

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Winnipeg, Man.

May, 1918



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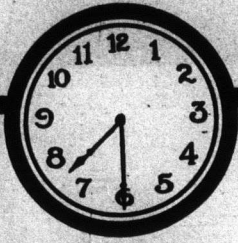
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XX.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 5

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.50, 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.

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

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

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

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

A Chat With Our Readers

The large number of complimentary letters which come to us by almost every mail is very encouraging. Many of our readers in voicing their appreciation of the good qualities of the magazine, express a desire to do all they can to help us achieve our object of having The Western Home Monthly in every household in the West. As a matter of fact, our readers can now give us real help and give it very effectively. We need new subscribers. We don't expect you to trudge round all day getting orders for us, but surely a single new subscription from every reader is not too much to ask. It would mean little—very little—work for you but tremendous results for us. You will not find it very difficult trying to find us just one subscriber. You may, indeed, find little scope for your eloquence as The Western Home Monthly contains so very many strong features that commend themselves to prospective subscribers. No harm trying, anyway, is there? May be there lives a family close to you that does not subscribe to this magazine. Give them your copy to look over or, if you like, we will send you one or two extra copies as samples. We would like to double our circulation through our readers' efforts. It would be a good thing for us but it would be a good thing for you, too as the more revenue we derive from our circulation, the more money can we spend on making The Western Home Monthly bigger and better.

Readers living at outside points and desirous of obtaining certain merchandise not locally on sale are requested to write us. We are in touch with the large manufacturers in both Canada and the United States, and, in the majority of cases, can very easily tell you where you may obtain the specified articles. Before writing us, however, it is a good idea to consult our advertising columns, very often the desired information will be found there.

Peace River District, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to write a few words in praise of the many good qualities of such a homesteader's friend as The Western Home Monthly. In this far Northern settlement it is particularly welcome as the long winter months grow rather monotonous and the mail that carries to us such cheery, wholesome reading as we find in your columns is keenly looked for. Those columns devoted to the problems of the young men and women are alone worth the subscription price. For what greater problem is there to-day than that of the lives of the young people of our land and the man or woman who devotes his or her energy and time to this matter shall surely be well repaid. Then, "The Philosopher" is also splendid reading for both young and old. But those pages of fiction; how they must appeal to all young people, especially those who live in the Great West, the land of adventure, and romance. Then too, the Correspondence pages are interesting but I often think we would enjoy more letters from the older readers for we can learn so much from the words and experience of those who are older in years and experience. Then best of all, I do so much enjoy the first page where we seem to get a heart to heart talk with our editor. It seems to bring us with our busy lives and many problems closer to each other and makes us realize that we must combine together to make a success of "our paper." I only wish this splendid paper came more often but there, we must remember that "enough is as good as a feast."—Yours sincerely, O. R.

For your convenience we append a subscription blank in case your subscription has expired. Please note that we have not yet advanced our rates—many other publications have. Our rates are still \$1 a year or \$2 for three years. But we do not guarantee that we shall always accept subscriptions at this low price so there is no time like the present.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg,

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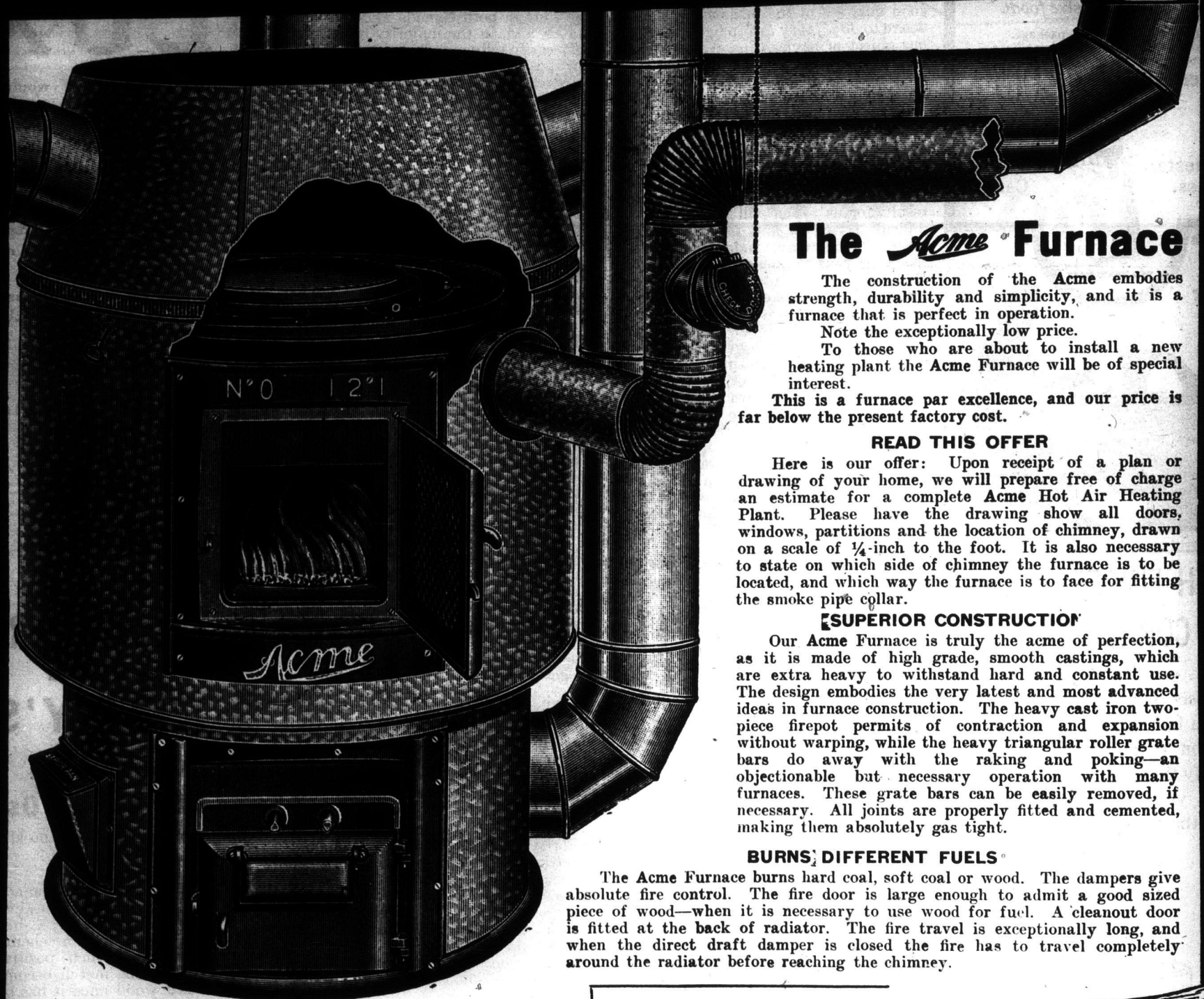
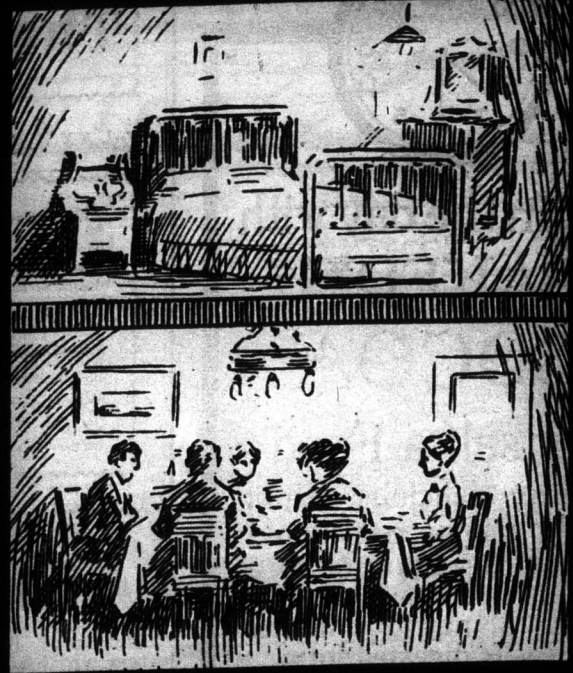
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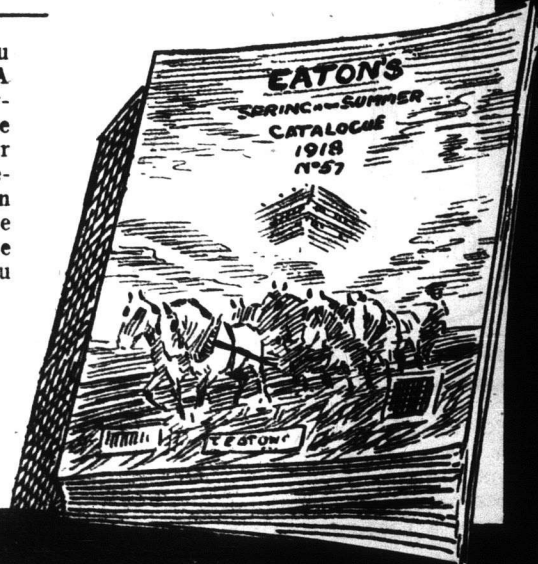
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Editorial

Fight It Out Now

WHEN in this city lately, Dr. T. G. Soares, of Chicago, delivered a remarkable lecture on the war aims of Germany. By a stroke of good fortune The Western Home Monthly is able to give the general drift of the address, although it is impossible to quote figures and follow the language. Nevertheless, the summary will make good reading for every loyal Canadian.

The German conspiracy against civilization had one great object—world domination. But this objective was to be reached by three stages. During the first stage the central power was to be extended until it included Germany, Austro-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey and portions of France and Russia, a territory with over a hundred million people. When these were united under Prussian leadership the Huns were to prepare for their next movement an attack on Great Britain. The third step is easily understood. South America and Canada were to become an easy prey to the victors, and the United States, well, the less said the better.

It is unfortunate, most unfortunate, for Prussian pride and Prussian hope that the people of the world would not permit the play to come off in its three pre-arranged acts. Little Belgium insisted upon entering the stage right from the stage manager walked out on the boards during the very first act. Later on, the United States determined to take part in the production. The result is that the whole three acts are being played in one, and so far as Germany is concerned the thing is a hopeless muddle. It is really too bad that such a carefully prepared plot should not have gone through as arranged. But this is a common experience in the history of individuals, families and nations. As one of our own writers has said:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley."

That was a very ingenious conspiracy which was set down for the first act. The idea was no less than to approach Austro-Hungary and get her co-operation in lining up the Balkan States, Turkey and Greece. This was easy because of the Hohenzollern alliances. Only one thing stood in the way—little Serbia. It was indeed providential for Germany that the Archduke was murdered. It gave the all-sufficient justification for action on the part of Austria. It was to be expected of course, that Russia would oppose Austria's move against Serbia, but that did not worry a nation which for forty years had been preparing for war. Nor did trouble from France worry Germany. Rather was such trouble to be welcomed. The whole plan was to get these two countries into the war in order that at its close they might pay the total cost, leaving an unencumbered Germany free to prepare for the next stroke, the war on England. The scheme was big but worth a great risk. It was worth while having a straight roadway through to Persia and to have in subservience to the autocracy at Berlin a population of a hundred million, with millions more in conquered Russia as nothing better than slaves. Of course, it was not put to Austro-Hungary, Turkey and the Balkans in this way. They were to be helped by the union. Austria was to be aided in its difficulty with the Slav population of the eastern provinces. Turkey was to be aided against its great enemy Russia. Bulgaria was to get a slice of Serbia. Then when it was all settled Germany was to give them all the double cross. This is the Simon-pure German trick every time. The great founder of the German confederacy, Bismarck, was a clever statesman, and indeed a man of marvellous capacity, but he was completely lacking in honor and truthfulness. The Germans of to-day outdo him in this regard. Were the curtain to fall right now, Germany retaining what she has, the Kaiser would be king of Central Europe, and every other so-called ruler would be but his vassal. The scheme is not merely an independent Central Europe but an enlarged German empire, so that it may prepare for the next great fight, the fight with England.

Let us not think in our innocent way that in so far as Germany is concerned this is a war with France and Russia, not even a war to get a passage way through to Damascus and beyond. It is the first step in a war for world domination. If England does not crush Germany now, she must face her in twenty-five or thirty years, and face her all alone. If the United States and Canada do not join in at the present time they must be prepared to give independent opposition later on. If we do not work and fight and pray NOW, those who are our babies must be prepared for rapine and slaughter in the years to come. It is our great good fortune that we have the three acts in one. Nothing would suit Germany better than peace. What she wants is a rest in order to consolidate and prepare. But rest she must not have. It is a fight to the death. It is autocracy against democracy, devil against the Almighty. We can not delay the struggle. We must fight the next war NOW.

The Spirit of the Farmer

HERE is a spirit that animates every man who really and truly works. This year it should be the spirit of faith and hope and love. The farmer who sows should do so praying and believing that a kind Providence will reward his labor and send rain and sun to cheer the growing plants, he should add to his faith, the hope that before the year is out his friends on the front line will be victorious, and his children and loved ones saved from Hunnish cruelty and brutishness. Above all he should add the love which makes him willing to work day and night, not chiefly to make money, but to add to the happiness and comfort of his fellows and the glory of his nation. All work done in the right spirit is intensely religious. If done merely in the spirit of gain it is unholy.

The man who sows a field of wheat in love and who contemplates the growth of the plants from their early beginnings until harvest, finds comfort for his own soul. What a privilege to be a co-worker with the Master of the Universe! What a joy to be able to do something for the good of mankind!

The Spirit of Heroes By Tennyson

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher
aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust
of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs
and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be
told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle
unroll'd!
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many
shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the clash of
jarring claims,
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on
a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall
leap,
And shine in the sudden making of
splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one
desire;
For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is
over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the
Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the
fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a
heart of fire.
Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down
like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause,
we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to
the better mind;
It is better to fight for the good than to
rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one
with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the
doom assign'd.

Every man on this earth was intended to be a producer. God created and man should create. There is no room in this world for the lounge, the waster, the destroyer. That is a most righteous law which demands of every able-bodied man that he be engaged in work. It is an equally sound law which imposes on every one the necessity of saving. Though just now we are in self-defence compelled to fight, the fighting itself we deplore. And so, as we sow, we can experience the joy of the worker, as we go about our work we can experience the joy of saving, and as we wage war we can do it in the joy of believing that our victory will mean the end of war.

He is a poor type of man who estimates his crop merely in dollars. He is a true patriot who estimates it in terms of happiness, food for the allies, salvation for a world.

The Little That Counts

LAST year the people of the allied nations were urged to give attention to home gardens. The report on the gardens in the United States has just been published, and it is quite likely that reports from other countries will be equally satisfactory. There were in America about 3,000,000 gardens aggregating 1,115,000 acres. It is estimated that the yield was worth \$350,000,000 or \$17.50 per family. It is also estimated that the housewives of the United States put up nearly half a billion quart jars of vegetables and fruits, or three times as much as they ever packed before in one year.

These figures should encourage the allies everywhere to persist in the policy of home gardening. The people of Western Canada have special opportunity to show what they can do. We have the soil, the broad acres, and people who are not afraid of work. Every boy and girl can join in the undertaking, and if the thing is carried out in a right way the occupation may be the means of developing in those who are engaged in it, not only a right attitude to labor, but a feeling of ardent patriotism. For there should go into the keeping of a garden not only the strength of the body, but all the determination of the will and all the warm love of the heart. Every gardener is more than a money-maker. He is, in proportion as he adds to the nation's food, a savior of his country.

Valued Criticism

THE Western Home Monthly welcomes most heartily such criticisms as are made from time to time of the articles that appear in its columns. Most of such criticisms have been exceedingly kind, and for this the Monthly is very thankful. None the less does it welcome the occasional article which comments unfavorably on views expressed editorially or by contributors. The editor does not always sympathize with the views of contributors. An article that stirs up thought is often better than one which utters generally accepted truth. Two articles that appeared in recent numbers have called for unusual critical comments, and according to custom the other side is given a hearing.

The first criticism is against a story, "Dorothy Perkins," which appeared in February. The brunt of the criticism is in these words: "You publish a story that puts a young woman employed in housework in the light of a bold bad girl because she happens to send a note and some flowers to a very much over-estimated V.C. You allow the story publication when the hero of it refers to the young woman as 'the Phillip's maid,' 'the girl they call Tilda' who by the way is 'abominably plain.'"

Now, of course, the young girl was not pictured as either bold or bad. Intellectually she was evidently in the writer's mind unsuited for life association with the over-estimated V.C. Morally and otherwise she may have been his superior. Would the couple have been well mated? Was Dorothy a more fitting mate, all things considered? Was she a more fitting mate for a V.C. who would use such terms in describing a "household help"? On the whole is not the story a reflection on the V.C. rather than on the "household help"? The story as told raises in a new way one of the most important and interesting of problems. What is the real basis for happy and contented marriage? The writer has in his own way attempted to suggest a solution. Is it right? The utterances of the characters are only side issues. They are the groundwork for forming judgments. A writer must surely be free to create characters some of whom we loathe and some of whom we love. You cannot rule Mephistopheles out of Faust, but you do not approve of him. On the whole the criticism seems to be somewhat misplaced. If the writer had been accused of maligning the holders of the V.C. there might have been some point in the criticism.

The second criticism has to do with an article in last issue entitled "To Mary or Not?" This is another problem and the unknown writer gives her own solution. It is very different from the German solution, and perhaps runs counter to established custom. The problem is, however, a very live one, and on that account must not be set to one side. It is wholly unnecessary in criticising the action of Mary to attribute unworthy motives to her. Why not do what is always the right thing in such cases, give the most lovely interpretation of the action possible? It is possible that Mary may have been of the type represented by Naomi Hannah and others of the class. It is only fair to think the kindest thought. The Monthly is not approving or doning Mary's judgment but urges that criticism should always be kind.

There is a story in the March issue to which no doubt great exception might be taken, if it were interpreted in the wrong way. It is an account of monstrous injustice in a supposed court in Alaska. Though over-drawn it yet represents what we find in many homes, churches, schools and communities—an attempt to meet all difficulties in a coarse thoughtless way, rather than to vary treatment in a humane spirit to suit individual conditions. Happily the white man's court described is far from typical. Our readers will go behind the incident and see what is implied in the illustration. It required a fiction writer—Charles Dickens—to redress evils in the courts, prisons and schools of England. It may be that the fiction writer of to-day may also be a preacher, even if his sermon is not a pleasant one to read.

These words are written to indicate that critical comments on what appears in the Monthly are always valued highly and considered fully. It is by getting letters such as these that a paper knows just how to meet the needs of its constituency.

In the Woodbury Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find the proper treatment for oily skin and shiny nose. This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

Do you know why it is that the inner surface of your arm is so white and satiny, while the texture of your face, especially of your nose, is rougher and shows enlarged pores?

It is exposure—constant exposure to changing temperatures—sun, wind and dust—that enlarges the pores and coarsens the texture of the skin of your face.

On parts of the body that are habitually covered by clothing, the skin changes very little from the fine texture of childhood. It needs no special care to keep it fine and smooth.

The skin of your face must have special care

The pores of the face, even in normal conditions, are not so fine as in other parts of the body. On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

Under exposure to wind and dust and sun, the pores of the face contract and expand. If the skin is not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, the small muscular fibres, especially those of the nose, become weakened and do not contract as they should. Instead the pores remain open, they collect dirt and dust, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the cause of conspicuous nose pores—the bugbear of so many women, and often the only flaw in an otherwise perfect complexion.

Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

Do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit and supplement it with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

In the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, treatments are given for the various troubles of the skin. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5c for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2405 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If your skin has become gradually coarsened, this special treatment and the general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will make it fine and soft again. For directions, see the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"



Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. You will find directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



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Above the Timber Belt

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

WHEN Porson Andrews, the millionaire, decided to hunt that fall in the Hooded Crow Mountain locality, he obtained the very best guide the district could provide in the personality of Nat Hilderwood. Hilderwood was a mountaineer of uncommon gifts, possessing a veritable sixth sense for locating game; but millionaires were his pet aversion. "What I have invented and what I have organized is the crux of their conversation," he would assert. "And I never ran up against one yet who could hunt for toffee."

If Nat held this opinion previously, he certainly had some grounds for holding it after a week with Porson Andrews, for in spite of the man's boasting, Nat decided that he knew "hang all about game." To-day it was frizzingly hot, and though fall was far spent the blackflies were busy; thus Nat found the millionaire's company more irksome than usual. "I tell you," Andrews was saying, "you Rocky Mountain guides don't know what hunting is. You want to go to the Zambesi where I killed my white rhino, two lions and six elephants in a week."

"Thought you were used to the tropics," drawled the guide. "That explains why you can't lay a camp fire for nuts."

"But I can shoot!" responded Porson defensively. "My record bag was twenty-four bull elephants in a week. My system was to walk right in, irrespective of danger, and drop the two best bulls with a couple of shots."

Nat gave a low whistle. Obviously the man was lying. "There ain't no legal limit in the African game reserves, then!" he observed with clearly assumed surprise. "It says so in the guide books, but expect they're wrong. Anyway, if you want big game, sir, you shall have it. There are grizzly on this range, and I can take you right to them if you like?"

"Grizzly—just my mark!" exclaimed Andrews. "I'm tired of deer and caribou, so get a move on."

Nat got a move on. He gave Andrews a climb the city man was not to forget. Straight up the almost perpendicular mountain side, packing a huge load, he led the way, setting a pace which the best of Indians would have been hard put to hold. When dusk fell they were high above the timber belt, and Nat was a good mile ahead. By the time the millionaire, panting and fuming, gained him, camp was made, and a meal prepared.

"Now sir, to-morrow you shall see grizzly," said Nat. "Large silvertip, probably. Cross Fearson, the prospector, was near knocked out by one of them a month ago. I helped carry him down—awful mess! He's still in hospital."

It was very wind-swept, silent, and desolate up there on the heights. Here and there lay the eternal glaciers, radiant and ghostly between the blackness, seeming to radiate a pale phosphorescence in the starlight. To one unaccustomed to it the silence was awful, and the millionaire piled more brush on the fire. The guide smiled comprehendingly.

"I suppose grizzly are not dangerous unless you molest them?" enquired Andrews casually.

Nat proceeded to lay it on with a tar brush. "In my opinion, grizzly is dangerous whenever he is hungry," he stated. "One of them charged straight through the survey party's camp up here, laming a half-breed and a dog, and stampeding the ponies. You want to make sure of your first shot, and aim at paralyzing his spine—then he can't charge. But of course you're used to dangerous game."

They turned in after their pipes, and an hour later the guide was amused to see his companion get up and pile armfuls of scrub on the fire—more particularly so because, in spite of the altitude, the night was mild.

At dawn, having cached their gear, they were under way, progressing slowly and cautiously along the head of a mighty glacier which terminated a hundred yards below in a sheer drop of almost two miles sheer into the valley. Here the millionaire insisted on being roped to the guide, though Nat protested that he failed to see the object of company when falling giddily through space.

"Ice climbing ain't my department," argued Andrews. "If I'm tied up to you, I know you won't play any pranks."

So the rope was secured, and with ice pick and rifles the two men carefully progressed, Nat of course, leading the way, his keen eyes alert for any sign of game.

Suddenly the guide stopped, crouched, and motioned to his companion. He had neither seen nor heard the betraying sign, but his nostrils had detected a strong whiff of bear.

"Now this," thought Nat, "is an uncommonly embarrassing situation. If this fool at the other end of the rope spots grizzly, there ain't any telling just what he'd do. As like as not he'd forget the rope, and yank me over into space."

Scarcely had these thoughts flashed through his mind when a wild yell sounded behind him, and, turning like a flash, the sight that met his gaze for an instant paralysed him.



This is a striking and recent photograph of General Ferdinand Foch, on the left, who has been chosen Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, and General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander of the British Forces on the Western front. The division under Foch's command played a vitally important part in the stopping of the Germans at the Battle of the Marne. He has great ability as a tactician and a leader of men, and it has been hinted for some time that he might be appointed to his present great command.

There was Porson Andrews, stark terror staring from his eyes, clearly on the point of blind panic, while crouching flat on a shelf above his head, snarling into his very face, was the largest grizzly Nat had ever seen.

For Nat to have fired would have been folly, for the strike of a grizzly is quick as the strike of a rattlesnake. Andrews, however, was taking no chances. With that one yell he turned back the way they had come, his rifle ricocheting downwards into space.

Nat braced himself for the jerk he could not circumvent. The millionaire leapt, the rope pulling him up midway in the leap. Directly between them crouched the grizzly.

What happened next was horrifying. The millionaire fell backwards, and began to shoot headlong down, down, while Nat, having no time to recover his foothold, was totally unprepared for the second jerk

as the rope tightened again. Next instant both of them were sliding with increasing speed down the waterwashed face of the glacier.

It was a horrible moment. In another few seconds they would shoot giddily over the edge, to fall into the far-off valley below.

But the guide was prepared. Again and again he struck with his pick, and at length it held. Slowly but surely, amidst a cloud of ice particles, leaving a jagged furrow behind them, their progress was arrested.

Nat peered down, to be met by an expression of unspeakable horror in his companion's face. Then he glanced up to see how far they had fallen, and was just in time to observe a very peaceful looking old grizzly get up and amble over the brow.

"Now you got us into an almighty mess," cried the guide angrily. "Get a grip with your hunting knife, and ease the rope."

this time he was sustaining his own weight and half that of his companion by his grip upon the ice pick, the glacier falling away under them in a house-side gradient. "I know your sort," Nat continued, "and it would kind of be like a change of air to get the truth out of you. In the first place," he sneered, "I'd like to know whether you did any hunting in Africa, or whether you bought those trophies of yours from the natives!"

"What's your game?" growled Porson. "Want to blackmail me, now you've got me, and so get hold of some of my money?"

Nat uttered a ringing laugh. "Hang your filthy money," he retorted. "All I want is the truth." Then suddenly he became grave. "Listen to me," he ordered. "I got a pal way down in Colorado. Kind of a lunger he is—sick to get out into the hills, and the doctors reckon it's his only chance. But men on small ranches who have three or four kiddies to think about—"

"Curse your pal!" yelled the millionaire. "Get me out of this, and there's a thousand dollars for you."

"Shut up, or I'll let you down!" growled the guide viciously, striking his fingers across the rope till it vibrated. "You got us into this, but now I'm bossing the show. My pal lives in Provence Valley, and three years ago he struck oil on his claim. Well, the millionaire who owns the railway in those parts makes him an offer for it—about a fiftieth of what it's worth—and when my pal refuses he's told—then sell to someone else and build your own railway."

"Say," Nat added, "don't you reckon that millionaire's every which kind of a skunk?"

"Oh, a rogue—of course," panted Andrews, "but for goodness sake get us out of this. I can't stick it much longer."

"That's my opinion of him," drawled the guide coolly. "I think if I had him at the end of this rope, I'd cut him loose and let him drop."

The millionaire groaned aloud. The sweat was streaming down his forehead into his eyes. "For God's sake don't do that!" he muttered hoarsely. "I'll give you two thousand—three thousand—"

Again Nat's clear laugh filled the awful stillness, and again he turned suddenly grave. "Mr. Andrews," he said quietly, "hell's full of men like you. If I let you drop it would leave the world a better place. You're a millionaire, and you look down on my kind earning three dollars a day, but anyhow I live straight and clean, and I don't lie about the game I've killed. Nor do I try to buy my fellow men with blood money. I hate your sort more than I can say, and I reckon you know who I've been talking about. You're the man who refused to give my pal an honest price for his oil field, and left him to struggle on with his wife and kiddies before you'd part with a few hundred out of your millions."

Andrews was trembling. "I'll pay your pal what he's asking—if that's what you want," he blurted out. "Now get us out of this."

Nat's iron muscles as yet hardly felt the strain. He laughed a shade whimsically. "It won't do," he answered, "and I may as well tell you right here and now that I couldn't save you if I wanted to. The ice is clean swept and hard as diamond, and you and I stick here till we can't stick no longer. Then we go out together."

The man of millions buried his face in the ice with a shuddering cry, and an expression of sympathy came into Nat's keen eyes as he looked down at him.

"Heavens, do you mean it, Nat?" cried Andrews, trembling from head to foot; and the guide nodded gravely.

There was a long and terrible silence. Low over their heads an eagle circled and soared. Presently the millionaire began to blubber aloud like a frightened child, and the comparison between them was marvellous—the one with power and influence terrified beyond words, blubbering and moaning, and the unknown, frugal man of the ranges cool and thoughtful, looking down on him with a shade of contempt on his bronzed features, prepared to meet the end with quiet resignation.

At length Andrews spoke. "Nat," he said, "I calculate I've been no end of a quitter, but this is the finish. We stand face to face now, simple men; as God made us, and I'm proud to go out with such company as you. And Nat—I'll tell you this—" his voice softened and became well controlled, "I ain't scared

now, only I don't want to die. I too have a wife and youngsters—like your pal 'way down in Province Valley. I've been thinking, Nat, what chances I've missed—how a man like myself might do great things with his money."

The guide nodded. "That's true," he said. "I wonder what you'd do if you had your chance again?"

"I know three things I'd do?" answered the millionaire, still in a quiet voice. "There's a poor quitter down in Texas whom I broke to make my pile. I'd set him up again. Then there's your pal in Colorado—I'd fix him o.k. Last I'd come into these hills, and bring my kiddies here, where they could grow up with God and nature—straight and clean, as men are meant to be."

The guide bit his lips. He was staring with fixed intentness into the great distance, a new expression upon his handsome face. "Sorry I can't help you, Mr. Andrews," he said. "Those are three mighty big ambitions I'd give my hand to see carried out. But I'm afraid there's no turning back now."

How long they waited neither knew. The city man again broke the quietude. "Nat," he said, "my muscles are done. I can hold on no longer. You can't get me out, but have a shot at saving yourself. I'm finished, anyway. Good-bye and good luck."

His cramped arm withdrew the knife from his hold, and before Nat's very eyes he severed the rope. Helplessly Nat witnessed the sickening spectacle. The millionaire spun downwards, turning as he fell, to vanish head foremost over the edge.

The guide shrugged his shoulders. Relieved of the tremendous load on the rope, new life seemed to pulse through his twitching muscles. Rolling on his back he hacked with his heels, and secured a precarious hold, then breathlessly he loosed the pick, for one hair-raising instant knew himself to be in dire peril, then struck higher and held. Again he hacked and again he struck—every six inches gained being a nightmare of peril and suspense. The sweat streamed from his face and dropped upon the ice; he had seen one man go out, and the horrible vision retained possession of his mind. Yet cautiously, steadily, coolly, without haste yet in deadly earnest, he proceeded upwards.

It was over three hours later when the guide, all but exhausted by the nervous suspense, reached softer going. Here he was better able to obtain a foothold in the rotten ice, and shortly he was safe.

Nat Hilderwood straightened up his six feet of magnificent manhood and peered down into the giddy space below. "Somewhere down there," he told himself, "lies something that might have developed into a man, but instead he became a millionaire." Well, I guess it's up to me to find him.

He began the descent on his gruesome mission, till, reaching a point of observation at the head of the glacier, he withdrew his field glasses and looked long and carefully. Then suddenly a gasp broke from his lips. There, not thirty feet below the edge of the glacier, at the point over which Andrews had disappeared, lay a wide fissure filled with snow and rotten ice. It stood out from the face of the precipice, and from its extreme edge, hanging outwards into space protruded something on which Nat's glasses were focussed. He looked again and again—it was a human arm!

Nat put his hands to his lips and uttered the long "Hi-ooo" of the mountaineer. Perceptibly the arm moved, and Nat's heart gave one great bound. Porson Andrews, instead of falling into eternity, had been caught by the projecting fissure, and was alive!

How Nat, by the skilful use of his ropes, singlehanded, rescued and conveyed back to safety the millionaire, and how Andrews, having gazed into the eyes of death had read something within them that remodelled his whole life, need hardly be detailed. Let it suffice that next fall three comfortable looking bungalows stood near together at the foot of Hooded Crow Mountain. In one lived the millionaire, now white haired and thoughtful, with his free and happy children—living a clean life, indeed, the kind of life that men were meant to live; in another lived Nat, still a coolly independent bachelor; and in the third, on the high road to strength and fitness, lived Nat's pal.

Cupid's Deputy

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mildred Low

MRS. Richard Carleton was telephoning
"Is that you Winifred? Oh Winifred, I want you to come over this evening. Mr. Devenish is in town; you know, that nice Irishman I told you about. He has just phoned to ask if he may call and I promised to introduce him to some of my girl friends. You'll help me out, eh? That's right. I have already been singing your praises to him, so look your prettiest and make yourself very agreeable."

"O, you're sure to like him," she resumed a moment later. "He's a splendid fellow; comes of an awfully good family, has travelled a great deal and is very interesting to talk to. * * * Will he like you? Why, of course. You're just the style of girl he admires. He has a great eye for beauty and says he hates these loud, mannish, sporty, suffragette sort of women."

A little figure huddled wearily in a big armchair near the open fire-place listened with half-closed eyes to the one-sided conversation.

Mrs. Carleton's next remark was delivered in very decided tones.

"Nonsense, my dear. Never mind if you can't find anything to say. A girl that's as pretty and as clever as you are does not need to talk. All you need is to be a good listener. That's what a man prefers in a wife. * * * Oh, he told me so and asked me to help him

"Because I can't, child. Last night when Mr. Devenish was here, you buried yourself in a book for the first part of the evening and then went to bed at nine o'clock. And to-day at luncheon, you hardly spoke a word, and before we were finished flew off without even properly excusing yourself, with those boys and girls that were making such a noise in the hall. I was quite ashamed of you. Mr. Devenish is an old-countryman and not used to that sort of thing, and he had half suggested your going to the matinee, too. I'm sure he must have thought you very rude. One expects a come-out young lady, eighteen years of age, to be a little less childish in her behavior."

"Oh, auntie, I'm sorry, but lunch was so late and the afternoons are so short and I did not want to lose a minute of the skiing."

"Well, you might have given up the pleasure for once and have gone with Mr. Devenish to the matinee, when he was kind enough to ask it."

"But, auntie, I did not know he really meant it and it was the last chance I had of skiing with Bertie and Kenneth. They go back to school to-morrow. Fancy being stuck in a theatre with an old fogey like Mr. Devenish all this lovely afternoon! I think Winifred was there; I saw her going off with that Binks chap."

"Poor Winifred! That awful creature; how he does pester her with his attentions!

ously about, but she looked so pale and ill and childish that her aunt had not the heart to scold her.

"Oh, no," she said, laughing, "he's not more than thirty, but there's the dinner-gong, so I must go. Good-night, child; you certainly would be better in bed, you do look very woe-begone. I'll tell Maggie to bring you some hot milk and a biscuit, and do take your things upstairs with you," she added as she left the room.

"Poor little Mirabel," she mused, "she's not pretty at the best of times, but when she is not feeling up to the mark, she's anything but attractive. I am rather glad my nice Irishman will not see her to-night. It would put the finishing touch to the impression he has already received. But he can't help falling in love with Winifred."

Maurice Devenish was certainly a handsome fellow, and apologized so prettily for trespassing again on his old friend's good nature, that she was more than ever convinced of the soundness and multiplicity of his virtues.

"That—ah—other engagement, it—it fell through," he explained, "and I felt sure you would not grudge a poor lonely westerner like me the pleasure of spending another evening in your delightful society."

"Indeed, I am awfully glad you are here," Mrs. Carleton replied. "My husband was obliged to go out, but I have a young friend coming in that I want you to meet: Winifred Marsden, the girl whose photo you admired so much."

"Oh, ah, yes: is she really? How splendid!"

His tone and manner seemed rather blank, but his hostess put it down to a sort of natural shyness at the thought of meeting the girl of whom she was convinced he had been dreaming rapturous dreams.

"Every man has a streak of shyness in him," she used to say, "and you never can tell when it will crop up."

The weather was a safe topic and the subject of winter sports he eagerly seized upon.

"Miss Mirabel got back safely from her afternoon skiing expedition?" he enquired casually.

"Oh, yes," was the absent reply as his hostess rose to greet a tall and graceful



The Reward of Valor.

find one. Yes, I have chosen you. You are just the girl for him. He's quite a catch, you know!"

A merry laugh followed the next brief pause.

"For Mirabel? Oh, she would not suit him at all. She seems such a child, you know, and anyway I never can depend on her. She's been off skiing all afternoon with a lot of boys and girls, and has just come in with a bad headache from a fall she got trying one of those awful jumps. I expect she'll kill herself some day, but I can't help it. She was always such a tomboy. * * * Well, I'm glad you can come. Be early. Mr. Devenish is going off to-night on the eleven o'clock train, so the evening will be short anyway. * * * Oh, no; he'll be back again in a few days. He means to spend some time in the east. * * * Yes, don't be late."

Au revoir."

"Well, I'm glad that's settled," said Mrs. Carleton cheerfully as she hung up the receiver. "If he had told me yesterday that he would be over this evening, I would have had things arranged before this late hour, but I understood him to say that he had some other engagement. However, it's all right now that Winifred can come. He admired her photograph immensely and I know he is awfully interested in her. I do believe that is why he invited himself here again this evening. I fancy I must have told him she might be coming in."

"But, auntie," came plaintively from the depths of the armchair, "what made you say you never can depend on me?"

I never knew anyone that was so persistent—or so impossible."

"He's good-looking, rather, and they say he's lots of money."

"But Winifred isn't the sort of girl to be attracted by that; he's not her kind at all. He is so frightfully common and I am sure he bores her to distraction with his talk of boots and shoes, or pickles, or whatever it is that he sells. Winifred ought to marry a prince, with her beauty and her talents."

"Yes, of course, nothing's too good for Winifred," Mirabel hearily agreed, "she is lovely. Some girls seem to have all the advantages," she added wistfully, and she buried her face again in her cushions.


"How is your head, dear?" asked her aunt. "Will you have any dinner?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't eat. It does ache dreadfully. I'll have to go to bed again to-night, but you don't want Mr. Devenish to marry me, anyway, so it does not matter."

"Indeed, I would be very glad and think you would be a pretty lucky girl to get him, if you were not such a baby about everything."

"Auntie, that old man! Why he must be forty and he's almost bald."

In her amazement at such a proposition, Mirabel sat up straight in her big armchair. Her rough scarlet skirt was quite short and showed an ugly tear, the result of a scramble through a barb-wire fence that afternoon. Her blouse was crumpled and pulled away at the belt, her collar and tie were all awry and her curly hair sadly dishevelled. Cap, mittens, sweater and overshoes were scattered promiscuously



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girl, whose gown of shimmering lavender satin was draped in the latest and most artistic fashion about her slight, supple figure. Mrs. Carleton noted every detail of the costume, from the band of silver in her dark hair to the bunch of fragrant violets at her waist, and her eyes gleamed with pleasure. Winifred had certainly interpreted literally her injunction to look her prettiest. Devenish seemed deeply impressed.

"He will be at her feet from this moment," said the enthusiastic match-maker to herself, and presently she excused herself and slipped away.

"Young people get on so much better alone," she soliloquized, "and he won't be here very long, so there is no time to lose. I think my plans are turning out very well indeed. Really, anybody with a propensity for match-making like mine should have a dozen daughters to launch, and here am I with only one insignificant niece. I do wish Mirabel had half the style and beauty of Winifred. I can never hope she will make much of a match. However, she seems to be a great favorite with the younger set, and I need not worry about her marrying for a while yet until she gets a little more grown-up."

An hour later, when Mrs. Carleton came downstairs, she was surprised to hear her husband's voice in the drawing-room. He was talking to Winifred, whose expressive face was aglow with deep interest and sympathy as Dr. Carleton explained his new ideas for providing modified milk for the babies of the unfortunate poor.

to smooth her touzled hair as she saw her aunt in the doorway. Devenish rose and bowed slightly with old-fashioned courtesy as Mrs. Carleton advanced into the room. But he still held the bowl of bread and milk.

"I have been prescribing for Miss Mirabel, you see," he said. "Don't you think I should make a very successful physician?"

"You seem to have banished Mirabel's headache, certainly, but where did you get your prescription filled? I thought you had gone to bed, child?"

Her suave voice expressed her evident disapproval and made the girl flush prettily.

"I must have gone to sleep in the chair," she said with mock contrition, "just after Maggie brought in the bread and milk."

"And it fell to my fortunate lot to act the part of Prince Charming and break the spell that bound the Sleeping Beauty," supplemented Devenish.

"Well, we will excuse you now if you like to go, dear, as you are not feeling very well," and Mrs. Carleton turned to smile at Winifred, who had just entered the library with the doctor.

The Irishman boldly interposed with his charming grace.

"If you will allow me, I think my patient stands in need of more supper."

"Really, I feel much better now, auntie," said Mirabel, "and I am awfully hungry."

Her aunt looked dubious but said nothing. She proceeded to pour out the steaming cocoa which the maid had brought in. Devenish waited on the



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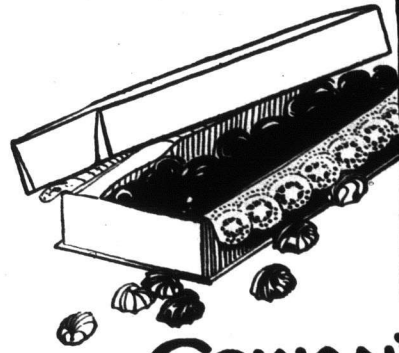
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"Why, Dick," exclaimed his wife, "I did not expect you home so soon. Where is Mr. Devenish?"

"Oh, I wanted to talk to Winifred, and he wanted a smoke, so I sent him into the library and told him we would join him there in a few minutes."

Mrs. Carleton's impatient exclamation was lost upon her amiable but dense life partner. She hurried across to the library. There, on a low seat before the fire, sat Devenish. But he was not smoking. Instead of a pipe, he held in his hand a bowl of bread and milk, and facing him, in the big arm-chair, was Mirabel. She no longer looked pale and woe-begone. The fire had brought a rosy flush to her piquant little face, and her dark eyes were dancing with excitement.

"They call it 'Suicide Hill,'" she was saying, "because it is so steep and the trees grow close, close together. The other girls wouldn't come, but I was determined to try it just once. But oh, I was sure I was going to be killed for certain, and Kenneth and Bertie were just ahead, and I was afraid every minute I would collide with them or run into the trees, but I couldn't stop myself, you know, and couldn't see where I was going, and then I just shot out over that awful bump—it isn't really a jump, you know,—at least, not a proper one. You just go a little way into the air and then down and out on to the river, and oh, it was glorious, glorious!"

Mirabel stopped for want of breath. Devenish gravely offered a spoonful out of his dish.

"You really deserve two as a reward of merit," he observed in his semi-serious way and Mirabel laughed. Then obediently, and with apparent relish, she swallowed her reward. But she dropped her eyes shyly and made a frantic effort

little party, then quietly drew up his chair again beside Mirabel and continued the interrupted conversation. Mrs. Carleton also took a seat near the fireplace.

The telephone rang.

"It's for you, Mollie," said the doctor. "You'd better go to my office," he whispered with his hand over the mouthpiece; "it's Mrs. Mortimer Longford and she's such an interminable talker."

In another moment, he was again deep in the discussion of his latest hobby with Winifred. Mrs. Carleton sighed. The fates were certainly against her.

"Mirabel," she said, "will you try to entertain Mr. Devenish for a few moments? I shan't be long."

The interminable talker refused to be cut off. Mrs. Carleton listened patiently and answered cheerfully, but all her thoughts were with the group in the other room.

"Poor Mr. Devenish! How horribly bored he will be talking to a child like Mirabel. Why, why didn't Dick leave him alone with Winifred?"

When she re-entered the library her guests were about to go, but she found a chance for a few words with her favorite.

"Mr. Devenish will see you home, Winifred," she whispered, "but oh, my dear, I am so sorry! That stupid husband of mine has gone and spoiled everything."

"Stupid! He's a perfect darling. I never felt so much like hugging anybody in my life as I did when he came in to the room to-night."

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Devenish and I were having the most awful time. Neither of us could think of a thing to say except about the weather. Even that was an effort. It was the longest hour I ever put in."

"But he's a splendid talker! I thought he was just the man whose society you



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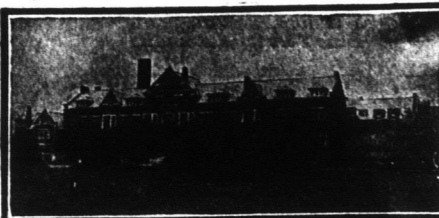


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would enjoy—the kind you always admire."

"So he is, but somehow I never get along with the kind of men I admire. And they never admire me."

"Well, Winifred, I am disappointed. I had set my heart on your marrying him."

"I'm afraid I could never do that in any case," she said with a little blush. "But whatever shall we talk about on the way home?" she added hastily.

"Winifred, you don't mean—" began the elder lady, but she only laughed and slipped away.

Mrs. Carleton felt puzzled and uneasy, as she turned to bid Devenish good-night.

"We shall see you again when you come back," she said, "you have just nice time to catch your train."

"Oh, ah, yes, I've—I've changed my mind about leaving to-night. Miss Mirabel is going to teach me how to ski tomorrow."

After all, Devenish required very little assistance in the search for a wife, and Mirabel did not need much persuasion. If Mrs. Carleton was disappointed in the miscarriage of her plans, she was certainly not displeased at the arrangement, and entered immediately into elaborate preparations for her niece's wedding. But when Winifred's marriage to "that impossible Binks" took place a few weeks later, she came to the conclusion that she had been quite mistaken in thinking that match-making was her special forte.

Equal Rights

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Sara Gant

Ma came in all a tremble one day last January.

"What is it?" I cried, running toward her with the smelling salts and aromatic spirits of ammonia, "have women got the vote?"

"Vote!" Ma snapped, "is that all that's in that rattle-de-trap brain of yours?"

"What—?" I began.

"Margaret Lawlor's will was read this morning—Mrs. Davis Huntley was there and gave it to me word for word at the meeting—"

"Oh," I broke in, "and did she leave Tom all her money?"

"Three million," Ma began hushing my glad cries with, "but if he marries, one-half—think of it!—one-half of it is lost to him. The distribution of this million and a half is to be made known immediately after the wedding ceremony—"

"What— isn't—?"

"— and," Ma continued brushing me aside, "in case Tom dies without children his million and a half is to go to the orphanage. A specific clause states that not a cent of it is to go to his wife."

I sat down on Ma's new hat and tried to think.

"I had intended sending Tom around a quiet invitation to dinner to-night, but now—" Ma wrinkled her brow and began on another fresh sheet, "I'll have Ed Biddle. Wait till I finish this and I'll tell you what to do."

I did some hard thinking while Ma wrote about what Betty Longmire would do. Betty was the daughter of my father's dead sister, who—I mean Betty's mother—had made a very poor marriage. Betty was what the girls call "daffy" over Tom and she didn't care who knew it, either. Ma, though, had kept Tom and me in the matrimonial spotlight, coaching me at the same time to keep him at bay, yet with plenty of loose ends hanging, until his aunt should die. And this was the outcome of all my efforts! Life certainly is full of disappointments.

As Ma began again on another sheet I taxed my brain as to why in time Margaret Lawlor had made such a crazy will. Mrs. Lawlor was short and fat with small black sharp eyes that matched her tongue. People said that her married life was not of the happiest, she and her husband disagreed over money or something like that, but try as best I could I could not fathom why she made such a will, for everybody knew that she thought the world and all of Tom and was very much in favor of him marrying either Betty or me. "But," I exclaimed, "if this is what she gives as her example of her 'equal rights' that she has been harping about for the past ten years. I know where the rest of us workers will be and that is the men's laughing stock," for until now we had quoted Margaret Lawlor at every turn of the road.

"Now," Ma began when Hampton had left the room with the note, "put Tom Evans out of your head for good and all. I might have known that there would be some Jacob's-ladder hitch in Margaret Lawlor's manoeuvrings. Your next move is to get Ed Biddle. He's in love with you I know for at Jane Adams' ball he in a round-about way said as much to your aunt Belle. Now this is the way we'll work it: You tell Ed to-night that Betty is engaged to Tom—he'll never guess that we've heard about the will so soon—only that on account of his aunt's death it is a dead secret. Make him promise not to give you away. Then, your aunt Belle and I were talking it over on the way home, there is to be a ball on Saint Valentine's night, in aid of the war, at your aunt Sally's, in which there is to be an amateur play as a sort of diversion. It's a love affair and you and Ed are to be the principal characters—"

"Two gentlemen—" Hampton began.

"Ed and Tom!" I exclaimed glancing at the cards.

"Well, I never!" Ma burst forth then she went across to Betty's room, which is just across the hall, and I heard her say, "Betty dear, go down and take Tom off to the back parlor and ask Ed to come up to my private sitting room as I have something special to tell him. That's a dear," she added as Betty went down stairs.

"A secret?" I heard Ed boom forth, "Come on here you old carrot-top, you're my daddy confessor so you've got to come, too," and before Ma or I could gasp out a protest Ed was in the room with Tom on his back. "Had to cheer the old top up a bit," Ed apologized as I gave Tom the coolest possible, "Good afternoon, Mr. Evans," for Ma's look made it necessary and Tom almost immediately went off with Betty.

Shortly after this Tom and Betty's engagement was announced and six months later they were married.

Immediately after the ceremony as Margaret Lawlor's will stated, the disposal of the million and a half which Tom had just forfeited was made known by Lawyer King, who read, "The million and a half which Thomas Evans, my nephew, has relinquished by his marriage is to go to his wife, whoever she may be. May God bless you both. Signed, Margaret Lawlor."



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who live better
and feel better
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"There's a Reason"



Letters from Laddie---Convalescence

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

WE left the lad in our last letter safe in an English hospital on the banks of a little river flowing into the Irish Sea. Here is another worry taken off your shoulders, kind readers, and mine as well; the Military Hospital Board place the wounded men in hut hospitals, well out of the range of the bombing airships of the enemy, and it is necessary, as in their gospel of Hate they teach that any enemy's death, even those wounded, makes an enemy the less—witness as proof the regular and constant shelling of the field hospitals in France, and the bombing of the base hospitals.

Once more let me urge the sending of sugar, lump form is the best. If this is sent to France mark it: "If you finally fail to find this soldier give it to another"—as too many packages are piling up in both France and England. In fact, Laddie lately advises me not to send any big packages to England—just sugar and sweets and tobacco and cigarettes; you are always safe in sending sweets, as even the wounded boys hardly ever get sugar.

Now we come to the date thirty days after Laddie's fall at Vimy, with that jagged "ounce of Krupp" still in him. Now, while I tell you the full truth about the doctor's ill-luck with this bit of a shell's base that now lies before me on my desk, remember it is the outside exception, one case in a thousand where this unfortunate thing has come to pass. I guess Laddie was a bit selfish and wanted to

Mother Nature." She just calmly slid that "bit of Krupp" right out of the drainage canal in the back; and I fancy had a sly grimace behind her horny old hand at the doctors. Do not, I pray you, lose an atom of faith in our army doctors; they are restoring almost all of the wounded to health and strength, but they could not see this jagged bit of shell base hiding, as no doubt it was, behind a rib.

Once the cause of irritation was removed the patient rapidly recovered. Now, I want you to notice an odd part of many wounded men's cases. It is partial or complete loss of memory of certain things, caused no doubt by the terrific concussion. Laddie tells me of a friend he saw fall in the attack, and of how many long weeks it was before he found out if he was wounded or "gone west." (The boys at the front use this word casually, as deeply though they regret the loss of a friend, death is constantly visible.) Finally he met a battery lad from France who saw the friend picked up—there was not a scratch or wound upon any part of the body, life had been driven out by the terrific concussion.

Now, all you kind readers who have wounded in the hospitals abroad, or dear lads fighting for us, note these facts: It seems to be the earnest desire of the medical corps to establish a record of recoveries, and it also seems to be the firm intention of the military authorities to push this record crowd of restored men back into the fighting lines. The rule



MILK IN 'A' BETTER FORM

Junket is simply milk that is more enjoyable and more easily digested. That is why it is such an excellent food, especially for children.

That is why physicians and nurses recommend it so highly; and why your mother and grandmother served it—as a food for the little ones, as a dessert for grown-ups.

Junket
MADE with MILK

And Junket is so good as to attract and delight even those who do not care for milk. It can be made into a wide variety of dainty desserts, quickly, easily and economically. Frozen, it makes an excellent ice cream.

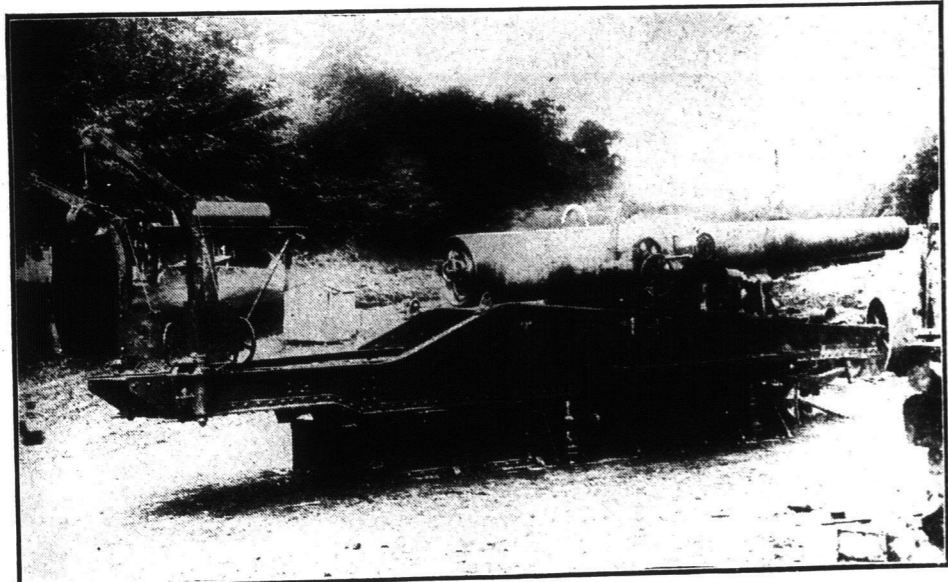
Serve Junket. See how the children enjoy it! Give them all they want, as you would milk.

Send 3c for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package of 10 Tablets.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory,
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"Nesnah" is Junket prepared with sugar and in 4 flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10c.



This photograph shows one of the best of the big French guns used in stemming the great German drive on the western front. It is a new 240 m/m piece ready for shipment to the front.

keep his wee "foundry" tucked away in his chest.

The patient's first worry is—no mail; after he is wounded it is fully a month before it begins to come at all, so try writing several letters to old and new addresses. Your first cable is likely to reach the anxious boy by now; mine took just thirty days to locate him—don't fret, the Ottawa authorities kept me posted as to how he was, not as to where he was however. He will not cable back, as a rule the wounded have no money whatever, all his personals are taken and filed and stored and he may get them again; and again, in these days of loss and destruction, he may not.

Laddie was operated on in France, the wound healing nicely; but the drainage wound being kept open as was needful now began to bother him seriously and his temperature went up alarmingly, keeping us very nervous at this end of the line, as I feared complications.

My dear unseen reader are you and I properly thankful, all day and all the time, for the many blessings we enjoy?—not miracles, just common every-day blessings. Well, how is this for an uncommon, almost miraculous, blessing! The still sorely stricken boy, for he is but twenty-one, had been carefully operated on, X-rayed, probed, nursed and fed well. Oh! those kind nurses (no wonder the lads begin to love them like a sister and end by loving them as a life's mate), but still the dangerously high temperature, and all the doctors could do did not reduce it; and keep it reduced. Now comes in the one and greatest doctor in all the war, a woman doctor if rumor can be believed, we have always called her "Old

seems to be: six months in field, base, military, and convalescent hospitals, then a medical board which marks the, now rapidly recovering, wounded men A, B, or C, with sub classes 1, 2, 3, etc. If your boy gets 3 his chances for home are good (but while we hovered in the balance politically, and might, unfortunately, not have been able to send more men promptly, Class C was abolished as after Nov. 1st.) Even if the lad is in C he may also be marked "for advancement to a higher class."

I hear that among the wounded in England now the prospects of home-coming is much brighter since Canada passed the Conscription Act.

While the man is wounded and in low condition no money is advanced, his half of his pay is held for him.

Now comes the time of outdoor convalescence when an orderly, or a walking patient, or mayhaps a nurse, usually young and pretty, takes the wounded lad out for a ride, "of course the bed went with me," as Laddie Sr., says. It is on record that none of the men ever have "a bad turn and cannot go," when it is the nurse's turn to push the wheeled stretcher. Next comes the wheeled chair, "A fellow is getting pretty proud and cocky by now; the next thing you know I'll be walking." "Why I can sit up now all right without hanging on to the bed." "Good bye spinal chairs, there are a couple of canes most suspiciously placed near my cot. I'm going to try a sly bit of walk as soon as I can manage it." "Mighty lucky I got back to that cot, these are not my own legs for they won't work when I tell them to."—"I did it! three steps! If I sweat that much for three steps why I'd drown

Sleep-Meter
of Westclox

THE strongest recommendation Sleep-Meter could have is the family name—Westclox—on the dial. Westclox is the badge of alarm clock quality. Sleep-Meter is proud to wear it.

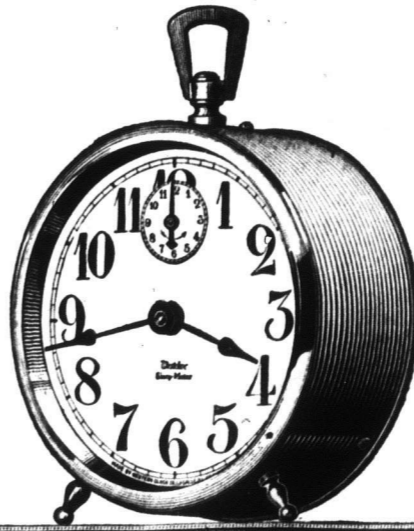
Sleep-Meter is made by Western Clock Co.,—makers of Big Ben and other Westclox alarms—and is easily the best medium-priced alarm you can buy.

Like all Westclox, Sleep-Meter has the patented Westclox construction—a better method of clock making: Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. That's why all Westclox run on time and ring on time.

Sleep-Meter is five inches tall, has a cheerful-toned gong and an easily read dial. You'll want one of these clocks—more likely two.

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RENNIE'S SEEDS
For HIGH Production

LOOK FOR THE STARS Every page in the Rennie 1918 catalogue is a guide to War-time production. But there are a number of outstanding values and these are called to your attention by a star border such as encloses this.

SEEDS of high productive power are a vital War-time necessity. Not only must every square yard of available ground be made to produce, but Rennie's Seeds must be sown to ensure the finest possible crop. It is a War-time duty. When buying from dealers insist on Rennie's. The following seeds can be obtained from dealers or by mail.

PLANT THESE VARIETIES !!

	Pkt.	oz.	1/4 lb.	lb.	5 lbs.
BEET —Crosby's Egyptian.....	.05	.25	.85	2.50	
CABBAGE — Danish Summer Roundhead.....	.10	.90	2.75		
CARROT — Rennie's Market Garden.....	.10	.40	1.20	3.50	
CORN —Rennie's Golden Bantam	.10		.25	.65	
LETTUCE —Burpee's Earliest Wayahead.....	.10	.35	1.00	3.00	
ONION —Early Yellow Danvers	.10	.40	1.35	4.40	
Rennie's Extra Early Red.....	.05	.35	1.00	3.75	
PEAS — Little Marvel.....	.10		.15	.45	2.00
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TOMATO —Bonny Best.....	.10	.60	1.75		
Blue Stem Early (King Edward)	.10	.60	1.75		
TURNIP —Breadstone (Swede) ..	.05	.25	.75	2.50	
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		lb.	5 lbs.	lb.	5 lbs.
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is the finish, the last word to beauty, protect and to enhance the value of your property. It safeguards your children, keeps out marauding dogs, animals and destructive chickens, protects the lawn, shrubs and flowers, and prevents trespassing.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing is built of strong, stiff wire, heavily galvanized and coated with zinc enamel to prevent rust. In style, durability, service and every feature combined to insure absolute satisfaction, the Peerless fencing is true to its name. It will not sag and cannot break down with ordinary use.

END FOR CATALOG. Shows many beautiful designs of fencing for lawns, parks, schools, churches, cemeteries, etc. IN USE THROUGHOUT CANADA.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

if I ran a bit." "You would laugh if you could see me pottering around; I can take care of myself now but I am "elly legs" all right, all right"—and so the cheerful letters run. "Where would you advise me to hide my surplus wealth. I got paid one whole pound to-day, and I am going where chickens and eggs are not; and have some real 'civy' food; then a few theatres, a few street car rides, these are free to all men in hospital garb; you see the khaki is off until a chap's discharged from hospital, it's blue and white for us, looks like a giddy pajama, but its comfortable and one forgets the bang and whizz and roar that goes with the other suit; but I want mine back as soon as I can get it. No, I am not saying I want to rush back into the fight; you never hear a man who has been through once say so unless he's spreading it on a bit thick; we will all go and fight again if we are needed."

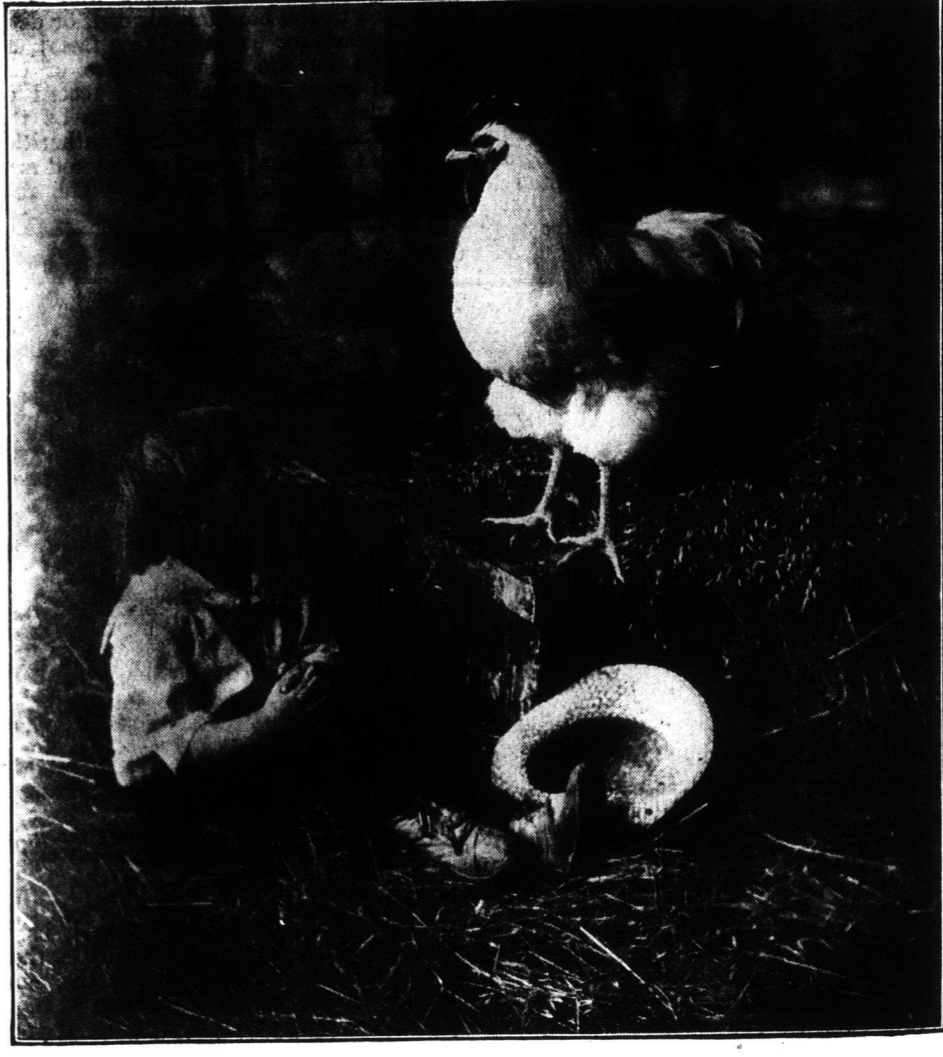
"Say! it wasn't safe to go without a lifebelt once we got into the sub zone coming over, neither is it safe to go about this North Shore after September rains have started without lifebelt and raft and rubber suits, etc. When it starts to rain in England the officer evidently forgets to relieve the watch, and it 'stands to' all the bally time. Even if the

looking very unconscious; and my chum and I step forward and say, 'thank you, orderly, as soon as we get our coats.'"

"Back in London, 'dear old Lunnon!' What a wonderful Empire this is, don't you remember when you and I spoke of 'going home to England' although you had never even seen the waters that surround the tight little isle, you said you were 'going home.' Australian, New Zealander, men from the tiny isles of the many seas, born thousands of miles away; all say the same thing, 'Oh yes, I'm going home for a short time.' No chance of any Hun breaking up a world-wide family like that, is there, eh?"

"Yes, I've done the tower and the bridge, and the grand old churches, and there's not a sign of any airship's destructive work upon one of them. True, here and there I see a pile of rubbish where a house had stood; and many windows broken in the neighbors' homes, but no damage to military property, only the killing of a few innocent women and children—I know an Empire where the kids will never play with German toys again."

"Oh! the wonderful great heart that beats nationally over here, time between raising five millions of soldiers and two millions of munitioners, hundreds of



What are you doing here, young man?

theatres are free a chap can't swim there; but really, now that I have a motor sent for me to take an airing, I can hardly bother to even see the other gunners on the street. Oh, it's me for the high life; but joking aside, the kind people hereabouts, although they should be sick and tired of seeing us, actually send their cars and give us a spin. I met some nice people the other day in this manner and they never seem to be condescending as "codfish aristocracy" does in a like case at home; it's a wonderful country with a magnificent heart action. I've just found out why it rains up here, numerous cotton factories are found all over the country. 'You know you can't spin unless it's damp,' says a spinner. Look at that, fellow working men, for an actual combination between wealth and nature, get after them with a big speaker and a dry goods box."

"We ran into a country fair in a sweet little village, 'we' were the only two wounded there, so we owned the fair; I am sending it home to you."

"It's remarkable to see a crowd of men sitting around listlessly and word is brought—a lady and gentleman have their ear at the door and want two passengers." Each and every man there knows he's one of the two sent for and they rise like a great wave, each man

corps of doctors and thousands of nurses, time between the dodging of enemies' air bombs on shore and torpedoes on hospital ships—to laugh at every bit of humor, to hand a cup of coffee and a bite to eat to every soldier going and coming through the many depots; to send a million pounds to poor, wrecked Halifax, to make a holiday at the Christmastide for every child and widow and orphan of our brave defenders, to feed and clothe millions of allied waifs and strays, to keep the iron hail falling on all enemy fronts, to finance half the nations of the world throughout a world war, and all the time to keep the wheels going round that make mercantile England famous—and to ship the product and the crops of the allies; miracles, are not these modern miracles? In many a London home they have a neat little "dugout" in the cellar, with wine and water, bread and supplies, pick and shovel, medicine and bandage all ready to hand—but the dear folks have no gas masks—and right beside the "dugout" stands a modern gas meter.

Said the landlady to the newly billeted soldier: "How do you like your eggs boiled?"

"Two at a time, please," was the young fellow's prompt and illuminating reply.

O ricia, Tor eyes rest... It was place Ma in so doi to go ov laughed bank, an do the w were doi Marion? Marion romantic about th been ab gading; the Mor of the b

time, she k teller Logan address Ma the p in a c own, moth that girl, thrill able feeding very shi of th time, the p

A Shattered Romance

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Marion Dallas

ON the wall of Marion Cameron's room, framed in simple oak, hung a card on which was written, the name of "Capt. Roscoe Logan, Princess Patricia, Toronto," and many times Marion's eyes rested on that name.

It was the name of the man, whose place Marion had taken in the bank, and in so doing had made it possible for him to go overseas. Mother and father had laughed when she spoke of going to the bank, and father said, "she could never do the work, but then all the other girls were doing their 'bit' and why couldn't Marion?"

Marion was just nineteen and very romantic. She had many day dreams about this Roscoe Logan. She had not been able to get much information regarding him, for he had gone overseas with the Montreal unit, and several members of the bank staff had gone at the same

I tell about my 'bit' in this world struggle, and when they ask 'what was he like, the man you sent to the front?' What would they think, if I said 'children, dear, I don't know anything about him, I never bothered finding out.'"

"Well, we will go," answered Mrs. Cameron, "who herself was still young enough to enjoy a romance. The evening was bright and clear so they decided to walk rather than stand in a crowded car."

"May we see Mrs. Logan?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, "I'm Mrs. Logan," said a coarse voice. "Mrs. Roscoe Logan." "Won't you step inside." Marion was so taken back, that she never knew how her mother explained their errand. She found herself in a small untidy apartment.

"Please excuse the muddle," said Mrs. Logan frankly, "Baby has had the croup and I have had to neglect my work, and maids are scarce. So you are the girl who took my husband's place in the bank."



The Spirit of Canada

time, so that every one was strange. But she knew his name, and one day the teller informed her, that he had once met Logan's mother, and he gave her his address.

Marion hurried home that night with the precious address in her purse. It was in a different section of the city from her own, but she meant to go and see that mother. Why shouldn't Roscoe know that his work was being done by a young girl, with dreamy brown eyes, which thrilled with patriotism, because she was able to set him free to fight for the glorious freedom of the dear Motherland? Marion imagined him hastening to see her on his very first furlough. At the supper table she told her mother about getting Logan's address. "Now mother don't say no, we must call on Roscoe Logan's mother, she lives on Roxton Road and the car will take us almost to the door, and I must see a photograph of him." "Why do you want to see his photo child?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "I must," said Marion, "what shall I say to my grandchildren in after years, when we gather around the fire and

I'm glad to meet you. Roscoe often writes of his work and he wondered who was in his place. This is his latest picture."

She handed over a picture and Marion gazed at a man with a sensible plump face and wearing glasses and a mustache. Mrs. Cameron chatted pleasantly about the lack of maids, baby's illness and suggested a simple remedy. After a few commonplace remarks about the cold weather and the war, Marion followed her mother out into the street.

Marion clutched her mother's arm. "O mother what a disappointment," she cried. "Life is too real, I wanted it to be pretty and happy but it's all so commonplace, untidy homes and maids and babies' ailments, will I ever dream again."

"My poor child," said her mother calmly. "We all have our illusions, and you will know later on in life there is much happiness in the common place."

"Good bye, my dear first love," said Marion as they stepped into the car, tears and laughter struggled for the mastery—laughter won.

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Insist on "Bob Long" brand. Ask your dealer for Big 11—the big grey overalls—the cloth with the test.

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CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances

*They are cooked ready—simply
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W. CLARK MONTREAL

Home in a Huff

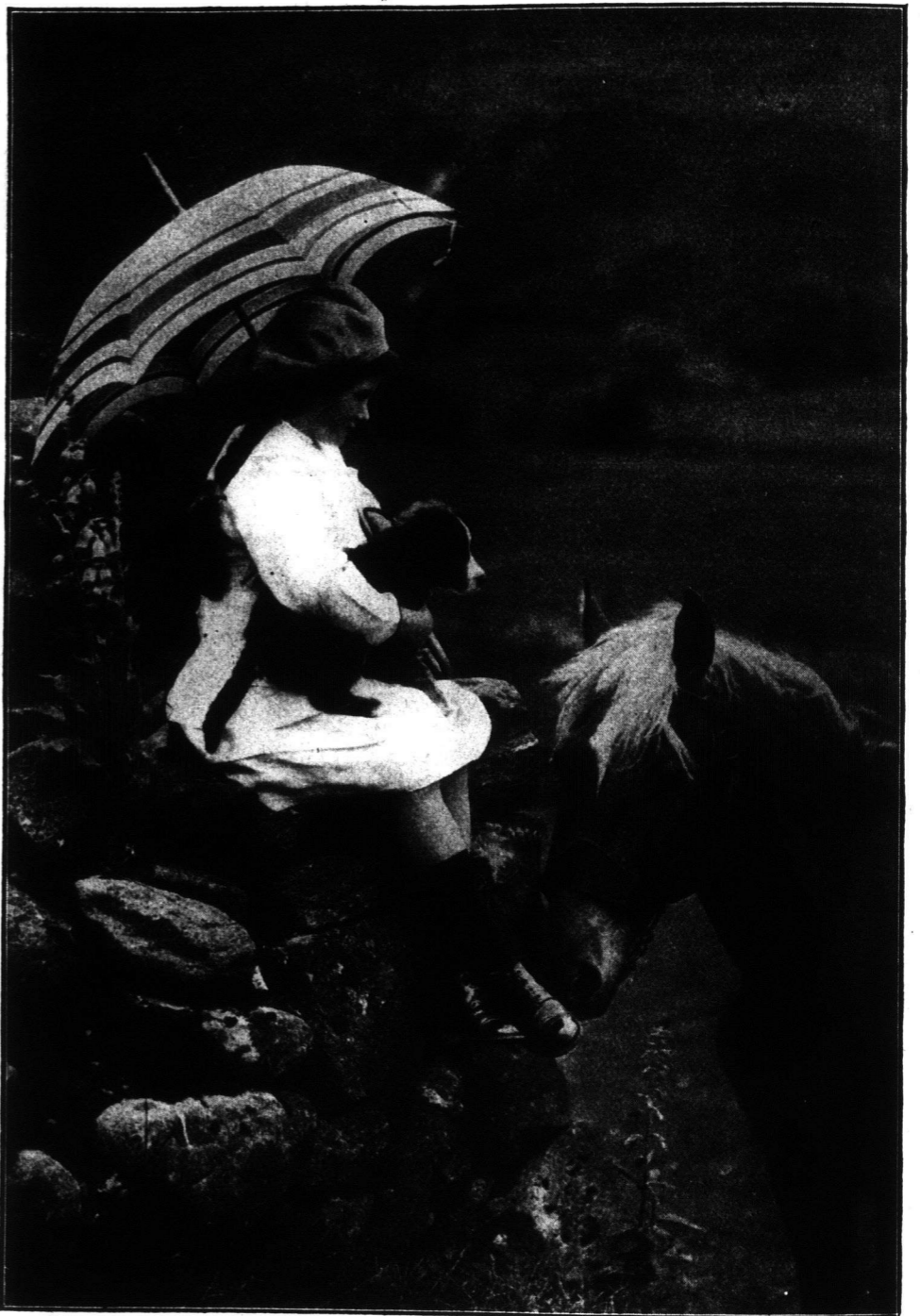
Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

SOME people call it temperament, but Tom Burnside is the last man in the world you would accuse of having such a thing attack him even for a moment," said Jim Desson, telling the story among friends. "It is a funny thing that they were both hit with it at the same time, whatever it was. I can understand his wife getting peevish, but Tom, well, it isn't his nature, and yet see what happened later!"

Tom Burnside had surely made a terrible mistake. The fact that he acknowledged it showed that it had assailed him from without and was really no part of his nature. That its developments involved his very sanity goes a long way to prove that even the slightest

When he arrived back at his home terminal, therefore, Tom was called into the private office of the master mechanic and told that he was virtually responsible for the debacle that followed his fast running through the restricted section of railroad. Tom did not tell the master mechanic that before leaving, his superintendent had told him to think nothing that trip but getting the train over the road on time, that the record had not been so good lately, and the fretting management were prodding him for better results. Now Tom was to get a heap of demerit marks, the first against his record, and he felt meanly about it.

For the first time in his railroad career he failed to whistle or hum softly to himself on his way home. He was down-



Sweet Content

incidents are fated. There was, of course, a pathological reason for Mrs. Burnside's action.

Were he a poet or an artist it might be understood of Tom Burnside, but his occupation was that of a locomotive engineer. He was, in fact, the youngest passenger engineer on the Canada Provincial's Huron Division, and possessed all the cocksureness of youth.

It was the reprimand that nettled him, yet it was coming to him for ignoring a slow order over a muskeg. His argument was that he wanted to bring his train in on time and he had to "let her out to the last notch every inch of the road."

He believed in hunches and felt that he could swing his train across that soft stretch in safety and he did bring the train in on time, for which the management was thankful. Yet a freight train following plowed into the slowed track and the engine nosed into the oozy road-bed up to her bumper, and blocked the main line for three hours. Luckily, the freight train was empty, and observing the slow order, the engine could have turned over to the main line, but a serious lockade

cast and sullen. Tom was usually placid and cheerful, a frequent concomitant of blue-eyed, fair and muscular men. The dumps did not become him and the effect was peculiar because of the highly-strung nervous condition of his wife.

She was brown-eyed, dark and thin; a combination often belonging to the mentally alert, and although these two young people were very much in love with each other they met at the door that early morning with daggers drawn.

The terrible mistake that Tom made was that he did not kiss her; she was just in that mood that a good kiss-shower would have soothed away. But poor Tom was in need of similar treatment. Each wanted to be petted, instead each fretted. They spoke in monosyllables. Estrangement bulked up between them and ebbed at their willingness to be divided.

Tom went to bed without his customary breakfast. When he awoke at four in the afternoon he was hungry. He went to the kitchen and cut a slice of cold roast lamb and, peppering it profusely, placed between two thick, well-buttered slices of bread. He enjoyed it because

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he was hungry even though he ate it in the kitchen.

His wife was not stirring and he guessed that she was sleeping in the spare room at the west side of the cottage. It was said of the Burnside cottage that it was a proper bungalow, built on broad lines and low-set. It was a pretty and a comfortable home even if it was close to the railroad track. Although a street separated them from the track they lived, as Tom loved to say, "on the main line." They were isolated from the rest of the town, too, by many vacant lots.

Tom roamed restlessly about for a time. He busied himself with inconsequential pottering in the kitchen and cellar. He picked up a paper and half read it, dipped into his favorite magazine without interest, and at last settled into blank cogitation. He thought he heard his wife's breathing and though it seemed odd that she was not up and around the house as usual he dashed from his mind any tendency to dwell upon it.

It was getting near his time to go out on his night run. His train left at 8.45. It was his custom to be at the round house at eight.

He went back to the kitchen and made some more lamb sandwiches. He lighted the gas stove and made some tea. His supper was a solemn event and he ate little. He packed his lunch pail with the sandwiches that were left, put in some cake and a cut of pie, and got into his overalls. Manlike, he left the gas stove lighted. He started off. Before he had closed the front door he fancied he heard his name called faintly, "Tom!" He was sure it was Jessie's voice. He hesitated on the threshold.

"No," he muttered to himself. "She can't throw me down like she did this morning and fix it up with a word." Half way down the path he stopped again. "Wonder if I shouldn't go back," he mused. "Lord, it's miserable, living this way—trouble on the road and trouble at home. Hang it, no—I'll get over the other trouble first, then—" He hurried on.

The superintendent walked up to where he stood at his engine, oiling up. "I've pulled you through that scrape, Tom," he stated. "There won't be any demerits after all. I made it clear that the track was O.K. for full speed over that soft stretch and that I told you to make it. What followed was up to the next train, not you. The argument went all right and you're freed from all blame. Only, you may expect some surprise testing on speed, so be careful!"

Tom was grateful and he showed it. Yet he was not care free. His action toward Jessie called for adjustment. He was unfair with her. It was the man's place to comfort, not to be comforted. The enormity of the mistake had not sunk in, however, for he passed it off with a cheerful resolution:

"I'll give the usual toot passing the house and then we'll patch things up when I get back."

It would have been better had he adopted Bell's principle, but the train was ready to start now.

The two long toots, followed by a long, clear interval, then two short, sharp toots was the regular whistle-post signal with a touch of individuality. His wife had learned to read in it:

"All's well—good-bye!"

"Well, she's not up yet," he remarked, as he sounded the two long blasts. "Not a light in the house—but—but what's that on the east corner—smoke—fire!"

He had not seen the smoke nor the fire just breaking through the east corner under the roof until he was abreast with the house. The terror of it ran down his nerves and spoke in the tremors on the whistle cord.

He could not stop his train and go to the aid of his lonely wife. The nearest neighbor was three blocks away and might not see the fire until too late. Perhaps they might hear the erratic signals given out by his nervous manipulation of the whistle-cord, perhaps they did not listen to signals at all. More likely not, since they were not railroaders.

How did it start? The question assailed him like a hot arrow. The gas stove—that was it. He had forgotten to turn it off. He had been sitting close to it while reading and had thrown the paper across the back of the chair when he yawned. The paper had absorbed some of the escaping gas and become ignited. It had fallen as paint! An escape of

gas! The house would be filled with it. Jessie would be suffocated!

"Here I am all safe," he murmured. "She will be burned to death unless some action is taken quick. And I'm calmly running away!" Goodness knows he was not calm. "Oh, it's horrible." His fireman tried to sympathize with him but he paid no attention to him at all. A mile passed. Another. They were exceeding the speed limit. Running away! No—not now. He was driving with method though breaking another rule. He would make Ringboro two minutes ahead of time and stop. He was not scheduled to stop there and there was no operator, but he could talk to the dispatcher. He made a quick stop in front of the station. He grabbed the fireman's lantern and rushed for the door, shoulder-on. It crashed in without resistance. He reached for the dispatching 'phone. Clamping the receivers to his ears he could hear the dispatcher droning

a thirty-one order. He interrupted. The dispatcher was Jim Desson.

"Jim! Jim Desson," he called, frantically. "Tom Burnside talking from Ringboro. My house at Bury is on fire. Ring alarm quick and call the house on 'phone. I'll wait."

The dispatcher cut short the order and departed. The operator took up the alarm and fired questions at Tom. They were sixty miles apart, but a fire is news and the operator at Juncona seldom heard anything stirring. Presently Jim Desson returned.

"Alarm's in, Tom, but I can't raise your house on 'phone. But don't worry. Leave it to me. I'll order the yard engine to go down and turn on the fire fighting equipment—they can reach your house from the track all right. Go ahead, J.O., repeat that order."

Tom knew that further conversation was off. He hurled an earnest thanks huskily back to Desson. He understood

that no interruption might be prolonged to the detriment of the business of train dispatching.

He glanced at his watch as he went back to his engine. One minute and thirty-five seconds! It seemed hours. He was still ahead of time. He would keep ahead of time and fall back when approaching the point where the slow order was on.

"Desson's a brick. But can he save her?" he worried. "It'll take time to get the yard engine on the job. It may be too late. It will," he decided. He saw the worst at every turn of the argument until he had an indelible picture in his mind of the terrible holocaust. Every mile brought fresh vividness to the picture. A maniac was driving that engine by the time it had reached the terminal, Oskoska.

First aid men on the spot had never a case like his to deal with before. All they could do was to carry him to a cab and



The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."

The Mothers Like Them

"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."



BUSTER BROWN'S SISTER'S STOCKING

THEY DON'T CROCK—FADE

BROWN STOCKINGS

Buster Brown stockings for boys are made in Black and Leather Shade Tan, of the best long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and three-ply heel and toe.

Your dealer can supply you.

The **Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited**

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada
Hamilton Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

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

The Quality Goes Clear Through

For Reliable and Economical Service

We know that a certain proportion of Gray-Dort owners buy this car for reasons of comfort and appearance.

But we know also that the majority of them buy it for strictly practical reasons.

The primary virtue of a car in their view is a capacity for reliable, economical, motoring pleasure—no excessive cost, little trouble, long service. And because the Gray-Dort embodies this virtue in a surpassing degree, it is fast becoming the preferred car in Canada.

Not by accident or luck was Planché, perfecter of the Peugeot Motor, selected to design the Gray-Dort motor. His ideal was the same as ours—a motor of simplicity, strength and power, that would yet be quiet, smooth, lasting and inexpensive.

Not by chance was the Westinghouse Starting and Lighting System selected for the Gray-Dort. We knew too much of the trouble owners of other cars had with starter and lights.

Knowingly we made the frame extra sturdy for safety and service—made the transmission as finely as a watch, so that it would be silent and lasting. Every feature of the Gray-Dort is the result of our constant endeavour to make this a good car at a low price.

The new Gray-Dort embodies all the good features that won instant success for former models. The 4-cylinder motor is a triumph of smooth, economical speed and power. The chassis is sturdy and quiet. The springs are long. The upholstery is deep. The equipment is absolutely complete from electric starting and lighting to the tools. New lines of beauty have been given this model.

The five-passenger touring car is \$1,125; the three-passenger fleur-de-lys roadster is \$995; the Gray-Dort special, beautifully finished and with extra details of equipment, is \$125 above the list. All prices are f.o.b. Chatham.

DEALERS IN EVERY LOCALITY

Gray-Dort Motors, Limited

CHATHAM - ONTARIO

In the United States:

THE DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Flint, Mich.

GRAY-DORT



rush him off to the doctor while trying to suppress his wild gesticulations and frantic cries:

"Burnt in her bed! She hadn't a chance. And I ran away!"

Then he would turn on his escort and hurl the awful language of the shops at them, demanding a knife, a gun, a rope, anything murderous that came to his tongue.

He remained in Oskoka a month, in hospital, while the best physicians the country afforded attended him. The time came when they told him news of his wife and what brother employees had done. It came to him vaguely at first, as his mind tried to come back to normal. It did come back eventually and they sent him back to Bury.

He found the house intact, the ravages of the fire had been carefully removed and though a newness appeared in the east and north rooms it was the same snug bungalow. Jim Desson, the dispatcher, showed him how they had caught it before it could have spread far.

like a baby's face preparatory to a burst of tears.

The sound of wheels outside reassured him. Tom, at once, brightened.

The brown eyes of his wife were never brighter as she entered and beheld Tom.

"It was all my fault, Tom, dear," murmured his wife, softly, nestling into her favorite position, while Jim Desson and his wife glided noiselessly away.

"This is more than I deserve," Tom acknowledged, pinching "this" to see if it were real.

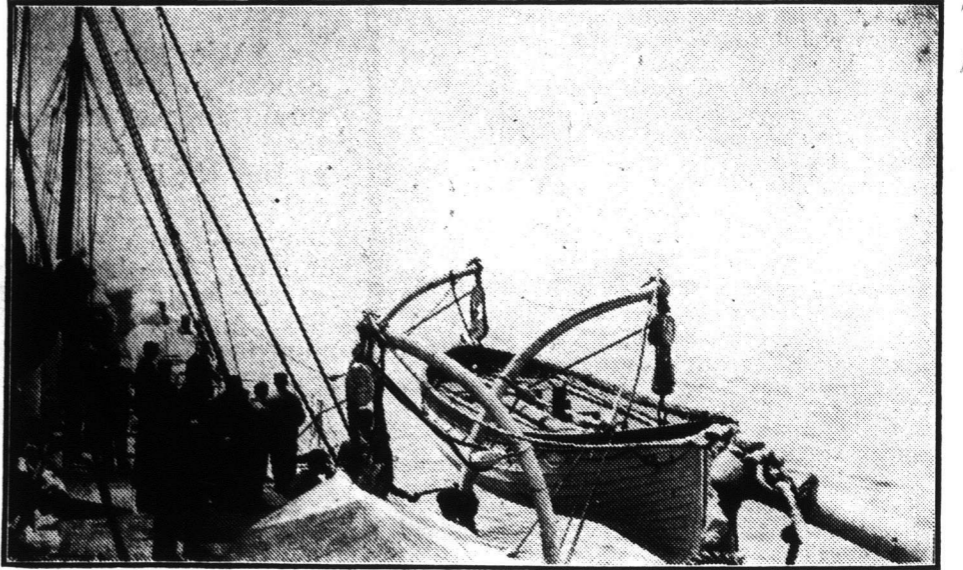
Western Canada and the Merchant Service

Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. H. Fenton

Canada and the British mercantile marine are working to feed Britain and her Allies. The farmer produces food and the men of the Merchant Service take it overseas. How hazardous their part of the work is can be estimated by the following facts:



"Sagamore," torpedoed off the coast of Ireland in February, 1917



Lifeboat drill taken a voyage or two before her last

"It was the yard engine did it," he explained.

"It was sure quick work, Jim. You must have ordered it out when you were sending in the first alarm," Tom remarked.

"It was here first," said Jim. "They were working in the east yard and Bully Tully heard your distress signal. He thought something had happened to number eight and chased right down this way, and saw just what was wrong. But that wasn't all. He saw a man hustling down the track eastbound as if he had just left your place and he risked a couple of precious minutes by running the engine a hundred yards in pursuit. He had the full yard crew with him and they rounded up the beggar in short order. He's doing six months now for arson and burglary, had some of your good spoons on him."

"But Jessie—where was she? How did she escape?" Tom asked, excitedly.

"Jessie, my dear fellow, was a mile away from here an hour after you began to snore on that morning you chose to be grumpy. She went to my wife first. Where she went then she will tell you. She should be here in a minute."

Jim hoped she would hurry. He did not like the look in Tom's eyes. It was not a dangerous look, it was suspiciously

In the first seven months of 1917, 900 British merchant ships were sunk. Since then the loss has varied from 14 to 18 ships per week. It is impossible to give the exact figures of the loss to the Allied powers of foodstuffs, but it may be reckoned in millions of tons.

No wonder is it that we Canadians are urged to produce and to conserve!

The ship's crew were safely packed into three lifeboats. The fate of two of the boats is unknown. The third was picked up after ten days by a merchant ship en route for South Africa. Ten of the seventeen occupants of the boat were dead from cold and exhaustion. Five of the seven had both feet amputated for gangrene and died under the operation. The remaining two were sent home to England, but only one of them survived the voyage.

N. B.

An advertisement in the Abilene, Kansas, Reflector is worthy of the notice it asks:

"Notice: I have put a bullsnake in my garden, half north of town to catch the gophers. Please do not bother him or shoot him, as he is a good, well-behaved animal, harmless except to gophers.—H.

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Girls and Girls

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

TWO girls from the same business office entered a popular downtown restaurant during the rush hour. Unable to catch the eye of the head waiter they stood for perhaps five minutes chafing and fuming and furtively primping before one of the many wall mirrors.

"Gee, Mabel, someone's grabbed our table!" said one, in aggrieved tones. "I told you we'd be late. But you—"

"Can I help it if the boss gets a sore head and makes me re-type eight letters?" demanded Mabel.

The other ignored this note of exasperation and murmured:

"What a fright I look in this shad. Petunia don't seem to suit my style."

"Silly! Why didn't you put on enough color, then? I told you never to buy that kinda silk with the lights on, anyway. Well, it's about time!"

This last observation was made with a long-drawn sigh of relief as the waiter beckoned. The girls stalked ahead. Both were dressed very fashionably, with the most advanced cut of skirts, the highest of pale putty colored shoes, the perkiest of hats. They were of a type. Neither had the faintest sign of individuality about her, although the face of the darker one held a vague sort of prettiness. Their ages might have been twenty and twenty-one but rouge and lipsal had added five years more to each. The table they were escorted to had just been vacated by two persons but a third, whose order had not yet come in, remained. She was a young woman of about twenty-

"Just nine-fifty, dearie. It's your collar I'm all stuck on—"

"Two seventy-nine on sale yesterday an' to-day. If that waiter don't hurry up—"

"I'm goin' to run over an' get one— if ever we get outa here."

"That waiter'll be grey headed when we see him next. Oh, here he is at last!"

Mabel opened a silver mesh bag that must have cost ten dollars and drew out a wrinkled dollar bill. She laughed carelessly.

"This is all I got between me an' the cold, cold world till the fifteenth of the month," she said.

"You should worry with a swell suit like what you're gettin'. I'd be broke, too. Just the same that tailoress has got a nerve charging twenty-two to make a summer suit."

"Oh, well, you know you gotta pay for style. I don't mind—much. Harry takes me out so often to dinner. Gee, but didn't we have a pippin of a time last Toosday night! Say, j'ever taste—champagne, dearie?"

They chattered on desultorily. The quiet girl in plain navy blue was eating a substantial meal featured on the bill of fare as: "Business Man's Lunch—Special To-day, 50 cents." From time to time Mabel and her companion, between quick gulps of their coff, looked at her. Her order, if not her clothes, commanded their respect.

"Got a date on to-night, Mar'gret?"

"Betcha!"

"Same guy?"



The Best-Fed Boys Get 5-Cent Breakfasts

So with all folks—men and women. The basis is a dish of Quaker Oats with garnishings. Then a dish of fruit and a cup of some hot drink.

The oat is the supreme food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound—twice as much as round steak, more than twice as much as eggs.

It is the recognized food for growth. It is rich in minerals. All needed elements are in it and in the right proportions. It has a wondrous flavor.

At this writing, Quaker Oats costs but one-seventh what meats or eggs cost—on the average—for the same nutrition.

Seven abundant meals can thus be served at the cost of one average meat meal.

Reduce the cost of living by using more Quaker Oats. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods. A multiplied cost can buy no such nutrition, no such delights, without it.

Quaker Oats Flaked From Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats you get all the oat nutrition, plus exquisite flavor. And without extra price. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. By discarding the small, insipid grains we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

All oat foods are doubly welcome when you make them with Quaker Oats.

35c and 15c Per Package Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterboro, Canada

(1922)

Saskatoon, Canada

Quaker Oats Muffins
 3/4 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/4 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.
 Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes
 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2 1/2 cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).
 Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly; beat thoroughly and cook as griddlecakes.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 1 tablespoon butter
 2 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream, butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 75 cookies.



Highland Cattle Cooling in the Silvery Waters of a Native Loch.

five or thirty and so plainly attired as to engage but a second's cursory glance from each of the newcomers.

"Whatcha goin' to have?" asked the fairer one, picking up the menu card listlessly. The other was examining her face critically in the tiny reducing mirror of her handbag.

"There's cream of tomato soup, but gee! Twenty cents!" the first went on. "If I took that I wouldn't be able to try the salad. Gee! Ain't it fierce the way livin's gone up!"

Her companion snapped her bag shut, yawned behind her gloved hand and languidly glanced over the crowded room.

"Oh, golly, kid, I ain't a bit hungry," she said. "Well, guess I'll take the salad, a pickle (that's free), coffee an' a cherry-mint sundae."

"Aw right, I'll take the same. Say, dearie, there's Billy over there. Look."

They turned the combined battery of two pair of eyes at a good-looking young man two tables away. Both giggled.

"Wish he'd look over," said Mabel.

"He's too busy feedin' his face."

Both giggled again.

"He's sure good to himself, ain't he? Look at the grub he's surrounded himself with!"

"Leave it to a man to be good to his stomach."

"Lissen, how do y'do your hair like that?" "I been goin' to ask you."

"Swell."

"Hard. I'll show you s' after-noon."

"Oh say, Mar'gret, I'm all stuck on your blouse. Mind tellin' me how

"Sure. Guess I'll have his wad redooiced by the end of the week, all right, all right."

"Nothin' like it, kid! Go to it! J'ever hear the true definition of love?"

"No."

"It's an abcess on a man's pocket book."

Both giggled delightedly.

"Go on! That's stale. Ready?"

"Wait till I get my gloves."

The pair went out, glancing into not more than four of the mirrors enroute. At the door Mabel sniffed longingly, with a backward look.

"I feel kinda—not exactly empty—" she began.

"Sort of unsatisfied? So do I. Guess I was hungrier 'n I thought I was."

"C'mon! We gotta hurry."

"Wait, kid! Here's Billy comin'."

The young man of the big appetite caught up with them.

"What are you two discussing?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothin' to interest you," returned Mabel. "We were just wishin' we'd ordered a bigger lunch."

"Never let a good opportunity get past you," the young man advised. "One like that, anyway."

"Say, there was a girl at our table eatin' a meal almost as big as the one you ordered. She made you hungry just to watch her."

"I saw the girl you mean. That's Miss Greenlee. Smart girl."

And Billy nodded impressively. Mabel stared at him.

"Smart j'say?" she retorted. "Where d'ye see it?"

"I am referring to her brains."

TO THE GIFT SEEKER

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Madame Thora Toilet Co., Dept. M, Toronto, Ont.

"Oh!"
"Say, Billy," said Mar'gret excitedly. "That wouldn't be the Miss Greenlees of the Hummer Advertising Company?"

"The very same."
"Well, good land, Mabel, d'ye hear? It's that Miss Greenlees the boss is always praisin' so! She started in our office at four-fifty per!"

"Gee whizz!" murmured Mabel. "Her? Why she ain't got any style 't all!"
"Style or no style," said Billy, warmly. "She's the assistant manager, and has climbed there solely by her own efforts."

"My stars! I wish we'd spoke to her—asked her to pass the salt or somethin'!" mourned Mar'gret.

"You would have found her very nice. I know her brother slightly. They are orphans, both having to hoe their own row. If I were to tell you what her salary is supposed to be you'd scarcely believe me."

"No wonder she can order all the traffic

them like the deuce! The parasite woman is a darn nuisance. Well—here's my corner. So long!"

The girls each murmured "g' by," and hastened on.

"Billy mistook his calling," said Mabel. "He should hire a hall an' give lectures."

"He musta swallowed a dictionary," observed Mar'gret. "What's 'parasite' mean?"

"Search me! Oh, gee, look at the classy boots, an' only twelve dollars a pair!"

They paused before a shop window. Mabel clinging to Mar'gret's elbow, and both gazing longingly at the shoes displayed.

"Gee!" and Mabel sighed. "I wish it was pay day."

"Oh, c'mon! You can steer Charley past here to-night. I want a pair myself, so I guess it's up to me to bleed Harry."

As the old cart horse said when he first saw an automobile: "What's the use!"



Among the Bracken.

will bear!" was Mabel's observation, in injured tones.
"Oh, I don't know," said Billy. "She doesn't put all her salary on her back, you know. That girl is One Hundred Per Cent. Efficiency."

"Gee, I'm fed up on that sayin'! The boss uses it eleven-ten times a day," and Mabel sighed.

Mar'gret was struck by an original thought—original for her. The concussion brought her to a halt.

"Say, d' you honestly believe a woman can put a hundred per cent. of herself into mere work?"

Billy considered. They walked on again.

"Well, it all depends on the woman," he said, with wisdom far beyond his years. "Some just naturally can't, you know. They hate to use their heads at anything more strenuous than tallying up a bridge score. Others again—like this Miss Greenlee for instance—well, we men often pretend that we think they're too independent, but believe me, we admire

Same Pie but Different Joke

The poor tramp and the young cook form a combination that has afforded material for joke writers the world over for generations. Here's one that is like all the others, and yet just a little different: "Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last week?" inquired the woman. "No, mum," mournfully responded the tramp; "th' doctor says I'll never be th' same man again!"

A lady tells us a true story of a soldier's wit, that a soldier in a hospital on recovering consciousness said, "Nurse, what is this on my head?" "Vinegar cloths," she replied. "You have had fever." After a pause: "And what is this on my chest?" "A mustard plaster. You have had pneumonia." "And what is this at my feet?" "Salt bags. You have had frost bite." A soldier from the next bed looked up and said: "Pass a pepper box to his nose, nurse, then he will be a cruet."

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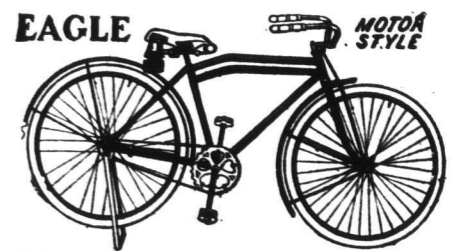
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UNITED SALES CO., Station B, Winnipeg, Man

A Call for Service

Written for The Western Home Monthly by George A. Ware

AT no previous period of the world's history was there a greater opportunity afforded all classes of the community to prove the practicality of the golden rule than the present, and never a greater call to sacrifice and service. Whilst yet the mighty conflict rages, men and women are asking what of the days when the strife shall cease, and the world shall turn once more to the avocations of peace. War and warlike pursuits now engage the activities of the greater portion of the man power of the world, whilst no less engaging the energies of a vast proportion of the women also. The days must come, be they far or near, when those activities must cease, and all that expenditure of mighty effort be released, flooding the world with a surplus of labor for which the exhausted capital of the countries engaged may find it difficult to provide. It is becoming increasingly apparent that individual effort in the organizing of these vast forces will be unable to cope with the problem which they will present, and on all sides men turn with anxious eyes to the various governments of the world for some solution of the difficulty which confronts them. Thus far no one of them has formulated any scheme which bids fair to grapple with the difficulty in any adequate manner. Yet none of us can tell in how short a time we may be called upon to face the problem, and unless we have some foundation upon which we can build, the wreck of society must be absolute and complete since out of disorder will arise discontent, and inevitable result of discontent which cannot be remedied, anarchy. What then is the duty which lies before us? It would seem the crying need of the present is the spirit which makes for a perfect abnegation of self for the benefit of our fellows. When, as at present, one looks over the war stricken fields of Europe surely the evil cannot be ignored. There where the earth is reeking with the blood of our bravest and our best we see in its supremest example the spirit of sacrifice carried to its greatest heights. When first the blast of war reverberated throughout the world our young men, heedless of what the call might mean, responded nobly and gallantly. To-day we often hear it said that to do this, or to do that, would mean to give up much that has made life sweet, to surrender liberty and to change the habits of a lifetime. Did they do less? Could they have done more? At the call, everything which for them made life sweet, was surrendered willingly and gladly. Home comforts, the habits of a lifetime, were freely cast aside, and they became the voluntary parts of a mighty machine that haply thereby they might uphold the principles which had made life dear for them and secure for those who should come after. The cry for battle was after all but the challenge for the surrender of self, and to us, too, comes the same call. Theirs was, and still is, a hard and weary fight, with distinction to but a few. For us also the fight is no less strenuous. We have to fight the strongest enemy man can meet. The battle against self calls for all our noblest efforts. Self must be forgotten. Willingly and freely self and selfish interests must be surrendered, if thereby our fellows may enjoy the richest heritage it is ours to bestow, a life of service for the common good, thereby raising the standard of our common humanity, knit together by the kindest and richest bonds of a true brotherhood.

The call to-day is for greater production, and utmost conservation, but in no way can we hope to respond to that call unless we have learned to produce in our hearts and minds that love for our fellows which nineteen centuries of Christian teaching has not yet evolved in its fullest degree, nor until we have conserved within its narrowest limits that spirit of self which is our common heritage. Fight that battle and come forth victor, and the whole of mankind will live a richer, fuller and nobler existence in the days that lie ahead, and if it be not ours to reap the full benefits of that harvest we will at least wear the crown of a happy content that we have secured that golden future for those who come after. More and more is it becoming evident that man cannot live to himself

alone, and until we fully and freely recognize this, both as individuals and as nations, strife will and must continue. In the future lies our greatest battle field, and it will take all that is noblest and best to assure us victory. Leagues of Nations are of no use unless they are founded upon a league of hearts, and herein alone can the individual fight and conquer. Fortunately through the smoke of battle we can dimly discern the coming of a brighter day, and from out the din of strife hear the sweeter harmony of a happier future. Those amongst us who have yet to learn the full lesson should study the mutual help and self sacrificing spirit which animates our brave lads, both in the field and in the days when for them the strife is ended. To-day the call is for us all to do our part in the creation of a state wherein all can live a sane and healthy existence, enjoying the fruits of a highly civilized existence, and exercising the privileges of spiritual and intellectual improvement. Henceforth the battle is against entrenched and false systems of economy and the mighty formations of corrupt political systems.

Democratic governments after all are but the instruments whereby popular wishes are expressed, and effected, and if they are unable to adequately meet the situation, is it not that popular opinion, which alone gives them motive power, is incoherent and uninformed. Here then is the call to service of the individual man and woman. One and all should study this problem in its many ramifications and endeavor in their own way to find a solution, and in earnest endeavor with their fellows to create that public opinion which will invest their governments with that authority which shall ensure a successful solution of the problems which beset them.

It is essential, however, that we should fix certain well defined principles into our minds before we can hope to arrive at any definite conclusion. Before the days of the war we have to confess that social, economic and industrial conditions were totally inadequate to deal with the then state of society. As a nation, with the possible exception of Germany, no peoples were organized for concerted effort in any department of their common life, and even Germany has proved that its organization was too circumscribed for the needs of the people in all the activities of national life. First, it is imperative

that a complete register of the whole man and woman power of each nation be taken, that it may be known what material the nation has at its disposal, and how that material may be directed and used. As a corollary it is equally evident that a similar register of the various industries and activities of the state must also be obtained. In addition to the present sources of employment of both capital and labor, each country contains within itself certain undeveloped natural resources which it should be the first duty of each government to exploit to the advantage of the community at large, and thereby afford new outlets for the needs of the future. Only concerted effort can be of any avail, and whereas, hitherto, fields of fresh endeavor have been left to individual effort, co-operative and organized effort by the whole community for mutual good must take its place.

In any scheme for the rehabilitation of returning soldiers into civilian life, it should not be overlooked that the views of these men should be fully canvassed, and in the consideration of schemes which have that end in view care should be taken to have representatives of their interests upon all consultative bodies. That is the more important, inasmuch as no scheme can



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5-18a

Great Discovery in Drugless Healing

The human body is a chemical composition of 14 elements (calcium-phosphorus-sulphur-sodium-chlorine-fluorine-iron-potassium-magnesium-silicon-oxygen-hydrogen-nitrogen-carbon) and if one of these elements is missing, disease sets in and early death will follow. Iron is needed to make rich blood. Lack of Calcium means a small frame, deformity of bones, decay of teeth. Phosphates are important constituents of all tissues, no creative power, no lustre of the eyes without it. Potassium for generating of electric force. Sodium to eliminate syphilitic and malarial poisons. And so every single element has to perform a certain duty. These blood-and-tissue-building mineral salts can be supplied only by food, but our daily "Soup-Meat-White Bread-Potato-Sweets-Pie-Coffee" diet does not contain these mineral-salts in sufficient quantities and during the process of cooking most of them are lost or made unassimilative. If you suffer with Constipation, Neurasthenia, Stomach-Liver-Kidney-Heart-Skin-Gall-Disorders, or with Rheumatism, Diabetes, Hardening of the Veins, Catarrhs of any kind, have shattered Nerves, wasted Energy, lost Manhood, then replace the lacking blood-and-tissue-building mineral salts. Such mineral starvation is the main cause why babies sicken, children are anaemic, men and women grow old before their time. Women during and after pregnancy, or having monthly troubles, or in change of life are in crying need of such mineral salts. So are writers, bankers, attorneys, athletes, etc. contains all these blood- and tissue-building mineral salts in fully assimilative form, prepared from real vegetables only. Mineral-salts prepared in chemical laboratories are unassimilative and a burden to the kidneys. Interesting pamphlet free. Our wrong way of living causes intestinal Auto-toxication which brings about thousands of human miseries, beginning with constipation and ending with an early death. It is everybody's duty to rid his system of these toxic products, or having monthly can remove these dangerous poisons. Free pamphlet. Yoghurt Co. (12) Bellingham, Wash.

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be fully comprehensive which does not provide for the recognition of soldiers' widows and their dependents. In the first instance this would seem to point to a liberal system of education to assure an easy assimilation of the children into the productive activities of the state, that their future may be adequately provided for.

The sick, the maimed and the impotent will also call for special treatment, but in a broad review of all the conditions of the common life, even they may, in some measure, do their part in the service of the state.

The means for adequately dealing with the large amount of labor which will be released when the war is over, lie about and around us, but only by the abandonment of competition, and the acceptance of organized and concerted effort, can we hope to meet the strain which will be laid upon us. All thought and effort, therefore, should be in this direction, and if we each and all bear within our minds the principles of Christian conduct and service, sacrificing self and selfish interests for the mutual and common good, we shall be prepared to meet not only the needs of the present, but to lay the foundation of our plans upon such a broad and comprehensive basis, that whatever expansion the future calls for will be readily and amply met.

Hands Off the Bird Country

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Aubrey Fullerton

It will be a bad day for the people of Canada when there are no more wild fowl to hunt. Not merely that the food value of the game birds counts in times like these, but the physical exercise and outdoor life involved in going after them are good for the health of both body and nerve. None too soon did the governments of Canada and the United States agree that the migratory birds, which had really been in danger, were an international resource that, in the interests of the race, should be conserved and protected.

The new Anglo-American treaty will ensure the safety of unknown thousands of wild fowl that will come up from the south this spring to spend the warm-weather months in their favorite northern haunts. By joint agreement, dating from 1918, all migratory birds that make their nests in Canada and Alaska will be protected for nearly nine months each year, and insectivorous birds, will have a close season all the year through. Over one thousand varieties of birds will be affected, and in its practical workings the new law will have the advantage of being uniform and international. It will no longer be the case that birds spared in Western Canada, because of our stricter game laws, will be slaughtered on their return to the southern states.

Time was when pretty nearly the whole continent was a great happy playground for the bird creation, when wild fowl were at home from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. There must have literally been billions of them in those days, for even yet their numbers are astonishingly large. But, like the Indians, they were driven back by the encroaching advances of settlement, and bit by bit were forced northward, losing greatly in numbers in the process. As recently as fifty years ago, however, the lake and swamp regions of the middle north states were still a paradise for ducks and geese. Then the bird zone gradually receded, and the lakes and prairies of the Canadian West became the chief breeding ground of the much disturbed wild fowl. Presently the railroad came, passing right through the bird country, and once more the paradise receded. Two other cross-country roads have followed more recently, and now the only region left to the birds, absolutely without fear of disturbance is that north of the iron trails, and thence to the Arctic.

This shifting of the bird haunts was, of course, only partial. All through the middle and northern states there are scattered areas of swamp land, of varying size, which the wild fowl still have, and probably will always have to themselves; and in between the railway lines in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which even yet are far enough apart, are similar areas of lake and swamp country that in the aggregate make up a good-sized acreage. But the fact holds good that

in the main the agricultural development of Northern Minnesota, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Northeastern Alberta, which till then comprised the finest breeding ground for ducks and geese on the continent, has seriously interfered with the game bird population and lost to that region its former distinction. The best nesting sites are now in the far north of Alberta and Saskatchewan, on the southwestern coast of Hudson Bay, around the lakes of the Mackenzie Territory, and along a short stretch of the Arctic coast. This whole region, being the last unoccupied country in America, and filled with water, is well suited to bird life, but certain favored parts of it are especially so. And there is little likelihood of any considerable area of it ever being disturbed by settlers.

The sign is up, "Hands Off." By order of the two governments the birds are to have sanctuary, with free leave to come and go as they choose. And the seasons themselves are no more sure or dependable than the annual flights of Canada's feathered visitors. Records of these migrations have been kept in Manitoba, and they show that in twelve years the Canada goose has passed through at dates varying not more than fifteen days. Just what it is that moves the birds to go upon these long journeys from south to north and back again, is a mystery of the animal creation, but the fact remains.

When the treaty bill was before the United States house, Representative Platt, one of its warmest supporters, put up a



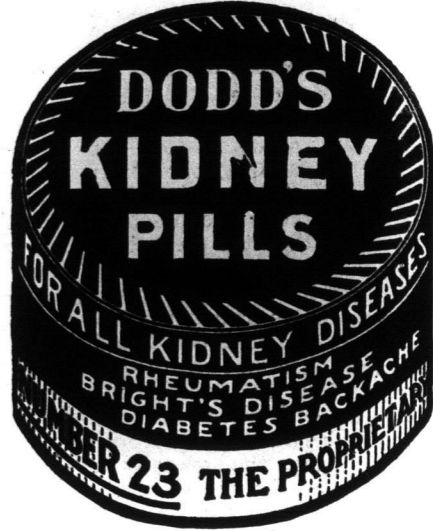
vigorous argument for the international conservation of the geese and ducks in particular. "How these birds," he said, "can be considered to be the property of anybody over whose land they happen to fly, or where they happen to spend the night resting, to go on the next day, I do not understand. Nearly all the migratory game birds nest in Canada, and the Canadians could destroy them all except the very few that nest along our northern border, if they wanted to do so."

Some differences in the application of the act in different states and provinces, according to natural conditions and local game laws, are provided for, but substantially the protective law is the same all over the continent, and its general effect will be to conserve the wild fowl resources of America.

Fortunately enough, though the prairie has largely been pre-empted, there is much swamp and marsh land in the north country that is too wet and cold for farming, and, therefore, a wild fowl haunt in perpetuity. Ducks and geese, which form the chief part of the migratory bird population, are lovers of the swamp and prairie, and in such country as that around Lake Athabasca or Great Slave Lake they thrive astonishingly.

Away to the north, the delta of the Mackenzie River and the Arctic coast are the home of the mallard, green-winged teal and several species of geese. The wild Canada geese breed also around Hudson Bay, but east of Hudson Bay the black mallard is now, as always, the chief native game bird.

Another important member of the duck family is the pintail. It goes as far south as Panama for its winters, and its summer range extends almost to the Arctic coast.



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Desire and Fulfillment

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by J. H. Arnett

When my heart really longs to possess
some treasure

Of life without measure,
Then the myriad changes of measureless
days,

With their "mights" and their
"mays,"
Come to crush from my soul its desire.

In the striving of years, from the fervor of
youth

To manhood's full truth,
There has ever been present a hand that's
unseen,

But sure it has been
In bringing my efforts to naught.

And my spirit now stern in the struggle to
wrest

That hand from my breast
From the unseen demands why it stands
in my way

By night and by day,
And tears from desire its fulfilment.

From the vastness of visionless vistas a
voice

That made me rejoice,
"In fulfilment thy heart only clutches its
dead—

My hand is thy bread:
The joy of desire is the struggle!"

The Witness Mound

A grass-grown lump of ground
So small and smooth and round,
Which people call "surveyor's witness
mound"

I see, when any day
Across the fields I stray
To watch the clouds creep up and glide
away.

At sometime long ago
Someone has placed it so
That all the ending of the field may know:
It tells the looker where
The section ends and there
Surveyors planed it well and true and fair.

Our lives are like the land,
Unmarked by any hand,
Yet still, somehow we know and under-
stand

That every life is bound
And marked, as is the ground
By some small unknown witness mound.

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and the city would be nowhere
in comparison.

And he's right! How can it be
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Grafonola
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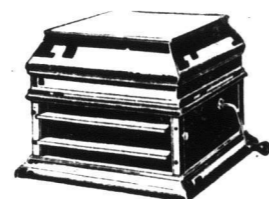


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The Grafonola is the instrument that makes "Tone", which is music's
soul, its watchword—the instrument with the high grade motor and the
exclusive Columbia "tone leaves" by which the volume can be controlled
on the same principle as the great church organ's music is checked or
swelled by the player and his stops.



Columbia Grafonola \$38



Columbia Grafonola \$58



And, of course, there's the magnificent Columbia Record
repertoire—great bands—great singers—great violinists
—great comedians. If it is

COLUMBIA

it's always the best.

If you're tempted to buy one of the
many imitations of the Columbia
—don't do it until you've seen the
real thing itself—the product of a
big, responsible pioneer house with
more than a quarter-century rep-
utation for progress and quality.

Grafonolas are priced from \$24 to
\$300. There are Columbia dealers
everywhere—and any one of them
will take great pleasure in explaining
the Grafonola and playing records for
you—whether you wish to buy at the
time or not.

By the way—send your soldier boy some Columbia
Records—there's sure to be a Grafonola near him.

New Columbia Records are out the 20th of the month.

Columbia Graphophone Company, Toronto.



Columbia Grafonola \$100—

The lowest priced first class floor cabinet
instrument in the market.



Red Cross Work in Manitoba

The Manitoba Red Cross Executive Saturday, April 27, announced the final totals of the Red Cross Campaign collections. The auditors have reported \$171,235.72 cash received, and now to the credit of the campaign fund account in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, together with pledges for deferred payments extending over a year amounting to \$482,333.32; or a grand total for the Red Cross campaign in Greater Winnipeg of \$653,569.04. This amount does not take into account any money received from provincial points, of which there was considerable, and which money will be held and added to the totals of the provincial campaign.

This magnificent response sets a record for Winnipeg; for the province of Manitoba to emulate in the forthcoming provincial campaign; a record for Canada; and in many respects a record for the continent.

Greater Winnipeg at first was asked for \$300,000 for the Red Cross, and this was considered such an unprecedented sum that a most elaborate campaign was prepared to secure the money. Then, while the campaign was in the height of its preparation, the Hun offensive began, and it did not take many hours to realize that the Red Cross budget for 1918, great as it was in comparison with that of former years, would fall far short of the necessities; and on the eve of the four days campaign—while the call from our boys was trickling over the cables in agonizing messages from hour to hour—the executive of the Red Cross Society asked Winnipeg to forget its objective and go the limit for the Red Cross.

\$653,569.04 is the Answer of Winnipeg

For Winnipeg never hesitates when the occasion arises to prove patriotism, fidelity to her soldier sons and the Allies, and approval of noble work well done.

In the heat of the city campaign, and since, it is doubtful if more than a few have really stopped to contemplate what this city and its suburbs accomplished. People watched until they saw that the objective was far out-distanced, and then turned to other things, satisfied that Winnipeg had done its duty.

How Wonderfully Winnipeg did Its Duty!

If the rest of the Dominion totals up as well, the original budget of the Red Cross Society will be altered from \$4,000,000 to \$21,120,000!

That is the one fact which illustrates par excellence how Winnipeg stands behind her fighting men in the test. Winnipeg—that is, Greater Winnipeg—with an approximate population of 250,000, subscribed \$660,000. That population can be multiplied thirty-two times into the entire population of Canada. Now, multiply the subscription thirty-two times, and the result is the grand total of \$21,120,000.

The tremendous total of the Red Cross campaign fund is a splendid tribute to the organization which secured the money, the most thorough and effective which has ever been put together in this country for a purely voluntary gift by the people, and one which compared in magnitude to the Victory Loan organization last fall. It is a tribute to the widespread educational campaign and the enveloping and spectacular publicity campaign. It is a tribute to the unsparring energy of the 1800 canvassers who "combed" the city, and to the Business Men's Clubs who gave over their entire organizations to prosecuting this work.

But all of this was as nothing compared to the response of the people to the appeal. That was the thing that made the campaign the success that it was; and to attempt to begin to name the individuals who were responsible for the result achieved for the Red Cross

in Winnipeg would be to re-print the city directory.

The most remarkable single feature of the whole campaign was the fact that from the army of 1850 canvassers, only two instances were brought to the attention of the executive where a man who should give to the Red Cross had refused absolutely to do so.

One fine result of the Red Cross Campaign was the opportunity it gave the busy people of Winnipeg to learn for the first time just how much the Red Cross really means to the soldiers at the front. Some people say that the government should do all that the Red Cross does, and that gifts of the people should not be asked for relief work which is so obviously necessary. The

The original budget for the whole Dominion, as has been stated, was just \$4,000,000. One does not need to be a wizard of finance in this day to realize how short a distance that amount would go in looking after the thousands of men who may be incapacitated in the coming year.

From many parts of Canada and from adjacent States queries are already coming in, asking how Winnipeg scored the success it did.

The answer is four-fold—organization, education, enthusiasm and patriotism.

With these four factors developed to the extent to which they were carried here, there is no reason why the result attained cannot be duplicated any place.

A Clown Who Silenced a Rapid-Fire Gun

Williams was in a trench somewhere in the long French line, helping to keep the Germans back from some mounds of broken brick that had once been a village. Before he became a soldier he had been a famous clown and gymnast in a French circus. A German quick-firer, says T. P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War, had worked round to the French flank, and was filling the trench with wounded men by its enflaming fire. The little whirring machine of death was hidden very cunningly.

It was a grave situation. The fire of the gun was accurate and ceaseless. The French were unable to locate the mitrailleuse. In despair, the officer in charge said aloud, "If we only had somebody up there we might be able to deal with them." He pointed to the top of a shattered chimney stack that hung groggily over the debris of the village. Its summit was thirty feet from the ground, but to get to the top meant the probability of a violent and painful death. The Germans would shoot at the climber, and the smokestack looked as if it would come down at the slightest extra weight and vibration.

Although there was a double chance of death in the smokestack, Williams took the risk. His officer shrugged his shoulders without refusing, when the clown asked if he might try. Williams stripped off his heavy coat, slung his rifle across his shoulder, and went up the chimney like a cat. He clutched at the meanest projections, jumping upward even as those frail footholds and handholds crumbled under his weight. Tiny, ominous cascades of rubble and mortar fell down as his nimble feet passed scrambling up the shaft. The men in the trenches gasped; every moment they expected to hear the heavy fall of the brave man's body on the earth. But he did not fail.

He came to the summit, and all the country lay under his eyes, flat, and marked out in lines like a map. He hung there, looking about steadily, carefully; and the Germans seeing him, loosened a whistling wind of bullets at him. But he paid not the slightest attention. He found the machine gun, and shouted down the precise position and the approximate distance of the piece.

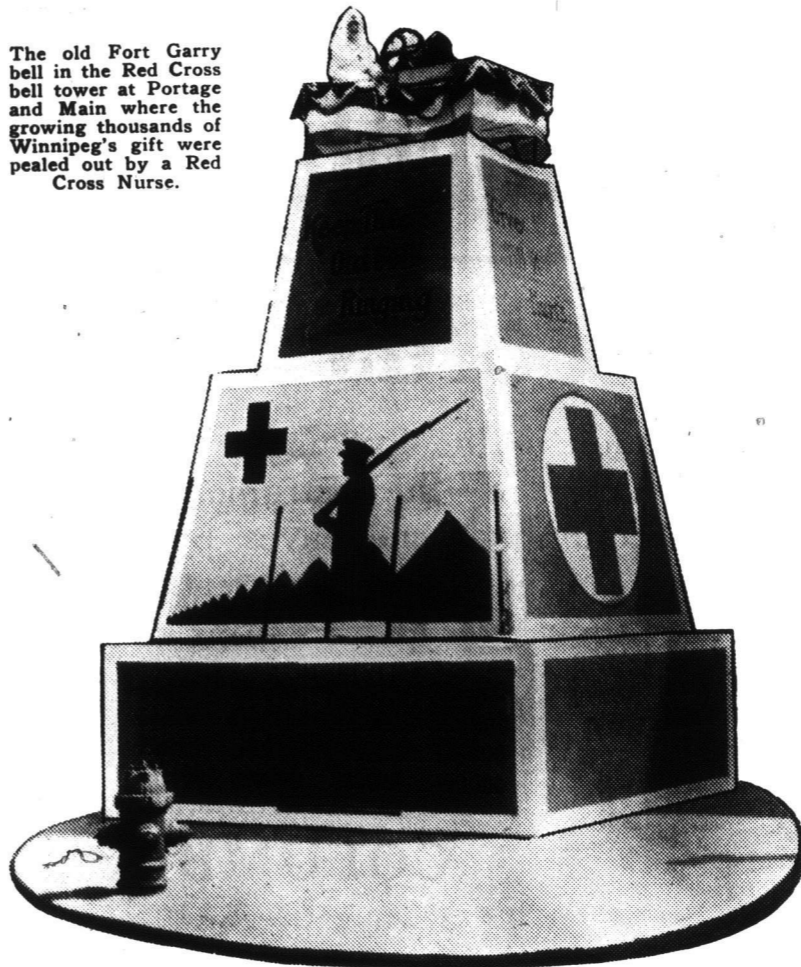
Coolly he unslung his Lebel, pressed the clip of cartridges into the magazine, began sighting steadily, firing nonchalantly. Each time his rifle jerked and spat, the frail ruin that made his pedestal quivered.

Williams was as calm as possible, and continued to fire until the officer ordered him to descend. By his descent he startled his comrades, more even than by his ascent.

It was an old circus trick, but there were no nets ready for a slip and no attendants standing by to catch him. A slip meant death, and an ugly death; but Williams risked it with a laughing imperturbability. He dropped his rifle to the ground, then, while his fellows gasped, dived straight at a low, tiled roof twenty feet below. The fall did not kill him. He came off the roof like a creature of India rubber, turned in the air, and dropped swiftly and neatly to his feet. "My new turn—the leap of death!" he cried, striking the grotesque attitude of the sawdust ring. Then he slipped into his coat, and went back to his place in the trench.

It is told of a little girl in a Massachusetts town that, like many of her sex, she resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine. One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never!" "H'm!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters."

The old Fort Garry bell in the Red Cross bell tower at Portage and Main where the growing thousands of Winnipeg's gifts were peeled out by a Red Cross Nurse.



simple, effective stories of the returned soldiers gave the best answer to this observation. One returned man, speaking from a small platform in the heat of the campaign, talking to the workmen of one of the shops, put the whole mission of the Red Cross into less than a dozen words:

"The army is like a family. The government is the father. The Red Cross is the mother."

"The motherhood of all the world!"

"An army without the Red Cross would be like a family of sons without a mother."

No wonder that Winnipeg goes, and goes to the limit, when such an appeal as this comes from the lips of the heroes who have been "over the top" and through the hell that exists in northern France.

Now that the city campaign has ended, the Manitoba committee is turning its attention to the canvass of the balance of Manitoba, which is scheduled to take place during the week of June 17.

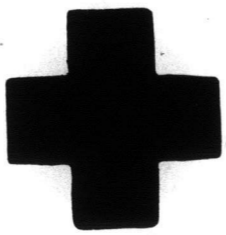
What Winnipeg achieved will be duplicated by the balance of Manitoba. Dollar for dollar from the city and the province is the objective which has been fixed, and confidence is felt that it will be reached.

But the Winnipeg campaign is now a matter of history, and the committee which made it a success here has turned its full attention to the country area, confident that the record is to be repeated there.

Already the men and the women are working on the plans which will leave no corner of Manitoba "uncombed."

An army of more than 2,000 active workers will be required to place before every resident of the province the opportunity to help. That army will be readily recruited. Long before the middle of June arrives everything will be thoroughly organized, and the old Red River Bell will once more chime out evidence of the fact that Winnipeg only gave tangible expression to the loyalty which all Manitoba feels toward the boys who hold the blood-soaked plains of France in the name of Liberty.

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history, "landed in England in 1066 A.D." "What does A.D. stand for?" inquired the teacher. The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."



*"A great net of mercy drawn through an ocean
of unspeakable pain"*

Women of Canada!

—who have now been working for four years for the Red Cross—as ever, in its hour of need, the Red Cross turns to you.

But first we want to tell you something of what your organization is, and what it does—what has been done with the fruit of your unremitting effort.

Red Cross is the Mother of the Army. The Government looks after the fighting men—when the fighting man becomes broken and wounded he goes to the comforting arms of his Mother!

When a man is stricken, the first aid he receives is at the hands of the Red Cross. When he goes into the Hospital, all broken and bleeding, his trench clothes are cut from him, and he is made comfortable with all those things which you have been making for him.

Red Cross also supplies comforts to the men in the trenches—that is where your socks go.

The wounded man who returns to Canada is full of praise for the work done by the women at home.

Red Cross cares for our boys in German Prison Camps, 3,000 of them!

The Hun has failed to give them sufficient food to keep body and soul together. In 1917 Canadian Red Cross from the funds at its disposal was only able to allot 50 cents per man per day to keep prisoners in food, clothing, blankets, and tobacco. That is not enough money. We have got to have more.

There were 21,093 Canadian soldiers in Overseas Hospitals last Christmas Day. And every one got a Christmas stocking from the Red Cross.

Red Cross watches beside the pillows of battle-broken men, and offers rest and sympathy to war-worn fighters on brief respite from the Front.

On every battle line where Canada's sons are fighting, Red Cross is at hand.

The work of the women of Canada has been magnificent; but the men must be made to realize that the work of the Red Cross must be extended.

Soon the Red Cross will ask again for help and for funds to carry on your work of mercy. Will you help prepare the way? Not with your dollars now, for when the time comes you will give and give nobly, as already you have given, days and dollars too—

—but with your woman's influence.

For it rests with you who understand—and feel—to wake the nation, wake every living being in these Western Provinces, to what the Red Cross is—what it needs—and why its needs must be supplied.

Manitoba

Provincial campaign, week of June 17th.
An organization in every Municipality and Community.
For information, write Provincial Campaign Headquarters, Kennedy Building, Winnipeg.

Saskatchewan

Campaign opens June 17.
Branches should be formed in every district not already organized.

Full details will be forwarded from Saskatchewan Headquarters, New Armour Block, Regina.

The Canadian Red Cross is the most economically administered institution in the War. Ninety-eight cents out of every dollar goes directly to the men who serve. All receipts and expenditures are audited and published, and re-audited by the Dominion Government.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

"The Road that Led Home" is a book which I have read with very keen pleasure during the month; first, because I know the author intimately, having worked in the office with him for some seven or eight years, and having read from time to time some of his exceedingly fine magazine stories that have appeared in magazines. Secondly; because this book is a vivid picture of certain phases of Western life, and thirdly; it has no mention of the war in it.

The plot is of the slightest; the book dependign for its interest, and by the way, that interest never flags, on the extremely clever character studies. I do not think I entirely agree with Mr. Ingersoll's sketch of the Englishman, but all of the other characters have lived, moved and had their being, in my own experience, and I think also in the experience of practically everyone who has had much to do with Western farm and Western village life. Next to the characters the thing that is most appealing is the wonderful description of the lights, colors and odors of the prairies. They could only have been written by one who knew and loved them. The author will not admit it, but I am sure that much of the book is autobiography. I am going to quote only two passages. One is the dedication of the book, in itself a gem; possibly the best single paragraph in the whole book: it runs:—

"To one for whom I have been by turns a Locomotive, a Donkey, a Harlequin, an Encyclopedia, a Door-mat, and a Load of Hay; To one who is Never Still except When a sleep, and then only Partially; Who considers Hair was made to Lead slaves around by, and regards eyes as queer, Glassy, appealing things that would look better poked out; Who is a friend and intimate of his Brother Clay and a sworn enemy of the sponge and Wash-Basin; Who wears out a pair of boots a month; To whom spanking Means Postponement;—IN SHORT, TO

YOUNG BILL, WHO WILL CELEBRATE HIS HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY IN 2015, this book is humbly dedicated by His Dad."

And the other quotation is the last two paragraphs of the book, which form an exceptionally fine tribute to the sentiment, "that home for every man and woman is where the heart is."

"Ernie Bedford had come to Islay a boy. He left the district, after his stay of one short summer, a grown-up man. But this transition, important as it was in his life, was less striking than another which made itself manifest to him as, two hours after parting with Clara Morton one late September day, he boarded his home-going train.

"It was then that he became first aware how the central and focal point of all his word had changed. He had the sensation of one going, not toward, but away from home. The radial of all roads led now, not toward his picturesque home town in the valley of the Souris, but toward the commonplace groves and knolls and plain locale of Islay."

W. E. Ingersoll was brought up on a farm in Northern Manitoba, and in his very early teens had literary aspirations. At one time I belonged to an organization known as "The Quill Club," of which he was a member, and on a never-to-be-forgotten-evening he told us of his first struggles as a writer. Some day I hope he will give the West those same experiences in the form of a book. Anyone who wishes to escape for a few hours from the grind and stress of life as the war has made it, would do well to secure a copy of "The Road that Led Home;" wander out to some quiet knoll on the prairie and bury themselves in the book, it will most assuredly give a few quiet and happy hours.

As this is written the war situation is hourly growing more serious, and the need for men increasing. There is no manner of doubt that before even the end of the present crop season, the women will have to assume a great deal of responsibility with regard to reaping the crop, and that in 1919

on them will fall a great share of the burden of production. It goes without saying that the women who are already in farm homes cannot undertake any more outdoor work than they are doing at the present time, indeed, if they are to keep on, some definite means must be found to secure help for them in house work, and other women will have to be trained to do outdoor work on the farms.

I would very much like expressions of opinion to be sent to this page as to a method whereby the work of production could be carried on by women while the men are at the front. I think that by the time this is in print, every woman in Western Canada will have realized that whatever mistakes have been made in the past, and whatever help the United States is planning to give, Canada must contribute a very much greater percentage of manpower than she has heretofore done, if the civilization of the world is not to be swept away before the Huns.

One thing which I should like to bring home to every reader of this page is, that the apparently peaceful, secure homes of Western Canada are really no safer than the homes on the Belgian frontier, if the Allied armies are defeated overseas. It is not a question of Empire; it is a question of civilization; in fact, it is a question of actual existence. "The capable Canadian Women" and the "successful and resourceful Westerner" are terms that have frequently been on our lips and on our pens; now is the time to prove the truth of those phrases.

"I saw Mary Pickford in the movies last evening."

"That's nothing; you can see my whole family there afternoon and evening."

Saves Bus Fare, Anyway

"What yer lookin' at, Jimmy?"
"Say, Fred, if I was as thin as that masher I wouldn't pay no bus fares; I'd get in a draft and blow down the street."

KIDNEYS SO BAD WOULD FAINT AWAY THAT WAY FOR TWO YEARS.

Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble do not know the suffering and misery which those afflicted undergo.

The dull pains, sharp pains, and quick twinges, all point to the fact that the kidneys require attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles.

Mrs. Albert Williams, Edam, Sask., writes:—"I have the greatest pleasure in telling you what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me. Ten years ago I was so bad with my kidneys that I would faint away, and could not stand to do anything. I had been that way for two years, and had done all I could, but did not get any better until one day some one put a little book in our door, and I saw how another young girl had suffered like I was then, so I thought I would try them, and I am glad to say that after taking four boxes I have never had the same thing again. Thanks to "Doan's."

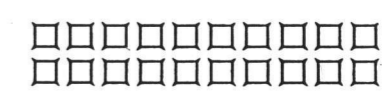
When asking for "Doan's Pills" see that you get the oblong grey box with the trade mark of a "Maple Leaf." Price 50c; put up by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—Just what you need for making Crazy Quilts, Cushions, etc. Large packet 10c, or 3 for 25c. SEWING EMBROIDERY SILK 10c, or 3 for 25c. We pay postage. Order now and receive our catalog free. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**



LIMOGES CHINA!



EACH CUP AND SAUCER STAMPED "LIMOGES"



YOU WILL NEVER BE OFFERED SUCH A CHANCE AGAIN

READ HOW WE OFFER YOU \$9.00 WORTH OF THIS FAMOUS WARE IN RETURN FOR THREE SUBSCRIPTIONS AT \$1.00

HERE is some wonderful news for our readers. By a lucky chance we have been able to obtain a limited quantity of Elite **Limoges** Cups and Saucers—the famous china which made the word **Limoges** a household name all over the world. Before the war these cups and saucers sold at from \$1.00, in the cities, to \$1.50 in the country, apiece. The city of **Limoges** is now close to the war area, and the manufacture of china has necessarily had to be suspended, so that it is very uncertain when more supplies of this famous ware will be forthcoming. These elaborate cups and saucers will make handsome decorations for your parlor, if you do not care to have them for use at your table.

Description
The cups and saucers are original Elite **Limoges** French China, with decoration of branches of small full blown pink roses, foliage and floral sprays. Irregular gold edge. Gold decorated handles.

Read Our Offer
We will send you half a dozen guaranteed **Limoges** cups and saucers in return for three new subscriptions to *The Western Home Monthly* at \$1.00 a year.

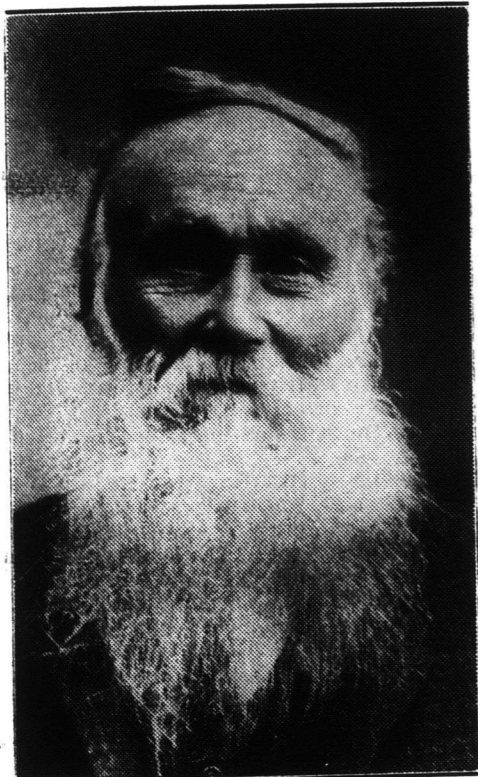
Note—We expect an immediate response to this remarkable offer, so do not lose any time, but start right in getting the three subscriptions. China will be sent by express directly order is received.

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

A Pioneer Gone

Another of that splendid group of Scottish Highlanders, who, in former days formed so large a number of The Hudson's Bay Company's officials, passed away at Edmonton recently, in the person of Mr. Angus McBeath. He had reached the goodly age of 87 and could look back on his long career with the consciousness that duty had been faithfully performed and that service to his fellows was a blessed privilege. Born in 1831 in the Red River settlement, he in early life entered the employment of The Hudson's Bay Co., and quickly rose to the position of Post Manager, serving in this capacity first in Shoal River, afterwards at Red Deer Lakes and Touchwood and latterly at Fort Pelly. Mr. McBeath was very widely known and enjoyed a remarkable popularity throughout the entire West. He saw this Western land change from deserted plains to cities, towns, villages and farms of thriving and stirring activities. He also was a participant in its troublesome days. The 1885 Rebellion found him in charge of the post at Touchwood, where he gallantly held the fort against the disturbing element of that day. Some years ago he retired from active life and made his home with his daughter, Mrs. R. J. Gillis, of Edmonton. In his declining years he was afflicted with blindness, but his mental faculties remained unimpaired until the end, and he retained the keenest interest in the war and all other current issues. He was a



whole-souled member of the Presbyterian Church and his splendid influence was freely exerted on behalf of every good and uplifting cause. In politics he was a liberal and reformer. Among the officials of the Hudson's Bay Co. he was a very special favorite and included among his trusted friends the late Chief Factor, A. McDonald. The deceased gentleman was a fine specimen of his race, in whom the characteristic Highland virtues of ability, integrity, honor and patriotism found full expression. He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Dr. Sinclair, of Le Pas; Mrs. R. J. Gillis, of Edmonton, and Mrs. Duncan, of northern Alberta. He was predeceased by his wife by about 20 years.

The Rev. R. G. McBeath, well known as a writer and preacher throughout the Dominion, now in Victoria, B.C., was a cousin and Miss Bannerman, who lived near the old church in Kildonan, was a sister-in-law. The funeral services were conducted by another venerable Highlander and old-timer, the Rev. Dr. McQueen, ex-moderator of the General Assembly, who in the course of his remarks paid a high tribute of respect to the old Lord Selkirk settlers in Kildonan. To this revered spot Mr. McBeath's remains were taken and his resting place is the old Kildonan Churchyard, where, until the day breaks, he rests in the company of his kinsfolk, numbering many of the saintly men and women of Highland birth who, like himself, were the pathfinders and founders of our Western civilization.

The Needs of a Community

By James M. Taylor

There are many things essential to the welfare of a community at least in the community where the writer resides, and I believe it is no exception to the rule. One thing necessary above all others is a farmer's organization. Say monthly meetings presided over by one of themselves, frank and free discussion should take place, and whatever may be agreed upon by the majority carried out for the benefit of others. In this way valuable help could be rendered, as men would be brought more closely together and a spirit of co-operation established that is dormant at the present time. The same organization could eliminate waste and foster production. It is an eye sore to the writer to see piles on piles of straw being consumed by fire, while a neighbor probably is sacrificing his stock for want of feed. This would not occur if there was a spirit of co-operation and a full knowledge of one another's wants.

I would just outline a few things that ought to be in every community of any size. First, a physician at least within calling distance. It is impossible to overrate the benefits to be derived from this source and anxiety to mothers lessened. Should the district be too small to provide a sufficient salary for a thorough capable man, will not the municipality provide the salary by taxation of some kind, or better still a government grant given. It is in the interest of the Canadian government surely to save every child at birth if possible and to have a healthy populace.

Then a veterinary surgeon is a necessity in every district, as much loss in stock could be averted. The slogan cry is produce, but there ought to be another cry, conserve what is produced.

Then, again, every community should have a place of worship, presided over by a broad-minded, liberal thinking pastor, a

man thoroughly interested in the social as well as in the spiritual needs of his congregation; and last but not least, a lending library, either under the control of the municipality or the church. Provide cheap and healthy reading for the people, and a marked difference in the intellect will soon be visible. Books of travel, biography, history and agriculture. A debating society might also be carried on in connection with the library. This

would be a splendid opportunity for the young men and women of a district. Such a training is necessary if we are to develop our faculties and make for progress along educational lines. Such is the humble opinion of one who has derived much benefit from such debating and social clubs. Let us get together, Brother Farmers, and consider our business just as worthy of an organization as all the other businesses that are organized.

CREAM WANTED

We again solicit the patronage of both old and new shippers for the coming season : : : : :

Shipments will receive the same careful attention as in the past, and highest cash prices will be paid immediately on receipt of the cream : : : : :

WRITE US FOR PRICES AND PARTICULARS

Reference: Union Bank or Any of Our Shippers

Manitoba Creamery Co. Ltd. 509 WILLIAM AVENUE WINNIPEG, MAN.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY



Orange Lily is daily curing the most obstinate cases of Female Disorders. Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, etc., etc., are all of them relieved from the start by its use, and a few weeks' or months' treatment accomplishes a complete cure. This remedy is a positive, scientific preparation, and is based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. It is an applied treatment; that is, it is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering parts, and it, therefore, acts with all the certainty of the known laws of chemical action. As it comes in direct contact with the diseased tissue, its antiseptic and nerve-food properties cannot help have a beneficent influence. I receive from 10 to 50 letters daily, and so sure am I that it will do what is claimed for it that I will send, absolutely free, a 45c. box to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, \$1.25 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. Enclose 3 stamps. Address MRS. LYDIA W. LADD, WINDSOR, ONT.

As a son inherits the property of his father, so we inherit the ideas, forms of government and society of our ancestors



TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

In the month of August of each year, it was the custom of the ancient Greeks to assemble in the capital to make in solemn procession the journey to the temples of their gods. Here secret acts of worship and devotion to the goddess Demeter—the nourishing Mother Earth—bestower of life and food—were performed. She is supposed to have taught them the art of brewing. The barley wine or beer was their national beverage, and was employed in their daily use as well as festival seasons.

While beer is the beverage of the most remote antiquity, still it is only since the middle of the 19th century that it has been brewed on scientific principles. To-day the brewing art has reached the zenith of perfection, and Maltum is perfection. While the stimulating effects of the alcohol have been toned down in the brewing, all the liquid life—the juices of the best barley and hops—have been retained. It's an exhilarating drink with a sparkling brilliant glow for

—it's the same to-day with *Maltum* as it was in years ago.

If your grocer, druggist, or confectioner does not handle Maltum, order direct from

E. L. DREWRY LIMITED, Winnipeg, Man.



Are Better Shaves Worth A Five Dollar Bill?

While a man can stand for one poor shave, a steady run of them gets on the nerves, and spoils his temper and his efficiency. There's no reason in the world for putting up with them, either, when five dollars will buy a Gillette Safety Razor.

The Gillette positively guarantees shaving comfort every morning, year in and year out. It saves time—you can shave with it in five minutes! It saves every face, for you can adjust it with a turn of the handle to suit any sort of a beard. The

Gillette Safety Razor

works so smooth and easy—shaves with never a pull or gash—and no honing, no stropping! If there is anything that will add five dollars worth to your personal daily comfort, it's the Gillette Safety Razor! Ask any one of the millions of men who are using it. Then ask your Hardware Dealer, Druggist or Jeweler to show you the different Gillette Sets.

**Gillette Safety Razor
Co. of Canada, Ltd.**

Office and Factory:
65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal

The Red Triangle is Their Haven

By William Lewis Edmonds

That the Canadian Y.M.C.A., through its work on their behalf, has become the foster parent of the soldier boys of the Dominion, there can be no doubt. And a solicitous, painstaking and beneficent foster parent at that.

From the time Canada began to mobilize her army for overseas service, wherever a body of our soldiers has been gathered, there the representatives of the "Y," with their red triangle ensign, have been on hand to minister to their necessities.

To-day there isn't a Canadian camp without its "Y" tent, hut, or dugout. In the camps in England it has fifty branches, and in France and Flanders fifty-one. In charge of these branches are 102 special secretaries, with three hundred assistants, appointed by the military authorities. Thirty-four of these officers are located in France. As a matter of fact there isn't a Canadian camp anywhere, either overseas or in the Dominion, without its staff of attending Y.M.C.A. officials. Located in dugouts, they are to be found even in the very front line trenches, where on one particular occasion, by supplying the troops with refreshments, when the military authorities were unable to do so, our soldier boys were enabled to maintain their position during a sustained attack by the enemy.

The objects of the Y.M.C.A. is to cater to the Canadian soldier's every need. In the camps it caters to his physical needs by providing him with refreshments and the means of participating in athletic games; and to his mental needs by providing educational facilities, healthy entertainments and religious exercises.

The talent supplied for the concerts is the best procurable, and this form of entertainment is costing the "Y" a thousand dollars a month in England alone. That these concerts are appreciated is evident from the fact that a thousand of our soldier boys are often in attendance at one time. The entertainments are by no means confined to these formal concerts, which do not cost the soldiers a cent, for in the Canadian camps in England and France the "Y" have a hundred pianos, three hundred gramophones, and twenty-seven moving picture machines.

The educational work of the "Y" has assumed enormous proportions, its curriculum now even providing a regular university course, thus affording those interested in higher education an opportunity of pursuing their studies. At one of the camps in England, namely, Witley, there is already an enrollment of one thousand three hundred, in what has become known as the University of Khaki.

To the people in the Canadian West the educational work that is being carried on overseas by the Y.M.C.A. should be of particular interest from the fact that it is being directed by Dr. H. M. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, who last year spent two months in England and France studying the situation and drafting the mode of procedure.

There is one branch of the "Y's" endeavor which should appeal very strongly to the people at home who have relatives or friends with the Canadian forces over-

seas. And that is the facilities it provides for letter-writing. Not only does it prod the memory of the boys regarding the duty of writing to friends and relatives in the home land, but it provides the stationery free of cost to enable them to do so, no less than a million sheets of paper being furnished monthly in England and France for this purpose. The camps in Canada are similarly supplied. As a result of these facilities something like thirty thousand letters are written daily by Canadian soldier boys in the overseas huts and dugouts of the Y.M.C.A. It requires no mathematical problem to prove that were it not for the facilities provided by the "Y" the number of letters written would be but a fraction of what they are.

If there is one part of the Dominion more than any other which should feel under a compliment to the Canadian Y.M.C.A. for what it has done, and is doing, for the moral, physical and mental welfare of our soldiers, both overseas and at home, it is that part of it lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific coast, for it is that section of the country which has, relatively speaking, given most freely of its sons to the great cause for which we are to-day fighting.

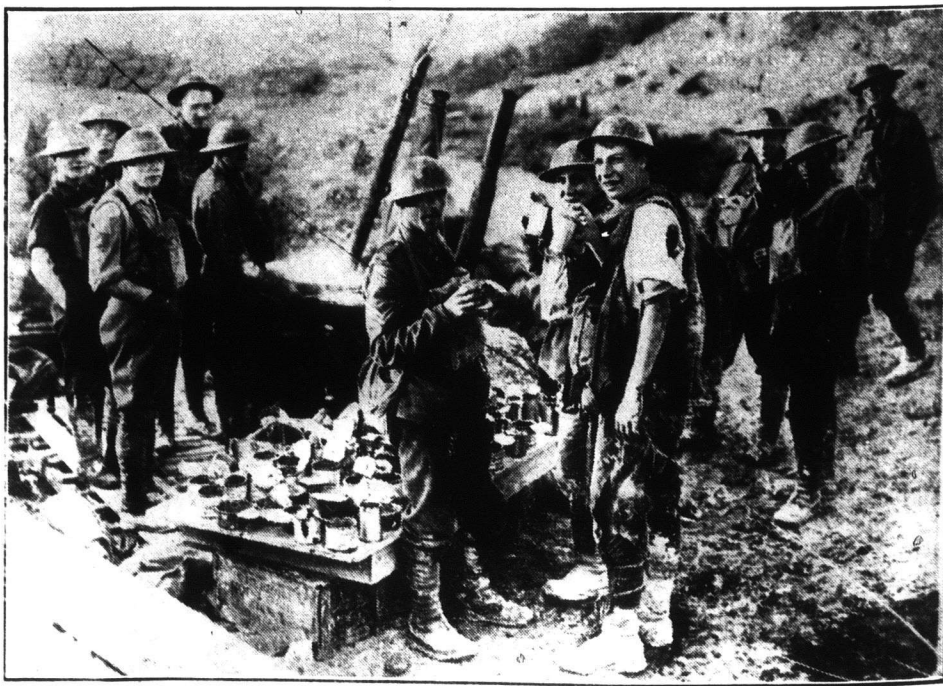
That the boys who have gone from the West in response to the call to arms are appreciative, instances are not wanting. Here is a letter from a Revelstoke, B.C., lad to his father, which serves to illustrate the fact:

"I understand," he writes, "that the Y.M.C.A. is starting a campaign to raise \$2,000,000 to help the work amongst the soldiers, and is to run from coast to coast, and if anybody asks you if they do any good, you can tell them from me, that a 'Y' man looks like an angel in disguise, for they sure do good work, and where it is most needed, and every dollar given them helps to make life brighter for some poor Son of a Gun, just to illustrate: When we arrive overseas you will get a letter from me, which they will post here as soon as we land, so you will get news about two weeks sooner that way, and in thousands of other ways they help out."

But notwithstanding the magnitude which the Y.M.C.A. is doing for the soldier boys of Canada, it is ambitious to do still more, and with that end in view, will on May 7 launch a campaign in behalf of the War Service Fund, the minimum required being \$2,250,000, every cent of which will be applied to welfare work among the soldiers of the Dominion, whether they be Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Roman Catholic, for the "Y" is humanitarian, not sectarian.

Can Tell by the Clock

Helen annoyed her father with questions while he tried to read the newspaper. One evening, among other things, she demanded, "Papa, what do you do at the store all day?" "Oh," he answered briefly, "nothing." Helen was silent a moment, and then asked, "But how do you know when you are done?"



Y.M.C.A. soup shelter, right behind the lines in France.

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

A New Psalm

I believe the most prominent feature in the English temper, speaking broadly, is the ethical sense. The outstanding element in this ethical sense is the feeling of responsibility. Our racial heroes, the men whom we put on a pedestal and revere, have been men animated by a feeling of solemn responsibility. Take as examples Alfred, Cromwell and Nelson. Tennyson notes this same characteristic in a man-like Wellington:

"Not once or twice in our fair island's story,
The path of duty has been the way to glory."

There is on the whole a point of contact here between the English race and the Hebrew. Wherever this note is signalized in English literature we are aware of the Hebraic note. That note was struck, for instance, by Rudyard Kipling in "The Recessional." The real grandeur of that poem is a moral grandeur. The profoundly ethical and religious sense of our race makes itself clearly felt in a psalm recently composed by Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum. I transcribe it herewith.

"Let us praise God for the Dead: for the Dead who die in our cause.

"They went forth first a little army: all its men were true as steel.

"The hordes of the enemy were hurled against them: they fell back, but their heart failed not.

"They went forward again and held their ground: though their foes were as five to one.

"They gave time for our host to muster: the host of the men who never thought to fight.

"A great host and a mighty: worthy of the men who died to gain them time.

"The men who never thought to fight have not been found wanting: in the strength God has given them they are great of heart.

"They fight against those who love war: they fight, and by faith in God they shall prevail.

"Let us praise God for these men: let us remember them before Him all our days.

"Let us care for the widows and orphans: and for the men who come home maimed.

"Truly God has been with us: these things have not been done without His help.

"O Lord our God, be Thou still our helper: make us worthy of these who die."

Patriotism

I had a practical illustration this afternoon of the way patriotism is built up in the breast of the citizen. As I wrote in my study, my five-year-old boy was playing in another room. Suddenly he called out to me: "Do the Germans kill little children, Daddy?" "Yes, they do," I answered, recalling mentally the Lusitania and other incidents. "Do the British?" he went on. And, without a moment's hesitation I answered: "No, they don't." There is no doubt a thing like this will stick in his mind, as long as he has a mind. And so the structure of his racial pride, of his national patriotism will go on being reared.

The Use of Time

Arnold Bennett, among his legion of books, has one interesting little one entitled "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." He takes practically the same position as Robert Louis Stevenson, namely that most of us waste unimagined intervals of time. When I refer to R. L. S. I am thinking of one of his early books: "The Amateur Emigrant." He says there that most of us spend about a third of our time "in born idleness." Arnold Bennett says the average man works about eight hours a day, he sleeps perhaps eight hours, and he conjectures that not many of us would like to have to say point-blank what we do with the rest of our time. He believes the mind is virtually tireless. "One of the chief things which my typical man has to learn is that the mental faculties are capable of a continuous hard activity: they do not tire like an arm or a leg." All they want is change—not rest, except in sleep. I believe there is a great deal in this, particularly if one acquires the habit of asserting the regality of one's own personality over one's passions, whims and moods.

When I Was a Child

I often think of those words of St. Paul: "When I was a child I thought as a child, I spoke as a child." Everybody knows where they occur, at the close of that famous 13th chapter of the letter to the Corinthians. Outside the gospels that chapter is probably the finest thing in the New Testament. I was reminded of the words in question the other day. The youngest of my three girls agreed with her mother that she would do up all her dolls—with clothes and carriages and what not—and send them to the Salvation Army or some such organization to be given to some children whom they might make happy. Somehow the incident made me sad and pensive. It symbolized for me the passing of the dear old life. Henceforth there would be no more dolls. A milestone had been passed in the life of my family. Ever and anon in the history

of us all these symbolic and symptomatic events occur. If one has any sensibility they always cause reflection. Happy we are if we are living so that they do not need to cause us self reproach or remorse. I lived for some weeks in a certain house in London, in 1898. In 1904 I returned for a time to the same house. I remember how haunted, not absolutely in the worst sense, I was throughout the first evening of my second visit to that house. What had those six years done with me, I could not help conjecturing. Fourteen years have again elapsed. I wonder what reflections would be prompted now were I to return to that same place? The experience of every day is the very staff of life. What are the days doing with us? That is to say, what are we letting them do with us? Are our wills stronger or weaker? Are we still "following the gleam," or have we succumbed to the ignoble and the base? Does the flame of aspiration still burn within us? Is the sky still flushed with rosy hues, or has all the coloring faded? Have we still warm, human hearts, or have we grown hard, unimpressionable and callous? Are we still driven forward with earnest convictions, or have we temporised with our ideals until all the generous enthusiasm seems gone? A man is great only in so far as he has convictions, and is prepared to pay the price in order to try to realize them?

Lions and Stags

I was talking to a friend the other day about a certain government. I mentioned the fact that some said it was an aggregation of strong men, each of whom did his own will, so that the whole seemed to lack co-ordination. My friend reminded me of an old Greek saying: "Better a herd of stags with a lion for a leader than a company of lions with a leader who is just a stag." I fancy that is true. How clearly that note rings down through the centuries. What a glorious race the Greeks were in many respects! How many things they said in ways that have never been surpassed!

A Great Poem

It is a long time since I first read Matthew Arnold's "Lohrab and Rustum." After many years I said to myself the other night: "I will read that poem to my daughters. I will see if it sustains its former impression of austere nobility. In particular, I will see if it impresses the children as it once impressed me. Well, I found that we were all three enthralled by it. One line struck me especially: "That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow." What a benediction it would be for our children if we could crowd their minds with noble imagery! There is far too little reading nowadays of the old standard literature. Our days pass in a rush of trivialities.

The Power of Good Literature

I have read a good deal to my five-year-old son. For the most part I am afraid I have read to him rather commonplace material—animal stories and that sort of thing, written by I know not whom, and couched mainly in language of no distinction. The other week I started reading to him Hawthorne's Wonderbook and Tanglewood Tales. I was struck instantly by the change. Here was distinction, words etched as if in bronze. His response was immediate. I am convinced that good style as such has a special power, even on young children. I remember what an enormous influence was exerted on John Ruskin by the reading done in his presence when he was a child by his father. The reading was not done to him specially. He was simply present as his father, a wine merchant, read all the great books. The experience showed itself ultimately in the noble style of the future art critic and political economist. We have the making of our children largely in our own hands. Parents and the day school can condemn our children to mediocrity or lift them up to nobility.

The French Mission

Winnipeg recently enjoyed a visit from a distinguished French mission. Its three members were all devout Catholics. It is understood that they came to mediate between France and French Canada. They were certainly notable men, and were admirably fitted to give one a fine idea of modern France. One realized, listening to them, the noble qualities that have enabled France to stand so well the strain of the great war. Captain Duthoit, the head of the mission, was one of the noblest speakers to whom it has ever been my privilege to listen. Latin eloquence at anything like its best is splendidly attractive.

Bourrasa and the French Canadians

Bourrasa has done his compatriots all but irreparable damage. We have been playing with fire, letting him pursue his propaganda with impunity. His paper should have been suppressed long ago. His has been virtually the only propaganda that has been

followed up in Quebec. He has created a school. He is a very attractive personality. He is amazingly well informed. He has a vivacious and dynamic eloquence. He has convictions. They are wrong-headed and reactionary, but they are powerful. He has appealed with special attractiveness to the young university men of the province of Quebec. It is time that he was segregated from the rest of Quebec. Through leaving him scot-free to pursue his campaign, the thinking of Quebec has been perverted. The best of his compatriots regret his influence.

American Law Schools

The University of Manitoba recently had as a visitor Dean Wells, of the North Dakota Law School. At a dinner at the Fort Garry he gave us a very interesting description of the Case-system as it is followed in the American Law Schools. The system was originated at Harvard, and through it the Harvard Law School has become famous all over the world. As distinguished a jurist as Sir Frederick Pollock I think it was, said that the Harvard Law School was the finest in the world. There is something immediately practical about this system that is characteristically American. I think it should produce a good average of lawyers. Whether it is equally calculated to produce the great exceptional advocate I do not know.

Camouflage

Among the words to which the war has given great currency one of the most notable is "camouflage." I never heard it before the war. I am not sure what its origin was. A good many people better informed than I scarcely know. For example, I heard the head of the French Mission, to whom I alluded above, speaking about it. He is a very learned man, a professor of International Law in the Catholic University of Lille. He acknowledged that he wasn't quite sure about the word, so we need not mind not being dogmatic. One suggestion is that the central part of the word is "monfle" which means "a mitten" or a glove without fingers. The French, of course, also have the word "mitaine" which is our "mitten."

Community Scholarships

Another noteworthy visitor to Winnipeg recently was Dr. Soares, Professor of Religious Instruction in the University of Chicago. He delivered a remarkable series of addresses. His lecture, "Fight the Next War Now" was on the whole the ablest analysis of the war I have listened to. I was particularly struck by the feasibility of a suggestion he made in an address on "Community Culture." He asked why communities should not adopt the practice of giving scholarships to promising young students who are not able to pay their way while getting an education. Isn't that a fine idea. A boy or a girl gives evidence of notable capacity in school studies, music, what not. The community takes the matter in hand and makes it possible for that young person to go forward. Where might that plan be more easily carried out than in Western Canada? The farming communities of the West are enormously prosperous. A few scholarships of this sort would be a bagatelle to a community of wealthy farmers. The effect might be wonderful. The recipients would be thrown on their mettle. The esprit de corps developed would be a notable asset in the life of the locality. Far as that boy went he would be a community product, community property, as it were. At a meeting of the Manitoba Educational Association Dr. Thornton, Minister of Education, told us a very noteworthy thing. A certain girl from the municipality of Assiniboia recently won a medal in a provincial spelling match. She is evidently a promising girl unable to educate herself for the time, anyway. Dr. Thornton reported that the council of the municipality has actually voted her a scholarship—\$75 a year for three years—to assist her in procuring a training. May the practice spread! It might exert a mighty influence on the character and capacity of the country.

School Grounds at Eden

I put alongside that another symptomatic incident. Prof. Stoughton, of the University of Manitoba, Department of Architecture, tells me he is going out to Eden to assist the School Board of that place in planning their school grounds. It seems that the school is located on a property seven acres in extent. The Board is desirous of planning these grounds. The Professor of Architecture of the Provincial University is asked to assist with expert advice. This is exactly the right spirit. Incidents like this are symptomatic of community consciousness. The old days of un-restricted individualism are passing. These are the things that determine the character and destiny of communities. The whole attitude of the community in question toward education will be affected for the better by this policy. Again, may the practice spread!

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Boys

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever present big brother to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good, generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity!"

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale," or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.



Cheer Up, and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A.!

Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Fund \$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9 Canada Wide Appeal

The Y.M.C.A. is **everywhere**. You first met the helpful manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King!

Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfort him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it **for you and for him**.

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least \$2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boy's sake be **GENEROUS!!**

Brief Survey of Y.M.C.A. Service to Soldiers

Branches in 20 Forestry Camps established last year.

Y.M.C.A. nightly under fire in many places.

300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. buildings.

Troops furnished with athletic equipment (helps morale of troops).

Entertainments, Bible classes, sing-songs, good night services and personal interviews conducted by Y.M.C.A. workers.

Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Clubs in Toronto, St. John, Montreal and other cities for returned soldiers and enlisted men.

Y.M.C.A. service extends from Vancouver to the firing line and then back to patients in hospitals until men are discharged.

Y.M.C.A. Secretaries accompany troop trains.

Between 400 and 500 millions of letters and cards written and posted in Y.M.C.A. tents, huts and dugouts since war began.

Splendid service to boys in Canadian Camp hospitals. Regular sing-songs and inspirational addresses with distributions of magazines, fruit, chocolates, gum, books and smokes.

National Council, Young Men's Christian Association

Headquarters: 120 Bay Street, Toronto

JOHN W. ROSS (Montreal)
National Chairman of Red Triangle Fund Campaign.

G. A. WARBURTON (Toronto)
National Director of Red Triangle Fund Campaign.

They are Fighting-Dying-for YOU! What are You Doing for THEM?

If only you could be in France, close to your boy, think of the comforts you could send him into the lines, how you could hearten him for the supreme ordeal of battle, shield him by your advice, from temptation, comfort him in pain, help him turn his eyes, not always downward into the chaos of war, but upward to the Right we fight for, and to the higher things he learned on your knee

But no—thousands of miles separate you! Not for you are his furloughs, no visits to camps for you, no privilege of visiting your boy in hospital, if need be. Few and far between are the comforts you can send across the wide seas!

Would that you had a friend over there to perform these offices for you! Thank God, **you have that friend.** The Y.M.C.A. is ever at your boy's side, from the day he enlists to the day he doffs his uniform—in camps, trains, boats, in the streets of the big city, in hospital, behind the firing lines—and often right into the trenches—everywhere.

"Right on the heels of the dashing Canadian soldiers at Vimy Ridge the Y.M.C.A. men were serving out biscuits and chocolate to the tired men," said the dispatches. The General was enthusiastic and recommended one of the Y.M.C.A. men for the Military Cross!

Said Lord Northcliffe, "I do not think the War could be fought without the Y.M.C.A.!" A general declared, "The benefit to the troops is beyond all calculation." In the words of Ralph Connor, "The Y.M.C.A. is nearer to the boys than anything else."

Think of the tremendous cost of building and maintaining hundreds of huts with all the thousand and one comforts that must be provided. What will you give to show that you care for your boy's welfare? At least \$2,250,000 is needed for 1918. For the sake of your precious boys, be Generous!



War-Work Summary

There are—
89 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France.
74 branches in England.

More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, \$48,000.

150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost \$15,000).

\$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.

Thousands of soldiers decide for the better life.

Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience.

Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.

Service to boys in Camp hospitals.

Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John, Montreal and other places. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.

Out of Red Triangle Fund, \$75,000 is to be contributed to the war work of the Y.W.C.A.

Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Fund

\$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9

Canada Wide Appeal

Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.

Over 1000 Y.M.C.A. workers overseas.

\$100,000 needed for athletic equipment (helps morale of soldiers).

Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.

Over 100 pianos in England and France, also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.

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The Philosopher

The Time of Seeding

"Constancy is our great need," says the London Times, speaking for not only the people of Great Britain, and the people of the Empire as a whole, but for all the Allied free peoples. "We stand at the bar of conscience and of history. The world has come to its hour of agony." These are solemn and true words. For countless men and women the light of their lives has been put out, and all that they had hoped for in the years to come is gone. But it is truly to be said for the Canadian people that they will not fail, but persevere unto the end. This nation has been tried in the fire, and stands ready to give greater proof of its indomitable will and readiness for self-sacrifice.

The Opportunity of Canada's Women

The women of Canada have given, and are giving, noble and inspiring leadership, in the best sense of that word, in the stress and sacrifice of the war. They are to be counted on as destined to be a most important factor in the national life of our country in the years to come. The cultivation of higher standards of public life and the development of better ideals of public service are among the things that we may hope will be secured to Canada by means of co-operation between the country's patriotic manhood and its devoted womanhood. The women are doing great and worthy war service; let them aim to perpetuate their service by elevating politics when peace is restored, through the right use of their worthy won franchise.

When the Men Come Back

More and more, as day follows day, must every thoughtful man and woman in Canada, thinking of the ever-growing volume of supreme sacrifice made by Canadian manhood, think also of the men back from the front, and of those yet to return to Canada from the ordeal of the fight for freedom. It is the men at the front, amid the daily horrors and sacrifices, who know what the war means. What is to be the future of the men who come back, and what will their influence be in shaping Canada's future? Surely they having gone through the terrors of the valley of the shadow of death will have learned somewhat of the true value of things. What will be their attitude towards social and religious problems here at home in Canada? Will they not demand realities, and not make-believe? Will they not stand for truth and straightforwardness and honesty and patriotism? Surely we may count upon them to do their duty as Canadian citizens at home—they who faced daily imminent death in the fight to safeguard the future. And Canada must not fail in the duty it owes them—the duty of providing generously for those who have suffered injury, and of assuring a liberal measure of opportunity to every man of them who braved the loss of everything to save his country.

Memories that will Endure

Grass will cease to grow, and water will cease to run before the world forgets what the Germans have done in this war. Suppose there were all the disposition possible, after a peace treaty has been signed, to try to restore good feeling, neither that disposition nor any fair-spoken words can efface the scars which Germany's atrocities, horrors and outrages against humanity have seared upon the hearts of every human being not poisoned with the virus of Prussian Kultur. This is what the Germans will have to face in the years after the war is ended—the enduring memory of the savageries committed on land and sea as expressions of the savage instincts of a people who cannot claim any superiority, so far as civilization is concerned, to the Huns, who reddened every country of the continent of Europe with the blood of millions of innocent people.

Fiction Outvied by Fact

A striking short story in a magazine last year, by a writer who knows Russia, set forth vividly what the revolution in that vast and backward country, which did away with the Czarism, meant to the average moujik working on the land. The moujik in the story, when his wife comes out to him from the village to the field where he is laboring, to tell him the wonderful news about the doings in Petrograd, is at first incredulous. Then he tramps to the nearest railway station, and without as much as one copeck in his pocket, takes the train for Petrograd, "to get his share." When the conductor asks for his ticket, he is indignant, and tells that official that there has been a revolution, and everybody can now ride free. He is put off at the next station and trudges home. The Philosopher was reminded of that story when he read in one of the latest issues to hand of the London Times the account from Petrograd, of how the crews on board the three Russian warships lying in the River Neva proceeded, when the Bolshevik regime "made peace" with Germany, to rejoice that the war was over, and to distribute among themselves the plate, the crockery and other movables on the vessels. This they did with due ceremony, in meeting, and one of them moved a resolu-

tion declaring that there was now no more use for the warships or anything of them and that as all that had formerly been the property of the Czar was now the property of the people, they should forthwith proceed to distribute all the movables on board. As it was manifestly impracticable to divide those articles among the Russian people as a whole, the cheerful exponents of communism decided that the next best course was for them to help themselves. Not being able to break up and divide the ships themselves, there was nothing to do but leave them for the Germans, or whoever else wanted them. Then the crews decided, by unanimous vote, to hasten to their several homes, in various parts of Russia, so as to take a hand in the division of the land, which (they decided) was, of course, the next step. Verily the truth about the Russian people is stranger than the fiction that has been written about them.

Women's Lives in Germany

A notable book recently published is "Intimate Prussia," the writer of which, Mr. A. Raymond, lived for several years in the city of Koenigsberg, in East Prussia. (In the cathedral of Koenigsberg the Hohenzollern monarchs have always been crowned.) Mr. Raymond writes that the outstanding fact of the life of that city—as, by all accounts, it is the outstanding fact of the life of all Germany—is, as he saw it, the constant official bullying by petty tyrants in military uniform, who interfere in every detail of the life of every individual. He writes, of course, of Germany in time of peace—or, rather, as it would be more accurate to express it, in the time of preparation for the war to secure world-dominion. In the homes of the people, he tells us, a little tyranny is exercised over the children, until they are men and women, by their father, many of whom, brutalized by their own experiences in barracks, use canes and straps on their sons and daughters. It is in northern Germany especially that this brutality prevails. The cruelty of Prussian soldiers to women in the regions overrun by them has light thrown on it by what Mr. Raymond relates of what he knows of one home in Koenigsberg. In order that he might see German life from the inside he rented a room in the home of one Meyer, a fairly well-to-do railway employee, whose family of his wife, two daughters, Gretchen and Trudchen, and a son, Curt by name, who was a university student. The house was spotless, he relates, Frau Meyer's cookery excellent, and "as the dirty housework was always done in the middle of the night, no one ever found her house or herself in a disorderly state." Mr. Raymond relates that Meyer frequently punished his daughters with a heavy leather belt for trivial causes. Is it likely that a Prussian who would so treat young women of his own household would be gentle and courteous to women who fell into his hands, spoils of war, as waged by the Germans?

In Regard to Whale Meat

In Toronto a couple of weeks ago the Dominion Fish Commissioner, Mr. G. Frank Beer, gave a dinner at which twenty prominent citizens of that city found that whale meat, which was served to them, "resembles coarse beefsteak," as one of the speakers at the dinner expressed it. At a whale meat dinner in New York City shortly afterwards, whale steaks were pronounced decidedly palatable. The Governments of both our own country and the United States, intent on enlarging food supplies, have decided on campaigns for the introduction to public favor of fishes not hitherto known generally on this continent as food fishes. Whale meat is to be included in these food campaigns, though the whale is not a fish, but a mammal, which brings forth and suckles its young like a land animal. While it is true that whale meat has not been generally known on this continent as an article of diet, it is no less true that from the Arctic Ocean to the South Seas it has been eaten by primitive people for uncounted generations; and in the old whaling days many a Nova Scotian and New England whaler ate it and found it good. We may expect to find it soon brought within the reach of inland Canadians. A whale weighs sometimes as much as fifty tons or more, and to kill such a mighty animal for its oil alone is, indeed, a wicked waste of food—though the oil is in these times well worth the voyage. A great war-time economy will be effected if the campaigns to have whale meat included in table fare on this continent are successful.

The Mosaic Tablets and Kultur

The Cologne Volkszeitung makes the amazing declaration that all the aims of the Allies in continuing the War are contrary to the moral law, as laid down by God in Holy Scripture, and adds that the demands of "a German peace," as laid down in the speeches made by the Chancellors at Berlin, and Vienna are all "just demands." And why are they "just demands"? The Volkszeitung asks this, and then answers its own question thus:

"Because they are founded on the Ten Commandments, which Lloyd George and Wilson, thoroughly acquainted as they are with the Old Testament, know right well, and especially the Seventh Commandment, which says: 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Could there be a more characteristic expression of the German mind? From the very beginning of the war the Germans have constantly violated every one of the Ten Commandments, from the first (which they violate by setting up the false god of Hohenzollern "divine right" based on Prussian militarism) to the tenth, which is the law against covetousness. They have swept away all the Ten Commandments, like so many scraps of paper; and they have done so, not in the undisciplined revelation and free play of the natural depravity of individual soldiers, but in an ordered, systematic, thoroughgoing way, governed by the dominant principle of the German ideal.

The Myth of German Might

It is of the first importance that throughout Canada, as throughout every other land whose people are free and whose sons are fighting for freedom, it should be thoroughly understood that never once have the Germans, except when they were in enormously overwhelming numbers, with enormously overwhelming equipment, gained a military success unless the ground was first carefully prepared for them by elaborate treachery. The first German victories, in Belgium and France were possible because Germany, with a calculated infamy unprecedented in history, leaped like a tiger upon people whose national integrity she had sworn to protect. There was as much military genius and as much courage required to do that as there would for half a dozen armed highwaymen falling upon and murdering and robbing a peaceful, unsuspecting citizen going quietly home after holiday's work. The real test of German military ability and the "invincibility" vaunted so long beforehand, came at the Marne and at Verdun. As for Russia, both in the time of the rotten Imperial regime and afterwards, innumerable German agents were at work in the Russian armies, and back of the Russian armies. The German success against Italy was due more to German work in Italy than to the German military forces. With every German success thus won, all the secret German agencies of propaganda have worked hard, especially upon the minds of "pacifist" dupes, to instil the idea that Germany cannot be defeated, and that it would be best to negotiate a peace as soon as may be. And so a wave of depression and doubt has flowed into some swampy places, and some frogs have begun croaking. And the spectacle has been seen of Lord Lansdowne going down to croak among them. But all the croakers are negligible. All the free nations hold high ground, and are steeled in their determination.

Looking Backward to Attila's Huns

In a passage in one of the most remarkable of the innumerable speeches he has made since he donned the Imperial crown—a passage omitted from the volume of his speeches prepared and published at Berlin, under the Imperial sanction, a few months before he began the present war—the Kaiser in addressing the German troops about to depart for China at the time of the Boxer revolution in that country, bade them "make themselves feared, as the Huns under Attila made themselves feared." Recently The Philosopher has been turning over the pages of the ponderous volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," to renew his knowledge of how it was the Huns under Attila, fifteen hundred years ago, made themselves feared. To quote from Gibbons:

"Their inhuman abuse of the rights of war was exercised with a regular form of discipline. The inhabitants of a captured city were ordered to evacuate their houses and assemble in some plain adjacent to the city, where they were divided into three parts. The first consisted of the survivors of the garrison and all other men capable of bearing arms; their fate was instantly decided—they were either enlisted, or massacred on the spot, as Attila chose to order. The second, composed of the young and beautiful women, and of the more wealthy citizens, from whom private ransoms might be expected, was distributed in equal, or proportionable lots. The remainder, whose life or death was alike useless to the conquerors, were permitted to return to the city, which had in the meanwhile been stripped of everything valuable that was portable, and a tax was imposed on these wretched inhabitants for the indulgence of breathing their native air.

"The most casual provocation, the slightest motive of caprice or convenience, often provoked them to involve a whole people in indiscriminate massacre, and the ruin of some flourishing cities was executed so relentlessly that, according to their own expression, horses might run without stumbling over the ground where once they had stood."

In the great battle near Chalons, in France, where the Romans, with the ancestors of the present people of France, defeated Attila, in A.D. 452, some 300,000 were slain. Attila died soon afterward, and his empire immediately went to pieces, his eldest son being slain in battle; and the remnants of the Huns disappeared from the pages of history. Their descendants are to be found in Bulgaria. Attila's Huns practised the only primary elements of Hunnishness, as the world knows the Hunnishness now. They had no poison gas, no Kultur, no Ph.D.'s; and it is to be doubted if the exhortations of the priests of their savage religion were any more venomous and bloody-minded than the utterances of some of the high ecclesiastics of the State Church in Germany since the war began.

"R.S." Night at Lone Pine Coulee

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

"And remember," said the stage manager, "it's for the returned soldiers, so we've got to give 'em something funny, something to make 'em laugh, y'know."

At the time this seemed a large order. It's no trick at all to draw tears, but to make folks hold their sides and chortle with glee, well, "that's something else again," as Mr. Potash would say. There was to be nothing to remind them of what they had so recently been through—that, of course, was understood—and following the concert there were to be refreshments and a good old-fashioned dance.

Lone Pine Coulee is a G.T.P. town of rather less than four thousand inhabitants, but it yielded up a truly amazing amount of "hum tallunt" and fully justified its reputation for initiative and hustle. We admit being a little struck on ourselves. One of our boys has won the Victoria Cross. That in itself has seemed to set us gloriously apart.

Every body from within a radius of thirty miles all up and down the famed Qu'Appelle Valley would be there. We must put our best foot forward! So we hired the biggest hall in town, drew up an ambitious program to be left later at the printer's, and having coralled everybody who could "do" anything (from playing on the ukelele to imitating Chas. Chaplin). We set to work to whip all this musical, artistic and dramatic ability into the best possible shape. It took four weeks of close rehearsing before we felt ourselves to be sufficiently "polished" to appear formally before the King's Arm-ee.

We lived once in a staid, conservative town in Ontario where getting up a first-class entertainment was like trying to drive a camel through a needle's eye, or some other equally impossible feat. Out of a population of six thousand the only persons available, or at any rate willing, to take part in a light debate were the High School principal, one or two bright little school teachers and a stray dentist or medicalman who had, "spoken funny pieces" in his early youth was admitted "rusty" but who would finally consent, upon pressure, to furnish some laughing gas for the evening. For the rest one had literally to go out and search the highways and byways. The so-called better class were not particularly given to intellectual pursuits, being more inclined to expend their excess energies in empty social ambitions, but when at last we had made a bid to present Hazel Kirke or The Private Secretary (plays that in that time and place were considered the highest exponents of "the drammer" outside of Shakespeare), then somebody was certain to wish a chairman on us. This was by way of lending prestige to the occasion, for the chairman was usually a non-skiddable church elder who would stand for no monkeyshines, and who invariably permitted us to see by his general expression that he didn't altogether approve of "stage doin's." At times we fully expected him to ask us all to rise and give Old Hundred as a sort of antidote to the orgy of levity. However, doubtless he himself suffered in equal ration by having to listen to us recite.

Lone Pine Coulee does not worry about being thought immodestly eager. Everybody fairly rushed to our help. Even Abe Fischman who runs a busy little dry goods and groceries emporium and complains daily of "the high cost of living," even he took time to telephone us that he would come across with all the red, white and blue bunting we could use for decorative purposes. In his store on the final afternoon the following dialogue took place:

"Hermie, you go now and ring up the garbage and tell them to send down that little Ford at eight sharp, the one I had out-mit them travellers from Saskatoon on Monday."

"You got a nerve, pa, when you bust a tire that time, and Moe told me the springs was strained terrible."

"If I hire the car that's my business yet. If Moe would be more particular as paying his grocery bills prompt, but I got to raise the price of sugar on that feller! I guess I can take my nephew and his wife and kids to the show already and I don't got to ask Moe Kofsky."

Hermie departed to the telephone but was back presently.

"The garbage says how many are you goin' to take?"

"You go tell them right awa y quick I take the whole family if I like! And if they charge me more than regular price—"

"Why don't you walk? It's only five blocks!"

"I should let my nephew what wins the Extinguished Conduct Medal walk! Ya, wouldn't I look sweet, yet?"

Hermie went to the telephone once more, and returned.

"Well, what now?" demanded Mr. Fischman.

"Moe is awful sarcastic, pa. He said what you think you're gettin', a Stewed Baker or maybe an Overland already? What you think a tin Lizzie can do? He said—"

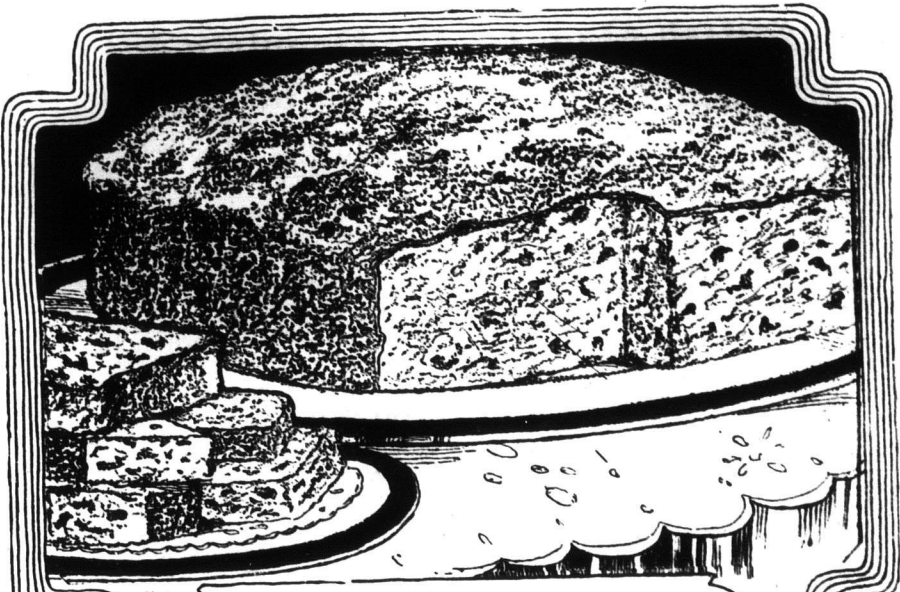
But Abe, with a vast snort, had pushed his son aside and in a moment his voice could be heard remonstrating with the skeptical Moe and repeatedly telling him that "The way I bust that tire was on account I ran over a nail in a board!"

He must have clinched matters, too, for he was at the "show" in a front seat, he and eight or nine of his relatives.

A massed choir of sixty voices provided the greater part of the vocal music, effacing itself as soon as it had gotten a glee and an encore out of its system, which is more than most choirs will do. We had too an eight-piece orchestra and sundry other sound makers, such as the person who shook a piece off in to simulate the thunder in act three, and the man who manipulated the "clapper" that represented galloping hoof beats. The soldiers had had the entire middle section of the hall reserved for them.

Their entrance in a body had been particularly thrilling and perhaps because strong emotions are so closely allied most of the feminine portion of the audience who had been on the verge of tears immediately became wrought up with keen pleasure, a thing strange to behold in these times, for it had been long, very long since laughter had touched their lips. A gracious destiny had permitted this small fraction of the home regiment to return alive, and joy and pride could not be kept in bounds. Here was the mother who had thought the sparing of her only son a sort of sacrifice to the blind gods of chance. Well, he was home now with one leg gone, but he had told her a little bit about the unspeakable boche, just a very little bit, and she understood now. If she had ten sons she would send them all. There was the father who had lost three boys. So he had adopted three of the returned soldiers for the evening and sat beside them in an aisle chair holding three forage caps on his knee and furtively caressing them with shaky old hand, as tenderly careful of them as though he held a borrowed baby.

We had no chairman, for programs filled that office, and behind the stage a brisk and efficient stage manager saw to it that everything ran on schedule. The piece de resistance was a three act play that was mostly comedy, though here and there flashes of melodrama stirred the pulses pleasurably. All of the humor wasn't rehearsed. In the opening scene of the second act the hero, Lord Lumme, was to enter with a King Charles spaniel on his arm, and when he had taken a few paces up and down his luxurious library, fondling the little animal absently, he was to drop into a chair and do a sentimental soliloquy. No such breed of canine was to be found in the town or vicinity, and a Skye terrier had been promised. Lord Lumme meanwhile practising with a stuffed cat. But on the eventful night the terrier had disappeared shortly after act one (no doubt stage fright was responsible), and there was nothing for it but to send somebody out with all speed to catch something with four legs, preferably a dog, but a nice pussy cat wouldn't be despised. For once the hall was guiltless of a dog, and after a hurried search up and down all the aisles with accompanying whistles and finger snapping the emissary dashed out on to the street and returned with a lanky white hound pup. There is really no graceful way of carrying a large hound pup to and fro across a shallow platform in full view of a laughter-loving audience. The hero became convinced of this after two or three efforts and abandoned the idea.



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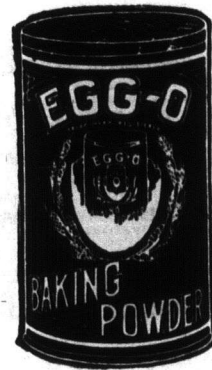
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He placed the dog in a deep armchair and held him down with one hand while he essayed the first lines of his monologue. But the puppy wanted to be friends. What did he care about histrionic esprit de corps!

"Sit 'im, Buster! Go gettem, boy!" called the rear benches.

"Let him down, Bill! He smells a gopher!" shouted the gallery.

What he did smell was a rooster in a property basket in the wings. The chanticleer was awaiting his turn before the footlights, when he was to make a hit, together with Reuben and Samantha Cornstossel, in the ever-popular song comedy: "I want to go back to Michigan."

But the hit didn't come off. A white streak flew across the stage from right center to left back, there was an indignant squawk as the irresistible force struck the immovable, figuratively speaking, object, and then in close succession came yaps, scratches, scuffles, cries, screams of women and shouts of men. A frantic stage manager signalled from the wings for the orchestra to put on the loud pedal, anything, anything so long as it was fortissimo! But the orchestra leader was short-sighted. He thought they needed his baton, and he obligingly threw it over the "foots" upon which some excitable woman in the audience thought there was a free fight on amongst the members of the cast, and straightway took hysterics and had to be led out.

Finally Reuben and Samantha came out and sang, but at the lines: "I miss the rooster, the one that uster," etc., there seemed to be a strong undercurrent of feeling in the timbre of the bass and Samantha's yodelling was mixed with sobs. The rooster was indeed missing. So was the pup.

Fur and feathers next morning at the rear of the hall told an eloquent tale of the previous night's engagement, and the caretaker and his family dined on fowl truffle that day. That bird would seem to have come of fighting stock to judge from the tales told about the splendid drubbing he gave the dog. It must have been a bonny sight, particularly as they said the pup got off with his life and not much else. At any rate the little diversion was the talk of the town for many days, and still provides an abundant source of gossip whenever the Associated Press despatches fail to connect. As for the canine, he is under the censor's ban, his whereabouts a matter for speculation to all but the worried owner. Some day when his fur has grown out again he will issue forth rehabilitated both in looks and reputation, for the politician is not the only animal whom time, the great healer, plus a coat of whitewash, will render immune from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

A very nemesis of anti-climax had camped upon Lord Lumme's trail. He had barely recommenced his speech when the man who had led the nervous woman out returned. He was a big Scot with a total lack of a sense of humor.

"Listen t'me!" he called in a loud voice from the rear. "It's fine doin's when a soldier's entertainment has t'be interrupted by a fightin' Irishman behind the scenes. He ought t'be given ten days in the cooler, and if I was mayor—"

But someone pulled him down into a seat, and once more the balked and thwarted hero began to soliloquize. As he got under way subdued sniffles testified to the power of his pathos. Only Mrs. John Perkins in row six seemed unappreciative. The poor woman was rather deaf, but was conversing with a neighbor across the aisle and as Lord Lumme paused to gather emotional momentum for his great punch, she observed wheezily: "I jest said to Jawn, I sez: 'Jawn, there's nawthin' like sulphur an' m'lasses for what ails you, an' I'll put in two aiggs to take away the taste!'"

We were not even to escape the always subconsciously expected cry of "Fire!" The man who played the mouth organ through his nose, the sextette who had been giving encores to "Lucia," the clog dancers, the imitator of Chaplin and the wondrous girl who did dry-land Annette Kellerman stunts; all these artists had finished their doughty deeds, and the last scene of the play wore to a close. It was time for the good old "clinch" act. Out from the wings the players modestly trickled and grouped themselves about the principals.

And just then a lurid glare lit up all the eastern windows, and simultaneously with the smell of smoke came the cry of "Fire! Fire!"

But there was no holocaust. The calamity was averted by the cool behavior of one hundred soldier boys who sat tight, sat as one man while civilians hurled the benches, shouted, screamed and pell-melled for the exits! Buoyantly serene, they remained where they were, giving an unconsciously thrilling exhibition of stoicism that made the excitement of the rest grotesquely silly, reprehensible, even.

They were unaware until afterward of

just how far their act had saved the situation. They who had so recently heard sounds of a thousand times worse menace, seen sights of which the outraged face of nature was the very mildest, why should they jump and run to witness a shed burning down across the road? So presently the main part of the frightened company returned, more than a little ashamed, and up on the stage the hero put his arms again about the hero (who was another man's wife), imprinted a stage kiss upon the tip of her immaculate ear, and everybody stood up and sang two stanzas of the National Anthem.

Abe Fischman was packing his family into the little Ford that was standing just before the main entrance. The hero nephew had been retained by an admiring throng, and already the folks within the hall were beginning the dance, but Mr. Fischman had to go home and seek his couch for in his own words he is "an early gettup-er." And as he got noisily into car he turned and waved to three or four of the committee, and shouted:

"Say, excuse me for running out, but I got a bad scare, my store ain't got much insurance already, and to-morrow I got a big bargain sale on in ladies' underwear, white goods, wash goods, boots and shoes, also gent's summer hats, ties, sport shirts and sox. But I just want to say that's a fine show you put on, ladies and gents, and I hear them say you're repeating it. Well, if you keep it up I bet it makes The Birth of a Nation look out for itself!"

He sped away, and in a moment or two from down the street came a sharp report as of a rifle shot. Was it war come to our very door? Was it an unprovoked assault upon some homeward-wending citizen? Non, non, mes, enfants! It was only one of the tin Lizzie's tires blown out. And was it merely association of ideas or did Moe Kofsky threaten Abe's life? For the very next day Mr. Fischman raised the price of sugar three cents.

Substitutes for Sugar

The disappearing sugarbowl in restaurants and hotels, and the fact that sugar can only be obtained in small quantities, brings home to us, at last, the fact that there is really a sugar shortage even in Canada. Deprived rather suddenly of this staple article, the average housekeeper might be at a loss how to use substitutes, but with a little experience she will soon find out that there are a goodly number of sweets to replace the usual standby. Brown sugar, maple sugar, maple syrup, corn syrup, molasses, honey, and dried fruits, such as raisins and dates, will soon become part of the daily menu. For this reason the following facts may be of interest.

In substituting brown and maple sugar, the same quantities may be used as of white sugar. The former have less actual sweetening power but makes up in flavor what they lack in sweetness.

Maple syrup and corn syrup when used as substitutes should be increased by one-half. Of course in this case allowance must be made for the increase of liquid.

Usually the amount of liquid called for in the regular recipe should be halved. Corn syrup has a certain sweetness of taste—to make up for this an extra amount of flavoring is desirable, and when used in cakes and cookies better results are obtained if syrup is substituted for only half the sugar.

In using molasses no extra amount for sweetening purposes need be allowed. The liquid used has to be decreased by one-half and soda used instead of baking powder; one teaspoonful to one cupful of molasses.

In substituting honey, use the same quantity as would be required if sugar were used. As honey is thicker than syrup, only one-fourth of the liquid in the recipe need be left out, and baking powder replaced by soda in the proportion of half a teaspoonful to one cupful of honey in cake or cooky mixtures.

The sweetening qualities of fruits are not always recognized, but when raisins or dates are used, the sugar may be appreciably lessened.

A man hurried to a quick-lunch counter and called to the waiter: "Give me a ham sandwich." "Yes, sir," said the waiter. "Will you eat it here or take it with you?" "Both," said the man.



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Getting the Best of Poverty

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Grace G. Bostwick

POVERTY is the greatest hoax ever pulled off on an innocent and defenseless public and great is the joy which follows the unmasking of that dour-faced giant who, when conquered, proves a friend in disguise. The strangest thing about the matter is that once recognized, he slips sheepishly away, seldom if ever showing his face again.

When that large pack of so-called evils was unloaded on mankind in the making thousands of years ago, that old fraud, poverty, was so carelessly slapped together that he has never been able to stand alone. He has to be braced by some poor relation such as ill-health or lost-your-job or lack-of-ability and even at that he wobbles. But until his scared victim wakes to the fact, the old sinner cracks his knuckles and proceeds to enjoy himself by inventing all the miseries he can devise with which to torment poor Mr. Man. The fact of the whole matter is that those odd things which were dumped upon the human race in such recklessness were not evils at all but rather crude instruments through which man might reach great strength and ability by the proper exercise of his powers. The only pity in regard to the rather bungled affair—any one of us could have done better if he'd been asked—is that only a few here and there have discovered the truth and that purely by accident. Weakened by sickness and battered by misfortune, with the suffering conferred by the whole combined bunch, man at last becomes fearless through very desperation. "Come on," he cries, "Do your worst! I'm not afraid of you!" And the poor, disappointed things slink despondently away one by one, done out of their sport. The newly freed victim, had he but known, might have taken that stand at the very start and saved all that fuss and bother.

But taking poverty alone, the lessons learned in the struggle with its trials are those which lead to greatness. First, the superiority of the individual over mere

circumstance is a priceless bit of knowledge. Not until you have known the pleasure of making friends—worth-while friends they are bound to be—in your old clothes, have you experienced the full joy of friendship. Not until you have met courtesy and kindness in public from mere strangers whose gaze penetrated your shabby exterior, have you appreciated courtesy and kindness at its best. Not until you have shared your little mite with someone less fortunate than yourself—for there are always such—have you known the real joy of giving. And not until you have lost every vestige of false pride can you know the happiness of the genuine article which is God-given and inspiring. That pride which is expressed in consideration for others, in gentleness and gracious kindness and that exquisite tact which comes from an understanding heart.

Poverty is often but a synonym for selfishness. Too proud to accept legitimate aid from relatives or friends or those from whom it is naturally due, misery is the inevitable result—but it is not poverty but the false sense of pride which causes the suffering. Perhaps the brother or friend needs just the ballast of helping his fellow out of a tight place to offset the arrogance of his prosperity. It is the keenest joy to help others when such assistance is accepted in a grateful and gracious spirit without an element of subserviency and few there are when approached in a proper way, but are glad to extend the helping hand. The trouble is that in time of misfortune, selfish pride steps to the front with a touchy and pernickety attitude which antagonizes where it would appeal. Thus the friend receives the wrong impression and involuntarily stiffens. Under countless bids for aid on every hand, generous-hearted men are forced into hardness for self-protection from grafters or those who feel that the world owes them a living. Perhaps it does—but first it owes them a licking.

If a chap were as frank and open in his

lean times as he is during his fatness—but pshaw, in that case poverty would vanish from the face of the earth! For that condition is the result of an association of ideas as mean as measles, which slide with maddening rapidity to the gruelling finish on a way greased by fear.

"Ah," one says, "but how can a man be frank and open when unpaid bills stare him in the face? When butcher and grocer clamor for their due and when with empty pockets he sits desolate and wonders where to turn?" There you have it—the answer! He should not sit desolate and wonder where to turn! He should not let butcher and grocer clamor! He should go to them hopefully and frankly tell them that he will pay as soon as he can. Perhaps indeed, if they know his need, they may have a bit of work by which to help pay the troublous accounts. Or let him try doing some little job for them regardless of pay and watch results. If he will look up instead of down while he is waiting where to turn, he will see that "God's stars are out and all's well." That's the secret—to see the stars and be humbly grateful that they are there. The funny thing is that as soon as he begins to watch for their twinkle, that old grouch, poverty, sees that it's all up with him and packs his grip for the next stop.

No man is down and out until he admits the fact and even then he has another guess on the way for poverty and plenty move on the same pivot—the weight of a thought alone may turn the balance in his favor and there is no scarcity of thoughts. It is in his own consciousness alone that the condition assumes appalling proportions. An old hat is never noticed if the face beneath bears a genial smile. An old coat does not set badly on shoulders borne with fine courage and old shoes are never seen on the chap whose step is springy with joyousness. Even the loss of his job to the man who laughs is but the way to a better one. "A cheerful loser is a winner" as the late Elbert Hubbard so aptly phrased this truth. And if, when poverty whistles through his ragged beard at man, that able soldier would defy the old schemer, laugh him out of countenance, assert his own spirit of dominion—why, that combination would pull a whole

army of discouraged men out of the trenches of despair and land them on their feet, strong, masterful and free—conquerors, not slaves.

But let me whisper the magic word which swings wide the door to freedom for all time—faith; faith in self, in fellow-man and in God. That's a trinity from which poverty and indeed the entire family of misfortune, flees in panic for under the broad searchlight of its power they shrink into the merest nothings.

Darkness and Dawn

By D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

Alas, my muse no longer sings
With gladness as of yore
For sorrow shadows many a heart
And home the wide world o'er.

Brave men have fallen in the strife
The valiant wounded lie
And wives and mothers mourn their loss
The little children cry.

And when my heart essays a song
My soul is numbed by thought
Of those whose fondest hopes are crushed
'Neath wreck that war hath wrought.

Amid the mighty shock and storm
Gross darkness seems to reign
And to the reeling earth there comes
With every pulse a pain.

Yet to our failing sight is given
Faith's ever saving power
And Hope with radiant torch appears
To light the darkest hour.

And Love with sacrifice supreme
Dispels depressing gloom
By vision of eternal day
And life beyond the tomb.

"That fellow was an impudent fraud.
How did he manage to wheedle money
out of you?"

"Oh, John, he told me such a sad,
pitiful tale about his poor wife, who was a
widow with six children."

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100,000 Caragana, 2-3 feet high, at	\$5.00
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50,000 Maple, 5-6 feet high, at	\$10.00
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Rape Seed	\$16.00
Western Rye Grass	16.00
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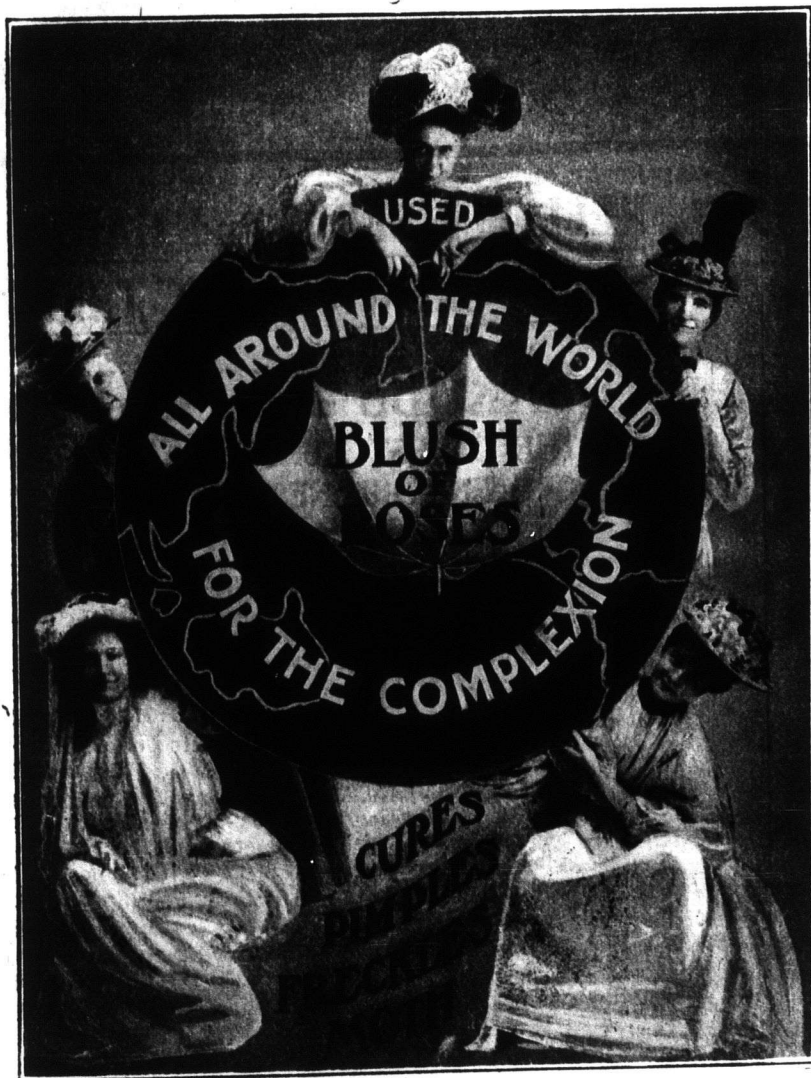
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl, Richmond Hamilton

Use the Golden Pen

"For there's never a friend so far from you

That a message cannot reach;
And there's never a heart so full of woe,
That a love-word cannot teach.
And there's never a soul in this strange old world,

Crushed under a weight of care,
That cannot bend to a loving friend
Who has paper and ink—and prayer."

I do not know who wrote the above, but the lines are true. Let us write one letter each month to some one and give cheer and courage.

For Him

A beautiful picture in a recent number of a woman's journal burns a vital truth into the heart of every true woman who sees it. The subject is "For Him." A young girl whose face is heavenly in the expression of purity is kneeling in devotion. Her blue eyes look up through a daintily draped window toward the skies—a soft blue tone casts a haloed charm over the room. Only a pure heart could breathe her prayer.

Oh—what that prayer must mean to her soldier sweetheart.

It is prayer like this from the pure womanhood of our nation that spiritualizes the strength of our men for superhuman deeds of valor.

Next Sunday I shall take this picture to a club of young women, for the lesson portrayed must inspire every girl who sees it, with the value of purity for her part in the great service she owes her country and the debt she owes to our brave men who are fighting for our protection and honor. This is the prayer:

"God keep him safe—
Clean heart and soul bright;
Carefully guard him
Every day and night."

Where Love Dwells

My heart swells with gratitude when I meet any woman who gives her life to help others, but the woman who loves girls and little children comes just a little bit nearer to me than any other. Last week it was my privilege to meet a woman who leads a splendid club of girls in the Broadway Baptist church. She is gifted—talented—lovely—womanly—just the type of woman girls love. The taint of the patronizing spirit is absent in her personality. As I sat in the room and felt the atmosphere that brightened every girl's face in the presence of their leader I prayed for the Heavenly Father to give us more women like her. Our girls are hungry for the blessings that come from such companionship. There would be no need for industrial schools, jails, and reform movements, if there were more women like this leader of girls—Mrs. Matthews, wife of the pastor of Broadway Baptist church, a woman whose personality is a radiation of sympathy and courage. The girls in this club are alive with energy and accomplishment. They are well organized and have for their president a very capable girl—Miss Ethel Kedy.

Every week they meet to do Red Cross work, and while they knit and sew, they listen to an address on a literary topic. They have had some of our leading professors speak to them on Browning, Bronte, Eliot and other men and women of letters.

And thus has the writer's practical work of love and mercy been made more useful through growing minds. Clubs like this create an upward tone in life and bless the community in which they live.

Every girl has undeveloped powers, and a woman like Mrs. Matthews who directs girls to the possibilities of their powers is one of the nation's chief treasures.

Women Who Bless Their Community

While writing of Mrs. Matthews the thought occurred to me that she lived in Brandon before she came to Winnipeg. I had heard of her work before she came here—through girls who knew her there. And that reminds me of other splendid Brandon women who create an atmosphere of strength and intellectual vitality in their home city, which radiates to many parts of Canada, as well as elsewhere. Occasionally I go there for a little vaca-

tion of a few days, and wander out from the hotel to learn of their good work. As I am a stranger there my impressions are unbiased. This winter I visited a meeting of an Art Club there. I shall never forget that instructive, helpful hour. The subject was Whistler. One of the women had prepared an excellent paper on Whistler—so interesting that every woman present listened most intently. She illustrated her address with lantern slides of Whistler and his famous paintings, and on every side of the room copies of his pictures were tacked on the wall. I wanted to spend a day or two in the room. References to the winter's programme convinced me that those women had enjoyed rare intellectual treats. Meanwhile they added information on patriotic work, as one speaker gave a ten-minute talk on food conservation, and the busy knitting needles stopped just long enough for the women to take a cup of tea. By the way, it was announced that tea would not be served at any more of their meetings.

The Brandon women are a great power in their community, and the young men and women who go from there carry with them a strength of character that an atmosphere influenced by such women creates. I admire the Brandon women very much, though I do not know them personally.

The Real Aristocrat

That little chap—Dan Cupid—is very busy these days judging from the letters I receive. In the first place let me advise the girl who is in doubt to wait a year before giving her decision. There really is no hurry. If he honestly cares he will wait for her. Never give a decision in an impulsive moment. If I were a girl and it were at all possible, I would go to an Agricultural college for that year. Do you know it is not possible to fill the demand for positions offered to girls who attend the Agricultural colleges? The supply does not begin to satisfy the demand. There is a wonderful future for girls who train in the Agricultural college courses. Some girls are taking the courses heretofore taken by men only. This is an age when resourcefulness is a fine art, and any training that develops this power is a course highly patriotic. I receive letters from girls who are eager to cross the ocean for service "over there." Some are in their teens—others are twenty or more. I admire this spirit very, very much. One splendid girl writes this to me: "How I long to be over in France—surely there is something I can do. I am a big, strong girl."

There are scores of girls who feel like this young woman. Let me say to all girls—every one must do her bit. Many of us are needed at home. Those young women who have resolved to help overseas require careful training first. Plan a definite work, then train.

For many years to come there will be a tremendous demand for trained nurses; the nurse is not made overnight. The course is not a short or an easy one. But in no field during the next few years will the demand be greater. Nurses for war work, welfare work and health service will be greatly needed.

Trained medical women are already doing wonderful work. Dr. Thalberg says: "The shortage in medical service will have to be met by women." Three hundred women dentists are serving soldiers in training camps. Telephone operators are being sent abroad, stenographers, bookkeepers and women who understand machinery. No chances can be taken with nerves—they must prove in their training that they are incapable of upsetting emotions—for their's is a work of "adventure, mystery, sacrifice and victory."

Eighteen girls from Smith College are over there looking after sixteen French villages in the devastated regions. They are trying to turn "desolation and famine into health and happiness." This is a magnificent effort for human service.

Then there are the girls at home. I pick up magazines and see them in overalls, doing all kinds of farm work. There is the girl with the hoe, who carries her own lunch, and never troubles the busy wife of the farmer; a group of girls are pulling weeds, and another, who is pushing a wheel-barrow, says: "What is a bar-

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ASPINWALL Potato Machinery
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 179 Princess St. - Winnipeg

row to one who has pushed a perambulator!" Girls have been and are planning this year to be even more helpful on fruit farms.

One college has a patriotic farm where the girls built a cannery and unloaded their own cans from the freight car on the siding.

Another group of college girls last summer showed they could farm. They were up at four a.m. and handled every kind of farm machinery on the farm. Eighty city girls undertook poultry raising. Each one had the opportunity to hatch one hundred chickens and take care of them during the summer.

Of course this is nothing new to the girl on the farm, but it is to the city girl, and the whole movement emphasizes an important truth—the dignity of farm work. And best of all, our girls will be stronger and happier, for to-day the real aristocrat is the one who can do her work best. Many of our most successful farmers in Western Canada are women who have done all kinds of farm work. They will welcome the city girl into their profession, and will encourage the glad hand of fellowship, for we are all "sisters under the skin" these days.

"The oak tree boughs once touched the grass;

But every year they grew
 A little farther from the ground,
 And nearer toward the blue.

"So live that we each year may be,
 While time glides swiftly by,
 A little farther from the earth,
 And nearer to the sky."

Meeting Emergencies

Emergencies come to everyone: some go into nervous collapse—others give up all hope and ambition—but people worth while have prepared for the great drive, and use an emergency for a stepping-stone to victory. This test of strength depends on three things in training—preparedness, system and self-control.

When we face an emergency we are compelled to draw upon our reserve forces of preparedness. We must learn to direct our lives. One great value delivered in the study of the Bible and other literature and history, is the great lesson we learn in watching the strife of best things against the worst—as we learn in King Arthur and The Holy Grail, for example, that a man or woman stands or falls according to their power of self-control.

Spiritual strength, physical vitality, mental power, and moral muscle enable any girl to meet emergencies with the tact and good judgment that will transform them into opportunities.

To-day has been your day—every day is. What have I been thinking about to-day? Is my thinking constructive or destructive.

A girl's thought is the key to her character. The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible—because our thoughts translate the world to us. Tennyson said: "The poem hangs on the berry bush When comes the poet's eye; The street begins to masquerade When Shakespeare passes by."

We really do not see with the lens of our eyes, but with the lens of our hearts. Helen Keller said:

"I feel sometimes as if I were a music box with all the play shut up inside of me." Oh, for the music of a mind like that.

Yes,—our greatest gift is a sound mind. It is a fearful form of profanity to allow thought germs of disease to eat their cancerous poison into it.

Waste of thought is a common waste. Let us apply the rules of conservation to it, and allow thought food that develops growth of mind.

Mary Somerville had to encounter chiding difficulties during her girlhood, for she longed for an education and at fifteen unassisted, she studied during the hours her friends wasted. She became one of the most remarkable women of her age through her profound learning. After the death of her husband her friends thought she would use her wealth to entertain. But she attended to her household duties and studied more. After her second marriage they lost their wealth, and she wrote books on mathematics and physical science in the midst of her domestic work. She had trained her mind to concentrate. When honors came to her from societies of learning her relations and others who had ridiculed her

were loud in praise of her. She met emergencies with the determination of a mind well trained.

"Tell Louisa to go on with her teaching—for she can't write," wrote an editor to Louisa M. Alcott's father.

But Louisa was not disturbed. She replied: "I will write, and I'll make him pay well for my work," and she did.

Rosa Bonheur did not like dressmaking—she liked animals. One morning in a period of dark discouragement the memory of a beautiful morning in the country flashed across her mind. So she took her brushes and went out among the animals and began her famous career.

Irving Bacher has written a book—The Light in the Clearing—it is a delightful idyl of the St. Lawrence Valley, and is without a mean or bitter word. His success is attributed to the memorizing of poems and quotations. This training of the mind is of inestimable value to young women.

I like to think of Elizabeth Browning and her magnificent power of self control—a woman of unusual intellectual power, combined with spirituality, and of her devoted husband, who would not touch her prayer book without first washing his hands—so deeply did he reverence her purity.

We can everyone of us become what we will if we make that will in harmony with Divine purpose.

"Loud rings on sea and land to-day
 The challenge of a work to do;
 As in the furnaces of time
 God molds this worn-out world anew.
 Oh, strip us of our love of ease,
 Send full on us thy challenge clear,
 And let us catch the far-off glow
 Of thy great walls—then let us go
 And build their splendor here!"

Those Books

A reader has asked me the reason for my bitter criticism of "Woman Through the Ages," by Emil Reich. I give them here as briefly as possible.

He wades through pages and pages of history and gives us information that is carefully covered in other books of biography, but he creates an atmosphere of narrow, personal views that would place woman back in her ancient corner—and he is decidedly pro-German. These few quotations will give an idea of his attitude:

In referring to the woman movement he says: "It is in the West that the only movement comes, a movement—at its mistaken best—which makes a crusade against prostitution, alcoholism, and war; all of which must exist as hideous necessities and which, if they could be swept away, would, in their disappearance, utterly upset the balance of civilization."

Again he states: "It is clear, too, that foremost rank of self-assertive, self-empowering women, whilst liberating themselves from human ties, are also disowning those of creed and church, and to-day indulge in an agnosticism as moral as that of Voltairian atheism was sardonic. Government and private offices offer their lower posts to women, but it is notable that few rise to the higher positions."

Here is another quotation: "As regards the declaration that the grandeur of a nation coincides with the intellectuality of its women I have no hesitation in saying she is talking nonsense, for the subordination of women is invariably one of the prices of Empire."

I shall give only one more quotation, because I do not want to soil this page with any more stuff from the pen of Emil Reich. I agree with Prof. Osborne's opinion of Olive Schremer's book. I think it is one of the very best books I have read on the Woman Movement. But this is what I read in Emil Reich's chapter on "The Feminism of the 19th Century":

"To the rétor that when woman and man will be equal there will be no more love; a very cultivated woman will not inspire love nor render it, an answer has been given. 'She will not seek it, but it will come to her.' From where? The woman who replies does not explain—for she cannot—yet she has seen much for she is Olive Schremer, daughter of an English missionary, wife of a Boer politician; herself a novelist, a dreamer, one who has frantically beaten the empty air, and with advancing years grows silent."

Are my readers convinced now after these quotations that I was justified in consigning these large volumes to the garbage refuse to be burned with spoiled chicken and other decayed stuff?

Grand Old Man Makes Statement

Mr. Geo. Somers Finds Dodd's Kidney Pills Best.

In His Eighty-second Year He Tells Why, After Trying Other Medicines, He Pins His Faith to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Barrie, Ont., May 4th.

(Special)—Mr. George Somers, Barrie's grand old man, now in his eighty-second year, has made a statement in regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills, Canada's grand old kidney remedy. "I have tried several kinds of kidney pills," Mr. Somers states. "I have arrived at the conclusion that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best so far; at least, they have given me the best satisfaction. I have taken them for nearly twenty-five years off and on as I have needed them."

Mr. Somers, who for forty years before retiring was a carriage worker, strained his back while gardening, and for over twenty years has been troubled more or less, with his kidneys.

That he has pinned his faith to Dodd's Kidney Pills after trying the other kinds is considered a splendid tribute to the grand old Canadian kidney remedy. At his advanced age he is splendid evidence of the good work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing.

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Lighter Vein

"Now, My Dog—"

"My dog," said the baggageman to the man who was sitting on the baggage-room bench, "my dog is the best little dog you ever saw in your life. I wish I had her here. She's got a way with her, as much as to say, 'Look at me and tell me to do something.' And she'll do most anything, too, I tell you."

The man on the bench had his dog with him—a somewhat dignified, nervous collie. He was a better dog his owner felt, than the beast the baggageman was bragging about, but it seemed to him a little below the dignity of a regular commuter to swap dog stories with the owner of such a commonplace animal.

"My wife likes my dog," continued the other, unabashed, "and it's the first dog she ever took a shine to. Always used to like cats. Most women do, I think. But when she got Betsey—that's the dog's name—why, she and her were friends from the go-off."

"My wife taught Betsey most of her tricks. Betsey'll fetch and carry anything you've a mind to give her, and she'll play 'dead dog,' and go down to the kitchen and get anything we want—that is, if it's there, of course."

"Sounds like a pretty good dog," said

being in here," explained his owner, conscientiously. "He'd do it in a minute at home, though. Right paw!"

The baggageman was grinning good-naturedly. There was a pause in the proceedings, broken at last by a faint locomotive whistle.

"Gracious, I forgot to buy a ticket-book!" exclaimed the commuter. "Come, Fritz! He'll lie down and roll over, too," he added, for the baggageman's edification, "and I've nearly got him so's he'll bark when I tell him to speak."

"It's funny," said the baggageman to the switch-tender, who came in as the commuter disappeared to the ticket-office, "what a lot of pride some folks take in fool dogs. Now my dog—"

"Aw, cut it out!" said the other. "You and your dog oughter take a vacation. Got any oil for the lamps?"

French Courtesy

A Boston woman was talking of Paris. The question of the relative courtesy of nations came up. "Well, it would take a very good illustration to persuade me that any people beat the French," she remarked. "I'll give you an example: I was walking down the Champs Elysees, and wanted to find a particular street. Not knowing just where to turn off into



The British army is fighting another Waterloo and another Bluecher is marching to the battlefields sums up the situation in Flanders as seen by Major Gen. F. B. Maurice, Chief Director of Military Operations at the British War Office. In an interview he made his point clear by saying: "The British Army is playing the role which it often has played before. It is fighting a Waterloo while Bluecher is marching to the battlefield. Multiply the Battle of Waterloo a hundredfold and the situation at noon in that battle corresponds to the situation now in the great world battle. The British Army is under a terrible hammering, but providing we stand that hammering without breaking down, and providing Bluecher is marching to the battlefield, there is no reason for discouragement." In the present battle the combined American and French forces under Gen. Foch are playing the part of Bluecher in the Battle of Waterloo. They will arrive on time.

the owner of the collie, stroking his animal's well-brushed coat.

"Oh, Betsey's all right," said the baggageman, heartily. "She's a fox-terrier, and those little fox terriers are certainly the cutest dogs in the world. Better'n collies, I think, though, of course, I'm no judge. Now your dog there, can he do anything?"

"Can he do anything?" said the commuter, thoroughly piqued. "Can he? Come here," he commanded, the dog having left him to investigate some crates of live poultry in a corner. "Some collies," continued the owner, "are pretty stupid, but you take any collie and train him up right, and there isn't a better dog in the world. They've got more general interest in things than fox—Come here! Let me show you."

The dog was standing in front of him, sniffling back in the direction of the crates. "Sit down!" commanded his master. The collie turned and walked off.

"Come here! Now, sit down! Good doggy! Now, give me your right paw. Give me—your right paw!"

"He's not used to having—that is, to

the side street, I asked a young Frenchman who passed me if he could direct me to it. He assured me, with a thousand pardons, he did not know. A few minutes later I heard hurrying feet behind me, and there was my Frenchman. 'Madame,' he said, sweeping off his hat and bowing profoundly, 'did you not ask me the way to the Rue de la Clochee? I was sorry that I did not know; but I have seen my brother and asked him, and I am sorry to inform you, madame, he did not know, either.'

Preparedness

There recently rushed into a police station a youngster very much out of breath, who gasped out to an officer: "You're—wanted—down—down in—in our street—an' bring an ambulance!" "What's the trouble?" demanded the policeman, "and why bring an ambulance?" "Because," the kiddie explained, "when he had recovered his breath, mother's found the lady that pinched our doornat!"

About the Farm

A Vegetable Garden for Every Home

By Dell Grattan

At no time in many years has the necessity and importance of the home vegetable garden been so clearly demonstrated as this year. Our country is face to face with a situation which necessitates the increasing of our food supplies by every means at our command. Vegetables as well as other foodstuffs must be given careful consideration as they form an important part in the everyday diet of most individuals. To be able to secure fresh crisp vegetables should in itself be reason enough to make us help along this movement, but in addition the saving makes it of the greatest importance.

Vegetables should form a more important position in the daily food of the average human being for they possess qualities which should ensure their use in much larger quantities than is the custom at the present time. A more instructive pursuit than growing vegetables in the backyard cannot be found, for by commencing with a small plot devoted to their culture a wonderful lesson unfolds itself before our eyes as we watch the vagaries of nature in her work, and a broader and more intelligent view of the simple phases of life appear before us.

Each day brings us nearer to the time when every minute we can spare may be profitably, and to most of us, enjoyably spent, preparing to have vegetables and flowers.

The arrival of the annual catalogues of the seed houses again remind us that gardening time is at hand and ought also to determine those who have been slack heretofore that this year the time has come for a real first class garden. Granted the need for having and the will to have, it is part of wisdom to look far enough ahead to get the necessary seeds before they are wanted, do not wait until so late you have to rush to the grocery

store and get from the ready made assortment supplied there. These are generally limited in their selection.

It is part of wisdom to skip the colored pages containing the wonderful novelties quoted at much higher prices than the regular list. A variety of any sort that appears in the regular list is generally to be relied upon, provided, of course, it is adapted to your conditions in other respects. For the northwest, earliness of maturity is the first quality to be considered.

Try and have the garden about four times as long as it is wide, as such a piece of ground is much more convenient to plow and cultivate. Many of the failures in the garden are due to a lack of knowledge as to how to prepare the soil for seeding. The first few bright warm days in spring usually drive most people into their garden, and digging the soil is commenced. Oftentimes the digging is done too soon. If after the soil has been turned a handful crumbles readily digging time has arrived. If, however, the pressure of the hand leaves the soil in a compact sodden mass which will not crumble, digging should be delayed.

Considerable care must be taken in order that all the lumps are broken up and that a level surface is left to be planted. It is never advisable to dig more of the garden than can be raked the same day. With a garden rake go over the soil, either breaking up all the lumps or dragging them to one side of the garden. By following this with a further raking filling in any hollow spots, the garden should be ready for seed planting. Run all your rows the full length of the garden; they will be much easier to cultivate and will present a much neater appearance than if planted in beds. When planning the garden for usefulness, consider also an arrangement that will be ornamental as facilities will allow. Do not sow a row of beets and then a row of radish, and next a row of parsnips and so forth. Group each kind

together or in different lots of a number of rows each, and have the taller growing kinds at the back of the plot, and others in rotation as height decreases, from this point outward. On the fences all around and on buildings grow annual flowering vines, or, if edible things are wanted grow pole beans, scarlet runners beans, tomatoes, trained to occupy all the space. Sweet corn may serve to hide a fence. It is just as easy to have a garden that will please the eye as well as the palate, as to have one that serves only the one purpose, and those that are ornamental are doubly acceptable in and to the sense.

To sow a row of seed quickly, evenly and thinly requires care and practice. Place the seed in a tin dish and gather as many seeds as possible between the thumb and forefinger. A gentle rubbing motion of the thumb on the forefinger releases a few seeds at a time. Coarse seeds may be placed individually with the fingers. A piece of board or a line may be used to make straight even rows. By using a sharpened stick or even a lead pencil a shallow trench the required depth may be made. This trench should not be too deep. A good rule is to cover the seed with no more than a quarter of an inch of soil. Onion sets, peas and beans require a deeper trench. After the seeds have been dropped they should be covered and the soil over the row firmed with a board or the back of a spade.

Have all vegetables which will permit of close planting on one side of the garden such as beets, beans, carrots, lettuce, radishes, onions, peas, parsnips, etc. Those which require more room like cabbage, cauliflower, cucumber, melon squash and tomatoes should be on the other side. These latter varieties should be planted far enough apart.

Do not attempt to grow immense quantities of vegetables from a small plot. Plants require a fair amount of room and breathing space. It is almost impossible to plant all seeds thinly enough to secure a good crop. More seeds are planted than plants are required, and when the tender seedlings are about

one-half to an inch in height it is necessary to thin out some so that the remaining ones will have sufficient space to grow in. Thinning should not be left until the plants are becoming long and slender.

Cultivation should be carried on persistently to kill the weeds, and to allow air into the soil, and to keep the surface of the soil in a somewhat rough condition rather than solid firm state, as the latter condition allows the evaporation of water from the soil which is needed by the plant. After the seedlings are through the soil the hoe should be kept in use as much as possible. Never allow the weeds to get ahead. All the soil between the rows should be stirred at least twice a week. The hoe should be held in a slanting position and the soil cultivated close to the young vegetables.

It is possible to water vegetable crops over abundantly. As a general rule the refreshing spring rains supply plenty of moisture in the soil. During the summer months, however, it will be found that an additional supply of moisture will be needed. This may be applied with a garden hose or a watering can and should be applied in the evening. Many people in the cities deluge their gardens every evening. If the plants do survive such treatment the resulting crop will be slender and sappy. By watering carefully twice a week sufficient moisture will be available to keep the plants growing vigorously.

The growing of one's own cabbage, cauliflower, brussel sprouts, tomatoes and celery, affords considerable pleasure, but is accompanied by the fact that considerable care and attention must be given.

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Sprouting Oats for Poultry

The actual method of sprouting the oats is as follows: Clean and sound oats are soaked in water over night in a pail. The next morning, flats are filled to the depth of about two inches, and put into the sprouting closet. At the beginning, freshly filled flats are placed near the top of the closet so as to get the maximum amount of heat, and in that way get the sprout started at once. During the first few days, until the sprouts have become from a half to three-quarters of an inch long, the oats are thoroughly stirred and raked over at least two or three times during the day. This stirring insures an even distribution of moisture throughout the mass of oats in the flat.

After the sprouts become sufficiently long so that the oats form a matted mass, it is not desirable to stir them, or to disturb them in any way. Stirring at that time will break off and injure the sprouts and the green portion above the mass will not grow so well. The matter of prime importance in growing oats, successfully has been found to be sufficient moisture. The tendency at first is to use too little moisture. The oats should be kept quite wet. The aim here is to keep condensed moisture standing on the glass doors, which form the front of the closet at all times.

In order to do this, it is found necessary to wet the oats three times a day. This is done with an ordinary green-house sprinkling can, with very little expenditure of time or labor. As the oats grow, the flats are moved to different positions in the

this crop either in the seed or on the vine it is surprising that pea growing has not received an even greater impetus than it did last season.

Split peas and whole peas especially in Canada occupy a prominent place in human diet in that delectable food pea soup. Pea meal is a very proteinaceous food excellent for use in a balanced ration for stock feeding purposes, furnishing as it does a low priced concentrate. Considering the high price of concentrates, the farmer who has a crop of peas that he can convert into pea meal, is doing much to free himself from danger of exploitation at the hands of feed dealers. Unthreshed peas are of great value for sheep feeding purposes, being an ideal winter roughage for breeding ewes while they are likewise an excellent feed for young cattle. They can also be successfully grown with oats and ensiled, furnishing where corn cannot be grown one of the most valuable silage foods, or again the same mixture can be cured as hay and fed with profit throughout the winter. As a summer pasture for hogs, they return profitable gains, an acre of peas forming a most valuable adjunct to the summer ration coming in at a time when the young shoats are able to make the best use of this kind of feed.

The successful culture of peas is largely a matter of climate. Being a legume instead of a cereal, they are classed among those crops known as soil improvers. While they do not do their best on light soils particularly during a period of dry weather, yet almost any heavy well



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closet. The taller the green materials get, the nearer the flats are moved towards the floor, because the growing grain then needs less heat. This procedure leaves the desirable places in the closet for the grain just beginning to sprout, where high temperature is needed.

The oats are fed when they are from four to six inches in height. They are fed at the rate of a piece of the matted oats and attached green stalks about six to eight inches square for each 100 birds per day. In feeding, these six to eight inch square pieces are broken into smaller pieces and scattered over the pen, so as to insure that all the birds have an opportunity to get some. Fed at this rate, this material has never caused any bowel trouble among the birds.

Peas—The Stockman's Crop
(Experimental Farms Note)

The high price at which peas have sold on the market for the last year has given a decided impetus to their production. Canadian production in 1917 exceeded the previous year by nearly a million bushels. This is as it should be. The production of peas is lower than that of any of the cereals. Insect pests, disease and the low price decreased the production of this important legume previous to the war, but since then, due to the rapidly rising price of the last three years, the acreage has been greatly increased, especially in the provinces of Quebec, Saskatchewan and Alberta. When we consider the numerous ways in which peas can utilize

drained soil that has not been robbed of its virgin fertility will produce a good crop. The best results are obtained by putting them on sod land which has been plowed the previous autumn and thoroughly top worked before seeding.

Peas cannot be sown as early as wheat or oats, owing to the tenderness of the young vines which a late spring frost is apt to damage seriously, also the cold and dampness of the seed bed may cause a rotting of the seed. It is impossible to give an exact date when it is desirable to start pea seeding, but this is a general rule that may be followed: If you have sown your wheat on the earliest date possible, the seeding of peas may be commenced from ten to fourteen days afterward. This rule might be modified in certain localities, depending entirely on the local weather conditions.

We would recommend farmers who are in extreme northern districts and who are desirous of trying out peas, to start in a small way. As peas are subject to severe injury from frost both in the late spring and early autumn, it would be poor advice to recommend any farmer who is situated north of the 50th parallel in the prairie provinces, to sow a large acreage until he is certain that they will escape late spring and early fall frosts.

The many ways in which one can utilize a few acres of peas with profit, should tend to make this one of our most popular crops instead of occupying, as it does, a lower place than any of the

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There is a large place for peas in our farming and stock feeding practices, much larger than has been thought by most of our practical agriculturists.

The Garden as a Home Maker By Allan Campbell

Our earliest ideas of the first real freedom of outdoors are closely connected with the garden. It was in this safe retreat that we were allowed to gather our first impressions of the world at large and to form our early ideas of horticulture, botany and entomology. At that time the brilliant flowers were a dazzling maze of delight, and the wonder of it all, when we were told that they came up out of the ground from little seeds, and so the garden becomes the stepping stone from the cradle to the world of wonders. It is the last glimpse of the garden that is the final send off to the member of the family who is to travel land to sea and face the vicissitudes of fortune. It is from the flowers and vines that the first smile of welcome comes to the sun-bronzed youth on his return.

The family without a garden misses much that makes life enjoyable. A few packets of seed and two or three garden tools will make a vast difference to the

introduction before the grand orchestral entry" of the other flowers.

The peony is another very fine perennial and reaches full bloom about the beginning of July and makes a brilliant successor to the iris in maintaining a show of bloom of delicate pink, deep red and pleasing mixtures of pink, cream and white. Once it becomes established it is a hardy grower and a great acquisition to any garden.

Some very fine artistic effects can be produced by a well assorted collection of sweet peas. They will grow profusely and provide many excellent bouquets for the table vases. They are a flower that has reached a special pitch of excellence, the result of patient study and selection, and may grace the most exclusive of drawing rooms in perfect harmony with their surroundings.

As the season for sweet peas is from about the third week in July to the end of September they will serve to take the place of the now vanished bloom of the peonies.

Rules for Selecting Layers

1. Hens that molt late and quickly are the best layers; that is, hens that molt in October and November are better layers than those that molt in August and September.
2. In such breeds as the Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Leghorns, individual hens found with pale colored shanks during the months of



This little western girlie is one of the many who are doing their part in promotion of food supply.

life of the household in general. Flowers may be termed inaudible music, as their beauty and perfume make a refining influence around their immediate vicinity. In tending the plants and soil there comes to us an ambition to excel and our cares seem to disappear before our onslaught on the weeds.

There are some, perhaps, who do not undertake gardening on account of thinking that time will not permit, whereas, they may not be aware of all the odd spare moments that pass during the season that could be spent with healthy work among the flower beds. What may be the probable cause of holding some back from indulging in a flower garden is the uncertainty of what to buy in the way of seeds, and in this state of indecision they let the seasons come and go, and with them a good deal that is worth while.

With regard to varieties to use, there are many that have stood the test of time, and these should recommend themselves for general use. Among the hardy perennials the iris is of outstanding merit. There are many varieties of iris and with a mixed collection, one has a fine show of orchid-like blooms of such colors as dark blue, yellow and cream with delicate markings of other colors on each bloom. These plants do not need tender care but they will increase their root systems each season and seem to be oblivious, as far as pessimism is concerned, to the various phases of the weather. The iris makes an early appearance and is therefore useful in, as we might say, "playing the

October and November are better layers than those with bright and yellow shanks. This applies only to breeds having yellow shanks and for these two months named.

3. The above principle applies also to the color of ear lobes in breeds having white or creamy white lobes. The Rocks, Wyandottes, Orpingtons and other breeds of the American, English and Asiatic classes have red ear lobes. Hence this indication for these breeds is valuable, and experience has shown that Leghorn varieties with white ear lobes in the fall are better layers than those with yellow or cream colored ear lobes.

4. Late hatched pullets that are not laying by the first of January will not as a rule lay until spring. It is much more difficult to start pullets laying in severe winter than in fall.

5. April and May pullets should be laying in December. It is these pullets that are to be depended upon for winter eggs.

6. The hen that starts to lay in the fall continues to be a good producer all winter.

7. Over-fat hens that droop behind are poor producers.

8. Hens over three years old having long spurs are poor layers. The singing hen with a bright red comb either is laying at the present time or soon will be laying. A quiet and lazy bird having a pale colored comb is not a good layer. The laying hen is usually the last on the roost at night and the first off in the morning, has a full crop, and is a heavy eater.

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Human Body—CAUSTIC BALSAM has no equal as a Liniment.

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REMOVED THE SORENESS—STRENGTHENS MUSCLES
"I had a valuable mare go lame last Fall, our veterinary treated her for Sweeney but did no good," writes Elva Hollinger, Union City, Ind. "My brother told me about Save-The-Horse. I tried a bottle and with the help of your free book cured her with less than one bottle. The mare couldn't work at all, but after one or two applications of Save-The-Horse I worked her right along."



Veterinary Failed!

"I had a valuable mare go lame last Fall, our veterinary treated her for Sweeney but did no good," writes Elva Hollinger, Union City, Ind. "My brother told me about Save-The-Horse. I tried a bottle and with the help of your free book cured her with less than one bottle. The mare couldn't work at all, but after one or two applications of Save-The-Horse I worked her right along."

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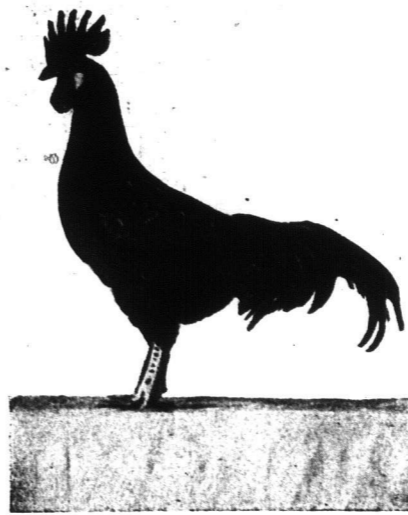
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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

THE month of May is the ideal hatching in this climate, without doubt, and this season many thousands of wee chicks will see the light of day, when the grass is a tender green and the vegetable world is awakening and putting forth tiny shoots through the garden mould.

Incubator chicks do not require a dusting with "the can of insect powder" for a week or so, after hatching, if the brooder prepared for their reception is thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, as it should be, before use, but the hen hatched chicks need to be dusted at once, as the mother hen is almost certain to have some vermin lurking in her feathers after her three weeks of inaction on her nest. A good plan is to take the mother hen aside, and give the hungry old thing a good feed of wheat, or barley and a drink of water when she has enjoyed her first meal for a couple of days. Take the insect powder and generously dust her over, then put her in her coop with the chicks. She will be in a very contented frame of mind and brood her little family properly, and in so doing the insect powder will do its work also. "Little and often" is the old rule for chick feeding, that is, when the birds are 48 hours old. If the eggs have been tested, and infertile ones discarded from the incubator on the seventh or eighth day, these eggs boiled hard and mixed with stale bread crumbs, 1 part of egg (chopped up shell and all) to 3 parts



Winnipeg Poultry Show. 1st Minorca Cockerel 1917 and 1st 1918. Property of R. D. Lang, Stonewall, Man.

of bread (which need not be white), forms a fine food to start chicks on. This, with the ordinary commercial chick feed, and rolled oats fed five times a day, will bring the chicks along splendidly for the first couple of weeks. Very little should be given at one time. A shingle makes a good feeding board, which can be kept nice and clean. The chick feed I have often fed from the first with good results. Out in the country where it may be difficult to get this mixture of grains and seeds, cracked wheat and pin head or rolled oats will take the place of chick feed. Give the chicks a chance to scratch from the first. If the run is on a grassy plot the chick feed can be sprinkled on the tender grass. Bugs and flies, etc., will all be found and gobbled up by the chicks as they grow and thrive. A hopper of dry mash is useful from the start, and the little birds will not eat too much of this combination of dry bran and shorts, and finely chopped barley or oats mixed with charcoal and gritty sand. I do not advise any damp mashes until the chicks are one month old, as "bowel trouble," the only serious ailment in young chicks in the West, to my knowledge, is very likely to make an appearance in the flock. Corn meal bread always makes a good safe food to start chicks on, and is mixed with the hard boiled egg.

Corn meal bread is made as follows: 1 quart meal, 1 teaspoonful soda and 2 cups buttermilk and pinch of salt. Mix well and bake about half an hour, use when a day old. Bake this in small loaves, times a week. This process is cheap

and saves the war bread, though I brush all breadcrumbs from the table, and bread boxes and use these for little chicks, feeding them dry sometimes.

One lady who raised the usual flock on a farm last season told me she did not feed any wheat at all all the season, using chick feed, etc., crumbs, at first and later on finely brushed oats and barley, and when the fall came on whole barley and oats, and her chickens thrived pretty well. I do not advise cutting out wheat altogether from the daily ration. I have better results from wheat, but in these war times it can be used economically, varying the diet as I have suggested. Seltz which used to be grown so much is a special feed for chickens and a good egg producer. No doubt wheat screenings can be utilized if produced on the place, mixed with grain of some kind or crushed to form a mash with shorts. But I should not buy wheat screenings at the price now asked for it for a profitable chicken ration. Many of the weed seeds in screening hens and chicks will not eat at all. The screenings we used to gather from the old-fashioned fanning mill on the farm was fine for the fowls, and I used bushels of it, but the stuff now on the market is very little good for anything.

Clean water should be provided for chicks a couple of times a day, and when an inverted can is turned upside down on a saucer or plate the water will ooze out as needed if a small hole is punched in the side of the can.

Buttermilk, if fresh enough, makes a good drink also for chicks, and they will gain in weight much faster when given buttermilk every day after two weeks of age. Before that I am rather afraid of the milk giving them bowel trouble.

At the M. A. College an experiment was conducted last season; 200 white Leghorn chicks were taken from the incubators the same day, and weighed there was but half ounce difference in their weight. One lot were given only water to drink for nine weeks, whereas the other lot had all the buttermilk they could drink. The daily ration for each was the same as regards food. At the end of nine weeks lot No. 2 weighed 36 lbs. heavier than lot No. 1. This clearly shows the value of buttermilk as a chick developer.

Every week the coop or brooder should be moved to a fresh plot of grass, if possible, and the weekly dusting with insect powder must not be forgotten.

On the farm chicks can pick up their own "beef scrap" in the shape of bugs, frogs and flies, and need nothing more in the shape of animal food, where the chicks are given range enough to go out and forage for themselves. They will eat plenty of grass and tender sprouts. Coarse sand and grit should be available for the growing chicks always.

A Rhyme of Spring

Down by the willow brook
I heard this song in spring,
And so I wrote the words for you
The pussy willows sing.

"Sing a song of pussy-cats
All in a row;
When the sun at morning wakes
We begin to grow.

"When the sun at night goes down,
Pussies go to bed,
Each a little nightcap brown
On her fuzzy head.

"Pussy hugs the willow bough
As Mother Nature taught her,
We'd come down and play with you,
But we're afraid of water."

Down by the willow-brook,
I heard this song in spring,
Go, children, find the sheltered nook,
And hear the pussies sing!
—Mary V. Hobart in Housekeeper.

Asthma Doesn't Wear Off Alone.—Do not make the mistake of waiting for asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger hold, and you live in danger of stronger and more frequent attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early, will prevent its development from becoming chronic and avoid the awful suffering.

Young People

A Perilous Chase

By Franklin Welles Calkins

"The closest call I ever had, I b'lieve," said my old friend, Buck Rayner, who had trapped for fifty-nine years, and who at seventy-eight would have scorned the title of "old," "wasn't in chasing game or hunting Indians, but in chasing a steamer, though Indians enough were mixed in. "I was wintering out those days with Bonhomme, who had a trading-station on the Yellowstone, and another, in charge of Pierre Le Beau, across on the Missouri. Bonhomme owned a little steamer, 'La Belle Julie,' which we called 'The Belle.' One spring, just after she'd pulled out of the Yellowstone landing, bound for St. Louis, a big string of Blackfeet, who'd got disgruntled with the Bay traders, came down from 'cross the line.

"These fellows had a heap of robes and pelts to trade, and Bonhomme wanted his steamer brought back. He picked me to go after her, with two smart horses. He expected me to head 'The Belle' off at Le Beau's, where she was to stop a day for more lading and to wood up.

"I knew I had some pretty hard work cut out for me, and I was off in an hour, riding my best cayuse and leading one of Bonhomme's. Across country was only about one-third the way round by the river; but the steamer would make ten miles an hour day and night, and she had a half-day the start.

"I would have made it all right but for a streak of fearfully hot weather. As it was, I melted down my own horse, and got to the Missouri, which I struck about two miles below Le Beau's, with Bonhomme's best about pegged out.

"And as I reached the bluffs, there was that little steamboat coming down river full tilt, on her way to St. Louis again! I larruped my horse down to the river-bank and swung my coat over my head as the boat went by. Nobody paid the least attention, and I felt disappointed enough. I was to have had a hundred dollars if I brought 'The Belle' back.

"Well, I started to ride up to Le Beau's, crossed a creek in a timber belt, and ran plump into a camp of friendly Rees. Instantly I made up my mind to get a fresh horse and make a dash after 'The Belle.'

"I knew the river was crooked below, and there was a chance for a good horse to overhaul the boat, when I determined they should take me aboard, even if I had to swim out in her front.

"I hustled into the village, found its head man, old Many Bulls, and made my wants known in a jiffy. The chief scowled in thought for a minute or two; then he sent one of his boys into a willow thicket not far off. The boy was gone two or three minutes, and came back leading a black-and-white calico that looked right to me.

"'Him I trade,' said old Many Bulls.

'You give knife, I swap,' he added, pointing to a horn-handled bowie in my sheath.

"To get the leathers off my lathered mount and onto that sleek calico was the work of another minute, and I was off again. When I got up onto the high lands and felt the good firm swing of the Ree pony, carrying me along at a rocking-chair gait and ten miles an hour, I wanted to yell for joy.

"Three or four miles away on my right I could see 'The Belle' crawling along the arm of a long sweep to eastward. After a half-hour of hard running, my calico had proved his wind, and I had settled down to a stern chase with the certainty of success at the end.

"Then unlooked-for things happened. I was riding along the level heights, heading draws and ravines, and with a low butte twenty miles ahead as the goal in

my eye, when a dozen or so of blanket Indians popped out of a gully on my left and two or three hundred yards ahead.

"They were wild fellows of the feathered sort that lone trappers like to steer clear of. The bunch was in position to cut me off on my line of travel. So I lifted from its holster a short-barreled, big-bore rifle, my only shooting-iron in those days, and swung the muzzle around toward them.

"The fellows paid no attention except to go into a kind of commotion. They jogged on toward me, jabbering and seemingly a little excited about something among themselves. I halted them at a respectful distance and sign-talked 'what did they want?' The result was surprising or not, just as a man was seasoned to the life.

"Their head man came on a few paces toward me. Then he opened with his wigwag, and told me that one of his Cheyennes had lost a pony, and that I was riding the animal at that minute. Then he politely requested me to get off and give up the beast. I leveled my rifle at him and spurred the calico.

"For some seconds the bunch sat their horses, undecided; and then, as I was passing, they jerked their bows to the front and let off a flight of arrows. One of the feathered sticks grazed my elbow and chipped my saddle-pommel, and another tore my shirt and made a nasty scratch across one shoulder-blade.

"That was pretty good shooting at a hundred yards and with my horse going like the wind. I turned in my saddle and let a bullet go among them which knocked over a horse, but did no other damage.

"Their prompt attack at such range and in the face of my rifle was a surprise. It was evident now that they wanted my horse alive. They had aimed all their arrows at me. In a twinkling it came to me that for once a bunch of Indians was in the right and I was in the wrong, though unintentionally.

"My pony which old Many Bulls had brought forth from the willow patch was one he had stolen or taken up as a stray,



Comrades (Billy and Fanny)

Grow Your Own Vegetables

CITY people this year must help to grow their own food. Every pound of vegetables that can be produced in home gardens or vacant lots will be a positive addition to the supply of food. Moreover the cultivation of land in city, town and village will leave market gardeners and farmers free to grow wheat and other supplies for export.

It may be that the only contribution which you can make towards relieving the dire food needs of our Allies will be a vegetable garden. If 200,000 families in Canada would cultivate a garden of this kind it would mean a very important aggregate addition to our food supply.

Organized Efforts Will Bring Best Results

Decide here and now to have a war garden. Persuade your neighbors to do the same. All the tools necessary are a spade, rake and hoe. The cost of seeds is a trifle. Grow only standard vegetables, such as potatoes, beans, peas, beets, carrots, parsnips, onions and lettuce.

In Montreal vegetables to the value of \$100,000 were grown on vacant lots last year. Calgary had over 1,100 lots under cultivation, covering an area of 200 acres. Splendid results were achieved in other cities.

There is even greater necessity for war gardens this year. Tremendous interest in the movement is reported from all parts of the Dominion. Are you a member of a vacant lot organization? If none exists in your community, help to organize one.

Home garden and vacant lot cultivation is really needed and may truly be considered a patriotic service.

By growing your own vegetables you can not only perform a patriotic duty, you can also help to control the high cost of living.

Write to your Provincial Department of Agriculture for pamphlets on gardening and any additional information.



CANADA

CANADA FOOD BOARD

Henry D. Ferguson
Chairman



Better Be Safe Than Sorry

"But, Jim, I made my seed bed just as you did and used the same amount and kind of seed—and I used gopher poison, too. Now look at my skinny crop."

"Did you use Kill-Em-Quick?"

"No. Another kind that they told me was just as good and the package was bigger."

"Who is 'they'?"

"That's what the man who sold it said. Nobody around here was using it."

"That's the trouble. You buy a poison because it comes in a big package. The package doesn't count. You want killing power. It's dead gophers that count."

"Any poison will fail sometimes."

"Kill-Em-Quick doesn't, John. I've used it for years and it always killed them for me. I can't afford to experiment. And besides, they will pay back my money, if Kill-Em-Quick doesn't satisfy me."

"What does it cost you?"

"That's not the point. You ought to ask how much it has saved. That is more than you would believe. It has kept my farm free from gophers—and mortgages. My crops are always better than average. Compare mine and yours."

"Your crop will beat mine five or six bushels."

"Multiply that by my acreage. Figure it up. Wheat ought to bring at least \$1.50 this year. See what a lot I've saved. Several hundred times what the Kill-Em-Quick cost. It would be the cheapest at ten times its price for you can depend on it. It makes gophers as scarce as hens' teeth."



Experiments Are Costly, Get the BIG Crop! Use Kill-Em-Quick—It's Sure!

Strongest Endorsement

Kill-Em-Quick is recommended by the Manitoba Agricultural College as the "most effective gopher poison." The Dominion analysis shows it to be the strongest, most concentrated gopher poison sold. Hundreds of Municipalities and Growers' Associations buy it year after year and give it their hearty endorsement. If it were not all it is claimed to be, would it receive this endorsement?

The **Kill-Em-Quick** Guaranteed Gopher Killer

Gopher Poison

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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 Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the trusses, 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 aware 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.

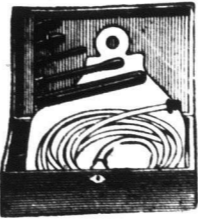
FREE TO THE RUPTURED Trial PLAPAO and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, **Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.**

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and really belonged to one of these wild fellows. That had been the secret of my quick and too easy 'swap.'

"It was nasty enough business any time to have a swarm of hostiles on your trail, but to be chased as a downright horse-thief was galling to the soul.

"And there wasn't any question about the intention of these fellows. They meant to have their horse back and my scalp as the rent on my use of him. They got right after me, though not at top speed. The rascals knew that my mount had had a stiff run and that they could outwind me.

"So they settled down to a stern chase, just crowding me on to nine or ten miles an hour. I reloaded my rifle, cut away my blanket, and let that and my coat fall to the ground.

"I looked for the smoke of the steamer, but there was no sign of it to be seen, though I strained my eyes again and again.

"The chase was leading over a high plain, and the river valley, somewhere off at my left, had sunk out of sight.

"After an hour's run, the butte at which I was aiming seemed no nearer than at the start. I lost confidence in my knowledge of the lay of the land. Behind me the Cheyennes were coming on in a string, four or five within a hundred and fifty yards, the tail-enders a half-mile behind.

"My pony was tiring. He had done at least fifteen miles at a rattling gait. Suddenly he set his forefeet and halted, nearly pitching me over his head. That was his way of saying he had done enough. His flanks were heaving and his knees

off, and if I could stand off the Indians till I could get into the current, I determined to swim for it.

"There was no use trying to find a hiding place. I had not run more than a hundred yards when I heard the yelps of the reds overhead, and knew they had sighted me. They were keeping even pace along the heights of the washout.

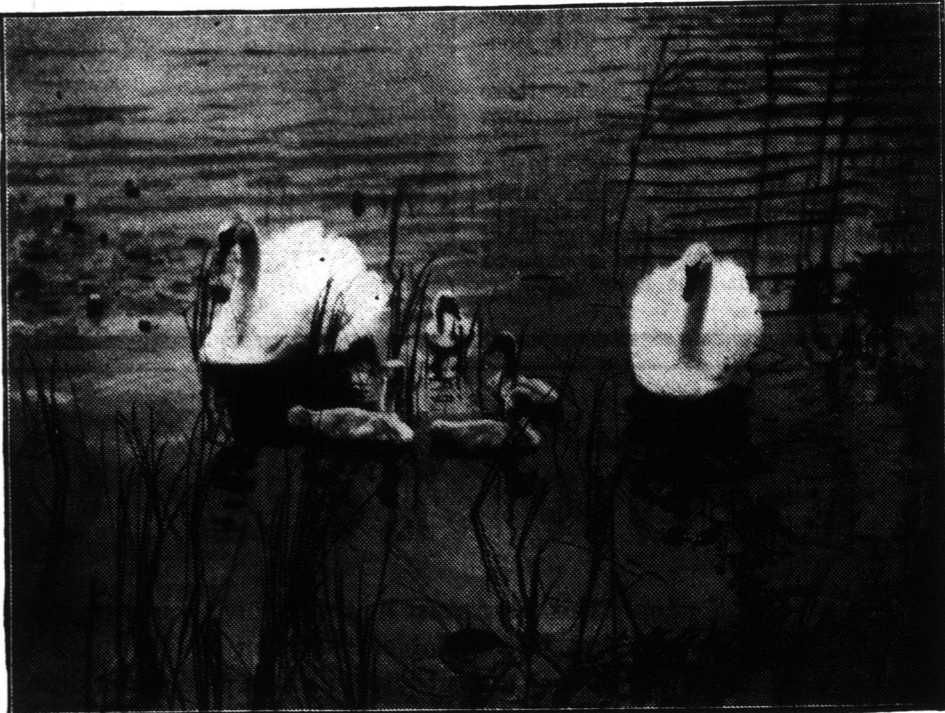
"Three times I saw the dust fly as their arrows struck the near slope on my right. But for fear of my rifle, which of course they didn't know was useless, they would have swarmed into the ditch both above and below.

"When I was nearly out of breath I came upon the mouth of the washout, with the muddy current of the Missouri stretching across fifty feet below. In the same breath I saw a hard, narrow trail upon my left, an antelope trail, where the animals had come around the steep face of a big bank and down to water.

"There was a sharp turn of this path close at hand. Glancing up, I saw that I was out of sight of the reds for the instant. Snatching off my hat, I sent it sailing into the current, then dashed around the curve of that path.

"If I could fool the Indians long enough to round a bend under that high bank, I thought I might slip into the current and get quite a way across before they sighted me. That would lessen the danger from arrows, and once across the river among some cottonwoods over there, I believed they wouldn't swim directly across in the face of my rifle.

"It didn't look as if there was a place



Swans and Cygnets

shook. I jumped off, got behind him, and turned my rifle on the nearest Cheyennes.

"These halted to wait for their crowd to come up. So I gave my mount a couple of minutes to get his breath. I couldn't do more, for the Indians would have circled me in five minutes.

"When I got into the saddle again I knew that something in my favor must happen soon or my chance of saving my scalp was small. I ran the pony another mile, and he was near the end of his endurance. I was looking for some swale or dip into which I could drop to make a last stand, when, in a flash, I came upon one of those deep washouts which supply the Missouri with most of the mud it carries south.

"My horse was staggering, and the nearest Cheyennes were within fifty yards of me when, with a final lift, I pushed the blinded animal into that big ditch. It was a reckless plunge, the desperate choice of a man hurly run to earth.

"My horse and I simply tumbled into the crevasse. The calico lost his feet on the steep slope, and we rolled, slid and plowed, one on either slope of a sharp ridge, to the depths a hundred and fifty feet below. At least I reached the bottom of the washout. I never saw the pony again.

"When I scrambled to my feet and got the dirt out of my eyes, there lay my rifle with its hammer broken off and a cracked stock. I picked up the useless gun and ran down the ditch at top speed. I knew the river would be a great way

very near where they could get their horses into the river. So I took hope again for a minute.

"But the hope was of short duration. When I had passed the first turn of the path I found the bank of the bluff curving in the wrong direction. I ran on for a hundred yards, and the path came to an end. A big slice of stony bluff had caved off and taken the trail with it.

"I hugged the bank and listened for a moment. Soon I heard Indians on the bluff over my head, then others in the mouth of the washout. They had me trapped on that broken path! If I should slip into the current they could shoot their arrows down at me from all along the top of the curve.

"I concluded I might as well die where I was. So I hugged the bank closer and kept an eye out for Indians. I put a fresh percussion cap on my gun tube and picked up a small stone out of the bank for a hammer. By that means I could take a shot and possibly bring down an Indian at close range.

"Two Cheyennes presently put in an appearance, following me along the path. They dodged back out of sight when they saw my gun swing round. Presently I heard them shouting to their fellows on the bluff, who, like themselves, couldn't see me without exposure to my bullet.

"I had two minutes of quiet suspense. Then down came a big boulder, bumping past within five yards of me. More shouts told me that at least two pairs of eyes were watching my position and two tongues were giving directions. Three or

four more big stones came over the bank, and one of them struck within a foot of my head.

"There were acres of boulders and loose stones along the bluffs, and it was necessary to get away from that bombardment quickly. I was just about to slide into the river when the most welcome sound I ever heard rang in my ears—the whistle of the Belle.

"This was followed, like a signal to fire, by the crack of rifles, and I flopped over on my face to see the steamer, a little way above, racing down toward me.

"Her men were behind her wood-ranks, popping at the Cheyennes. Her captain, at the wheel, had seen the Indians on the bluffs, had put up his field-glass to see what they were doing, and had discovered me.

"Well, the Cheyennes were driven off, and I was taken aboard, about as lucky and as tickled a fellow, I reckon, as you

"Close your social promptly and just when people would like to have more of it—they will come to the next one."

A Social for the Stranger

The young folks in our church were anxious to become acquainted with the strangers who frequented the church, so they planned a social for them. Cards were handed to all strangers by the ushers requesting their presence to an "Acquaintance Meeting" to be held on a given date.

Any member of the society failing to bring a stranger with him was fined five cents. If he brought a stranger belonging to another church he was fined ten cents. This feature of the plan induced the members to hunt up strangers.

A folder bearing a facsimile of the Christian flag or the badge of the society giving such a social was provided for

A SONG OF SPRING.

Words by DORA M. HUGHES.

Music by GRACE WARNER.

1. Up, lit-tle chil-dren, bright is the day!
2. High on the branch-es car-ol the birds;

Moderato

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Meet it with pleas-ure for work or for play. Bright is the spring-time;
Ech-oes the rob-in your ju-bi-lant words! Up, lit-tle chil-dren,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

fill it with joy! Greet it with glad-ness, Each girl and boy!
wel-come the spring! Greet it with glad-ness, Sing, gai-ly sing!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ever saw. It's a fact that I hadn't thought of the boat since tumbling into the wash-out, though I should have figured that she was due to be along there in a little while."

A Cluster of Springtime Socials

Let us take time by the forelock and put into our socials after the sun has "crossed the line" some of the brightness and pleasant anticipation that the coming of outdoor pleasures always brings.

"In seating strangers place them, if possible, near the most socially inclined of the members."

"Games lubricate the mind and body."

"Don't get up the kind of social that just pleases you, but the kind that will just please others."

"Don't have all your members busy on committees. Leave a few free to promote sociability."

"Get the best man or woman available to act as chairman."

each guest. Underneath are the words: "This booklet is to be filled with autographs secured at the 'Acquaintance Meeting' of the Young People's Association" (or whatever society gives the social.)

Later the filled folders were collected. A short program was given and refreshments were served; then the social closed with the return of the booklets to their owners, and amid the merriment attending the conferring of the degree B. A. (Become Acquainted) upon the four persons who had secured the greatest number of autographs.

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Army Music

"Discussion has been rampant of late as to what kind of music the men of our new army and navy prefer," says Josef Stransky, leader of the New York Philharmonic Society, in a recent article in the New York Evening Mail. "Much sage advice has been given as to the exact tunes which might safely be used as bait to draw our fighters into an unconscious appreciation of the finer feelings of art. It may be imagined therefore, that it was with something akin to trepidation that the Philharmonic Society recently invaded the training camps of Dix and Upton, armed only with the traditional orchestral instruments and a serious, dignified program of the best music. The outcome of this experiment was a surprise and a delight to everyone concerned. The men were not compelled to attend the concerts, yet they turned out in such numbers that the hall could not accommodate them all. They were not forced to stay through the entire programme, but the only ones who left before the close were those actually ordered out on guard duty.

The experience of hearing three cheers given at the end of Dvorak's New World Symphony was a novel one for the entire orchestra, but this was only a sample of the genuine enthusiasm aroused by the music.

I can truthfully say that I have never conducted for a more appreciative audience than this of our men in khaki. They followed every number with complete absorption and broke into spontaneous applause when it was finished.

It is pleasant to think that some of these men may carry the memory of such symphony concert abroad with them. The psychological effect of music upon soldiers before the battle is generally recognized, and it may be that a little of this effect can be supplied by the orchestral compositions which were among the last things they heard before leaving our shores. "It is a pity that the symphony orchestras cannot give more concerts in the camps. Under the circumstances it should be made as easy as possible for the soldiers and sailors to hear good music when they are in New York or other large cities."

Some Forecasts of After-the-War Music

The Musical Courier has published an interview with Adolfo Betti, which looks beyond the war and endeavors to forecast some of the conditions after the sword has been sheathed. Certain of these are quite interesting. Mr. Betti is no musical pessimist. He says, "after the first stupor preceding a readjustment, people will strive with all their might to overcome depression, and music, the most comforting and the most courage inspiring of the arts, will play its great part in the uplift of men's hearts as only music can play it."

Again he says, "it used to be that people went to concerts because it was the fashion, or from curiosity to see and hear some noted artist largely advertised as being paid an enormous sum for his performances. All that is now entirely changed. People attend concerts because they need to hear music. When one thinks of the change in musical life here within a short time the situation seems with tremendous results."

As to the kind of music that will be written, Mr. Betti is of the opinion that it will be much simpler and less complicated in spirit. Before the war it came from the brains, after the war it will come from the heart in the way he puts it. Music cannot be great without being universal, that is, capable of being understood by everybody. "We have grown used to great orchestras," said Mr. Betti, "and I do not think that we shall ever be content to return, for instance, to the smaller ones of Beethoven's time. On the other hand I do not think that we can go further than the present limit in them."

A Household Medicine. The fact that are quarantined with the stinging agencies of Dr. Chamberlain's Electric Oil. The treatment of many ailments would be made easier if it were possible to use a medicine as effective as Chamberlain's Electric Oil in a simple, safe, and pleasant way. So keep it in hand, and you will be prepared for most unexpected emergencies.

Two concluding observations are that owing to war conditions a great many distinguished European musicians have made their homes on this side of the Atlantic, and they will exercise a direct influence on the quantity and quality of after-the-war music. Also if developments in England are any criterion, there will be a much wider interest taken in chamber music.

Music—The State's Finest Education For Its Children

As far as education is concerned music is in its infancy and it is treated as an infant by educational authorities. That is a statement made by George Sampson, F.R.C.O., Honorary Organist and Adviser to the University of Queensland, by way of introducing a recent address. It is a statement to which exception cannot be taken. But Mr. Sampson does not lay the blame at the door of educationalists. He puts the onus on musicians themselves. Referring to music, he says, "we play with it, toy with it, trifle with it, use weak phrases about it such as a refining influence, a pleasant pastime, an innocent amusement, an elegant accomplishment; and then turn to what we ignorantly think more serious subjects for real education. Until we musicians undertake seriously to put our educational house in order and evolve an educational system based on sound and unanswerable definitions and conclusions, we shall always deserve this neglect. The faith that is in us is founded not on a rock, but on personal likings and emotions."

Mr. Sampson cites what in his opinion are the two outstanding reasons why music is despised and lightly treated by educational authorities. One is the lack of scientific treatment of the subject, i.e., how the study of music actually trains the mind and emotions. The other is that music suffers by being represented by poor, faulty performances. The vast mass of humanity only on rare occasions hear good music adequately performed. Legislators and educationalists do not know music. Can you wonder therefore that music is on the school curriculums as an extra?

Giving the definition, "Music is expression using as its medium musical sounds," the speaker went on to show how the study of music educates in the broad sense that the word education is generally used.

Our Men

(By William Watson)

Our men, they are our stronghold,
Our bastion wall unscathed,
Who, against Hate and Wrong, hold
This realm that never quailed;
Who bear the noblest burden
Life lays on shoulders broad,
Asking not fame or guerdon,
Asking not gold or land.

They go where England speeds them
They laugh and jest at Fate.
They go where England needs them
And dream not they are great.
And oft, 'mid smoke and smother
By blinding warstorm fanned,
Sons of our mighty Mother,
They fall that she may stand.

Our sailors, save when sleeping
The light sleep of the sea,
Their ancient watch are keeping,
Mother, for thine and thee!
They guard thy maiden daughters
From worse than death or pain;
The men who ward the waters,
The men who man the main.

When navies meet and wrestle,
And their vast arms strike home—
Vessel with monstrous vessel
Matched on the flame-lit foam—
What fleet returns in glory?
What fleet makes haste to fly?
O Sea, that knowest our story,
Thou, thou canst best reply!

Then hail to all who gave us
Their might of arm and soul,
Hot and ardent to save us,
To lead and keep us whole;
Whether they serve where yonder
Far-dawning trenches run,
Or where the ocean thunder
Deals with the thundering gun.

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Without Flourish of Trumpet

Miss Darrow paused in her work and looked for a moment out of the school basement window. Across the street floating banners and flaring posters on the exhibition hall announced the opening of the largest bazaar of the season. She sighed as she watched the handsomely dressed women alighting from their carriages and making their way through the curious crowd about the doors into the building.

The work she and the other members of the School Children's Aid Society were doing seemed rather a prosaic and dull affair in contrast to the gaiety and glitter of the bazaar, where fancy costumes, elaborate decorations and gay music made the scene appear more of a fashionable social event than a labor of charity.

"Oh! oh!" she cried.

"What is it?" asked a friend who was tying bundles near her.

"I thought for an instant that a little boy was going to be run over by an automobile, but a policeman snatched him away just in time. It gave me a dreadful fright," said Miss Darrow, turning from the window and beginning again to count out the comfortable little dresses and suits with which the society clothed the poor children of the great city who otherwise would not have been able to attend school.

Thoroughly engrossed, she did not notice the entrance of a policeman and a small ragged boy until she heard some one say:

"Ask Miss Darrow; she is our president."

The officer touched his helmet respect-

True Values

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going, Crumbling away beneath our very feet; Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing In current unperceived, because so fleet. Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,—

But tares self-sown, have over-topped the wheat; Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,—

And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet;

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;

And sweet is middle life, for it has left us A nearer good to cure an older ill;

And sweet are all things when we learn to prize them Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

Aubrey de Vere.

Priceless

Mr. and Mrs. Glenwood sat with a sadly discomfited air in the neighbor's house which had sheltered them since their own home had burned.

Mr. Munn, the insurance adjuster, who had come to settle the loss for the company in which the property had been insured, looked at them a little impatiently. He found it hard to deal with these old people, who gently disagreed with each other on the number and value of the articles destroyed, and who corrected, in-



A raiding party—Eleven Scotch terriers of various kinds.

fully as Miss Darrow stepped toward him. "This little chap came pretty near being run down by an auto just now," he began.

"Yes, I saw you rescue him," she said, including both the policeman and the boy in her pleasant smile.

"Well, when I dragged him away and took a good look at him, I saw he wanted a little more covering for this kind of chilly weather, and I've brought him here to see what you can do. He hasn't any folks to buy him clothes, and he's pretty young yet to make much selling papers, although he manages to pay his board at the news-boys' home.

"I said to that woman who came so near fixing him by her careless running of her auto that he wouldn't ever need clothes again, that I was going to let you ladies have a chance to fit him out. She told me that she was working for charity in the bazaar, and she seemed to think she was doing somebody a great favor by selling gewgaws one day in the year.

"I asked her to come in here with me and see where good people worked hard one day in every week without any dancing or flowers or brass bands. But she wouldn't come. I guess she didn't care to know what real charity is. She likes the noisy kind better."

"We must each help in our own way," said Miss Darrow, sweetly.

"Yes, maybe so," was the policeman's reply. "but I like your steady, quiet way best myself. Here, bub, thank the ladies for all these nice clothes."

As he and the beaming child departed Miss Darrow looked at her fellow workers with shining eyes, and said, "How great are the rewards for our service!"

errupted and reminded one another so frequently that it was almost impossible for him to make an estimate of the amount due them.

"Now," he said, after listening to a tedious discussion as to whether the parlor set of haircloth furniture had cost seventy or eighty dollars when new, "I want to know if there is anything you haven't mentioned, for I must have a complete list of everything that burned to send in to the company with my report."

"Do you remember anything else, Susan?" Mr. Glenwood asked his wife.

"Why, yes, James, there was Annie's little trunk in the attic," she answered, softly, and a far-away look came into both her and her husband's eyes as their hands involuntarily met.

"What was the value of the trunk?" asked Mr. Munn, breaking the momentary silence.

"Value?" repeated Mr. Glenwood, tremulously. "Well, I know your company is worth millions of dollars, but I can tell you that there isn't enough money in all the insurance companies in the land to pay us for the toys and keepsakes we laid away in that trunk years ago, when we lost our one little girl."

A newly rich man, with more money than education, recently sent to a bookseller the following order for library furnishings: "I have sixty feet of shelving. I want ten feet of poetry, ten feet of history, ten feet of science, ten feet of religion, the same of novels, and you may fill up the rest with any kind of books."

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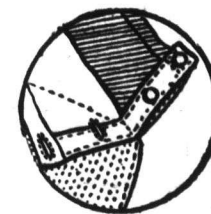
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Fashions and Patterns

A Pretty Summer Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. 2154—Organdy dimity, shantung and foulard are nice for this model. The waist fronts are finished in surplice style. The skirt has plaited panels and gathered fulness over the hips. Jaunty pockets afford a practical

and suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in seven 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 15 cents in silver or stamps. A Natty Suit for the Small Boy. 2391—For this model one could use serge or cheviot, velvet or corduroy, galatea, drill, linen, cotton corduroy or gingham. The trousers are finished in "knicker" style. The belt is slipped through openings in the fronts. This pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents, in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. 2390—This model has full skirt portions joined to a square yoke. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The bolero may be omitted. Batiste, voile, linen, lawn, gingham, chambray, percale, silk and pique are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Suggestion for Your New Gown. Waist 2392, skirt 2400—The pretty soft crepes, the new foulards and the smart gingham, linens and shantungs are all admirably suited to this style. It is also nice for combinations of material, and perhaps you could remodel a last season's frock on these lines. Waist and skirt lend themselves nicely to separate finish. The skirt of cloth or linen taffeta or crepe will look well with a waist of matched color in some contrasting material. As so little trimming is now required, just a bit of bead embroidery, a touch of bright color or a little lace is all that you need. The waist pattern, 2392, is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt, 2400, is also cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The entire dress will require 8 5/8 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. The skirt portion measures about 1 3/4 yard at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Good School Dress for the Growing Girl. 2394—Striped seersucker, gingham, percale, galatea, linen, khaki, voile, taffeta, foulard, serge and gabardine are nice for this model. The skirt is a three-piece model joined to the gathered waist. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good and Practical Model. 2387—This style is nice for percale, drill, gingham seersucker, linen and alpaca. It has ample pockets and the fulness is held over sides and back by a belt. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal Play Suit and Comfortable School Dress. 2069—In cool lawn or dimity, serviceable gingham or seersucker, this model will be very desirable. It is also nice for pique, linen, drill, corduroy, repp and poplin; likewise good for serge, voile and gabardine. It may have a collar or be finished with cool, square neck outline, have wrist length sleeves with a band cuff or short sleeves. The bloomers are cut with comfortable fulness and will take the place of underskirts. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the bloomers of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Dress for Mother's Girl. 2413—This is a good model for wash fabrics, for plain and figured voile, for silk, gabardine, serge, checked and plaid suiting. The dress is made to slip over the head. It has a two-piece, gathered skirt joined to the waist. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Smart Design. 2401—Serge, voile, linen, gabardine, gingham, chambray khaki, shantung and foulard are nice for this model. The waist is finished with a vest or plastron under which the closing



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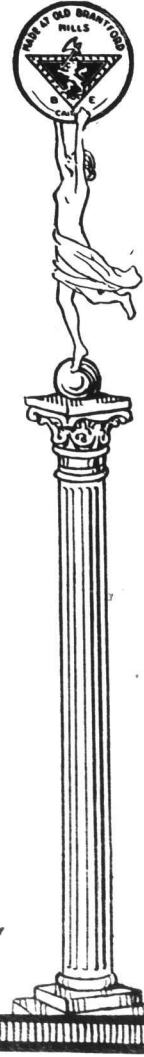
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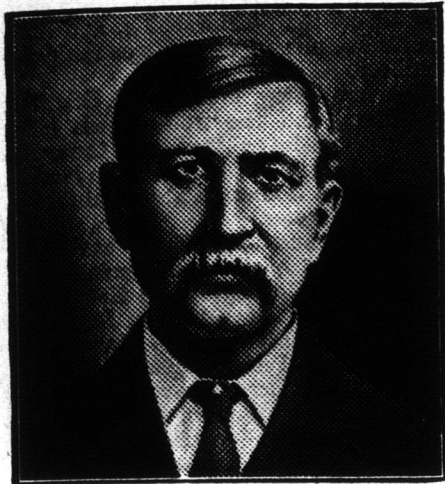
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Such women should profit by Mrs. Chubbuck's experience and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find relief from their sufferings as she did.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

is effected. There are two styles of sleeve. The skirt has straight, graceful lines with plaits in back and front. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Spring Suit. 2423—This excellent model has a blouse finished with surplice fronts. The skirt is a two-piece model. As here illustrated, white serge was used with trimming of black and white checked satin. Gingham, chambray, linen and shantung would also be nice for this style. Skirt and blouse may be used separately. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration

measures 1 1/2 yard at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty and Practical Style. 2426—The guimpe could be of lawn, batiste or dimity, and the overdress of gingham, percale, challie, silk or other seasonable materials. This is a very desirable model, especially nice for spring and summer. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the guimpe. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Group of Smart Dress Decorations. 2440—You will find here a smart vest or "waist coat" for wear under your new tailored suit. A pretty plastron collar, and a stylish girdle. For the vest, satin, linen or silk are attractive, for the girdle the same materials may be used. The



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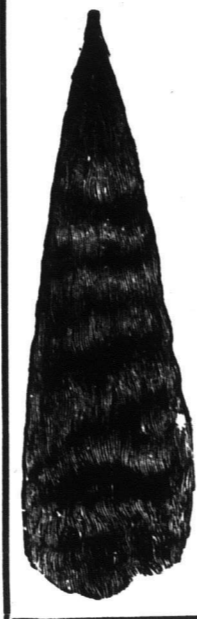
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1945—Child's set of short clothes. This model comprises a simple dress with round yoke and long or short sleeves, a style of drawers comfortable and practical, and a slip with added skirt portion at the back and with or without ruffle. Cambric lawn and muslin are good for the slip. For the dress, batiste, lawn, cambric, percale, flannelette, challie or cashmere could be used. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 years, 3 years and 4 years. It will require for the dress, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, for the drawers 3/4 yard, for the slip 1 1/2 yard, for a 2-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2033—A simple play dress with lower edge arranged for romper style. This practical and comfortable garment is ideal for warm days. The fulness is held at the waist by a belt, which may be omitted if not desired. The skirt portion is finished at the lower edge with an extension that buttons over the front to form rompers, this extension, if dress style is desired, may be cut away. Gingham, percale, lawn, chambray, galatea, drill, repp, poplin, crepe and voile are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Comfortable Model. 2419—This will be nice for gingham, percale, seersucker, chambray, linene, linen or khaki. It is also good for lawn, voile and crepe. The waist fronts are closed over a stay. The skirt is straight and gathered. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. This pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Mary and Martha

"I don't suppose it would be strictly true if I should say that there is any passage of Scripture which Aunt Clarinda really dislikes," said Molly, "but there is at least one which yields her no comfort, and that is the commendation of Mary of Bethany. Martha is her ideal Christian. And that's the root of all our difficulty. Aunt Clarinda is good and kind, but she is utterly matter of fact, and has no patience with matters of sentiment."

It happened not long afterward that Aunt Clarinda gave her own views of Mary and Martha, and in form something like this:

"Of course I know it's all right, but I never could understand it. It would just seem to me that the Lord ought to have told Mary to run along and help her sister."

"It's no wonder Martha fretted. Like as not the hired girl had left without warning just when company was coming, and everything to do at once, and the cookies burning in the oven, and Mary off there, wasting her time. I don't wonder Martha fretted!"

It was the harder for Aunt Clarinda because she was living it over a second time. Her sister Julia had been the "Mary" of her girlhood home; and when Julia died, she had taken Molly. No mother could have been more kind, but as Molly grew up she was her mother over again.

She would sweep if told to do so, but while waiting till it was time to dust, would sit at the piano in her dusting-cap and apron, and forget that any dusting needed to be done. She would call down the stairs that she would be ready in "just a minute," and nibble the end of her penholder for an hour, while her aunt fretted over the unwashed dishes.

It was little wonder that her aunt's dislike of music and writing grew more, rather than less. A letter meant to her some household duty neglected; the piano was the scapegoat for no end of domestic dereliction. Molly wrote long letters and many of them, and sometimes wrote matter for publication; and Aunt Clarinda was not without some remote pride in her niece's ability; but the two lacked sympathy each with the other's ideals.

How pleasant it would be to invent an ending for the story, and tell how the young girl became more domestic and thoughtful, and her aunt came to share

in the enjoyment of music and poetry! Indeed, that is almost true; for they were good women, and each honestly endeavored to put herself in the other's place and do her own duty. Yet the older woman is still cumbered with much serving, a model housekeeper, looking well to the ways of her household, and eating not the bread of idleness; and the younger one, in spite of occasional reformations and good resolutions and much gratitude and real love for the aunt who has been a mother to her, has her real interest in other things than dishwashing, and cares little for the piecing of quilts or the darning of hose.

There are many homes with Marthas and Marys, and the world needs both. It is a cruel misinterpretation of the gentle rebuke of Jesus which would make Martha an unspiritual woman, a mere foil for the virtues of her sister.

The world and the Master have been blessed by the gracious ministrations of the Marthas of all ages; and the world's perpetual need of comfort and help justifies the eager listening of Mary for the words that tell of life's higher blessings.

Ten thousand homes have the problem which the Lord found in the hospitable house in Bethany. Well will it be for them all if Mary can learn a little more consideration without the loss of her high ideals, and Martha can learn to carry her burdens without fretting, and can bring herself to share a little in the aspirations of Mary.

Especially will it be well if they can learn that lesson of patience with each other's temperaments and ideals by means of which it is the purpose of the Lord to bring unity of spirit out of diversity of gifts.

Killed in Action

A Mother to Her Son

I pleaded long, and sternly fought despair
Through nights that seemed unending,
and I strove

By prayer to climb the way
To dizzy Heaven. And sweetly echoing
I heard the anthems that the angels sing;
And thus my frail petition, faltering there,
Turned, overawed, astray.

Jesting he sailed—I hid a stricken heart—
Into that frenzied Hell which mocks the sun

And God's vast tenderness!
Soon, in the skies of April, larks shall wing
And chant sweet orisons in vain for him—
A warrior fallen. Mine the sterner part
To bear my loneliness.

Farewell! Unvanquished, deathless in
my soul,
Faith whispers comfort—till my Being
thrills

And Hope quiescent stirs—
Then sorrow routed flees. With clearer
sight
I see him girt in shining mail—a Knight
(Peal now exultantly, ye bells that toll)
Whom God hath given spurs.

Yale "Book of Verse."

What is to Come

(By W. E. Henley)

What is to come we know not. But
we know
That what has been was good—was good
to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to fear.
We are the masters of the days that were:
We have lived, we have loved, we have
suffered
even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the
flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—
Dear, though it spoil and break us! need
we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and
wildest blow;
Or the cold weather round us mellow
slow:
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can
dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not
share
In the rich quiet of the after-glow
What is to come.

**HAD WORST CASE OF
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Although generally described as a disease, constipation can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular evacuation of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have no equal for relieving and curing constipation and all its allied troubles.

Mrs. F. Martin, Prince Albert, Sask., writes:—"I had one of the worst cases of constipation my doctor said he had ever known, and Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of it. My father-in-law had used them, in fact he was the one who gave them to me. A number of people around here use them, and they all say that they are the best pills they ever used."

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Sunday Reading

Forsaking All
By Rev. Dr. Stone

This was indispensable to our becoming disciples. It is indispensable to our continuing disciples. We are not to look upon it as a demand once for all complied with years ago, and of no more vital and binding force. As we could not go to Christ at first without fulfilling this word, so we cannot to-day, or any day, be true servants and followers of the Master without abiding in this spirit and habit of utmost self-renunciation.

We are, then, to feel habitually that we have nothing of our own. All idea of proprietary rights we are to relinquish: How hard it is to give up the use of the possessive personal pronoun "my" and "mine!" But this is precisely what we have to do. My body is near to me and a part of me, but I do not own it; it belongs to Christ, and He asks me to relinquish my claim to it and make it freely over to Him. If these hands are mine I shall be apt to feel that I may employ them in what tasks I will. If these feet are mine I shall very likely argue that I may send them on what errands I will. If these muscles are mine I may bid them lift, and tug, and bear burdens solely for my pleasure and profit. But if I have renounced all ownership of hands, and feet, and sinews; if I have written Jesus' name on all my flesh as rightful possessor of the whole, then it is for Him to say how this body, which is His, shall be employed. So it is also with the faculties of my mind and the feelings and affections of my heart. They are not mine, and I may not use them except to please and honour their Divine Proprietor. And I must not speak of my time as though I could devote the passing hours to what pursuit I will, nor of my silver and gold as though I could appropriate them to satisfy the longings of my own imperious desire.

And when the selfish counter pleas, that oppose the claims of the rightful Master, solicit my consent; when ambition is importunate for its crown, and appetite for its sweet relishes, and passion for its coarse gluttony; when the love of ease, and the craving for pleasure, and the thirst for gold demand indulgence, I may not listen to these earthly voices; I must hear only the one Divine call that bids me forsake all I have in devotion to this new Master. I must suffer even the tenderness of human affection, the dear household ties, to plead with me in vain if they obscure the face and silence the voice of Jesus.

And this renunciation of all must be made in the conviction that there is no use we can possibly make of ourselves and of what we have that can be so sweet, so wise, and so fruitful of good and of blessing as to lay the whole down at Jesus' feet to be employed in His service and for His glory. And it is to be done in the faith that we do not impoverish ourselves in such a surrender. We do not serve a hard Master. The Lord will provide. He knoweth our frame and all our needs. It is safe and blessed, even so far as our earthly experience is concerned, to reserve nothing and to trust for everything

Debt

It is everywhere. On the merchant's stock of goods. On the house you live in. On the church you worship in. On the chapel you pray in. On the village. On the town. On the city. On railways. On canals. On private enterprises. On public works and improvements. Often debt is carried on the back. Often worn on the head. Often fitted to the feet. It is met with on the church Bible. On the hymn-books. The minister often carries a load of it. Newspapers carry it. It is the world's curse, and has well been pronounced to be "the devil's saddle." It sticks like a plaster. It is ugly to look at close by. But it is not without a perspective of beauty. In fact, distance lends it enchantment—but it is never returned. Debt exists in two forms collectible and non-collectible. One debt is always collectible. You can't shirk it. No phase of the subjunctive mood governs it. It must, shall, will, be paid. It is the great debt of Nature. One debt you never can pay. It is the debt of everlasting Love. And you can't even reduce it in all eternity. It is the only debt that is a

blessing. The only form of obligation where it is more blessed to owe than to pay. If you are not in this debt, the quicker you get into it the better. Do it now. By-and-by heaven. And then, hurrah!—Dr. Talmage.

Fragments Not to Be Lost

Faith in general is the sight of spiritual things; religious faith is the sight of God in His works and His providence; Christian faith is the sight of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Thus faith in general produces spirituality; faith in God produces religion; faith in Christ produces the Christian life.

If Christian people would make conscience of their work, and do that work just where Providence has placed them, they would be more happy and useful, and their homes and churches would brighten with blessings which can never come while they till other fields to the neglect of their own.

Above all let me mind my own personal work; to keep myself pure, and zealous and believing; labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.

Perhaps the greatest good next to doing good to your "neighbor" is, to benefit your enemy. But some people heap coals of fire on their enemy's head to scorch him, thus making use of a Christian precept to do evil.

The heights of earthly promotion and glory lift us no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of humiliation and sorrow.

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Saved By the Telephone

The wedding guests had assembled, the preacher was in readiness, and it lacked but fifteen minutes of the time appointed for the ceremony, when the young man in the case appeared at the door of the parlor and called the preacher out.

"Mr. Stedman," he said, "I'm in a terrible fix. I forgot to bring the license. I left it at home in my other coat."

"That is very unfortunate," the minister answered. "I can't marry you without it. Isn't there some way of getting it here?"

"Not in time!" groaned the hapless bridegroom elect. "The boarding-house where I've been living is ten miles from here. It would take two hours to go and get it."

The preacher reflected a moment. "Can we reach the place by telephone?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."
Two minutes later they were standing before a telephone in another room, and the young man was conversing with the landlady of his boarding-house.

"Mrs. Guernsey," he said, "will you please go up to my room, take a folded paper out of the inside pocket of a coat that hangs up in my closet, and bring it back with you to the phone? Hello, Central! Don't cut us off!"

Presently Mrs. Guernsey reported that she had found the document.

"Thank you," he said. "The Rev. Mr. Stedman will carry on the rest of this conversation with you."

He handed the receiver to the preacher, who asked:

"Are you this young man's landlady, madam?"

"Yes, sir," she said
"Will you please open and read to me the paper you hold in your hand, or tell me what it is?"

"It's a marriage license, authorizing any clergyman or other lawfully qualified person to solemnize the marriage of George H. Bellmore and Ida Travers."

"Is it dated, signed and sealed?"

"It is, sir."
"Thank you very much. Now call a messenger and send the license here by the swiftest mode of travelling at once. That will do. Good-bye!"

"Now, Mr. Bellmore," he said, "there need be no delay in the ceremony. We will proceed with it, and when that license comes I will examine it, and if there is any apparent informality in this arrangement I will marry you again after the company has gone."

**SHARP PAINS
SHOT
THROUGH HEART.**

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it.

Every once in a while a pain will shoot through the heart, but little attention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent.

There is only one cure for the weak heart and that is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Spanking doesn't cure bed-wetting—the trouble is due to weakness of the internal organs. My successful home treatment will be found helpful. Send no money, but write me today. My treatment is equally successful for adults, troubled with urinary difficulties.
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Advertisement on Page 40

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No. 8000. A hame for extra heavy, hard, rough work. Two-piece, reinforced.

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The Sportswoman

Perhaps it is the conservatism of the male sex that induces narrowness in the point of view, but it seems to be a fact that the athletic girl is an attractive creature, and that the sportswoman is not. The man feels that the best possibilities of womanhood still lie before the athletic girl, and that the sportswoman has definitely rejected them. And one risk that the athletic girl runs is that of becoming the rather unlovely creature indicated by the phrase, the sportswoman. It calls up the picture of a middle-aged, red-faced, hard-featured woman, loud of voice and bold of eye, whose pre-occupations are aggressively, even greedily, those of one who is out to win; who has unquestionably physical courage of an admirable sort, but with it also an unfeminine roughness.

For a woman to do abnormally well things in which men are accustomed to excel seems to carry with it penalties. It is human to try to surpass your own best achievements, and most to enjoy doing that which you do best. So the woman who can beat all her women friends at tennis or at cross-country riding is likely to want to pursue those recreations with men, who in skill and strength are more nearly her peers; and to cope with men she hardens her muscles, shortens her skirt, even, for the sake of horsemanship, adopts breeches, flings herself into the attack with an extraordinary ardor, and derives an intoxicating sense of the joy of competition that is perhaps the most defeminizing influence in the world.

From the man's point of view it is all too militant. Men do not like to have what they have been accustomed to regard as especially their domain invaded and an attempt made to take away their prizes. But greater than any dread of suffering ignominious defeat at the hands of the invader is their discomfort in their inability to adopt their usually chivalrous point of view. Toward the Amazon a man can show only the same kind of chivalry that he shows toward another man—the chivalry of the sportsman. And the chivalry of a man toward a woman ought to be of a finer quality

Forgotten

By Constance Fenimore Woolson

Once looking through a little sheaf
Of papers stored from girlhood's years,
I chanced upon a faded leaf,
And read, half smiling, half in tears

This legend on the wrapping set
In delicate girl-writing small:
"Never this day, this leaf forget;"
And, lo! I had forgot it all.

Nor could I think with all my care
What it did ever mean, and so
I slowly let the summer air
Waft it away, and watched it go

With dreaming gaze. And is it thus,
I mused, with this world's joy and grief?
"Never forget," it seems to us,
As I wrote on my little leaf:

When, lo! without our knowledge, curled
Our scroll of earth; its story small
Comes not into that higher world;
Besides—we have forgot it all!

A Little Every Day

Children should be taught to joy in other's joy, and thus widen their moral pleasure-grounds. It is true that God alone can impart the heavenly principle of love; but should the blessing not come in immediate answer to the prayers of Christian parents, still should the child be taught to go in the way of duty, and, if it may be so expressed, tread with its little footsteps a channel in which streams of Divine love may yet flow.

The longest life is made up of simple days—few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at the last. The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children therefore look after the days—one day at a time—and put into each one something that will last—something worth doing, something worth remembering, something worth imitating by those who follow us.

Dependables and their Work

Dr. Elsie Inglis-Women Mmunition Workers

Dependability is winning the war. That sounds good but not too good to be true. Facts warrant the assertion. The great question that faces every woman to-day is: "How many dependables are there and how do I rank?" The answer to that question shows just how near each one is to the firing line. Women are, to-day, an integral part of the army and navy and are just back of the firing line in France. The reason is because they are dependables.

Some one will say: Oh! but I do not count! I can't do anything but knit and sew. It takes brains to be a dependable. "Right you are about the brains but as wrong as can be about your not counting. The war would long since have been won by Germany had there not been, right here in Canada, an immense army of dependables stretching all the way from Labrador to Alaska and every one of them knitting and serving in the way known only to dependables. That endless stream of Red Cross supplies that started as soon as war was declared and has never slackened is testimony enough to the existence of dependables in Canada. The comforts for soldiers bear witness to the fact that there is a dependable generosity in Canada which links it right up to the trenches in spite of the intervening Atlantic.

Being a dependable consists in the determination to be a dependable. It was that one thing that marked the difference between Dr. Elsie Inglis, who died last November, and thousands of other women of equal ability and training. It was her dependability which caused her to accomplish a task which will forever be the highwater mark of a Scottish woman's devotion to duty and humanity. It was nothing but dependability that enabled her to lead 8,000 Serbian soldiers safely to England from Roumania by a circuitous route through Finland because of possible ambush laid by the revolting Russians. Transportation, nursing, supplies, everything was superintended by this capable woman, and when the end was gained she paid for the success with her life.

"For every shell you fail to send over ten of us are killed," was the message from the trenches soon after the war began. Germany was sending ten shells to our one. English women read the message and read between the lines also. They know that, sooner or later, it would be their work, their privilege to make those shells. Without even waiting to make sure that anyone else felt as they did about the matter they began preparing themselves to make munitions. They trained along the same lines as men. They were skilled workers when the munition factories opened their doors to women. There is the secret of the wonderful work of support and substitution carried on by British women the world over. They trained themselves and became dependable. One million English women volunteered for munitions making and Canada answered with her thousands of dependables.

The world with difficulty accustomed itself to the thought of women facing real danger and doing arduous work. Women faced it because of some loved one in the trenches or some grave "over there." Scarcely had the army of munition workers commenced its magnificent work when another army of a quarter million organized to do whole or part-time work on the land. The same spirit of dependability that guided the other women workers characterized this new body. They prepared themselves for the work in hand and resolved to "see it through." Last summer saw the beginning of a land army of women in Canada and the coming summer will witness both an increase in the number of workers and a taking on of more kinds of work because of wide spread organization.

To-day, in England there is almost no branch of work in which women are not employed and in no place have they failed to make good. The quality of their work is excellent and, in some cases, the output has more than doubled that of men. Even quarrying and mining are open to women to-day and, in Canada the same condition will exist if the war continues. But every one knows that the Canadian woman is a real dependable.

Occasionally a man's sins find him out at the elbows.

Physiolo

Written
By Dr.
M.A., M.

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The Home Doctor

Physiological Basis for Superstition
 Written for The Western Home Monthly
 By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B.
 M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Epictetus, that wise old earthling of days gone by, held that apparitions are of four kinds. Things are either what they appear to be as a mist or a transparent cloud; or they neither are, nor appear to be; or they are, and do not appear to be; or they are not, and yet appear to be. If your sense organs are all in health enough to take in their proper objects, you will not judge a horse by its harness, or a thing by its mere appearance.

Look how you can, or sad or merrily, interpretation will err more often than be correct. There is no vice so simple, but assumes some mark of virtue on its outward parts. In morality and ethics, there is no damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text.

Just as many men are better than they seem, supposed superstitions and apparent manifestations of the supernatural or super-normal actually have a form and basis of the unsensed, unperceived world of reality in them. Man is imperfect and in need of more senses as well as greater perfection in the hundred senses God decided to give him, in order to discover many realities under the apparitions. He considers spirits, ghosts and other uncanny figments.

Dr. Tom A. Williams, of Washington D.C., however, maintains that there is an instinct or craving for the supernatural in human nature. He has just announced that this craving is a sign of a physiological need.

In accord with these studies, any craving is a sense phenomenon of which you may or may not be aware. Usually you are innocently and blissfully unconscious of it, yet in disturbance of the thyroid and other glands, there may occur a crude, intangible recognition of the condition.

Something seems to be the matter. You are restless or fixed in a store. Emotional excitement may appear. Your craving may induce shortness of breath, whether it be an instinct or an acquired memory, the fact remains that craving comes from some need or some missing satisfaction of the living creature.

Physiological discomfort is, therefore, present, and physiological discomfort is the evidence that some experience in the past of the race or of the individual is absent and a need of it felt.

Now an influence, according to Dr. Williams, which has been of vast importance to human beings since the time the memory of man runs not to the contrary, has been the testimony of a universe so gargantuan that man recognizes the limitations of his senses and judgments to reckon with it.

The ever present insistence of this large fact as an ultimate end of human endeavor, is over and above religion, authority or blind obedience to an inspired word. All of the inconvenient questionings and scepticisms and dogmatisms on this earth cannot submerge the plain evidence of our own fallible senses, to wit, that there are more realities, more solid truths inaccessible to the common senses than there are at hand ready for them. Dr. Williams does not take this view but misjudges his own discoveries and leap into a tirade against "arbitrary interpretations of supernature," whatever that may mean.

The facts, however, are these. Man and many animals, notably the opossum and the rat—is a curious creature. His nose may have only a few senses, such as smell and touch, but it goes on probing inquisitively into the universe with an understanding that there are more things in heaven and earth than was ever dreamt of in anyone's philosophy, a philosophy, necessarily shy of facts, because human limitations mean a lack of senses necessary to take in myriads of certain though unperceived facts.

All of which is philosophical and not "psychical researchical." Obviously then, an appetite to sense more things in the world than we have senses with which to catch or perceive them, is to be expected. It is no more a blind struggle than is your wish to eat, to see, to play athletic games.

At the thumb stretching and word juggling possible cannot dispute the

physiological basis of a craving for the unknown and the hidden. The chance or accidental principle that it takes the form of a belief in spirits, ghosts, spectres and other super-normal and unreal immaterialities, is unimportant.

Indeed, this is confirmation of human ignorance and deficiency, and merely indicates that the credulity which is associated with unsophistication, is a human state of curiosity necessary to convert a want of experience, ignorance, into new truths or knowledge.

The appetite for the comfort of knowledge to replace the discomfort of its "felt-want," is given testimony in such universal observation as the expanse of "the heavens proclaim the glory of God." This is a religious ecstasy, which makes you crave a realization of something which you cannot directly sense, but which you intuitively conceive.

Evidently this is the physiological origin of religious feeling. The unsatisfied craving or appetite generates by incomplete, faulty and too few senses explains the conviction intuitively obtained that there will always be more to know, more facts to garner than facts known.

If there is added to this fundamental craving the emotions of veneration, glorification, fear, horror and super-hero worship of the unknown, the first principles and elements of religious experience is obtainable. This germ of true religion seems to have its abiding place as much in savage and as in civilized man, as far back as history and tradition reach as well as universally at this moment.

When reason is applied, logic learned, ethics developed and philosophy unravelled, the doctrine and proofs of religion become firmly planted upon its physiological stronghold. Their misapplication into realms of the mystical, the superstitious, the bizarre, science, religious, and what not, are mere rambles and pilgrimages into byways and blind alleys. These do not alter the essence of the condition, to wit, a definite, physiological reaching out and craving for infinity, a Supreme Being.

To love, to taste the sail's divine delight, Of loving some most lovely soul or sight To worship still, though never an answering sign Should come from the Great Beyond within the shrine.

Hints for the Sick Room

When a woman thinks of making deliberate choice of the profession of a sick-nurse, she can, of course, take into careful consideration if her character and temperament are or are not suited for so arduous and trying an avocation. No peculiarities of character or temperament can exempt a woman from being called upon by the plain voice of duty, at one time or another of her life, to take her stand by the bedside of one dear to her, and soothe as best she may many a weary hour of restlessness and pain. And all women should train themselves to possess self-control, calmness, and courage. As they strive to acquire a certain amount of knowledge of the cares and duties of the sickroom, let them not shrink from hearing the details of this or that form of suffering and disease, but gladly and readily offer help, when they rightly and safely can, outside the bounds of their own immediate home circle. Let them rejoice in any fitting opportunity that may come in their way of perfecting themselves in this, the highest and holiest of woman's duties, so that when their own time of trial comes they may not fail! Taking it for granted that there are many who will gladly take a few plain and practical hints on this subject, I shall condense the result of a somewhat long and wide experience into a short space.

It is in things which of themselves appear trifling, and even insignificant, that the comfort of a sick-room is made or marred. For instance, an energetic and amiably-intentioned person places a cold pillow beneath the shoulders of a patient suffering from pneumonia, that is, inflammation of the lungs; a fit of coughing, perhaps a restless night, is the result.

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor; "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

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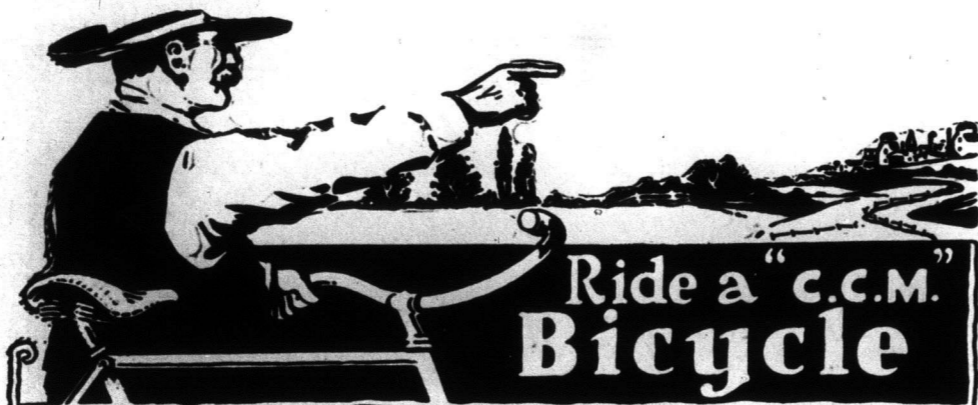
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SPECIAL NOTICE

We will also include free and postpaid to the first five hundred people answering this advertisement the famous Canadian war picture, "The Charge of the Canadians at Ypres." This is a picture of a real war scene, and has been immortalized by the great British artist, R. Caton Woodville. Take advantage of this Great Bargain Offer to-day.

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Correspondence

Greatest Friendship for the Canadians

Dear Sir:—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time now. It is sent me from a friend of my brother who was out farming in Manitoba before the war broke out. He has been out in France two years now, and I have sent out The Western Home Monthly to him every month. He is greatly interested in it and it has helped him to pass many a weary hour. Indeed, he looks forward to it with great pleasure and he is greatly indebted to his kind friend in Canada. We have just received The Monthly again. I always read the Correspondence Column with great interest. I noticed a letter from English Peggy so I just thought I would like to let you know how we appreciate your magazine in our home. Indeed this war has linked us closer than ever to Canada. We have crowds of soldiers from every country spending their leave here, but we have the greatest friendship of all for the Canadians, so many of the Scotch boys being among them. If you think any boy or girl out West would care to correspond with me, I should be only too pleased. I am twenty years of age and as many of the letters in your paper seem to be from girls and boys of that age, I hope you will forgive me for taking the liberty of writing to you. Yours truly,
An Edinburgh Girl.

Note—Will Edinburgh Girl kindly send her name and address to the editor so that any correspondence intended for her can be re-addressed.

I am living on a farm all alone and find it hard to pass away the winter months and do a lot of reading to pass away the time.

There is a subject I should like to hear discussed in your columns, "Does love grow less after marriage." From what I have seen it seems that a couple before marriage can be madly in love with each other but after about five years of married life they very seldom even kiss one another. Is it true that marriage kills love? Now let us hear from some of those who have experience on this subject as I being single can only speak of what I have seen. I should like to have some letters from the fair sex of my own age, 20.

"A Western Bach."

Discharged Soldier

Dear Editor:—Although not a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I have the pleasure of being one of its readers, as my father has been a subscriber for six years.

I am a farmer's son, and I am proud to say I am a farmer. The farmers sure have enough work to do now, for they are taking so many young men off the farms. I am a discharged soldier. I would like very well to get to the fighting line and help some of the other poor boys.

This is my first letter to your interesting column, I will not try to write very much. I will be very pleased to hear from any young person who would care to write to me, my address is with the editor. I will sign myself,

"Farmer's Son."



Posing for their picture.

More Girls Needed for Farms

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some years and I am well pleased with your paper. There are many very useful articles in it and in the correspondence columns there are some very sensible letters. It seems as if some of the girls dislike farm life but I would say that the farmer is the main supporter at home and also of the allies. The farmer and his wife and family work from morning till late in the evenings and it is hard to get help on the farm or in the farm house. Lots of the farmer's wives would gladly hire women or girls to help with the house work but they cannot get them. Does any one of the readers of the W.H.M. know where I could get a girl from 14 to 16 years of age to help me with the housework. I would prefer a girl that has no home. I can give her a good home and good wages. I have good references. Hoping to hear from some girl that would want to come to the farm and wishing the W.H.M. every success. Yours truly,
"Farmer's Wife."

P.S.—My address is with the editor

Does Marriage Kill Love?

Dear Editor:—I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly and being a lonely bachelor I find great comfort in reading your correspondence columns. I think by reading such letters one is able to see just what other people think of the world and the correspondents of The Western Home Monthly seem to be one big family.

Wishes a War Godmother

Dear Sir:—I would be very pleased if through your correspondence column, I could ask one of your readers to be my war godmother. I wish to say that I have been a volunteer from the beginning of the war and as my parents are now under German yoke, I have no correspondents. I hope one of the readers of your paper will do me this pleasure and hoping for a reply, I am, yours sincerely,
"Wireless Operator."

Wouldn't Go Back to City Life

Dear Editor:—Although I was not a subscriber to your valuable paper until a few months ago, I have been an interested reader for 3 years and I consider it one of the best publications in circulation throughout Canada. I have often thought of writing a letter for the correspondence page but could never pick up courage to do so until now. I homesteaded here 40 miles from town 4 years ago and although I find it lonely at times, I wouldn't go back to city life, with all its joy and excitement. I am fond of all out-door sports, especially base ball but don't get any chance to practice as there are so few young fellows out here. I agree heartily with Kid of 37, about The Western Home Monthly being the bachelor's special friend and also about the bachelor being a "jolly good fellow" in ninety nine cases out of a hundred. I am very fond of corresponding and will be pleased to answer all letters promptly, hoping for a reply soon. I will sign myself, yours sincerely,

"Bach No. 133"

The Amusing Incident of the Accommodating Prizefighter Who Cheerfully Posed for Opponent's Knock-Out Blow

The following article by Ellis Parker Butler is issued by the Committee on Public Information:

Clean, unadulterated nonsense can always get a laugh from me. I love it and so do most Americans. I remember one bit of Weber and Fields seriously acted nonsense that always left me gasping for breath. It was the silliest, most inconsequential bit of acting that genius ever dared to put in a show that cost the spectator \$2 a seat. It was a prize fight between Weber and Fields, and one of those matchless comedians showed the other how to do it. They put up their money and put on the gloves, and immediately the rank amateur began to batter the wise one over the head, but that was not the way to do it. The wise one explained that that was not at all the proper way to do it. He explained that he would show the poor amateur the right way. He stood the poor amateur just where he wanted him, turned his face at the proper angle and then arranged his hands. He stepped off and considered the poor amateur but he did not feel just satisfied. He arranged the hands again, placing them down at the sides of the poor amateur's legs. Then he told him to keep them there. Then he stepped up quickly and hit the poor amateur a whale of a blow in the face and knocked him clear across the stage and into the wings. It was awfully funny; everyone in the house screamed with joy. The poor amateur was such a fine example of simple-minded, confiding idiocy!

Parallel in Some Americans

I have to laugh in the same uncontrolled way when I see the confiding manner in which some Americans are letting the wily but treacherous German peace propagandists convince them that we ought to let our hands hang at our sides, turn our faces at the right angle, and stand in idiotic poses until we get the blow in the face that will knock us into the wings. For pure, unadulterated nonsense the act being staged by the wise German agents and the simple-minded peace lovers is enough to make anyone sick with laughing.

On the one hand is a Germany in arms, with millions of veteran soldiers and an armament such as no man dreamed of 10 years ago, and, on the other hand, our simple-minded peace lovers would have us pose as the poor amateur. "Stand here, turn your head this way, put your hands down at your sides," say the German agents, and the purchased or infatuated peace propagandists echo, "Stand here, turn your head this way, put your hands down at your sides." A fine future for the great American nose if we did it!

Germany, "All Dressed Up"

If America keeps her hands down, she will be knocked not only into the wings but off the stage and off the earth. With America out of the war, the best that can be hoped is a drawn battle, ending with a "hands off" peace, and leaving Germany, as the saying is, "all dressed up and nowhere to go." Germany's "all dressed up" will mean a Germany dressed in hardened, veteran armies, in trained commanders, in the finest possible military equipment, and with an untouched navy, vast air force, and no one knows how many submarines. The "nowhere to go" will mean Africa and Asia, where Germany wanted to gain dominions. But there will be one place where Germany, "all dressed up," can go. She can come to America. She can come to South America first, or to Mexico, and that is where she will come and where she has planned to come.

What happens when German agent even partially convince a goodly number of persons that the right way is to turn the cheek and hold the hands down can be seen in Russia. Russia is not a well-trained actor. She would never get a job playing a Weber-Fields burlesque in a \$2 theater. She will not keep her hands down when the German agents tell her to put them down, but she has lowered them once or twice. Russia is far, far from happy.

Russia as an Example

I can not believe that any sane person man pay can wish the United States to become as Russia is to-day, but

that is exactly what will happen if we listen to the German agents and put our hands down now. Let me put it most simply. The great body of Americans believe to-day, as they should, that our continued existence depends on our own military preparation. A small, noxious body of German agents and purblind peace lovers are crying, "Put our hands down! Put our hands down!" Suppose I listen to the cry and begin crying the same words. I am added to their number. I cry, "Put our hands down! Put our hands down!" You listen to me and are added to the number. You echo the cry. Suppose the majority of Americans come to that same way of thinking. The majority rules and we do put our hands down. We stand with our arms hanging, our faces exposed, and wait. For what? No doubt the German agents will be satisfied and pack their trunks and go home to Germany. Merry thought.

We have seen what the German agents will do; they did it before we entered the war and they would do it now if we backed out of the war. They would foment strikes, race riots, class prejudice, and stir up national resentments. Having gotten us out of the war against Germany they would try to get us into a war with France, Italy, or England. They would no longer be peace propagandists but war propagandists, because we would be unarmed and easy victims. They would create civil war if possible. They would use German money to throw us into the state poor Russia finds herself in to-day. Then Germany would strike defenseless South America.

It is my honest belief that Germany has had for many years two alternative plans for conquest. From Berlin she has drawn two lines, one to the southeast through Saloniki and to the Orient, the other to the southwest through Spain to South Amer-

ica. She hoped England would do the Weber-Fields act and keep her hands down while German armies stunned France, and then she would leap on the Orient and grasp a vast dominion there. England did not keep her hands down. She is not entirely a fool. That plan failed. It seems hopeless now.

Germany is not our worst enemy. With our fists up we can take care of Germany. Our worst enemy is here. He is the man who asks us to put our hands down and stand like a silly sheep until Germany is ready to strike.

Johnny's mother (seeing him crying near the house quite early in the morning)—"Well, what is the matter with my boy so early in the day?"

Johnnie—"Mamma, I got my trousers on wrong side front, and I don't know if I am going to the house or to the barn."



These are Anxious Days

NEVER in the history of this old world have the people lived under such tremendous nervous strain as to-day. Millions awake each morning in fearful dread of what the day may bring forth, and live each hour with nerves at highest tension.

Nothing breaks down the nervous system so quickly as worry and anxiety, and this is why so many people are suffering from nervous headaches, sciatic and neuralgic pains, nervous indigestion and general failure of the vital organs to properly perform their functions.

While many are falling under the strain, others have found one means or another of fortifying the nervous system so as to maintain health and vigor.

When you get so nervous that you do not rest and sleep well nights it is time to be alarmed, for it is very much easier to prevent nervous prostration, paralysis and locomotor ataxia than it is to cure these dreaded diseases.

The treatment most widely used is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, popularly known as the food cure, because it feeds the exhausted nerves and stores up nerve force and nervous energy.

After years of testing under the most severe circumstances Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stands in a class by itself as the most successful nerve restorative to be had. This is being proven every day by new evidence. Ask your neighbors and friends about it and read the reports in this paper, from time to time, from persons who have been cured.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box—do not pay more—at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

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What the World is Saying

A Family That Takes No Risks

The war has made no gaps in the Hohenzollern family.—Lethbridge Herald.

Far From The Palace On The Neva

Cheer up, even the Misses Romanoff are working in the garden this spring.—Victoria Colonist.

Germany's Game

Everyone who talks for a negotiated peace at this time is playing the game of Germany.—New York Tribune.

Illiterate Russia

Only two per cent of the Russian people can read print. And even fewer were able to read the signs of the times.—Ottawa Citizen.

What Germany Fights For

"The whole of Germany," says the Kaiser, "fights for its free future." The whole of Germany fights to make the Hohenzollern dynasty free to do as it likes with the world.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

A Suggestion

The historical museum at the University provides such a good place for fossils we ought to stop sending them to the Senate.—Saskatoon Star.

A Question

A Massachusetts man who lived for four months in a cave has just come out. Are you helping the war along or living in a cave?—Boston Transcript.

Like Russia's Fate

One Michigan restaurant served bear steak on meatless days. Poor old Bruin, to be first killed off and then reduced to the status of a vegetable?—Detroit Free Press.

True

The Kaiser will have to build a gun that shoots much further than 76 miles before he is successful in reaching the heart of true democracy.—Glasgow Herald.

A Wise Precaution

Switzerland has bought 300,000 gas-masks, in eloquent answer to Germany's latest assurance that it will respect Swiss neutrality.—Toronto Star.

The All-Important Need

The thought of the ordeal before us should hush all dissent and discontented voices, and should inspire all who remain at home not to be unworthy of those who are facing privation and death in the cause of freedom.—London Daily Telegraph.

Easy Dupes For Germany

Russians are beginning to suspect that Germany intends to get control of the whole country. As suspects the Russians are fully a year behind the procession.—Toronto Telegram.

A Provident Family

It now begins to appear that the Kaiser's six sons are being conserved for the purpose of filling the two-by-four made-in-Germany thrones which the Kaiser expects to create.—Hamilton Herald.

Only a Fraction Known

Nine-tenths of the atrocities that Germany has committed have not been made public. Until the veil is lifted after the war we shall have no conception of the range and system of those atrocities.—New York Sun.

Foolish Expectations

The Bolshevik Government looked for the German proletariat to help them, but unfortunately the proletariat arrived in uniform and in a high state of discipline.—Chicago Herald.

The Balance Wheel Of Freedom

Democracy that is the balance wheel of the free nations in peace is their only hope in war. The demagogues, dreamers and wilder theorists are a nuisance in peace and a danger in war.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A "Safety First" Job

The appointment of the fourth son of the Kaiser's six sons to be Prefect at Potsdam puts that Hohenzollern scion in a safer place than any observation post fifty miles behind the fighting front, where, after all, enemy fliers might make their appearance. The Hohenzollern motto is: "Let the 'common people' die for the Fatherland."—Minneapolis Journal.

Small Chance Of It

An optimist is a man who hopes that one of the Kaiser's six sons will some day accidentally be walking in the path of an Allies' shell.—Toronto World.

From Kultur's Point Of View

Berlin blames Paris for the killing of scores of women and children during the shelling of a church. Only a wicked city would put a house of prayer right in the path of the Christian-like shells of the ally of the Lord.—New York Herald.

No Telling What They'll Do

The Olympian games are to be resumed after the war, and some experts have picked Russia to win all the sprinting contests, depending, of course, on Russia's willingness to stay on the track and run in the same direction with the other contestants.—Edmonton Journal.

The British Navy's Work

People ask what the British fleet is doing. People who ask what the British fleet is doing have not done much thinking. The British fleet is commanding and dominating everything that floats on the surface of the ocean.—Kansas City Star.

A Difference

The only difference between Judas Iscariot and the present-day paid conspirators, who have received money to conduct propaganda against the country that has given them shelter, is that Judas had the decency to go off and hang himself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

We Are Living In A New Era

Daylight saving, votes for women, prohibition—in peace times these would create in Canada a mighty uproar; to-day they are accepted almost as matters of course.—London Free Press.

No—They Are In Safe Places

A German aviator brought down near Paris, dying, was reminded that he had killed women and children. "I obeyed orders," were his last words. Men who give those orders are not brought down, dying, in France!—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Some Greek Carving

The ruthless cutting down of King Alexander's annual income to \$320,000, ex-King Constantine's to \$100,000, and Queen Mother Olga's to \$60,000, shows that the Greeks, once famous for sculpture, can still do some carving. Is it not sad to think of these royalties being reduced to such penury? It is not.—Regina Post.

No Half-Way House

There is in fact no half-way house between victory and defeat. To try to find it is to try to jump half way down Niagara. Before victory, negotiations of any kind with armed and unrepentant "militarism" lead straight to the lamentable and ignominious goal to which the Bolsheviks have drifted.—London Times.

Germany and Roumania

Germany has forced Roumania into an agreement by which the Kaiser gets the exclusive use of the Roumanian oil fields for the next ninety-nine years. After that Roumania may have them back, provided she can take them.—Vancouver Province.

The Issue

At the present time all the powers in the world that have not been bribed or bullied to keep out of it have been forced to join in one international department to make an end of German international thuggery, for the reason that if it is not ended life on this planet will become insupportable for human beings.—Aberdeen Free Press.

The Modern Pharaoh

"God has been with us," says the Kaiser, using in his latest speech the customary formula implying that the Creator of the universe is a kind of military attache to the Germany Army. Doubtless Pharaoh was under the same impression when the waters of the Red Sea opened and permitted his army to pursue the fleeing Israelites.—San Francisco Bulletin.

In The Furnace Of Testing

A nation in the furnace of war cannot very well fail to become more and more of a brotherhood. And a league of nations is all but sure to become an established fact when once the sword has been turned into a plowshare. While the Entente armies, therefore, are doing their utmost to gain a decisive victory in behalf of the world and its civilization, surely the people, face to face with big things, need not worry too seriously over little ones.—Dundee Advertiser.

What The World Needs

That there ought to be cultivated an international conscience is a truth as glaring as that there is a God. And, until the nations confessedly fighting in behalf of the welfare of the world, seek to re-establish it as a wholesome ethical force, they are little better than the fool who hath said in his heart there is no God. And no one is more assured of this than the unbalanced Kaiser of Germany, who, as we all know, has thought to set up a god of his own, whom no one, not even himself, would think of worshipping as the only living and true God.—London Spectator.

A Wise Warning

There is practically no restriction in the quantity or variety of consumption and no sacrifice in Canada comparable with that being made in England or France or Italy. Probably one-half is a moderate estimate of what could be saved if even the British standard were practised. If all information at hand can be relied upon, something akin to famine threatens the population of Allied countries, and we should, out of our abundance, make instant response.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

What Germany Needs

The German press is contributing some unwitting humor to the grim battle news. "It is self-evident," says the Cologne Volks Zeitung, "that after what is now happening we can no longer conclude a peace on the terms which we were ready to accept a week ago. The enemy must be brought to a submissive spirit and forced to grant everything we need in the future." But that would be utterly impossible, Hunny. No human power could supply you Teutons with everything you need. For instance, two of your worst needs are a new set of morals and a new outfit of brains.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

Where Are The Modern Elijahs?

On five distinct occasions since the beginning of retreat and the deception and breaking down of world that such successes of his army as the ravishing of Belgium, the crushing of Roumania, the Italian retreat and the deception and breaking down of Russia were due to the direct co-operation of God with the arms of Germany. Would it not please God and mightily stimulate the Allied world to a united spirit of patriotism if the Christian organizations of America, England, France, Italy and the world should arise in holy wrath and brand the Kaiser's claims as blasphemous lies and hurl them back into the very teeth of this arch-blasphemer of God? "And so let it be known there is a God in Israel."—Washington Star.

A Contest In Endurance

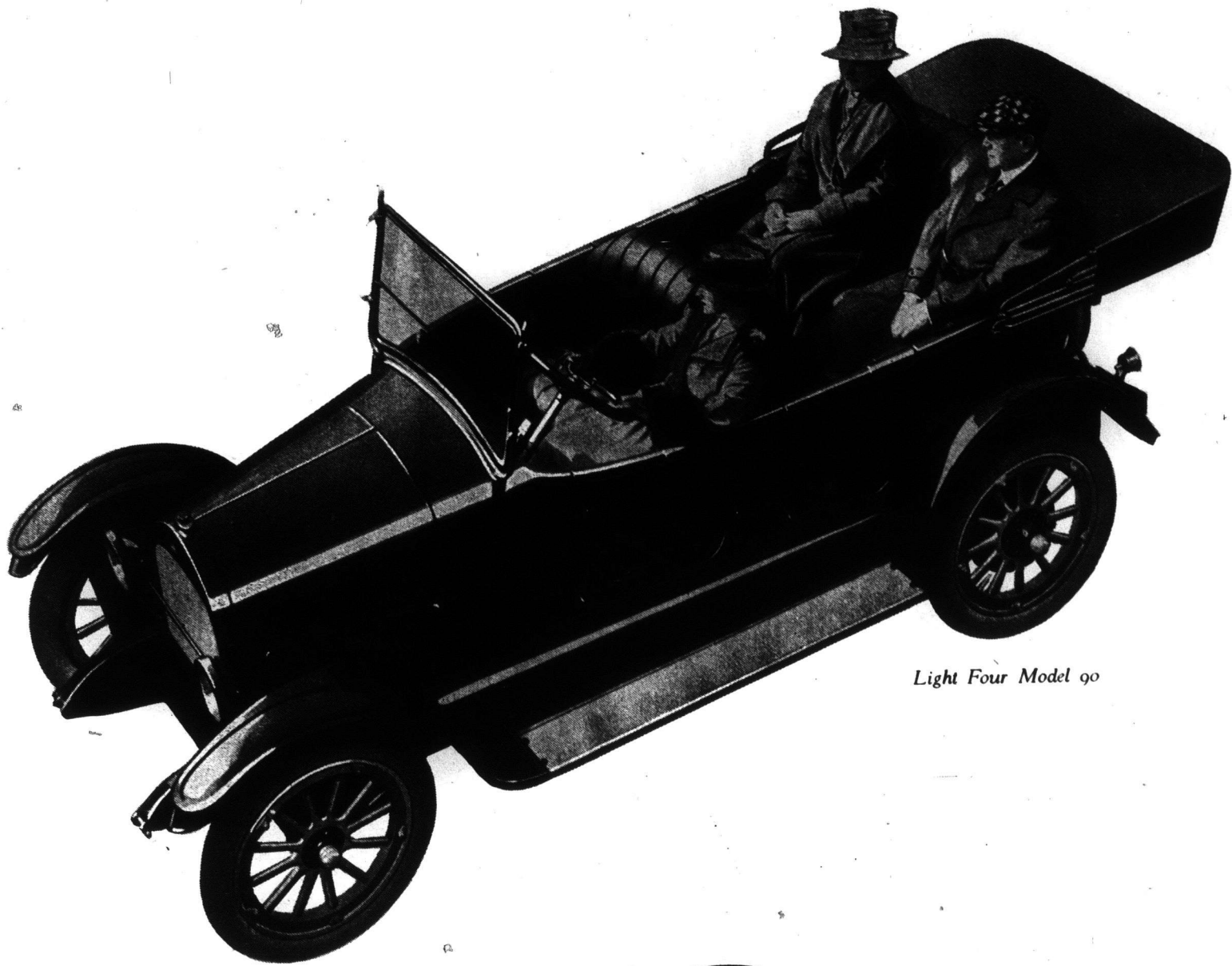
An American religious newspaper, the Congregationalist, says: "The real question of the moment is which of the combatant groups can depend upon its people to stick it out through a period of discomfort and discouragement. . . . The world war has become a war of nerves, a contest of endurance." Shall we lag behind the enemy in a contest of this sort? A thousand times no! We must become only the more resolute as the signs of German resolution multiply. The Teutonic will to power must be met by a superior American will to power—the grim determination that we shall fight with all our strength and resources till the hideous spectre of militant Prussianism is driven from the earth.—Duluth Herald.

Unshaken Foundations

Patriotism and loyal citizenship are still the unshaken foundations of the British state, for all the manifestations of "unrest," and the effect of those qualities can only be weakened by the sort of indirect and secretive sapping to which our budding Bolsheviks are accustomed to turn their hands, and in which they can lay claim to a certain amount of success of a local and temporary character. But the broad lesson of the war is that the sound things are still deep laid and strong, though they operate often strangely.—London Daily Mail.

The Hohenzollerns' Docile Herds

It must be mighty hard for a German these days to decide which war he is fighting. For he is fighting two wars. The Kaiser and the rest of that crowd have told him so at various times, and, of course, there is nothing for a well-drilled German to do but believe. But is he fighting the war "to liberate small peoples," or is he fighting the war "to defend the Fatherland's sacred soil" when he twists Roumania's neck and takes away a lot of territory? And when he gobbles up Livonia, Estonia, Courland and the Aland Islands, which war is he fighting? Of course, though, it may not be so hard for the German to decide these problems as would appear. He is used to believing whatever the teacher says.—Westminster Gazette.



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