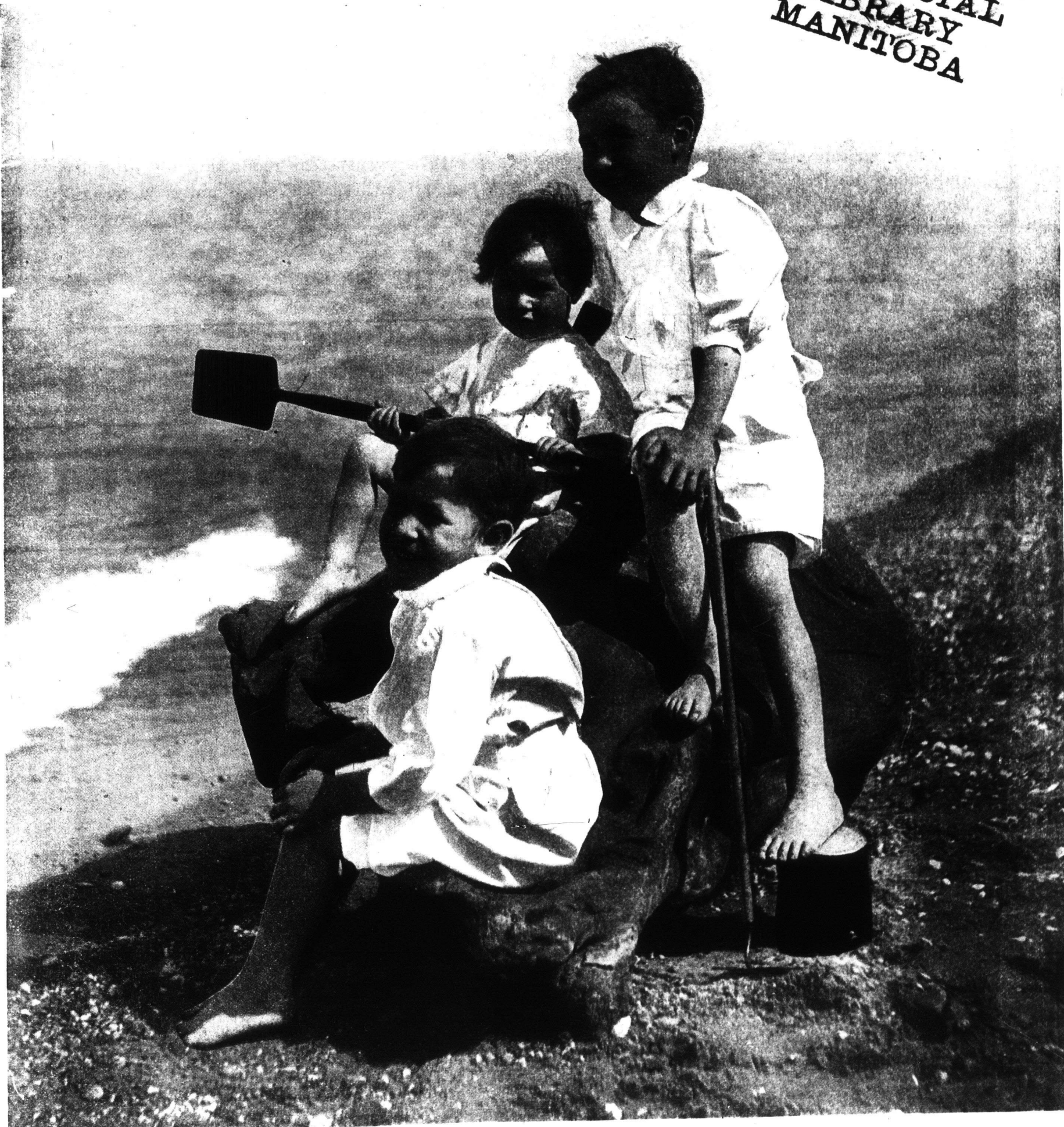


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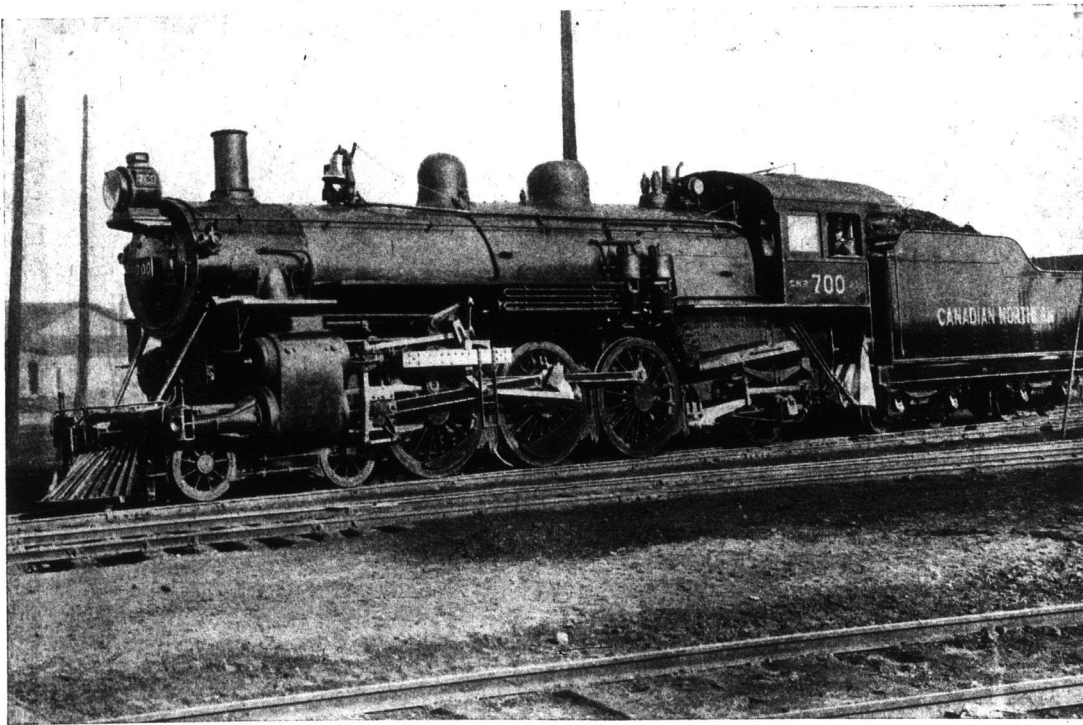
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The Western Home Monthly

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

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

Chat with Our Readers

The July issue of this Magazine, dealing at length with the jubilee of Confederation, has brought many kind words of appreciation to the publishers. Seldom has a Canadian magazine presented so many contributions from the leading men of the country and seldom has it been possible to publish so many rare and historical illustrations. Additional Confederation articles will be found in this number, the study of which will give our readers a right idea of the importance of this event in Canadian History.

The Young Man and His Problem

No page in any journal published in Canada has been more popular and more helpful than that in The Western Home Monthly devoted to "The Young Man and His Problem." It was a matter of regret when Dr. J. L. Gordon, because of his removal from Winnipeg, found it impossible to continue to serve. The Monthly is now pleased to say that a fitting successor has been found—one who is capable in every way of keeping the page up to the high level attained under the direction of Dr. Gordon.

No name is more favorably known in Western Canada than that of Prof. W. F. Osborne, of the University of Manitoba. As writer and speaker, he stands in the front rank, because of his readiness, his freshness of style and his wonderful diction. Whenever Prof. Osborne writes a letter or an article, everybody reads it; because it is certain to be interesting and to contain something of merit. Whenever he speaks, whether in his lecture room or on the public platform, he commands the attention of interested listeners.

In the field of public morals, Prof. Osborne is a frank and fearless champion of all that stands for righteousness and justice. He is thoroughly democratic; he believes in a square deal for all, and in equality of opportunity, and is an optimist among the optimists.

It is a great pleasure for The Western Home Monthly to be able to announce that, beginning this issue, Prof. Osborne will take charge of the page devoted to "The Young Man and His Problem." A comparatively young man himself—whose chosen work is teaching young men—he will, through these columns, have an opportunity of reaching thousands of others, who will be glad to read his message. Nor will his words appeal only to young men. His words will be welcomed by old and young, for they will ring true and contain wisdom and inspiration.

During the next few years Canada's problem will be one of educating young people for their mission. Towards this ideal it will be necessary to place before them high ideals of honor and citizenship. No one can contribute more towards this end than Prof. Osborne, in the pages of Western Canada's most widely known monthly.

Unprecedented business conditions have raised the cost of everything that enters into the production of magazines. We would, therefore, be justified in asking our subscribers 50 per cent more for The Western Home Monthly than we did in the past. We prefer not to do this; rather ask our readers to co-operate with us in securing new subscribers and in introducing the magazine wherever they may be. A great many of our readers do this now, for they find pleasure in

extending the influence of a publication in which they so heartily believe. A little co-operative work of this kind on the part of our subscribers would enable us to extend our circulation without the cost of sending paid agents to all parts of the country.

We would draw the attention of our readers to our premiums, some of which are advertised in this issue, and others that anyone can have on application.

We believe that our magazine stands at the top as a magazine for the home—with its valuable and interesting departments, the high quality of its fiction, surpassing both as to quality and numbers.

You cannot afford to lose the magazine's earnest, helpful, inspiring influence. You have come to depend upon it. Its articles are like chapters in the lives of real friends. Its departments have saved you money, given you food for thought, made the daily task lighter and more cheery. Its short stories have made you interested, have set you thinking along right lines.

It has been a great pleasure to realize by the increasing number of clubs, the prompt renewals of old subscriptions and the gratifying additions to our list of new subscribers, how firmly The Western Home Monthly is established in the hearts and homes of the intelligent, thoughtful people of this Western land. You have shown us by your loyal support, that the magazine for the home containing infinite richness at a moderate price, is what you all want.

The publishers of this magazine—they themselves pioneers in Western enterprise, have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the western provinces, and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of our wide circle of readers. Yearly they spend their good money with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in its 18th year and 8 months ago entered into its fine new home on Bannatyne Avenue, which you are cordially invited to visit whenever you are in Winnipeg. Its career started when the territory which it now covers so well from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast was but very sparsely populated. Even in these days it quickly made its way and found a place in the affections of all people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed, many of our readers are now paid up to 1918, 1919 and 1920. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.

Leslie, Sask.

Gentlemen,—Will the enclosed \$2.00 pay for my subscription till September, 1918? It was just purely a matter of carelessness and forgetfulness that my renewal was not sent in long ago, but will be prompter in future, as I like The Western Home Monthly coming to our home.—Mrs. A. A. Moody.



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The Philosopher

Canada's Duty

It is well to recall again and again the words spoken a couple of months ago in the temporary home of the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa by Mr. Balfour: "Do not for a moment let your faith fail you." Higher counsel has never been given to us by any voice speaking in our national capital. And in deeds more eloquent than any mere words can be, Canadian heroes at the front continue to speak for Canada. Every true Canadian will fail not to do his part towards keeping Canada's record one of faithfulness and courage and honor. No Canadian worthy of the name will ever consent to any course which could bring on Canada the shame of recreancy to duty, the dishonor of failing to be steadfast in responding to the most urgent appeal ever made to free people to defend the cause of freedom, the disgrace of faithlessness to the thousands of noble-hearted Canadians who have given their lives in defence of that cause.

War and the Soul

The horrors of war have supplied the themes for a voluminous literature. In the legion of books setting forth the horrors of war there is none more masterly and effective than "The Human Slaughter House," by William Lamszus. Issued only two years before the world conflict began, that book reached a sale of 100,000 within three months, was translated into half a dozen languages, and was declared by the Geneva Peace Congress to be the greatest contribution ever made to the cause of pacifism. And the irony of all this was that the writer of that book was a German, and the most enthusiastic readers of it were his countrymen. From Germany came that book; and Germany began the war, and has carried it on with unprecedented atrocities of "scientific savagery." And in the fight against the German attempt to make despotic Force the master of human destinies there have shone forth inspiring examples of unflinching devotion to the highest idealism which have never been excelled in all preceding history. The reign of Force will some day be ended; but never by invoking fear of anguish and death as the penalties for resisting evil and injustice; for so long as armed evil exists in the world, there will be men to brave it in defence of Freedom and the Right.

Women and the War

It is a noteworthy fact that ex-Premier Viviani, of France, in his first public utterance after he returned to Paris with General Joffre, after their mission to this side of the Atlantic, said: "Frenchmen of this generation should grant women equal rights with men—above all, the vote." The world war, instead of obscuring the claims of women to recognition, is making the justice of those claims stand out strikingly. And in no land is this more remarkable than in Russia, where in Petrograd a few weeks ago a new municipal government was elected by universal suffrage, the women of that city, who had never before been able to do anything in regard to public affairs beyond taking part in a "demonstration" on the streets, exercising their will by means of the ballot. In the United States there have been appointed twenty-three women on the Committee on Women in Industry, advisory to the Council of National Defence. In Great Britain the cause of woman is advancing with great strides; and in no land are the women giving more valuable assistance by work towards the prosecution of the war, their activities being vigorous and thoroughly organized. Canadian women are likewise unresting in their devotedness as war workers. It is unquestionable that after the war women will have a greater share than ever before in directing the affairs of the world.

The German Worship of a Tribal God

The leaders of German thought, from the Kaiser down, are all obsessed with the idea of the worship of a German God, a tribal God, who personifies their arrogant ideals and has nothing to do with Righteousness, but is, as we read in a passage of the prophet Daniel which seems curiously to foreshadow this German conception, "a God of Force." Such a conception is one of the most ancient of the heathen conceptions. It sometimes seems difficult to believe that the Kaiser and the German doctors of divinity and learned professors can be sincere in their utterances about God; but certainly they act in entire accordance with those utterances. They are thus reverting to a stage many centuries back in human development; and are placing themselves in opposition to the essential spirit of Christianity. Never before in all the literature of the world has there been such an outburst of tribal arrogance, unrestrained and unashamed, as is contained in the book, "Gems of German Thought," compiled by the well-known English writer, William Archer, from which quotations have already been made on this page. Mr. Archer gives chapter and verse in every case; and he quotes from the most eminent men in the German church and state and university life, and shows that they all, in a chorus of arrogance, ambition and hate of those whom they wish to destroy, worship not a God of all humanity, but a tribal German deity of their imaginings.

Trouble in Making German Wheels Go Round

This is the age of machinery, and without lubricants the wheels cannot be made to go round. In an affidavit filed in London, William Fuller Smith, of the British War Trade Intelligence Department, declares of his own knowledge that eight thousand locomotives were in March last laid up at the Krupp works in Essen—to say nothing of the numerous other railway repair shops in Germany—through wear and tear caused by the scarcity of lubricating oils and by the use of bad lubricants. That affidavit is only one piece of the great mass of information which the British authorities have, which shows that the lubricating of locomotives and of the hubs of the wheels of railway cars is one of the most formidable of the problems which the Germans are confronted with. The importance of grease to Germany from the military point of view is enormous. The strategic railways with which the General Staff has been covering Germany as with a network played an all-important part in the earlier years of the war; but now their value is greatly lessened because of the scarcity of lubricants. Thus both the metal machinery of the Huns, as well as their own bodily machinery, are badly off for lack of the various forms of fat which they need, and for which the vaunted German synthetic has been unable to supply satisfactory substitutes.

Destroying Moral Values

There were those in the United States some months ago (and we had some of the same sort of people in Canada, too), who prated about the wickedness of hating the Germans, and by way of proclaiming their own assumption of moral superiority, said that the duty of loving the Germans as brothers must be kept duly in mind and lived up to. Such talk as that goes to the opposite extreme to that which the Germans rushed to with their songs of hate and their elaborately systematized exercise of hatred as if it were a great and crowning virtue. The mawkish "brotherly love" inculcated by the persons referred to is like the German hatred in its lack of the power to discriminate values, which is the very essence of sound moral judgment. If there is nothing and nobody odious and deserving to be hated, morality has no meaning; nor is it easy to see how a feeling which is indifferent to the contrast between a sufferer and his cruel and murderous tormentor can rightly describe itself as "brotherly love." It is moral absurdity to talk about the evil of hating, and to have no scorn for the evil of being hateful. If a nation may act as Germany has acted, without bringing down upon its head the righteous wrath of all decent-minded members of the human race, we might as well dump our moral values overboard at once, and say that whatever is, is right. Sentimentalists are only deceiving themselves who imagine that Germany can be reformed by the "brotherly love" of its intended victims. There is only one thing the German understands and respects, and it is force.

Judging Germany Aright

Before the beginning of the war, the rulers of Germany before the beginning of the war, the rulers of Germany have taken great delight in their system of sending secret agents to live and work in other nations. On occasion the work of these secret agents has been to promote admiration for the so-called "efficiency" of Germany, and on occasion, since the war, it has been to preach brotherly love towards the German people. But, all the time, to the Prussianized mind, forbearance, decent-mindedness, brotherly love and all such virtues are contemptible weaknesses. Nothing could please the Prussians more than to know that in the countries which are fighting against German might, in defence of human freedom, there are voices raised to preach that we should have kindly thoughts of the German people, and that we must not descend to Germany's level of "strafing." The great difference is in the fundamental reason for hating, and in the sort of acts which that feeling prompts. It is one thing to hate the innocent, and to butcher them and revel in their sufferings; it is another thing to hate those guilty of such atrocities and to refuse to clasp their blood-stained hands. It is one thing for the criminal to give way to murderous orgies when his plans are thwarted; it is another thing for the outraged Spirit of Humanity to set itself sternly to defending itself against such a criminal and to making human liberties safe from his ruthlessness.

A Decided Contrast

Nothing is more characteristic of the Germans than the extreme seriousness with which they sing their extremely serious war songs, and the extremely serious manner in which they utter, at the word of command of their officers, the deep, guttural sound they make by way of cheering. The attempt has more than once been made to introduce similar songs and a similar attitude towards them among English-speaking soldiers, and it has invariably been a comic failure. The men of the races that speak English (and precisely the same thing is true of the

men of France) have no use for that sort of dull, serious singing; the songs they sing are more often than not jocular, flippant, popular song of the day—and at first the deadly dull and serious Germans made the mistake of thinking that because they sang such songs they were fundamentally flippant and incapable of taking their soldiering seriously, and were not, in fact, real soldiers at all, like the Germans themselves. The Germans know better now. In regard to the German soldiers' own style of singing, a recent American writer, an authority in psychobiology, makes out that it is comparable to the manner in which all the members of a pack of wolves gives tongue, thus urging each other on to united, aggressive wolfishness. The German people he describes as a wolf people, bent on aggression and plunder, while the British and French peoples, on the contrary, he describes as bee peoples socialized nations. By the time the wolf people are through with the results of their outburst of aggressive wolfishness which they began three years ago, they are going to find themselves very badly stung.

Super-Morality of the Super-Men

Endlessly amazing are the disclosures of the workings of the German mind. One of the latest books by an eminent Doctor of Divinity, who is a Professor in the University of Kiel, Rev. Dr. Langemann, is mainly an earnest exhortation to his fellow-countrymen against giving away to what he terms "sentimentality." "Germans, he declares, must harden their hearts. 'The fine and noble sentiment which is so supereminently characteristic of Germans,' writes this Hun theologian, 'and of which we may in justice be proud, is due to the finer spiritual training of our people. It is due to this finer spiritual training that the German soldier is a moral hero and incapable of the beastly cruelties practised by the enemies of the Fatherland, especially the hypocritical English. But when war has been forced upon us, we cannot let ourselves be carried away by sentimentality. We cannot, in duty, let sentimentality cripple us and strike our strongest weapons from our grasp. Christ himself would recognize that it is the highest and most moral duty of us Germans now to do what the circumstances demand. If we fail so to act, we are not true Germans.'" The Kaiser goes far in his constant use of the name of God; but it must be said that some of his subservient Doctors of Divinity almost outdo him.

The Kaiser's Power and President Wilson's Power

The Philosopher has been reading an article by Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard University, written a couple of years ago, and widely circulated at that time in the United States, with the purpose of making it appear that Germany has a truly democratic system of government. Of all the falseness put forward by German Professordom that assertion is surely the most grotesque. The climax of Professor Francke's article is that "the German Emperor has less power than the President of the United States." Let us consider the actual truth. There is "universal suffrage" in Germany for the election of the Reichstag, but the electoral districts are like those in England before the Reform Bill of 1832, and on top of that, the Reichstag is only a sham House of Commons. It has no real power. The Bundesrath, or Senate has not only the veto power over the Reichstag, but can dissolve the Reichstag. There is no Cabinet, in the British sense of the word. The Imperial Chancellor and the other Imperial Ministers are appointed by the Emperor, are responsible only to him, and can at any time be dismissed by him. They are his personal servants. As for the Bundesrath, or Senate, a third of its members are appointed by the King of Prussia—that is to say, Wilhelm II, who is also Emperor. The other two-thirds are appointed by the Dukes, Grand Dukes and Kings of German States, whom the Emperor controls. The Bundesrath meets in secret, and does what it is ordered to do. Thus, in actual fact, all authority and power is centred in the Hohenzollern Emperor. He has proclaimed this many times. "There is only one Master of the Nation. It is I. I will abide no other." Or, to cite another of his utterances: "The German People and the German Nation are a responsibility conferred on me by God. Those who try to interfere with my task I will crush."

Bismarck and Heligoland

A correspondent sends The Philosopher an old copy of The Westminster Gazette, in which there is a review of a book of memoirs, containing among other things an account of some conversations with Prince Bismarck in 1890, after the cession of Heligoland to Germany by the Salisbury Government. "He" (Bismarck) "believed it to be impossible to put Heligoland into such a state of defence as would render it defensible in war-time," says the book. It may well have been that Bismarck spoke in that way to deceive his interviewer, who was an Englishman; nothing could be more eminently Bismarckian. Of course, he may really have thought that Heligoland could not be made useful in war. If so, he could hardly have been more completely astray.

Editorial

Reconstruction

AFTER the war, peace; after peace, reconstruction. The nature of such reconstruction is even now being determined. Happy the individual and the nation that can read the signs of the times.

World reconstruction will mean new boundary lines, new ideals of power and honor, a new sense of responsibility and brotherhood, a complete recasting of international law, according to which the strong shall guarantee the protection of the weak, and the world-democracies guarantee world-peace, or, at least, the settlement of all disputes by arbitration. More important than these will be the fact that men the world over will change their mode of thought. The "Sovereignty of God" and the "Brotherhood of Man" are terms which hitherto have been used by preachers and theologians. Henceforth such phrases will be taken up by the nations and incorporated into the life of the people. Even a proud German war-lord will yet have to say, as has been said alike by the weak and the mighty in all ages, "O, Galilean, Thou hast conquered."

National reconstruction will mean the taking over by the state of much that was previously entrusted to private effort, the supervision of trade, commerce and industry in all their details by national boards, the settlement of disputes by enforced arbitration, co-operation among classes, races, churches, the promotion of brotherly love and the substitution of service for mere selfishness. It will mean new politics, new education, new religion, and new industrial development, and all because it will be recognized that love and righteousness rather than force and greed, are the necessary ruling forces in this world.

It is not necessary to say that the key to national reconstruction is individual regeneration. "The meek shall inherit the earth." For a long time this seemed contradictory to human experience, but that is because we interpreted wrongly and because we could not see the end from the beginning. Henceforth the man who can rule will be the man who is possessed of righteousness, who is master of himself, who lives for his fellows, and who is capable of rising above mere personal ambition and private resentment. Already we see this in our towns and villages. It is the unselfish public-spirited men and women who lead and who command respect. The mission of the ideal citizen to-day cannot be very different from that of the Master, of Whom it is said, "He went about doing good."

Canadianism

THESE words from Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, will find an echo in every loyal Canadian's heart:

"We realize there should not be in Canada any district or any province seeking exclusiveness, or especial privilege, or separate distinction, but all should work for Canada as a whole and the Dominion for each part so that all may prosper and be happy. There cannot be a nation within our Canadian nation.

"We must be Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one people animated by one spirit, working to one end—the building up of a strong nation in a peace-loving and powerful British commonwealth. Having thus acknowledged our fidelity to our nation and Empire and King, let us here and now avow and pledge our allegiance to the King of Kings, the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, on Whose shoulders rest government, Who judges the people righteously and governs the nations upon the earth. To Whom all nations are counted as the small dust of the balance, yet Who says to those who look to Him for aid, 'Fear not, for I am with Thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' Wisely did Shakespeare say: 'Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's and Truth's.' Love to God and His truth, His service and the keeping of His Commandments mean love and service to one's fellow-citizens, native or foreign-born, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, mean an unceasing desire for their protection from evil, their ampler development. That is true patriotism, true religion, true Canadianism."

Sowing and Reaping

THE war has been costly, but perhaps the price had to be paid in order that the world should be freed from tyranny and military despotism. Generally it costs as much pain to have wrongs redressed, as it cost the first sufferers when the wrongs were inflicted. The sufferings of Louis XVI were typical of the sufferings of the French peasants of the preceding two centuries, the sufferings of Czar Nicholas must be in line with the endless and indescribable wrongs of the Russian people. And to-day the world is paying back in blood for its error in permitting the few to rule the many. Caesarism, Kaiserism, Czarism, Militarism and Landlordism—they are all akin. They stand for a principle hateful to God and unjust to mankind. The new world-spirit in asserting itself had to fight its way back sooner or later to the primitive condition when all men were equal. The cry of the dawning era is the cry of the followers of Wat Tyler:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

In the world of force and might the law is ever "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The travail of to-day follows the indiscretion of yesterday. Just as the pine log when placed in the grate gives back all the heat it absorbed from the sun during the long years of its growth, so nations and communities in the awful throes of revolution give back stroke

Canada to England

Great names of thy great captains gone
before
Beat with our blood, who have that blood
of thee:
Raleigh and Grenville, Wolfe, and all
the free

Fine souls who dared to front a world
in war.
Such only may outreach the envious
years
Where feebler crowns and fainter stars
remove,
Nurtured in one remembrance and one love,
Too high for passion and too stern for
tears.

O little isle our fathers held for home,
Not, not alone thy standards and thy
hosts
Lead where thy sons shall follow, Mother
Land;
Quick as the north wind, ardent as the
foam.
Behold, behold the invulnerable ghosts
Of all past greatnesses about thee stand.
—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

for stroke, and pain for pain, all that was endured during the years of oppression. The world to-day is paying the price, because it asserted in its foolishness that "the surest way to prevent war is to be prepared for war". Prussian arrogance to-day is paying the price because in its self-sufficiency it dared to challenge the Man of Nazareth, and to attribute to human weaklings powers that belong only to the Almighty.

The Decline of Party

THE recent debate and vote on conscription spell the end of party government during the war. It is to be hoped that the system as we have known it for five decades will never be revived. The distinction expressed by the words Liberal and Conservative is no longer a real distinction. Little is to be gained either in politics or religion by adopting out-worn creeds or shouting ancient and meaningless battle-cries. A party system that has nothing in it beyond "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee" is ruinous to public conscience, and it is high time it was discarded. The emergence of a real issue in Canadian politics clearly demonstrated the superficiality and unreality of the party distinction. What fools we should be to divide on a question of names when great principles are at stake!

One of the best illustrations of the absurdity of retaining the old party names in present-day conflicts is that afforded by the recent election in Saskatchewan. It is quite probable that most of those who supported

the government were descended from the old Liberal stock, and that the members of the opposition were descendants of Conservatives, but there was absolutely nothing in the platforms of the two parties that savored of Conservatism or Liberalism. Then why in all honesty should the old names be retained? The triumph of the government was a tribute to Martin, Calder and the rest, and in no sense an endorsement of Liberalism; the defeat of the opposition party was but a proof of personal inability, and in no sense a condemnation of Conservatism. Let those who deserve the credit receive it. The fact is, that even if the party terms were admissible in federal affairs, they should never be used in local contests, where the issues involved are so completely different. In both provincial and federal politics the use of terms that were meaningful in a by-gone age, only serve to becloud issues and produce moral inertia. We are indeed fortunate, if as a result of the discussion on conscription, we have advanced beyond ancestor-worship, and have prevented the domination of local and municipal affairs by the federal party machines.

Anyway, why should one become unduly enthusiastic when the party whip is cracked? One can defy the whole Conservative press and Conservative party to state what distinctive ideas the party stands for in practice to-day. The same is true of Liberalism. This, of course, is in the field of federal politics. Years ago, in the town of Perth, Sir Clifford Sifton stated that in the matter of trade policy there was no difference between the two parties. He was all-powerful at the time, and he probably knew what he was talking about. Since then he has stepped aside, but his successors have not had the wisdom or courage to adopt the old Liberal platform. As regards trade-policy, Liberalism is dead. It may be that in some other questions it has distinctive views, but if so, it should begin to assert them. Honest administration is a matter of men, not of parties. Unless parties have distinctive differences in policy one group of men is just as likely to be trusted as another.

Every age has its problems, and every problem has different forms of solution. Hence arise schools of thought, and political parties. If men and women accept the leadership of their grandfathers, it is a sign that they are not facing on their merits the problems of the day. A strictly honest man must find himself in a new group on every great problem. The great national problems of to-day are connected with conscription, transportation, trade and industry. They are not the problems of 1837 and 1860. A good Conservative of that time might well be a good Liberal to-day. Let us forget names and agree to divide or agree on great issues. The only partyism worth while is that which is open to realignment.

Our Future

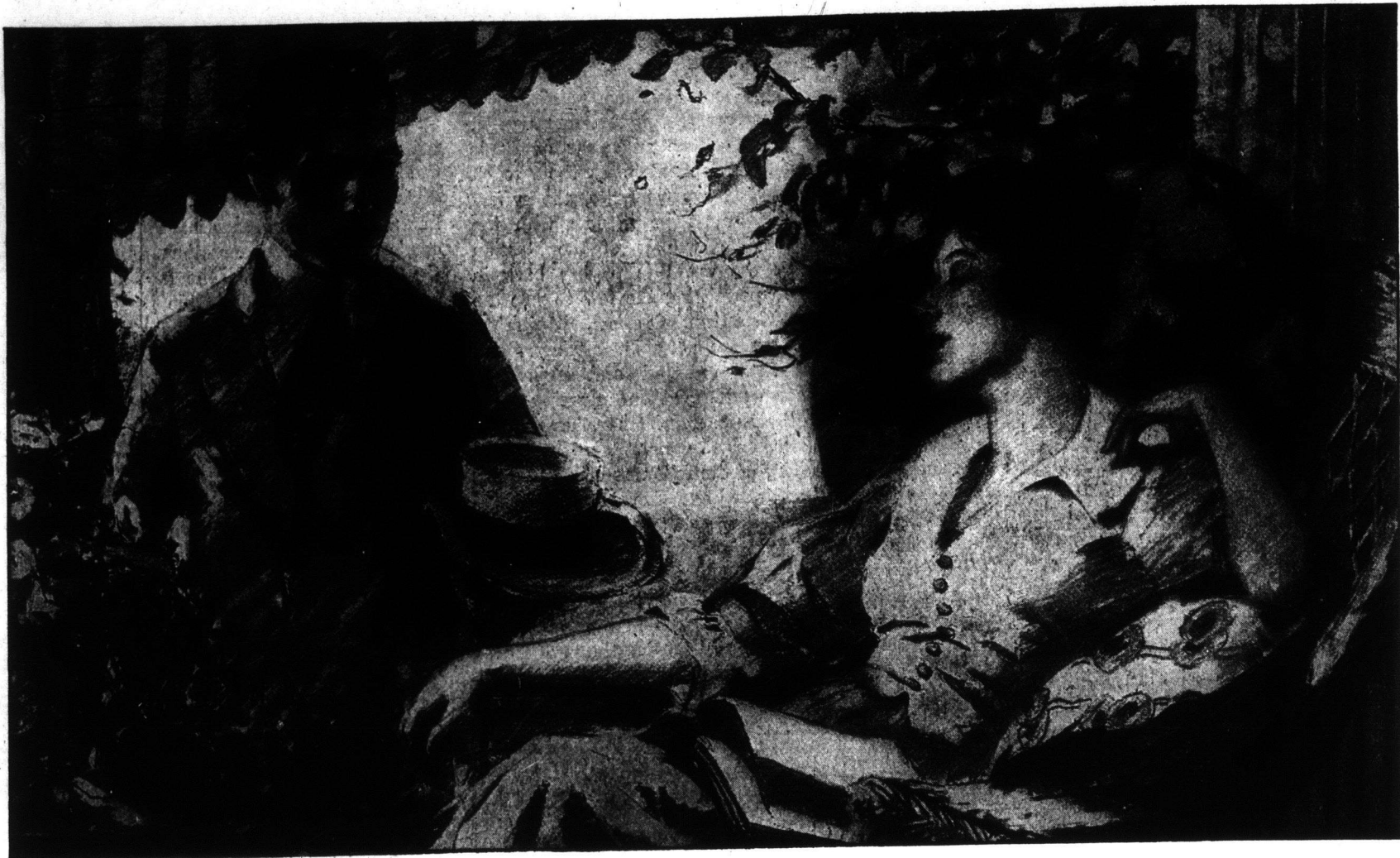
WE need not get discouraged. The world will be what we will it to be, if we will it with our whole heart. To quote again from Sir James Aikins:

"But what of Canada's future? It will be what Canadians will it to be, what they will themselves to be. If to be soulless, wealth-chasing, pleasure loving, then farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness; but if Canadians now and ever will themselves to be God reverencing, upright, industrious and intelligent, then until the earth itself shall pass away Canada shall endure and its people shall be blessed."

Two Very Plain Truths

IF those who came to Canada from non-English countries are not willing to throw in their lot with us, and teach their children our ways and our language, so that they may more fully cooperate to their own and our advantage, it is always possible for them to return to the lands from which they came. Canada is not going to be a Balkan state. That is settled. But there is equal opportunity in this land for all as Canadians.

There is a difference between a pact and a kind concession. Britain did not enter into any pact at the time of the conquest of Canada, but granted many concessions. Let us not get a twist in our thinking.



If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

IF you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. For the first time, really look at it as someone else would. Find out just what condition it is in.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads? Perhaps you will find its only flaw to be conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the trouble is, it *can* be changed.

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it

Troubled with blackheads?

If your mirror shows you blackheads, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But

make it a daily habit, and it *will* give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your face thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave

the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into your pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the fingertips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*.

Make this treatment a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin.

Write today for book of treatments

Send 4c and we will send you a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving all of the famous Woodbury skin treatments and valuable facts about the skin, which few people know, together with a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, large enough for a week of any of these skin treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrews Jergens Co., Ltd., 2408 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If your hubbub is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit.



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast



Fifty Years Since Confederation

by W. A. McIntyre, LL.D.

It is just fifty years since Confederation, and people are interested in reviewing the actions that led to this great historical event, and in reading once again the great speeches that were made by the statesmen of that time. For in those days there were statesmen—men with wisdom, clear vision and power of expression, men who though they differed in matters of policy were yet true imperialists as they were true Canadians.

Between 1759 and 1867 the various sections of British Empire in North America existed as independent units. In 1840 an attempt was made to unite Lower and Upper Canada, but the attempt was not wholly successful. A good sketch of conditions is given by Mr. Gray in his story of Confederation.

"The practical concession of their rights having been established, the people of British North America set themselves to work, each province in its own way, to develop the resources of its own locality. A healthy climate and great natural advantages bore them onward, but no one common direction governed the general movement. Each did what was best for itself, regulated its tariff by its own immediate wants, built its little Chinese wall round its own frontier, and taxed the manufacturers of a sister province as readily as those of Russia or the United States. Resting on its mother's leading hand, each toddled along in its own harmless way. But science, steam, telegraphs and railways had taught a new education. The stupendous progress of the United States, with an unrestricted commerce from Florida to Maine, stood out in bold contrast to the narrow policy of provincial isolation; and thinking minds, in advance of their time, conceived that if all the Provinces of British North America were united, with a common tariff and an unrestricted internal trade, a similar result, to a certain extent, might be obtained.

"No serious attempt, however, at a political union had been made; but the public mind was rapidly expanding both to its importance and necessity. In 1854 the question had been brought up in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, and the great leaders of the Conservative and Liberal parties, Messrs. Johnston and Howe, throwing aside the rivalry of party, had delineated with equal power the advantages that would result from combining the scattered elements of prosperity and strength separately possessed by the several provinces.

"In 1858, in the Canadian Parliament, the movement assumed a more tangible shape, and union was made a part of the policy of the Government. Mr. Galt, on his becoming a member of the administration, insisted on its being made a cabinet question; and Sir Edmund Head, in his speech at the close of the session, intimated that his government, during the recess, would take action in the matter. These tendencies, however, were all abortive; they produced nothing.

"The war in the United States, however, and the Trent affair in 1861-2, put an end to all vacillation on the part of the Imperial Government; and from the Prime Minister to the peasant, whether Liberal or Conservative, whether Tory or Radical, but one policy for the future was to prevail. British America was to be consolidated; British America was to be made self-reliant; British America was to be put in a position to require as little from the British Government as was possible, with an allegiance that was

voluntary, and a connection that was almost nominal. The integrity of the Empire was to be preserved, but the outlying frontier was to be mainly instrumental in preserving it. Union received an astounding impulse. It perhaps never before occurred that two independent bodies, moving in their own orbits, so suddenly and so simultaneously received an influence from different causes, impelling them in the same direction, and that direction to result in their mutual good. The force was irresistible; it was to the same end, but neither body was to be coercive of the other. The outward pressure of mutual necessity and mutual advantage broke like light upon the public mind. Both parties were to be strengthened, but the result was to be obtained by the voluntary action of a free people, the exercise of their constitutional rights, the assent of the national judgment.

"In the winter of 1864, though the public mind was thus agitated, all reasonable hopes of effecting any arrangement with Canada, either of a fiscal nature or for the construction of the intercolonial road at an early day, seemed to have been abandoned in the Lower Provinces; and the Legislatures of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island had, at their sessions in that year, severally passed resolutions authorising their respective Governments to enter into negotiations, and hold a convention for the purpose of effecting a union of the Maritime Provinces, political, legislative and fiscal. That convention was appointed to meet at Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, in the month of September following.

"For twelve years George Brown and John A. Macdonald had been the leaders of public opinion in Upper Canada, while George Etienne Cartier was the foremost politician in Lower Canada. At the time of the Deadlock the government was led by John A. Macdonald and Sir E. P. Tache. Party warfare was in those days carried on with a heat and bitterness rare in our time, and no politicians had ever denounced one another more fiercely than had George Brown and John A. Macdonald. To Brown belongs the honor of first laying aside personal feelings, and proposing that he and his friends should unite with their political opponents to bring about such a change in the mode of governing Canada as would allow her to become greater and more prosperous than ever before. Macdonald and Cartier gladly accepted the offer of their old opponent, and a coalition government was formed under the leadership of Sir E. P. Tache, whose purpose was to bring about a federal union of the two Canadas, and, if possible, of all the provinces of British North America. In this union the central government should have charge of all such matters as concerned the whole country, while each province should retain control of its own local affairs. The plan was known to be agreeable to the Imperial authorities, who were at that time anxious to be relieved of the responsibility of defending a number of scattered dependencies, each of which insisted upon having the fullest measure of self government.

"The provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island had, during the same year, sent delegates to a convention in Charlottetown in September, 1864, to deliberate on their own legislative union. A delegation from Canada, consisting of some of her most noted politicians, asked and obtained permission to attend the meetings of the Maritime Convention. They spoke in favor of the larger union of all the

British North American colonies, and persuaded the convention to adjourn their meeting and attend another to be held in Quebec in October. This famous Confederation Convention was held in the Parliament Buildings of Quebec, within sight of the field where, little more than a century before, Englishmen and Frenchmen had fought fiercely for the possession of Canada."

It is not necessary to review the Act of Confederation, known as the British North America Act. Its provisions are well known to the people. If the work had to be done over there might be a few minor changes, but the men of the time thought clearly and on the whole wisely. The conditions of the time may have made it necessary to insert or misplace one or two clauses, but the Act is not final and changes will no doubt yet be made.

It is interesting to read the speeches made in and out of parliament dealing with this question. There is space in this article for only three quotations.

Hon. George Brown—

"But far in advance of all other advantages would be this, that union of all the provinces would break down all trade barriers between us, and throw open at once to all a combined market of four millions of people. You in the east would send us your fish, and your coals, and your West India produce, while we would send you in return the flour and the grain and the meats you now buy in Boston and New York. Our merchants and manufacturers would have a new field before them—the barrister in the smallest province would have the judicial honors of all of them before him to stimulate his ambition—a patentee could secure his right over all British America—and in short all the advantages of free intercourse which has done so much for the United States, would be open to us all. One other argument there is in favor of the union that ought with all of us to weight most seriously, and that argument is, that it would elevate the politics and the politicians of our country. It would lift us above the petty strifes of small communities, and give to our public affairs a degree of importance, and to our leading public men a status very different from what they have heretofore occupied. On a survey of the whole case, I do think there is no doubt as to the high advantages that would result from a union of all the colonies, provided that terms of union could be found just to all the contracting parties, and so framed as to secure harmony in the future administration of affairs."

Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald

"The whole scheme of Confederation, as propounded by the conference, as agreed to and sanctioned by the Canadian government, bears upon its face the marks of compromise. It must be considered in the light of a treaty. Just so surely as this scheme is defeated will be revived the original proposition for a union of the Maritime Provinces, irrespective of Canada. We know that the United States at this moment are engaged in a war of enormous dimensions; that the occasion of a war with Great Britain has again and again risen, and may at any time in the future again arise. We cannot foresee what may be the result; we cannot say but that the two nations may drift into a war as other nations have done before. It would then be too late when war had commenced to think of measures for strengthening ourselves, or to begin negotiations for a union with the sister provinces. At this moment, in consequence of the ill-feeling, which has arisen between England and the United States, the reciprocity treaty, it seems probable, is about to be brought to an end; our trade is hampered by the passport system, and at any moment we may be deprived of permission to carry our goods through United States channels; the bonded goods system may be done away with, and the winter trade with the United States put an end to. If we do not, while our avenue is threatened to be closed, open another by taking advantage of the present arrangement, and the desire of the lower provinces to draw closer the alliance between us, we may suffer commercial and political disadvantages it may take long for us to overcome.

Hon. Sir Alexander Galt

"Apart from the advantages from the free trade which will hereafter exist between us, the credit of each and all the provinces will be greatly advanced by a union of their resources. A larger fund will be available as security to the public creditor, larger industries will be subjected to the action of the legislation for the maintenance of public credit, and some of those apprehensions which have latterly affected the public credit of this country will be removed.

"Let us endeavor by this measure to afford a better opening than we now possess for the industry and intelligence of the people. Let us seek by this scheme to give them higher and worthier objects of ambition. Let us not reject the scheme with the bright prospect it offers of a nobler future for our youth, and grander objects for the

(Continued on Page 13.)



The First Legislature of Ontario, following Confederation.

Hunting in the "Yellowhead Pass" Grounds

By Bonnycastle Dale

Note.—Our readers will be sorry to miss the cheerful letters from Laddie "Somewhere in France" that have been appearing in these columns for some time. The fact is that poor "Laddie" has been severely wounded. Our readers, we are sure, will join with us in wishing this brave boy a speedy recovery. Mr. Bonnycastle Dale has, therefore, resumed his travel adventures in many wild parts of Canada while in pursuit of his natural history work. In his travels he is accompanied by Laddie's brother, Laddie Junior.—Editor.

YOU lucky hunters of 1916—from your big cities you can make the wilds in "two sleeps and two looks" as O'poots our guide says. We, of an earlier hunting period, took as long as twenty days to make the Tete Jaune Cache—"The Cache in the Yellowhead Pass"—from Edmonton. All this is altered now—a few dollars, a modern railway ticket—and a grinning porter is brushing the dust—where no dust lies—and you are deposited on a platform right in the valley of the Athabasca, where Jasper Hawes years ago saw the wild animals roam daily and where his great waving yellow locks made him known alike to white, half-breed, and Indian, as The Yellowhead (Tete Jaune in the broken dialect). To-day, the iron horse thunders through this wonderful valley; and the animals have retired a few miles back into the valleys of the streams that urge the roaring Fraser on its course.

It is well to arrange with the Game Warden at Fort George as to which is the best place for the special game or fish you are after, if you are going to hunt in the Caribou District, if the R.R. cannot take you right there, steamboats will dump you somewhere near the camping ground. Once inside Jasper Park, a perpetual game sanctuary formed by the province of B.C., you are on virgin territory, as much of this huge, wild district is yet to be explored.

It is a well known fact that innumerable bands of caribou roam along its northern mountains. Goats are everywhere—right close to the track of the railway. Sheep have been taken all along the Peace River, bears of course are everywhere, especially at berrying time—these truly "terrible" black bears devour anything they meet, so look out if you happen to be grass or fruit or fish, but, notwithstanding anything certain magazine writers may say, neither Laddie Jr., nor I, or any of our men, have been killed with the regularity one would expect from such ferocious monsters. I know of a case where the wife of one of our Indian guides was picking salmon berries, she saw the opposite top of the bush pulled down and she slid around that way to chat with her neighbor—and ran right into a big black bear squatting on his haunches just as the one we easily pictured does. Result, woman waved the only weapon she had—her petticoat, eye not only her sole weapon but her sole and only garment—result, bear retires in confusion.

In a lifetime's work on this continent, although we have often come across black and so-called brown and also Grizzlies, not one has stood on the order of its going but gone at once—seldom giving us a picture let alone a scare.

You will also meet Whitetail and—at times—other deer in the north of this district, but you are more likely to get this game in the southern end. If you want small game, wildfowl and grouse, here is a paradise for it, and the trout-fishing is a thing of excellent sport—and add to it all the almost untrodden valleys and mountains of this celebrated province.

Mule and whitetailed deer, caribou and moose, mountain goat and sheep are in season from September 1st to Dec 15th to 31st, but always write ahead to the Provincial Game Warden, Vancouver, B. C., and get all pamphlets and information. I have no retainer by the Province, I am writing this in memory of the many good days spent in the pleasant valleys of B.C. I think late September and early October the best time, but if you are going far north go early, as that means big outfitting and long trips. You can do all the hunting the average

man wants within fifty miles of the railroad. It costs an even hundred dollars for a full license, for fish only five dollars and for bear alone but twenty-five.

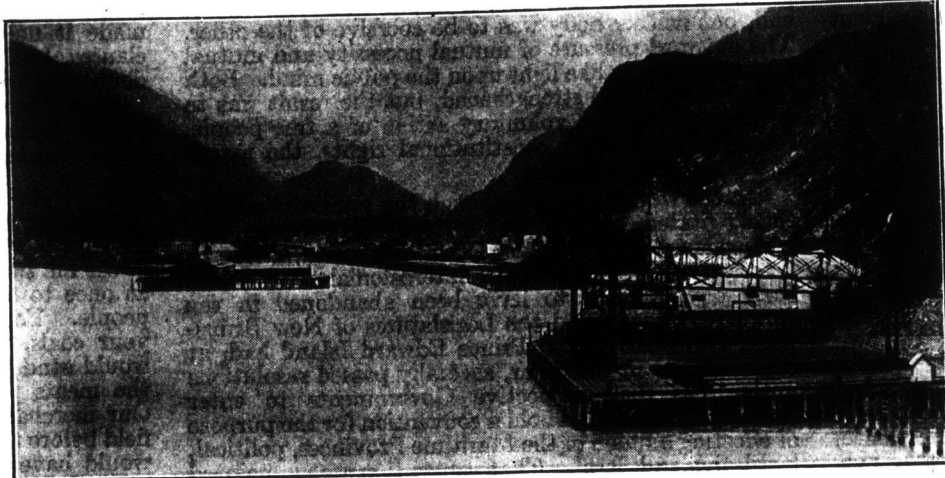
Let us go back to olden days and see the land before the G.T.P. got in—and by the way if you happen to have a desire to take up land there are many valleys full

not among the number. It is wonderful how contented I can be away down on the flat earth while my friends are but so many specks through the glasses a few miles up—right up above me. I also want to show you the ideal method of travel along these river valleys—by packtrain—all you need to bring is your rifle and ammunition and clothes, the guide outfitters attend to all the rest, and they are not "skinners" either, but reasonable, see the camp horses watering in a little lake formed by the melting

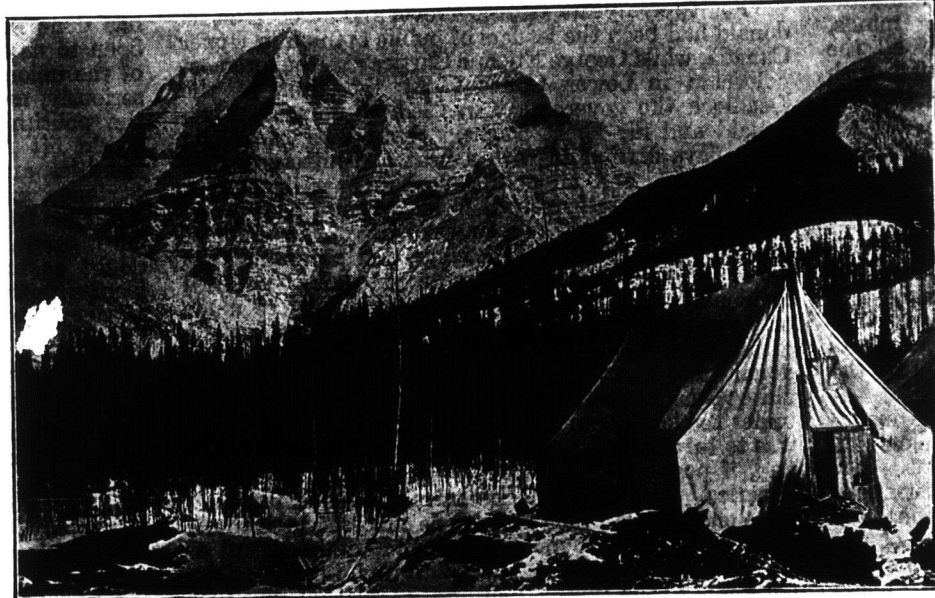
ing the salmon streams intent on getting a beast of prey several times his own weight—and mighty few little Indian boys have been eaten up to date. I well remember coming along the trail with a gang of surveyors, one, the chainman, was dreadfully afraid of bears, so the axeman dropped behind, climbed up on the upper trail, sneaked swiftly ahead and looked down onto the trail at a bend. As we rounded that elbow we heard "whoof—whoof" loudly puffed out as if by a bear! "Ping! Ping! Ping!" sang three shots from an automatic and it is just a question who was the worst scared—the axeman on the upper trail or the chainman—smoking revolver in hand—on the lower, or the rest of the gang—white-faced, waiting anxiously for the body of the practical joker to plunge down the slope—thank goodness he was behind a tree and uninjured—but he rarely "whoofs" now.

We used to get good trapping in those valleys—mink and marten; beaver were protected—sometimes an otter, often a lynx, both red and grey. Wolves howled on the lower, or the rest of the gang—there but I never saw a silver or a black in a trap, although in my wanderings I have seen them through the glasses, as well as the blue chaps up in the Aleutians and a rare white one at the shore rivers' mouths—there are myriads of these if you go far enough north. The cougar is to be found in all the hills and of all the cowardly beasts commend me to "felis concolor." You get most of them south of the Fraser, but we have met their big round pads on the shores of almost every river we have struggled up along the coast.

And the wildfowl. Oh! the days of autumn, when from every northern valley the winged hosts are speeding south, resting to feed along the mighty maze of rivers, and lakes and swamps that form this huge interrupted, irregular valley that extends right through from the prairies to the brand new city of Prince Albert. I tell you it is worth while to take out the full general license—if you are a resident outside of B.C., and shoot and hunt and fish for the full three months and a half. I tell you when I was out there, for a six years trip the last time, I never knew just what weapon I was going to use (pray pardon my using the first person), but this was the daily programme. My guide paddled in the stern, in the



Skagway, Alaska



Mt. Robson on a clear winter's day, 13,700 ft. high



Berg Lake—showing Glacier, Mt. Robson

of the richest earth to be had for a mere nominal sum—say ten dollars for outright purchase, down to the pre-emption fee of some couple of dollars per acre. I know the land is good as we often lost all sight of our feeding horses in the wild pea meadows.

Look at that "meeting of the waters" at Tete Jaune Cache, waters full of trout, bushes bearing juicy grouse as well as wild fruits and nice old sociable black bear snatching salmon out of the millions that annually pass up the Fraser, the Stuart and the Nechako. See that greatest mountain of them all from the tent—Mount Robson—13,700 feet away up in the clear blue air—a few, just a few men have climbed it—yours truly

glacier on the shores of Mount Robson, an excellent picture of the ice river is obtained at this point, and also of certain black and grizzly bears that early each spring eat the new green grass along the track of the avalanche shown just to the right of the glacier. It is truly an education to see this monster of the magazines greedily filling its pig-like body with nice juicy grass—you see it is such a long time between meals off men that the beast gets hungry for less dainty food. The spring is the time to kill these big chaps, when the pelt is in its prime. Late summer and fall skins are so bleached. They kill these now with the 22 special. It is a common thing to see a youngster hunt-

Whole Wheat
and
Malted Barley

skillfully blended
and processed
make

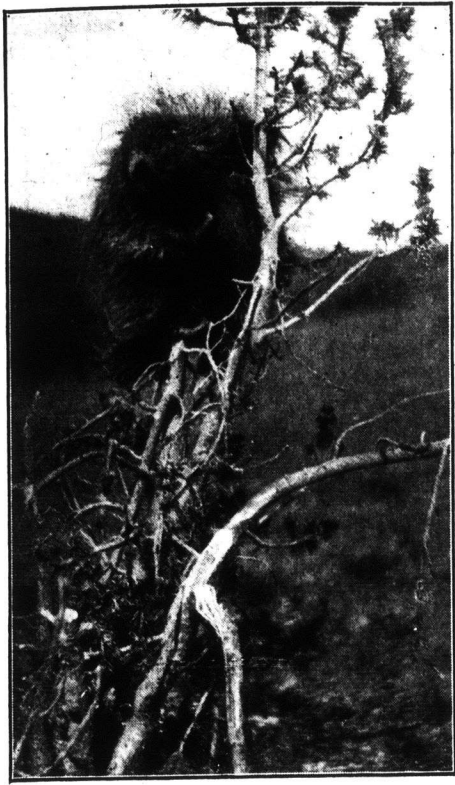
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a most delicious
food in flavor
as well as a
great body, brain
and nerve builder.

"There's a Reason"



bow, ahead of me, sat the big reflex camera. On its right was the shotgun and rifle. On its left the fishing rod and specimen tripod or spear. Ahead of us innumerable widgeon and teal, mallard and pintail, bluebill and buffhead and whistler, or rare greycoated, whitespotted harlequins rose and spattered and flew. Overhead long circling columns of



The Porcupine—the pest of the camp and the most destructive beast in the forest

sandhill cranes called and cried. Brant rose from every sand bar "carrup-ing" away merrily. Great wedges of "Canadas" and "wavies" cleaved the air overhead. I have often asked "O'poots" to just let the canoe glide that we might picture these overhead hosts, with the result that we have now hundreds of flight pictures in our collection. At times, as we swept swiftly around bends, deer, or moose, or bear would clumsily scramble into the ever present forest; they need not have feared as we never—save once when I had to kill a lynx that wished to join our party in the canoe—kill any animals, and few birds, save for table. Laddie Jr., and the guides trap for their own personal benefit.

There is nothing in all this land of plenty, no animal, native or snake that will injure man if he does not first injure them, the only thing to fear is a falling tree. I know of a case where some friends of mine set up their camp—their



Typical B.C. Black Bear

permanent camp, right in the midst of a great group of tall Douglass firs. The month was December. That year we caught a wind right off the Pacific that blew—finally—at the extreme rate of eighty miles an hour. My friends slept peacefully in their canvas home, until a forest giant, bowled over by the wind, hit that huge tent lengthwise, smashing the ridgepole into the long worktable for its entire length, but not injuring one of the men severely that slept along the sides of the tent; luckily for this gang of foot-hardy men the small Douglass fir had no limbs until a great height was reached.

I have received from Victoria, B.C., many excellent illustrated hunting pamphlets telling of all late discoveries,

game laws, etc., for this, the last great hunting ground in the continent to be opened up, a letter to the Head Game Warden, Vancouver, B.C., will bring these.

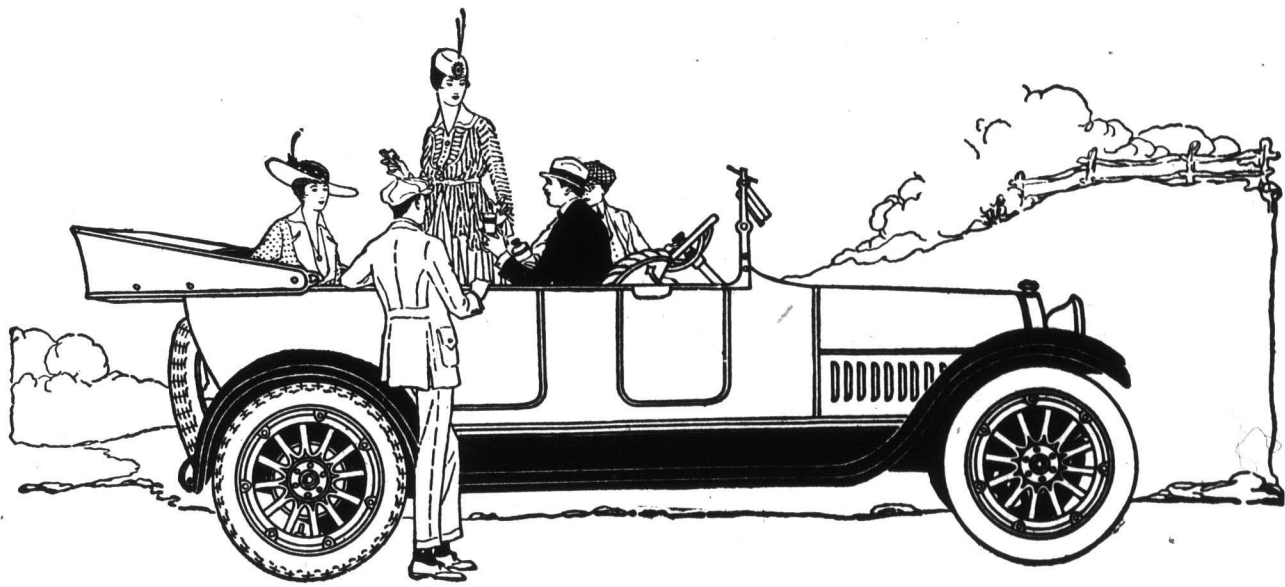
I will close this rambling article by telling you of my last night on the trail. I had wandered alone, a very unwise thing to do in an unexplored country, along a wild animal trail in the ferns, the path was as well trodden as is a cow path in civilized centres. I was deeply interested reading off the arrowpointed hoofs of the deer from the soft pads of the following panther, it was evident that three wolves had followed the big cat, hoping for a bit left over. The ferns were fully eight feet high along this upper valley and they pressed in on my elbows in all places and at time arched above my head. I glanced at my watch and to my intense dismay found it was

still five o'clock, although I had been walking then some two hours since last I read it as "five o'clock," a sudden fall on the trail had no doubt stopped it some hours back, and, as I glanced up on the hilltops, I saw the gold was now but light grey light, and an early autumn night was on me. I knew it was hopeless to think of finding the right turns in these really excellent trails in the dark so I took stock of my matches and food—a dozen of the former and a big cake of chocolate for the latter. I struck straight up the foothill for clear ground and dislodged a small band of deer from some dwarf cedars. Here, if the bed and outlook was good enough for these shy, fearful wood-dwellers it was good enough for me. I gathered many dry branches, cut down some standing ones with my big jack knife—I was weaponless save the big

tripod for the camera—lighted my fire, munching my chocolate, heaped my fern into a bed, and as soon as my fire died out, slept the sleep of the tired man. I awoke at sunrise, still uneaten, you will note. I remember wishing I had here, in this wild valley where man probably never slept before, one of those modern desk writers who picture every animal a perfect halo of teeth and claws, just to show him my yet warm nest, and to go with him, on hands and knees in circles down and around that fernclad slope, and to most carefully measure how near to my night nest any of the nocturnal feeders dare approach, the nearest pad pressed into the black loam since I had closed my eyes was over thirty feet away, and it was only that of a cowardly panther. Within six hours I was eating lunch with Laddie Jr. and O'poots in our wee tent.

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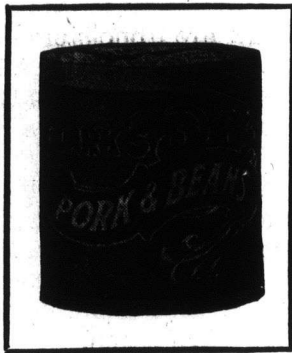


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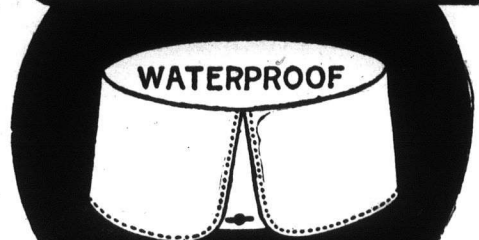
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The Patriot

By Francis J. Dickie

THE sun was already an hour high, and peering over the tops of the spruce trees back of the little clearing, when Morris came out of his cabin. Without bothering to close the door he shouldered his pack in true woodsman style—the straps slipping over shoulder and forehead after the fashion of northern packsacks—and with odd limping gait set off down the little pathway that led into deeper, all encompassing woods.

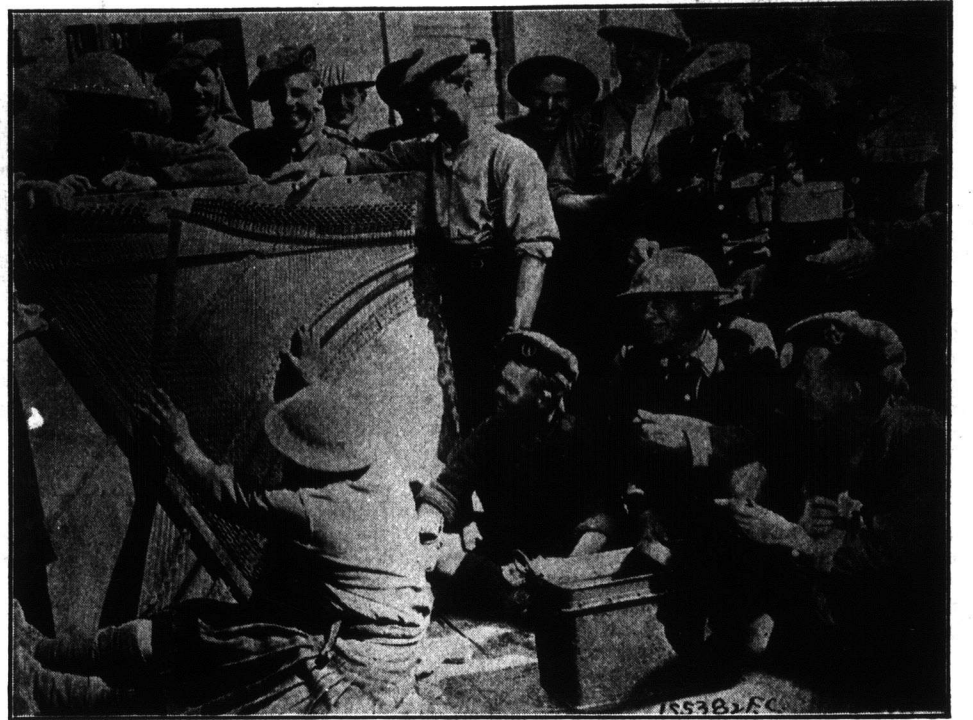
Only once he turned, just before a point where a bend in the trail shut off sight of the shack. A long moment he stood gazing at the scene. The half open door, caught by a breath of wind, creaked on its leathern hinges, as if to accentuate the desolation—there was no other sound.

Slowly the man raised his fist and shook it in slow motion that took in the dwelling, the open doorway and all the silent surroundings. There was no malice in the action; rather it was a farewell, harsh, uncaring, in keeping with the stern cruelty of this land.

"Thank God!" he said, and turning, disappeared down the little trodden trail. He moved forward slowly, what of the

line, soft with kindly bits of varied woodland—old, tall, standing maple, beech and hickory, and many limbed, far reaching elms all shedding an umbrous pleasantness which the trees of this northland never did. Again, his dreams had to do with clean, well kept barns, or fat cows chewing gravely from recent cropped clover fields.

For Morris, in spite of his five years in the Northland, was an agriculturist. The placid ways of an Ontario farm should have always been his. Twenty-eight years of his thirty-three had been spent upon one. But, swayed by strangely come dissatisfaction, a longing to travel, to see new lands, things imbued by ten generations of sea rovers, land pioneers and trail blazers of sturdy British stock, Morris had followed this bent; started to see the world. And, because his mind worked in simple grooves, the beginning took form of a harvest excursion ticket that led to the wheat fields of the great west. From here he had drifted on into harsher northland. He had washed gold on the headwaters of the Peace, freighted scow boats on the Athabasca, and on even to distant Fort Resolution. But always



Accomplished Highlander plays tuneful melodies on "Inside of Piano" while his fellows dine

seventy pounds on his back, and one bad leg? It was with light heart, for the load consisted of three almost black fox pelts, fifteen silvers and forty other skins—mink, marten, lynx—result of an extra good season's catch.

During the past winter months the ever growing pile of sleek, glistening hides had become almost an obsession. He had fallen to playing with them during long winter nights, as a miser does his gold; but not from any hoarding instinct, only because they represented fine clothes, wonderful food—at least at first till the assurance of the viands' ever nearness made palate less desirous. And, too, and above all else, they represented train fare back home, and the possibility of ownership of that quarter section, right next the "Old Man's," a quarter well kept, with snug barns, a bit of bush and zig-zag rail fence still solid and sound after almost a quarter century.

Seven thousand dollars, Morris had reckoned his catch to be worth, a valuation based on last year's prices. Perhaps he might get more, he thought, for good fox skins had been going up when last he had visited the fur post.

So, through the long winter days, he had toilsomely journeyed over his trap lines, the loneliness and hardships minimized by thoughts of the rewards in store. And during long nights when the Arctic wind howled out among the spruce trees and sent loads of snow crashing down from their overburdened limbs on to the roof of the little cabin, he had sat and dreamed of the sighing of a softer wind through apple orchard; and dreaming, relieved happy days of earlier life in kinder land, where neat, small fields of roots and grain stretched to near sky-

had his heart been empty, a continual homesickness lay upon him. Yet he could not go home broke; the sturdy provincialism that was his forbade. So, after three profitless years, he had turned to trapping—a trade for the poor man, the rewards of which are proportioned by skill and luck.

The first year had furnished the experience making for skill, and, too, brought enough to grubstake him a second season. Then the second element, luck, had come to him in the finding of a virgin field teeming in fur, a place lying a hundred miles to the north and east of Fort McMurray.

Now, with his reward assured by heavy fur pack, the agriculturist that was the real him leaped into being. He had but one thought: "Back to the East, and buy a little farm."

With this thought before him, he now moved on light heartedly. Presently the short little trail of his own making leading away from the cabin door, was no more. He walked on through pathless, silent ranks of spruce and poplar growing up from springy muskeg, and again upon rolling stretches of higher, sandy land.

The lengthening hours brought oppressive heat, a still humidity from sun kissing too moist earth. Such April days occur occasionally in the northland. Morris, burdened with the weight of seventy pounds, cursed the unusual weather, cursed the wilderness and the few early mosquitoes already come to life. Still he pressed on doggedly, intent on making a point on Sutton Creek, thirty miles beyond, where lay his cached canoe.

After that the going would be easy—

thirty miles of rapid floating down Sutton Creek to the Clearwater River, and then forty more, still floating, would bring him to McMurray.

The rest of the way, three hundred and fifty miles, that lay between McMurray and Northtown, would be still pleasanter, traveling by motor boat, steamer and train.

But this first thirty miles was sure hell, he reflected as he trudged along. His leg bothered him considerably, as it always did with much walking. This, added to temporary aggravation of the heat and mosquitoes, turned his mind to bitter thoughts.

Why should Nature have handicapped him in the beginning; made one leg shorter than the other, and then, not content, willed that he should strike a spring in the muskeg and, with temperature at fifty below, sink this same foot, causing loss of four toes?

In the midst of going over grievances, came back memory of that snug little quarter section right next to the Old Man's. Morris brightened. Two thousand would buy it, barns and all; then with nice little bank account left over, perhaps he could marry Luella Parsons. There was no particular reason why he should. He had not seen her or written in five years; she might be many times a mother by now. However, it was a nice idea; as a boy he had liked

life. It came the more closely home when he went to sell his furs. Eight hundred dollars was the best offer made by any of the dealers for his black fox skins—and that after a week of visiting many different traders. And Morris had counted on at least four thousand, had hoped for five.

In the end he slumped the lot, black fox skins and all, for thirty-five hundred dollars to Levinson, biggest free trader of the district.

Even this was sufficient to grant his dream. Yet, after buying a few clothes, he made no move to take the first train for home; instead, he put the money in the bank, paid his hotel bill a month in advance, and stayed on.

The war interested him. Here, in the farthest north Canadian training headquarters, he came more fully to realize how close to home, how vital to every Canadian was the struggle in Europe.

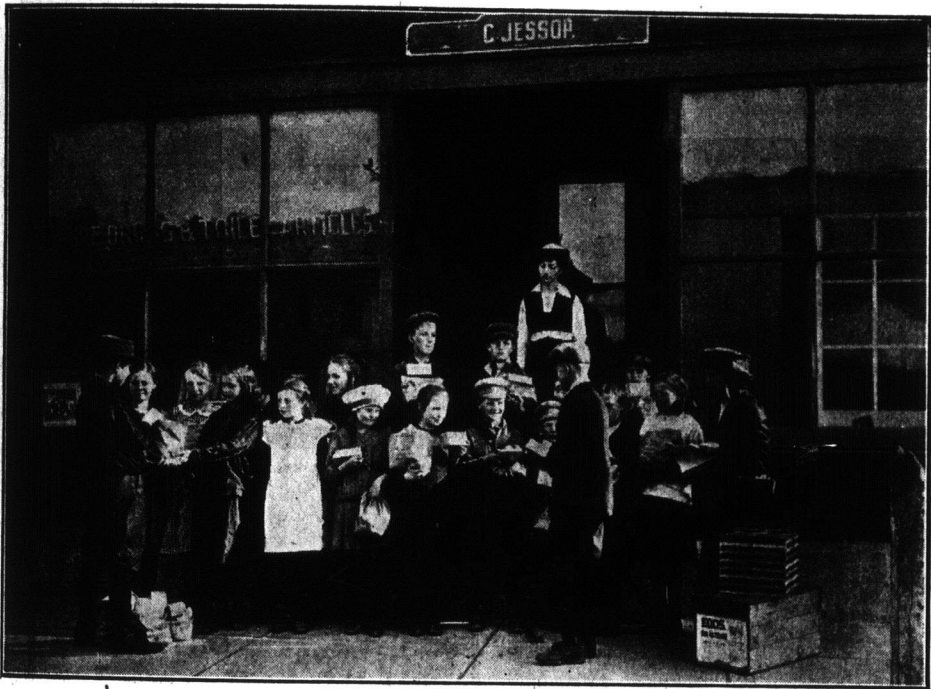
Without hope, yet true to intensely patriotic instinct—another inherent trait handed down from ten generations of fighting British stock—Morris presented himself at the recruiting office. The person in charge was unfortunately neither a gentleman nor a diplomat; he looked but once at Morris and his limping walk and said: "Why, man, we want men, not cripples."

A long moment Morris eyed him; steadily, unwaveringly he looked, his

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Luella; and later, on many a drive, at husking bees and dances with her, had, always, in dim vague way, pictured her as occupying a place in his home.

Wearily, and with shoulders raw from slight rubbing which even the best adjusted pack straps will do on a long hike, Morris made camp at sundown.

It was ten thirty, and the long, gradual twilight of the region fading so slowly, so imperceptibly into dark, was just beginning to blur the near distant trees, making them no longer individual, but rather one long facade in whose shadows lurked invitation to rest.

Finding canoe untouched and in good shape, Morris made hasty fire, boiled tea, threw together a bannock, and afterward, in the same pan, fried a few slices of bacon. Then, stretching "four-point" blankets out he lay down to sleep with the low purring of Sutton Creek for lullaby.

Early afternoon two days later brought him to McMurray, where from the lips of Christine Gordon, mother to white men and Indians of the district, he heard the first news of the existence of war.

"Most of the boys around here, even some of the breeds is gone to war," she said in her bluff Scotch way, gazing significantly at the new comer.

Morris nodded, glancing with faint bitterness at his offending limb. "The war boys sure would never take me," he said with sad positiveness; then defiantly, the pride of the frontiersman asserting, "but at that, I bet I'd walk the most of 'em to death."

A week later, after arrival at the northern metropolis of Northtown, Morris began to comprehend the awful bigness of this world cataclysm, and its far reaching effects on every walk of

eyes flashing harsh message: "I'm a better man than you." But he choked down harsh words welling to be spoken, only said in voice quietly contemptuous: "That's not the way to talk—a little courtesy on the part of such men as you might get many a man, much less eager than I, to fight for his country."

Then he went sadly back to his hotel. For two weeks following his interview with the military, Morris lived war. In his interest, home and recently figured project slipped temporarily into the background. He bought all the magazines containing war articles, and, at the public library, ran through months old files of newspapers.

Out of all the things read, that which impressed most deeply, which stuck, was the fact that throughout all the Dominion everyone was doing something for the cause. From the humblest to the greatest came donations of money, or time or personal service—some farmers were devoting an acre of their land to the Empire, others had given stock, women were knitting during every spare hour of the day, or making bandages. Girls had joined the Red Cross, and so on ad infinitum.

And realizing, Morris cursed his impotency; grew to hate the limb, which, though perhaps stronger than many a man's in the ranks, was marred by deformity. As the days went by he grew sullen, felt strangely alien; felt like an outcast who, somehow, was not doing his share.

Yet, though he thought often upon the subject, there appeared nothing which he could do. At last, two days before his hotel bill again became due, he decided to go home. It was early afternoon when he made his decision; but finding there was no train until

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late next day which he could take to make proper through connections, he put off making final arrangements until morning.

A boy entered the rotunda hawking an early edition of the afternoon paper just off the press. Morris bought one, sat down to read.

"Russians Vacate Warsaw." "Three British Steamers Sunk." "Canadian Casualties Over Ten Thousand."

These and other glaring headlines met his gaze. With a strange feeling of sadness Morris presently laid down his paper, staring thoughtfully out into the street. Certainly things were not going any too well. Of course, the Allies would win in the end. But the Empire was going to need all her men and resources to win; and, after all, it was upon Britain that success really depended. Again Morris picked up the paper, this time to see how the local "Machine Gun Fund" was coming along. A local paper had started it a few days back, and Morris daily watched with interest the different names and the sums they donated. Money seemed to come in awfully slow, he thought—and it took only \$850 per gun! To his way of thinking the money should have been oversubscribed long ago to buy the guns asked for.

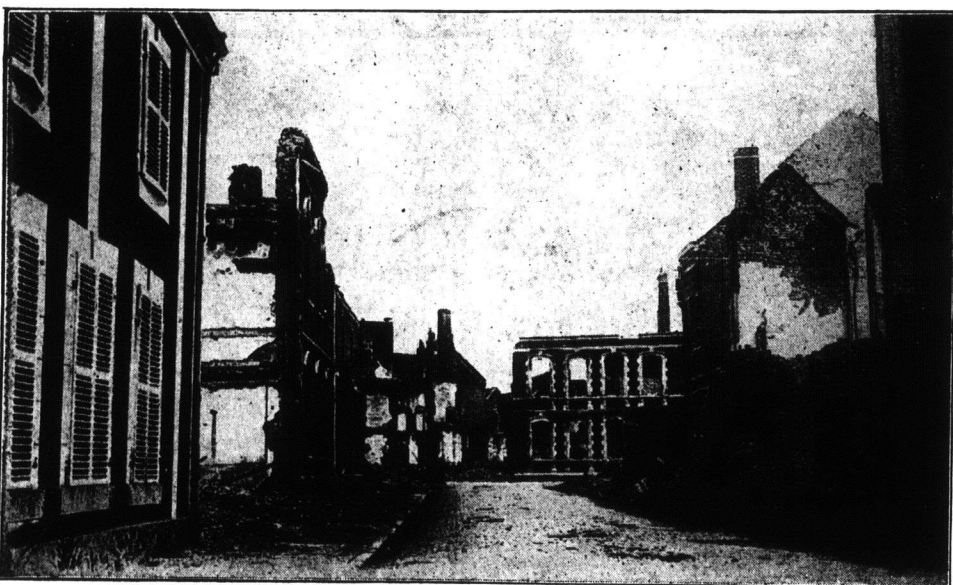
Presently he laid the paper down, went out onto the street. Deep in thought he turned off the busy thoroughfare upon which his hotel faced, passed on toward the residential section. The now familiar, many roaring sounds of traffic grew fainter as he passed along

line of marching, brown suited men.

Almost opposite him he heard the commanding officer give the order to "fall-out." The straight, stiffly moving line became all in a second a formless medley of figures, some sitting some standing at ease. Presently, from all sides, Morris saw the women of a hundred households coming forward. They carried tin buckets, pitchers, glasses, cups, pots, every kind of utensil that would hold cooling drink. They had been watching for the soldiers' return, knowing the half trained recruits would be hot and thirsty after their arduous ten mile march under broiling summer sun. The soldiers marched homeward this way every day, always stopping at this corner for a minute's rest before continuing their walk to quarters. Coming to know it, the women had made preparation—now served an endless assortment of beverages, varied cooling concoctions prepared with loving thoughtfulness and care.

Morris watched it all in wondering interest. These sweating, dusty men were preparing to do their bit, and these women, in their humble way, were, doing theirs. Yes; it was a national thing! Everyone was doing something! Again came over him a strange feeling of alienism.

Suddenly he caught his breath sharply. "No! No! God, he couldn't do that!" A lonely cabin loomed up, gaunt and bare among close standing spruce, forbidding, ever dark and gloomy with hanging shade. Again the man saw swaying door, heard creak of its leather hinges,



A Street in Bapaume, after the Bombardment

neatly boulevard walks and quieter streets unmarred by street car tracks.

Soon, with the dying of the traffic's roar, he became conscious of new sounds around him—women with babes in arms and carriages went by, chatting gravely; tots, varying from two to five years of age, played on lawns and in front of many doors, the air filled with their callings, the noisy cheerfulness of youth. Young boys and girls in the springtime of life caught his eye as they hurried along with firm, unwearied tread of those within whom the ferment of life is still fresh and vigorous, untouched as yet by rot of coming age.

Yes; it was here—life; all around him was life, some new budding, some partly matured, it passed in review before him. Came memory of recently read heading: "Canadian Casualties Over Ten Thousand." What a funny old merry-go-round life was; hundreds, thousands, yes, millions of men were dying; and yet, ever moving on was life, implacable life, irresistible life, knowing no restraint. And that these young lives might go on, might mature to live in happiness and freedom, other men were dying there across the water. Well, that too was life—men died that men might live.

Suddenly Morris stopped. He had gone far out, almost to the outskirts of the town. From ahead, beyond the suburbs and coming towards the city, sounded music. "Oh!" he heard a "motherly woman cry from her doorstep, "the soldiers are coming."

The music drew nearer. Around a bend of the street Morris saw the first of the battalion come into view. Then more and more, a long, slowly moving

mournful sound against the stillness of the wilderness.

Yet that new come thought persisted. Cold sweat stood out upon his brow, furrowed in expression of almost pain. A long while he stood the fight raging within. At last, after perhaps three long dragging minutes his face cleared. He drove right hand vigorously into open palm of left, as if thereby clinching some bargain with himself.

An hour later, Jack Laurison, financial editor in charge of the Northtown Daily Journal's "Machine Gun Fund," looked up inquiringly at a tan faced man moving slowly into the room, with odd, titubating gait of one whose feet or foot has been deformed. Reaching the edge of the editor's desk the stranger halted, fumbled a moment in inside pocket, bringing forth an oblong bit of yellow paper. Gravely, in silence, he handed it over.

Laurison accepted it carelessly; then, as he read, became all attention. "What's this for?" he asked wonderingly, turning a keen, searching look upon the face of the man before him.

"That?—Why it's a check for twenty-five, hundred and fifty dollars to buy machine guns,"—then, more slowly, almost naively—"it's for the cause—everyone must do their bit—this is mine."

Abruptly Morris turned away. As he did so came regretful memory of having left the cabin door open. Well, after all, it did not matter; there was no one within a hundred miles to steal what little he had left. Besides he still had five hundred dollars; it would grubstake him for another year.

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The Hold-Up Man

By C. Fox Smith

SO I suppose that settles it?" Philip Ross said dully. He stood holding his horse's bridle, and looked down with a hurt, questioning gaze at Ursula's averted head. He was unwilling to realize the finality of her answer all at once, even had he been quite able to do so.

"I suppose it settles . . . everything?" he repeated.

His voice was level and steady. He was a man who had learned to control himself through a stern and arduous life. The only sign of the mental storm which was raging within him was the nervous grip of his sinewy hand on the rein he held.

For a minute Ursula did not speak. "Yes," she said presently, "it settles everything."

She lifted her head now and looked at him. Her look was steady, and so was her voice. That minute of silence had given her time to rally her forces.

"I'm sorry," she added quickly, "you don't know how sorry."

"And you're wrong," Ross said doggedly, "I'm sure you're wrong. But I suppose it's no use talking."

She shook her head, trying to smile. "Not a bit," she said.

The man seemed to be about to mount and ride away without more words; but, after a pause with his foot in the stirrup, he flung the rein on the horse's neck and came back once more to the girl's side.

"Ursula," he said, "Ursula . . ."

Her face looked very pale as she stood facing him, slim and erect in her dark nurse's dress.

"Ursula," he broke out, "think—think what you're doing. You're—you're breaking my heart, if people's hearts do really break. You're spoiling my life—spoiling yours, for the sake of nothing but a memory. A man you haven't seen for years. He may be dead—or anything. He's treated you shamefully. And yet you stick to him in this—yes, this blind, crazy way. It's not right. It's not reasonable."

Ursula shook her head.

"I can't see it that way," she said steadily. "Two blacks can never make a white. I gave my promise. It has never been given back to me. I daren't break it. Think—if he should come to me, some day—if I did what you have asked me to—if he came and said: 'I have been faithful to you.' And I . . . No, I can't do it, Mr. Ross. Can't you let it

alone? It has hurt me terribly to have to tell you."

"You will never see him again," said Ross.

"Some day," said Ursula "I may meet him, face to face, in this great, new country. Strange things happen—strange meetings. It is a strange new world."

"And if you do meet him," Ross said almost savagely, "suppose you should not know him. Or know him, and find you don't even like him. You can't tell. I have seen men change a great deal in five years, living as some do in this country. It's a shadow you're following, Ursula—a dream."

"It was a promise," she replied; "I can't break it. Oh, Philip! Don't tempt me. It isn't brave. It isn't like you."

He gave a short, bitter laugh.

"Well, it's settled then. I'd better get a move on. Not much sense in loafing around here. It'll be late before you get home."

He turned away with a jerk of his head.

"Good-bye," said Ursula. She held out her hand; he took it, and wrung it in a nervous grip.

"Good-bye."

The thud of his horse's hoofs died away over the prairie in the fast-falling dusk.

A strange new land; a strange sad wooing! Ursula's heart was full of trouble and regret keener than she had known for years, as she walked quickly along the rough trail in the direction of the prairie town. She had been to visit a sick woman in a shack on the outskirts, in the course of her duty as mission nurse; and, returning, had met Philip Ross riding out to his farm.

Ursula had first seen Philip Ross, weak, lean and hollow-checked with fever, on his bed in the long hospital ward where her career as a nurse in Western Canada had begun. Philip said that Nurse Niel had saved his life; and, however that may be, he left the hospital with a set purpose before him, the purpose of making a home and a fortune that he might ask Ursula to share.

And now the hope was gone which had nerved him to overcome so many hardships and difficulties. No wonder, poor fellow, that his heart was very full of bitterness as he rode away. He had made very sure. He had thought he knew she cared for him. And he had never even wondered if there were anyone else.

And behold! the shadowy memory of a lost lover had risen up between them!

It had been a bitter moment for Ross when he heard the story of Ursula's promise to the wild lad she had loved. It was five years since she had bidden Maurice Field good-bye, and she was true to him still; or true, at any rate, to her promise. When she had found herself left alone in the Old Country on her father's death, an opportunity had offered itself of finding scope for her energies and training in the far Canadian West. She had taken it, with a vague hope lingering in her mind that she might one day meet Maurice there.

It had been bitter for Ross; but he could not guess how much more bitter for Ursula herself.

If she could have truly said: "No other man can be to me what that other is," she might almost have rejoiced to say it. But more and more often during the past few months, she had found Maurice's memory becoming a more vague and shadowy thing. It was no longer the burning, living reality it had been. She could not call to mind at will his voice, his face, his features. The letters he had written to her did not thrill her as they had once done.

If she had never given that promise—! But, once given, there was a strain of almost fanatical loyalty in Ursula's nature which forbade her to break it.

A sudden shiver ran through her as she walked alone across the prairie. She wondered if she would always be alone. Why should she not have given way? Was it not the strong, kind reality of Ross's presence which was blurring out, in spite of herself, the dream to which she had been true so long? She had been so busy with her thoughts that she had not taken any heed of a shabby-looking man loitering along the trail a little ahead of her; and she was taken utterly by surprise when he turned suddenly as she

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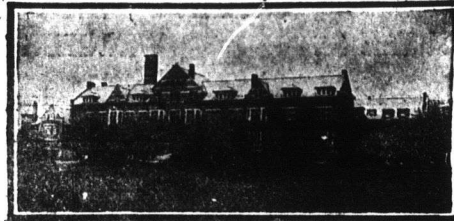
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came abreast of him, and, planting himself so as to block her way, growled out in a husky voice:

"No screaming, mind, or I'll shoot! If you've got a wad, cough it up!"

Ursula realized at once that she was face to face with what is often spoken of but seldom encountered in the West today—that terrible being, a "hold-up" man.

There had been two or three cases lately in the neighborhood of people being "held up" by an armed man and relieved of their portable property. The victims had in all cases been women and children, and Ursula had not considered the possibility of meeting this unromantic outlaw on her lonely walks with any great alarm. She had even felt at times that she would like a chance of putting his daring to the test.

"I daresay" (the thought flashed through her mind like lightning) "he is more frightened than I am. Very likely his hand is shaking like a leaf. If he should fire—"

The hold-up man had made rather an unlucky choice of a victim. Ursula's experience of delirious patients served her in good stead at that moment.

She stepped quickly forward, and with a dexterous movement struck the leveled revolver out of the man's hand.

Her instinct had not played her false. The shaking fingers had bungled with the work just long enough to let the moment slip. The weapon exploded harmlessly in the air as it spun up and dropped among the waving grass.

The man snarled out an oath, and turned to make good his retreat. He left the trail, and began to hurry with clumsy strides across the rough tangle of grass and weed.

It was not likely Ursula would have followed him; but, as luck would have it, he had not gone many yards before he stumbled over a fallen strand of wire fence, and, measuring his length on the ground, lay alarmingly still where he had fallen.

Ursula was at his side in a moment. She lifted his shoulders and rolled him over on his back.

He was only stunned. It was not because she looked on the face of a dead man that she pressed her hands to her eyes with a low, terrified cry.

The face, white under its tan, which lay there with closed eyes, the color of which she knew so well—the weak face in which weakness had hardened into viciousness since last she saw it—was that of the man who had held—who still held her promise!

The eyes opened—the almost girlishly pretty blue eyes she remembered so well. He looked up into her face with a stupid surprise. Then he sat up and rubbed his forehead in a dazed way under its shock of fair hair.

"Ursie!" he said; "why, Ursie!"

Ursula had hard work to stifle an impulse to wild laughter. She felt as if she must lose her senses. It was—it must be—only a crazy dream, sprung out of her conversation with Philip Ross a few minutes before.

"You'll give me up to the police, I guess?" the man was saying; this strange man with Maurice's eyes and hair and voice. "Well, I can't kick. I can't expect anything different."

She forced her stiff lips to speak.

"You know I will not," she said.

"Oh, Maurice—"

"I'd as well be in the pen as any other place," he said sullenly. He gave an ugly laugh. "Fancy us meeting like this. Did you come out here to look for me? I guess you'll wish you'd stayed at home."

"I had nothing left to keep me at home," Ursula said quietly. She felt strangely calm and aloof; almost as if she were reading these strange terrible things in a book. "I have done well out here, Maurice."

"Better than I have," he said bitterly. "I've been down and out—down and out—the whole blessed time! No good trying, I've chucked trying. What's the good? Nobody cares."

"I cared, Maurice," said Ursula simply.

"You did, did you?"

"I promised you—something," she said.

"long ago. When I make a promise I mean it. It is not I who have forgotten."

The man caught his breath suddenly. He glanced at her swiftly and covertly, and a smile—a smile that was half cunning, half wistful—twitched his weak mouth.

"Ursula," he said slowly, "it is too late!"

"Too late?" she said after him. She shrank involuntarily, and her face whitened.

"Do you know why I never wrote to you?" he went on. "Well, I was ashamed. I wanted you to forget me. I was down and out. I never thought of you sticking to me like that. I loved you too much to write to you when I'd been doing so badly."

Ursula did not speak, but her face softened a little.

"If I'd known," he said, "it might have been different. I might have gone on trying. I think I could begin fresh, even now . . . but it's too late."

She was still silent. In all her dreams she had never visioned anything so terrible as this. She had fancied sometimes that she might meet her old love poor, ill, even wild and reckless: but never, never this!

She remembered what she had just told Philip Ross: how she had boasted of the strength of her faith, and said that nothing could shake it.

Well, here was a test such as she had never looked for.

She had risen, and stood looking across the dusky landscape with eyes that saw none of it; there was still a faint rosy finish behind the distant peaks of the Rockies, and the lights of the little prairie town were gleaming out amid the vast solitude. But Ursula's eyes saw not these things: she was looking into the dark mist that seemed to be enfolding her future life, looking for some help in this bewildering maze of ideals. A new, strange land: an old, old story: love and duty at the parting of the ways.

"Maurice," she said suddenly, "will you—will you really try? Oh, if you mean it, I will try, too—I will keep my promise."

The man looked up at her again under his eyelids, from where he still sat on the turf. But his eyes did not meet hers. He glanced down to the prairie roses and the grey scented weed, and a slow flush crept up and colored his sunburnt cheek.

A queer sort of vision rose in his mind for a moment. It had not been in his mind when, on the spur of the moment, he had first tried to test how much Ursula's old affection for him still lived. He knew, too, that it would probably pass as swiftly as it had come: but for the time it stirred him strangely.

A home—a quiet, prosperous home. Himself respected, honored, loved. Friends and children—

The beat of a horse's unshod hoofs on the soft grass drew suddenly near. They had neither of them noticed the rider's approach, and Ursula turned with a start to see Philip Ross fling himself from the saddle with a face full of concern.

"You're safe?" he said breathlessly, glancing from one to the other. "I heard a shot. Has that hobo there—has he molested you?"

He made a menacing movement towards the man on the grass.

Ursula put out her hand and laid it gently on his. He felt its coldness, and saw the trouble in her eyes. He stopped with a vague fear growing on him.

"Philip—Mr. Ross," she said, "I have met—an old friend—"

"Go on," he said under his breath.

"Tell me. Is that—that the man?"

Something in the tone of the few words seemed to make the other wince a little.

He looked up, as if about to speak, but shrugged his shoulders and kept silence.

"It is Maurice," she said simply.

Their eyes met for a moment, and for a moment Philip's hands closed on hers in a despairing clasp.

"Well! I guess I'd better hike."

It was the hold-up man's voice that broke the silence of their unspoken farewell. He got up on to his feet as he spoke, with a harsh laugh.

"I've been making a fool of you," he said, "I'm no plaster saint if you are."

A sudden wild cry broke from Ursula's lips.

"What—what do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean I'm married. Have been, years. I didn't like to tell you. She's more my sort than you are. And you're more his sort" (he jerked his head toward Ross) "than you're mine."

Ursula swayed as if she would have fallen, but Ross's arm was round her.

"Quite a shock, isn't it?" said the hold-up man. He laughed again in a hard way.

"But you'll get over it all right. Well, I'll quit, and leave you two to talk things over."

He paused a moment before he spoke again.

"Good-bye," he said, "and . . . if it's any pleasure to you . . . I'm through with this kind of game, Ursula." He turned and slouched away, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched, till the twilight blurred the grey, dusty, nondescript figure into a shadow.

"Ursula!" Their hands met once more, and in the light of freedom in her eyes he read the fulfilment of his hope.

"I guess that's the best lie I ever told," said the hold-up man to himself; "that girl would have married me if I'd kept her up to it. I wonder why I didn't. Some fellows would have done. Those nurses make good money out here. But, I do believe I loved her a little bit too much for that. . . . And, Lord! wouldn't we have made each other miserable!"

He had found a comfortable nook in a hayrick, where he could spend the night. He pulled away at his pipe as he lay, looking out into the sunset with eyes that had grown strangely wistful. Thoughts he had long forgotten were stirring in his mind.

Stars climbed the heavens. They came nearer; they were stars of love in Ursula's eyes.

"I mean it," he said drowsily, "I'm going to start all over again. I'll make good."

His eyes closed. He smiled as he slept. A trail of smoke crept from the pipe that had dropped from his hand. Presently a little flame jumped up like a mischievous elf and licked the side of the stack with its red tongue.

But the hold-up man slept on.

Fifty Years Since Confederation
(Continued from Page 5)

emulation of our public men. Let us not refuse it on small questions of detail, but judge it on its general merits. Let us not lose sight of the great advantages which union offers, because there may be some small matters which, as individuals, we may not like. Let the house frankly look at it as a great measure brought down for the purpose of relieving the country from distress and depression, and give it that consideration which is due, not to the arguments of the government, feeble as they may be in view of the great interests involved, but to the fact that the country desires and cries for, at the hands of the house, some measure whereby its internal prosperity, peace and happiness may be developed and maintained."

Since that first year of Confederation, 1867, five provinces have been added to the original four, and the nine units now combine in friendly rivalry, emulating one another in education, trade and industry.

The growth from decade to decade has been almost unbelievable. The population has grown from three and one-third millions to eight millions; the railways from two thousand to twenty-five thousand miles; trade from \$131,000,000 to \$1,447,000,000; exports of wheat from two million bushels to one hundred and fifty-seven millions. And these are only sample figures. In every line of advance Canada is keeping in step with other great nations, and with her unbounded physical resources and her limitless territory, her future should be assured.

The problems ahead of her are great and many, but they are only such as a resolute people can solve. It depends ultimately upon the people themselves, their honesty, integrity and willingness to co-operate. If the incoming peoples are willing to throw in their lot with us, and become true Canadians, and if we who are native born are willing to welcome them as friends and equals there will be no trouble as to nationality. If, on the other hand, there is an attempt to build up a divided nationality or if there is shirking on the part of any class or section of the duties of citizenship, then we cannot hope for greatness. If in addition to this our people through education and religion can be trained to unselfishness and honesty, so that political, social and economic wrongdoing cannot find countenance in our midst, there is hope for the new Canada—the Canada that has passed its childhood of the first fifty years.

The Hidden Great

The circle of her life was small, Her name unknown beyond the town Where, by the ceaseless waterfall, Beside the mill, she'd settled down To rest—ah, no—to daily bleed The very life of motherhood, That, through her sacrificial deed, Sons might be aided toward the good And honored place she craved for them, And dreamed of till the hour of death.

The circle of her life was small, But, ah, she filled it to the rim; Yea, stretched it, quite unconscious all, God's influence to the vista's dim Of God's eternity would flow Through noble sons and unborn men, Who, touched by them, would onward go, Proclaiming Christ with word and pen, E'en as the father craved for them, And dreamed of till the hour of death.

Large is the life each soul may live! Oh, why complain of narrow sphere! Life's measure is in what we give Of love and labor, hope and cheer. And some day, when God's azure blue Shall dome a new and flawless state, Then, then, will shine with radiance true, The names of myriad hidden great, Who, like the widow, toiled alone, "Unknown, unhonored, and unsung."

—Herbert J. Bryce.

The Four Headaches

The four Headaches were discussing their parents.

"My father," bragged Headache No. 1, "was Ambition, and my mother was Overwork, a masterful, energetic pair."

Headache No. 2 was prompt to reply, "My father was Indolence and my mother was Pampering—an elegant couple they were."

"My father," Headache No. 3 broke in, "was Intemperance and my mother was Gluttony, and a merry house was theirs—part of the time."

"My parents were serious—Worry and Fret; no frivolity in their home," said Headache No. 4.

"But you ought to have seen my Grandfather Self-will and my Grandmother Thoughtlessness," Headache No. 1 boasted, throwing out his chest.

"Why!" exclaimed the other Headaches in one voice, "those were our grandfather and grandmother!"

Thus the Headaches discovered that they were first cousins, and ever since they have worked in close co-operation, and have loaned each other freely their hammers and punches and awls.

—C. E. World.

The Rich Nechako Valley

The Nechako Valley lies a twenty-four hours' journey on the G.T.P. Railway west of Edmonton. It is one of the richest tracts in the coast province and the largest connected area of agricultural land on the G.T.P. between the Rocky Mountains and Prince Rupert. This valley or plateau also constitutes the first large area of agricultural lands west of the prairies and is extremely fertile. While it is usually referred to as being a valley as one ordinarily thinks of valleys in British Columbia, but is a part of a large, well drained, inland plateau with but slight undulations and variations in altitude, the average height above sea level being about 2,100 feet, which is about the same altitude as that of Edmonton and 1,200 feet lower than that of Calgary, Alta.

British Columbia already consumes several times more than its production of farm, dairy, poultry and live stock products; the value of the imports from outside of the province, as shown in government returns for the last completed year, being: butter, \$3,731,672.00; poultry and eggs, \$5,823,269.00; agriculture, \$10,515,816.00; a total of \$20,070,757.00. For the information of readers we might say that a large majority of the butter consumed was shipped from the Central United States, and large shipments of eggs were imported all the way from China. The time seems opportune, therefore, to reserve this score, and the farmers of these British Columbia valleys as well as those on the prairies will look for greatly increased markets in this direction.

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This applies equally well to nearly all baked foods. Try the following recipe according to the new way:

CREAM LAYER CAKE

Old Way

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 teaspoon flavoring

New Way

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 teaspoon flavoring

Makes 1 Large 2-Layer Cake

DIRECTIONS—Cream the sugar and shortening together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and Dr. Price's Baking Powder together, two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into greased layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. This cake is best baked in two layers. Put together with cream filling and spread with white icing.

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The Mennonites

By Mrs. John J. Funk

THE Mennonites are divided by themselves and others into two distinct classes, The Village Mennonites and the Community Mennonites. The Village Mennonites, popularly known as Old-timers, retain as far as possible, all habits and customs brought originally from the Old Country. The Community Mennonites, with whom this article has mainly to deal, are the ones who are adopting, slowly it may seem, but undoubtedly surely, all that is most up-to-date, and progressive in Canadian civilization.

The Community Mennonites are represented in all trades and professions but the majority are farmers—farmers noted for their industry and prosperity. The most casual survey of a community reveals the fact that these farmers quickly wrest more than a living from the fertile soil possibly in good measure due to the extensively practised policy of mixed farming. Large houses are one of the first requisites of the Com-

the church while the men sit together on the other. Many of the Mennonites do not believe in having a church organ or piano so the choir is usually led by an instructor, who guides them with graceful motion in excellent time. Fests or feasts are institutions of peculiar and particular interest. They include Sanger Fests or Singing Feasts, Kinder Fests or Children's Feasts, etc. At these feasts, congregations gather from far and near. At a Singing Feast held in the Dalmeny M. B. church, choirs from different parts sang in unison or in selected groups. The Mennonites are noted musicians, learning part singing when mere tots.

The Community Mennonites attend the district public schools and learn quickly and willingly. Discipline is easily maintained on account of the strict home training. Each year sees more and more Mennonite children attending High School and qualifying for teachers.



A Mennonite double wedding.



A Mennonite public school group.

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munity homes and these become yearly more efficiently built and sanitary. Barns and outbuildings must needs match the house and paint is not spared to make the whole collection as attractive as possible. Nowhere among Canadian farmers are found such beautiful flowers and well cared for vegetable gardens. These are attended to mainly by the women folk as is also the work of the dairy.

The Mennonites, as a rule, marry young and have large families. The affectionate endearments practised among English people are not commonly met with in Mennonite home life. There is a supreme law in every household—the law of strict obedience to parental control. This law finds little place for mere forms of politeness, indeed "Please," "Thank you," and such like are considered quite unnecessary in the average home vocabulary. Yet for all seeming harshness and sternness, Mennonite parents are extremely fond of their children and take great interest in what they consider the A, B, C of successful living.

Sunday finds everybody at church. They go in the morning and usually stay all day taking dinner and lunch with them. The women occupy one side of

The Mennonites have been most surely in the public eye the past few months. This limelight survey was due in the first place to their inquiry concerning National Service and secondly to the language question brought up by the Trustees in convention at Regina some few weeks ago. The religious belief of the Mennonites forbids of their bearing arms and when they came to Canada it was with the understanding that they would be immune from military service. Thus National Service came as a bomb among them, believing as they did that it would eventually lead to conscription. A delegation was immediately sent to Ottawa where the Government gave them every assurance that no promise would be forgotten. Since that time there has been the greatest expressions of loyalty and appreciation of Canadian citizenship. To prove this, steps are being taken by the Mennonites of the three prairie provinces to raise the sum of \$25,000 for patriotic purposes. Already, Hon. Arthur Meighen, solicitor-general at Ottawa, has received \$2,044.75 from Bishop Friesen of Reinfeld Mennonite church of Manitoba and \$1,383 from the Mennonites of Hague, Sask., while small amounts are being daily

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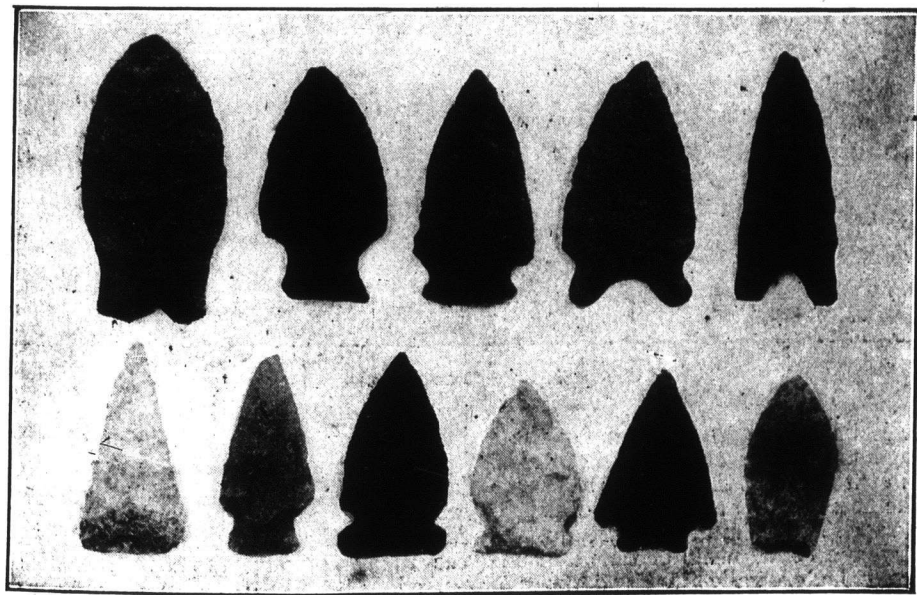
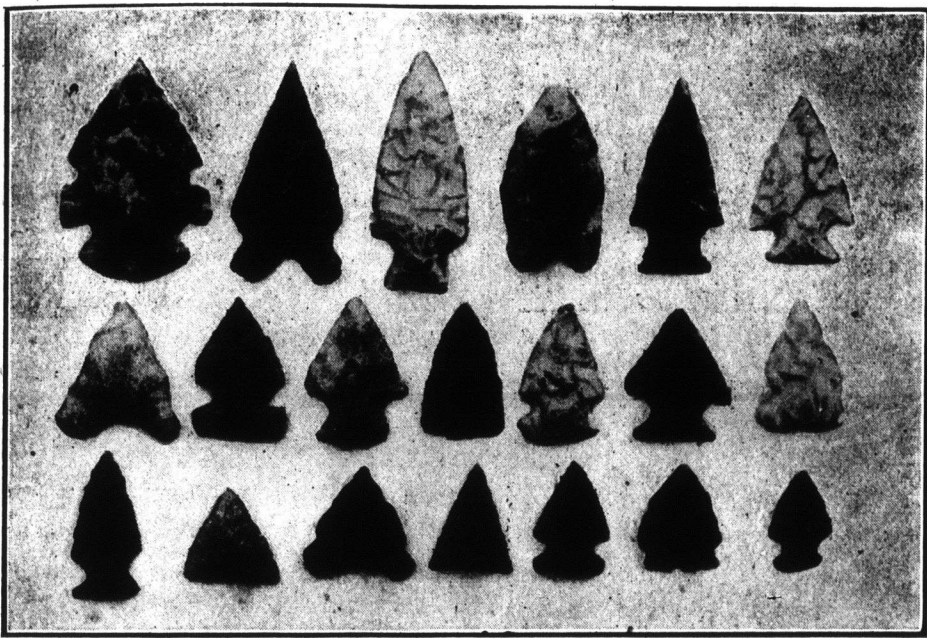
subscribed and patriotic concerts held. The writer has collected amounts for Red Cross work among the Community Mennonites and found ever willing and generous response.

Some Links with the Past

by H. H. Pittman

The Mennonites speak among themselves a dialect usually, which they term Low German. At church all parts of the service are conducted in High German. In the public schools, English is used at work and play except for half an hour before closing time when High German is taught. In one known case no word of aught but English was ever used. The trustees themselves were insistent as to the use of English and English only. Tolerable English is heard among the younger generation while the use of excellent English is becoming more and more frequent. There is gradually being evolved a third class of Mennonites, those who are leaving the community and making for themselves homes among English speaking people. Naturally intermarriage takes place. What next?

CANADA'S development during the last few years has been rapid and places that for some reason or other were practically unknown a short time ago are now centres of civilization. The railways are opening up the country everywhere and round them settlements are springing up like ripples round a stone thrown into water. Even up to the Peace River Crossing the trains are going—if, indeed, they are not there already—yet it is only a short time ago that I used to see the great freight racks going backwards and forwards, up Lesser Slave River, from end to end of Lesser Slave Lake on the ice and then across country. Many times in the great woods, among the snow-covered evergreens, a traveller wishes he could paint or even draw the scenes—the great trees, the strings of straining, steaming horses, mules or oxen on the freight-racks and



Groups of Small Stone Arrowheads

Certainly a generation of Canadians par excellence combining as they do and will all the admirable qualities of refinement and physique.

A Bargain in Ancestry

A connoisseur of paintings saw in the window of a second-hand dealer's shop the portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered the dealer fifty pounds for it, but the latter declined to sell under seventy-five pounds, and as neither would give way, the picture remained in the shop. A little time afterwards the connoisseur saw the picture hanging in the dining-room of a certain country house he happened to be visiting. With an exclamation of surprise he walked towards it, "Hallo, what have you got here," he said. His host replied that the portrait had just been bequeathed to him, and added, "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours." "Was he indeed?" commented the connoisseur. "A month ago he was within twenty-five pounds of becoming one of mine!"

the powdery snow over everything—for words can never do them justice.

Interesting as these things are, they are comparatively modern and it is of a remoter past that I propose to deal. The earliest inhabitants of this country appear to have been the mound-builders and traces of the mounds from which they take their name occur in many places. A few years ago I saw two, apparently artificial and supposed to be the work of these people, near Moose Mountain, in Saskatchewan, but no attempt has ever been made to open them. We have a much more interesting link with these people, though, in the weapons and implements which may occasionally be found. I am living in a district where fragments of their pottery may be picked up in fairly large quantities and some of the pieces shown in the accompanying photograph are from knolls on my own land. I have never seen a complete vessel, and most of the fragments are found singly, but I once saw a place where a whole vessel had been broken, though the pieces were too small to assemble. The pottery is rough, either a muddy-grey, brown or black in color and, of course, unglazed. Much

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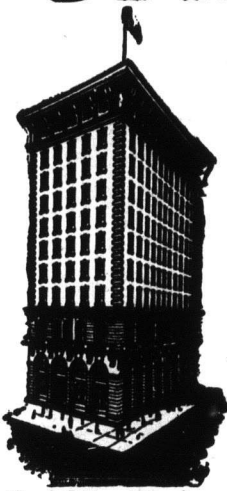
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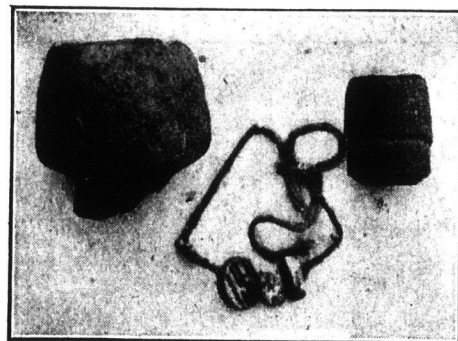
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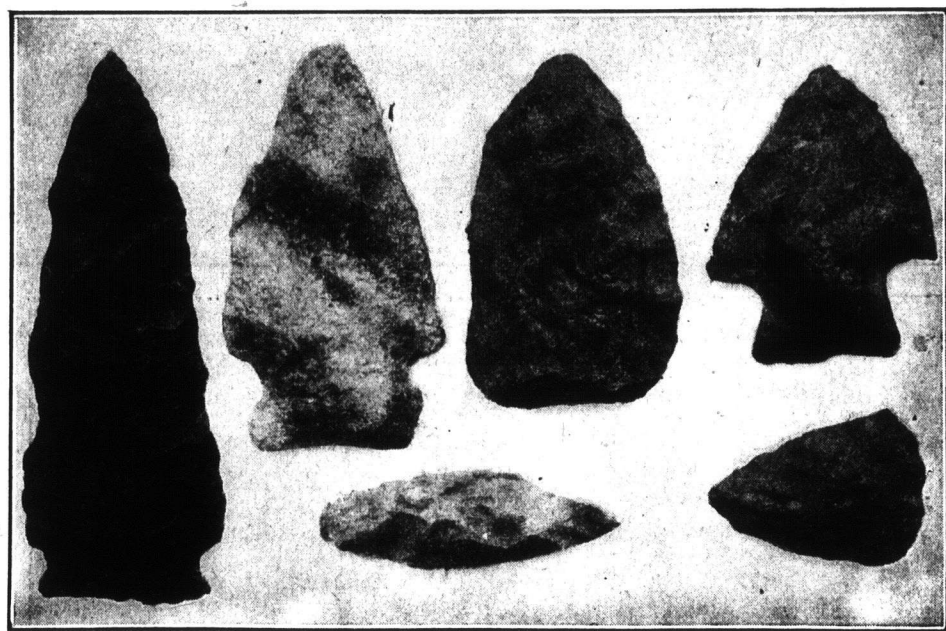
POWDERS

of it bears crude patterns, made, presumably, with a piece of stick, generally round the edges, but sometimes all over.

It has been argued that the Indians themselves made the mounds, but the generally accepted idea is that they were constructed by a race of people living in this country when the Indians came and who were, in all probability, killed off by the Indians. That these people were numerous may be inferred from the fact that in the Ohio valley alone there are estimated to be ten thousand of these mounds. Skeletons, pottery, stone pipes and primitive weapons have been found in some that have been opened. The larger of the two stone pipes shown with the wampum in another photograph probably belongs to this period. McIntyre writes:—"Some of the mounds were certainly used as burial places. Others being placed on the tops of hills must have done duty as signal stations, while others may have been used as places of worship."



Stone Pikes and Wampum



Group of Large Stone Arrowheads

It is impossible to say how far these fragments carry us back. Their interest lies in the fact that they give us a glimpse of the home life of an early race of people—a vague and nebulous glimpse, just as though the heavy mists of time and uncertainty had partially lifted for a moment.

The Indians we have with us still—not, excepting in a few cases, the stately dignified figures of the imagination, but yet, in the remoter places, a typically primitive race. Unfortunately, round the settlements they are submerging their natural dignity, acquiring in its place a sham civilization, which, to the white man, is as distasteful as it is unnatural.

For a long time now, of course, they have used fire-arms, which, by the way, contributed largely to the extermination of the bison, but they were expert weapon makers themselves, before modern arms were introduced, and there are Indians still living around here who have hunted the bison with bows and arrows. An old Sioux chief who visits me occasionally describes some of the hunts so graphically that one can picture the scenes quite easily. He is interested in the arrow heads I have shown him, and goes through the action of drawing a bow-string, but the pottery he shakes his head at, saying that it was before his time, although he is considerably over seventy years old. The most recent of the arrow heads carries us back anywhere from sixty to seventy years, but some are obviously much older and it is very probable that the groups in the accompanying photographs include specimens of both mound-builder and Indian manufacture.

Arrow heads may be found round old

Indian camping and hunting grounds in numbers, varying with the amount of use the places have had. Along certain sections of the Souris River in Manitoba they are comparatively numerous. The best places to search are the sandy cultivated fields along the banks where, after a windstorm, stone weapons of one kind or another can frequently be picked up. Not very far from Deleau, in Manitoba, there are traces of a great heap of bison bones—now unfortunately only fragments—where, after a high wind, arrow heads can frequently be seen, although strangely enough they are the smallest I have examined, rarely exceeding three-quarters of an inch in length. The heads are made of any suitable kind of stone and range from half an inch to two and a half inches or more in length. There seem to be two well defined shapes—the long and narrow and the short and broad types, the latter sometimes being wingless, but what purposes the different shapes were used for is hard to say.

There has been some discussion as to the way in which these stone weapons were made. They were not chipped by hammering with a harder or heavier stone, as, I fancy, the ancient British ones were, but in a much more certain way. First a suitable stone would be chosen, heated in the fire, and dashed with cold water to split it; then the flakes would be heated and chipped into shape either by pressure or by means of cold water dropped from a straw. These methods worked excellently, for many of the knives, spear heads and arrow heads are as sharp as one could wish in spite of years of exposure to the weather. The

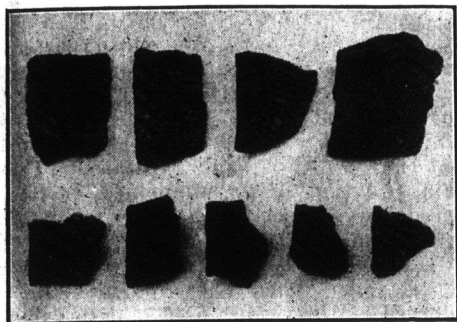
individual taste of the user appears to be shown in at least one case, for a fairly large head in one of the groups I photographed has a deep notch in each side. Most of the heads have wings over which the thongs binding them to the sticks passed, but a few are wingless and must have been wedged into split sticks. I would imagine the latter were used round the camps, probably for bush rabbits, which are easily approached and also easily killed.

The stone knives were made in the same way, and the Sioux chief told me that he had used them for skinning and cutting up bison. The oldest, cheapest table knife would have been quite an acquisition in those days. Cutting the skin and flesh with one of these knives must have been hard work, but I have found them good for scraping and working hides. It is not difficult to picture the close of a successful hunt. One can see the bare prairie with half a dozen bison lying here and there, possibly a motherless calf also, each carcass surrounded by a group of savage hunters hacking and tearing at the still warm flesh.

In this district we occasionally find stone clubs or hammers, each grooved for the thongs that bound it to its handle. Whether they were weapons of war or not, I do not know, but it is probable that they were only articles of camp use, for driving pickets and similar purposes. It may not be out of place to remark that there are no stones in this district, all those used by the weapon makers being brought from the river. Pipes, too, are sometimes found, but I fancy the hard stone ones date back to the

mound builders. The soft red ones are unquestionably of Indian manufacture, and are made of a rock found on an Indian Reserve in Minnesota. I am told that this particular rock occurs only in one place, but it must be well known among the Indians, for I have seen pipes made of it not only in many parts of Manitoba, but in Saskatchewan and Alberta also. A former trader living in Moose Mountain in Saskatchewan has a very handsome pipe in the form of a hatchet, but, like many others, it is modern. Formerly the Indians attached great importance to tobacco and every ceremony began and ended with the use of the pipe. It is probable that the two pipes in the photograph were for individual use, the ones kept for ceremonial purposes being larger and generally rather elaborately ornamented.

In handling these weapons, one cannot help wondering at the individual history of each piece. Were any of them war-arrows and were any of them used? This one was perhaps embedded in a bison, only to be released when flesh and sinew rotted. Some may have been used in play or practice, and the little ones may have been used by children. All, however,



Prehistoric Pottery

is imagination, for now it is impossible to find out anything about the various pieces. Although the gap bridged—however slightly—by these little bits of stone is not great, it is great in a country to which the last few years have meant so much, and one looks back to a period in which the imagination likes to roam—a period favored by the novelist. There are many brilliant histories and accounts of the Indians to be had, but none have the interest and fascination of the primitive weapons and utensils found upon the spot where the original owners left them.

The Effects of Impure Air

By Mrs. D. W. Rose

M. Leblanc states that the odor of the air at the top of the ventilator of a crowded room is of so noxious a character that it is dangerous to be exposed to it, even for a short time. The organic matter of respired air "contains minute cellular bodies named putrefaction cells, and in sick rooms it is associated with pus cells and other emanations of disease." Tomlinson says: "If respired air be passed through pure water the water soon exhibits all the phenomena of putrefactive fermentation."

There are scores of churches whose sextons, after keeping all means of ventilation closed during service, when the congregation is dispersed, close the doors, turn the key and leave the foul air safely housed, to be breathed when the worshippers shall return. Such places always have a disagreeable odor. The most thorough airing will scarcely be able to rid them of the offensive smell that has been produced by the decaying organic matter that permeates the breath. Who has not seen this loathsome vapor condensing on the walls and windows and trickling down in fetid streams?

"As much as forty-six per cent of organic matter has been found in plaster taken from the walls of a hospital ward in Paris." Statistics tell us that it is not uncommon to find air in public assembly rooms and even in dwellings, containing from ten to fifteen times the amount of carbonic acid found in pure air. Of this gas Tomlinson says: "It acts as a poison. If we attempt to inhale it, by putting the face over the edge of a beer vat, the nostrils and throat are irritated so strongly that the glottis closes, and inspiration becomes impossible." One need remain but one-half hour in an unventilated room to have inhaled six hundred times of the foul and poisonous fluids; the blood will have carried them to every portion of the body, and the entire system will have become saturated.

Who has not felt his mental and bodily energies deadened, and found himself unable to resist the chilliness which seizes him upon emerging from such a place? "Indeed the effects are visible in the expression of the features; either a relaxed sallow paleness of the surface, or the hectic flush of fever is observable." Headache often follows, which may last for hours and end in a bilious or nervous attack.

In an army report it was proven beyond question that the excessive mortality from consumption among the soldiers was due to lack of ventilation in the barracks; a reformation in this line brought with it a material decrease in the number of cases of this malady.

Fresh air is one of nature's germicides, a great natural disinfectant. Yet some persons are as much afraid of fresh air as victims of hydrophobia are of fresh water.

"I, myself," says Benjamin Franklin, "had formerly this prejudice, this aerophobia, as I now account it, and dreading the supposed dangerous effects of cool air I considered it an enemy, and closed with extreme care every crevice in the rooms I inhabited. Experience has convinced me of my error. I now look upon fresh air as a friend. I even sleep with an open window."

In order to maintain a degree of purity of the air necessary to perfect health, Wilson and others insist that we must be supplied with three thousand cubic feet of pure air per capita per hour, and that a space of at least one thousand cubic feet should be allowed per capita in buildings permanently occupied. If gas is burned in the room, each jet requires the same provisions as are necessary for five persons

We inhale on an average twenty-six cubic inches of air (I wish I could say pure air) at a breath. Oxygen is food to our lungs, blood and tissues, and should be as free from poison as any other food of the body. "We shun impurity in every form," says Steele, "we dislike to wear the clothes of another, or to eat from the same dish; we shrink from contact with the filthy, and yet sitting in the same room, inhale their polluted breath."

The potato bug is a familiar and old acquaintance with a hearty appetite. The prescribed remedy is used as a spraying mixture and consists of
Paris Green..... 8 ounces
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A lady is not afraid to be industrious. In her home she is mistress of the art of housekeeping, and she can control her needle. She may never need to do this, but it is a womanly art which she, this very well-bred woman, comprehends thor-

oughly. No matter what your position may be to-day, how can you tell where you will be twenty years from now? When Marie Antoinette learned to sew from her German governess she little thought that the daughter of the Empress of Austria, the future wife of the King of France, would need to avail herself of this homely knowledge. But Marie Antoinette, sitting in prison, was only too glad to mend the clothes of her little ones, to darn her husband's coat, and to forget, as she sewed, the sorrows that multiplied over her head. If she is employed by some one else a lady does her work well. No matter what it may be she gives the best of herself to it, and she tries as far as possible to excel in that special branch of work, since it is due to her employer, who pays her for the best that she can do. Do you understand what I mean when I say that a lady is honest? I mean that she is not only honest as far as money is concerned, but honest in giving full value for all that she receives. Consequently, you who dally over your work, who are given to eye service, are not copying the example set before you.

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Called to Graysville

By Fredericka Ford

THE two Misses Morefield sat upon the broad, shady piazza of their comfortable old home, and discussed all the "doings" that had occurred in the little town of Graysville during their absence at Old Orchard Beach. It was a warm Saturday afternoon in August, and there had been a constant stream of people "dropping in" ever since luncheon. Some of these callers had come in a formal way, others informally, but each and every one of them had made a point of letting the two ladies know that the new minister had been called, and was coming to take up his abode amongst them very shortly.

Of all the news this particular item agitated the Misses Morefield most. Mary Ann Davis' new baby had been named without their cognizance or assistance, and the Hetheringtons had decided at last as to whether their new home should be a bungalow or a colonial, this too without their knowledge. But that St. Paul's should call the new pastor without consulting them—well this was too much!

Miss Morefield, the elder, wore a look of wounded dignity. Miss Jane Morefield's usually placid countenance was flushed with indignation.

Their nearest neighbor Mrs. Kenton was just taking her leave, having run over for a few minutes' chat—said few minutes having lengthened into exactly one hour and a quarter.

"I think I at least might have been consulted in the matter," Miss Morefield repeated, "even though we were at the seaside there are such things as telegraphs, and a very few words would have made me acquainted with the step that was being taken."

"Yes, one of us should have been told. It would have seemed more courteous than to have left us in the dark, until we came home. It is the first time Graysville has seen fit to take the reins into its own hands in this way, and I just feel, for one, like somebody had slapped me in the face!" Miss Jane spoke in a bitter tone. She was deeply offended. "Oh come now Jane," remonstrated Mrs. Kenton, "We never figured that you'd be so upset as all this—"

"Our dear father," Miss Morefield, the elder continued. "Having for so many years been the leading citizen of this town—in fact he was here long before it was a town—dearest Jane and I have always felt that we were entitled to lead in most matters of importance, whether socially or—"

"I know," interrupted Mrs. Kenton, "But you see the opinion was so unanimous. Everybody voted for him. There wasn't a single 'Nay'. We felt certain both of you would approve of our choice."

Miss Morefield tossed her head. Miss Jane sniffed. "And you knew we were hearing candidates, for you entertained no less than six—" Mrs. Kenton went on.

"Seven," corrected Miss Jane.

"And this young man seems to be—"

"Young!" cried Miss Jane, sharply, "You don't mean to say you've been and gone and got one of those newly-ordained students? Why we left word that no man under thirty was to be called!"

"Well, this gentleman is all of thirty I guess, though single yet!"

"Single?" chorused the Misses Morefield.

"Yes, but I did hear as how he was engaged."

"Oh!" (falling reflection).

"Ah!" (ditto).

"Well, as I see some more callers coming," said Mrs. Kenton, hurriedly glancing up the street, "I'll just slip away now, and don't take on too much, Jane, and get yourself all het up for nothing. I feel sure you'll be tickled to death with this splendid young man we've chosen. Gracious! I'm not fit to be seen and I don't want to go out the front way or I'll meet those people that are coming here! Can't I slip out the back way?"

Miss Morefield rose and opened the conservatory door, and scarcely had

the stout form of Mrs. Kenton disappeared from view, through it, when the front gate clicked and two visitors advanced up the neat box-bordered walk.

"Why, land sakes! If it isn't Cousin Florence Weeks!" cried Miss Morefield under her breath.

"I do declare! And a gentleman with her!"

"Is my hair all right, Jane?"

"I must ring for Fanny and tell her to make some more tea and cut some more fruit cake. Goodness, I wish I'd put on my grey crepe de chine like I wanted to, but you said white would be better, it was so hot, and here I've gone and spilled ice cream down one side of my skirt. I'd been more careful and not done it, if you'd let me wear the—"

"Why, this is certainly a pleasant surprise, Cousin!" Miss Morefield, the elder, was saying.

A brisk, pleasant-faced young woman of twenty-eight or thirty, in a smart tailored suit came up the broad steps, followed by a tall man in a grey suit and a panama hat.

Each of the Misses Morefield thrust a cheek forward for their cousin to kiss. Florence Weeks, though related was almost a stranger to them, especially of late. They had always stood somewhat in awe of her, for she was a successful business woman in a large



A Happy Trio

American mercantile house. Her salary was said to be in four figures and steadily mounting. As a little girl she had occasionally visited in Graysville, but the town had not seen her for years, and only upon the two spinsters' rare visits to Philadelphia had they ever been able to renew acquaintance with their clever young relative.

"You might a' let us know you were coming," said Miss Jane, greatly flustered, pulling forward the two best wicker chairs, "then we could have met you and saved you the long walk from the depot—"

"Oh, I don't mind, Cousin. I love walking, and to tell the truth I am staying at the Brown's over Sunday, so could not remain here anyway (Greta Brown and I were old school chums you know). Allow me to make you acquainted with my fiance, Mr. Grantley."

"Pleased to meet you," bobbed Miss Jane, to the gentleman.

"Charmed, I'm sure," asserted Miss Morefield, "Oh, I mean it, sir! I've always wanted to behold in the flesh the man that Florence could be got to tie herself down to."

"Tie herself up to you mean, sister. Do you take cream and sugar in your tea, Mr. —?" Pardon me, I've forgotten your name."

"Grantley," smiled the owner of that name. "No sugar, please." The maid, having been summoned, deftly placed the tea-service at her mistress' right hand.

"We didn't even know you were in Canada—much less Graysville," observed Miss Morefield, dispensing the refreshment.

"Well, to tell the truth, I—I'm in Canada for good now," explained Florence Weeks, with a charming blush. "Mr. Grantley you see is—"

"Well, we just got back last night from Old Orchard," the elder lady continued, full as usual of her own affairs. "And I can tell you we've had our eyes opened a bit! Such doings you never heard tell of!"

"Yes, indeed. Scandalous!" assented Miss Jane.

"I thought you both looked rather upset," said their cousin.

Florence Weeks regarded her relatives with some concern. Mr. Grantley also looked mildly sympathetic as he stirred his tea.

"We have good reason to be upset."

"I should say so! This town as you know, Cousin, was founded you might say by our dear father. But of late years there has been a new set—a bold



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and forward lot I call them who imagine they can run things better than the old tried families like ourselves, and only to-day we learn—

"It was sprung on us—just sprung on us!" interjected Miss Jane.

"To-day we learn," resumed the other, "that our church has chosen a pastor!"

"Settled the matter out of hand," put in Miss Jane, mournfully.

"Without as much as by-your-leave to us—us who have ever been the leading subscribers, and who've entertained more ministerial candidates here in our home than you could count on all your fingers and toes!"

"Yes, and they've been and gone and called a young man, single man—what's this Mrs. Kenton said his name was, sister?"

"Oh, don't ask me. It went in one ear and out the other! We'll hear it soon enough. Why, Mr. Grantley's swallowed something the wrong way. Dear, dear! Ring for a glass of water, Jane, do."

"It's all right," said the gentleman, "I swallowed my tea too quickly. Pray go on. What were you about to say?"

As he cleared his throat he glanced covertly and swiftly at Miss Weeks whose lips were twitching at the corners, for she knew her cousins very well—and was familiar with all their little pomposities and peccadilloes.

"Well, I was just saying," resumed Miss Morefield with her prim and somewhat severe air, "that this young fellow we are about to have thrust upon us, is very likely a callow youth just fresh from college. So, when Graysville gets tired of him they can't blame us. It was none of our doing."

"No, indeed!" Miss Jane cried, nodding her head so energetically that she dislodged her back-comb.

"I'm so sorry," murmured Mr. Grantley, "I am sure you must have had quite a siege of er—theologitis, if you have entertained such a number of preachers. It must have become monotonous."

"Oh well—no. As a rule, they are a nice gentlemanly class of men," returned Miss Jane, generously. "They might get on some people's nerves, but I don't mind them at all."

"There are really no two of them alike," remarked Miss Morefield. "Though on the surface they may seem to be. And if I do say it as shouldn't, I'm a pretty good judge of preachers in general. I can spot one every time."

"Really? How clever of you!" Mr. Grantley's eyebrows rose, incredulously.

"Yes, indeed," Miss Jane put in, "sister is smart. She can read a person like a book."

"There are some things I can't stand in a preacher, though," Miss Morefield went on, "I always mistrust the man who parts his hair in the centre. He is apt to be sissified—if you know what I mean?"

Mr. Grantley nodded gravely. "Now that Mr. Cayley—the one before

dear old Doctor Lang, you remember, Jane—Mr. Cayley parted his hair in the middle, and believe me, Mr. Grantley, Mrs. Cayley was the one who ought to have worn the trousers."

"Yes, I was real glad when the Lang's came," Miss Jane assented.

"But we didn't have 'em long. The Doctor got to be too old and moss-backed, so we—"

"We asked for his resignation. I went around and got as many names as I could. It was hard work."

"Yes, pretty nearly everyone seemed satisfied to keep him. But we persuaded them finally that progress must be maintained even at the expense of natural affection. We wanted a man with an Edinburgh degree and some private means if possible, to settle here indefinitely. But we never could afford to go that high of course, though we are still hoping that some one like that will be attracted to the town."

Mr. Grantley coughed, deprecatingly. "I am sure if Edinburgh University—only knew of your wishes," he remarked, "there would be a stampede for Graysville at once."

There was a moment's silence and then Miss Morefield sighed dolefully and resumed:

"Oh, we have certainly had a time! I sometimes think our ideals are too high or something like that. In the last twelve years we have had no less than fourteen men (calling themselves servants of the Lord) come here to impart the Word to us."

"Fourteen? Settled ministers?" queried Miss Weeks.

"Well, they didn't settle long. Graysville is—well rather particular. It is called a difficult charge to fill."

"I should imagine so!" exclaimed Mr. Grantley.

"We are said to be ahead of the times—I mean there is such a degree of culture here in this seemingly sleepy little place, that we are not easily satisfied."

"We want our religion administered in strictly up-to-date style," amended Miss Jane.

"Mr. Roland was up-to-date but his methods were peculiar. He had good subject matter but no delivery," said Miss Morefield. "No and with Mr. Hagan—the quick tempered candidate

you remember, sister?—it was exactly the opposite. He gave us nothing but Old Testament doctrine, but he talked like William Jennings Bryan, while he was giving it to us."

"I loved his voice," murmured Miss Morefield, reminiscently.

"Then there was young Mr. Bentley who lisped slightly and Mr. Day who had such a beautiful complexion, but we learned afterward that he was consumptive. Then came the Reverend Ebenezer Stayner. They called him a live wire. I don't know—he didn't look like a wire, though he was very much alive. He used to pound the pulpit and roll his eyes and fling his arms about! Dear, dear! My nerves used to be in such a state every Sunday morning I always had to drink four cups of tea to my dinner, and lay down on the sofa for an hour afterward."

"I didn't care for his wife," remarked the other sister, "she kept to herself too much. I remember going over one day to give her some advice on how to run her house and children—"

"And she told her sister," interjected Miss Jane, "that she guessed that was her own business. What do you think of that?"

"Shocking!" Mr. Grantley shook his head emphatically, as he spoke.

"I liked dear Mrs. Young better. Poor thing—she died here," sighed Miss Morefield.

"Consumption," explained Miss Jane, "though there are some that say she was simply worn out. Too much was expected of her I believe. Of course we must have our pastor's wife to preside at our meetings and we certainly expect her always to keep nicely dressed, and her house should always be thrown open at any time in case any of us require the parlors. Then she herself should be at all times cheerful and bright, and if she is a true helpmeet to her husband, she should try and cut down expenses by doing without hired help, because of course twelve hundred a year isn't a fortune."

"How many children did this Mrs.—Young I thing you said—have?" asked Florence Weeks, gravely.

"She had eight," said Miss Jane. "Little demons they all were, too," remarked Miss Morefield.

"Your new pastor," observed Mr. Grantley, "will scarcely offend on that score. I understood you to say he was not married."

"No, but he will be. He is engaged, they say."

"To some empty-headed young thing in her teens, I suppose," added Miss Morefield.

"Well, don't let's borrow trouble, sister," said Miss Jane, virtuously, "as long as this Mr.—whatever-his-name-is doesn't lisp and stammer like poor Mr. Bentley (whom they used to dub 'soda-fountain'), and as long as he is earnest and his wife doesn't put on too many airs I guess we can stand 'em for as long as they'll be here."


(Continued on Page 22).



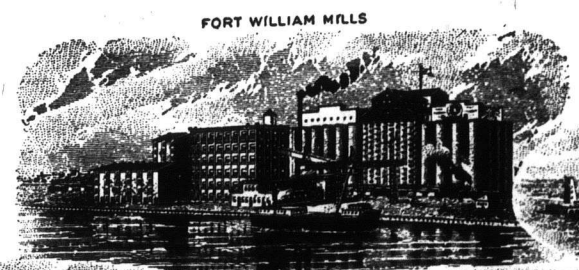
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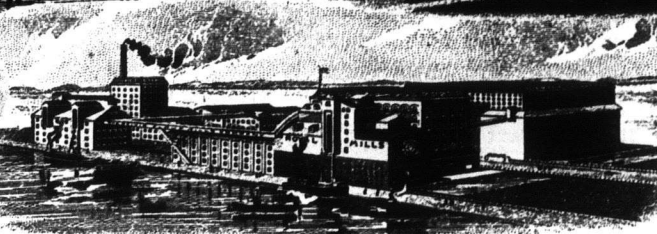


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Alleged Profits of the William Davies Company in 1916 on Bacon, as Indicated by Department of Labor to be Five Cents Per Pound, Untrue:

Actual Profits Two-Thirds of a Cent Per Pound

THE statement issued by the Department of Labor concerning the business of The William Davies Company, Limited, has been given widespread circulation throughout the country and provoked public unrest.

Whatever the technical wording of the report was, the effect has been that the newspapers have published that "the profits on Bacon alone" of this Company "for 1916" were about "five millions of dollars." This interpretation of the official report is not surprising in view of certain statements that the Commissioner of the Cost of Living makes. The Commissioner is reported as saying that "There were two individual cases of profiteering in 1916 and that had these cases occurred since the passage of the cost of living Order-in-Council, he would consider it his duty to recommend that the facts be laid before the

Attorney-General for consideration as to their criminality." The situation created by such erroneous and damaging statements is serious as emanating from a Government official, from whom one looks for not only accurate statements but correct conclusions.

The William Davies Company, being a private concern, has followed the practice of all private corporations, except when it made a bond issue in 1911, in that it has not published reports of its assets and liabilities or profit and loss. The present circumstance, however, in which a Government Official has led the public to false conclusions, makes it advisable for this Company, for both the public interest and its own interest, to publish particulars of its business as well as point out the error of the statement of the Government Official.

For the last fiscal year ending March 27th, 1917, The William Davies Company bought and killed 1,043,000 head of Live Stock (Cattle, Hogs and Sheep). This, plus purchases of outside Meats, produced 160,000,000 pounds of Meats. The Company handled 6,550,000 pounds of Butter and Cheese, 5,650,000 dozens of Eggs, and manufactured 26,500,000 tins of Canned Goods.

The net profits on these were .68 cents (or two-thirds of a cent) per pound on Meats, 1.04 cents on Butter and Cheese, 1.04 cents per dozen on Eggs, and .47 cents (or slightly less than one-half a cent) per tin on Canned Goods. These profits include profits on all By-Products derived from these accounts.

During the year the Company served at its retail stores 7,500,000 customers, the average purchase of each customer was 35c., and the net profit on each sale was 5-8 of 1 cent.

The turnover of the Company from all its operations for the fiscal year ending March 27th, 1917, was \$40,000,000. The net percentage of profit upon this turnover, after deducting war tax, was 1.69 per cent, or including war tax 3.45 per cent.

The William Davies Company has assets of \$13,385,000, of which \$3,865,000 is tied up in fixed investments.

To provide the necessary facilities for the increased volume of business the Company expended \$750,000 in buildings and equipment during the year.

Companies of other character present no more reasonable statement of profit and loss based upon the investments made in the business.

The William Davies Company offered to the Imperial authorities, as well as to the War Office Service (which represents the Imperial authorities in Canada) to place the output of its factory with respect to Bacon supplies, Canned Beef and Pork and Beans at the service of the authorities, on the basis of cost plus an agreed percentage. These offers were successively declined as the authorities evidently desired to purchase in the open market, and on this basis The William Davies Company has secured War Office business by open competition with the world.

Respecting the Report of the Commissioner on the Cost of Living:

Last winter, the Commissioner, under authority of Order-in-Council, required packers to submit statements, under oath, for some years back and up to December 1st, 1916, of incoming stocks of Meats and the cost of such, as well as statements of outgoing product and the selling value. This Company represented in writing at the time that the information as specifically required was not in accordance with Packing House Accounting methods, and invited the Commissioner to send an Officer to the Head Office of the Company to examine the books for any information desired, and to secure a viewpoint as to the best way of collecting data which would be of use to the Government. This offer was declined, and there was nothing to do but fill in the information required as literally as we could determine it. For example, there was no recognition of the fact that a raw product

may enter a factory under a specific classification and leave the factory as a finished product under some other classification.

We submitted a series of accurate figures based upon our interpretation of the official requirements which made no provision for charges of any description other than incoming freight and unloading charges to be included in the cost or to be deducted from the selling price. There was nothing in the report which could be read so as to determine a profit and loss statement. The very fact that with only a statement based upon cost of raw products and value of sales in Great Britain a Government Official has deduced "Large margins," "Profiteering" and "Criminality" if it had occurred since the passage of a recent Act, shows too dangerous a trifling and incapacity to be permitted to deal with any important situation. The statements of this Company

have been treated by the author of this report as if the outgoing product was identical with the incoming product, and from the series of reports he has singled out two items—the Bacon and Egg reports—and from them deduced an erroneous "margin" which the newspapers have interpreted as "profit." The author of the inquiry shows a strange lack of even a fundamental knowledge of simple bookkeeping and a dangerous inability to co-ordinate figures. The following are specific and outstanding errors in the report:

The principal item that is causing excitement deals with cold storage Bacon. The term "cold-storage" is not defined, and the public is allowed to make its own definitions. As all Bacon in a packing house is under refrigeration, it is really all cold-storage, and therefore this Company's figures of cold-storage Bacon represent the

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

complete quantity of Bacon handled in its entire Plant, whether in freezers or in process of cure for immediate shipment. That some companies interpreted cold-storage product as "freezer" product only is evidenced by the smallness of entire lack of figures on the Bacon list for some Plants, indicating that many firms did not submit statements of their complete stocks, as did this Company. An official of this Company pointed out this cold-storage distinction to Mr. O'Connor and Miss McKenna in Ottawa a few weeks ago, and the failure to make the distinction after having had it pointed out evidences lack of desire for accuracy of the real information desired.

It is true, The William Davies Company, in 1916, exported 97,791,000 pounds of Bacon, but we do not know how the margin of 5.05 cents per pound is arrived at by Mr. O'Connor, as there were no figures to justify such a conclusion. The probabilities are that the margin is arrived at by taking the average cost per pound of incoming product from the average selling price per pound of outgoing product. This may be a rough way of estimating the gross margin when dealing with small figures, but when dealing with figures the size that Mr. O'Connor has to deal with, a very small fraction of a cent per pound of error makes a very important difference in the total, and one must be careful to make sure that the outgoing product is the same finished merchandise of the incoming product reported on.

Allowing it to pass, however, as a rough estimate, we wish to point out—First, The inquiry of the Commissioner allowed only for incoming freight and unloading charges, and made no provision whatsoever for operating charges of any kind, such as labor, curing materials, refrigeration, et cetera. Such actual charges on the 97,791,000 pounds exported were \$1,162,000—or 1.2 cents per

pound. This amount covered all charges up to the point of placing the Bacon on cars f.o.b. packing-house. In addition to this was the actual cost to land and sell this 97,791,000 pounds in England after leaving the packing house, which involved charges of 2.9 cents per pound—or \$2,836,000. This 2.9 cents per pound included inland and ocean freight, landing charges, war and marine insurance, cables and selling commission to agents. The ocean freight and war risk alone would make up 2.4 cents of the charge of 2.9 cents per pound. This 1.2 cents, plus 2.9 cents—a total of 4.1 cents—must be deducted from Mr. O'Connor's margin of 5.05 cents per pound, leaving a margin of .95 cents, or slightly less than a cent per pound, which still has to be reduced because of the error of premises and because of further factors which have to be considered to determine net profits.

It is quite evident some of the other packers did not show selling values in the country in which the goods were sold—a proceeding quite proper, as the forms submitted to be filled in were indefinite and ambiguous, thus permitting without charge of evasion a variety of interpretation as to the information required. It is thus possible that of all the figures submitted by the different packers that no two sets of costs and sales prices are determined at the same common point. It is this difference of interpretation of what was required that accounts for the difference of the alleged "margin" made by the different companies. Common conclusions, however, have been drawn by the author of the report from varying bases of premises.

The figures of the Egg business were submitted on the same basis as Bacon, and similar deductions must be made.

Second. The above margin is further reduced in that the author of this inquiry singled out the Bacon figures as an item in

which the selling price shows an alleged improper advance over cost, but he did not give us credit for the statements of other products, of which figures were submitted, the selling prices of which were under cost. The reason of this was that through failure to inquire the Department entirely overlooked the fact that product may come in as pork and, through the process of manufacture, go out as Bacon, or, in another instance, enter the factory as beef and go out in the form of canned meats; for example: much of the product which came in as pork, and which was entered on the pork sheet submitted to the Commissioner—about which he makes no mention—was cured and left the factory in the form of Bacon, and was, therefore, entered on the outgoing side of the Bacon sheet—the result is that the Bacon sales are increased by this amount over the incoming stocks of Bacon, and, likewise, the sheet showing sales of pork is reduced by the amount that went out in the form of Bacon. If the Department takes one set of figures that show favorable to the company they should take another set of figures that show unfavorable, as the principle in either case is the same, and failure to do so looks as if the author of the report was exercising more enthusiasm than sound judgment in his investigations.

Third. It is queried in the report, that "if the margin of 3.47 cents," alleged to have been made in 1915, "was satisfactory, why was it necessary to show increased margin in 1916?" Assuming again for the moment the soundness of the premises in asking such a question based on an erroneous "margin," it will be found that the increased margin is chiefly absorbed in increased ocean freight rates and war risk insurance in 1916, of which apparently the author of the report was in ignorance.

The Company does not challenge either the legal or moral right of the Government to investigate business enterprises when public interest directs such an investigation should be made. If an investigation of the packing and meat business is ordered, the Company will place at the disposal of the Government not only the data it would be required to supply under Order-in-Council directing that inquiry be made, but will place the experience of its officers at the disposal of the investigating committee, if it is considered they can render any service which will be of value. The Company has not now—nor at any time during the fifty years of its operation—anything to conceal in method or practice of carrying on its business. It does, however, claim the right to conduct its export business without abusive comment from Government civil servants—especially when the conclusions drawn from the data asked for are improper and false.

One of Canada's chief export industries is the packing business. It is essential to the live stock industry, and along with other export industries, it maintains the financial stability of this country and should, providing it is on a sound basis, receive encouragement and not slanderous abuse. In view of the publicity given to the report of the Commissioner on the cost of living, the Company demands the same publicity in having an official Government investigation of this report to determine the truthfulness or untruthfulness of its conclusions. We do not seek public consideration as a company, but we do say that untruthful official statements, or statements the effect of which is to create an untruth, adversely affect

the live stock industry of this country, which is so valuable and essential a wealth-producing power and, in the long run, are harmful to the very people that the statement seeks to benefit.

If the passing out of existence of a corporation such as The William Davies Company, or if nationalization of packing houses would materially and permanently reduce food prices, then in view of the present world tragedy it ought to be consummated without delay. The fact of the matter is, however, that with millions of people in Europe turning from producers into consumers because of war, and the tremendous destruction of food products incident to war, there is no remedy for the high prices of food while such conditions last, except the remedy of thrift and increase of production.

Long before there was a talk of a Food Controller in the United States or Canada, The William Davies Company urged the Government at Ottawa, in writing, to appoint a Food Controller with full power to do what he saw fit, as we realized at that time the upward tendency in the price of food commodities unless checked by official effort. At the most a great deal cannot be done in reducing food prices while currency is inflated and until the scale of prices of all kinds of commodities declines also. What can be done can only be done by a Food Controller. We wish to point out that nothing at all can be accomplished unless the data secured are accurately and clearly made and the deductions therefrom sound. Only public harm arises from dangerous incompetency in the haphazard collection and careless use of important figures.

As far as the William Davies Company is concerned this terminates all public statements of the Company, and it will pay no more attention to speculative and haphazard statements made either by newspapers or civil servants. The only further statement that will be made will be at an official investigation.

E. C. FOX, General Manager

THE WILLIAM DAVIES COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto, July 17th, 1917

BAD STOMACH AND CONSTIPATION CURED BY MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. Sylvester Clements, Galt, Ont., writes: "I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for what Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have done for me. I have been suffering from a bad stomach and constipation, and would be off work for 4 or 5 months a year. I was hardly able to be inside without getting a severe headache. I tried doctor's medicine and other remedies, but got no relief until a friend advised me to use Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. Now I can work inside without any headaches or pain. I would not be without your remedy for anything. I write this so that anyone suffering the same as I did may use them and be cured."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial. For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Call to Graysville (Continued from Page 19).

"What does your new pastor look like?" asked Miss Weeks, with some curiosity and a lurking twinkle in her eye.

"Well they do say he's not bad looking," answered Miss Jane, bound to give the devil his due.

"Mrs. Kenton said he was tall and sorta dark. And Mrs. Winfield said that Mrs. Green said as how he struck her as spiritual looking, especially round the forehead," said Miss Morefield.

"Well, that's something!" said Mr. Grantley, smiling.

"But we've been talking all about the new minister," put in Miss Jane. "Tell us something about yourself, Cousin."

"Here's Judge Mason's little boy coming up the walk," said the other sister, breaking in upon some remark the visitor had been about to make. "Pass the cake plate to him, Jane, for it's cake he's come after."

"Charley," began Miss Jane with a wink at the others, "what does your father think of the new minister?"

"Now we'll get proper judicial opinion," whispered Miss Morefield.

The curly-headed little chap had accepted a large wedge of chocolate cake and fallen to at once. Miss Jane had to repeat her question twice, before he paid any attention. "What's a say? What's me father think o' the new—oh say (as if suddenly recollecting a recent conversation at home), he calls the new preacher a Daniel! Gee, I'm dying to see him. I wanta ask him if he's afraid o' lions. I am, but I ain't scared o' cats—not a weeny little bit scared!"

"Cats?" echoed Miss Jane. "Dear me! Who's talking of cats?" "Do tell! I'm sure I can't bear cats. But I love dogs!" lied Miss Morefield, gracefully (she owned five cats).

"Me father said," re-commenced Charley, "that the new preacher looks as if he could tackle a whole denful o' lions—but that there was two old cats here in this town that'd make Daniel-in-the-lions-den look like a stuffed museum-show. Gee! They must be some cats!"

"Have another piece of cake, Charley—no, take the biggest piece of all. Now go on. Did—did your father say—did he mention any names?"

Miss Jane had mental inspiration, or rather, intuition, of a high order. As she put out this "feeler" she leaned forward to her sister and the others and whispered:—

"The dear Judge is very plain spoken at times. He means, of course, Mrs. Graham Talbot and Mrs. John Sharpe."

"No'm. Me father didn't mention no names," said the boy.

"What else did he say?" demanded Miss Jane, eagerly.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"Oh—he said when the cats was away the mice got in their good work. (That don't rhyme like in the picture-books does it?) He said if it was him that was called to Graysville he'd chuck it up an' go over to Yoorup an' put his head into the mouth o' one o' them rapid-fire guns instead, if it was suicide he was lookin' fer. Say, can I have some o' that pink icing cake now?" Miss Morefield sank back weakly into her basket chair.

"The smelling-salts, sister," she said faintly.

Miss Jane, crestfallen, and only a little less agitated than her sister, rose and rang for the maid.

Cousin Florence and Mr. Grantley also rose. They were all concerned.

"We've stayed too long and over-taxed your strength," said Miss Weeks, remorsefully.

"And then the heat. It is so warm to-day," added Mr. Grantley, picking up his hat. "We're very sorry!"

With hurried good-byes and promises of an early meeting the visitors slipped away.

They had just disappeared around the first corner when the door of the conservatory opened and out upon the piazza stepped Mrs. Kenton.

"Mary Jane Morefield why on earth didn't you tell me that both those other conservatory doors were locked? Here I've been stewing myself up there for one solid hour, and couldn't move either way. Fortunately the blinds were drawn. A nice how-dye-do, and me having to play eavesdropper against my will!"

(The last statement, was scarcely consistent with the truth, the good lady's ear having been closely pressed to the crack of the door all the time.)

Her hearers could only gasp in amazement.

"And that isn't the worst of it! Don't you know who those two were? You sure acted like you didn't—both of you!"

Mrs. Kenton glanced keenly from one to the other of the sisters. "It was our Cousin"—began Miss Morefield, faintly.

"She may be your Cousin," said Mrs. Kenton crisply, "but she's also the new minister's fiancée! And the gentleman with her—"

"What! You don't mean—" Miss Jane went white.

"Was the new minister, Mr. Grantley?"

One long moment of silence—silence that was pregnant with significance! Miss Morefield again tried to faint, but there is a stage of shock when the senses refuse to be drowned in oblivion. They insist on remaining alert and on inflicting the full measure of torture upon the owner.

"Emma Kenton," began Miss Jane, impressively, "this is strictly among ourselves, remember. You have always been a friend to us. Don't, I beg of you—I pray of you—let this get out. Do you promise?"

"Oh—certainly, Mary Jane. Strictly, mum!" returned the lady, suffering with inward hysterics, meanwhile.

And she went home to ring up her three dearest friends on the telephone and impart the latest most "delicious" bit of news to them.

Around the first corner down the street, meantime, two people stood leaning against the fence-palings of an empty lot, recovering their first wind.

"I've laughed so hard it positively hurts me!" breathed Miss Weeks.

"Then let us move on," said her companion, "I've been storing up the biggest part of my mirth till we get under cover."

"You poor boy! But aren't you glad you don't part your hair in the centre?"

"They'll never forgive us," said Grantley, irrelevantly.

"Oh, as to that, it is we who have the whip-hand. It couldn't have happened better. They have always been a little afraid of me anyway, but now—oh dear I'm glad you were wearing a grey suit. That helped, though of course it wasn't a case of malice aforethought on our part."

"No, once or twice I endeavored to explain—"

"But we couldn't get a word in edgeways could we?"

"No, that's a fact. And then it never occurred to the dear old souls that their clever cousin who earned twice as much as the pastor of St. Paul's, would give it all up and come down to marrying a poor preacher and

skidding precariously along through life on a salary of twelve hundred."

"Hush! I won't have you talk like that as if—"

"Don't interrupt, dear. I am aware that it is a great sacrifice. You will get very little in exchange, I fear. I'm neither rich nor handsome, but—"

"You have a spiritual forehead."

"To be sure. So I have. I had almost forgotten."

"And as to this dear old town, we've slain the two dragons (dragonesses I mean)—figuratively and morally, which kept guard over the entrance and Graysville is ours. We shall go in and win!"

"Amen!" responded Grantley.

A little boy in Leicester was induced to sign the Band of Hope pledge. His father was a collector, and one day a publican called upon him for the purpose of paying his rates. In the course of conversation, it came out that the little boy was a teetotaler.

"What?" said the publican, with a sneer; "a mere boy like that a teetotaler?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I am one."

"And you mean to say you have signed the pledge?"

"Yes, sir, I have, and mean to keep it, too."

"Nonsense!" said the publican. "The idea! Why, you are too young to sign the pledge."

The little fellow came up to him, took hold of him quietly by the arm, and repeated his words: "You say, sir, I am too young to be a teetotaler?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, now, sir, please listen," said he. "I will just ask you a question: you are a publican, are you not, and sell beer?"

"Yes, I am a publican, and sell beer."

"Well, then, suppose I come to your house for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?"

"Oh! no," said Boniface; "that is quite a different thing."

"Very well, then," said the noble little fellow, with triumph in his face; "if I am not too young to fetch the beer, I am not too young to give up the beer."

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets will cure you.

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The proper course is to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets twice daily, and Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief at night. The first brings new strength and vitality, the second restores digestion and clears away the harmful matter from which flatulent gases arise. Follow this course and palpitation will soon cease to trouble you. We make only one reservation. If you have actual heart disease (which is rare), you should see a specialist, all other forms of palpitation these Tablets will certainly cure. Here is an extract from a letter written some time ago by the late

Major-General Sir John W. Campbell, Bart., C.B.:—I have pleasure in stating that I have derived great benefit from Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and have found them remarkably effective in restoring nerve energy and physical vigour. I have every confidence in recommending them."

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Specially valuable to Nursing Mothers and Women of Middle Life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube 50 cents, six tubes for the price of five. War Tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Beautiful Station Grounds

With a view of beautifying station grounds in Western Canada, the Canadian Northern Railway stands in the foreground to-day in this connection.

In the early part of 1916 a campaign was started by the Canadian Northern Railway with all their agents along their lines with a view to beautifying station grounds. A department was opened through the general passenger department whereby agents on application could receive all seeds required in connection with beautifying their grounds free. It was seen by the Canadian Northern officials responsible that their idea was showing every sign of being a very successful move, with the result that larger appropriations were set aside, for the work for 1917, and the majority of agents have taken kindly to this work. The results of 1917 have surpassed the expectation when the idea was first originated. Since beautifying station grounds has gone into effect a remarkable improvement is seen by the traveling public all over the Canadian Northern system. The success that has been met with in this connection during the past two years points that it will not be very many years before the Canadian Northern western route will be one of the most admired railroads in this connection. The Canadian Northern can now point with pride as having some of the nicest station grounds on the American continent. Canadian Northern garden railway—Each year the agents are becoming more enthusiastic gardeners and flower lovers. Since the inauguration of the department two years ago many agents who were then amateurs are now considered professionals. Every assistance is rendered the agents. Authoritative information can always be secured about the growing of every flower, plant or vegetable. The success and good showing lies in the enthusiastic campaign and close co-operation with the agents. He just knows what to plant, when and how to plant, and the care that is required to make the growing of flowers a success.

The illustrations on this page show Rosedale, B.C., station in 1916 and on July 1st, 1917. Readers will note the marked improvement. This is only one of the many such points along the Canadian Northern Railway. In a few years every station on the Canadian Northern Railway will be a nursery. The Canadian Northern stations are now the home of flowers. The beautifying of station grounds is under the personal supervision of R. Creelman, general passenger agent and Osborne Scott, assistant general passenger agent, whose aim in life is to build up a solid class of well and satisfied patrons.

Progress

By Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

The cave men fought with knotty fists,
And clubs that were tipped with stone;
With heads held high, and with fearless eye,
They guarded their rights alone.

They hacked at beasts that were huge and fierce,
That prowled where their stores were piled,
And they died at last, and their spirits passed,
While the war god looked—and smiled.

Long ages passed, and the archers came,
With arrows and pliant bows;
They crouched in lines 'neath the mountain pines,
And slew as the reaper mows.

And all the spears of the armored knights
Flashed bright as the shining sea;
And people died and their spirits cried,
While the war god laughed in glee.

They fight to-day, and the bullets new
Are shaped like a needle fine;
And cannons roar on the ocean shore,
While blood flows red like wine.

The airships flutter against the sun,
To shoot at the frightened earth,
And birdmen die in the heavy sky,
While the war god shouts in his mirth.

The Little Hen

By W. R. Gilbert

HE gathered her brood together at the corner by the great big department store, and held up her hand to stop the car.

The cars were always full by that time, and often one or two went on their way; but the conductor of the car on which the one-armed man went down to town was tender-hearted, and always found room for her. Besides he knew that the one-armed man would get out at the next stop, and he was such a big fellow that the vacant place left room for two like the "little hen"—as for the chickens—three odd-looking little boys—they stood around anywhere.

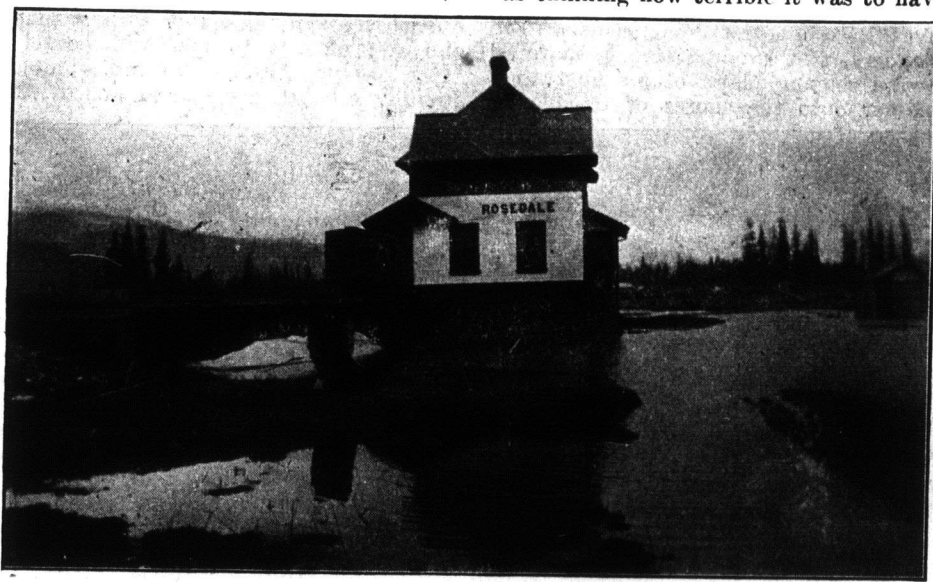
The one-armed man always got up, when they entered, and stood talking with the conductor. The "little hen,"

should be squandered on three odd little boys. He did not know that the wistfulness came into the eyes he watched, when the little woman thought how wonderful it would have been if she had had three sons to take to school, instead of these. And would they not have been different from these? Not but what she was fond of the boys. Her own dream sons were something like them, with the oddities smoothed out.

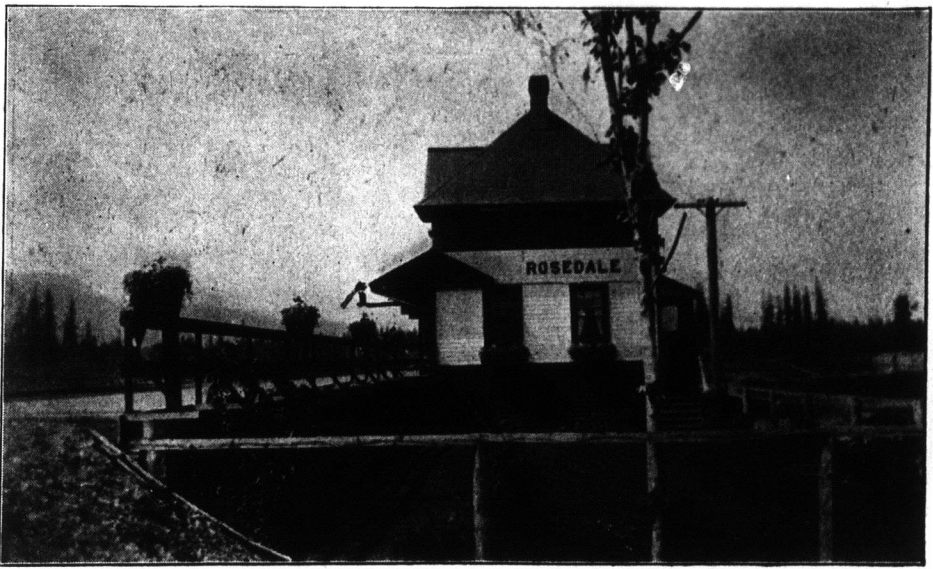
Once the one-armed man found that the hen looked at him with much the same expression in her eyes. "I believe," he thought whimsically—"I do believe she'd mother me."

Then the car stopped, and he swung down into the road.

The "little hen" looked after him. She was thinking how terrible it was to have



1916



1917

when she had murmured rather confused thanks for the seat, used to sit and wonder what the animated conversation could be about.

She did not know that the one-armed man and the conductor's son had fought together at Mons, and on, on, until Festubert, and that the conductor's son was still at the front, while the one-armed man, since Festubert, was—well, the one-armed man, and that it was because of this fellow-feeling that he always came by this car to discuss the war with his chum's father.

"It seems such a shame to take his seat each morning," thought the "little hen."

"Why on earth does that poor, little woman take her boys to school every morning herself?" thought the one-armed man. "She is as careful as a hen over her chicks. Why you can almost hear her clucking to them when they cross the road."

Once he said as much to the conductor. "They're not her boys," was the reply. "Gets paid for taking them—they're going to the mentally defective class."

"Are they?" said the one-armed man. "Poor little mites! But the way she looks at them—"

He fell to thinking. It seemed to him that there was a wealth of mother love in the kind gray eyes. It had seemed to him, who had had little mothering in all his life, that it was just the perverse way of this old world, that such love

only one arm, and so be prevented from fighting for the Empire. It did not occur to her that he had done his share. He did not look a military hero somehow; he looked—he looked like a dear, great big boy, who wanted looking after, even as her small charges, only his affliction which called to her mothering instincts, was a very different one from theirs.

The following day "the hen and chickens" missed their car.

"Where's the hen and chickens?" said the one-armed man, when they had passed her corner, and he was preparing to get off at his own.

"I was wondering," said the conductor. "A horrid slippery morning with all that snow about. I hope nothing has happened her!"

The one-armed man got off the car; he too was hoping nothing had happened to the little woman. He was surprised to find how ardently he hoped it. The missing ones were not in the next car which passed. He waited for another and still they did not come. He asked himself crossly, what he thought he was doing, fooling around there, but he still waited, and he smiled as he saw the truants in the next car.

"She's there, all right," he said, and he felt strangely happy.

As for the "little hen"—why she had never felt so mad before. One of her small charges had made her miss the car, which bore her one-armed friend.

And the next day these two were so

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

pleased to see each other, just as usual, that they both looked quite self-conscious.

And an odd thing happened. The one-armed man did not get off at his usual corner, but went past it while talking to the conductor, and he got off when the "hen and chickens" all got down.

"Of course," said the "little hen," he must have business somewhere up here."

But still she felt terribly excited, and all the time she was leading her brood through the least slushy parts of the streets, she was conscious that the one-armed man was near; indeed so near was he, that when she slipped on a half melted pile of snow, he was able to save her from falling.

"Oh, thank you!" said the little woman. "I was trying to get the boy out of the slush; he does so like getting wet. He—"

"He's a nuisance," said her preserver, "But I am glad, he got into the mess just then, for I've been wondering how on earth I could speak to you."

"To me?"

"Yes," said the man. He looked steadfastly at his boots. "You'll think it awful gall, but I—I'm a lonely sort of beggar, and you seemed to have such a lot of friendliness to pour out on those kids, who really can't give you much in return."

"But they really do appreciate kindness," said the "little hen" and I think some day, you know—"Then a sudden fear took her. "You didn't think," she said, "You didn't think that they were mine?"

"At first," said her companion, "I thought they were. I wondered how they could be," he added quickly.

"It used to be an old fear of mine," said the little woman, "when I first took up the work, that people might think they belonged to me."

"Why did you take it up?"

"To live," said the little woman simply—"Not," she added smiling, "that that describes it very accurately. Perhaps I ought to say 'exist'—but I've really grown fond of the kiddies."

"You would be fond of anything that wanted help," said the one-armed man.

"Would I?" was the reply, with a sideways look at the empty sleeve.

"I have a holiday, to-day," replied the one-armed man. "I—I used to call you the 'little hen,' and the kids, your chickens. I wish you'd pretend that I was one, or—a sudden remembrance of childhood came to him—"or you might call me the ugly duckling. I wish you'd say that until four o'clock."

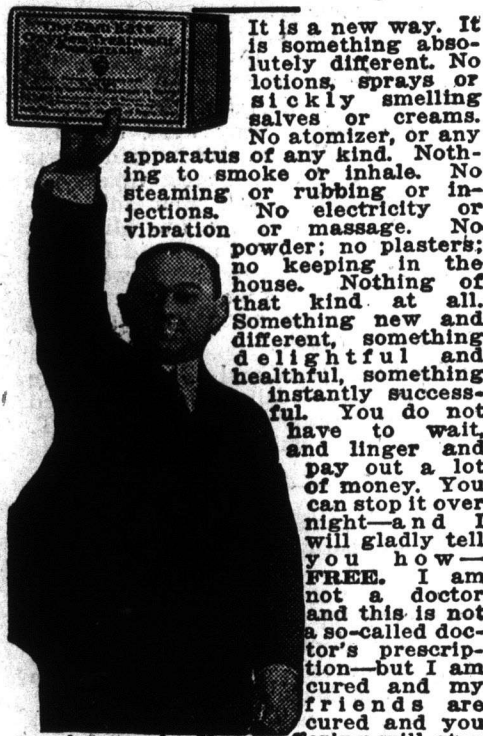
"But the ugly duckling turned into a swan," murmured the little woman.

"Did he? Well, I don't feel as though I could unless you taught me. Will you take me as a pupil?"

"Yes," said the "little hen," quite softly, and she did not even notice that the smaller chickens were snowballing each other.

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Britain's Strangest Soldiers from Fiji Islands Cross the World to Fight in Europe

By Francis J. Dickie

From east, from west, from north, from south, from the uttermost ends of the world, men civilized and uncivilized, or so called are the latter, have come and are still coming to fight for Great Britain upon the battle fields of Europe. Many strange races are serving at the front under the Union Jack—negroes, red men, sikhs, ghurkas, Greek-Canadians, Swedish and Norwegian and Finlander-Canadians, German-Canadians and a half dozen other races of mixed and varied antecedents have enrolled in the khaki clad hordes of the vast Empire upon which the sun never sets.

But of all the strange nations the last and most interesting of all are the Fiji Islanders. Last week, on their way to France, after crossing one quarter of the world, and with two-thirds more to go, Great Britain's first detachment of Fiji Islanders, two hundred strong, marched down the gang plank of an Australian steamer onto the shores of Canada at

ands. The commanding commissioners officers are white men, mostly old experienced English army officers, but the lesser commands such as sergeant, corporal, etc., have been given to natives as shown in one of the photos.

With this last addition to the British army at the front, there is gathered together under one flag the greatest collection of varied races and colors the world has ever seen. And with such unanimous answer to the call to arms, no thinking person can realize how hopeless is Germany's struggle.

What Habit Will Do

"It was a cold, misty morning in Liverpool, and urgent business required my presence in Sheffield at once, so I was in a hurry," says a young American girl who lately returned from England.

"I expected the unavoidable delay of the custom-house, and sighed resignedly. An official opened my suit case, ran his hand hurriedly about, closed it with a snap, and returning it to me, said politely, 'Thank you!' All in about two minutes! Joyfully I hailed a cab, and was driven

to the railway station. As I paid my fare the cabman said distinctly, 'Thank you!' with emphasis on the 'you.' When I bought my ticket the man at the window said emphatically, 'Thank, you!'

"This time I noted the oddly rising inflection and long-drawn lingering on the last word. The guard who examined my ticket closed the compartment window with a bang, but I caught a faint 'Thank you!' as the train started.

"Arrived in Sheffield, I registered at the station hotel, and the young man at the desk said 'Thank you!' as I signed my name. I took a tram-car up town and gasped in amazement as the conductor collected my fare. 'Thank you!' he said, earnestly, as he punched a little ticket receipt for the halfpenny which I gave him. 'Let me off at High Street, please.' 'Thank you, I will,' he replied. Presently I thought he nodded as he looked at me, and as I started to my feet, I asked, 'High Street?' 'No, thank you,' he answered, 'not yet.'

"I inquired the way of a passer-by, and as he directed me he said, 'Thank you, good afternoon.' This was really making me dizzy, and my mind reverted to an entertaining habit of my childhood, when I would repeat the same word over and over until it lost all meaning to my brain.

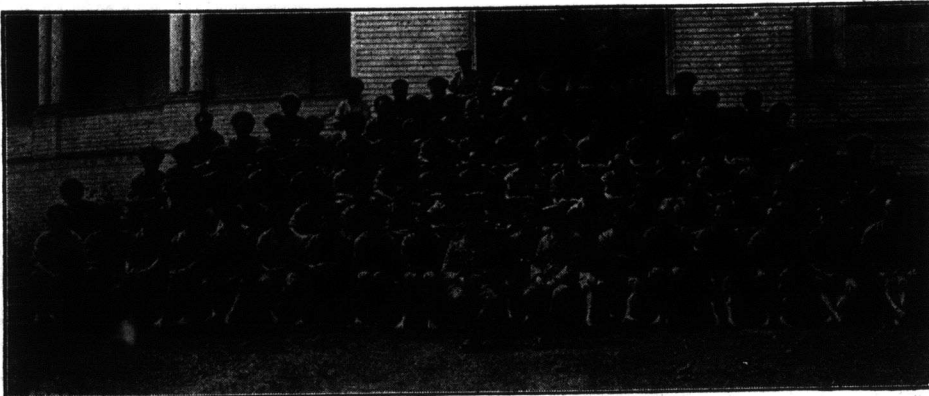
"As I stepped out of the creeping thing which they call a 'lift' over there, the elevator boy fixed me with a penetrating eye. 'Thank you!' he said softly, and I hastened onward.

"In the shops it was horrible. Entering a draper's the tall man in a frock coat who stood by the door would pounce on me and thank me before I could possibly ask for what I wanted to buy. I don't know what I was being thanked for much of the time, but those two words were thrown at me so often that it finally got on my nerves, and I felt like shouting, 'Don't—don't say it!'

"The salesgirl 'thanked' me before I made my purchase, and 'thanked' me afterward; the cash boy 'thanked' me as he passed me by; and if, as I hurried out, I collided with any one walking down the narrow aisle, I might beg their pardon in the clearest tones, yet ever the answer given to me was 'Thank you!'

"It was beyond analysis or explanation, and questioning was utterly of no avail. Once or twice I ventured to inquire as to the wherefore of the thing, but the answer made me shudder, and caused me to forbear. 'It has always been the custom, thank you!' And coming back across the sea I found relief at home, but sometimes even yet I toss feverishly in my sleep, and waking with a start, 'I think I hear, as if from some dim echo, 'Thank you!'

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.



200 Pacificans taken at Vancouver on the way to France from Fiji Island



Close up view of Britain's strangest soldiers

Vancouver, British Columbia. From here this strange looking little army marched to Hastings Park military encampment, there to wait a couple of days for a military train to carry them to Halifax and thence to the battle front.

No stranger sight ever greeted the eyes of the Canadian people, already sated with scenes of warlike character, than this corps of men, the first of several thousands yet to come. But a scant twenty-five years ago these people were what the world calls savages, though a more kindly and hospitable people it would be hard to find.

The men came from various of the 225 islands that make up the group in the South Pacific, though the most of them were recruited on the principal islands Viti Levu (Greater Fiji) and Vanua Levu (Great Land), both of which are about three hundred miles in circumference. The natives belong to the Papuan race, and are a powerfully built and striking race of men as will be seen from the photo of them on the march.

Until 1874, the islands, of which only eighty are largely inhabited, were ruled by a native king. In that year the islands were formally taken over by Great Britain, with their population estimated at 120,000.

About a year and a half after the war broke out, so eager were so many of the natives to fight for Great Britain, that recruiting was begun, and the party of 200 who arrived at the end of June in Vancouver are the first of a little army, whose exact number the censorship does not now permit of making known, but which will run likely into several thous-

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The Young Man and His Problem

By Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Think Nationally



Prof. W. F. Osborne, Writer of this page

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." This is true in a hundred ways; but the present is a good time to emphasize the national application of the maxim. A man is as big or as small as the ideas that he as a matter of habit entertains. Let the young men of the West think increasingly henceforth, not as Manitobans, not as men of Saskatchewan, or of Alberta merely or chiefly, but in terms of Canada. We have just completed the first half-century of Confederation. The celebration of that anniversary augurs well for the future. Let us speak the language of a new unity and solidarity. National consciousness supplements the capacity of the individual. The old Roman citizen, as he pronounced the formula, "I am a Roman citizen," felt that he was himself, plus something that enlarged and glorified him. There is something inspiring about collective consciousness. Let us deposit a high national objective in the evolution of our corporate character, and move toward it majestically.

Learn to Know Canada

Knowledge is the antidote, not only to simply ignorance, but to provincialism and division. There is too much unawareness in the respective provinces of Canada concerning the attractions and resources of sections of the Dominion other than our own. The young men of Western Canada should plan to travel in and study their own country. I have recently visited the three Atlantic provinces of our Confederation. I am at once charmed with their beauty, and shocked at my own ignorance, hitherto, regarding them. Learn to know your own country before you give yourself the trouble of going far afield. Why should the school teachers of Western Canada not spend some of their holidays in the East? It is surely the duty of a Canadian teacher to know the beauties of the valley of the St. John or intimate charms of the Annapolis valley before she ventures so far afield as the Yosemite valley which, after all, is in another country.

The Status of Education

No country can be great unless it magnifies education. Let us preach the gospel of a great, new educational campaign in Canada. The Departments of Education are doing well, but let us back them up by a spirited public opinion. For the next quarter of a century education should be regarded as the chief concern of this country. The pulpit, the press and the school are the great hopes of the nation. Let us have a vital pulpit. Let us have a disinterested press, let us have a school system recognized as the great national engine. Glorify, that is, respect the teacher. Make him or her believe, if necessary, against their own will, that they are among the most important instrumentalities in the community. Exalt their status. Increase their salaries. Make the job in every sense worth a man's while. The schools of Canada in their hundreds of thousands of children, contain enough potential material to transform Canada in a time surprisingly short. Let our readers be packed with the noblest material that can be rifled from the great literature of the world. Energise the children of Canada with a great collective aspiration. See to it that our histories are nobly conceived and written so as to signalise the superb ethical equalities of our race.

Canadian History

The completion of a half-century of our noble Confederation should see a new interest in the story of our national and provincial beginnings. Historical societies in all the provinces of Canada should take on a new lease of life. In too many instances they are asleep. Let the men of each province ransack the stories of the beginnings of our life. How much do the children of Western Canada know of the gallant

achievements of the United Empire Loyalists? There is no finer chapter anywhere than the record of the fidelity of these men and women of British institutions. Take the history of the Selkirk settlement. The ordinary citizen of Manitoba leaves this sleeping in the oblivion of the past. Let us revive these things, and energise the life of the present with the memory of the past. I make no apology for adopting this hortatory tone. I am preaching to myself as well as to those whom I address. Let us all preach and practise the gospel of a great national evangel under the aegis of Britain.

Let Young Canadians Read

There is no excuse for anyone's being ignorant today. A man does not need to go to a university to be well informed. And this not only with respect to current happenings but to world history. Canada imperatively requires an informed electorate. There can be no substitute for solid information. Let us make ourselves a nation of readers. Hardly any of us know what we could accomplish if we properly utilised our spare time. Canada is a land of special avocations. The fishermen of the coasts of Nova Scotia toil in the summer, and many of them "lie up" in the winter. The farmers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick frequently put much of their faith in apples, or hay, or potatoes, and have large portions of the year when they are relatively free. The farmer of the West, in many instances, has a feverous summer and an easy winter. Let there be a new epoch of solid reading. Great libraries, like Everyman's and The Home University Library, to mention no others, place within easy reach the masterpieces of the world and the repositories of world-knowledge in cheap, compendious

Unsunned Crypts

In a book by Dr. E. J. Dillon on "Why Italy left the Triple Alliance" I came the other day on a great phrase: "the unsunned crypts of European diplomacy." Have you ever been in the crypt of an ancient cathedral? How damp, how dark, how often well-nigh noisome? What is the trouble? The sun is not there. What is the sun in diplomacy? The free thought and aspiration of the people. A group of diplomatists from one nation visit the capital of another country. Too often they have represented one class only. They draw up a treaty, political, military, or economic—perhaps all three. To this public or semi-public convention is added a secret rider—perhaps entered into by two irresponsible sovereigns, or by foreign ministers of the Metternich, Talleyrand, or Bismarck type. Often years elapse before the peoples of the two countries learn of the existence, or terms of these private arrangements. Hence crypts, hence unsunned depths, hence subterranean dungeons of virtually pagan, because wholly selfish, diplomacy. All this must pass with the new order of things, made essential by the blood and treasure now being rightly lavished. The world must, truly, be made safe for democracy. The cure for the weaknesses of democracy is more democracy.

Great Personalities

There is nothing more quickening than contact with great personalities. If you do not realize this, read Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes" and Emerson's Essays on "Representative Men." Read about great men, and do your own thinking. Read Emerson's speech on "The American Scholar," and listen to him while he says that books, after all, should be simply the occupation of our leisure, of our fallow moments. "Plato and Aristotle wrote the books that have made them famous, while they themselves were simply young men in libraries." They did not hope to be put on a pedestal, though it is not wrong to put them there. Realize the regality of your own mind. Realize that in itself is the potential parent of great things. But to revert. Contact with great personalities operates as a tonic on your own. In this connection the war offers a great opportunity. The world tumult has thrown to the surface great dynamic personal forces—Venizelos in Greece, Kerensky in Russia, Lloyd George in Britain. The market swarms with vivid pictures



More than one hundred Red Cross nurses, twenty-seven physicians and surgeons, and one hundred and sixty other college men, the contribution of Johns Hopkins Medical School to war aid, reached New York for service abroad. With a few exceptions the nurses are Johns Hopkins graduates and the physicians members of the Johns Hopkins staff. When or whither they are going is forbidden information, but they are permitted to say that they form one of the first large hospital units to be put in the foreign field by this country.

form. Read on a given subject, like Democracy, Liberalism, Conservatism and so on, not just one book, but three, or four, or five. A special feature of The Home University Library is a Bibliography in each volume. This shows you what the classics on each subject are. Why should the young citizens of Western Canada be ignorant of Mills' Essay on "Liberty," of Milton's "Aeropagittica," of Hobb's "Leviathan," of Machiavelli's "Prince?" An informed citizenship is one of the things we need. Tennyson sings of "a universal culture for the crowd." To-day that is within the crowd's cheap and easy reach.

British Citizenship

Let us realize vividly the advantages of our great British citizenship. Participation in it means no curtailment of Canadian national potentiality. Sharing in British solidarity, in the spirit of autonomy, we shall be admitted to a great world citizenship. Emerging from this war, in alliance, formal or implicit, with the United States and with all the progressive democracies, the British Empire will be pledged to world peace and to social evolution. Let Canadians really throw themselves into the tasks of British citizenship. Let us institute in our universities chairs in government, in trade, in diplomacy and the history of it. Let our young men make themselves experts in government and allied subjects. Let us fit men for consular and other services. Let us venture out as Canadians into the great constructive task of British world governance. Let us have an empire vitalised by a great spiritual and practical comradeship. These are the bonds which, operating freely, will keep the British race a unit.

of these men. I have just finished one by Crawford Price on "Venizelos and the Great War." Study the Balkan question as handled by Dillon and others. Study the aspirations and the vast efforts of Russia. Let us make ourselves citizens of the world by solid knowledge. We can make the plains of Western Canada the scene of sound political and social experiments in government if we give ourselves a great background of historical knowledge. There are no terrors in Democracy if its attempts are presided over by intelligence.

Afraid? Eh!

What are you afraid of? Do you expect to win in the game of life without a venture? Are you satisfied to remain just exactly where you are, for lack of a little courage? Plunge—even though the waters be cold. Test your strength. Try your hand. Risk an experiment. Better have folks laugh over you than loved ones weep over you. Remember that failure is the vestibule of success. "Three failures make one success." "A faint heart never won a fair lady." From The Bookman we clip:— "Carlyle came up from Ecclefechan to attend Edinburgh University when he was scarcely fourteen years of age, and with a companion, Tom Small, journeyed the entire distance on foot. They secured a clean-looking and cheap lodging in Simon Square, a poor neighborhood on the south side of Edinburgh, off Nicholson street. After residing in various parts of the old town, Carlyle removed in 1821 to better quarters, and the most interesting of his various abodes in Edinburgh was at 1, Moray street (now Spey street), Leith Walk. Here he commenced his literary work in earnest, and began to regard life from a brighter standpoint."

Classified Page for the People's Wants

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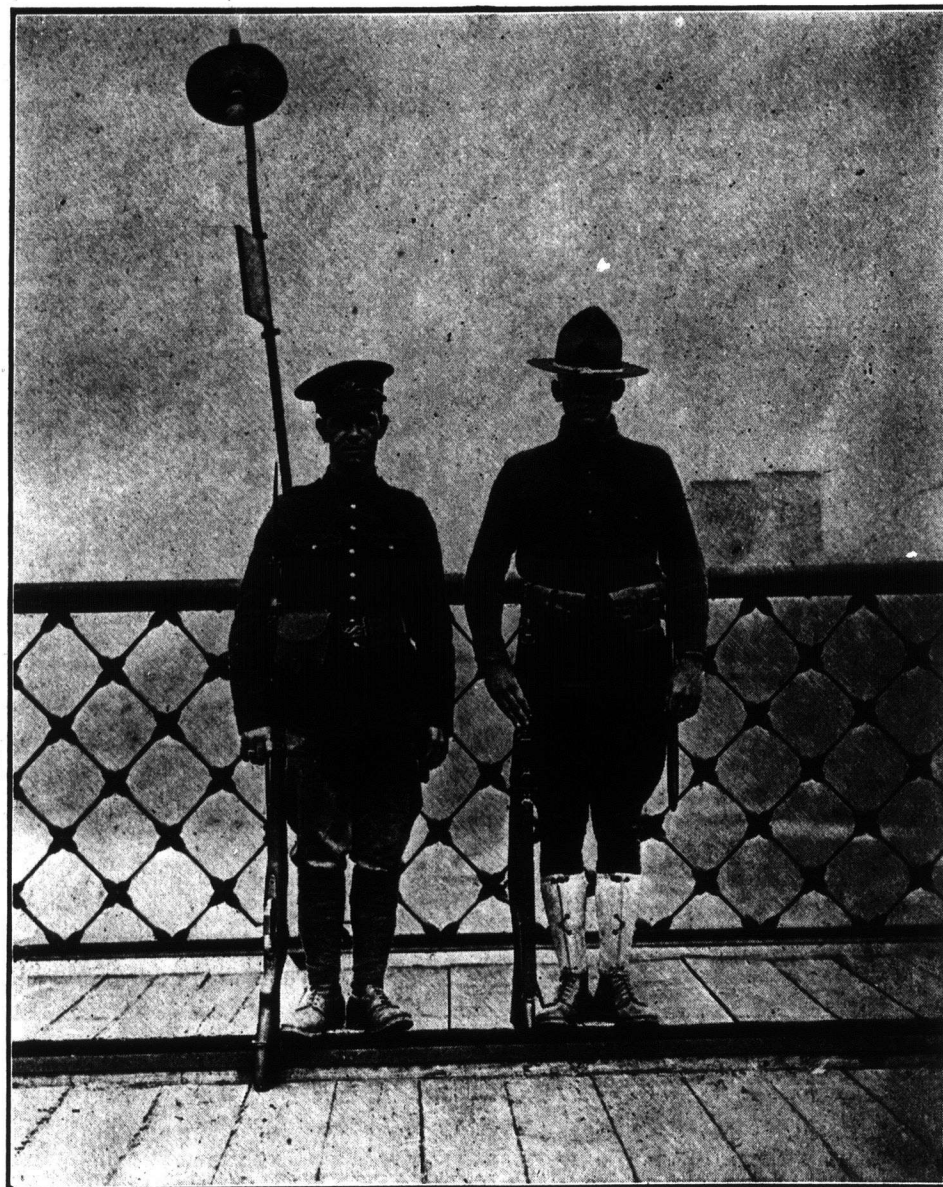
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A British and an American soldier guarding the International Bridge, at the boundary line between the United States and Canada. The bridge crosses at Niagara Falls. The photo was taken recently. The picture gives an opportunity to note the difference between the British and American uniforms.

Canada's Railway Problem

All thoughtful Canadians are giving consideration to the peculiar railway situation which has arisen in Canada; and the problem associated with it. Of the serious nature of the situation there is no question, but concerning its solution there is, as yet, no great unanimity of opinion. Unanimity, however, will doubtless come with discussion, and there are signs that the problem is being seriously discussed in many quarters.

One of the most illuminating addresses on Canada's railway problem and its solution was delivered before the Canadian Society of Engineers on Jan. 18th, by Mr. W. F. Tye, a member of that society, and an acute student of railway affairs. "The Canadian railway problem," said Mr. Tye, "is mainly connected with the Transcontinental railways. The Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Companies have reached a point where it is not possible for them to pay their fixed charges, or to finance their obligations. As the various Canadian Governments have guaranteed the greater portion of the bonds sold to provide money for their construction, it

is necessary for the Government to either take them over, very largely aid the companies, or find some other method of solving their difficulties. The National Transcontinental, built and operated by the Government, does not earn operating expenses, let alone fixed charges."

Mr. Tye proceeded to analyze the finances of the different roads, concluding, "From the foregoing it will be seen that the Canadian Pacific has been a great financial success. The Grand Trunk has been a moderate financial success. The Canadian Northern has been a financial failure, and the Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Intercolonial have been great financial failures. The problem which now confronts Canada is to find a remedy for the unsatisfactory state of affairs shown by all the roads, except the Canadian Pacific."

Four remedies have been considered, which Mr. Tye enumerated as follows:

- 1st. Transferring the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk Pacific and the Transcontinental to the Canadian Pacific.
- 2nd. Government ownership of some, or all, of these railways.

finance such consolidation should be formed to take them over. In this new company the Government should have a 40 per cent interest, should own 40 per cent of the stock, furnish 40 per cent of the money, have 40 per cent of the directorate, should have an active voice in the policy, but should not have any say in the actual management of the road.

"This would give the Government a direct voice in the policy of the road, would enable it to mould its future, and would give all the benefits, without any of the evils, of Government ownership.

"At present there is only one place, New York, where the bulk of the money for such an enterprise could be secured but there seems to be no reason why at least 11 or 12 per cent should not be raised by private capital in Canada. With 40 per cent held by the Government, and at least 11 or 12 per cent by private Canadian capital, the actual control would be in Canadian hands.

"If such a combination were made the roads should be connected in several places. The most important would be, in Northern Ontario, at some point east of Lake Nepigon, probably from the north end of Long Lake on the Canadian Northern to a point near Titania on the Transcontinental. This connection would give the shortest and most direct route from Winnipeg to Montreal and Toronto. They would also have to be connected at the Yellowhead Pass, where they are side by side; at Montreal; at some point, say Napanee, on the lines between Toronto and Ottawa, and, no doubt, at many points on the prairie."

"Such a combination would have a first-class system in Ontario and the East, reaching every important centre; a main line to Chicago, with good local branches in Michigan; a main line to Portland (the natural winter port of Canada); the shortest line to St. John and Halifax (the two Canadian winter ports); a good connection with the New England States by way of the Central Vermont; a very good local system in the prairie provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—and, by far, the best line across the mountains connecting Pacific ports with the prairie provinces."

Mr. Tye concluded his address with the following thoughtful remarks:

"When the present railway problem be settled Canada should once and forever abandon the policy of bonusing railway construction. The Dominion statistics for the year ended June 30th, 1915, show that Canada, the provinces and the municipalities have paid to the railways, by way of subsidies, cost of lines built and turned over to the company, and by subscription to their shares, \$204,053,862; have loaned them \$35,178,061; have purchased \$33,116,000 of their bonds; have granted them lands to the extent of 43,929,312 acres; have authorized guarantees to the extent of \$409,869,165, of which the bonds have been executed to the extent of \$350,622,918 and the guarantees earned to the extent of \$273,642,663.

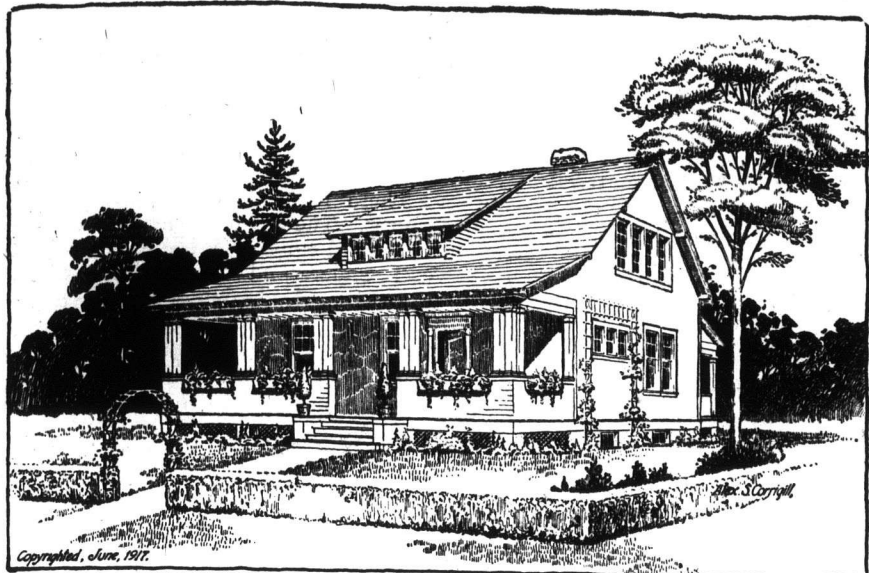
"After the granting of this stupendous aid to the railways, the result is, there is only one really successful road in Canada, the Canadian Pacific. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern are practically bankrupt. It costs the roads, owned and operated by the Dominion, \$200 to \$220 to earn \$100; and though practically all of the arable land in the public domain of the Northwest has been alienated, not 15 per cent has been settled and improved, and the grain produced comes from an acreage of less than 10 per cent of this arable land.

"Surely it is time Canadians should stop and consider whether they are drifting, and demand a sharp reversal of a railway policy that has led to such unfortunate results."

Oatmeal Drink—Some are fond of oatmeal water. It is made by soaking oatmeal in water until the fine floury particles are dissolved. The coarse part is removed, the fine is stirred into the liquid, and makes a milky fluid, which is very good and refreshing. One may use sugar if wanted, but it is more delicate without. A little lemon juice or orange makes it very nice.

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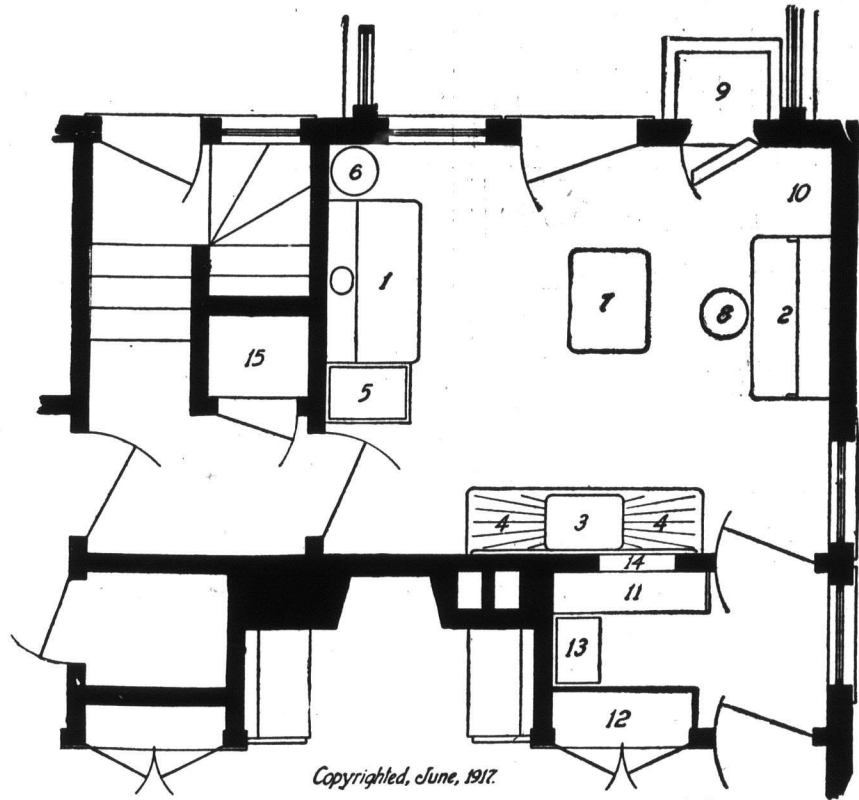
The accompanying illustrations show a perspective view of the first and second floor plans and the kitchen layout of the M.A.C., "Farm House B."

The drawing of the exterior gives an excellent idea of the appearance of this house. Of moderate size, 28 1/2 feet by 35, feet it has simple lines, and does not appear as if it had been taken from a row of city houses. The wide verandah across the entire front, together with the low walls and broad stretches of roof will give this house a massive appearance which will belie its actual size.

The screened verandah, 10 feet by 35 feet is large enough to serve as an outdoor living room. Opening directly off the verandah is the living and drawing room (13 feet by 22 feet 6 inches), a well-

of one window, and the sink and draining board are just across the doorway from the other. The wood-box and range-boiler are shown close to the range, but some might prefer their positions reversed in order that the fuel might be replenished from the back porch. Another feature of this kitchen is the built-in refrigerator, which is iced from the outside.

The remainder of the ground floor is given over to two bedrooms, a bathroom and the stairs. The stair to the second storey is between the bedrooms, the space beneath the steps and half landing being utilized for two closets. This is a somewhat novel arrangement, as there is no loss of space above these closets, as is usually the case. The cellar stair is between the kitchen and bathroom



PLAN SHOWING LAYOUT OF KITCHEN

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Range | 6. Hot water tank | 11. Shelving |
| 2. Cabinet | 7. Movable small table | 12. Built-in Buffet |
| 3. Sink | 8. Adjustable stool | 13. Dumb waiter |
| 4. Drain boards | 9. Refrigerator | 14. Small door |
| 5. Fuel | 10. Dinner wagon | 15. Closet with shelves |

designed room free from the objectionable multiplicity of doors which so often take up nearly all the wall space. Opposite the outside door is the fireplace with built-in seats, bookcase, and buffet. At either end of the room on the fireplace side are the two inside doors, one opening into the pass-pantry, and the other into a small hall off which is a handy closet for wraps.

The pass-pantry though small (4 feet by 7 feet) is convenient, provision being made for a dumb waiter, and a small door communicating with the draining board of the sink overcomes unnecessary carrying of dishes and other utensils from the kitchen to their places in the pantry.

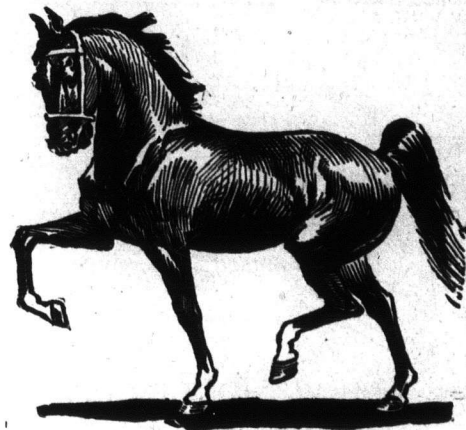
The kitchen, of which an enlarged layout is shown, is well lighted, and ventilated by two windows in opposite corners. The range is placed directly in the light

opening off the passage from the kitchen to the hall. A grade entrance to these stairs is also provided, making a very convenient cellar stair.

The second storey consists of two large bedrooms, a bathroom, store room under the eaves, and two sleeping porches which are a part of the building and could be used as regular bedroom if desired. They communicate with the two large bedrooms and would make room for harvest or other temporary help.

Working drawings, showing the front and two side elevations, sectional elevations, exterior and interior details (7 sheets 14 by 24 inches), together with specifications and a bill of material, can be had by writing the Department of Agricultural Engineering, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg. This material is sold at a nominal price, with no

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton
 Near Nature

This is the time of year when most girls would like to spend a few weeks in the country. Those who live there are most fortunate, indeed, for when the thermometer plays tag with the sun the whole world longs to be near the breath of Nature. When one must stay in the city, it is well to get as near the trees and streams as possible in mind. Fortunately, our poets have left us a world of wealth in pictures of field and forest and stream and for one who wishes genuine recreation in mind a little while every day among the poets is most satisfying.

Would our girl reader wish to get very near the heart of Nature? One poem that makes us feel the very pulse of forest, field and stream is Hiawatha. Over and over again I read this poem to my children, for with the help of their lively imagination Hiawatha takes us in his canoe to the most wonderful

As a red leaf in the autumn
 Falls and floats upon the water,
 Falls and sinks into its bosom."

Again—
 "Yes it is the sun descending,
 Sinking down into the water;
 All the sky is stained with purple,
 All the water flushed with crimson!"

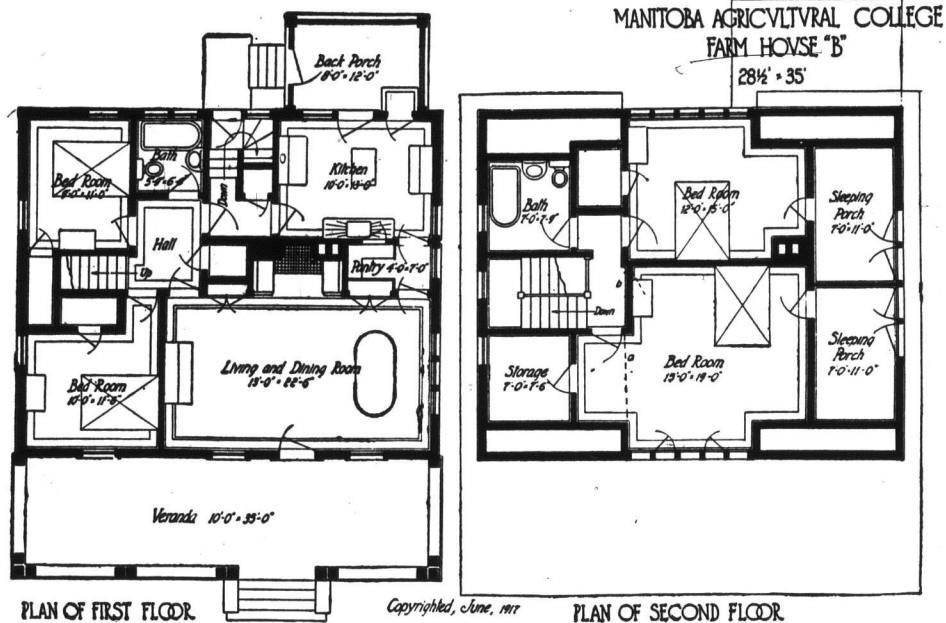
There is a full page describing this sunset. The reader who appreciates our wonderful sunsets in the great Northwest will understand these descriptions in Hiawatha.

Would you know how the Indian builds his canoe? There is a perfect description in Hiawatha. My little girl felt she could build it herself after I read the story.

"All the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily."

Then there is the beautiful legend of the woodpecker that guided Hiawatha in the slaying of the monster who sent disease through the land:

"Then the grateful Hiawatha
 Called the mama, the woodpecker,
 From his perch among the branches
 Of the melancholy pine tree,
 And, in honor of his service,
 Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
 On the little head of mama;
 Even to this day he wears it,



treasures in Nature. Besides Hiawatha is such a wonderful fellow—so strong and mighty and good. Even though he is the super-human—a guiding spirit to the Indian mind—it is healthy for us to know him, too. He chose for his friends those of great strength—he went forth to conquer. I like him for that. Of course he always felt the presence of the Great Spirit of the Indians.

Fulllest usefulness is not possible without fullest development. One who has no ambition and no ideals will be a failure in any calling. How we respect Hiawatha! Why? Respect is a consequence of appreciation. One cannot ask for it at all unless one has done something to deserve it.

A girl should think of herself as having a high calling for which she must keep herself pure and strong, unspotted and without weakness.

Beauty's cosmetic must be applied to the brain—then shall the face charm with soulful fascination.

Let me give a few pictures from Hiawatha. Even though we have read them—diamonds are always new. When Hiawatha asks his grandmother, Nokomis, about the rainbow, this is her explanation:

"Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;

All the wild flowers of the forest,
 All the lilies of the prairie,
 When on earth they fade and perish,
 Blossom in that heaven above us."

Do you know whenever I see a rainbow I like to think of the Indian's explanation of it? Then there are wonderful pictures of sunset all through the poem.

"Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
 Lengthened over field and forest,
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
 Floating on the waters westward,

Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
 As a symbol of his service."

The introduction includes an explanation of the poem to all who wish to read it:

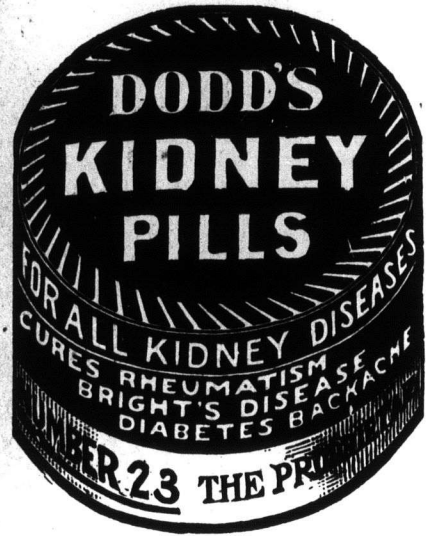
"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe, that in all ages
 Every human heart is human,
 That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
 And are lifted up and strengthened;
 Listen to this simple story,
 To this song of Hiawatha!"

I trust every girl is familiar, too, with those beautiful poems by our own Indian poet—Pauline Johnston. One time I reviewed in this department some of her legends and one of our girl readers sent me post cards of pictures of these legends—a lovely appreciation.

A Canadian Heroine

She sat across the aisle from me on the train from Brandon to Winnipeg. Her face was beautiful in the strength of womanly power. I could not keep my eyes away from her. I wanted to know her. Every feature indicated a personality that had created a home with an atmosphere of joy and restfulness—a happy, wholesome place, peaceful and serene, where the husband could relax and lay down the burden of work, and where the children must have found such happiness that there was no temptation from outside dangerous pleasures so fascinating as the evening at home with this mother.

She was knitting socks—big, long, comfortable socks for some brave lad in the trenches. She knitted and thought and



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looked out of the window between each change of the long needle. Then she said this to a passenger in the chair near.

"You know I often think of the days when we pioneered—when I lived out, in the wilds—when we got our mail once a year and we paid a dollar for every letter."

A sense of humor flashed across her face as she continued:

"One time we paid a dollar for a letter that happened to be a dun for a nephew in Toronto. Again we paid two dollars for two letters that were circulars. I remember we paid ten dollars for our letters that day." Then she added, thoughtfully, "We women faced much in those days but I was happy. I was so satisfied with my husband that nothing mattered."

When I heard her say this, I wished that every girl in this land could see that face and hear her speak—she is one of our nation's heroines. I do not know her name, but she is a heroine every inch of her. I heard her refer to her soldier boy over "at the front." Then when she stepped off the train in Winnipeg, a splendid big officer met her. She was the mother of men who wear the king's uniform—brave hearts do men inherit from women like this woman, who was so satisfied with her husband that nothing mattered.

A Secret

For a few months I have had a little secret that I have wanted to tell the girls in the country. I simply cannot keep it any longer. Last winter the girls from the agricultural college played basketball against the city girls in the city college. Of course when the country girls began they were reminded of cabbage heads, onions, carrots and so on, but those girls "played ball" and they played it well from the start. The city girls lost their vegetable vocabulary when they awakened to their defeat. I think no one was more interested in that season's basketball than I was. I wanted those agricultural girls to win. Finally the date came for the last game and this time the Agricultural boys attended to cheer the girls, and it was not long till the city girls decided to drop all reference to garden terms. That was some game and the Agricultural College girls came out first. That fine group of splendid girls won. I had to tell our girl readers. I simply thought it too good to keep.

Where Girls Grow

It is strange that there are so many books on woman's work, books for mothers, reams of material for the farm woman, but so little for the country girl, the girl who has no superior. I have searched through libraries and through book stores for material just for the country girl and thus far have found only one book written especially for the country girl. Girls in all other walks of life have books written for them. May this not be one reason that so many have joined what someone has called, "the funeral procession of the nation" cityward.

It is unsatisfied longings and aspirations that create discontent in their minds. The agricultural colleges have heard their cry and are fast fulfilling their desires and in a few years a great wide, wonderful life will be opened to them. They are catching the glimpse now through teachers and demonstrators that will mean a nation's salvation.

From the great rural reserve the initiating force of sane judgment and spiritual power shall reform every form of social poison. The rural environment fosters clear vision, clear ideals, clear moral strength.

Money spent on clothes ends in clothes. Money spent on good food, helpful pictures and inspiring books, education and music brings a long train of other valuable assets with it.

In my library of women's work I am astonished at the number of great leaders who were born in the country.

If a country prospers it is because the profession of agriculture is the backbone of the national life. In this book I find these questions concerning the country girl.

"And the daughter? While that ship comes slowly in that is to bring something comforting to her mother, while her father is giving the farm the benefit of his fast accumulating scientific

information and lessening the daily labor by up-to-date machinery, what is happening to the daughter? Is she having her share of content? Has she the chance to grow and fill full the possible round of her own personal development? Is the country girl happy on the farm? Or is she in her heart dissatisfied? Is she depressed? Is her face too old for her years? Is she round-shouldered and heavy of step? Is she listless, suspicious and sensitive? Or is she full of spirit and enthusiasm, a perfect dynamo of energy? Is she the life of the home with a word and a joke for everybody? Is she full of love and attention toward each member of the family, and endless in her devices for their comfort and entertainment? Is she a marvel at her work? Is she making the entire household happier for her being there?

This rural question is the most vital question concerning girls to-day. If the failure of the daughter's joy and usefulness threatens the farm home, then does the welfare of the country depend upon her. The farm will be weakened if it lacks the co-operation of the daughter. The happiness that comes through normal growth must be hers in order that she may fulfill her mission. The young woman on the farm must grow up with the idea that she is essential to the progress of country life, and therefore of the national life, and that a career is before her the same as that of her professional city sister. This purpose makes her life worth while.

Then has the daughter an opportunity to develop all her powers that Nature has given her? I asked some girls at the Agricultural College last year this question: "You have so much to work with here—does it make you discouraged about going home to do the work without all of these helps?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed one quickly, "I can hardly wait until I get home to make use of so many things that I have neglected. We learn to make our home helps here."

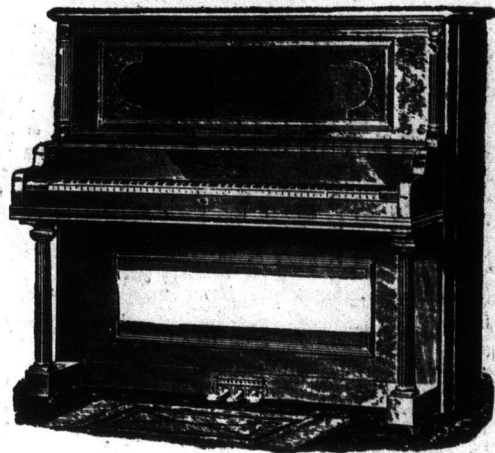
The girls all seemed eager to use their knowledge in their country homes. One girl who has made splendid record in winning prizes in butter making, said she was anxious to get home for she wears overalls all summer and saves her father a hired man. "Yes," her mother proudly added, "she goes around as soon as she reaches the farm and hugs and kisses every cow on the place. They are all her friends."

I am enthusiastic over this wonderful work of our agricultural colleges because I feel that they are solving the greatest problem of our girl life to-day. They are making the girl happy on the farm. The daughters in the homes of to-day are the home-makers of to-morrow; if they are estranged irrecoverably from the country home, what is to become of the rural community to-morrow?

The average girl on the farm is thoughtful, well balanced, dignified. "The quietness of the country permits of a greater spiritual and mental growth, with its abundance of life, plant and animal, which challenges the mind to discover its secrets," says one girl. She furthermore says: "The rocks and streams which call out to one for study and discovery, the beauties of the sunrise, the clouds, the sunset, the moonlight, and the far-off stars—these call to our spirits to penetrate their mystery and lift up our souls to those levels above the commonplace where we commune with the Maker; the hills and the wide expanses make us reverent and teach us to walk patiently; the clean, sweet air gives us health and strength of body and soul, and the freedom from restraining by formalities and conventionalities permits the development of a person in a sane and natural way."

I have known city girls to go to the country and speak in a patronizing manner to country girls and boys—those honest manly fellows who are clean all the way through. When I hear a city girl regard the country girl and boy with tolerant pity, I think, "My girl, the simplest things about Nature which you do not know would fill many a book."

One woman who has talked with many country girls says this: "I gain this impression—like a composite photograph, they reveal a personality of even-tempered voice, self control with a dynamic element of force that will compel a hearing from the outside world for they will be the life leaders of the future."



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Work for Busy Fingers

Child's Scarf, Muff and Cap

Materials—White 3 ply Saxony yarn and colored yarn for the trimmings. For the scarf, make 43 ch sts, 1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, *2 d c into the next st, 1 d c into each of the next 4 sts, 1 ch st, skip 1 st, 1 d c into each of the next 4 sts, repeat *1 d c at end, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second row—1 d c into 2nd d c, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, *2 d c, 1 ch st, 2 d c, all between the 2 d c in 1 st of previous row, 1 d c into each of the next 3 sts, 1 ch st, 1 d c, skip 4 sts, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, repeat *, make 5 rows of white, 3 rows of color, 32 inches of white, 3 rows of color and 5 rows of white.

For the fringe, fasten white, make 16 ch sts, catch to scarf with 2 s c, repeat making 5 loops to each point, 20 loops for each end.

For the muff, make 40 ch sts, *1 s c, skip 1 st, 5 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 1 st, forms 1 fan, make 9 fans for a row, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second row—* 5 d c, over s c, 2 ch sts, 1 s c over ch of 1st row, repeat * this forms the fans which turn both ways, repeat for 20 inches, fasten color, make 2 rows of fans at each side, then of white 3 rows of fans, break yarn.

For the sides of muff, of white make 6 1/2 inches of ch sts, join forming a circle.

First row—S c to cover circle.

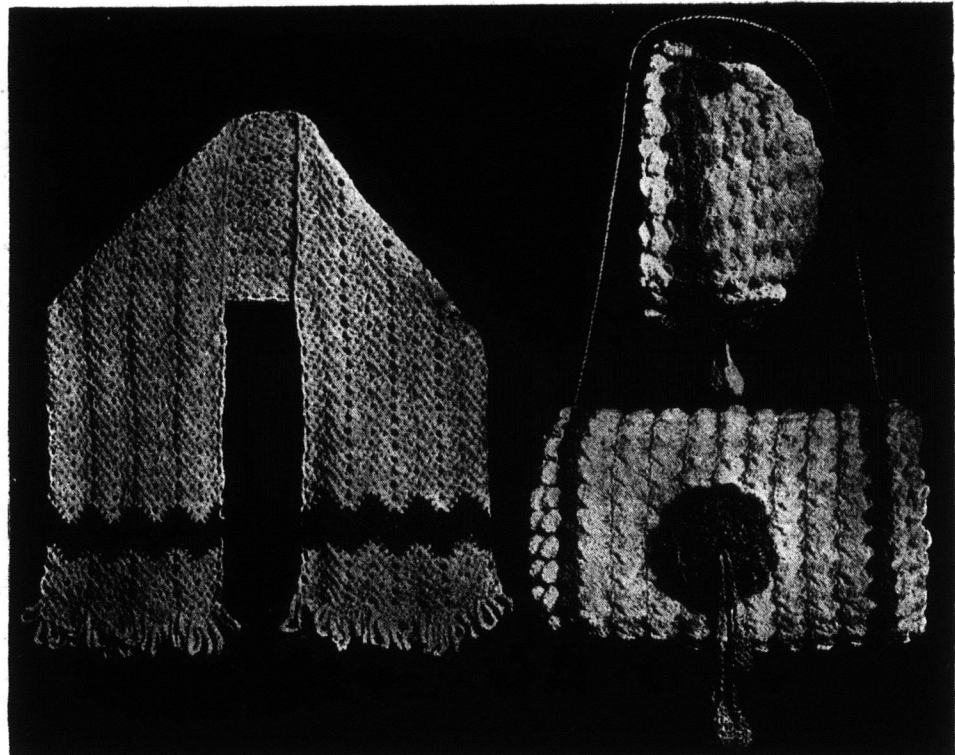
2 ds, ** 1 p, 1 ds, repeat ** for 6 p, 2 ds, r, 3 ds, join to 1st p, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, close, repeat * until you have 4 ch, 5 r, join last r to 1st, p of 1st r, ch 3 ds, * 1 p, 2 ds, repeat * until you have 8 p, 3 ds, complete pattern, repeat from 1st * connecting each figure to preceding one by 2 center p.

No. 2—For Towels or Pillow Cases. Material: No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton.

Ch, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, r, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, ch, 5 ds, r, 3 ds, join to p of 1st r, * 2 ds, 1 p, repeat * for 5 p, 3 ds, close, repeat for 2 r, forming a clover leaf (c 1) ch, 5 ds, repeat 1st r, ch, 5 ds, join to p before 1st r, 10 ds, join to 1st ds, 5 ds, * 1 p, 2 ds, repeat * for 4 p, 5 ds, 1 p, 5 ds, complete long ch, r, c 1, join 3rd p of 1st c 1, to 10th ds before the 3 p of long ch, continue with c 1, join 2nd p of 2nd r of c 1, to p of small r, complete c 1, ch, 5 ds, join to opposite p, 5 ds, * 1 p, 2 ds, repeat for 3 p, 5 ds, 1 p, 5 ds, join to 3rd p of last c 1, ch, 5 ds, 1 p, 5 ds, repeat * completing pattern for 1/2 the width, make the length required, start as before join c 1, between c 1. This can be used as either insertion or edge.

No. 3—For Towels or Pillow Cases. Material: No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton.

The working model is so plain and the



Second row—* 1 d c into each of the first 2 sts, 2 d c into next st, repeat *.

Third row—* 1 d c into each of first 3 sts, 2 d c into next st, repeat *.

Fourth row—* 1 d c into each of first 4 sts, 2 d c into next 1 st, repeat *, break yarn, fasten color, 1 row of fans, break yarn, fasten white, 5 ch sts, 1 s c into s c of color, repeat.

Next row, 6 d c over each loop. Next row, 1 d c into each st for 2 rows. Fasten with s c, 3 ch sts, between to the body of muff. Repeat for opposite side.

For the rose, make 10 ch sts, join forming a circle.

First row—1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c, form a petal, make 4 petals.

Second row—4 ch sts, form a loop, make 6 loops.

Third row—Make 6 petals.

Fourth row—Make 7 loops.

Fifth row—Make 7 petals.

Sixth row—Make 12 loops.

Seventh row—Make 12 petals, of 1 s c, 9 d c for each petal.

Four cords and tassels finish the rose.

Make cords of ch sts, from 3 1/2 inches to 6 inches long.

Tassels, 3 ch sts, join, 6 s c over ch, repeat for 4 rows, fill solid with cotton and decrease to ch.

For the cap, make 12 fans, repeat until you have 20 inches, sl st, the sides together, break yarn, fasten color, make 4 rows of fans around the entire cap, one box plait at the back, finish with large rose of color, small white rose at front. Tassels of contrasting color.

number of sts so similar to No. 2, it can easily be copied from the illustration.

No. 4—For Pillow Cases and Sheet to match. Material: No. 10 mercerized crochet cotton.

R, * 2 ds, 1 p, repeat * for 8 p, close, * r, ** 5 ds, 1 p, repeat ** for 3 p, 5 ds, close, join to p of 1st r, repeat * for 8 r, complete wheel, break thread. Make 2nd wheel, join to 1st wheel by 2 p. Continue for 2nd row also. If finer thread is used, make 3 rows of wheels.

Every bank and every money order post office sells War Savings Certificates. The National Service Board in its thrift and saving campaign has made it possible for every individual to do a war work which will help himself as well as helping the man at the front. Money is needed for the prosecution of the war. The Government is raising that money through its War Savings Certificates. They are issued in three amounts. They bear interest at over five per cent. They are redeemable at the end of three years or the purchaser can secure his money back at any time plus the interest on his investment. The certificates are registered at Ottawa. They cannot be lost. The purchaser is protected by the Government and assured of a splendid return on his money. By investing his money, he is helping in the mobilization of the financial resources of the country which is essential if victory is to be secured. He is lending his resources to Canada-at-home, where the most profitable national use can be made of them. Patriotism and good business demand the investment of your money in Government certificates. F-3.

Tatting Edges for Towels and Pillow Cases

No. 1—For Guest Towels. Material: No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton.

R, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, 1 p, 3 ds, close, * ch,

The Home Doctor

Truth at Last About Flesh Eaters and Vegetarians

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

Man is a carnivorous production. He must have meals, at least one meal a day; he cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction, but like the shark and tiger, must have prey. Although his anatomical construction bears vegetables, in a grumbling way, your laboring people think beyond all question, beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.

There is much truth as well as poetry, more reason than rhyme in this. Hot footed in their disputations upon the pros and cons, merits and demerits of beef versus beans, usually the doubting Thomases end up in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley and hold that much may be said on both sides.

Cabbages and kings, vegetables and meat, ferns and flowers each have their advocates biased and unbiased. They come into court with soiled as well as clean hands. They come like the blooms in Paradise Lost, on either side. Acen- thus and odoriferous bushy shrubs fence up the verdant walls. Each beautiful flower—iris of all hues, roses and jessamine rear high their flourished heads between the wrought mosaic. Under foot the violet, crocus, and hyacinth brooder the ground, more colored than with stone of costliest emblems. The feet of vegetarian as well as carnivorian walk the same bedewed paths.

There are certain individuals below the century mark and blood heat of a truly healthy race who must taboo meat. There can be no doubt but that infants, the toothless, the doddering, the sickly, those who sit on stools or otherwise silently fold up the muscles with which they were born should "hae nae meat, for they canna eat" it.

For persons who shrink from physical tasks, whose tissues respond only to supine and timid demands, who bow the head as well as the knee before the world's demands for deeds of daring who shun forthright, vigorous, arduous and aggressive activities; who are middle class moralists rather than muscularly militant—for these, I say vegetarianism is the thing.

Contrariwise, for those who are less keen for Lake Mohawk, maudlin sentimentality, renunciatory, self-delial, the passive virtue of yielding to oppressors without and within; who are given rather to strength, power, and creative genius and a healthful assault upon all arrogant aggressions, meat according to researches just completed in the nutrition laboratories of the Carnegie Institution, is a prime and essential ration.

Messrs. Francis G. Benedict and Paul Roth have just completed an elaborate investigation into the heat and energy output of vegetarians as compared with meat eaters of the same size and weight. They show that among the many alleged facts concerning the influence of a vegetarian diet, statements are often made with respect to an observed increase in endurance.

Vegetarians are led to believe that they live upon less albuminous food than do flesh eaters. On the other hand, you are told that flesh eaters are overfed and unduly stimulated by the albumens or protein in their victuals. The measure of the carbonic acid gas formed and the oxygen used up, is used by these savants to prove exactly the amount of work, its efficiency and the heat formed.

They made their observations upon twenty-two persons, who had lived exclusively upon a vegetarian diet for years. With these as subjects, half of whom were men and half women, the amount of work, heat and chemicals produced, was easily found out. They were all placed in a room—called a "respiratory chamber"—and every drop of breath, perspiration and waste matter was as carefully collected, and weighed and analyzed as was the vegetables given.

In order to compare these results fairly with those obtained from flesh eaters, an equal number of the same sex, size and weight of those who also eat flesh, fish and fowl were used in similar experiments.

For each pound in weight of the vegetarians, it was soon evident that a dozen heat and work units were produced, whereas for each pound in weight of the flesh eaters, nearly fourteen heat and work units were made. This might, at first blush, appear to be but a slight difference to those unaccustomed to such researches. When, however, you take a man of 150 pounds at work eight hours on a vegetarian diet and compare his heat and work output with a flesh eater of the same weight in the same time, you will see whether there is any delay in merchants, teachers, military commanders, manufacturers, doctors, inventors, or others in their choice between them.

A vegetarian of 150 pounds will yield in the same period only six-sevenths of the work of a flesh eater. Moreover in the event of sickness, he stands only six-sevenths of a chance of getting back to work as quickly as the flesh-eater. Again, he requires the factory, offices, shop, store, or workplace to be heated one-seventh more than a flesh eater. He furthermore demands one-seventh more clothing, one-seventh more food, one-seventh more rest, and one-seventh more holidays and periods of recovery from disease.

In a word vegetarians, according to these researches of Benedict and Roth, as conducted under the eye and financial grant of the Carnegie Institute, prove that in health, strength, heat, efficiency, initiative, originality, power, and capacity six flesh eaters are always equal to seven vegetarians of the same weight, size and other equalities.

Cooling Drinks for Hot Weather

Almond Milk—This is a most delicious beverage. It takes some time to prepare it and does not go very far, but more can be made in proportion. Blanch two dozen sweet almonds and pound to a paste three dozen sweet almonds, and also macerate them until smooth. Upon the mashed almonds pour one gill of boiling water, crush and mash again. Strain and again put the almond meal that is left in strainer into the mortar and crush, adding from time to time a little water until you have used one pint. This should be again strained, sweeten with about two spoonfuls of sugar, or to taste. You can use a little more water if it seems desirable, and this drink is delicious with just a hint of lemon or orange in it.

Tutti Fruit—This is made of a variety of fruit juices. Almost anything available may be used and a number of juices mixed, sweetened to taste and set upon

ice. Currants and raspberries make one of the most delectable drinks. Crush the fruit and strain, add sugar and water as desired.

Strawberry-ade—than which nothing is better—is easily made by crushing the fruit, sweetening to taste, and adding as much water as required. This can be varied by using pie-plant juice as a mixture, and is not injured thereby. To

extract the juice from the pie-plant, cut it up, and place on back of range with a slow fire, sprinkle the pie-plant well with sugar and cover closely. The juice will exude freely and may be strained off, or the entire pulp may be mixed with the crushed strawberry pulp and both mixed with sufficient water to make the desired drink. This may be strained or served with the bits of fruit in it.

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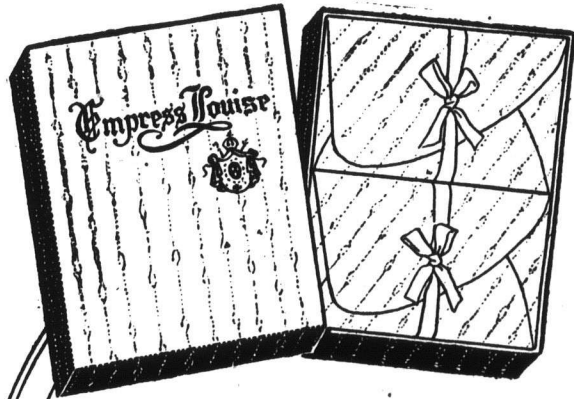
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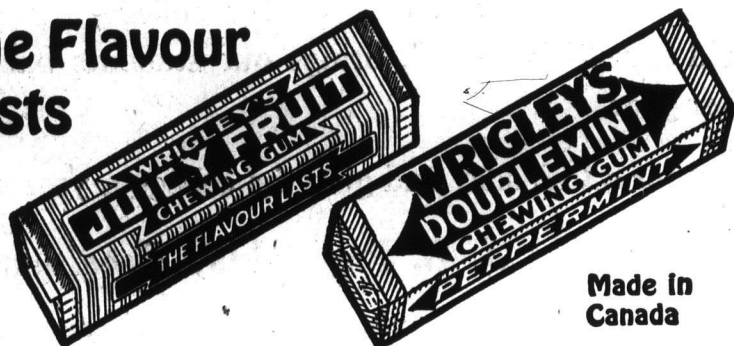


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A New and Pleasing Apron Model—1963—This model is comfortable, with its semi-fitting lines and trim shapes. The skirt is cut in pointed outline at its upper edge, where it joins a gathered waist front. At the back, waist and skirt are cut in one. The pattern is nice for lawn, percale, dimity, brilliantine, alpaca and drill. It is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Popular Style—2133—This is a lovely dress for the growing girl and may readily be applied to various combinations of materials. The blouse has tuck plaits in front and back, and is finished with a shaped sailor collar. This skirt is a 5-gored model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and

or serve as a chemise, or chemise petticoat. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-52, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Suit for the Growing Boy—2134—Boys' Blouse and Trousers. This model is ideal for warm weather, with the low neck and short sleeves, and the trousers with straight lower edge. The blouse and trousers may be of the same material, of linen, drill, khaki, galatea, gingham, pique, serge or corduroy, or the blouse may be of linen or other wash fabric and the trousers of serge or cloth. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illus-



14 years. Size 10 will require 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—2140—These dresses in "one-piece" effects are very attractive and comfortable. In this instance, plain and figured shantung are combined. The waist portions are plaited and joined to straight skirt sections. The sleeve may be finished without the cuff, in bell style. The pattern is good for all wash fabrics, silk, voile, embroidered and bordered goods. Also for cloth, satin and velvet. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 7 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Comfortable and Popular Undergarment—2158—Muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, satin, silk and crepe may be used for this model. The ruffle supplies fulness at the lower edge. The garment may be finished in drawers style,

tration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular, Simple Model—2151—Girls' dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is such a comfortable style for a school or play dress and so easy to develop. It is nice for dimity, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, gabardine, challie, poplin, repp and serge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 24-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress—2144—This model is splendid for gingham, chambray, linen, lawn or percale, and also nice for gabardine, flannel, cashmere and challie. The closing is at the centre front and the fulness is held at the waistline, over

Internal parasites in the shape of worms in the stomach and bowels of children sap their vitality and retard physical development. They keep the child in a constant state of unrest and, if not attended to, endanger life. The child can be spared much suffering and the mother much anxiety by the best worm remedy that can be got, Miller's Worm Powders, which are sure death to worms in any shape.

sides and back, by a belt. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—2154—Organ-dy, dimity, shantung and foulard are nice for this model. The waist fronts are finished in surplice style. The skirt has plaited panels and gathered fullness over the hips. Jaunty pockets afford a practical and suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Night Gown—2138—Here is

of white serge. Any reasonable combination is equally attractive. Linen could be used for the entire suit. Satin, serge, taffeta, voile and bordered goods are also nice. The blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The skirt requires 3 yards of 44-inch material, and the blouse 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Dress for the Growing Girl—2149—This model may have long sleeves with deep cuffs, or short sleeves with shaped cuffs. It is a popular, one-piece style, with pouch pockets and a smart sailor collar. The pattern is good for gingham, drill, linen, poplin, galatea, voile, chambray, percale, batiste, serge and gabardine. It is cut

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4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for the Growing Girl—2160—Dimity, organdy, lawn, batiste, voile, crepe, tub silk and challie are nice for this style. The guimpe may be finished with a sleeve in bishop style or, as in the large view, with a double puff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the guimpe and 4 1/2 yards for the dress of a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Arab Racahout—This is a drink prized very much in the Orient, but it is served hot instead of cold. A pound of rice, a pound of arrowroot and half a pound of chocolate are ground fine and mixed. To use it, take a tablespoonful and mix with milk or water into a paste. Stir the paste into a half pint of boiling milk. Let boil a couple of minutes and serve hot.

Cambric tea is an old-fashioned dish and is really tea without tea. Heat a pint of milk to boiling point, add one pint of boiling water, and serve in small cups. This is a dish very much liked by children, and it is many times very acceptable to older people as well. It is relished by many who cannot take clear milk.



a model easy to develop, cut on the simplest lines. It is nice for lawn, dimity, batiste, linen, silk, crepe or cambric. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

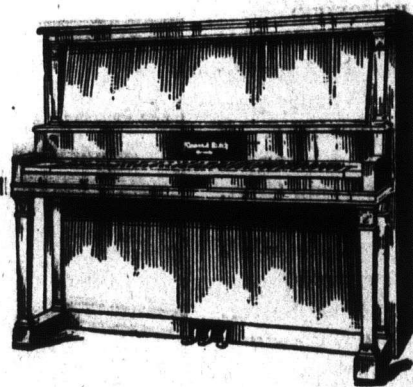
A Practical, Serviceable Garment—1644—Child's rompers with sleeve in either of two lengths. Percale, galatea, gingham, drill, linen, flannelette and crepe, are best for this style. The sleeve may be finished at wrist length with a band cuff, or in elbow length with a turn-back cuff. The neck may have the neat collar or be cut in cool, low outline as illustrated. The pattern is in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 3 yards of 27-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Combination for Sports or Outing—Blouse—2148. Skirt—2157—Comprising ladies' blouse, 2148, and ladies' skirt, 2157. The blouse is of figured shantung in tan and green and the skirt

in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years and requires for an 8-year size, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Design—2132—Ladies' "Cover All" Apron. This model will make an ideal morning house dress, especially for warm weather. It is comfortable, has ample fullness and lovely, spacious pockets which are cut in one with a belt, that holds the fullness of the garment. The design is good for gingham, seersucker, lawn, percale, alpacas, brilliantine and sateen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires

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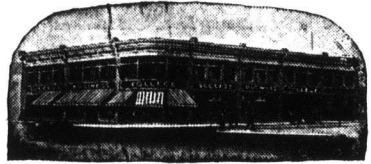
Autointoxication means self-poisoning, caused by continuous or partial constipation, or insufficient action of the bowels.

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About the Farm

Watch the Herd

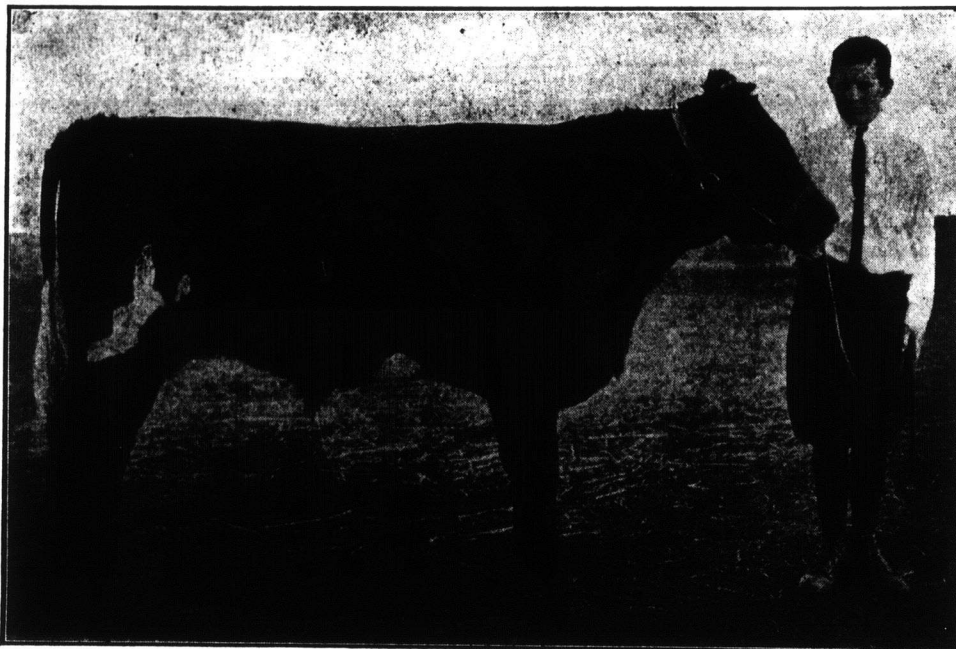
Dairy farmers might save themselves a peck of trouble every year by making the following rule their invariable practice: Instantly isolate a cow the moment anything is seen to be wrong with her udder and keep her separate until perfectly recovered. That would be done were one of the family to be attacked with smallpox. Just consider udder disease of similar contagiousness and it will give far less trouble in future.

Speaking of smallpox let it be understood that cows have their variety of that disease. It is called cowpox and it spreads from cow to cow by the medium of the milker's hands. If the milker's hands become affected with the disease, and that always is likely to happen, the attack will make him immune to smallpox for life. That fact led to the discovery of vaccination of people against smallpox by Dr. Jenner. It should also be understood that a person affected with smallpox gives pox to the cow and the cow may also contract the disease from a person who has recently been vaccinated against smallpox.

The sane thing to do, then, should a cow show pox on her teats, is to isolate her and milk her last. If this is done instantly, other cows may fail to contract the disease. If not done it will

(windpipe) and bronchial tubes of the lungs, bronchitis is said to be present and if that does not quickly subside pneumonia may result, from inflammation of the tissues surrounding the little air tubes and spaces of the lungs. That is a serious business, as everyone knows and often ends in death, perfect breathing becoming impossible and poisoning therefore resulting from imperfect purifying of the blood by exchange of carbonic dioxide for oxygen.

When catarrh of the udder starts in the teats, it tends to spread into the multitude of little tubes and spaces at the ends of the larger tubes. An inflammatory fluid is thrown off, fills the milk spaces and secretion of normal milk is hindered or stopped; then a grave inflammation like that of pneumonia, may involve the true gland tissue of the udder, destroy its milk secreting function, result in scar tissue (tumor) formation and loss of the quarter, or break down with pus formation, lead to an abscess, rupture of the udder, ruination of the part, or even end in gangrene, or death of the part, and that may kill the cow. Infective germs are everywhere in unclean stables and other places inhabited by cows. They cause the worst forms of garget; the sores on the tips of the teats; the lumps in the udder; the boils and the abscess-



Lyle Robinson, Vermilion, Alta., and his steer—Landy, winner of the first prize and reserve champion at Edmonton Spring Show

spread right through the herd and linger there for many months. It must run its course. That is, not a malignant or fatal course, but a troublesome one and the cause of loss of milk.

How to Detect Cowpox

One can tell if cowpox is present in that the "pock" has a depressed top and the fluid contained will not run out of a single puncture, but is in several separate sacs or compartments. Wash the udder twice daily with a solution of half an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda to the quart of soft water and then apply glycerite of tannin to the sores, as often as found necessary. If any sore on the teat or udder is obstinate in healing, no matter what may be the cause, paint it with tincture of iodine twice, on separate days and then apply a mixture of one dram of tannic acid and one ounce of glycerine as often as found necessary. If the sores seem to be spreading, from teat to teat or cow to cow, use a ten per cent solution of carbolic acid in glycerine twice daily.


Cowpox is comparatively rare among cows; but garget (mammitis) is terribly common and woefully injurious. It starts like a "cold in the head" of man. A person has a burning, tingling sensation of the lining membrane of the nose and throat at first; then a copious discharge of watery fluid which tends to thicken as time passes. Just imagine that a similar condition exists in the udder when first attacked with garget, for that is the fact. If the simple cold or catarrh is confined to the membranes, recovery is rapid, but if it spreads to the like membranes of the trachea

ses; the pus in milk and the gangrene of parts that slough out.

In the simple catarrhal form of garget the cow has no fever and is little affected as regards appetite; but when germs enter and attack the tissues the cow is sick, fevered, off feed and treatment usually fails to perfectly stay the course of the disease or prevent loss of the quarter attacked. To avoid serious udder disease, in addition to the rule we laid down at the start of this talk, milk with dry, clean hands, keep the stall floors clean, cover cement floors with cork brick or boards, keep cows from standing in stagnant water or wading through filth, keep them from lying down on cold, wet, frozen, or ice-covered ground, so far as that can be done, milk regularly, cleanly and gently, avoid sudden changes of feed, overfeeding, irregularity in feeding, exposing cows to chill when "in heat" or just after calving, allow no dog chasing of cows, allow sufficient stall room to prevent teats from being stepped upon and provide enough bedding to prevent bruising. So far as possible protect the cow against all severe shocks, alarms and influences that may disturb her digestive or nervous system and last of all, and as important as any point we have made, tie a rock to the milking tube and throw it into a deep lake if it is not sterilized by boiling for fifteen minutes before use in every instance. It is a certain, disastrous, but usually unsuspected source and cause of infective udder disease.—A. S. A.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

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To Tell Age of Young Cattle

You may want to buy calves at auction, and you may want to know about how old they are. Here's the way G. E. Morton, of the Colorado agricultural college has it figured out:

"The calf when born has two pairs of incisors, the other two pairs appear during the first month. When a calf is eighteen months old, it loses the middle pair of milk incisors, and grows a permanent pair. The next pair, one on each side, is replaced at twenty-seven months of age, the third pair at thirty-six months, the fourth or outside pair, at forty-five months. The time of appearance of these incisors varies within rather narrow limits, so that we are able to tell the age of young cattle fairly accurately.

"The calf also has a temporary set of molars, which are later replaced with permanent ones, but they are not considered in estimating the age of the animal."

Country vs. City Schooling

The rural school problem looms up like a mountain in most places where no steps have yet been taken to solve it by consolidation. The pathetic figure of the little one-room country school with its few pupils of all ages is familiar to all. The other picture is also familiar—that of rural children attending grade and high school in towns and cities. The farmers should have their own graded and high school right out in the country. The schools should come to them instead of their going to the dis-

Recreation for the Farm Family

We dads, when the young folks want to go fishing, hunting, or to a ball game or the fair, are too likely to tell them what a hard time we had when we were boys; how much harder we had to work than boys do now, and how little money we had to spend. The writer caught himself delivering a dissertation of this character to his own son one day. Afterwards he got to thinking that he could remember his father telling him how different boys were when his father was a boy, and then he recalled his fat old grandfather once telling him what a dickens of a boy his father was when he was a boy, and how different he was than boys were when grandfather was a boy. It only took a moments computation to disclose the fact that if my boy were like I was when I was a boy, as I had suggested he ought to be, and I had been like my father was when he was a boy, and father had been like grandfather was when he was a boy, my boy would be about 125 years behind the times. In other words, he would be one of the kind that we call "dead ones."

When we old fellows were boys, even though we were raised on farms, our privileges, pleasures and social advantages were much more nearly equal to those of the boys in town than they are at the present time. A boy is a peculiar animal. The principal reason is that he is so much like his dad—"a chip off the old block." The boy is a reasoning animal; but he is not a mule. It is mighty easy for dad and mother to



"Perfect Little Ducks"—Result of a wholesale shell burst. Ducks can quack with pride these days as they are helping materially to increase the food supply. The photo was taken on Mr. Hill's farm at Chesham, near London. The ducks are growing up. They're two to three weeks old. Their quacks might mean "How dry I am" for they seem to be a thirsty crew.

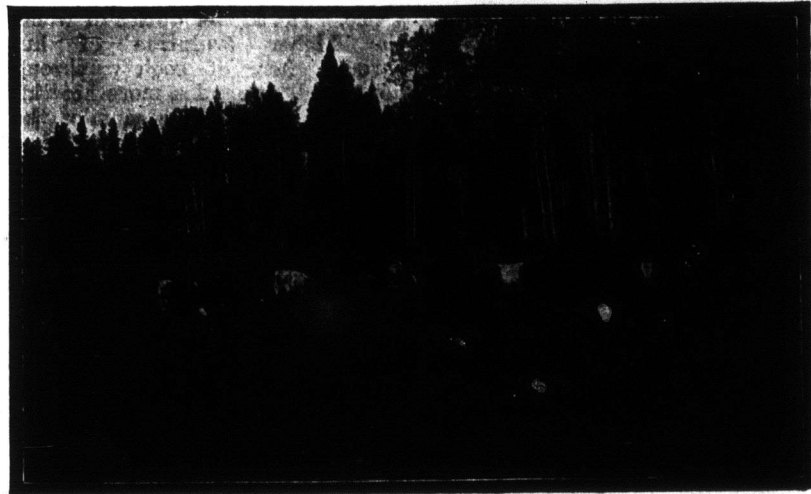
tant city schools. The country is as much the place to teach agriculture as to practise it, just as the city is the place to teach the vocations that prevail only in cities.

The farm children deserve as good schooling as anybody, and can have it if the farmers are as willing to pay for it as are the city people who demand good schools. Did you ever hear of a city family sending their children out to the little one-room country school to get an education? But city children have been sent to the country to attend a good consolidated school that has its high school course.

There is but one thing standing between country children and a good education, and that is the lack of appreciation on the part of the farmers in any school district, of what real education is. It may be prompted by selfishness or it may be due wholly to a misconception of what might be done by a change of system without much greater outlay of taxes. When the farmers are as willing to be taxed for good schools as are the city parents, they will have better schools than exist in the cities.

When a mother detects from the writhings and fretting of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure no better remedy than Miller's Worm Powders, which are guaranteed to totally expel worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these Powders are used.

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ALONG with his American cousin the Canadian farmer faces the big problem of supplying foodstuffs to the Allied peoples. A goodly portion of this task is being shouldered by the farmers of Western Canada who are looking more and more to the farm newspapers to supply them, not only with news of the day—financial and market quotations, etc.—but with information and knowledge pertaining to labor-saving, production increasing Methods, Materials and Machines. Thousands of farmers in Western Canada have found in

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Woman and the Home

Heartbroken

It came so suddenly, it took my breath away,
And seemed so cruel I scarce could pray
I felt myself pushed from the sheltered nest
And knew not whence to go or where to rest,
All homeless with my little brood. I must try
To do my best, but can only wish to die.
But spurred on by the overwhelming thought,
That blessings never come to one un-sought,
I pushed ahead through all the strife and rattle,
I persevered and fought life's battle.
Whether Providence is kind I decline to say,
But stoutly affirm where there's a will there's a way.

—Etta Johnson.

When Repapering and Painting

Prepared for The Western Home Monthly by Nellie E. Maxwell (University of Wisconsin).

"It is not a light matter, the way we spend our time, our strength, our intelligence. The higher duties of womanhood, the higher evolution of humanity through her, of society through the household, demand a more healthful condition of household economics than this present shows. Our households are surcharged with waste matter, and our lives are spent in its arrangement and removal. Soul, mind and body are limited by the dust pan," says Helen Campbell.

At the time of house cleaning the wise woman weeds out the useless and worse than useless truck that litters the house, holds dust and causes needless work of dusting and arranging. It takes courage often to do away with things

which are dear because of the giver, but one's time, strength and health are of much more moment than an assemblage of worthless bric-a-brac.

Bedrooms should be especially free from dust catching draperies and useless articles. When draperies are used they should be light and washable, and often washed.

For the housekeeper who has to economize (as a large majority of our housekeepers do, which makes life interesting) and who finds it necessary to repaper because the walls are faded, calomine may be used with good effect. It is very satisfactory even over cheap paper if it is firmly attached to the wall. If there are any loose portions they should be carefully pasted and dried before putting on the calomine. Put the calomine on the ceiling first, of course, to save spattering the side walls. A long stroke down the length of the paper makes a smoother finish than if put on with a side stroke. This is a saving of time as well as money and one need not tear up

the house, as a careful worker will do no spattering. Cover a green paper with a green calomine and the walls will look fresh and new. Usually one coat is sufficient to cover; but two may make a better finish.

In this day of rugs, which are easily removed, the floors need to be kept in good condition. An economical way when using a large rug in the center of the floor is to grain the floor a few feet around the edge, the only part which shows. This, if well done, will look nearly as well as a hardwood floor. Varnish the linoleum covered floor spring and fall to keep the colors bright and insure its wearing longer.

An easy way to keep the kitchen cupboards looking well is to paint the shelves spring and fall with a good white paint. If one cares to incur the expense, an enamel makes a fine hard finish which is easily wiped off. The shelves are then ready for the dishes without any paper or other covering. When the shelves get dusty they are easily wiped off and the cupboard is always clean. A good method to use is to clean one shelf at a time when washing dishes, this will not be much of a burden and in this way they are always dustless and fresh looking.

In rooms that have only north light a paper with a good deal of yellow will add the desired sunlight color to the room. A paper should be tried in the room in which it is to be used, in both daylight and with artificial light. Some colors so absorb the light that a cheerful room at night is impossible. An oil cloth wall covering is good in the bathroom or the kitchen where a more expensive covering cannot be afforded. This can be wiped and cleaned as easily as a dish.

To remove paint spatters which have dried on windows, scrape with a coin.

The ancient habit of tearing up the entire house so that there was no place to sit or have one's meals in comfort has happily passed away. Unless extensive repairing is to be done there is no need to make the family uncomfortable, each cleaning season.

Why Rowing and Canoeing are Good for Girls

The great test of the value of a general exercise is the number of muscles which it brings into play. There is no sport that meets this test better than rowing. There is hardly a muscle in the body which is not exercised. In the forward swing the abdominal muscles are called upon, and in the backward pull the long back muscles do the work. It is a great mistake to think that the arms bear the brunt of the exercise.

For the girl who longs to develop her chest, rowing as an exercise cannot be excelled. The breathing is in harmony with the motion of your oars. As you lean forward for the stretch you breathe in, then hold the breath during the pull and expel it after the pull is over. The action of both heart and lungs is quickened. But, as in other exercises, rowing should be done properly or harm may result. If you bend your head over and stoop your back and contract your chest, your arms will do all the work and the other muscles will gain no benefit.

A good rower always sits well. You can almost invariably tell the kind of stroke that will follow if you can see the attitude of the rower before he begins his work. The back should always be held rigid and the swing should come from the hips. It is an art to pull evenly and equally with both hands. The shoulders should be braced when the oar grasps the water.

If you have any ambition to learn the sliding-seat rowing be sure to master the fixed-seat rowing first.

The exercise in rowing is well distributed and causes no great local fatigue in the muscles. The benefits of this pastime are very numerous. The muscles of the chest, back, abdomen, arms and legs are strengthened. The carriage is greatly improved. The circulation is quickened and waste products are cast off. Fat is reduced. The activity of the skin is greatly increased. The lungs are continually bathed in pure, fresh air.

Rowing should not be begun too young on account of the strain on the joints. And those with weak lungs and heart should be very cautious about indulging in this exercise.

Some form of wool is the best material

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

RESOLVED
THAT THE BUSTER BROWN STOCKING
IS A BOON TO MOTHERS AND A SNAP
FOR SANTA CLAUS

BUSTER BROWN

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

BUSTER BROWN'S SISTER'S STOCKING
THEY DON'T CROCK OR FADE

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.
Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

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Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

to be worn while rowing. When you come in after rowing you should rest and be careful to avoid cooling off too quickly.

No one should canoe without first learning how to swim. However, although very unstable in the hands of a beginner, it should be remembered that every canoe is a lifeboat, for when it capsizes it will float and keep its crew above water.

The muscles which are exercised in paddling are influenced to a certain extent by the position of the paddler and by the kind of a paddle used. You may use a double-bladed paddle and get a double-sided motion, or a single bladed paddle and so confine your exertions to one side of the boat. A very valuable part of this exercise when the double-bladed paddle is used is the side movement or twisting of the trunk. This is most beneficial in its results, as it not only exercises various muscles, but also stimulates the internal organs most effectively.

Paddling develops the muscles of the arms, wrists and back, while in certain positions even the legs have a share in the work. You may sit flat in the canoe which makes it quite stable, or you may kneel on one knee or two, or you may even stand. This last attitude is sometimes assumed in racing. Sitting is the most comfortable position, and is the common method when using the double-bladed paddle.

The motion of paddling comes very naturally with little teaching. The muscles of the abdomen are thoroughly exercised, and if the paddling is at all violent they become very lame. Cramp in the wrist may be felt at first, but this will pass off after a few days' practice.

The canoe possesses several advantages over the rowboat. It may be used in the shallowest stream and is most convenient for exploring country where the waters are not deep. An expert can manage it almost noiselessly, so that it is most valuable in hunting. And, lastly, you are always facing the point toward which you are going.

Many girls who spend the summer in Canada have become so expert with the canoe that they can "shoot" the rapids of the St. Lawrence with the greatest ease.

To be an expert with either boat or canoe takes pluck, courage, watchfulness, coolness and endurance. The air above the water is perfectly free from dust, and the farther from the shore you go the purer it is, and this is one of the priceless features of aquatic pastimes.

Tears in Suits or Overcoats

Small tears in woolen suits and overcoats may be darned at home with a hair (if great economy is necessary), but in general the home mender is not competent to handle this class of repairing. A good tailor will put a patch on seat or leg or repair a tear so that the suit looks almost, if not quite, as good as new, and the saving in the end is well worth what it costs. One thing, however, which can be done at home is to protect by braid the lower edge of winter trousers, which would otherwise quickly fray by the constant friction caused by rubbing against the heel of the shoe. Sew a piece of skirt braid—which matches or harmonizes with the material—across the back of the trousers on the inside, placing it so that its lower edge comes just above the edge of the trousers. Overhand it neatly and firmly in place, and be careful that neither the stitches nor the braid show on the right side.

The smallest rips or tears in the pockets of coats or trousers should be caught at once. If the material has become thin it is well to lay on a patch, using a material as nearly like the original as possible. Lay it on flat, baste carefully and then trim about three-eighths of an inch from the basting thread. Turn under the edges and run two rows of stitching, if you can do it by machine; otherwise put in two rows of a fine run and a backstitch. Buttonholes on a fly, when they become the least enlarged, should be worked over neatly.

How to Remove Spots From Clothing

A form of repairing—though not quite under the head of mending—is the removing of spots. Nothing is more objectionable than spots, and it is frequently possible to remove them at home. First

determine what the spot is: whether mud, stain, grease, or a water mark which has collected dirt. The latter may usually be removed with warm water with a little good soap in it and then rubbed dry. A piece of cloth of the same character as the garment should be used for this purpose, as a cotton material will usually shed lint. To prevent making a ring around the spot put blotting paper under the material and rub round and round. To remove a grease spot sprinkle a little French chalk on it, leave for some hours, place blotting-paper, over it and then press with a hot iron. The heat and chalk absorb the grease and the spot appears on the blotting-paper. Then remove the blotting-paper and brush thoroughly with a whiskbroom. For mud spots or ink stains use a teaspoonful of oxalic acid and one of cold or lukewarm water; increase the strength if necessary, but as soon as the spot disappears rinse quickly and thoroughly and rub gently, for the acid tends to rot the material. Be careful of your hands and do not let children touch it. With paint or varnish spots first cover with olive oil or butter, then saturate with chloroform, follow with soapsuds, then rinse and rub dry.

Night

By Curtis May

When the western light grows dimmer
And the dew falls thin and cool;
When the wan star-specklers shimmer
Faintly in each brook and pool;
Then through dusk of drooping lashes
Night looks down with calm, dark eye,
And her circled forehead flashes
With the jewels of the sky.

Night whose sable wing is folded;
Night of mingled fire and clod;
Night whose silver horn is molded
For the breathing lips of God;
Peaceful Night, in silence kneeling
On the altar-steps of space,
Incense from thy deep urn stealing
Vague with cloud around thy face;

Night by all thy dreams attended,
With the broad moon on thy breast,
Nurse of griefs when day is ended,
Stoop, and fold us down to rest!
Let thy winds with unseen fingers
Swing the odors from thy urn
Here where wrathful sorrow lingers,
Here where thoughts unholy burn.

Turn on us eyes pure with praying,
Solemn with what lies afar!
Earth is sad with thy delaying,
Draw us heavenward star by star.
Drop the mantle of thy splendor
Down on dales and drowsy steeps,
Till with heart subdued and tender,
Earth is quieted and sleeps.

Daughters

It is not possible to over-estimate the advantages which would result from men in trades and professions allowing their daughters some participation in the work of their daily lives. What girls want is a larger observation of the world, and a deeper knowledge of human nature. There are few of our merchants, and manufacturers, and professional men who could not largely avail themselves of the services of their educated and competent daughters; and if such services could be rendered generally available, it is not too much to say that a wider and more social life would arise for mankind. Men's occupations would in no sense be prejudiced, whilst women would at once find that outlet for their faculties for which many of them have been so long striving. A certain responsibility would increase their self-reliance. A capacity for earning would remove their sense of dependence; a definite occupation would bring both health and cheerfulness; and the larger experiences of life, force and completeness to their mental character.

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.



Why I Lunch On Puffed Wheat

A man on a train, a few weeks ago, told a friend why he lunched on Puffed Wheat. And we think that thousands of men will endorse his view.

He said, "It saves me a dull hour or two. The brain doesn't work well when the stomach is taxed."

"Here is whole-grain food, steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted. I know Prof. Anderson, the man who invented it. And he tells me that no other process makes whole-grain so easy to digest."

"Then it makes a great dish. Note these bubble-like grains, thin and toasted. They taste like puffed nuts. And a dish makes a meal, because they are clear nutrition."

For the same reason—though he did not say it—they make an ideal night dish for a child.

Puffed Wheat

Both 15c.
Except in Far West

Puffed Rice

These are the premier breakfast delights—puffed to eight times normal size. Serve with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit.



With cream and sugar or in bowls of milk

For breakfast or supper, float like bubbles in a bowl of milk. Salt or douse with melted butter for between meal confections. Use like nut meats in candy or on ice cream.

Keep plenty on hand, and both kinds, for there are no other foods like these



Flavorly tidbits to mix with any fruit



Let hungry children eat like peanuts

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada.

(1862)

Saskatoon, Canada



Inside Our Striped Package
are the freshest, daintiest, most delightful
soda biscuits you have ever tasted!
They're called

Som-Mor Biscuit
because after eating one you want some
more—right away QUICK!
Try them—plain or salted—be sure your
grocer gives you the right package. Our
GRAHAM WAFERS
are delightfully different from any
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NORTH-WEST BISCUIT CO., LIMITED
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Regina, Saskatoon.

17

KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAN!

by the use of a good reliable cream, and this you will find in my
"IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor
irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents black-
heads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I
make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and
waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other.

Price 50c. per Jar

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Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a
collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?

FREE TRIAL

Stear's **PLAPAO-PADS** are different from the truss, being medicine
applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold
the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs
attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible
—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at
home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an
officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the **Plapao-Pads**
cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing.
It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

Trial **Plapao** and illustrated book on rupture. Learn
how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so
the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or
ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, **Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.**

A WOMAN WHO HELPS WOMEN

I know your need for sympathy and health.

And the treatment that gives me health and strength, new interest in life, I want to pass on to you, that you too, may enjoy the priceless boon of health.

I am a woman.

What I have suffered is a far better guide than any MAN'S experience gained second-hand.

Are you unhappy, anfit for your duties? Write and tell me how you feel and I will send you ten days' FREE trial of a home treatment to meet your individual needs, together with references to women in Canada who have passed through your troubles and regained health; or you can secure this FREE treatment for your daughter, sister or mother.

If you suffer from pain in the head or back, obstinate constipation or piles, pain in the sides, dyspepsia, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling up the spine, palpitation, weariness, hot flashes, sallow complexion, with dark circles under the eyes, or a general feeling that life is not worth living, I invite you to send to-day for my complete ten days' treatment entirely free and postpaid to prove to yourself that these ailments can be easily and surely overcome at your own home, without the expense of hospital treatment or the dangers of an operation.

When you have been benefited, I shall only ask you to pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for all, young or old.

MRS. M. SUMMERS,
Box 86 WINDSOR, ONT.



Read My FREE Offer:
To Mothers of Daughters I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually dispels headaches and lassitude in young women and restores them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my method of home treatment a complete ten days' trial, and if you wish to continue it costs only a few cents a week to do so, and it does not interfere with one's daily work. Write and ask for the free treatment to-day as you may not see this offer again.

Correspondence

Must Raise More Grain—And Still More

Dear Editor,—For several months I have been taking some interest in the correspondence column of The Western Home Monthly, but have always been too bashful to write. On reading "Spitfire's" letter I felt I must speak up and applaud her.

"Spitfire" seems to have a sensible view of the matter. We all know that now the British are ready, they will soon march into Berlin (figuratively speaking—of course we know they will not wish to go that far literally), but to do this quickly the farmers must stay on the land, and raise grain, and then some more grain. It is very hard for some of them. Many I know personally are longing to be at the front, but they know their duty lies on the land. I feel they are doing as much as the army.

a teacher in summer months in his neighborhood. That strikes me as odd. Why only for the summer? You don't mean to say the schools are closed in winter? Must they be college graduates? Not that I'm thinking of applying!

I was highly amused at the "Overall" discussion. It's a fine way for a man to find who are really his friends.

I wonder if any of your readers read "The Quiver" or "Chambers' Journal." We get them every month, and in reading them and The Western Home Monthly we pass the time very profitably.

I met two ladies once from Stepney, Ont. If this catches their eye perhaps they'll remember my existence—and let me know.

Now, dear sir, I hope I am not taking up too much of your valuable space.

Yours very sincerely,
Ailsa Craig.

Girls Able and Willing to Help Win the War

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I wrote your correspondence page—something like two years—and now I am enjoying city life, and have not yet started to sing "I Want to Go Back" since I left Saskatchewan.

I receive a copy of The Western Home Monthly now and again from my brother on the ranch, and it comes as a long lost friend. I have been noting some of the letters in the June issue re conscription, slackers, etc. I have not read any of Pocahontas' comments, and see that in this issue she is the centre of attraction. However, it seems to me a shame that there should be such unnecessary discussions as there is at the present time. There was never a time we needed conscription more than now. Take this city, Vancouver—why it is alive with single men, to say nothing of the married. In the beach, park, pool rooms, etc., the men are to the right and left of you. I must admit that a great number have gone from here, but before the married men and the men who are on the land go there is the loafer and the "slacker" at the street corners. We have lost our best men, and those whom we love, and I think that the able young man, who with no ties doesn't go, is not only a coward, but an enemy like the Hun when he refuses to volunteer to help and fight with his fellow men.

I read A Mere Boy's letter, and he can't be called a slacker, but he may yet be needed before all is over. I would like to have a letter at some future time from "Pocahontas" in regard to the present discussion.

Rainbow's views are worthy of praise; I believe that the most of girls would want to see their brothers and boys doing their share. I have a brother gone since the beginning of the war. He has been wounded two or three times, and is now convalescing in England.

In conclusion would say that if the worst comes to the worst there are girls able and willing enough to "help win the war." My address is with the Editor, and I will be pleased to hear from any who care to write me.

"Irish Brown Eyes"

More Work—Less Talk

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for the last two years, and I must say I enjoy it very much.

I have just been reading some of the correspondence, and I must say I'm sorry for the boy who is doing all he can on the farm, early and late, and is then called a slacker. Girls, I wish you would think more and try a little farm work yourselves. I've done it, and am doing it again. My husband and I are doing the work ourselves, and I'm not a strong woman, either.

I will say I wish we had had conscription from the first, then the real slackers would be where they should be. I have

Trial is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

Pocahontas seems to be an excitable little piece. I fancy she has been rather indulged, and fancies she has broad ideas. But, my little friend, you had better study the matter seriously and impartially, and let us know if you have not changed your opinion. However, I have no hard feelings against Pocahontas. She just lacks penetration, I believe.

By the way, I admire the sailor lads as much as the soldiers. They are doing as much and perhaps more than the khaki lads; but I hear little in praise of them from our corner. Perhaps because the khaki is more becoming.

Personally, I think some of the young ladies think more of the looks of a suit of khaki than of the thing it stands for. The uniform is what gets their eye.

I live on a farm myself, but intend ranching some time soon—after the war. Am fond of cattle and horses. Also am fond of music, but do not like dancing.

I am a regular Canadian, of Highland Scotch descent. I am very proud of my Scotch ancestry.

Now, I suppose you will think I am not at all loyal, and too much of a slacker for this corner. However, I should be glad to correspond with any one, ladies or gentlemen.

Wishing you success, I remain,
Bonehead.

'Off to Somewhere in France'

Dear Editor and readers, adieu. Good-bye prairies I love so well. Good-bye cities, especially Winnipeg. Farewell to the land of sunshine and snow. I am going for the duration of the war to "Somewhere in France," though that may be Egypt or India, as we never know the weird and wondrous ways of the army. After working at the War Office for a year I volunteered for service abroad, and here I am, inoculated twice, vaccinated, given khaki uniform and awaiting orders to sail. Cheer Oh! do you wonder I am excited.

I am merely a private in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, but I know I am releasing a man for active service. How many there are of us I do not know, but there are about 30,000 wanted of all kinds: clerks, postal, typist, household, etc.

I would like lots of letters and especially from soldiers, as I have been working with them for some time now, and I know and am experiencing some of their difficulties.

A cinematograph was taken of some of the girls in Hyde Park. I was not there. I had an appointment with the photographer for the same time. Am hoping for the pictures before I leave. I do want to know how I look in uniform. We wear khaki coatfrock, with dark brown collar, soft felt hat and military overcoat, shoes and spats (at least we forget the last mentioned).

Best wishes to Editor and readers.
Jean Canuck.

Would Like Our Winter

Dear Editor,—Thank you so much for publishing my letter. I would be pleased to hear from any of your readers. I envy them the fine times they have in the winter. That is our dreary time, as we have so little frost or snow (although we had more this winter than we have had for years), but plenty of rain and high winds.

Are there any "Bees" held in Canada now? I used to enjoy reading about them in stories.

I note "Sky Scaper" has a vacancy for

DIARRHOEA WAS SO BAD.

Thought She Would Lose Child.

During the hot weather young children are very much subject to diarrhoea, in fact, more so than adults, on account of the more delicate construction of their constitution. It behooves every mother to look after her children on the first sign of any looseness of the bowels, for if they do not some serious bowel trouble such as diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, summer complaint, etc., is liable to follow, and they will perhaps, lose their little one by not taking the precaution to check this looseness of the bowels by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. R. J. Hillis, St. Mary's, Ont., writes: "My little girl was so bad with diarrhoea the doctor could not cure her, and we were sure we were going to lose her. A friend of mine told me to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so I sent for a bottle right away, and by the time I had given her one bottle she was able to sit up, and before I had the second bottle used she was cured. I tell everybody about this sure cure. The price is 35c. a bottle, but it is well worth it. It is 11 years since I first tried it, and will always keep it on hand. It is good for old and young alike."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past 72 years, so if you want to be on the safe side be sure and see that you get "Dr. Fowler's" when you ask for it.

The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

lost a brother at the front, so I know the sorrows of war; and two of my husband's brothers are overseas. One was wounded a year ago.

Now, girls, get to work and talk less. I will sign myself,

Farmer's Wife.

Lonesome

Dear Editor,—I ventured some time ago to write to your merry circle, but as I failed to see my letter in print I come a-knocking once more, asking you kindly to find room for a lonely girl some where among your big circle of boys and girls.

I live on a farm and like it very well, but being used to town I get lonesome at times, and try to forget my lonesomeness reading or writing. The mail comes once a week and I generally get a few letters and papers, but I always look forward to the coming of The Western Home Monthly. I enjoy the correspondence page, and would be delighted if some of the boys or girls of my own age (18) would write to me, and I will be sure to answer all letters.

Hoping my letter will escape the dreaded enemy, Mr. W.P.B., I will bring my letter to a close. Wishing the paper and all its readers every success, I will sign myself,

Little White Rabbit.

N.B.—Would some of the girls please send me their names worked on either silk or velvet, as I am making a friendship quilt?

When the War Will End

Dear Editor,—I have read Pocahontas' letter in your April issue, and feel that I must speak in defence of the noble tillers of the soil. If all the farm boys enlisted (as indeed a great many have), I wonder how much harvest there would be reaped? Let those boys in the banks, printing offices, chartered accountants' offices, etc., go first, and if they haven't enough, call the farmers then, but not before. She talks about retired farmers being willing to go back to their farms. Now let me ask her why these farmers have retired. Just for the very reason that they are broken down from hard work and are physically unfit for any more laborious work. Ask them to go on the farm and they might be willing enough to go, but all their willingness wouldn't help them to plant one more potato, for it is not the willingness that counts altogether on a farm; it is the strength, the great strength and stay with it.

You all know how quickly the Titanic sunk. Didn't men say she would never sink? We, a great nation, can be likened to the Titanic. We sing, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves. Britains never shall be slaves." Yet we are sinking in the sea of self-satisfaction. Rome was at the very height of her glory when she fell. We need to be brought to our senses—thus the war. To-day you will hear people say, "Oh, this is a horrible war, when will it ever end?" Well, I will tell you when it will end, and I am no prophet either: not until we are more humble, less haughty and proud. "My word," says the Bloke from England, "just look at our navy; nothing can compare with it." "And our wheat fields," says the farmer. "Why, all I do is plow the ground, plant the seeds, and up springs the wheat; marvelous, isn't it?" But who by one word from His mouth could crush the navy, who could cause drought, hail, rust, etc., to come in and ruin the crops? "Well, by Jove," says the Englishman, "I should be bally well kicked; I forgot all about there being a God." "Same here," says the farmer. We are all in the same class as the Englishman and farmer; think it over, friends.

Yes, with all our great opportunities, let us not forget—let us do away with self-satisfaction.

I think that I have wandered somewhat from the subject, but upon returning to it will say that I respect and honor all our brave soldier boys, and especially the returned men who have given nearly all but their lives for their country, and those who have paid the supreme sacrifice. Ah, my heart is too full to speak of them, and I can sympathize with those who have lost loved ones, for I too have lost loved ones.

I would, like Pocahontas, be very glad to see conscription, and I sincerely hope that the boys who are shirkers in towns (for I certainly could point out a few in this town) will have to go very quickly.

I hope that Pocahontas does not think that we have a shirker in our family because I take the farm boys' part. If the army would take a boy of fifteen, my brother certainly would be there, but he is doing his duty at home, tilling the land, helping to have a bountiful harvest and for the benefit of the boys at the front, while these bank clerks are sitting at ease, working about six hours a day on a few figures. All around it is the same thing—young boys working on the farms because men for farm work are not available, but I notice that they are quite available for banking purposes. Though the banks have contributed largely to the war, yet many more could go.

Pocahontas makes the statement that if it wasn't for the almighty dollar a certain amount wouldn't be farming. Quite right, I never knew a person who achieved anything yet without having an aim in view. If there wasn't something to struggle for, if we didn't get some benefit out of hard work, I guess we'd just give up.

She speaks also about women going to work on the farms, like our great grandmothers did of yore. Yes, there are plenty of strong girls who could work on farms, but I for one would not enjoy the prospects, though I am not afraid of work. Putting in a crop is a man's work. Oh! I know a woman can do almost anything when circumstances call for it, but I am afraid that there would be somewhat of a shortage of grain if there were nothing but women and retired farmers (old men) left in the country to look after it. One thing I will say for her, she would do her best. Why? Because she had an aim in view, that of keeping the world supplied in the time of need, and I bet she wouldn't work very long if there wasn't an almighty dollar pushed in somewhere.

Hoping very much to see this letter in print, I would like to sign myself,

A Rationalist.

Shower Bath on the Farm

For the last hour I have been wondering why I did not have sense enough long ago to fix up a decent bathing and sleeping arrangement. Just this summer I have learnt what I have been missing in the past thirty-five years on the farm. As a boy I used to go half a mile to the creek in the evening after the chores were done, but the creek was not very inviting so far as bathing facilities were concerned. The only hole deep enough to get under water in had a mud bottom. However, it was all right when one or two of the neighbor boys came along; we had some right good times. After that I contented myself with washing the day's accumulation of dust and dirt off my face and neck and feet. I slept in a stuffy room with one window. On the hottest nights I would take a blanket out on the porch and sleep there until the flies woke me up.

Well, at least, I have to be thankful that I have lived long enough to enjoy the luxury of a shower bath. It is not such a shower as folks in the city have, with hot and cold water and a valve to regulate it to just the right temperature. But it is a mighty comfortable shower all the same, and it cost very little.

In an article in a farm paper last summer I saw a reference as to how some farmer had fixed up a cheap shower. That caught my attention, and I made up my mind that I would try it this year. Last spring I got a sack of cement, and one afternoon I built a concrete platform about four feet square back of the barn. I sloped the concrete slightly from the barn. Just above it I screwed a stout hook into the outer wall of the barn. I bought a tin pail that holds about two or three times as much as an ordinary pail, and had the tinner set into it near the bottom a valve to enable me to shut off the water or turn it on as I wish. Then I got at the drug store a hand spray with about five feet of rubber tubing attached. The other end of this tubing fits on to the valve in the bottom of the bucket.

This is my shower. Every morning I fill this bucket with water and hang it up. A couple of posts with wires run between them, and some blankets hung on the wires, give sufficient privacy. After I come in grimy and sweaty and dirty, I get under this spray, and I don't believe any city man with his up-to-date shower gets any more pleasure and satisfaction out of it than I do out of my home-made one. I feel like a new man after I get on some dry clothes.

Nerves Weak Had Hysterics

Orillia Lady Tells of Her Pitiable Condition When the Nerves Gave Way and She Became Sleepless, Irritable and Excited

Orillia, Ont., August 1917.—There is an abundance of proof found right here in Orillia that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is unrivalled as a means of forming new, rich blood and building up the exhausted nervous system.

At this season almost everybody feels the need of restorative, tonic treatment to keep up vitality and ward off the tired, languid feelings. This letter will give you some idea of the splendid results to be obtained by using this great food cure:—

Mrs. Percy Moulding, 28 West street, Orillia, Ont., writes:—

"Some years ago my nerves got the better of me. I became so bad that on one occasion, during a thunderstorm, I had a severe attack of hysterics. Then I became anxious about my condition. It was sleeplessness and nervous debility that were my trouble. Some nights it would be 1 o'clock before I could get to sleep. Knowing the good results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I commenced a treatment. I took about seven boxes, and gradually I could feel my nerves becoming steady and my appetite returning. I could sleep well, and stay alone without any difficulty. Some little time ago I commenced losing in weight, and I began using the Nerve Food again as a tonic. I used only two boxes, and recovered the weight I had lost. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and when I see anyone looking ill or nervous I say, 'Get busy and use some Nerve Food.'"

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

SYMPTOMS OF HER DISEASE

Backache, Sideache, Nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, all Disappeared After the Woman's Medicine was Taken.

Kingfisher, Okla.—"For two years I suffered with a severe female trouble, was nervous, and had backache and a pain in my side most of the time. I had dizzy spells and was often so faint I could not walk across the floor. The doctor said I would have to have an operation. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



After taking ten bottles I am now well and strong, have no more pain, backache or dizzy spells. Everyone tells me how well I look and I tell them Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did it."—Miss NINA SOUTHWICK, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 33, Kingfisher, Okla.

Every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as Mrs. Southwick did, or if they need free advice in regard to any annoying symptom write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

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15 Richardson Street, Ft. St. Charles, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Dear Sir, I have sent you two dollars for some Grasshopper Ointment. The way I got your address was through a friend telling my wife to get Grasshopper Ointment for her leg. She has suffered for over fifteen years and could get no cure: it was so painful she could hardly walk. We got some Grasshopper Ointment and after using three boxes she is almost well again; it is a wonderful Ointment. Yours respectfully, B. ROBERTS.

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What the World is Saying

Germans Will Have No Chance to Read It

The crop reports from Canada and from the United States give promise of a very heavy yield. How will this read through German spectacles?—Paris Matin.

A Pest of German Origin

Germany expects every Hessian fly in every wheat-field in North America to be true to the Fatherland.—Milan Corriere di Sera.

He Dare Not Make Open Avowal

The reason for the Kaiser's silence as to his war aims is that he dare not name them.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Plain Duty

A sacred obligation lies upon all not risking their lives to give generously and often.—New York Tribune.

The Children Victims of the War

There can be no permanent peace in Europe until the stolen and scattered children are restored.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Transatlantic Jocosity

The fair sex in America are eager to be permitted to serve with the colors. So we shall expect soon to hear of a Joan of Arkansas.—London Opinion.

Of Course

American troops will go into action with long and sharp knives in their leggings. Now listen to the German's howl about uncivilized warfare.—Manchester Guardian.

Quite So

Mr. Hoover is calling for one wheatless meal per day. A lot of people would be helped if they would take one eatless meal every now and then.—Chicago Herald.

Armies and Politics

The safety of a republic depends largely on keeping an army out of politics; and no less on keeping politics out of an army.—Washington Star.

Their Frightfulness Was Premeditated

Berlin says the Germans have become a hard people owing to the British starvation policy. That hardly explains Germany's conduct in Belgium at the very outset of the war however.—New York World.

An ex-King's Wealth and Luxury

King Constantine has bought the magnificent Chateau Chartreuse in Switzerland. A castle among the Alps in the summer ought to help even a canned King to bear up.—Vancouver Sun.

He is Lucky 'Twas No Worse

A Lebanon, Pa., man gave three cheers for the Kaiser the other day, and the surgeons have been picking bird shot out of him ever since.—Moosomin World-Spectator.

Heroism in All Classes

Gallantry is an exclusive attribute of no class of the community. During the present war seven Westminster street sweepers have won either the D.C.M. or the Military Medal.—London Truth.

Where the Frontiers Are

The American frontier to-day lies along the Aisne and Scarpe. It is there we must fight and defeat the enemy if we do not want the frontier moved to our own coast.—Chicago Post.

What Mrs. Constantine May Say

Probably Mrs. Constantine will spend most of her time at the Chateau Chartreuse reminding the ex-king of the good men whom she might have married if she hadn't been so foolish as to take him.—Minneapolis Journal.

Herod Not in the Hun Class

"No," said the shade of Herod, "I don't care to meet any of those newly arrived submarine commanders. Even under the plea of the higher necessity, I slaughtered boy babies only."—Paris Figaro.

A Heroic Young Canadian

V.C., D.S.O., M.C.—the string of letters which Capt. W. A. Bishop, nineteen-year-old Canadian boy, is entitled to write after his name mark him as a man apart. No other man lives who has won the Victoria and the Military Cross, and admission as a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. The Canadian aviators have done work that will make their native land forever proud of them.—New York Times.

German Determination

The use of air bombs by the Germans in their recent raid also shows that they are determined to defend themselves against the women and children of England at all hazards.—Topeka Capital.

Germany's Mistake About the States

The North thought the South would not fight and found itself mistaken. The South thought the North would not fight and found itself mistaken. Germany thinks the North and South together will not fight.—New York Herald.

The Old Order is Gone

The old conditions in Great Britain have disappeared, probably for ever. The element of State control and State intervention in matters vital to the public has become very strong, and the outlook is that it will be permanent.—Glasgow Herald.

Two Episodes in Turkey's History

It was in 1827 that Great Britain and France freed Greece from Turkish rule and gave her a constitutional government. Ninety years later the same two powers have had once more to rescue Greece, this time from one of Turkey's allies.—Victoria Colonist.

Fighting Other Vermin

An applicant who was described as an "insect exterminator" was granted conditional exemption by the Birmingham Military Tribunal last week. He is a house disinfector, and it was stated that his services were of the utmost importance to the health of the community.—London Times.

Would Be a Disaster

Mr. Lloyd George used the strongest possible language, but any milder language would have been an understatement and therefore an untruth, when he said at Glasgow that if the war ended before the aims of the Allies were fully achieved, "it will be the greatest disaster that has ever befallen mankind."—Providence Journal.

A Miracle-worker Needed

Maximilian Harden's latest proposition must be a poser to the Prussian autocracy. The Allies, he says, cannot be defeated without a miracle, and Germany's aspirations can be realized only with the support of the united world, which would be another miracle. Perhaps the Rev. Dr. Hohenzollern can solve this problem. Everybody else has given it up.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Weal of the Common People

The doom of the Superman is sealed. The fate of the Emperor is fixed. The stars in their courses fight against the Siera of autocracy. The clouds for the moment may hide those fighting stars, but the fight goes on, and in the morning the sun will radiate everywhere the weal of the common people.—Toronto Globe.

The People's War

This is not the war of the Administration nor of any party nor of any section. It is the people's war and the life and health of the humblest lad who enlisted in it is dearer to the heart of the people than the official reputation of any public servant, be he politician or bureaucrat.—Duluth Herald.

It Will Help Enormously

Captain von Salzmann, German military critic, says the American soldiers lack the brilliancy of the French and Germans, and that the United States military contribution will find expression in numbers and mechanical application of brute force. Well, that is what counts in a war like the present.—Montreal Gazette.

The Chronicles of the War

Will there ever be a complete history of this war of the nations describing in detail, pictorially and in written story, the movement of events either by sea or by land? The task, if it be undertaken in order to show what happened in the various theatres of war, will probably form the biggest book ever published. Kinglake filled nine close-printed volumes of the exploits of the little British Army in the Crimea. In the present struggle the combatants are counted by the million. Practically the whole of the perimeter of the European Continent has been drenched in blood, and there are other more distant scenes of conflict; all the world's seas have known what the clash of arms means. It may be that in years to come our descendants will turn rather to the photographic records than to the printed word for a realization of the way in which men fought in the Great War.—Liverpool Post.

It Failed to Work Out That Way

The abdication of King Constantine will disappoint those who believe in prophecies. Like Constantine the Great, he married a consort named Sophia, and there is a tradition centuries old and much quoted in Greece at the time of his marriage to the effect that "when a Constantine and a Sophia shall once more reign in Hellas, Constantinople will belong to the Hellenes."—Dundee Courier.

End of "Divine Right" Tyranny in Sight

The sceptres and crowns of the rulers by the "divine right" of tyranny are beginning to tumble down. William will welcome Constantine in Germany, he says—and no one can deny that there and nowhere else is where the late King of the Hellenes belongs. But where will William be welcomed when his turn comes? In the years to come, where is the acre of God's green earth where he will not be accused?—Boston Transcript.

A World War, Indeed

Before August, 1914, who would have dreamed that Fiji Islanders would journey from the South Seas to help England beat back the invading Germans in France? The news that a contingent of these antipodal islanders are even now on their way to the front, along with large numbers of Chinese laborers who are to cultivate the soil of France while the former cultivators fight back the German, serves to illustrate anew the veritable melting pot of peoples this war has set a-seething.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A French Tribute to Lloyd George

Mr. Lloyd George does not conceal the truth about the horrors of war nor ignore the risks to be run, but he deals with them in a major, not a minor key. He does not lessen their impressiveness by the display of personal emotion which would appear effeminate in connection with such mighty events. He has thus created in his country a sort of optimism both noble and practical, that British optimism which has borne such splendid fruit in this extraordinary war.—Paris Journal.

Peace "Negotiations"

A neat exemplification of the proverb "Actions speak louder than words," is given in an epigram hidden away in a soldier's letter from the front. "It is difficult (he writes) to account for, but here, listening to a fairly heavy bombardment, one's mind is forever turning over the idea that Peace is in the air! We were talking of it yesterday. 'Yes,' said Harry R—, drily, as the thunder of the guns redoubled, 'yes, you can hear the negotiations!'" The writer of the letter is (or was) a journalist; and yet the story rings true.—London Daily Chronicle.

Making the War Personal

It has been said that the suffering and sordidness of the battle front should be kept from Americans and not shown them in pictures and stories because realization of its real meaning might hurt recruiting and encourage the cause of the unpatriotic peace element. That is a fallacy. Americans need to know and understand the war in all its horror, so they will be inspired to stand up to their full height and, opening their purses to the Government, say: "Here I am; take me." Because we are an ocean's breadth away we cannot feel as the French and English have been made to feel; but we will before the end, as our Canadian friends have.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The Prussian Nebuchadnezzar

An illustration of the desperate straits to which the Huns are reduced by the blockade, is the advice given by Professor Weidner of Bavaria, that the hungry people should eat grass. He gives red clover and alfalfa a high place on his bill of fare—for other people. He probably does not eat much of this kind of greenstuff himself, or he might be less enthusiastic. That the Kaiser will be turned out to grass seems to be destined. The last member of the Nebuchadnezzar dynasty, who has inherited all the arrogance and cruelty of the first, can hardly hope to escape the fate of the monarch who was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen.—Ottawa Citizen.

Appropriate Garments

A recent discovery is that German soldiers are wearing uniforms composed in part at least of garments fashioned from paper. It shows the extremity to which Germany is reduced—for if the soldiers to whom the best the country affords is assigned, are wearing paper, what must civilians be wearing?—and does more than that. It furnishes new incentives to the brave men who are fighting the hosts of Prussianism. To convert 'em into scraps of paper as speedily as possible should be the special aim of all aviators, artillery gunners, trench fighters and others embattled for the visiting of righteous retribution on the crimes against Belgium.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Seven Passenger

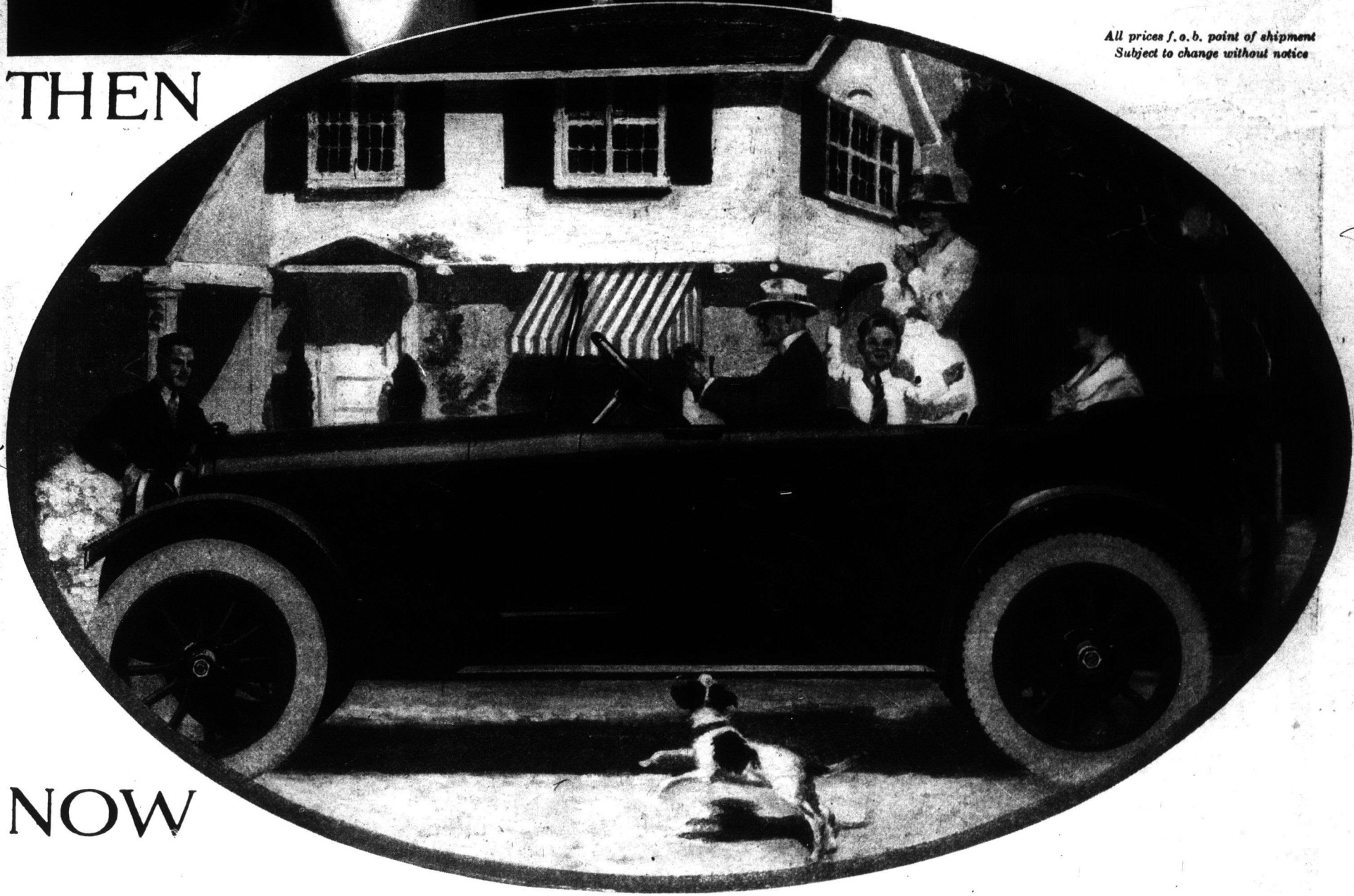
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And here is a car—the new *light weight* Willys Six—which will gladden the hearts of the six-cylinder enthusiasts—and of the discriminating who have not yet found just the car they have wanted.

This announces a scientific development in Sixes. Heretofore the great problem most manufacturers had to contend with was the all important factor of *proper and perfect balance*.

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So it is with considerable gratification that we announce what we believe to be one of the most scientifically balanced, popular priced Sixes on the market.

In a word, this means better performance, lower upkeep and longer life.

The motor is 45 horsepower. It is a wonder for work; quick as a flash on the getaway; speedy; surprisingly economical, and develops excess power for all purposes.

Scientific designing has done *more*.

For now, by scientific designing, in the light of our great experience in building sixes, we have produced a *lighter* car without sacrificing sturdiness.

Reduced weight means additional gasoline economy, greater tire mileage and an easier car to handle.

The body design also is new. Long, sweeping, graceful lines distinguish it as one of the year's advanced models. It's a perfect beauty.

Your wife will fall in love with it on sight. Don't let her see it until you have made up your mind to buy. For after one look she'll give you no peace until you do buy.

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You'll be surprised at its wonderful performance, but its price will be even a greater surprise.

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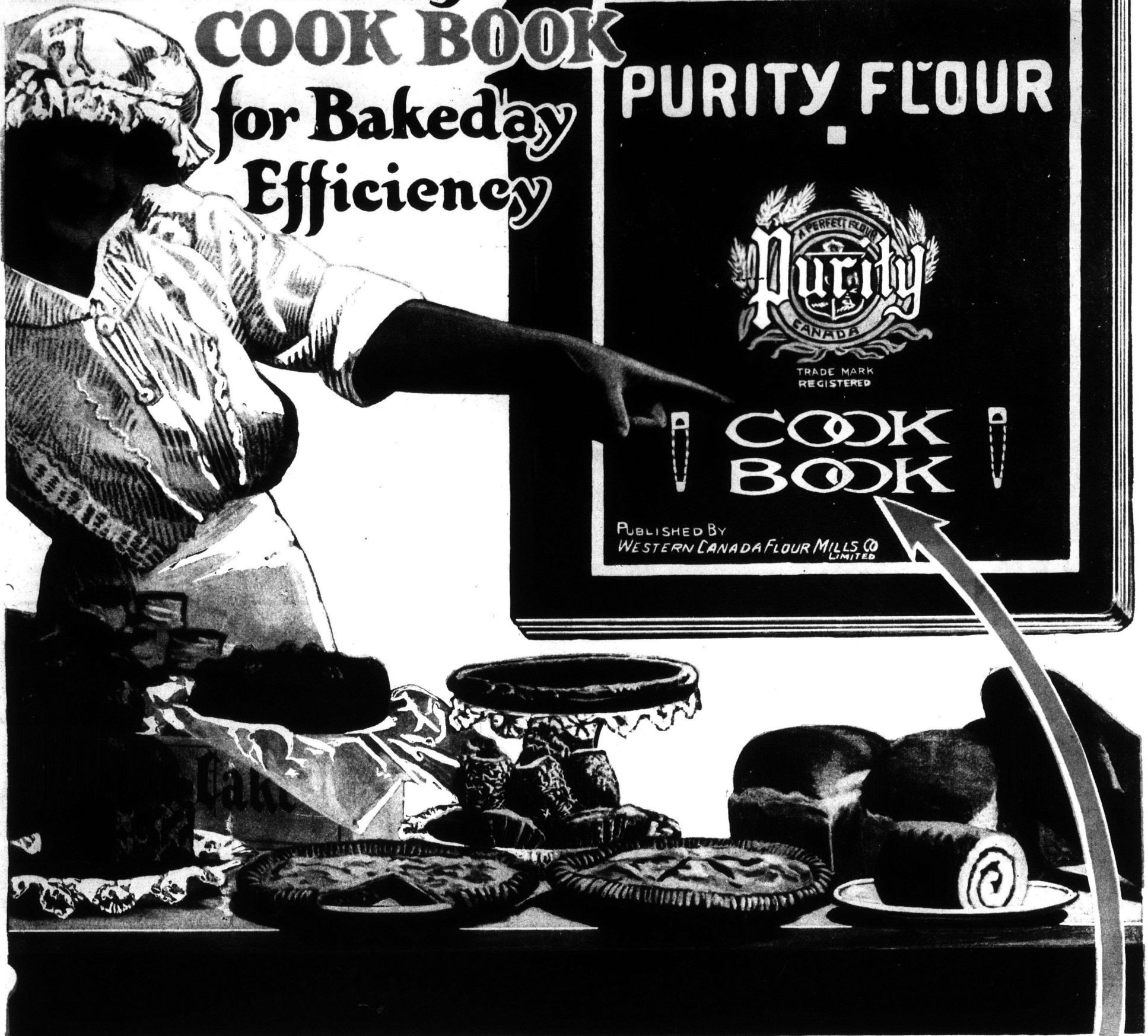
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