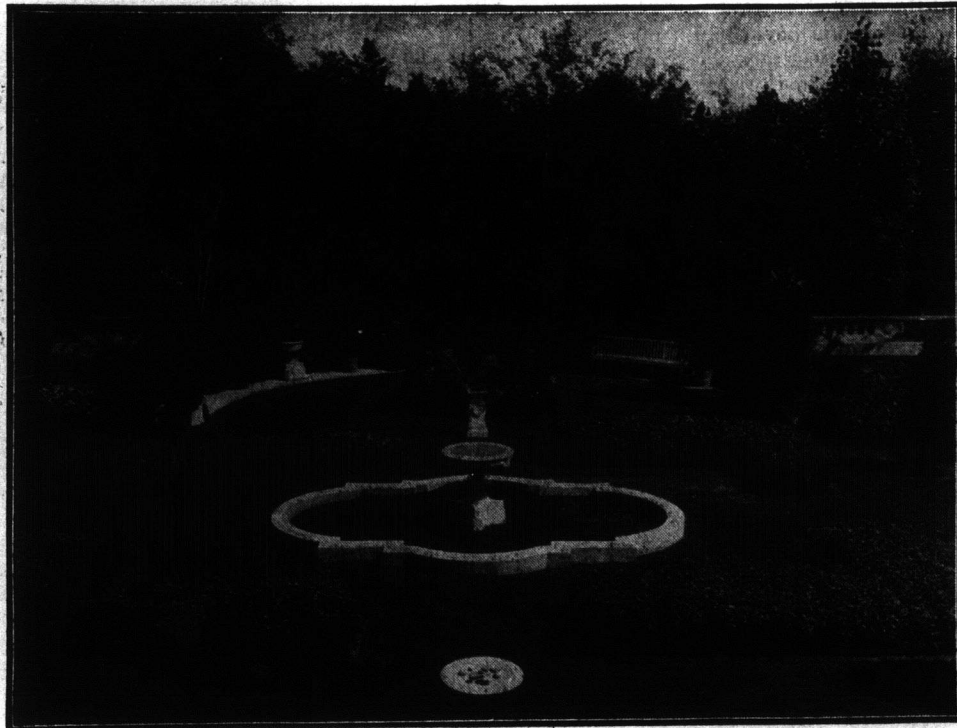
The Women's Quiet Hour

When the son of Sir Henry Irving recently visited Winnipeg he and his charming wife were entertained by Winnipeg's leading clubs. They were most interesting guests and appeared eager to learn all they could about things Canadian. They liked our country and our people, and admired our energy.

A Warm Welcome to the Irvings and the Harveys

They did not bore us with "the way they do things in England," but asked us: "How do you do?" So we Canadians felt honored and explained conditions as they are, and enthusiastically mapped out her hopes. Mr. Irving said it was his father's ambition that his son produce a great Canadian drama. He urged that small theatres be built for the best plays as it is difficult for the most talented artists to speak to advantage in a large building. He, as well as other stars of the stage, have complimented Western Canadians on their appreciation of the superior quality in acting. Several leading actors and operatic singers of the theatrical world have said they are appreciated more in

five per cent are deaf to what is going on about them. In many school buildings some pupils sit near a red-hot stove. While these investigations are disturbing, they are in a sense true. Of course, these are statistics on the other side of the line; but I venture to say we might find them here. The pupil whose attention is distracted by physical discomforts cannot profit much by the instruction offered him. The first requirement in effective teaching is to get a pupil's thoughts free from himself. This cannot be done unless he is in a good, physical condition. Sometimes much misunderstanding could be avoided if the teacher and parents were in closer sympathy. It is well for a new teacher to know the parents personally. A little diplomacy in the management of parents is helpful to successful discipline in school. We owe to the future of the boys and girls that are entrusted to our care a training in discipline which is self-control. It is the principal point of dissension between parents and teachers. The modern world is still depending on parents and teachers to furnish its citi-



A Beauty Spot in a Winnipeg Park.

Western Canada than in the East—and they said this after finishing their tour of Canada. Martin Harvey was told in New York that Winnipeg audiences are the most appreciative in Canada. By the way, it was Martin Harvey's wife who suggested to him the dramatizing of The Only Way from Charles Dickens' story of the French Revolution — "A Tale of Two Cities." One evening when they were returning from the theatre she suggested the dramatization. He immediately stopped at a book store and purchased the book, and that night worked out the plan on hotel paper. It was she who suggested the title of this play which brought fame and success to Mr. Harvey in a single night. Both Mr. Irving and Mr. Harvey paid high tribute to women's work, emphasizing the splendid assistance they have had from their own wives. Mrs. Irving and Mrs. Harvey both act in the companies supporting their husbands. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey were also popular with Winnipeg people personally as well as on the stage.

It is a treat to meet these stars of the English stage, and is well for Canada that they have come to us, as the Canadian stage is being too much Americanized.

Recently a famous physician said city children are healthier than children in rural communities. At once the country rose in arms. Dr. Hoag, of Minnesota, then made investigations. He found that at least four-fifths of all country children drink tea and coffee; at least one-fifth suffer from constant headaches; about one half have toothache, many suffer from earache; at least

zens who know how to obey. Some one has said: "They who relax obedience in the home and the school are traitors to the coming common weal."

Political equality sympathy is fast gaining ground in Manitoba. The central organization in Winnipeg is busy forming branches, and new speakers are joining the list in order to comply with the great number of requests coming from outside points. The League has for its members many influential men and women whose combined efforts will be a force in the province.

"How the Vote was Won" and the Mock Parliament were played for the second time in the Walker Theatre. The seats were sold out three days before the entertainment was given. Many came in from outside points. Those who took part acted well, not only for art's sake, but because their heart was in the theme. They gave the play in Brandon last month and were most cordially received. Requests have come for them to play in other places, but as the women who take part are busy women it is difficult for them to give the play elsewhere. Women of the West are thoroughly aroused to the necessity of equality for the protection of their families, and they are going at it in a reasonable and convincing way, thereby winning men as well as women to the cause. At the recent election in Illinois women's vote put one thousand saloons out of business. By the way, in some parts of the Old Country moving pictures are showing films picturing the curses of intemperance; they keep open until the bars close, thus providing an

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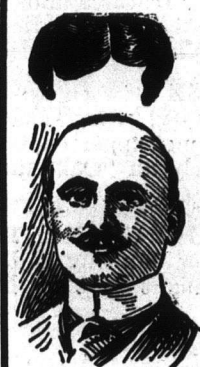
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open public place at less cost than the bar and at the same time it keeps the crowd from the bar.

An hour at the Immigration Hall provides one with considerable material for lessons in nation building. The face of a tired mother reflecting a heart heavy, perhaps from parting with aged Mothers parents in the old land, suddenly brightens with gleams of hope that flash across her countenance like lightning as an imaginative moving picture panorama of opportunities for her flock of little ones is thrown on the screen before her mind. All her worldly belongings are tied in huge bundles stained and wrinkled with traces of travelling. The little ones crowd about their mother tenderly, conscious of her protection in the crowded station. The greatness of our nation depends on sympathy between parents and children, and these are amongst those who will be the backbone of our nation, so make that mother welcome in your community. Women of The Quiet Hour, see that the little brood be not surrounded by vile conditions or their hopes crushed by lack of educational opportunities. It is well for these people that such women as Nellie L. McClung and Mrs. A. V. Thomas are courageously fighting for justice and mercy to Canadian home life.

Often our women folk of the farm long for something beyond the wheat field, but those little ones are most fortunate who have their mothers always with them. Besides, the mother who has to work hard is developing strength and determination to pass on to her children through example and inheritance. Great women, as a rule, are not the favorites of circumstances, but the conquerors.

The men who have and are accomplishing most are those who have been carefully mothered when children. "Woman, behold thy Son" is a text for every mother to consider. The children of hard-working mothers make better citizens than children who are pampered and petted and spoiled. I believe that one of the greatest tragedies of to-day is the bringing up of children by a nurse girl. There is no substitute for the mother.

Perhaps it would be well to scrub a little less and spend an hour or two encouraging the children to plant flower beds. If they are taught to love flowers they will create beautiful ideals in the mind. I once asked a woman who stayed alone for some time at a lumber camp in British Columbia if she were not afraid. She seemed surprised at my question and exclaimed: "In the presence of so much grandeur how could I be?" The earlier the child learns to love the nature blessings about him, the stronger will his personality be developed. There are hidden harmonies in the woods and grasses, and it will rest both mother and children to listen and love. The care of the children given us is our special business; the claim of motherhood has precedence over every other claim in the world, and I do like to hear the mother speak of it as a joy, not a burden. Francis Willard said one time: "Not every woman that has borne children has a mother's heart, and not every woman who has not borne children is devoid of it, for many times there is a wealth of motherhood in the childless woman."

As babes nurse their mothers' moods so do children thrive or decay under a mother's disposition.

Every child loves his mother with his heart which is instinctive, with his strength which is reciprocal, and should with his mind if it be the result

of intelligent admiration. It is impossible if the mother is peevish, small in conception and weak in ambition. Our children are at the mercy of our moods. Be a hero to your boy, his chum, his teacher and some day he will say: "Mother was the best, the wisest, the most beautiful woman in the world."

There is a picture of a woman who looked at her faded hands burdened with costly rings and her home crowded with priceless furniture—and as she listened to the voice of the "Might Have Been" that hinted at the "jewels ablaze on her breast where never a child had slept" she covered her face "and wept and wept and wept."

Listen to this tribute to the mother of Napoleon by himself.

"Ah, what a woman! Where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled... Every low sentiment, every ungenerous thing was discouraged and discarded. She abhorred falsehood and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Her tenderness was severe, meeting out punishment and reward with equal justice. She had the energy of a man combined with the delicacy of a woman."

"The Inside of the Cup" has provoked more discussion this year than any other book because it strikes at vital questions of the day. It asks the Church—"Are you working to help humanity or are you selling out to millionaires?" Some ministers affirm that the conditions of the Church as described in the book are true—others say it is overdrawn. At any rate the book is worth thinking about. These are some quotations I have marked:

"A city overtaken by the plague of prosperity."

"Unless there be in the back-ground a mother, no portrait of a man is complete—into the Supreme Canvas came the Virgin."

"The little lad's clothes were neatly mended betokening a mother with self-respect and character."

"The church should be an oasis in a desert of misery and vice."

"He was trying to iron out some of the inconsistencies of life."

"Mr. Bentley doesn't bother his head about theology—he just lives."

"Well," the girl continued, "Ferguson pays a lot of money to keep that going, and gets his name in the papers. He hands over to the hospitals where some of us die—and it's all advertised. He forks out to the church. Now, I put it to you, why don't he sink some of that money where it belongs—in living wages? Because there's nothing in it for him—that's why."

"Once you have made your ideas your own," she mused, "you will have the power of convincing people."

Why We Don't Walk

"Madame," said the doctor, "what you need is more exercise. Why don't you walk four or five miles every day?" "And have people think we've had to sell our automobile? I guess not."

First Guest—"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel The Palm. Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

Second Guest—"You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests to the last day of their stay."

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You can search the world over and not find anything that saves so much labor in your kitchen as this beautiful new Hoosier.

You can sit down at work with this Hoosier and save miles of steps. It combines Three Big Cupboards, a large Pantry, Special Bins and Compartments, and dozens of Labor-Saving Features, around a roomy metal table that slides out 16 inches.

YOUR NEED FOR IT you will not question when you know its total conveniences. And now, with so many new features and its much larger size, at the present low cash price, it is a wonderful Bargain which you can easily afford.

YOU MAY CHOOSE between two dominating models "White Beauty," which has a water-proof, ivory-white enamel upper cupboard, and the models with merely an "Oak" interior, at slightly less price.

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1. Am I doing justice to myself and my family by wasting my strength with miles of useless steps in my kitchen— which a Hoosier would save, or
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Sunday Reading

Vision and Work

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the holy vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways:

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for visions; but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

The Upper Current

Dr. Peabody, in one of his inspiring
talks to the students of Harvard, draws
a picture of a vessel lying becalmed in
a glassy sea. There is not a breath of

pinus, like a harp touched by unseen
hands, were so impressive that silence
was a part of our worship.

At length he said: "The soul has its
windows as well as our homes. If we
would lift the curtains on the heaven-
ward side we would know better how
to live and have less dread of death.
We see too much of the present and too
little of the future. To lean on the win-
dow-sill and look out into the busy
throng is a pleasure, for God has offered
us many opportunities for work, but to
lift the window on the other side and
give the winds that blow from the far
east free course through the house is a
great comfort, a refreshment, a consol-
ation. There are angels round about us,
but we do not see that they are there.
We need their kind offices, but the win-
dow is closed and they cannot enter."

Joint Affliction

When the Halliday twins were babies
their mother always referred to them
collectively. This was natural enough,
for they shared everything, from their
baby-carriage to chicken-pox.



The Western Idea of Beautifying a Town.

air to fill a sail. While the men wait
and watch, however, they notice that
all at once the little pennant far up on
the masthead begins to stir and lift.
There is not a ripple on the water, nor
the faintest moving of the air on the
deck; but when they see the pennant
stirring they know that there is a wind
rising in the higher air, and they quickly
spread their upper sails to catch it. In-
stantly the vessel begins to move under
the power of the higher currents, while
on the surface of the water there is still
a dead calm.

In life there are higher and lower cur-
rents. Too many set only the lower
sails, and catch only the winds which
blow along on earthly levels. But there
also are winds which blow down from
the mountains of God. It would be an
unspeakable gain to us all if our life fell
under the influence of these upper cur-
rents. We would be wise if we so
adjusted our relations with others that
all our days we should be under the in-
fluence of the good, the worthy, the pure-
hearted, the heavenly.

The Windows of the Soul

After a beautiful summer day I was
once sitting in the gloaming by the side
of a friend whose earthly life had also
reached its twilight, and for a while not
a word was spoken.

There are times when speech seems to
be a poor vehicle of thought. The
landscape, with its purple hillocks on the
horizon line, had a language of its own.
The clear note of joyous birds seeking
their nests for the night, the rippling
of a near-by stream hoping soon to lose
itself in the river, the soft music of the

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or full of green undergrowth.

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| 1 pkt. Mignonette, Sweet. | 1 pkt. Sweet Peas, Mixed. |
| 1 pkt. Morning Glory. | 1 pkt. Zinnia, Mixed. |

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Farm Boys' Club for Winnipeg Exhibition

Another Hundred Manitoba Youths Invited to the West's Big Show

The Farm Boys' Club, originated by the Canadian Industrial Exhibition Association, last year aroused widespread interest. It was of course intended to appeal primarily to the youth of the province devoted to the pursuit of Manitoba's banner industry, agriculture, but the broader general interest which the announcement of the plan excited was a surprise, even to the association.

Scores of boys in all parts of the province, ambitious to be included in the club of one hundred invited to spend a week at the exhibition as its guests, with railway fares and all other expenses paid, entered the essay-writing competition, the subject of which was "The Prairie Farm." On their return home the successful boys were required to write a second essay under the head of "What I saw and Learned at the Exhibition." Substantial cash prizes were

A copy of the folder giving full particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretary of The Canadian Industrial Exhibition Association, Chambers of Commerce, Winnipeg.

The Canadian Egg Trade

(Extract from an address delivered by W. A. Brown, B.S.A., at the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, Guelph, December 8th, 1913.

The Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture has been engaged for some months in an investigation of the Canadian egg trade.

At this time when the subject of eggs is being discussed so freely by the press and public generally, it may be of interest to cite some of the conclusions reached as a result of this investigation to date.

The Consumption of Eggs in Canada.

Canadians are large consumers of eggs and the consumption per capita of eggs

ishing food that they can be served in such a variety of ways and prepared with such little labor, keeps them in constant and ever increasing demand.

Canada Imports Eggs.

Canada, an agricultural country, is obliged to import eggs for home consumption. Canada once exported eggs. Ten years ago between ten and twelve million dozen were exported to England and previous to 1900 even greater quantities were shipped annually to the United States. The following table gives the exports and imports of eggs since 1900.

Aunty Hopeful on Skimping

"It beats all," said Aunty Hopeful, as she set the milk away to cool, "how many women there are on the farm who don't have half enough eggs or cream for their own use. You'd think to see the way they skimp themselves that they was livin' in town, payin' eight cents for milk and 50 cents a dozen for eggs. I suppose that comes pretty near



The Farm Boys' Club, Winnipeg Exhibition, 1913.

awarded for the best five essays, and a number of these were published in one or other of the farm journals. The prize-winners of 1913 were:

Robert Couker, Swan River; J. Harold Best, Benito; A. Sinclair, Swan River; Orville J. W. McMahon, Roland; G. H. Hambly, Swan Lake.

So successful did the Farm Boys' Club feature of the 1913 exhibition prove that the directors have decided to repeat it, and are now distributing a folder inviting the farm boys of the province to enter the competition for places in the club of 1914, by writing an essay of 400 to 500 words on the following subject: "How Waste on a Manitoba Farm May be Reduced."

The selection of the boys will be made by a committee composed of the Deputy Minister of Education, President Black and Prof. E. Ward-Jones, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and a member of the Exhibition Board. The contest is open to boys residing on farms, or those intending to make farming their life work, and who were not members of last year's Farm Boys' Club. Each applicant must be of good moral character, and between the ages of fifteen and nineteen years. No student of any agricultural college is eligible to enter.

Each applicant must notify the school inspector of his district through his teacher, or communicate direct with the Exhibition Association, and write the essay as above indicated. The essays must be in the exhibition office not later than May 15, 1914. The Exhibition dates this year are July 10 to 18.

in Canada is steadily increasing. The following table will give some idea of the rate at which consumption is expanding.

Table 1.—Relation of Consumption to Production in the Canadian Egg Trade.

	Census of 1891.	Census of 1901.	Census of 1911.
Population of Canada	5,371,315	7,204,838	4,833,239
Poultry Population of Canada	16,562,084	29,548,723	12,696,701
Total Egg Production	84,134,802 Doz.	123,002,132 Doz.	64,499,241 Doz.
Average Production per hen	5.08	4.83	5.08
Exports of Eggs	11,363,064	92,164	8,002,935
Imports of Eggs	951,745	2,378,640	602,533
Total Consumption	73,723,483	125,288,608	57,078,839
Average Consumption per capita	13.72	17.39	11.8

It may be noted that the increased consumption per capita between the years 1901 and 1911 amounts to nearly four dozen. This increase is not by any means confined to the cities. Farmers generally are eating more eggs than ever before. In many rural districts it is practically impossible to secure fresh meat at certain seasons of the year. At such times eggs are usually plentiful and are used freely.

In the cities with the steadily increasing price of meat, even though eggs may be high in proportion, the fact that eggs are such a wholesome and nour-

bein' the real reason, after all. There is some folks who never can see a thing but what they think of how much it would bring in the market. It's just such women folks on the farm who skimp themselves with eggs and cream and other things that's plentiful and which makes life on a farm joyful and satisfyin'.

"There ain't no sense in tryin' to save money that way. I most generally notice that women folks who use plenty of eggs and cream in their cookin' have the most contented set of men folks hangin' round their table at meal time.

"I see a lot in the farm journals these days about keepin' boys and girls on the farm. It ain't no wonder so many of 'em goes to town to work. I reckon that when I was last up to the city visitin' I see a sign 'Dairy Lunch' on almost every corner. There was hundreds of men folks scramblin' to get places on the stools that set in front of the counters. Now if boys and girls don't get the dairy lunch t' home they're goin' to the city after it. If they see all the eggs and cream goin' to town for them city folks to eat, they're goin' to follow. I don't blame 'em either.

"It's a mighty poor economy to drive the comin' generation away from the farm by makin' 'em go to town for what they raise on the place. I never read about them abandoned farms down east but what I wonder if a lot of 'em ain't become so because a skimpin' woman made her children drink blue milk in their coffee."

The Passing of the Cowboy

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max. McD.

EVERY type of man or beast has its value in the make-up of the history of the world. The word type is here used with reference to character evolved from peculiar circumstances or conditions. When such conditions change, the type naturally disappears. In speaking of the old-time life of the western half of this continent, the international boundary line, needless to say must be largely disregarded. The natural conditions which shaped the lives of the living beings that played their parts on that vast stage knew nothing of man-made boundaries, any more than the driving rain storms of summer, or the blizzards of winter, or the migrating herds of buffalo knew or cared that in the years to come there would be international boundary pillars at half-mile intervals strung across the continent from Lake of the Woods to the Rockies.

First and foremost of all the types that have made the West famous, the cow-boy must be spoken of with all honor. He has been the most misrepresented of all those that have braved the frontier in an effort to establish legitimate business. He is the man that really carved the way and proved that the country was one of vast realization. He lived on the outskirts of the farthest police patrol, away from the help of the sheriff and guardians of the law, herding stock and guarding it against untamed Indians and the wild beasts of the mountains and hills. Mud roofed

shacks were his only shelter, his food was rough, and he had none of the luxuries that are to-day considered necessities.

The people of the East have been led by ignorant or careless writers, painters and sculptors to confuse the cowboy with the cattle "rustler" or raider. He has been pictured as a desperado, going about shooting up towns and leaving a trail of carnage behind. He was not all that writers of fiction and romance would have him. Not always was he picturesque in hairy schapps and wide sombrero; always vicious and dissipated. Nor did he always have a dialect. He had a vernacular of his own, the same as a lawyer or a doctor has a vernacular of his own. He was ever rough and ready, with many of the graces of an angel and many of the attributes of a devil. His life called for hardihood and daring, so only the hardy followed it.

There is a type of cow-boy who comes to the ranch in the spring and fall and at all other times is a vagabond, "riding the grub line." Such characters have existed and do exist in connection with the cattle industry of the West, but they are not the dominant type. These are, however, the type that the people of the East have had thrust upon them. If there is anything that a first-class Western man resents, it is the assertion that this particular type of disreputable cow-puncher belonged to his section of the country. As a matter

of fact, these ruffians were almost invariably drafted from the cattle-yards of the Eastern markets.

Science is crowding out the old type of desperado cowboy. A better breed of cattle is being developed, and the men selected to care for them must know their business. The real type of cowboy is the man who makes his occupation as much a business as the farmer or the manufacturer, and he is quite as much an important factor in the economy of the West as either of the others.

Probably the only accurate conception of the real cowboy that now can be obtained may be seen in the pictures of Russel and Remington; the one a cowboy himself with an artist's eye and skill; the other a man of the schools and cities but with the instincts of an out-of-door lover of nature and of Western life. Their paintings of the camp and round-up, of all that pertains to a cowpuncher's life are duplicated in the memory of every man who ever has seen much of life upon the open range.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt knows a good deal about cowboys. He has lived their life on the Western plains and written much from his personal knowledge and experience. Of the cowboy he says:

"Cow-boys resemble one another much more and much less than is the case with their employers or ranch men. A town in the cattle country, where it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about, presents a picturesque sight. Here are assembled men who ply the various industries known only to frontier existence, who lead lonely lives, except when occasion causes their visit to the "camp." All the various classes—loungers, hunters,

teamsters, stage drivers, trappers, shepherds, sutlers, and men drawn from all classes, plainsmen and mountain men—are here to be seen. Most prominent of all is the cowboy. Singly or in twos or threes, they gallop the wild little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect, or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle; their stirrups are so long that their knees are hardly bent, and the bridles not taut enough to keep the chains from clinking."

As picturesque as is the get-up of the cowboy, there is not an article entering into his outfit that has not a practicable and essential application to the comfort of the man of the plains. His extravagance would seem to be shown in the number and variety of the gig silk handkerchiefs which he wears knotted about his neck. And yet the handkerchief is an important part of his outfit, covering his mouth and nose when riding the range behind a herd of cattle. Three thousand cattle make a lot of dust, and the alkali dust of the western ranges is not pleasant stuff to get into the lungs.

The cowboy likes a fancy bridle, an ornate saddle, good pistols and fine spurs. The heavy leather cuffs are usually most ornamental, but their decorative effect is only incidental. When the cow-puncher throws his rope to lasso a steer, the lariat sometimes comes in contact with his wrist. If his arm should be bare and that whirling line should run over it, the flesh would be cut to the bone.

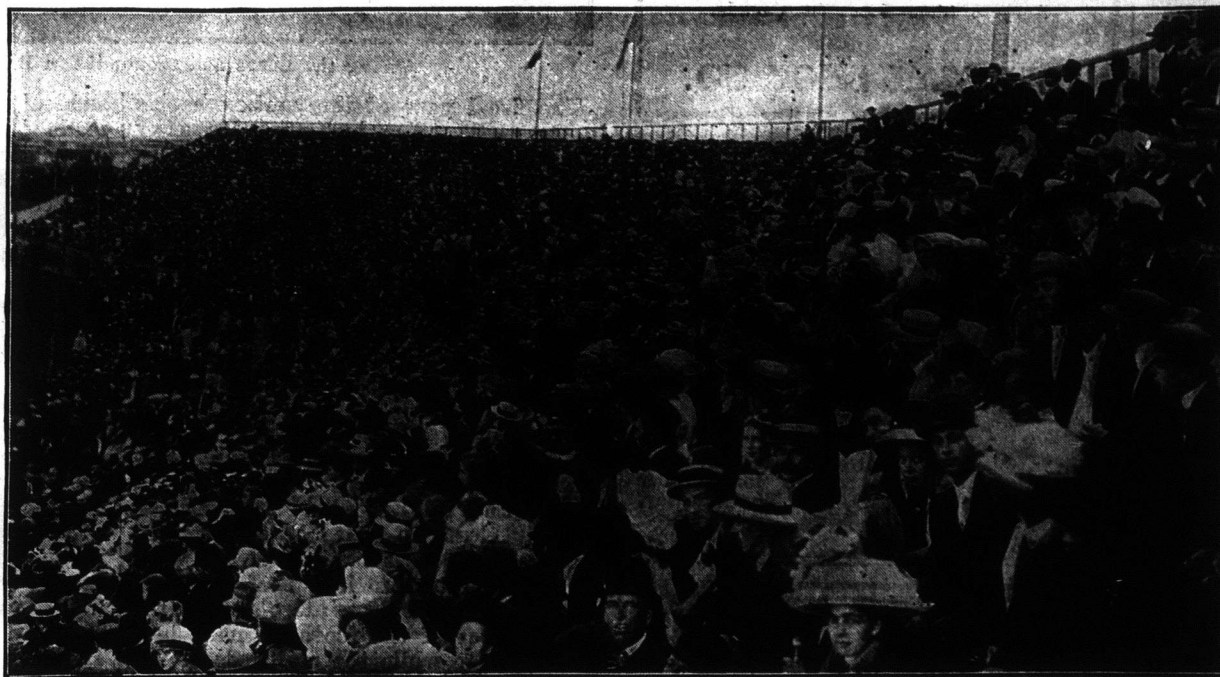
The sombrero is another of the plainsman's pet articles of apparel. It is extremely picturesque and it lends the man a romantic air. But he doesn't wear it for these reasons. He uses the

Canadian Industrial Exhibition

Winnipeg

JULY

10 to 18



A Happy Corner of the 1913 Exhibition

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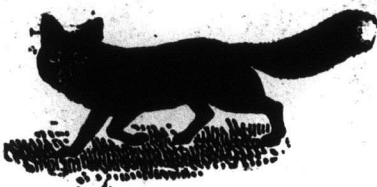
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**Have to Outside the Bar; I'm in Love with Liza Jane
My Pure, My Angel Wife, and Beautiful Devon**

These four songs and fifty shares of our Company will be sent to any one and every one of the first four thousand that send us One Dollar. In addition to this, they will receive a number that will entitle them to a chance of obtaining all the way from one hundred shares to ten thousand in the end of July—ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR. Now recollect this is no lottery but a fair business deal. You get the full value of your money and perhaps an immense fortune. What we manufacture are Land and Water Vehicles and Agricultural Implements. Send One Dollar at once to make sure of this offer. Not answerable for money sent in a letter unless registered. As soon as you send the Dollar, we will send you further particulars in this money-making proposition. Address.

Secretary, JOYCE MFG. CO.
Room 12, Masonic Temple, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada

big brimmed hat because it is the only sensible thing for him to wear. The broad brim keeps the sun out of his face on his long rides and shelters him from rain when he runs into stormy weather. The hat is held on by a "G" string. Without it the hat would be off the punchers head as much as on, and once under the hoofs of the herd there wouldn't be even a ribbon left. The high heels on his boots are essential to his comfort, as without them his feet would constantly be slipping through the stirrups.

There is the little whip which the boy has tied to his left wrist. It isn't meant to be used on his horse; it is for the steers and is called a "bull whip." In a herd there will be one or two ringleaders in mischief that will stampede the herd on slight provocation. One end of the whip is loaded, and when the rider sees trouble brewing he spots the bad steer, and riding up to him whacks him over the head with the butt end of the whip. Frequently it is sufficient to fell the beast and then the cow-puncher is off his horse in a jiffy, ties the animals feet and so stops the mischief.

cattle. He didn't have a close home range, but he trusted humanity, and his calves and cattle carried their ears and their hides whole as nature had given them. As the old story goes, the catching up of Maverick's "slick ears" became very popular among the worldly, get-rich-quick, ambitious stockmen of the section. The story became sectional parlance and to-day Webster tells us that a maverick is a "bullock or a heifer that has not been branded and is unclaimed or wild." Also the lesson of maverick's loss of his herds seems to have been remembered. So it is to-day that the brand of the cattleman must be registered with the proof of ownership unless, of course, theft can be proved. But the days of stock rustling are over in the West, largely owing to the rigid brand inspection of the larger market centres.

Driving beef to the railway is, however, the climax of the cowboy year. Perhaps it is also the most interesting, though physically wearing work the puncher has to do. Many of the steers are very wild and a herd has been stampeded by the fright of one animal that was surprised by a bird flying



Among the Lakes and Mountains in British Columbia.

The fiscal year of the cowboy begins in the early spring just after the snow has melted from the hills and the grass gets a good start and the season for feeding the poor stock is over. Then it is that he puts aside his winter ways and recklessness and buckles his belt to a hard six months work. As soon as weather permits, the "weaners," and old cows that have been feeding at the home ranch, are driven to the fresh green grass on the hillsides, and the round-up begins.

The range is systematically ridden and every beast accounted for. The "chuck wagon" is loaded with a "grub stake," and follows after the punchers as they clean up miles of country for branding. In most sections of the West the spring round-up is a beef round-up as well, for the mild winters and abundant pastures of the foothills make beef on the range while the stall-feds of the East are munching their corn and roots.

Coralling the saddle horses each morning is an interesting part of cowboy experience on the round-up. A corall is made of lariat ropes tied to the camp wagons, and into this the horses are driven. Each "buckaroo" picks out his string of four or five, one or two of which are usually bronchos fresh from the bunch-grass. The well-known Remington picture, "The Chuck Wagon" illustrates what often happens when the bronc is saddled at the round-up camp.

One might think that where cattle are kept on range within a few days ride from the home ranch the process of searing an ugly big brand deep into their hide and hacking off a big fraction of each ear and cutting loose the skin of the jaw or neck or brisket so that a bloody piece of themselves would grow into a chin waddle or neck waddle or "dewlap"—one might think that all this college fraternity initiation heartlessness were useless.

So thought a historic, tenderhearted man named Sam Maverick, who came from Boston to Texas in an early day to scatter seeds of kindness and to make his fortune in the raising of

suddenly from a bush. Every effort is made to keep the beef from wearing away their tallow. It is the greatest of cowboy sins ever to allow them carelessly to go faster than a slow walk. To afford a better trail, the cattle are strung out single file when the country is open. From a high point one can then look down the road sometimes for three miles and see the same living, vibrating, slowly moving thread.

From six to ten miles is a day's drive, and if the range is good before dark the cattle will have satisfied their desire for grass and water. Then they are bunched and soon lie down in one compact, cud-chewing mass. In the early days of the drive they must be night-guarded, the men being grouped in shifts, each to spend half of the night in riding slowly around and around the herd from one camp fire to another. Later the cattle can be left alone after they have quieted down and they will not stir until daybreak.

But the cowboy's day is past. The open ranges of the West are no more, and the vaquero of Argentina and Mexico no more like the real article than an Indian cayuse is like a nerve-strained thoroughbred. The rolling hills remain, the snug river bottoms, the springs in the hills, the streams and rivers, but the range is gone forever, cut up by the fences of the farmer and the railroads. A grand country, a wheat empire, the land of the future; but the ranches have gone, wild cattle no longer roam at will across the broad sweeps of the prairies, and the cowboy has no part in this great development. The old days have passed into oblivion never to return. The days of the cow-punchers and lassoes are forgotten in the ashes of the past, and where the endless herds of cattle grazed great cities are springing up and planning their destiny.

"He expects to be rich some day," "What's he done?" "He's invented a waterproof bread for lettuce sandwiches."

The Closest Thing to You is What You Most Appreciate.

"Munsingwear" is the Closest Thing to Every Tenth Person in America Who Wears a Knit Union Suit

By Olive Lanier.

Perhaps the nearest approach to what may be fittingly called an Industrial University, on this Continent, is the great establishment in which the popular "Munsingwear" garments are produced. I have never seen anything like this wonderful Minneapolis institution, in which health, economy, happiness and the highest human service are combined with what is commonly called industry.

The story of "Munsingwear" is a romance of industry. When I first visited the factories of the Northwestern Knitting Company, the home of the "Munsingwear," seven years ago, I was even then impressed with the evidences of a purpose on the part of the Company to link commerce and higher education in a practical business scheme. There was nothing surprising about such a plan in our day and the results have proven the perfect utility of the American idea of making the factories, schools of efficiency in the various branches of commercial enterprise.

To-day the great "Munsingwear" factories occupying a whole city block, out of all proportion to their original size, and still growing into a Leviathan of manufacture; in fact the largest of the kind in the United States; are also the most perfect example of the highest form of industrial development.

The Northwestern Knitting Company has realized that the present day employments have passed out of the pioneer stage—the stage when the worker was merely considered to the extent of the service produced and the wage earned—into an era of system, and conservation of the human element, as the best means to reach the highest efficiency. With this in view the "Munsingwear" factories have been supplied with every ingredient of hygienic perfection, every essential for educating the worker, and with the moral and social safeguards and surroundings which elevate work-a-day life.

Recently a young woman was engaged to act as Industrial Secretary of the company and has devised plans to greatly increase the facilities for social enjoyment among the employees. In addition to the rest room, the large dining room, and finely equipped hospital, a gymnasium has been provided and an auditorium also, where the various clubs that exist among the employees can hold meetings for both educative and social purposes.

The buildings are modern, of fireproof construction, perfectly lighted and ventilated, and are kept absolutely clean and sanitary. The air which is forced through the buildings by huge fans is purified through water before entering the work-rooms, in other words, the temperature is not only regulated, but also the humidity and the purity of the air which the employees breathe. Even

in the hottest summer weather the whole factory is at least fifteen degrees cooler than the outside.

But what I particularly want, however, to tell the readers of The Western Home Monthly about, is the "Munsingwear" itself, which has acquired a reputation everywhere that surpasses anything else of the kind. It must be popular with the hordes of men and women who wear it, when the Company turn out a completed garment every half second of the full working day, and even then they are unable to supply the demand for the underwear.

mechanical inventions going about their allotted business as if each were endowed with human intelligence, and only one or two young women standing by casually, like monitors at the head of their classes, to watch them at their work, it gives the thought that the machinery is entitled to the greater praise. But, a few minutes later, in another department, where each machine has its mistress, unerring, deft, alert and feeding it the kind of food it was designed to eat in unlimited quantities, the observer glows with enthus-

stood by the operative as if she and her machine grew up together.

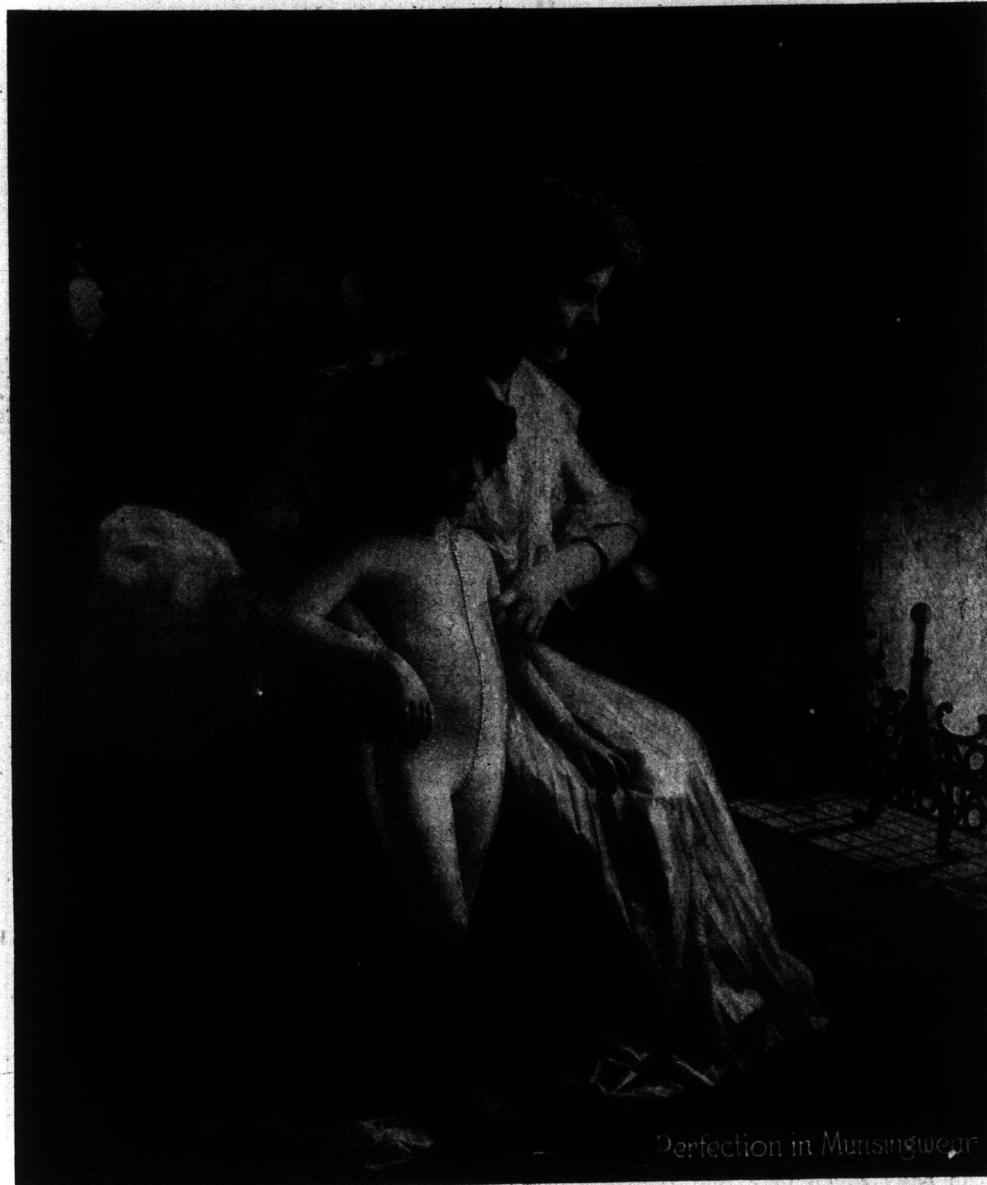
Here is a device, for instance, for making buttonholes, of which there are heaven knows how many on a masculine union suit and probably twice as many more on what the Italians call a "combinazione" of the female persuasion. The gentle reader, if called upon to make a buttonhole, would probably first cut the hole and then sew around it carefully. The machine knows a trick worth two of that. While you are wondering how it will proceed, the energetic needle has sewn up and down and all around a perfect little oval, and a descending knife has cut the hole in the centre. Before you can say "Bless my soul!" it has done a dozen more of them!

Another machine of more interest to the masculine mind, perhaps, is the busy little button sewer. Men have been known to take unto themselves wives just to have the buttons sewed on their garments. With one of these inventions at hand, the late Brigham Young could easily have dispensed with fifty wives and Blue Beard could have saved himself much needless murder by installing the device in an ante-room of his bloody castle. Fifty million buttons are sewed on annually.

The thing has a protruding jaw, and its open mouth clamors for buttons. The attendant chucks one in. Down comes the needle and thread; it dashes through the hole and back again several times, then into the second and third and fourth holes. Before your lips have formed to say "button," the machine has sewed on six of them and tied knots in the threads and cut the ends off, and the garment is on its way rejoicing to the next stage of its completion.

"Munsingwear" is made in seventy different sizes and fabrics, suitable for all seasons of the year, and all ages. So far as I know it is the most comprehensive line of Knit union-suits in the world. Taking into consideration all the different styles and sizes, fabrics and colors, it is necessary to carry in stock 6,600 different items to fill orders promptly. These orders come from all parts of the United States and Canada. A great many Canadian orders are being received from those who appreciate the perfectly fitting, comfortable, flexible, durable, easy-to-put-on, underwear, that costs no more than the ordinary kind.

During the present year the "Munsingwear" Mills will produce nearly ten million garments. It is rather a striking fact, as nearly as can be estimated, that every tenth person in the United States, who wears a knitted union-suit, wears "Munsingwear."



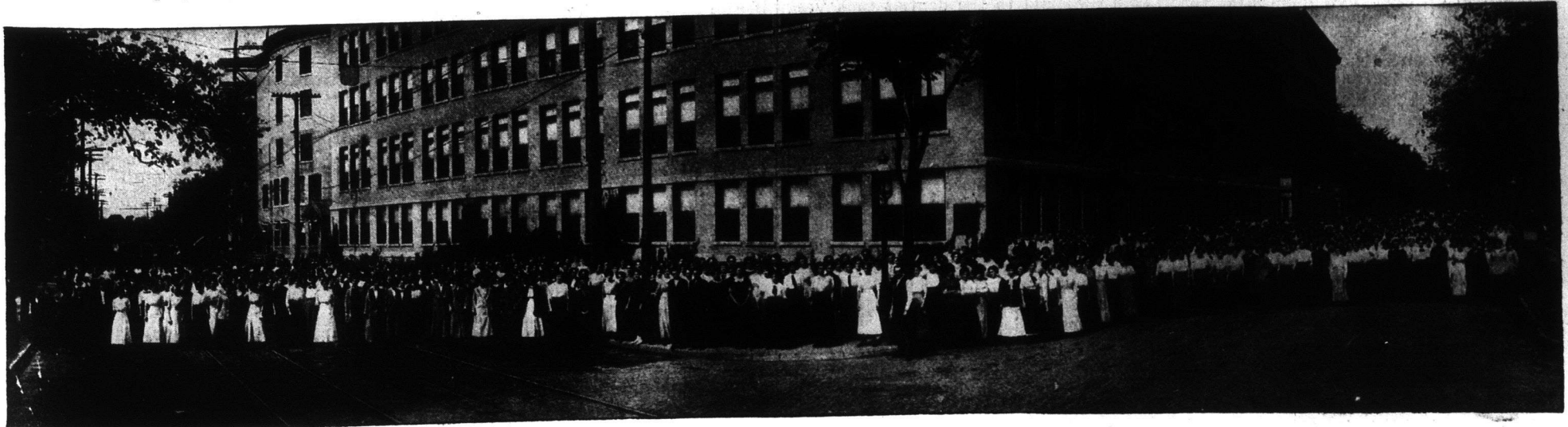
Perfection in Munsingwear

Every woman is interested in the fashioning of the garments she wears, and there is something fascinating about the machinery of the "Munsingwear" establishment, working with almost human dexterity and intelligence. I could hardly convey a better impression of the devices employed than by quoting Mr. Wm. C. Edgar, Editor of The Bellman, Minneapolis.

When one pauses to watch with fascinating interest rows upon rows of

iasm over the cleverness of the operator, and the machine takes second place in his estimation.

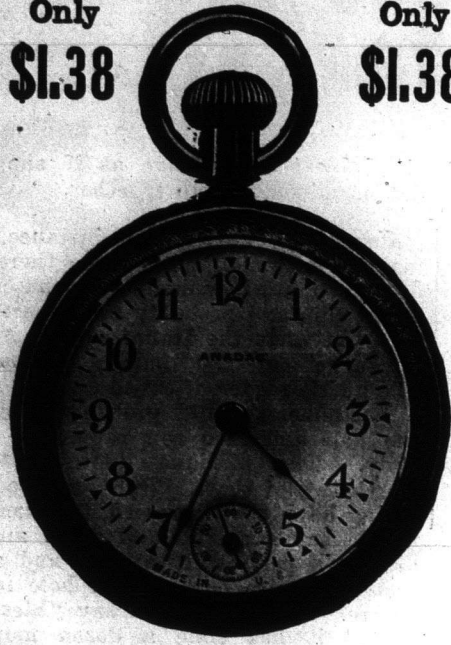
To attempt to catalogue the various mechanical devices which, each in place and turn, does its perfect part toward the making of a perfect garment, would be like numbering the fallen leaves that carpet the autumnal wood. All are wonderfully complex to the layman, but apparently as simple and well under-



"Munsingwear" Factory, covering an entire city block, and showing over 1800 employees

Don't Be Without a Watch

Only
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Greatest Value Ever
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Handsomely got up and finished. Excellent time-keeper. Stem winder and stem setter. Gold finish.

If not satisfied when you receive the watch return it at once. Money will be refunded to you. Can any offer be more fair?

Lawrence-Glassco Co.

1504 Keewayden Building

Winnipeg

The Home Doctor

Care of the Children's Teeth

Margaret Rayburn.

In none of life's relations do we better show a constantly broadening outlook than in the treatment of the modern child. This newer view looks upon the child as a possibility for future health, strength and beauty. It is the poet's sentiment:

"God in every nature folds,
The perfect future of its kind."

Today the wise mother does not devote herself merely to nursing her baby through childish ills. She studies him as a future man and endeavors to the best of her ability to weed out physical imperfections and build for him a strong, healthy, beautiful body. He is but the image of his future self, in very plastic material. Mother's is the wise, intelligent hand that is going to mold the child into perfect manhood. Many mothers of days gone by, perhaps a few to-day, felt that they had done their duty when they had carried the child through the attacks of measles, whooping cough and other infantile diseases supposed to be waiting for him when he arrived. These were his by natural inheritance and original sin. If the child's eyes were crossed, nose crooked, teeth prominent, it was accepted as the mark the Creator had placed upon this child to make him in individual mold. Or, it was traced to some remote ancestor who suffered from the same disfigurement. The child's eyes, ears, nose and teeth were final, unchangeable assets. He was equipped with them from the start and must keep them to the end of the chapter.

The greatest awakening to mothers has come in the matter of caring for the child's teeth. Just now dentistry for children rides the crest of the wave of popular investigation and research. The mother hears and reads on every side, that the mouth is the gateway to the intestinal tract which means to life itself. She also learns that she has it in her power to make or mar her child's physical beauty by her watchfulness over his mouth and teeth. Everywhere it is driven home to a mother that her child is no stronger than its teeth. Dr. Woods Hutchinson declares that there are no less than thirty-three distinct and labeled kinds of bacilli in the mouth, "as parlor boarders, but they behave with propriety, unless you give them carrion to feed upon." Some of the dread results of tooth decay are cited as tuberculosis, club foot, knock knees, smallpox and scrofulous conditions. One dental surgeon says the diseased end of a nerve

can manifest itself in the eye and cause temporary blindness; in the ear and cause deafness; in the muscles and cause temporary paralysis. One of the great preventatives of adenoids and enlarged tonsils is a perfect dental arch and palate. This latter, easily shaped in the growing child involves work, expense and pain in the adult.

These results for which decayed and imperfect teeth are the cause, are all things which the mother can watch and nine times out of ten, have corrected.

When the baby is two weeks old, she must have its gums examined by the doctor. The baby's mouth is all prepared for tooth formation. His gums are soft in some places and hard in others. The little gums grow feverish, ache and throb all during the teeth forming period. His mouth should be washed just as carefully as his body. Listerine will cleanse, disinfect the gums and check fever. A small portion of this, one-half teaspoonful in a cup of tepid water, should be used, with a bit of soft cloth, to bathe the baby's gums, twice a day. Or, a weak solution of boracic acid will do.

When the first tooth begins to push its way through, the mother should consult her physician, if she would save the baby much pain and fretting. The physician may see fit to cut or lance the gums, making the pathway of the incoming teeth, smoother. He may find it necessary to cut down to the teeth themselves, so that the membrane will not cause pain by stopping their growth. The unawakened mother allows the baby to drag through teething time, spoiling the days and nights for herself and him. The wise one calls in the physician to examine baby's mouth at the end of two weeks, two months, eight months and one year. After that she takes the child to the dentist each year until he is sixteen or in other words, capable of watching the condition of his own teeth.

The mother obliged to turn each penny over many times, may discard this advice as "too expensive." Having the growing child's teeth watched to prevent future decay and illness, is like paying fire insurance. It is the expenditure of a small amount to guard against a great and irreparable loss in the future. Under the watchful eye of a good dentist and with the mother supervising the cleaning of the teeth, gums and mouth, and the food-chewing habits, there should be almost no expense for dental work. Teeth left unwatched, to decay or to come in irregularly, may bring sickness, death, to say nothing of loss of beauty in their wake.

One of the first of the old ideas to be discarded by the modern mother is that rubber rings and pacifiers aid the baby in cutting his teeth. These have been placed on the tabooed list by both physician and dentist. They are germ carriers, laden with germs of the most virulent type. The mother who lets her baby suck these, the rubber nipple of his nursing bottle, his fingers or a bit of cloth, must not wonder when he is visited by colic and intestinal troubles. She has herself to blame if one jaw projects over the other and the mouth is unsightly. The French Senate considers this such an important matter that it has now before it a law regulating the size of nursing bottle nipples and prohibiting the use of pacifiers. Baby's mouth is soft and yielding. These hard substances not only spoil the shape of his mouth, but they may cause what is known as "mal-occlusion," of the teeth. That is when the upper and lower teeth do not meet. One can not chew the food perfectly when this condition exists. That tells the entire story. A man whose teeth do not close together so he can chew hard tack, can not enter the United States Army or Navy. A man who can not chew his food perfectly is ill-equipped for any position in life that needs a good, strong man.

Horace Fletcher says: "The whole problem of nutrition is settled in the first three inches of the alimentary canal."

The wise mother has learned that the second set of teeth will not be at their best unless the first set are properly cared for. The most important teeth to look out for are the molars. They are the grinders of all the food which enters the mouth. Of these the sixth year molar, or the one which appears about the sixth year is the most important of them all. This is often lost because the mother thinks it one of the first set. When it is lost nature tries to fill up the cavity often changing the shape of the mouth and of articulation. Dentists say that the early loss of this molar is responsible for more misplaced teeth and ill-shaped jaws than any other condition of the mouth. Dr. Woodbury of Boston calls these molar teeth the "working tools of mastication." Their work begins at once and continues throughout life. Upon them rests full growth and development. Upon them depends good health during life. "The sixth year molar often decays during its second year mainly because children eat sweets indiscriminately and in quantities. Not having learned how to brush their teeth properly and keep their mouths clean, this molar is affected easily and decays rapidly. It is most necessary that mother learns the location and appearance of this sixth molar. She must watch for cavities and take every precaution to keep this important tooth in perfect condition.

The very first requisite to assure perfect teeth to the child is to have clean teeth. A clean tooth never decays. This does not mean a perfunctory brushing of the teeth once a day. The child must be taught to give the teeth a "bath and scrubbing." First the mouth should be rinsed with tepid water to take away all the food particles. Then the brush should be used without powder, to dislodge any further substances. After this preliminary cleaning comes the thorough brushing with tooth powder, rinsing and to make perfectly certain there are no foreign substances, use the dental floss. Brushing three times a day is considered necessary for the most perfect cleanliness.

Tooth powder which contains grit or acids should be avoided. Alkaline or soapy powder neutralizes the acids of the saliva which plays havoc with the teeth. Each toilet table should contain a bottle of some good antiseptic mouth wash. A medium brush is better than a very hard or soft one. It is not necessary to brush the teeth hard if one learns to use the brush skillfully and well. A child will be encouraged to take pride in cleaning his teeth if given a cunning little brush, his own bottle of tooth powder, spool of dental floss and mouth wash, his own corner of the bathroom shelf. A mother should not take it for granted that a child has cleaned his teeth correctly and well, but should watch the process until the habit is really formed.

Regular inspection by the dentist and clean teeth are two important factors in the proper care of the child's teeth. Just as important is teaching the child to chew its food properly. Food bolted causes no end of diseases of stomach and intestines—cancer, catarrh of the stomach and gastric ulcers are some. Food must be thoroughly chewed not only for the sake of digestion, but for the sake of the teeth themselves and the gums. Dr. Woods Hutchinson advises: "Give the child plenty of roughening food to chew and he will get the pearly vigor of the savage tooth and the vigor of the Caucasians." Too much soft food gives neither the teeth nor gums necessary exercise and "massage."

Setting the child aright in these necessary habits is the work of the mother. For all tooth examination and treatment she needs the help of a first-class dentist. She must go "on the 'ounce of prevention pound of cure' theory.

The School House

By Edna Dean Proctor

Oh, make the schoolhouse beautiful
By hill and plain and sea!
Delight within and bloom without—
Picture and flower and tree.

For the boys and girls, while life shall last,
And wherever their steps may fare,
Will remember the lovely, joyous place,
Or the house forlorn and bare.

And the lore they gained, and the precepts hard,
And the patriot songs they sung,
Will be treasured still if the spot was dear
In the days when life was young.

Let the guelder-rose and the lilac bloom
In welcome by the door,
And the turf be green the paths between,
And, above the bright flag soar;

And plant the elm for its regal shade,
And the pine for its boughs of balm,
Magnolia with its lustrous leaves,
And the jasmine, by the palm;

For tree, and flower, and pleasant song,
And the tale by the pictures told,
Will help full many a youthful heart
To turn life's gray to gold.

Then make the schoolhouse beautiful
By hill and plain and sea,
For the school is shaping, year by year,
The nation yet to be!

A Cheap Farm Wall

The very best and cheapest wall for any farmer who has either rough or cobble stone on his farm is built as follows: Dig a ditch about a foot deep and a foot wide and fill with small stones. On top of that build board forms for a wall not more than 12 inches wide for the largest of farm buildings, and pour in a quantity of mortar made of 6 parts of sand to 1 part of good Portland cement. On top of this throw in a few rough stones and pound them down until the mortar rises over and completely covers them. Do not have the stones touch the boards on either side. Then pour in another quantity of mortar, add more stone and pound down as before. Continue doing this, raising the board forms as fast as needed, until the wall is high enough all around. Level the wall, leaving a layer of smooth mortar on top. After a few days the boards can be taken down and used elsewhere. The wall is the warmest and most solid one to be built, is rat-proof and allows the sill to fit on tightly. It is laid in about half the time usually taken for a rough stone wall, and looks and wears better, costing no more for material. It is an excellent wall for basement, six sided silos and all farm buildings.

There are two kinds of hobbies—those that cost money to keep up and those that bring in money to help keep you up.



With the narrow skirts of the new styles, one's footwear becomes more conspicuous. How necessary it is, then, that the shoe which divides attention with your gown and hat should have the grace of form and fit that give to them their charm and distinction. The

VASSAR SHOE

Illustrated here, will be found to meet all the requirements of the well-dressed woman. It has all the earmarks of a custom shoe, including the smart lines and little style touches which are emphasized by the short vamp, high arched effect so much the vogue.

Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass

Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price, 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. (coin or stamps) to cover cost of engraving, postage and packing. Only one mirror to each person.



Minister-Myles Shoe Co., Limited
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Please send me Vanity Hand Mirror for which I enclose 15c.



The VASSAR

How I Killed My Superfluous Hair

Cured It Quickly So It Never Returns. Even After Beauty Doctors, Electricity, and Numerous Depilatories Failed

I SEND YOU THE PROOF FREE



If you have a hair growth you wish to destroy, quit wasting your money on worthless powders, pastes and liquids, or the dangerous electric needle: learn from me the safe and painless method I found. Simply send your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and a 2 cent stamp for reply, addressed to Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 385, B.D., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

FREE COUPON This certificate entitles any reader of The Western Home Monthly to Mrs. Jenkins free confidential instructions for the banishment of Superfluous Hair, if sent with 2c. stamp for postage. Cut out and pin to your letter. Good for immediate use only. Address Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 385, B.D., No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Every lady who wishes to be rid of the disfigurement of Superfluous Hair should accept above offer at once. This remarkable offer is good only for a few days: the standing of donor is unquestioned.

Attractive Embroideries

The French Knot has always been one of the best known and most useful embroidery stitches, and it now forms a greater part of the newest authorities, giving most realistic effect to floral designs, such as Golden Rod, Heather, Scotch Thistle, Forget-me-not, etc. Very beautiful designs are now being shown especially adapted to French Knot embroidery.



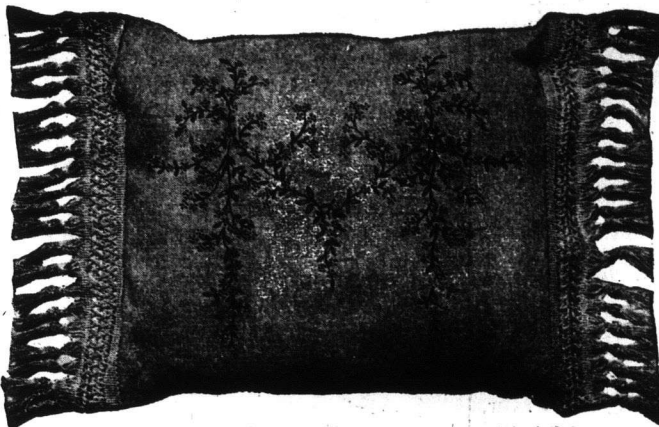
No. 6586
Cushion, Front and Back75
Fringe to Finish60
Silk to Embroider 1.00

Forget-me-nots, the flowers being worked in shades of blue, a small, yellow knot forming the centre of each. The ribbons in this design are solidly embroidered in satin stitch, using pale golden yellow outlined with black, while the small dots in the centre are carried out in greens. This cushion is stamped on cream-colored linen.

No. 6592 shows an effective arrangement of Scotch thistles worked in dull purple, the foliage embroidered in long and short or half solid stitch with pretty shades of grey greens; this cushion is also stamped on cream-colored material.

No. 6593 is a heather design to be embroidered in the same coloring as used for the Scotch thistles. A handsome linen fringe finishes all these cushions, and the work is so simple that no one need hesitate to embroider any of the designs illustrated.

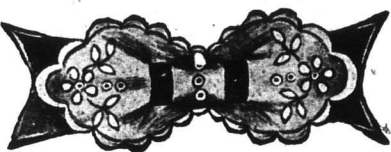
Embroidered towels are a necessity in these days of attractive household furnishing, and many varieties are to be found. Some people prefer to purchase the towels already hemstitched; they then only require a simple embroidered decoration, which may be quickly worked and a handsome towel results.



No. 6593—Heather Design
See prices for No. 6586

Designs 274 and 278 show the scalloped towels stamped on patterned huckaback. These scallops should be carefully and evenly buttonholed, first padding the edges, and then working with close, even stitches. Guest towels may be supplied to match either designs.

Two pretty jabots are pictured here stamped on white linen and pretty ribbons, either of satin or



No. 315
Butterfly Bow10
Cotton to Embroider06



Nos. 274 and 278
Large Towels, Scalloped70 each
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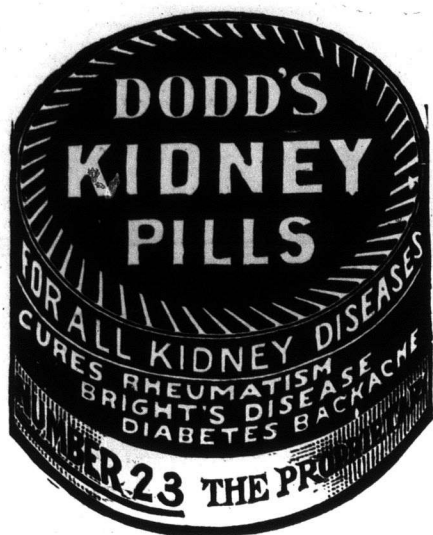
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velvet, may be drawn through the eye-letted slits. These should, of course, be buttonholed. The remainder of the design is carried out with French knot and solid embroidery.



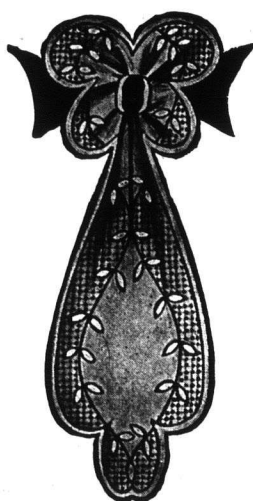
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How One Woman Keeps Cool

By Addie Hull Doerr

I am not a philosopher, and I never even thought of Dr. Wiley's auto-suggestion prescription for keeping cool, but I have never since my early childhood suffered from the heat.

I remember one day I was so busy making my boy's first home-made trousers that when a friend called me on the 'phone and asked what I was doing to "keep from melting on this hot day," I replied: "I did not know that it was hot."

I have often been asked: "Can't you feel the heat?" Well, no, I can't, for I won't. I do not stop to think about the heat at all. I always work right along, trying to find something especially interesting to do, avoid drinking ice water, and never allow myself to sit down and perspire and fuss and fan.

One summer, "a record breaker for heat," I spent in an inland town, and I was a wonder to all who knew me. Some even seemed to feel provoked at my coolness. One lady there, who suffered dreadfully at night from the heat, had two sleeping rooms and a hammock on a balcony at her disposal. She would go from one to the other, and sometimes would walk out in the garden, fussing all the night long. In the morning she was weak and cross and ugly (this last an aside). My room was small, with only one window and no cross-draft at all. I would say my prayers, go to bed, sleep well all night, and wake up in the morning ready to dance and sing and work in the "Daily Truths" office all day.

Yes, it has been auto-suggestion that I have practised all these years, but I was not wise enough to name it. I always gave as my recipe: "Keep busy at pleasant work; read pleasant books; think pleasant thoughts, and do not drink ice water."

As a mother I am trying to instill my keep-cool habit into my children. My nine-year old boy is "proving" my recipe. One day he asked me why he felt so hot and sick when picking blackberries in the sun, and did not mind the heat at all when playing ball. I told him it was because he liked to play ball and disliked to pick blackberries. He decided to enjoy the berry picking, and went out in the sun and picked twenty-five pounds of berries, and "Came up well and cool."

Of course the housewife must help with proper food, and that is easy, for all cook books give good suggestions for hot-weather dishes.

Try my keep-cool plan some summer.

The Girl at the Desk

"I think," declared Mrs. Brewster to her daughter, "that women are just about as mean to other women as they can possibly be. Men are bad enough, goodness knows, when they get to teasing, as your father does every little while. Now up at the library this morning there was an example of what I mean." She pulled off her gloves and sat down to tell the story.

"What happened, mother?" inquired her daughter, quietly continuing her sewing.

"Well, when I went to the desk to return my book, there was a woman there, planted right in front of it. She was looking hard at the girl, just as if she thought she was about the wretchedest person in the world. Then I heard her say:

"I didn't receive a card. How was I to know that it was overdue?"

"We don't send out cards till the book has been three days over due," the girl answered.

"Why don't you?" I heard the woman ask. "I should think you might."

"I don't know. It's the rules. They are pasted in the front of each book."

"That made the woman pause a minute. Then she said that she didn't read the rules, and she thought she needn't pay the fine, because how could she be expected to know when the book was due if she didn't read the rules? I saw that the librarian was nearly going to say something, but she checked herself just in time.

"The woman said, 'Well, I think you are very unjust, and I shall speak about it to a friend of my husband's, who is one of the trustees—Mr. James C. Wilson. I shall leave my card here to-day and pay the fine to-morrow.'

"I stepped up to the desk," continued Mrs. Brewster, "and laid down my book. 'I am so sorry'—I began, thinking that the poor girl would be nearly crying with mortification. She did look kind of red about the eyes. But just then she made a funny noise, and I saw she was laughing!

"Do excuse me," she said, "but I have such a sense of humor that I can't keep my face straight when a—a—person like that talks like that!"

"Now there," concluded Mrs. Brewster, as if she wanted to impart a lesson, "was what I should call a good, sensible girl. Shouldn't you, Margaret?"

The Print of the Springs

A politician, upon his arrival at one of the small towns in North Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, found that the two so-called hotels were crowded to the doors.

Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could.

He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"Well," asked a friend, when the politician appeared in the dining-room, "how did you sleep?"

"Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman, non-chalantly, "but I looked like a wattle when I got up."

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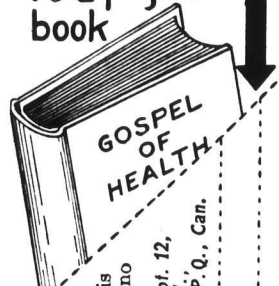
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About the Farm

Milk Fat May be Abnormally Increased

A bulletin issued by the Missouri Experiment Station contains records of the station here which go to show that on a restricted ration the percentage of milk fat may be abnormally increased for some time after calving if the cow is in a fat condition, and that the percentage of milk fat gradually increases with the advance in lactation of cows moderate to thin in flesh. Data is also taken from the advanced register of the Holstein-Friesian Cattle Association, and submitted as further proof that the percentage of fat may be abnormally high when the cow is in a fat condition at calving. One cow was entered in the advanced register with an official test at 4.08 per cent fat, although her average for the year was 2.76 per cent. Similar results are recorded for Ayrshires and Jerseys. The following conclusions are drawn: The percentage of fat in milk can be influenced to a marked extent for the first 20 to 30 days by the fatness of the animal at parturition. This influence appears to extend in some cases in a less degree for at least months. Underfeeding of the animal after parturition seems to be a necessary condition to bring about this abnormal percentage of fat in the milk.

Treatment of Grains for Smut

J. W. Eastham, B.Sc., O.A.C., Guelph.

Since with the stinking smut and loose smut of oats infection takes place by means of the spores which adhere to the grain, any treatment which will kill these germs without damaging the grain, will control smut satisfactorily. The two following methods are the ones usually adopted:

1. **Bluestone Method**—Requirements: Two barrels, a coarse sack, bluestone, lime and water. In one barrel is placed a solution of bluestone of a strength of 1 lb. to 25 gallons, in the other lime water of a strength of 1 lb. in 10 gallons. The seed is put in the sack and immersed for 12 hours in the bluestone solution, and then 5 or 10 minutes in the lime water, which prevents injury to the grain from prolonged action of bluestone. The seed should now be dried as rapidly as possible by spreading it in a thin layer on a clean floor and shovelling it over at intervals.

2. **Formalin Method**—This has now largely taken the place of the bluestone method since it is easier to supply and there is less risk of damaging the grain, especially in the case of oats. A solution of one pound (1 pint) of formalin in 42 gallons of water is placed in a barrel. The seed is placed in a coarse sack, immersed for about 20 minutes, and then spread out and dried as above.

A convenient modification of this method which has been found effective consists in using a strong solution (half pint in five gallons of water) and sprinkling the seed with it. After each sprinkling the seed should be well mixed until the surface of each seed is covered with the liquid.

Treatment for Loose Smut

The above treatments are useless for loose smut or wheat since in this case the pest is in the seed when the latter is harvested, and any measures taken to kill it will be likely to injure the grain. The only treatment yet devised is the following: Soak the seed for four hours in cold water, allow to stand four hours in the wet sacks, and then place for five minutes in water at 132 degrees to 135 degrees. Care must be taken that the temperature is not allowed to rise above this latter figure, and that the seed is not immersed more than a few minutes, or it will be injured. Spread out immediately to dry. Some grain will be killed by this process and it will be necessary to sow slightly more seed.

One Cause of Lameness

Nothing is easier than to prick a horse in shoeing. Not only is he liable to snatch his foot just at the moment of driving the nail, but he may have very little nailing room, as may be seen by examining many detached hoofs. A stub from an old nail may have been left in, and caused the new nail to take a wrong direction, or the nail itself may sliver or split, or the hole in the shoe may have been pritchelled with imperfect direction. It is the custom to always blame the smith, and to disregard the difficulties he has to contend

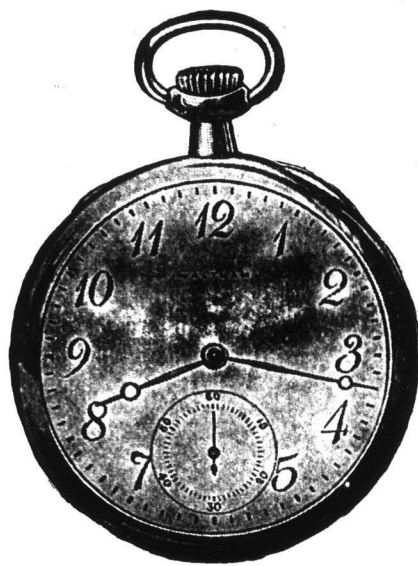
with. It is not generally known how skilful a craftsman he is deserving of better pay and more consideration. A nail may be picked on the road, or a sharp flint or other wounding body may cause the sensitive foot to be pricked. A prick manifests itself perhaps by a shortness of gait next day, or a little lameness a week later, or acute lameness in a few hours. If the animal has been quite recently shod a prick is suspected, the shoe removed, and the foot pinched round to see where he feels pain under the pincers. If the nail hole is cut out and a drop of blood drawn it is probable that a poultice or two will put the matter right. If neglected, a little green sappy matter forms, and if there is no more than would cover a split pea the horse will be very lame, and proportionately relieved when the matter has

been let out. Still, longer neglect results in matter under-running the foot or breaking out at the coronet, as with festered corns. Not alone should we be satisfied with local treatment. Experience is in favor of a ball of aloes—"Farmer and Stockbreeder."

Feeding Grain to Cows

The question is frequently asked whether it is economical to feed grain to cows during the pasture season. On this question there is a considerable difference of opinion. Judging by the direct results in milk production from feeding grain to cows on succulent and abundant pasture, there seems to be no profit in such a procedure. While there

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may be some increase in milk yields, the increased yields do not in all instances pay for the grain consumed.

The pastures in the early spring are immature, and the grass contains a high percentage of water and a low percentage of dry matter, and the high producing cow does not secure sufficient nutriment to furnish the needs of the body and maintain a large production of milk. For a cow of this type, that is, one that produces one to two pounds of butter fat daily, a grain ration should supplement the pasture, and she should be allowed all the leguminous hays that she will consume.

The cow that is producing an average quantity of milk, say from 25 to 30 pounds of milk on average quality, will produce but little more when fed grain to supplement good pasture and for economy of production should not be so fed. Experimentation has proved that an additional pound of milk was secured for each pound of grain fed; but it was observed that the cows that received grain during the pasture season gave 16 per cent better returns after the grazing period than did those that received no grain. In other words there was an increase in weight in the lot that were fed grain which resulted in the laying up of a considerable amount of surplus nutriment on their body which was utilized in future production.

Raising More Cattle

With the extreme high prices of feeding cattle during the past two years, interest among farmers in raising cattle is growing very rapidly. In fact, that

is one reason why cattle are so high in price. The demand for good breeding cows and young heifers comes not only from the Corn Belt states, but also from the range sections, where herds have been sold down closer than ever in response to tempting prices. It is safe to assume that high cattle prices will prevail for many years to come, and there is no doubt but that those who build up good breeding herds will get good pay for the feed they put into them, while through the manure produced they will increase the fertility of their land and thus indirectly get a second profit.

Up until recent years, while cattle were abundant in the range sections, stockers and feeders could be bought at prices that usually permitted the feeder to fatten them at a profit, but this can no longer be done with the same degree of certainty; the margin between feeding and fat cattle is so small that only under the most favorable feed and market conditions can the feeder get market value for the grain fed. This is why so many are turning their attention to raising cattle or raising and fattening them, rather than to finishing cattle raised by others.

On high priced land—that is, land worth \$125 to \$150 per acre—there is less speculation connected with raising feeding cattle for the market than with fattening purchased stock. The man who is in position to milk at least half of his cows and let the other half raise all the calves has a safe business. A herd of breeding cows can be maintained on relatively cheap feed, such as silage, clover or alfalfa hay. Particularly is this true on farms that are so located that a certain portion of the

land is not suitable for grain growing and therefore must be kept on permanent pasture. Breeding cows can make excellent use of this and thus convert relatively unproductive tracts into valuable farm assets.

Under certain conditions beef cattle can be profitably raised without milking the cows, but as a rule the profits will be considerably smaller. It is much better to milk them and raise the calves on skim milk. Not all men can handle skim milk calves to advantage; this, however, is not due to the system but rather to the man in charge. Skim milk calves should be fed grain as soon as they can be made to eat it. On 14 to 16 pounds of skim milk and what corn they will eat, calves can be raised that will be of as good quality in the fall as those that have nursed their dams without being fed grain.

Such calves will be worth \$25 to \$30 per head in the fall, when they may either be put in the feed lot and fattened for the June or a later market, or they may be carried through the winter and sold the following spring as stockers, or, if desired, they may be carried through the second summer on grass; in fact, they may be handled in one of a good many ways without consuming any great quantity of high priced feed, should this be desirable. Under average conditions, no doubt the most profitable way will be to sell the calves at the age of 12 to 14 months as baby beefs. Then when they are ready for the market whatever they bring has come off the farm. Add to this the income in butter fat from the cows and the total makes a nice sum. The principal advantage of this plan arises from the

elimination of the speculative features connected with buying cattle for the feed lot and finishing them on high priced feed.

Home Curing of Meat

One of the attractive features of the combination show held in connection with the meetings of organized agriculture in Nebraska was the cured meat exhibit. This was officially known as the ham and bacon show. The entries were not as numerous as had been expected, but it was explained that this was due to the fact that the home curing of meats was almost a lost art on the farms of the West. Eight exhibits were made by as many farmers. These consisted of specimens of ham, bacon and shoulder. It was contended by the managers of the exhibit that the home-cured meat has a great advantage in sweetness and tenderness over the packers' product, and that the object of the show was to induce interest in this feature of farm production. The exhibit was the centre of a great deal of interest, notwithstanding its meagerness, and several prosperous Lincoln citizens engaged in spirited bidding for possession of the specimens shown. The prizes were offered by the live stock breeders. H. H. Myers, of Fontanelle, received first and second prizes on ham, and Albert Kilgore, of Ewing, third. My Myers won first on bacon and W. B. Good, of Long Pine, second.

This part of the exhibition was overshadowed by the corn show, in which sixty boys and several girls were entered. There was also a number of specimens of bread, cakes and other dainties entered for prizes by girls from the farms, as well as specimens of needlework and sewing. This was open also to the boys, but none had the courage to enter.

Potato Planting

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

The labor bill in connection with the growing of potatoes is one of the heaviest items relative to area the farmer has to bear. With the exception of hops, the potato is the most expensive besides being the most precarious of farm crops, and it also stands second to the hop as an illustration of the fact that bountiful production is not a guarantee of profit. The market is so thoroughly governed by the relationship of supply and demand that a small crop is often the more profitable. Potato growing is regulated largely by local physical conditions. There is probably not a farm in the country on which potatoes are not grown, but on the great majority the area does not exceed what is required for the needs of the farm. The cultivation of the crop on a commercial scale is quite a different matter. It is a prominent feature, perhaps the chief feature, in certain districts proved to be well adapted for the purpose, in the same sense as hops, and most kinds of fruit are local crops. In Ireland potato growing is more general because the tuber is a more prominent ingredient in the home diet, but it has been only within the last few years that the gravelly soils in Dublin County and in certain parts of Munster, have been utilized in the production of early potatoes.

The labor entailed in potato culture is of an expensive and exacting nature. The land has to be well tilled, for a loose rooting area is more important than might be imagined from the size of the sets. As a rule, the importance of a fine tilth is regulated by the size of the seeds sown, the turnip or the clovers for example, being more dependent upon a powdery seed bed than the bean or the oat. The potato, however, is an exception, and growers have noticed that efficient tillage, including the loosening of the sub-soil, or of what is known as the plow pan, facilitates the spreading of the roots, and indirectly affects the prosperity of the crops. The method of planting is also more laborious than that of most other crops.

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Various devices have been tried for simplifying and expediting the work, but hand labor still generally prevails, whether the sets be planted in drills, on the lazy bed system, or on the flat. The accompanying photograph shows the method of planting commonly adopted. The tubers are set in the bottom of the drills, at intervals of 10 inches or 13 inches, as may be desired, the experienced hand being wonderfully accurate and quick at the work. The usual practice is to apply the farmyard and artificial manure in the drill, the former before and the latter after the sets are planted, but in many cases the yard manure is applied in the autumn in order that there may be as little delay in the spring as possible. Although not so laborious as the lifting the crop, planting has but little fascination even for field workers, for only those hardened to such operations escape the effects of the stopping or crouching attitude.



Busy Picking Wax Beans for Market.

Turkey Raising on the Farm

Written for The Western Home Monthly by D. Grattan

Some people always have good luck with turkeys, while others never have any luck at all. The luck is all in the management. I would advise a beginner to start with not more than three hen turkeys and one male. If the hens be two-year-old the young turkeys will be both larger and stronger than if hatched from eggs laid by a bird a year old, unless the one-year-old birds are well matured.

The hens generally make their nests in out-of-the-way places. When they start laying, the eggs should be well looked after and collected as soon as possible. When an egg is removed, a large hen egg or porcelain egg should be put in its place. In this way there will be no loss from chilled eggs. As the eggs are collected, place them in a shallow box, having a soft cloth in the bottom. Turn the eggs every day and handle them gently and they will be almost sure to hatch successfully.

When the hen begins to set, remove the eggs and break up the nest. She will again lay another lot, then it is best to let her set. The other eggs can be hatched by hens.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

There is a diversity of opinions as to whether hens or turkeys make the best mothers. In regard to hens, they are not so timid, are more easily handled and will take more kindly to being cooped up than turkeys. The hen will not wander away too far with the young ones; but then, she cannot be depended upon to protect them from that enemy of all poultry raisers, the hawk. Then again, the hen is more likely to be infested with lice, the greatest enemy the turkey has.

Birds hatched in May are the best, and if the hens are set while the turkey is still laying, no time is lost.

Great care must be taken to free hens and turkeys from lice before setting. Dust them well with wood ashes, dust and sulphur. Do this every week and leave the mixture where the hen can dust herself too and there will be little danger. One gray louse fastened to the head or neck of a young turkey will kill it. When the growing quills crease the top of the wings, there the lice gather and the bird begins to mope



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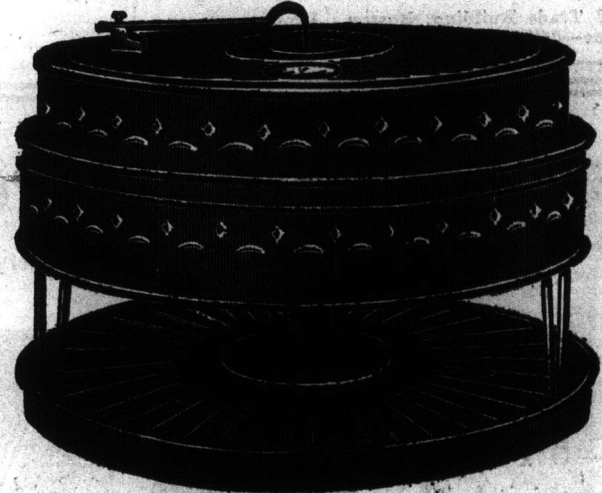
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The Firs, Murrayville P.O., B.C., October 20th, 1913.

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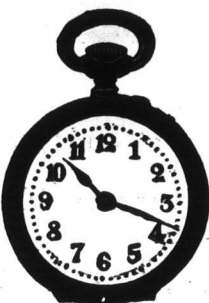
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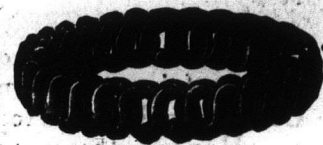
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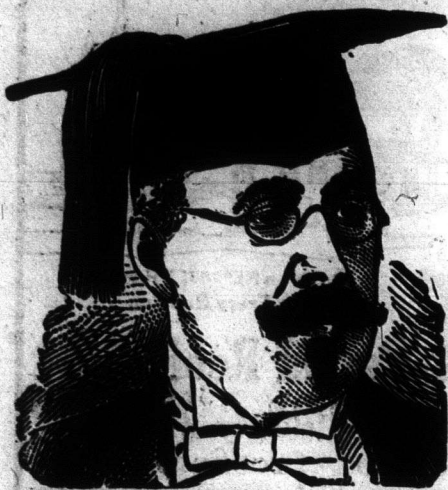
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Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME

ADDRESS

grit in the pen, and give them to eat, cottage cheese (curds some call it), stale bread squeezed dry from sweet milk, broken wheat, chopped-up onion-tops or lettuce, but only a small quantity of any of these at a time, until they get their turkey appetites, fifteen or twenty days later, and begin to gobble up every thing in sight. Then begin to add cracked corn, and a mixture of oatmeal and cornmeal made into a cake with buttermilk and soda and baked in the oven. Never feed more than five times a day. Be sure that at no time is any food left in their pen to spoil. If any is left, move the pen so that they cannot get it. See that they have plenty of grit and pure water all the time. Feed the mother hen or turkey outside the pen first or she will gobble up all their food. If allowed to run with the turkey hen at first, she will take the young too far and the weak ones will drop out. By having the pen, the mother may go out if she so wishes but will not be able to coax the little ones with her. They will require constant care and watchfulness for six weeks, and must be protected from sudden showers and not allowed to roam about in the wet grass. After this length of time, they should be able to shift for themselves and are very hardy. Have a place for them to roost in at night and fasten them in. The danger from wolves, hawks etc., is considerably lessened if the family is astir before the turkeys are out. When they leave the pen, feed them morning, noon and night to encourage them in at those times.

Green Manures

The plowing in of green manure crops is one of the most effective methods of enriching the surface soil. Green crops contain elements of fertility derived from the air and from the mineral and

vegetable constituents of the subsoil on which they grow, as well as what they have taken from the surface soil. Therefore, when green crops are returned to the earth and left to decompose in it, as by plowing in, they naturally not only restore to the surface soil those elements that they took out, but also add to it the elements of plant food they secured from the air and subsoil. The plants best adapted for use as green manures are those that derive their support largely from subsoil and grow rapidly and cover the ground well, and where roots penetrate deeply.

The growth of these crops may, with advantage, be largely increased by the use of artificial manure. Buckwheat, rye, rape, clover and cowpeas are chief among the green crops used as green manures; and of these clover and cowpeas are the most valuable, because of their habit of deep growth and nitrogen addition. These green manure crops are used most profitably in conjunction with summer fallow, and they should be plowed in as near as possible to the time of flowering. The improvement which they effect in the texture and fertility of the soil is most marked in clays. The use of green manure crops furnishes a cheap and efficacious method of manuring for lands remote from the buildings of the farm.

The "automobilist" who had been "scorching" on a country road was brought, says the Chicago News, before a Justice of the Peace who had fined him before.

"You have been out with that machine again, have you?" demanded the Justice. "Frightening horses some more, eh? Why don't you get a flying-machine if you want to beat time and be eccentric?"

"It would do no good," wearily replied the prisoner. "You would arrest me for frightening the birds."

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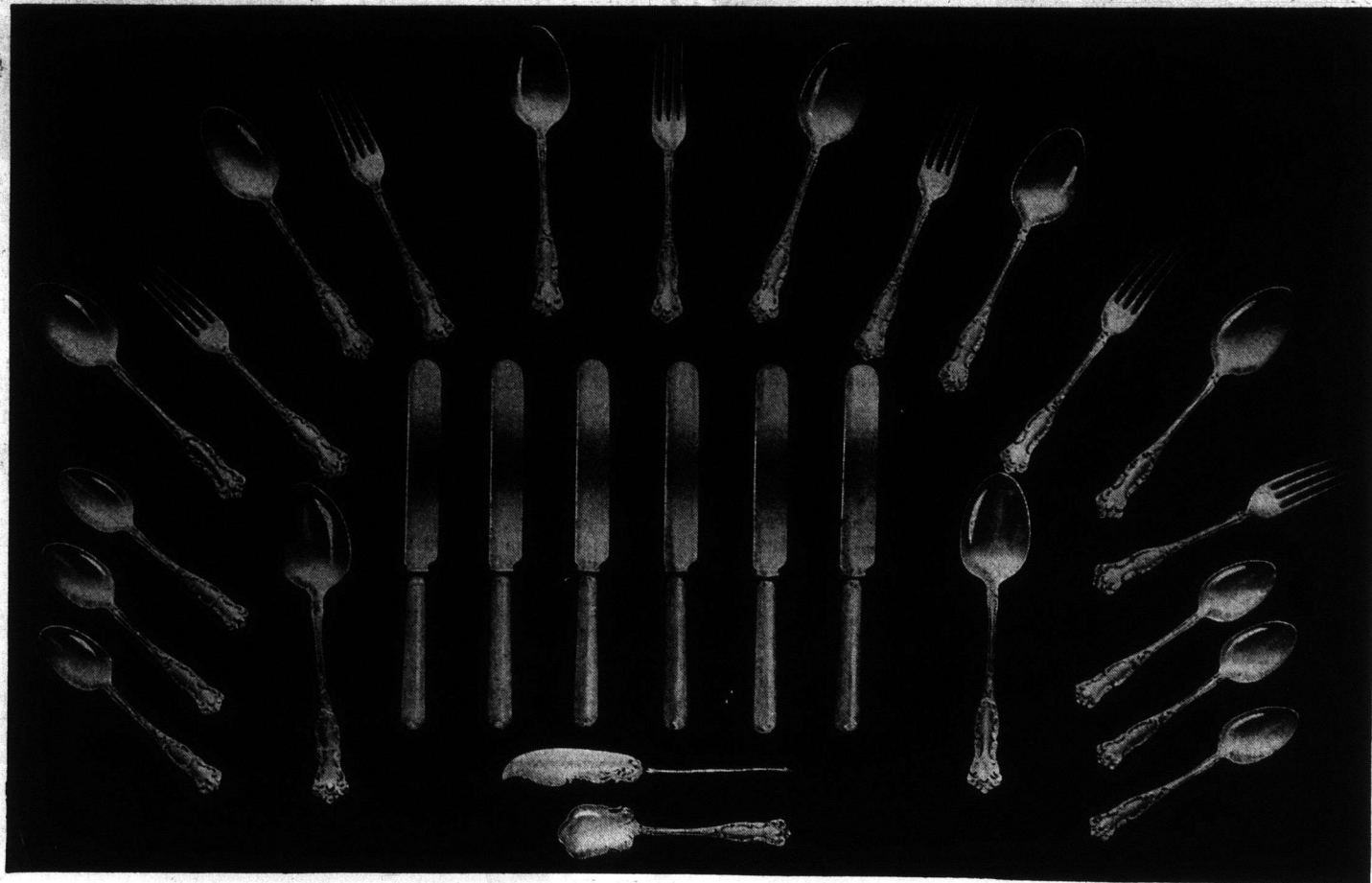
6 Tea
Spoons

6 Dessert
Spoons

2 Table
Spoons

1 Butter
Knife

1 Sugar
Spoon



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Spoons

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Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned on the following pages on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

How pretty the new spring dresses are in spite of the many impractical features of some extreme styles. The flaring tunics, the outstanding collars and frills, lend a chic appearance to the dainty waists and gowns. The low-cut blouse is a smart feature of the afternoon gown. The latest note from Paris about tunics is that they are to be scalloped and draped in pannier style. The newest coats are cut with flares that rival the flare of the tunics. The smartest of the new blouses are almost shapeless in their loose lines. A pretty model was developed in a new shade of blue moire, with collar and cuff facings of darker faille silk. The fronts open over a vest of gathered tulle that is closed beneath a wide band of black velvet. Another pretty blouse of terra cotta crepe is finished with a Medici collar of hemstitched chiffon, and revers that outline the low front. The sleeves are short, over under sleeves of net in wrist length that match the vest of tucked net.

A pretty dress for warm days is developed in flowered cotton voile in a violet shade. The cuffs, collar and vest fronts are of embroidered batiste. A crushed girde of violet silk is finished at the back with a jaunty sash. The skirt is caught up in front in a deep crosswise plait, which throws the fulness up over the hips in pannier style.

A smart dress in rose-colored French linen has a new set-in kimono sleeve. The fronts are tucked to simulate a bolero, and are prettily embroidered in white. A tiny set-in vest is of filet lace trimmed with crochet buttons. The skirt is plain and topped with a tunic, in straight outline. A girde and neck bow of black velvet give character to the dress. Striped cotton crepe combined with plain white crepe was used for a dress made with a double skirt. A plain net yoke and undersleeves form a dainty finish. Moire taffeta in green was used for an afternoon dress, draped to show the new bustle effect. The waist is draped in front, over a deep bodice of white ben-



"Far from the Madding Crowd." A typical scene in Western Ontario.

The simplicity that marks many of the new gowns is shown in a stylish model developed from cotton crepe in a leaf-green shade. The blouse is in kimono style, and closes diagonally in front. The slightly low neck is finished with a round collar, outlining a shield of ecru net. The short sleeves have pointed, turn-back cuffs. The skirt is a one-piece model, with the fronts draped in a deep cross plait and slashed at the lower edge.

Separate skirts, now so fashionable, are also a comfortable convenience, and this season's materials are beautiful and serviceable for such garments. Serge, goline, poplin, taffeta and moire all come in checks and plaids. A stylish two-piece skirt is draped in a cluster of plaits over the front, forming a pretty cascade at the foot. Another model more simple has the fulness disposed of in two short dart tucks over the front and back. Blue and green plaid was used for this style, with a waist of blue taffeta. A new and extremely stylish skirt is draped high in front under a flaring double tunic. This in brown crepe was worn with a blouse of white crepe de chine, cut with a very deep yoke that combined the sleeve portions, and was finished with a Japanese collar.

Boleros and bolero effects are smart on ladies as well as misses' dresses. Eton effects are also popular. Many of the new short coats are made with sleeves showing Raglan effects in front, but cut in one with the back. A collar in Medici style is very becoming on this kind of coat. Some of these short coats are finished with a shaped girde and have wide armsyes.

galine, and topped by a vest of white net. The sleeve and waist body are combined.

A smart summer dress of novelty cotton crepe in brown and white checks has a gathered vest of fine dotted crepe. The fronts of the waist are turned back in wide facings of brown silk, trimmed with loops and self-covered buttons. The skirt is cut with a wide front panel that meets a double tunic over the hips.

A misses' dress of tan ratine, showing the new set-in kimono sleeve, has batiste collar and cuffs, and a small vest of the same material hand embroidered.

A dress of novelty plaid eponge in blue is made with the waist cut low in front and back, and with the sleeveless narrow shoulder portions finished with strapped suspender buckles. The skirt is gathered slightly and finished with a wide-shaped belt. The underblouse of crepe in a pretty ecru shade has a vest of blue embroidered batiste.

A nice serviceable-looking dress in middy style for a girl of 12 or 14 years is made of black and white checked gingham, with shield, collar and cuffs of white pique. The dress is made to lace in front, and has deep patch pockets below the girde which is inserted through a box plait on each side of the front.

A dainty little dress of cotton crepe showing a Dresden design in pink and blue is finished with a collar of embroidered net. The belt and cuffs of white crepe. A pretty hat in mushroom shape is made of the crepe and trimmed with a simple band and bow of black velvet ribbon.

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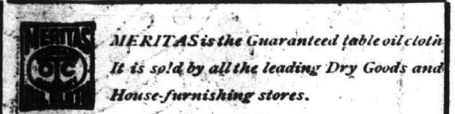
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9887—Girl's Dress (with Lining) in Blouse or Regulation Waist Style.—Ratine in a new shade of blue was used in this instance, with pearl buttons for decoration. The skirt is in three pieces and is shaped over the front to correspond with the waist. The pattern is good for voile, crepe, galatea, gingham, chambray, lawn, linen, or line, serge, silk or cashmere. It is cut in five sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Pattern, 10c.

9876—A Splendid "Sport" Model Coat for Misses and Small Women.—This new and stylish model is good for ratine, eponge, brocaded woolens, cheviot, serge, linen, or silk. The fronts are lapped at the closing, are open slightly at the throat, where wide lapels or revers meet a neat collar. The

viceable pockets. Percāle in a pretty pattern with binding of braid or tape in a contrasting color would suit this pattern. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern, 10c.

9896-9898—A Simple Costume for Home or Calling.—This attractive combination portrays a pretty though simple blouse style that may be finished with long or shorter sleeve. It is joined to a three-piece skirt. Waist Pattern 9896 and Skirt Pattern 9898 furnish the models. The waist pattern is cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

9886—A Practical and Pleasing House or Home Dress.—Black and white



collar may be rolled high and the fronts lapped with straight edge, or rolled in revers style as illustrated. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Pattern, 10c.

9897—A Simple, Attractive Dress.—Blue chambray combined with blue and brown gingham was used for this model. It is cut with body and sleeves in one, and has shoulder and underarm seams. It is bloused over a lining that may be omitted, and the waist may be finished with smooth regulation outline. A jaunty cuff and collar, together with the plaited skirt, combine to complete this natty frock. Percāle, lawn, dimity, voile, challie, tub silk, cashmere or linen, are all appropriate for this style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern, 10c.

9882—A Neat Lady's Apron—This simple, easily-made style is good for gingham, chambray, percāle, lawn, denim, sateen and brilliantine. The waist is cut in low square outline and gathered to a belt that holds the skirt, which has ser-

checked gingham, with facings of white line is here shown. The design would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity, or in a neat percāle pattern. For serviceable wear it would look well in gray or blue striped seersucker, with collar, cuffs and facings in contrasting color. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

9877—A Very Pretty Top Garment. Girl's Coat—White linen with embroidery for collar and cuffs is here shown. The coat is cut on simple lines with a very pleasing front closing at the overlapping. It is finished with a low belt, a wide collar and deep cuffs. The pattern is suitable for any of this season's cloakings, for silk, cloth or wash materials. It is cut in five sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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9883—A Simple, Becoming and Popular Blouse.—Crepe, ratine, chiffon, voile, tub silk, linen, madras, challie, net, lawn, and "all over" embroidery are all suitable for this pretty model. It is cut with body and sleeve in one, and closed in surplice style. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

9881—A Simple, Practical and Desirable Model.—Brown galatea with brown and white striped gingham is here shown. The design is effective for linen, chambray, ratine, voile, crepe, seersucker, or percale. The right front is shaped and lapped over the left at the closing. The sailor collar and simple bishop sleeve are popular style features. The fullness of the dress is held under

poplin, ratine, linen, lawn, gingham, chambray or challie. It is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Pattern, 10c.

9880—A Unique and Attractive Style. Ladies' Skirt (In raised or Normal Waistline).—Ratine in a new shade of gray was used in this instance. The design is suitable for voile, silk, chiffon, chiffon taffeta, linon eponge, challie, linen or serge. It is cut to simulate a tunic, and is most graceful in its shaping and outline. It may be finished in normal or raised waistline, and with closed or slashed seam at the front. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Pattern, 10c.

9889—A Simple but Up-to-date Gown. Ladies' Dress (With or Without Chemi-



the wide Balkan belt. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern, 10c.

9904—An Ideal Dress for School or General Wear.—Plaid gingham in blue and brown tones is here combined with blue chambray. The effect and the style are attractive. The model will develop equally well in galatea, lawn, percale, serge, voile, poplin, silk, or challie. The overblouse closes on the shoulders, over an undersleeve. Finished with wrist length sleeves and a round collar. The lines are girlish and the model is comfortable and easy to develop. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern, 10c.

9901—A Simple but Pleasing Frock. Dress for Misses and Small Women. (With or Without Peplum Tunic and Trimming Bands).—Blue and white striped crepe voile is here combined with blue, to make a gown that is attractive and stylish. The blouse fronts are laid in tucks over the centre. The peplum may be omitted. The waist is finished with neat cuffs and collar, and a trim touch is added by the bands. The pattern is good for tub silk, crepe,

sette) With Long or Shorter Sleeve, and With Skirt in Raised or Normal Waistline.—Crepe voile in a new blue shade, with embroidery in self color on cuffs and collar, was used for this design. The waist is shaped in front at the closing, and the kimona sleeve extends over the shoulders to form a yoke. The neck is cut in pointed outline in front and finished with a deep collar. The sleeve is stylish in wrist length or with a pointed cuff in shorter length. The skirt is cut on prevailing lines, is graceful and finished at the back with dark tucks. It measures at the foot in the medium size, when finished, about 1 3/4 yards. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

9747—A Good Model. Ladies' Apron With Panel Front.—This design has two special good points, i.e., the deep convenient pockets and the panel front, which is cut high over the bust, and this affords good protection. The apron is easy to make and will give satisfaction. Gingham, lawn, or cambric, may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern, 10c.

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9888—Child's Dress with Yoke and Long or Shorter Sleeve, in High or Low Round Collarless Style.—Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, voile, mull, silk, percale, cashmere or flannelette may be used for this design. It has simple lines, is easy to make and pretty. The finish could be lace or embroidery for a "best" dress, while if made of nainsook, a yoke of "all over" would be nice, with a simple hem finish. The pattern is cut in four sizes. Pattern, 10c.

9890-9885—A Charming Gown Suitable for Many Occasions.—Chiffon taffeta in a pretty shade of tan with embroidered crepe for the vest was used to make this attractive model. The skirt is gracefully draped in back and front, and the waist, which is especially suited to

materials now in vogue. The waist has the dip shoulder, lengthened by a sleeve in kimono style, and finished with a wide trimming band that forms a round collar over the back. The gathered tunic shows a pretty style feature, and is finished with a full girdle. This model in linen or lawn with bands of embroidery would be pretty. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. The skirt measures 1½ yards at lower edge, in a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

9879—A Charming Combination. Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap.—This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, percale, lawn, flannel, cashmere, or Henrietta, Lawn, crossbar, batiste, or dimity. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or



slender figures, has some new style features. A tiny undervest of the silk is outlined by the overvest of crepe, and is topped by a little yoke of lace. The sleeve, close-fitting at its lower part, meets the long shoulder at the upper part of the arm. The waist pattern is cut in five sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. The skirt measures 1¼ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns. Ten cents each.

9608—Ladies' House or Home Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve—This neat and popular style is suitable for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, voile, crepe, linen or ratine. As here illustrated blue and white striped percale with blue for collar and cuffs was used. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

9884—A Charming Gown, Suitable for Dressy and General Wear.—This attractive model portrays a lovely combination of embroidered and plain voile in the new blue shade. The lines are youthful and becoming, and the style may be easily adapted to any of the

embroidery may serve as trimming. The sack is fitted by a belt at the waist line. Its lines are simple, and the peplum is a good style feature. The sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

9891—Ladies' Knickerbockers and Bloomers.—Cambrie, serge, galatea, mohair, sateen, flannel or silk may be used for these models. No. 1 may be also made of crepe, crossbar muslin or lawn. If finished in knickerbocker style. The designs are easy to make, and will give good service, and comfort in wearing. For out-door sports, riding and general wear, for travelling and touring they are excellent. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Pattern, 10c.

9903—Girl's Dress in Russian Style.—White ratine, finished with embroidered scalloped edge in blue is here shown. The design is made with a comfortable deep armseye, and a neat collar and cuff. The lines of the blouse are simple, and the model is easy to develop. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, Pattern, 10c.

9905—A Comfortable and Pleasing Model.—Blue and white striped galatea is here combined with facings of white linen. The fronts are crossed wide at the closing and finished with a notched collar, cut square over the back. The skirt has plaits at the side seams. The sleeve is finished with a deep cuff. The pattern is also suitable for cashmere, prinella, gingham, chambrey, challie, percale, tub silk, linen or lawn. It is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern, 10c.

9902—Boy's Russian Suit with Knickerbockers.—Of all popular styles, there are none more desirable and suitable than Russian blouses and "knickers." The model shown has the front finished with a broad panel. The sleeve has a deep plait

26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two separate pattern, 10c. each.

9893—Dress for Maternity or Invalid Wear.—This design is cut on lines that are graceful and stylish, and is arranged so as to insure comfort and convenience when worn. The full waist opens over a neat vest that is cut low at the neck edge, and may be worn with or without chemisette. The skirt is cut on prevailing fashion lines, but with sufficient fulness for freedom of movement. The skirt and waist are joined, and the fulness at the waist line may be contracted or extended as desired. The pattern is suitable for any of the materials now in vogue. It is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.



over its entire length, and the extra fulness at the wrist is disposed of in several tucks. The knickers are in regulation style. Galatea, gingham, serge, kindergarten, cloth, madras, chambrey, linen, or percale are all desirable for this style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Pattern, 10c.

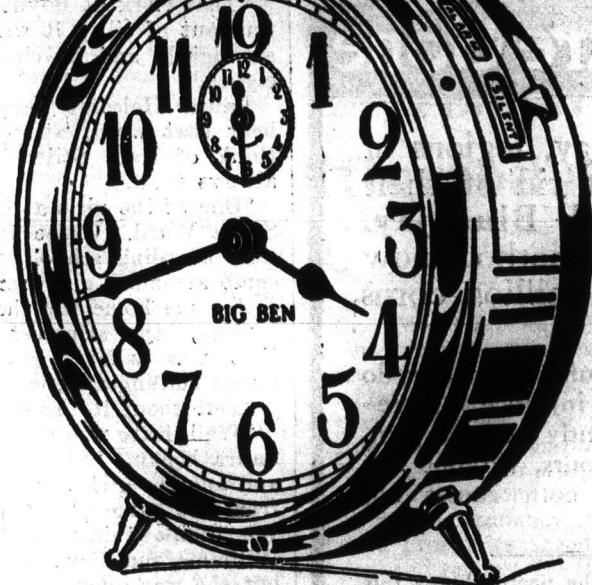
9741—A Child's Rompers in High or Round Neck Edge.—This design with its practical closing at the lower edge is suitable for gingham, chambrey, lawn, percale, galatea, flannel or flannelette. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. Pattern, 10c.

9902-9894—A Stylish, Graceful Dress for Home or Calling.—Embroidered voile in a new shade of rose was used for this charming gown. It is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 9902, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9894. The skirt has pleasing artistic lines and, like the waist, is easy to develop. The waist, cut with a deep shaped yoke that combines the sleeve portions, is very attractive for slight figures. The waist pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in six sizes: 22, 24,

9900—A Simple but Attractive Model. Ladies' Apron — Percale, lawn, cambrie, gingham, brilliantine, or sateen may be used for this design. It is easily made, is comfortable, and the bib affords protection for the upper part of the dress. The style is neat and dressy. If made of lawn the free edges could be trimmed with lace or embroidery, or finished with feather stitching or buttoned-holed stitched scallops, in self or contrasting color. A serviceable office apron could be made of black sateen stitched in red. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, medium and large. Pattern, 10c.

9899—Girl's Dress with or without Lining.—Striped gingham in brown and white, with brown for yoke and belt portions is here portrayed. The model is comfortable and stylish. The yoke is cut in one with kimono sleeve, which has a pretty cuff finish. The plaited skirt is topped by a wide belt. A neat collar, cut round finishes the neck edge. Chambrey, Voile, galatea, crepe, crinkled wash fabrics, tub silk, lawn, or linen are all suitable for this style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Pattern, 10c.

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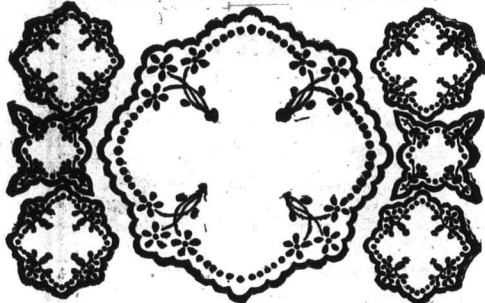
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Young People

The Stingiest Girl

"He's the stingiest old thing!" said Becky Purcell.

"Who?" questioned the other three girls.

"That clerk at Boynton's. I bought a remnant of silk; it was two yards and an eighth, and he charged me for the eighth."

Laura Holcomb laughed. "When I hear that word, 'stingy,'" she said, "I think of Kate Stilwell, and I guess I always shall."

"One of the girls at Chase Hall?" said Stella Ward. Chase Hall was the distant boarding school which Laura Holcomb attended, and from which she had just come home for the summer.

"Yes; the stingiest girl there; or, that was what we called her," said Laura smiling a little.

"Tell about it," said Becky Purcell.

"Well, Kate was a freshman last fall," Laura began. "She came from Hawley, and another girl came at the same time from the same place—Phoebe Williams. We didn't think much about Phoebe Williams, somehow. She was a nice girl, but she was quiet, and rather plain, and she didn't care anything about clothes, and she studied all the time; she just dug! and so, you see, she wasn't exactly popular."

"But Kate Stilwell was. She was one of the girls that are bound to be. She was pretty and smart; she was the kind of girl that can do things—anything—and before we knew it she was on two or three of the freshmen class committees, and vice-president of the music club—she played splendidly—and sub-editor of the 'Chase Hall Record,' and no freshman had ever been that before. And she didn't try for anything either; she didn't push herself. There was something real sweet about Kate Stilwell, and we all liked her."

"Or we all did for a while; but one day Sara Decker and Louise Northrup and I were speaking about her."

"She's one of the brightest girls in school, of course," said Louise; "but do you know what I think? I think she's the stingiest, too."

"I believe it," said Sara Decker. "I have noticed it. You know the music class is going to buy a bust of Liszt for the music room! Well, Kate Stilwell hasn't subscribed a cent, for all she's vice-president, and I don't think she means to, either. The contributions are voluntary, of course, but don't you think she's rather mean?"

"Of course," said Louise, "and I thought she was rather mean the other day, too. Molly Orr was going to throw away a wicker table she'd had in her room till she'd got tired of it, and Kate offered her twenty-five cents for it, and took it. The idea! Why didn't she buy a new one? She must have plenty of money; why, look at her dresses; they are lovely."

"That's the funny part of it. She's from Hawley," said Sara, "and there is a Stilwell in Hawley that owns the paper mills there, and he's rich, and I think it is her father, Milo F. Stilwell. Papa has had business with him."

"Why, then, it's a sort of mania, her being so stingy, isn't it?" said Louise. "Something like kleptomania!"

"I tried to stand up for her some, but I couldn't say much, for you know, I'd seen the same thing in her myself, and I thought if she was really a rich girl it was just horrid."

"That afternoon Louise and I came across Phoebe Williams in the library, studying French history for dear life, and we stayed a minute, and Louise led up to the subject of Kate Stilwell purposely. 'What's her father's name?' said she."

"Milo," said Phoebe.

"He owns the paper mills in Hawley, doesn't he?" said Louise.

"Yes," said Phoebe.

"Well," said Louise, as we went along, "then she must be richer than Ruth Morrill; and think how Ruth is, just as generous and lovely as she can be." I was afraid Phoebe Williams might hear her, and I looked around and

I knew that she had, for she was looking at us hard, and she was real red in the face. Girls that come from the same town always stand up for each other, of course, but Phoebe Williams swore by Kate Stilwell anyhow.

"Well, Kate got up a perfect reputation for stinginess. She didn't seem to care if everybody knew she was stingy, nor what anybody thought. Of course, if we had thought she was scrimped for money not one of us would have criticized her, not a girl in the Hall would have been so mean as that; but when we all knew how well off she was it just provoked us. There was the camera club. Kate had a camera, and Eva Paine asked her to join the club, and when Eva told her it was \$5 for the initiation fee, she said 'Oh!' and she didn't join. Then there was a 'grind' in the Record: 'K.S.—Kan't Spend.' Miss Chase didn't allow grinds in the paper, either, but that got in somehow. Kate Stilwell didn't pay any attention to it, but Phoebe Williams did. She thought Louise had put it in, and she went to her, as hot as could be, and asked her if she had; but Louise hadn't. I think it was Eva Payne."

"Kate had plenty of nice clothes when she came to school, but she didn't get anything more. Sara Decker said she hadn't had so much as a new collar-button since she came to the Hall. 'And I'm just waiting to see,' said she, 'whether she'll wear that same old white swansdown to the General's reception.'"

"We were all wild about the General's reception. The General was a friend of Miss Chase, an old school friend, and he was going to pass through town on his way to Washington, and he had promised Miss Chase he would stop over night at the Hall and shake hands with us girls and tell us some war stories, and, of course, Miss Chase was going to make a fine affair of it. It was in the winter, when the talk about the war was growing all the time, and the girls were all crazy about meeting the General."

"Almost every girl was going to have something new for that reception. Sara Decker had a beautiful pink silk waist, and I had a new dress, and lots of the girls did. Sara was determined to know what Kate Stilwell was going to do about it, and finally she asked her. Sara and I were in the gymnasium, and Kate came in."

"What about the reception, Kate?" said Sara. "What are you going to wear?"

"My white dress," said Kate, "the one with the rosettes; you've seen it," and she picked up her dumb-bells as cool and unconcerned as anything.

"Sara didn't say anything. She just looked at me."

"We did all we could to help Miss Chase make it a lovely affair. There was a great big committee on arrangements—about fifteen of us. I was on it, and Sara and Louise, and Kate Stilwell and a lot of others. Oh, yes, and Phoebe Williams, Ruth Morrill nominated her."

Louise and Sara roomed together, and a week before the reception they invited the whole committee to their room to talk things over and have a spread—what they called a spread. We had cake and olives and oranges, and we made fudge. They borrowed tables and chairs, and every girl had a plate, and, just for fun, they had a 'favor' for every girl. They were paragraphs and verses that they'd cut out of old newspapers and books, and we read them out aloud in turn. They were hits, mostly. Ruth Morrill is a chatterbox, and hers was a verse about a gentle, quiet child that never talked any. She didn't care, nor any of us. We laughed and had a great time—till it got round to Kate Stilwell."

"Well, Kate read hers right out, like the rest of us. She looked at Sara and Louise a minute, and her cheeks got a bit redder, and then she read it; and this was her verse"

"Oh, yes, I am kinder savin' and clus;

"Wal, yes, I know I be;

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No. 63. Quarter section with 54 acres under cultivation, 50 acres of best of wheat land, balance hay land with groves of poplar, situated in the Areelee district northwest of Asquith. Log house 14 x 20, log stable 14 x 20, good well. Price \$2,500.00. Terms \$1,000.00 cash down, balance arranged in 5 equal annual payments. This farm is close to the Saskatoon-Battleford survey, and will double in value for an investor.

No. 71. Fine whole section of land, situated 3 miles from the town of Maymont, C.N.R. northwest of Asquith, no alkali, no stone, 140 acres under cultivation, no buildings. If you want a good farm for your sons come up and see this, a great money maker for the purchaser, at \$20.00 per acre. \$1,500.00 handles the first payment, balance arranged. A farmer with a good outfit and only \$1,500 dollars can get a good proposition at the right price, with lots of virgin soil to work with. This section was especially selected for a professor of the Manitoba Agricultural college, but his duties prevent him from farming this fine section. Write at once to secure this.

No. 76. Fine half section with 255 acres under cultivation, 35 acres fenced, situated in the famous Eagle Creek district, 8 miles from Hurdman Lodge, 2 storey frame house of 6 rooms, cement foundation and plastered complete, stabling for 18 head, 2 steel field granaries also frame granary, New Hog House 24 x 8, divided into 2 pens and hog house. Splendid supply of water. Price \$25.00 per acre, \$3,000.00 cash down, balance in 6 yearly payments.

W. C. L. Pratt

Notary Public
ASQUITH, SASKATCHEWAN
Canada

(25 miles West of Saskatoon)

Are You One of The Unfortunates

With Backache, Headache and That Tired Feeling

If So Listen to the Story of George F. Stander, and Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Handsworth, Sask., (Special).—If you are one of those unfortunates who suffer from sore back, headache and that tired, listless feeling that makes work a hardship and life not worth living, the story of Geo. F. Stander, a well-known young man of this place, will interest you.

"For nearly ten years," Mr. Stander says, "I suffered from sore back and headache. I had a bad taste in my mouth in the morning, and I was always tired. I finally decided that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got half-a-dozen boxes, and before I had finished taking them I was completely cured."

"I advise anyone suffering as I did to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Healthy Kidneys strain all impurities, all the seeds of disease, out of the blood. Weak Kidneys leave these impurities in the blood, and the result is nervousness, tired feeling and pains and aches that often develop into Diabetes and Bright's Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills make weak Kidneys strong and healthy.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Don't Throw It Away



They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hotwater bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg.—10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B Collingwood, Ont.

Eddy's Fibreware Tubs

will gladden the washer-woman's day. They are made in one solid piece and cannot fall apart and

They Retain The Heat Of the Water

much longer than the old wooden variety.

I'm tight as the bark of a tree; But I tell ye I'd suffer considerable wuss To spend my good money," said he. "One or two girls laughed, but I think we felt scared a little. I did, I know, and I tried to think of something to say to smooth it over, if I could. But I didn't have time to say anything. Somebody jumped up all at once, and I looked around and saw Phoebe Williams standing up. She didn't look warm like Kate; she looked pale, and we all knew something was going to happen, and it was as still as could be. "I'm going to speak out," said she; "I can't bear it any longer. You girls have thrown out hints like this before; hints about Kate Stilwell being stingy, and I've stood it as long as I can. No, No, don't stop me, Kate—I must and I will!" said she.

"She made me think of Spartacus to the gladiators, or Horatius to the bridge, or somebody, the way she looked standing there. I want to ask you something," she said, "just one thing. If Kate Stilwell is stingy, do you know why she's stingy? Well, I'm going to tell you why.

"We've always been friends at home," she said, "though I am poor and she is rich; and so Kate has known all about me. She knew I wanted to be a teacher, a governess if I could, and if I could go to a private school, I could get a good deal better position as a governess. And she was coming here, and she brought me with her. Yes, she just made me come. She said the allowance her father gave her was plenty enough to pay for two girls, instead of one, if we were a little economical. She wanted to do it, and she would do it; she just brought me along.

"Her family and mine knew all about it, of course, but she didn't tell anybody else, and she wouldn't let me. And she made me promise not to tell anybody about it here, either." She said it wasn't anybody's business, but I knew what she thought. She didn't want any of you girls to know she was doing it, because she never wants to take any credit for anything, and she thought besides that I should take a better position here if nobody knew but that I had money of my own.

"I wanted to see if Miss Chase could not give me work part of the time, housework or anything; I didn't care what, so long as I could earn part of my expenses, and save Kate that much. Kate wouldn't have it. She said I would have studying enough to do without doing anything else; she said she wanted to see me get through with honors, and that she was doing it, and was going to do it all, and do it her own way.

"Now, how do you think I felt," said Phoebe Williams, "when you called Kate Stilwell stingy? If she has been saving, she has had to be, and now you know why. I don't believe she cared for what you thought, for she's above it—but I cared. Kate Stilwell is the best girl in this school, and the noblest and dearest—and I've broken my promise to her not to tell, and I don't care, I will tell—and, oh, girls! And the Phoebe Williams sat down and dropped her head into her hands, and burst out crying."

Laura Holcomb's own eyes were rather wet; so, indeed, were the eyes of her sympathizing listeners.

"Well, we couldn't do anything just that minute, because when we looked around for Kate Stilwell she was gone, she'd escaped. But afterwards you can just imagine! We didn't apologize to Kate in so many words, for when Sara and Louise tried to tell her how sorry they were about that mean verse she wouldn't let them; she said if she'd ever been as stingy as they thought she was that she wouldn't have blamed them. But there are lots of ways for girls to show it, you know, when they like a girl, and admire her, and want her to know it.

"Sometimes, after that, instead of calling her Kate Stilwell, the girls called her 'the stingiest girl,' but we all knew what it meant. It meant the best girl and the biggest-hearted girl."—Ex.

Make a continual investment in self-improvement if you would hold your position. Struggle develops personality.

A Boy King's Ride for Life

Those boys who have been to Normandy may remember the famous terraced road which once ran from Valognes to Falaise, but of which now only portions remain. But they may not perhaps know that the making of that road was the penalty exacted from wealthy and powerful rebels for an attempt upon the life of him who years later became known in history as William the Conqueror of England.

You will remember that the mother of this mighty warrior was Herleve, the beautiful daughter of a dealer in furs who lived at Falaise, and his father was that Robert, Duke of Normandy, who died on a pilgrimage in the Holy Land. After Duke Robert's death some of the powerful nobles who were not willing that William, a mere boy, should rule over them, having already murdered his guardians, and even threatened the lives of their children, sought his life also.

William himself has told us that he was only eight years' old when he succeeded to his father's throne, when he also said, "From that day to this I have always borne the weight of arms." "The first day," says Wace, the ancient historian, "that William vaulted on to the back of his destrier (war-horse) without the assistance of the stirrup was one of rejoicing throughout his dominions."

But not so was it to some of northern Rolla's haughty descendants, who held it as infamous that they, warriors of noble birth, should ever be governed by one who had a tradesman for his grandfather, and was but a boy in years.

Guy of Burgundy, the son of William's aunt Judith, a young man who had been the companion of his childhood, and to whom he had generously given great estates and high titles, laid a plot against the boy-duke's life with the viscounts, or high sheriffs, of the Bessin and the Contenein, offering to share the Dominion of Normandy with them as the price of their traitorous aid in winning it.

One night, after a day's hunting, William was sleeping soundly in his chamber at Valognes, being, says the old chronicle, "in the season of his first sleep," when he was awakened by blows upon the door and by a loud voice, full of breathless haste and terror, crying, "Awake, awake, Duke William! Open, open, open! else we are dead men all! Where art thou, William! William, William, wherefore dost thou sleep? Awake, arise! thine enemies are about thee, sworn to take thy life ere the morning dawns! Up, up, up!"

The voice was that of Galet, the jester, who was frantically beating the walls with the comical head carved on his dauble, or fool's staff of office, and who had just before witnessed the meeting of armed men and overheard them plotting to slay the young duke.

William arose in haste, and wearing only his shirt and drawers threw on his capat (a short, hooded cloak), snatched up his sword, and sprang forth, barefooted, to himself saddle and mount his steed. Clattering through the streets, unattended by a single companion, he rode out furiously into the black country, where the wind swayed the funeral boughs, and whence, looking back, he saw the torches and soon heard the thundering hoofs of his murderous pursuers.

All night long he kept up his speed, hiding in a thicket once, so that his pursuers passed him; fording the River Viore by favor of an ebbing tide, and landing safely near St. Clement's Church in the vicinity of Bayeux. Entering it, he knelt and prayed to God for help. But fresh disaster befell him, for this city was in the hands of his enemies, and once again he was hotly pursued.

Sunrise was burning in golden radiance upon the sea when he drew near a strong castle guarding a little bay called the Rie. It was held for one of the conspirators against his life by a stout soldier belonging to the illustrious house of Eu, named Hubert, and nicknamed "Ponhonor Hubert," from the habit he had of swearing by his honor. A frank, honest, fearless, and loyal warrior was this Hubert, and he was

Her Cough Racked Her Terribly.

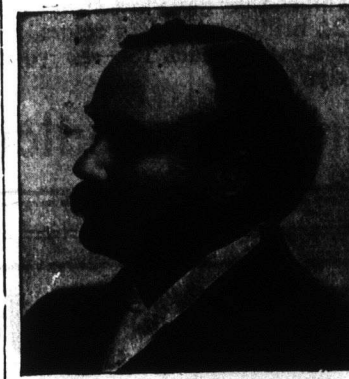
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP Effected A Cure.

Obstinate coughs and colds yield to the grateful, soothing and healing power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and for the racking, persistent cough, often present in consumptive cases, it will be found exceedingly beneficial and pleasant to take. The use of it is generally indicated wherever symptoms of throat, or lung troubles appear, but especially so with all persons of a consumptive or catarrhal tendency, as its prompt curative properties speedily remove the danger, and restore the throat and lungs to a sound healthy state if used in time.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, Young's Cove Road, N.B., writes:—"I have had occasion to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and can say that it is certainly a good medicine. About a year ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and left them in a very weak state. The cough racked me terribly, and I was in despair until a friend advised me to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial. I got a bottle, and before I had it half gone I found relief. I used two bottles, and have never been bothered since. I would not be without it in the house."

Price, 25c.; family size, 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER



R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. Evans

BRANDON MAN



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION 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 upon the homestead or pre-emption 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.

The Wonderful Variety of Jaeger Garments

Everybody knows that Jaeger Underwear and Jaeger Sweaters and Coats have a world-wide reputation, but most people are surprised at the great variety of garments sold under the name of "Jaeger."

It takes a full page of the new Jaeger Catalogue to give the list of Jaeger articles made. This includes Blankets, Cardigans, Sweaters, Underwear, Dressing Gowns, Slippers, Shirts, Mitts, Motor Ulsters, Pyjamas, Rugs, Sleeping Bags, and scores of other necessary articles, all made to confirm Dr. Jaeger's theory that

"The Wise Wear Wool"

To get the full list send for Catalogue—to see the full assortment call at one of the Jaeger Stores.

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If You Only Knew

how easy it is to get splendid results from home dyeing with

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The Quick, Clean Home Dye

you would certainly use it and save yourself a lot of needless expense. For with Maypole Soap you can dye dresses, ribbons, curtains, table-covers, cushion-tops, feathers, parasols, bathing suits, children's clothes—in fact scores of things that have lost their beauty—and make them fresh and pretty as new. 24 brilliant fadeless colors, from which you can make any shade. Colors 10c a cake—Black 15c—at your dealer's or postpaid with Booklet "How to dye" from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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Broadenaxe Hair Food

Is not a dye but a food that soothes the dry scalp and lifts the dead skin off thus allowing the hair to come through in its natural shade. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00 postpaid. ESTABLISHED NINE YEARS

BROADENAXE CO. 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg

enjoying the sea air near his castle gate, with the glory of the sun ascending above the waves, when he saw the figure of a youth mounted upon a spent horse wearily drawing near.

Approaching him, he noticed the painfully heaving flanks of the smoking and foaming steed, saw that his widely-distended nostrils were full of blood, and also noticed, with not little astonishment, that the cloaked figure was bare of foot, wearing neither boot nor spur. "How now—how now, young rider? What means this?"

The duke was famished, stiff and weary, almost desperate. He determined to risk all and trust this man. The blood of Rolla was in Hubert's veins, as in his own, and, recognizing him, young William remembered this and his nickname, and how he prided himself upon preserving the honor of his family. With eyes looking fixedly and inquiring into those of the Lord of Rie, and with the hilt of his long, straight, broad-bladed sword in readiness for defence, the duke replied by affecting ignorance, "Who," he said slowly—"who is he that questions me?"

"Pon honor!" replied the honest seigneur frankly. "I am Hubert of the Rie, and from you, my liege, as lord suzerain, I hold my lordship under the Count de Bessin."

William gathered up his reins on hearing this name, but Hubert laid his strong hand upon the bridle and said he, "Fear not, lord duke, I will hold your safety as precious as if you rode in my skin!"

"May I trust you," asked the young duke.

"With your life!" said Hubert, gravely and earnestly: "pon honor!"

"It is my life I give into your hands," replied William.

And he told him how, when soundly sleeping at Valognes, he had been suddenly aroused by that loud, quick beating at the door and walls of his chamber, while hearing the voice of Galet, the jester, crying:

"Awake! awake! my lord, or you will never waken more!" also telling Hubert how there was a great conspiracy among his enemies to kill him as he slept, wherefore he had mounted in hot haste and fled through the darkness, with the assassins at his heels.

"It was a narrow escape," said Duke William; "I heard the tramp and snorting of their horses, and the loud rattling of their arms, as I dashed through the barriers and rode toward St. Clement."

Hubert took the youth into his castle, hastily placed food before him, fitted him with arms and armor, and then, taking him into the courtyard, showed him four tall horses, beside three of which, armed to the teeth, stood as many young warriors, mere boys, the youngest little more probably than a child. They were his sons, in whose bravery and resolution he had the strongest faith. Already tried in warfare, they were proud of their deeds of arms, and fully prepared to sacrifice their lives in the cause of their parent's guest. Turning to them:

"Mount and ride," said he, sternly, "and hold this traveller's life as precious as you would my own; avoid the towns and beaten roads; and so God give you speed!"

Hubert watched the four as they clattered over the drawbridge, the duke in their midst, stood looking after him until they were out of sight. Presently thundering toward him came the fierce pursuers, a crowd of knights and men-at-arms.

"Hubert, have you seen the duke?" they shouted, with great excitement, as they approached.

"I have seen him!" he shouted back, and ran toward them.

"When?" cried many voices; and a laugh of savage glee arose as Hubert with a smile, replied:

"He was riding a spent horse, and passed but a little while ago."

"Then he cannot escape us!" they all cried in triumph.

"Stay but a while," said Hubert, grimly; "I will mount horse and ride with you; and when we catch him he sure, 'pon honor, that 'tis this my hand that will deal the first blows!"

He looked strangely from one to another, with so fierce a light in his fearless blue eyes, that they laughed again

for they thought him as eager for the duke's blood as they were themselves, but they never imagined that the blows of which he spoke were meant for them.

So he rode away with them inland while his sons rode along by the sea; and Hubert was ever foremost, and every now and then rising in his stirrup to wave his great sword, he cried:

"Prick on! prick on! seigneurs, or the quarry will escape us after all!"

The foaming horses of the traitors, Grenoult du Plessis, Ranulph of Bayonne and Neil, Lord of the Contenein, laboring onward, with bleeding flanks and nostrils, pricked by the cruel spikes then worn for spurs, showed signs of increasing distress, for their speed was only kept up by continuous torture.

Up the hills and down into the valleys they rode, and then began to suspect to murmur and doubt.

But Hubert, riding far ahead, still cried, "Prick on prick on!" his voice growing fainter as he, on his fresh, swift war horse, rapidly increased the distance between them.

In the meantime, William and his guides, riding down by the sea, at last reached Falaise, in no gay plight, it is true, says Wace, but "what mattered it so that he was safe?"

"There was great alarm next day," says Planché, "for no one knew what had become of the duke. The road from Valognes was covered with his fugitive followers, who believed him to have perished in his attempt to cross the Viore, and men cursed heartily fierce Grenoult du Plessis, whom they rightly suspected of being the principal traitor, for having foully made away with his lord."

After that Hubert and his sons enjoyed high favor in the Norman court, and "Pon honor" became a popular saying in connection with anything clever or incredible. The jesters grew proud of their fellow, and often and often in hall and bower did he afterward joyously tell this true story. "Pon honor."

A Swim for Life

When the British steamship Shimosa arrived at New York from Singapore last summer she brought a story of most extraordinary human endurance. The tale is told by the captain in the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle. The ship, at the time of the occurrence, was three hundred miles from Perim, and well into the Red Sea.

One day, while on the bridge, the chief officer heard a whistle. No vessel was in sight, but still the faint whistle continued. Suddenly he descried a man swimming not far from the ship. A life-buoy was thrown out, and the swimmer brought on board. The man was so exhausted when he reached deck that he entirely collapsed, and it was some time before he could tell his story.

When the rescued man had recovered he told his adventures. He was a las-car, and had fallen overboard from a steamer bound for Suez. He insisted he had been three days in the water, but that is improbable. There is no doubt, however, that thirty-six hours had passed between the time of his falling overboard and his rescue. When the Shimosa reached Suez, she found the steamer from which the las-car had fallen, and, according to the calculations of the crew, the poor sailor battled with the waters for a full day and a half.

The most extraordinary part of the affair is how the man could have existed in the intense heat of that climate. His lips and mouth were skinned and bleeding, but he seemed as well as could be when he was landed at Suez, four days after his rescue.

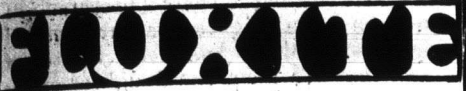
The water of the Red Sea is somewhat denser than that of the ocean, and therefore more buoyant. The heat is terrific. The mean surface temperature is from eighty-four to one hundred degrees. How any one could keep afloat under such a broiling sun is a mystery.

The use of Miller's Worm Powders insures healthy children so far as the ailments attributable to worms are concerned. A high mortality among children is traceable to worms. These sap the strength of infants so that they are unable to maintain the battle for life and succumb to weakness. This preparation gives promise of health and keeps it.



A Man of Might,
The foe he braves;
Help'd by Fluxite
He rules the waves.

IT'S USED ON ENGLISH WAR-SHIPS, IS



the paste that

Simplifies Soldering

IT GOES WITH THE FLAG AND FOLLOWS IT.

In all parts of the world FLUXITE is used by BOTH AMATEURS AND MECHANICS. With a little Fluxite the Solder grips like magic even on dirty metals.

Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large towns.

The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

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DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN USE ABSORBINE JR. FOR IT



A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. G. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Gout, Painful Swellings, Aches, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5¢ free. Write for it. W. E. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Glorious Winter in Manitoba

Lena, Man., March 26, 1914.

Dear Editor — It is now nearly two years since I last wrote to this page, so if I beg a little space now you will not think me greedy. During my long silence, however, you must not think me uninterested, much the reverse, I assure you. I think the improvement each month in the letters and page in general is quite noticeable. As I have not seen many letters from this district lately just thought I would show you that we are not all dead yet. I noticed a few from Killarney lately, which is our nearest large town, and, believe me, I was quite curious. They were real good, too, especially "Topsy's." My, what a "goody-goody" boy. "Lonely" must be, eh? Didn't know we had such fellows around Killarney. We have had a glorious winter in Manitoba this winter. Very little snow and not much rough weather. No need for us to migrate south to California. I think "Trixie" from Winnipeg in the March issue wrote one of the best letters I have seen in our page for some time. More girls like her would improve our country pretty quick. Although I dance and like sport myself, I think girls should learn how to keep house in case they ever have to do it. Somewhere I have read that the twenty-four hours in each day ought to be divided up into eight hours' work, eight hours' amusement and eight hours' sleep, and I think it is all right, too. But too many dances, theatres, music halls, and so forth make a girl prematurely old. I think "Happy Willy" seemingly does not like our small burghs in the West. I don't blame him much. Should see our Lena. "Some joint," ha, ha! I am very fond of music and work a lot of fancy work, of which I am extremely fond. My latest fad is a swell tan centerpiece with large American roses embroidered on it. Well, I am afraid I have made my letter long enough. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, for I have made a few real friends through its correspondence columns, I remain,

"Flora Dora."

Life on the Plains

Alberta, March, 1914.

Dear Editor — Now as several years have passed since I last had a chat with your jolly correspondents, so I thought I would drop in just for a while. Your most celebrated paper has been in our family for some years. I am always looking forward to the arrival of The Western Home Monthly; if there is a delay I feel as if I had lost a friend. Now, boys, I think I can sympathize with the lonely bachelors as I am an old-time rancher's daughter, and have lived on the plain nearly all my life; but must say I have had a peep into city life also. I would not exchange with any of them. I am a great lover of horses, and have a small bunch of my own. I am one that feels quite independent as I can saddle or harness my own horse, and I am not afraid to do any of the barn chores. For the past few years I have been riding and looking after stock. But don't think for one instant that I am not acquainted with house work. I am used to doing any part of house work. When I am lonely and have no work to do you will find me thumping on the piano and singing at the top of my voice. I also have no objections to dancing as I have spent

many a pleasant hour in that manner myself. Now I should be very much pleased to hear from the following in the February number: "Sod Buster," "Thirty-two," "Golden Ear Rancher," and "Rain Bow."

"Prairie Echo."

Had Many Letters

N.B., March 3rd, 1914.

Dear Editor—Kindly allow me a small space in this column to thank all those who wrote in reply to my letter in the January issue of The Western Home Monthly. I can say I appreciated the letters very much, and while I answered a number of them I could not find time to reply to them all, so to those who did not receive a reply I wish to say that I enjoyed their letters very much; they were very interesting, and could I find time to answer I would do so with pleasure. I am acting in the capacity of housekeeper now, but intend going to the U.S.A. in the near future to spend some time with my sister. Now as I have as many correspondents as I can find time to write to, I cannot promise to answer any others who might write. Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will find space for this letter, and wishing you and the readers every success, I remain,

"A Down East Lassie."

Not a Suffragette

Moosomin, Sask., March 12, 1914.

Dear Editor — I have read with great interest the correspondence columns of your valuable magazine for a number of years and find the letters most sensible and interesting, especially those from the lonely bachelors on the prairie. But never mind, young men, cheer up and wear a smile, and you will find the right "gal" and helpmate sooner or later. Come now, girls, write to them and cheer them up, and help them hoe their long and weary row. There are not many bachelors around here, although they were numerous a few years ago, but they are nearly all married now and settled down nice and comfortable. Isn't it wonderful how quickly these prairies settle up. Well, there are quite a few questions now on woman suffrage being discussed. As for my part, I don't care much which way it goes, for I think if a woman stays at home and keeps her house clean and tidy, always has a nice hot meal cooked for her good-man and meets him with a smile, and does as she ought to she will be treated kindly without running all over to every meeting that she can hear tell of within twenty-five miles of her. Come now, all you members, let us know what you think of it. I guess I have said quite enough on this subject. I am fond of all out-door amusements and can ride horseback, play baseball, skate and dance, and am fond of music. Before I close I will say that I would like to receive letters from all who care to write to me and I will answer all.

"Honey Dew."

Is Now Homesteading

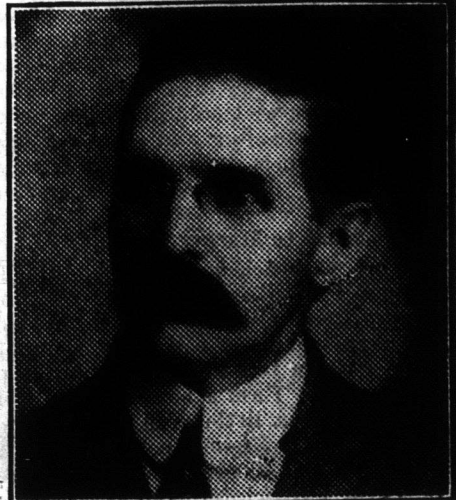
Invermay, Sask., March, 1914.

Dear Editor—Being a subscriber for a number of years, I take great pleasure in writing to our correspondence page. I think The Western Home Monthly a fine paper—the most interesting magazine in Canada. I am an Englishman of twenty-eight years, having come from Gloucester when a lad of 17. I worked for a farmer in the district of Yorkton for over two years; then I went to a neighbor on the next section where I stayed a little over a year. In the fall of 1908 I took a notion to homestead, and came here, and I may say there is worse land in Canada than around here. I am now on my feet, having a quarter-section on which I can break every acre. I am baching now, and would be very thankful if I could hear from some of your readers. I am a great one to correspond, and I never feel better than when writing a letter. I will sign

"Sheho."

REMARKABLE CURE OF RHEUMATISM

Supt. Of Sunday School In Toronto Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"



R. A. WAUGH, Esq.

TORONTO, ONT., Oct. 1st, 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives". I have lived in this city for more than 12 years and am well known. I suffered from Rheumatism especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" for 18 months now and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months."

R. A. WAUGH,
55 DOVERCOURT ROAD.

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"SOME HA'E MEAT AND CANNA EAT"

So Bobby Burns tersely describes the rich, but still poor, dyspeptics. But their case is not now so desperate as when Burns wrote. For the man who has the food now can eat without suffering for it, if he just follows the meal with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet.

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Quite a Stampede

Lindsay, Ont., March, 1914.

Dear Editor— I enjoy The Western Home Monthly very much as I consider it self-educating—containing matter on many subjects. There is a party of seven young ladies and nine young men (all natives of Ontario) intending to go out to Saskatchewan to locate homesteads. We are a very well-to-do crowd with considerable means. We would like to settle in Southern Saskatchewan or some good place where there would be chances of the land soon rising in value, and chances of a railroad. Would be pleased if some kind reader would write and state where we would likely find good land for homesteading and state reasons why. My name is with the editor.

"Homesteaders."

Hard to Market Grain

Saskatchewan, March, 1914.

Dear Editor—Being a reader of The Western Home Monthly and interested in the correspondence column, I thought I would write a few lines from Southern Saskatchewan. I am a homesteader, and have been here a little over three years. I find it rather lonesome sometimes, but I think it is best to stick to it. We sure have had a nice winter, and it looks as though we were going to have an early spring, and that would be nice, for lots of the farmers around here have got lots of plowing to do. We are a long way from the railroad here yet, and we find it hard to market our grain, but hope it will be better another year. We have got a nice lake where lots of fish are caught in the summer time, and we find fishing great sport. Well, I will now close, and sign myself

"Bishop Bill."

One Hundred and Twenty Miles from Town

Capital, Sask., March, 1914.

Dear Editor—Though but a recent subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I want you to know how interested we all are in it. I, like some more of your correspondents, let everything else slide when it comes into the house. I read it from beginning to end, and enjoy every word of it. The stories are very interesting, also the pictures, but what I like best of all is the correspondence page. There are many interesting letters in it which give one a chance to exchange ideas, and also help to pass away the weary hours on the homestead, at least in the winter. The summer is not so bad, as there is plenty of help to keep one busy. Having lived in town all my life, I find it quite a change to come out to a homestead that is one hundred and twenty miles from the town where I left my friends eighteen months ago. I guess I'll quit. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign myself.

"A Brownie."

Wants to go on a Farm

Manitoba, March, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been taking The Western Home Monthly now for some time, and I should like to say that it is a very interesting paper for everyone. It wears away many a long, dreary hour with its interesting news. I have been in Canada two years, and I think it is a fine country—it offers so much opportunity. Winnipeg is certainly a nice city with fine buildings. I notice in your correspondence columns that there are several girls asking for the same as myself. I want to be out in the country

on a farm. I prefer farm life to city life any day. I should be glad to hear from any who care to write.

Happy-go-Lucky."

A Farmer's Daughter

Reston, Man., March, 1914.

Dear Editor— For some time I have been a reader of your valuable paper, and I think there is some very good reading in The Western Home Monthly; some of the letters are very interesting. I live on a farm two miles from our town, and I like the farm very much. My father moved from Regina here eighteen years ago. I was born in Ontario, but came West quite young. Reston has a population of about 500, and, for its size, it is quite a "sporty" little town. I am a lover of music, and take lessons all the time. We also have an Edison phonograph, and would not like to be without it. Hoping you will be able to find room for this I will sign as

"Rose Bud."

Bad for Digestion

Ninette, Man., March, 1914.

Dear Editor—Rap-rap-rap, please may I come in and join the merry circle. Oh, I will be very good and sit in the corner here out of the way. Mr. Editor, when are you going to chain up that horrible green-eyed monster? See how his eyes are glaring at me, and I know his mouth is simply longing for this letter, but I can assure you, Oh, W.P.B.! my letters are bad for digestion. The marriage question is evidently the general topic at the present time, so I will endeavor to express my opinion on the subject, although I have had no experience in that line. Some say marriage is a failure; while others think it is a very pleasant road to happiness; but I think a great number never arrive. You may meet with a couple who impress you with the idea of fine characters and high ideals, yet when you see the other side it is a different matter entirely, especially when it is a matter of why meals are not on time and why his socks are not darned. Now a word or two on the suffragette movement. I quite agree with a "Down East Lassie" and think any woman who has a good, upright husband should not wish to vote unless it would be the means of abolishing the bar. If I thought it would do that I would want ten votes. How many homes are made desolate, how many lives are wrecked by that deadly enemy of all mankind—the demon drink? Did you ever hear that old Japanese saying: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next takes a man?" How true that is. If any should care to write they will find my address with the editor, and I will gladly answer all letters.

"Sweet Marie."

Not at all Fair

Saskatchewan, March, 1914.

Dear Editor—I notice in your February issue a letter from a new settler in Sandia, Sask., who signs himself "Thirty-two." In the course of his interesting letter he makes the remark: "It is too bad a girl is not allowed to take up a homestead here in Canada. If they were there would not be so many lonely bachelors." The young men should get busy and give their views on this subject. Possibly what they had to say might have some weight on the matter. I think the present system "homesteads for men only" is not in harmony with the laws of human nature. It is grinding on the young men, the hard work, the dreariness of the situation, and the want of social life. It is very unfair to the country girl. She has, as it were, been banished from our midst; allowed to drift, and the most of them have drifted into the towns. I think something ought to be done to bring back our banished ones. It is the girls we need at present to keep things moving. Country life at present is pretty near stagnation. I would like to sound a note of warning before it is too late. Goldsmith says:

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath
has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied

In all ages the country people have been the backbone of the nation, and the most beautiful pictures we have in the Bible are those of country life. The first glimpse Jacob had of Rachel, his future wife, was when she was employed watering her father's sheep. Then we have the beautiful history of Ruth who entreated her mother-in-law to let her go to the field to glean ears of corn. Then we have the history of Job who was a farmer on a large scale; it is recorded that he had seven sons and three daughters. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job, and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. I believe in equal rights for our sons and daughters. Much has been written of late on how to keep the daughter on the farm. I think the best way to keep her on the farm is to give her a portion of land. If girls had been allowed to homestead, mixed farming would have been started right away, and the country today would have been in a more contented and prosperous condition.

"Jemima."

Wants Information

Morris, Man., April 1st, 1914.

Dear Editor—Although a subscriber to your interesting and up-to-date paper, this is the first time I have written to the correspondence page. I am afraid I come now chiefly because I want help if some of your numerous readers will be kind enough to render it. I would like to get into touch with someone homesteading in the Red Deer and Lethbridge districts, as my husband and I wish to homestead somewhere down there in a few months. I have been in this country three years, coming here from England, and think to-day, as I thought when I landed, that it is the most wonderful country in the world. I spent my first summer in Saskatchewan on a farm, and enjoyed every moment of it. I am sure I shall enjoy homesteading just as much. A bright, sunny morning on the prairie in the early fall, with a touch of frost to silver the grass, takes an awful lot of beating for beauty and for teaching one the joy of living. Now, as my letter is getting rather long and as I do want the editor to find room for it, I will close, hoping somebody will come to my rescue and write to me, as there are many questions I wish to ask with regard to what stock, implements, etc., best to take with us. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.

"Manitoban."

A Cheerful Word

Vanguard, Sask., Feb. 22, 1914

Dear Editor—While the storm is raging I thought I would sit down and pen a few lines hoping they may escape the waste paper basket. I have just been looking through the letters of the January number of The Western Home Monthly. I like the tone of the letter written by "Down East Lassie." I can certainly speak from experience of what she says. It certainly would be quite an encouragement to have someone to speak a cheerful word when the day's toil is finished. I would like to see some of those "Down East Girls" drift to the Western prairies; they could be a very valuable help to us bachelors out here. Of course, they may not have quite as much fun as they would in the Eastern towns and cities; but, say, girls, fun don't amount to so very much when one comes to study it. I don't want you to form an idea here that I am no lover of fun or pleasure of any kind. I like fun, and I also like work. A portion of either is all right, but all work or all fun is not good. Work and play are both all right in their place. "Housekeeper" don't seem to find much time for play; they seem to be like most people in the West—after the almighty dollar. That's all right, too. If we don't make our money, we would stand a poor show if we waited for someone else to donate it to us. I think, if I remember right, a month or two ago someone tried to describe an ideal woman. I would like some of you girls to give us your opinion of an ideal man.

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Besides that annoying and torturing itching of eczema, you cannot forget that, left to itself, it becomes chronic and spreads over the body.

It is wonderful how quickly Dr. Chase's Ointment affords relief from the itching and sets the healing process in action. Gradually the sores disappear and new, smooth skin takes their place.

Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis or chronic eczema. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone offered to guarantee a cure for \$50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise this ointment enough."

Dr. Chase's Ointment owes its wonderful success to the fact that it positively cures eczema. Put it to the test. 60c. a box, all dealers. Sample box free, if you mention this paper. Edmansons, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment



Couldn't Do Housework HEART WAS SO BAD.

Mrs. Thomas Melville, Saltcoats, Sask., writes:—"I thought it my duty to write and tell you how much your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart was so bad I could not sleep, eat, nor walk about the house. I could not do my housework at all, what my husband could not do had to go undone. I had two small children depending on me besides three men to cook for, and it worried me to not be able to do anything. My husband had taken some of your pills, some years ago, and insisted on me trying them, so I started, and before I had taken them two weeks I was considerably better, and before I had taken two boxes I was doing my own work again. Anyone suffering from heart or nerve trouble of any kind should just give your pills a trial. If anyone cares to write to me I will gladly give them all the information I know concerning your wonderful medicine."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve 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.

Hurry up and give us your ideals, girls! Well, girls, our winter will soon be gone. Then comes the hurry and bustle of seeding. Baching is all right in the winter; but when one has to put ten hours in the field and cook the meals besides, it's not what it's cracked up to be. I have three hundred acres of crop to put in all alone this spring, so you may guess I won't have much idle time for a couple of months. Well, I think I have said enough. I am afraid it won't find space in your columns. Wishing The Western Home Monthly success in future.

"Western Sun."

To Punish Suffragettes

Elm Springs, March 23, 1914.

Dear Editor—This is my maiden attempt at writing to the correspondence columns of any paper. "Topsy's" letter caught my eye, and having been residing near Killarney for a number of years, I thought I would like to reply. A good plan to punish suffragettes, or rather reform them, would be to ship them to Western Canada to cook and mend for the many bachelors there. Probably they would become so interested in their homely duties that they would forget the slogan, "Votes for Women." A woman that can make a home bright and cheerful is a goddess. Just a word about myself. I am not a native of Canada, but think it is "the one best bet." I have had no religion since commencing homestead duties, as the nearest church is thirty miles distant, but used to attend Presbyterian Church at Killarney. Would like to hear from "Topsy" in the near future. In the meantime I remain,

"Turvy."

Not all "Lonely Bachelors"

Nova Scotia, February, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been quite interested in the correspondence pages of your much valued magazine as well as its other sections for some time. Now, if you will permit me, I would like to write a few lines, as I have failed to see any letters in print thus far from this part of the world. I have lived on a farm all my life, and think it as good a place as a girl can live. On a farm there is always something new to learn. Oh, yes, someone says, that may be true, but there is also something new all the time in a city home. Of course, there is. But on a farm everything is a nature study, and nature is always bringing forth something new and interesting. I do not understand why every boy and unmarried man in the beautiful West should call himself a "Lonely Bachelor." I think that must only be a habit they have thoughtlessly got into from which they had much better awake. Of course, it is true that lots of them do not have any neighbors or friends handy. I would be pleased to correspond with any who care to write first. Will leave my address with the editor, and sign

"A. N. S. Lassie."

She Took The Hint

At the "home stations" of the British army the private soldiers' washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and make other repairs, for which, says Tit-Bits, a small sum is deducted from the privates' pay.

Pat McGinnis had had a good deal of trouble with his laundress. Sunday after Sunday had his shirt come back with the neck button lacking or only hanging by a thread. He had spoken about the matter and the woman had promised to see to it, but still the button was not properly fixed.

He got out of patience one day when the missing button had made him late for parade. "Bother the woman!" he said. "I'll see if I can't give her a hint this time, anyhow."

Taking the lid of a tin blacking-box, about three inches in diameter, he punched two holes in it and sewed it to the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. When his washing came back he found that she had taken the hint—or part of it. She had made a buttonhole to fit the lid.



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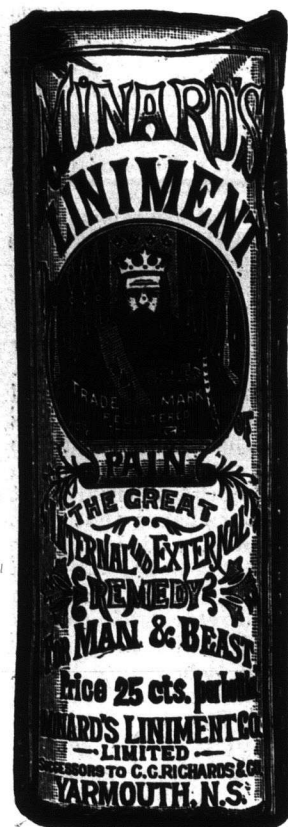
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Woman and the Home

The Treasure Ship

By Frank Lillie Pollock

I wait through the days dark-hearted,
Till my ship of desire comes home,
That I sent on a course uncharted
Through a long, unfurrowed foam,

To the shores of my boyhood's pleasure,
And the ultimate isles of truth,
Where I buried a lordly treasure
In the richness of my youth—

Pale pearls and rubies' rapture,
Amber and spice and gold,
The cargo of every capture
That I made on the seas of old.

And I sailed away, unknowing
I would come that way no more,
But my ship shall find it glowing
In the sand of the secret shore.

They will lift and load the plunder,
Till my ship shall glimmer bright
With the wealth of my old-time wonder,
And the dream of my old delight.

And I wait by the slow years failing;
It is long since she went to sea,
And I harken to hear her hailing;
But she comes not back to me.

Was she sacked by the sons of
slaughter,
Sunk by the ships of crime,
That sweep the past's weird water,
Black buccaneers of time?

I have seen their flags ill-fated,
I have felt their dark blockade;
And they knew she was treasure-
freighted;
And they knew what course she laid.

But still by the slow sea's drifting,
Where the ghostly ventures roam,
I watch for her topsails lifting
That is bringing my treasure home.

Training the Child in Sleep

By Katharine Scott Umsted

When my little boy was four years old we were separated for sixteen weeks. Up to that time he had all the tender care a loving mother could give; her only child. My health having given out I was forced to leave him in the hands of an ignorant nurse, while I went to a sanitarium.

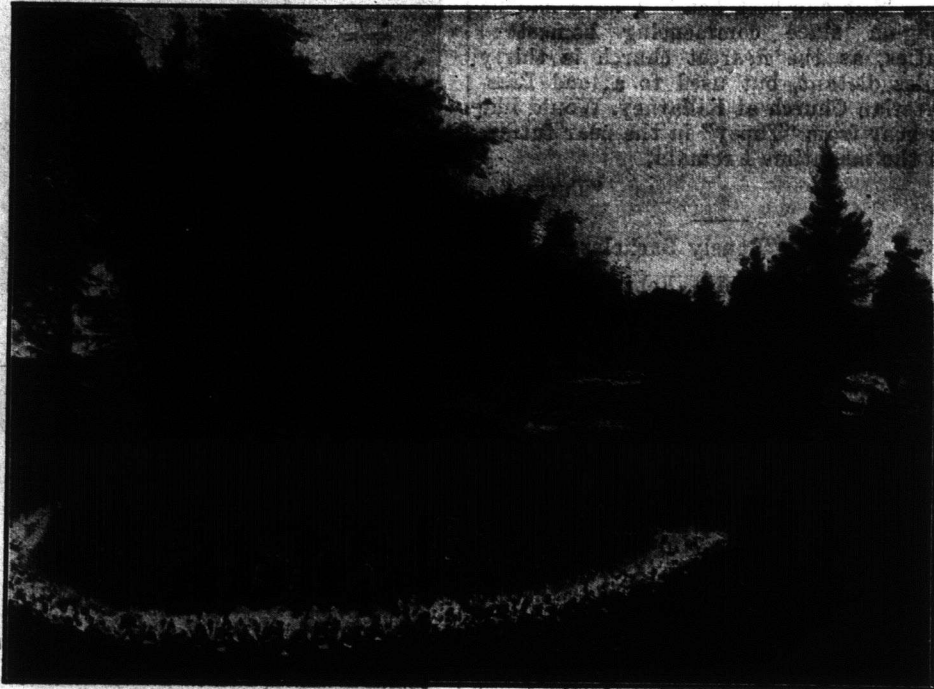
I shall never forget the night I returned. I was not expected for several days longer. I went to the nursery at once. My once sunny, bright little man was resisting Mary Ann's attempt to undress him, because he had been told earlier in the day that for some childish offence he should have a whipping at bed-time. I took him on my lap, told his nurse to leave the matter to me, and proceeded to make him comfortable for the night. As I laid him down in his little white bed he gave a great sigh and said:

"I am glad you are here, but did you know there is an awful place called hell, where bad children go? Nurse says I am going there." His whole body shook as he clasped his arms around my neck.

I had come home to great sorrow, to a hopeless and suddenly-stricken invalid, one who drew upon all my strength of spirit to give him courage for the inevitable. I was taxed to the utmost. Often I would read out loud until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning; then, going to my room, would fling myself on my bed and give vent to my overwrought nerves, as I dared not do in the daytime. My little sleeping child was a great comfort; I loved to feel the warm little body so sound asleep, and I would murmur over the dear curls my grief, so quieting myself for the rest of the night.

Soon I noticed a peculiar sympathy existing between us. To my surprise he seemed to reflect my own nervous state. It grew more marked, and apparently the gaiety of babyhood was leaving him. For some time I had been anxious over

a fault which had arisen and developed under the tyrannical sway of his nurse during our separation. From a remarkably truthful child he had become just the opposite. I cannot tell how the inspiration came to me; I think solely from my own inner consciousness—but this flashed over me: "Why cannot I control him in one way as in another? My nervousness has been given him with my cares at night while he was asleep; now why cannot I influence him in this other matter?" I worked it all out in my own way and said nothing of the experiment to anybody else. At night, upon coming to the bed, which we shared, I would put my arms around him and say, not loud enough to waken him even in the slightest: "Mother loves her little boy. She loves him the most in the world, even though sometimes she has to punish him. And he loves his mother dearly. He must not tell her naughty stories. He does not tell her naughty stories. He tells the truth. My little boy must grow up to be an honest Christian little gentleman. He is now an honest Christian little boy." I kept this up night after night, and in less than three weeks there was a



A Beauty Spot in one of Winnipeg's Public Parks.

wonderful change. The child is now nearly ten years old. While of a remarkably imaginative disposition, he is noticeably truthful and positively sure of his mother's love, even though she feels it necessary to mingle with it the restraint and authority that a father would exercise. I have since influenced him in the same manner in regard to other matters; his lessons, his aversion to soap and water, a certain pertness he has adopted; and always with unflinching success. His love and trust in me are greater than in the average child. For instance, on an ocean voyage, and although there were other children, my little son was universally known as "the boy who loves his mother."

Once in speaking of a friend whose grown son had died, my boy most earnestly said to me: "Oh, mother, I am so sorry for her, after all these years when she had to train him and make him into a good man, and then to lose him!"

If more mothers knew of this wonderful power in their possession the management of children would be much simplified. Call it thought transference, hypnotism, sub-conscious mind control, whatever you will, the fact remains that in the hands of an earnest, loving mother lies a wonderful force for good; for good in both ways, the one's giving as well as taking; a glimmer of the divine is vouchsafed to the reverent woman who looks upon the so I given her to mold and says, "It is good."

All doors open to pleasing, sunny personalities, therefore, cultivate the art of pleasing. Charm of personality creates an individual atmosphere that has much to do with one's advancement.

A Sensitive Soul

A poet began it, a true poet and a good man who would not for worlds have been responsible for such mischief as his words wrought. Della was at the impressionable age that summer. The poet met her need of an ideal, and she, being a clever girl as well as a pretty one, showed such a quick comprehension of his fancies and such a ready sympathy with his moods that he very nearly mistook her for a kindred genius.

"That is a rare, sweet, sensitive soul," the poet told some one—who promptly told Della. "The world should touch her gently, not to bruise a petal of the flower."

Then presently the poet went away, leaving Della to try to "live up to it." Unhappily, she had no very clear idea of the man's meaning, and the word "sensitive" misled her. She took it that in order to develop her nature she needed to follow her precious fancies and have her own way.

Sensitiveness of a certain kind is easily preserved and cultivated. It soon became apparent to her friends that one must not contradict or oppose Della if one wanted to get along with her. When she saw fit to volunteer advice, as she frequently did, one must either follow it or hurt her feelings. Fortunately

How to Preserve a Husband

Be careful in your selection; do not choose too young, and take only such as have been raised in a good moral atmosphere. Some insist on keeping them in pickle, while others keep them in hot water. This only makes them sour, hard and sometimes bitter. Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender and good by garnishing them with patience and flavored with kisses to taste; then wrap them in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep for years.—Nebraska Farmer.

The Game

The car was crowded, but the two pretty girls who entered it at Madison Avenue had no trouble in getting seats. They thanked the men who gave them places, and immediately fell into an absorbing conversation, so absorbing that one of them did not look up when the conductor called for fares. He glanced at her doubtfully, but after a second's hesitation, passed on; it was almost beyond human possibility to be certain of every one at the crowded hour.

As they left the car, one of the girls turned to the other triumphantly. "Another nickel in!" she exclaimed.

"Another nickel? What do you mean?" the other asked, puzzled.

Claire laughed, showing her prettiest dimple. "I mean," she explained, "that that's five nickels I've saved this week by free rides. Of course I don't care for the nickels, but it's loads of fun to do it."

"But—Claire Ellis—it isn't honest!" Claire laughed again. "What's the harm?" she asked. "The company's far too rich. Lots of people do it, only they don't own up."

"But I should think the conductor would catch you."

"That's just the fun of it—I've found out how. If I think the conductor is going to ask me, I just smile right into his eyes. They never insist when you do that. Once, though, I did nearly get caught. I took a big chance that time, for I'd been snapping, and had spent every cent except a ten-dollar bill—and the conductor was a grim old thing, who wouldn't know a pretty girl from a cow! When he said, 'Fare, miss,' I was scared for a second, then before I realized it, my life was saved. The man who had given me his seat and was standing just in front of me, said, 'I paid for that young lady—I gave you two tickets.' The conductor looked doubtful, but he couldn't be sure because the car was crowded, so after an instant he went on."

"But, Claire Ellis—to let a strange man pay for you!"

Claire flushed a little.

"Well, of course I didn't quite like it, but what could I do?" she protested. "And I'm sure he was very nice about it, only he did keep staring at me afterward. I wouldn't have father know it for anything—he's so fussy over some things. Don't you dare breathe it to a living soul, Pats Harriman!"

They were at dinner, and the dainties were on the table.

"Will you take tart or pudding?" asked papa of Tommy.

"Tart," said Tommy, promptly. His father sighed as he recalled the many lessons on manners he had given the boy.

"Tart what?" he queried, kindly. But Tommy's eyes were glued on the pastry. "Tart, what?" was asked sharply, this time.

"Tart first!" answered Tommy triumphantly.

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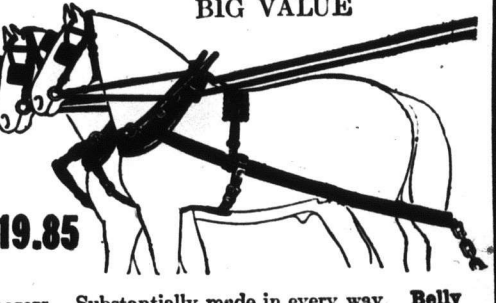
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