

The **WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY**



Winnipeg, Man.

May, 1919

Help the Y.M.C.A. Finish Its Work for the Soldiers



Help the "Y"
Construct the Manhood
that will
Reconstruct Canada



ALL the world now knows that the Red Triangle of the Y.M.C.A. was the "Sign of Friendship" to thousands of your brothers, sons, nephews, cousins and neighbours' boys in the last four and a half years. Wherever the Canadian Soldiers went, the "Good old 'Y'" went, too. And now it is coming back home with them!

For the support which has made possible the war work of the Y.M.C.A., we thank you. Your money has been

well expended. We have rendered full account.

We ask now your continued sympathy and support for Red Triangle Service for our soldiers during Demobilization, and for Y.M.C.A. work for Canada generally during the Reconstruction period. The Annual Red Triangle campaign will be held throughout Canada May 5th to 9th, 1919. The objective is \$1,100,000.

For what purpose is the money required? We will tell you.

For Our Men Returning

For the soldiers and their dependents, returning from Overseas, we have provided as follows:

1. A Red Triangle man on board every ship when it leaves Great Britain, with a full equipment of games, gramophones and records, magic lantern, literature and writing materials. Where possible, also a piano or an organ. Lectures, concerts, sing songs, instruction re Government repatriation plans, and Sunday services.
2. Red Triangle comforts and facilities for the men on arrival at Halifax, St. John, Quebec, and Montreal, including coffee stalls with free drinks, free eatables, cigarettes, candies, etc.
3. Red Triangle men on every troop train to provide regularly free drinks, eatables and cigarettes, organize games and sing songs and furnish information.
4. Red Triangle free canteen service, information bureau, etc., at each of the 22 dispersal centres in Canada.
5. Red Triangle Clubs in the principal cities of Canada in the shape of large Y.M.C.A. hostels to furnish bed and board at low rates and to be a rendezvous for soldiers.
6. Seventy-five Secretaries to superintend Red Triangle service in Military Hospitals, Camps and Barracks throughout Canada.
7. Tickets entitling soldiers to full Y.M.C.A. privileges for six months at any local Y.M.C.A. furnished.

In addition to our work for the returning soldiers, we have to maintain the Red Triangle service to the full for the soldiers in Siberia, as well as the work of special Secretaries in Northern Russia, Palestine and Poland.

For Canada's Manhood

The reconstruction program of the Y.M.C.A. includes the following vitally important developments:

1. An increased service to 300,000 teen-age boys in the Dominion—the development of Canadian Standard Efficiency Training; Bible Study Groups; Summer Camps; Conferences; Service for High School Boys; for Working Boys in the towns and cities; for boys on the farm and for boys everywhere, who have lacked opportunity for mental, moral, physical or social development.
2. Inauguration of Y.M.C.A. work in the country, and the smaller towns and villages lacking Association buildings and equipment, on a plan of country organizations. This will include the establishment of Red Triangle centres for social, recreational and educational work among boys and men, in co-operation with the churches.
3. The promotion of Y.M.C.A. work among Canada's army of workers in industrial plants, both in Y.M.C.A. buildings and in the factory buildings, organizing the social spirit among the industrial workers of our cities by meetings, entertainments, games and sports.
4. The establishment of the Red Triangle in isolated districts where lumbermen, miners and other workers hold the front trenches of industry.
5. Besides these main fields of increased activity for 1919, we have to provide for enlarged work among railway men, college students and for our campaign to encourage physical and sex education. Under all our work we place the fundamental foundation of manly Christianity.

Canadian
Y.M.C.A.
Red Triangle Campaign
\$1,100,000 May 5th to 9th
Canada-Wide Appeal

Y.W.C.A.

For the wives and children Overseas, dependent upon Canadian soldiers, and for Y.W.C.A. work in Canada generally, a sum of \$175,000 from the Red Triangle Fund will be set aside for the Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A. which is caring for the soldiers' women folk, and their little ones on the long journey from Liverpool to Canada, and is also extending its work for Canadian girls.

For their sake also be generous when you make your contribution.

FOR the sake of our victorious soldiers and their dependents, and the happiness of their home-coming; for the sake of our future citizens, our teen-age boys; for the sake of rural life in Canada; for the sake of the social betterment of the toilers in factory and workshop; for the sake of lonely men and boys in our mines and forests; for the sake of Christian Society and Canadian manhood—we appeal to you. Give us your contribution, little or big. Be as generous as you can.

Hand your contribution to the canvasser when he calls, or if you live where it is difficult for him to call, send it by check, money order or registered letter to the National Treasurer, Red Triangle Campaign, 120 Bay Street, Toronto.

Please Note:

We are not asking for money to carry on our work Overseas, with the Army in Great Britain, France or Belgium. That work will continue at its maximum for some months, financially provided for by the liquidation of our assets Overseas, and will not cease till the last man has sailed for home.

National Council, Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada

The Red Triangle Campaign is being conducted under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.F.O., P.C.

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The Western Home Monthly

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

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.

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

A Chat With Our Readers

THE Western Home Monthly is in close touch with its readers because it understands their intimate interests and needs. This has been the close study of its publishers during the twenty years of the Magazine's existence. It is published in the interests of the thousands of homes where it is a welcome visitor month after month. To bring cheer, interest and helpful information to its readers is its mission and it is gratifying to be assured by many that this object has been accomplished to an appreciable extent.

Look over any issue, observe the wholesome fiction, the housekeeping pages, the patterns and fashion notes, talks on health, etc., and note the home atmosphere about them all and you will not be surprised that it is a general favorite with the good housewives of Western Canada. Consider such pages as the Editorial, the Philosopher, What the World is Saying, Talks to Young Men, Correspondence and many articles dealing with events of world-wide importance and you can appreciate why so many men young and old in all parts of the West are its staunch friends.

Just at present (though we have not been seeking circulation in the Old Land) the Magazine reaches there and has met with a wonderful reception. We presume that most of the copies reaching England and Scotland are sent by friends in the West and we do not know of any better way of remembering friends at a distance. The letter reproduced on this page from Mr. E. Denson, Liverpool, is but a sample of many received showing the value placed upon the Magazine by folks in Great Britain. Much as we appreciate such comments our aim is to keep developing and extending our sphere in Western Canada, where already the Magazine enjoys unequalled popularity. Our large circulation has been built up by the commendation and kind words of our subscribers and we ask them to continue in this good work for us. If The Monthly has been of help and interest to any reader, he should pass the good news to his neighbor if he be not one of the happy members who already make up our constituency. It would mean but little work to get a new subscriber and that work may prove to have great and beneficial results. You will not find it very difficult just trying to get us one more reader. Give your copy to any family in your vicinity to look it over and for this purpose we would send you one or two sample copies should you communicate with us. Through the efforts of our readers we would like to double our circulation. It would be a good thing for us and would be a good thing for you too, as the more revenue we derive from our subscriptions, the more we can spend in making The Western Home Monthly bigger and better.

The little yellow label on the back of your magazine tells you when your subscription expires. If the numbers are '20, '21 or '22 you need not worry, but if it is '19 look closely as it is, you know, 1919 now. It might read, for instance Feb. 19, which means, sad to say, that your subscription expired last February. Take a peep and see how you stand, and if you happen to find that your subscription has expired, the purchase of a money order at your post office in our favor will very easily adjust matters.

A Liverpool Appreciation

48 Ling St., Hold Road, Liverpool, 24th March, 1919.

Dear Sirs,—I have just had the very great pleasure of reading a copy of the Christmas Number of The Western Home Monthly, and I say right here that I never read a paper like it for purity and cleanliness. We have no paper like it on this side. That's the truth! I like it because its reading matter is pure, clean and healthy, no unworthy sensationalism, no pandering to debased minds, but pure clean, and healthy literature such as will suit every member of the family. I wish our papers this side were as clean, but it is a sad fact, that with a few exceptions, the literature of this country is greatly in need of reconstruction. It wants raising up to a higher standard. It may suit certain tastes, but if allowed to go on it will lower the standard of purity in this country. Wishing you every success, I am, dear Sirs,
Yours faithfully, Earnest Denson.

From the Far Away Northland

St. Peters Mission, Hay River, Mackenzie District N. W. T., 6th Feb., 1919.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose postal note for two dollars for renewal of three years' subscription to The Western Home Monthly, which I find very helpful away in this isolated corner of the world, nearly a thousand miles from a railway and where mails are few. We get our papers and magazines in summer only when they can be carried by boat. In winter the mail is carried by dogs and letters only are carried. The Monthly is always more than welcome. Wishing the Magazine every success.
Yours sincerely (Mrs.) A. J. Vale.

Back to the Land

Ellisboro, Sask., April 10th, 1919

Dear Sirs: Yours to hand asking why my subscription has not been renewed. I have only to say that I am sorry such is the case. I had intended sending it in but forgot to do so.

You ask if I have any criticism to make. I might say that, to my mind, you and all other magazines or papers are very fond of publishing stories in which the chief characters are, an old fossil of a farmer who cannot, or does not, talk as you or I would, but uses a kind of pigeon English, that might belong to a foreigner. His wife is prematurely old with overwork, feeding, pigs, calves, hens and doing all the chores in general and whose family have all gone to the city. Now that the great cry is "back to the land" would not a modern farmer and his wife be more to the point. One who with his sons perhaps, or if young alone, runs an up-to-date farm in a business-like way and his wife lives in a modern home. There are thousands of fine farm houses, many now have electric lights. Thousands of farm women drive their cars, some the modest "Henry" and some a six or eight cylinder.

Hoping I have not taken too much of your valuable time and that I may have given you some idea from a reader's view, believe me. Your well-wisher,
Wm. H. Olive.



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Editorial

THE SUN RISES

Of course the world is to be different, different in every way, and there must of necessity arise a new type of men and women, possessed of new powers and animated by new ideals. This has been said so often that we are all beginning to believe it. True indeed, is the sacred speech: "Men cannot put new wine into old bottles." The new world cannot endure the old manner of living.

What then of the new world—the civilization upon which we are entering? Who can describe it? Shall we personify it as an ogre with the wild eyes of an anarchist and the blood-red claws of the Bolshevik, or as a sweet smiling cherub rich in love and genuine good-will? As answer comes the little song of Pippa, so full of cheer and gladness:

"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
The morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

With this assurance who need despair? Dark days, terrible days are yet to come, because we have not yet reaped the full aftermath of the cruelty and wrong that were for so long practised by those who in their arrogance and pride forgot to love their neighbors as themselves. But when justice has been avenged the clouds will pass away and the sun will shine with undimmed splendor upon a world that is redeemed from autocracy and hereditary privilege—a world in which plain simple men, and women good and true, will love to dwell.

And what of the men and women? Into the fibre of their being will be woven the thought of brotherhood, so that rivalries and animosities will cease. Either this or we perish hopelessly. And the law of mutual regard will extend until it encompasses all nations and all tribes, "and so the whole round earth will every way be bound by golden chains about the feet of God."

In that good day there will be no place for unbridled personal ambition and for national covetousness. But will it be your day or my day? The answer rests with ourselves. "That which people wish to have they will have, if they only wish it with a whole heart."

CLEAN THE STABLES

To reach the standard of attainment demanded by the new world-civilization it is necessary for Canadians to bestir themselves. Both constructive and corrective work have to be done. Though in many cases the best way to correct evils is to forget them and to launch upon a strong constructive policy, that course cannot be adopted in every case. Some wrongs are so great, some sins against society so grievous, that they cannot be passed by. They must be punished according to their heinousness. The new stream may wash away much of the debris that now blocks its course, but the heavy boulders of political corruption, profiteering, and anti-national organization must be removed by loyally-conceived and carefully-planned effort. It is necessary to tell every man who has played into the hands of aliens in order to secure their political support, that this country will no longer tolerate him or any of his kind; it is necessary to tell profiteers that they must disgorge, and so must every one in a position of authority who has accepted their bribes; it is necessary to tell those with anti-Canadian sympathies, that the prairies are not broad enough to hold any of their class or description. Only when these three menaces to our civilization are removed shall we be free to enter upon a real and useful constructive programme.

THE CANADIAN HOME

A PROGRAMME of construction will have in mind the proper organization and the co-ordinating of all the institutions of society. The first of these institutions and by long odds the most important is the home. The home is the true measure of national worth. If Canada is to have enduring greatness she must first of all develop the virtues of the fireside. Fortunately she is so situated that conditions are favorable. People who live on farms keep pretty much to themselves, and a strong bond of attachment is soon formed. Then the long winters keep people indoors and they must associate whether they like it or not. The problem then is to make the association as healthful and wholesome as possible. This means among other things proper physical conditions. A proper habitation, suitably furnished and equipped, with provision for useful occupation and innocent amusement, and with opportunities in the way of reading, and music—this is of prime importance.

If parents would hold their children they must make the home attractive. But the chief attraction is not in the furnishings, however complete and costly they may be. The real bond and that which has national and world significance is the bond of affection, which has its foundation in a spirit of kindness and co-operation—the one thing that is really worth while in the home and in the nation. It is this spirit that is needed everywhere if the world is to realize its fond hopes and its noble ambition.

Though home life is the foundation of all life, it is evident that in Western Canada many are neglecting to measure up to their opportunities. There are loveless firesides—grumpy fathers, nagging mothers and unruly children. There are homes in which no provision is made for the comfort and for the education of the children, and in which the ordinary conveniences of civilization are totally lacking—and this not because of poverty, but because of meanness. Husbands who are careful as to their stock are careless when it comes to providing for their wives, and in towns women who are anxious to preserve appearances by stocking their homes with the finest furniture, neglect to provide playroom and toys for the growing family. When shall we all realize that the greatest values in life are human values, that the greatest joy is the companionship of one's own family? If Canada would be first among the nations, she must see to it that her families are of the noblest type. Robert Burns was not wrong when he pictured for us the "Cottar's Saturday Night," as the one thing above all others which made auld Scotia great:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
'An honest man's the noblest work of God';
And certes, in fair virtues heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp; A cumberous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined."

THE NEW SCHOOL

AND Canada has one thing more to do, that has not yet occupied her thoughtful attention. So far she has but played with education. Men will not hesitate to spend hundreds of dollars to improve their stock, but they will haggle over a ten dollar increase in the salary of the teacher. And after all education is the problem of getting good teachers. The day is coming when all up and down this land education will be considered more seriously. Viewed in one way the schools are all powerful for good or evil. It is for us to organize and staff them so that they will become the surety of our greatness. Municipal school boards, consolidated schools, permanent teaching force, teachers' residences, community clubs,—all these are but a beginning of the reforms which are in order if, through our schools, we would lead our young to happiness and our nation to the glory that awaits her. We shall be foolish beyond compare, if in our planning we fail to develop in those who must succeed us, the qualities and powers that are essential to peace and progress. The education of children is not one of the duties of parents, it is the supreme duty.

THE SPIRITUAL FORCE

THE third institution of civilization with which we are concerned is the church. Frankly it must be confessed that directly it has not the influence in the land that it once possessed, though acting indirectly through the other institutions of society it wields a greater power now than ever before. The principles it stands for have been incorporated into our life, and they are the mainstay of our civilization. But men are naturally so willing to accept favors without considering their origin, that they imagine all the goodness about them to originate in their own hearts. Without the Christian spirit the world would indeed be a sorry place. Let us keep alive that institution which teaches by word and deed that the abiding things in life are not might and material wealth, but, the graces of the soul—faith, hope and love. It is easy for men of small mind, leaders of groups of malcontents, to decry religion. It is to the religion they decry that they owe home, friends, country and all the peace they now enjoy in a free land.

Then there are the courts and the legislatures, which must unite in promoting the good of the people. In only a few cases can it be said of our judges that they have allowed political or religious prejudice to influence their decisions. One could wish that our legislators were equally free from suspicion. Signs are not wanting however, that better times are coming. They will come not as the result of the encouragement of class distinctions. If as the result of personal ambition we have had class rule in Canada during the

last twenty-five years, it will not make matters any better to put the government of the future in the hands of other classes—equally rapacious and no less to be trusted. Well may we pray—God give us men!

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

A PART from these institutions of men there are great private enterprises in which individuals and corporations engage. These have their duties and responsibilities. Every man who is in business has the burden of empire resting upon him, every member of a profession owes it to his fellows that he be above reproach, every farmer is his brother's keeper, and every merchant his customer's servant. Even the publisher in a land that is aiming to make a real world contribution, must aim at helping his readers to a higher plane of usefulness and morality. To put it in a word, Canada will be great only as the result of united unselfish action on the part of individuals and classes, and she will never contribute to the world's greatness and advancement until she feels the throb of living power in herself. Her lands and her forest wealth—all that Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon her are nothing, unless the men and women who people the prairies are great in soul, strong in body and upright in all behavior. "We can be what we wish to be—if we only wish it with a full heart."

USELESS COSTLY TALK

THE waste of time at the beginning of the present session of the Dominion Parliament in the days and days of useless talk by which the debate on the Speech from the Throne was spun out had already wearied the patience and aroused the irritation of all Canadians who try to follow the course of public affairs, when there came the revelations made in the report of the Commission which investigated the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa. That establishment has been badly mismanaged, and has been costing the country a great deal more than it should. The bulkiest annual product of the Government Printing Bureau is Hansard—the row of portly volumes containing the verbatim report of every word spoken in the House. There is also a Hansard of the Senate, which while not as bulky as the House Hansard, runs to several volumes and costs a very large sum of money. The total cost of the two Hansards runs over \$100,000 annually. Why should this waste of the public money be continued? Every possible method should be used to choke off unnecessary speaking in Parliament—that is to say, speaking which is not contributory to the proper functions of Parliament, which are deliberative and consultative, for the framing of laws, for the criticizing of the Executive, that is to say, the Government in power, and, in a word, for the transaction of the public business. There should not be in Parliament any of the sort of speaking used at political campaign meetings. As things are, hundreds of speeches are made in Parliament solely to enable the members who make them to send out, free of postage, the Hansard reports of them by thousands throughout their constituencies. Every hour Parliament sits costs the people of Canada a large sum of money. There should be an end made of unnecessary talk at Ottawa.

BETWEEN EXTREMES

DURING the period of reconstruction, two great classes are endeavoring to assert themselves. They have been well defined by Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen of Britain. It will do Union leaders, as well as would-be autocrats here to reflect on what Mr. Thomas has said:

"There are two dangers we are faced with. On the one hand are those people who cannot read the signs of the times, the reactionaries who believe they were born to govern, and that they must enjoy the best things of life, and what is left is good enough for the others. The days of those people are doomed. There are those who believe you can revolutionize by mere industrial trouble or introduce what is called the Russian method into this country. I am as bitterly opposed to the one as to the other, because I believe both are dangers and must be fought, and that both are against the best interests of the working classes. I plead with you railway men and women of the country not to take the law into your own hands. The essence of democracy is to be loyal to those you have put into authority. Any other way will lead to disaster. Railwaymen and women, are we going to change the position? A better time is in store for you, but as democrats I appeal for loyalty, and I ask you to trust the executive committee. If we fail, then the issue will be yours."

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My Capture by Sitting Bull

An incident in the Life of "Kootenai" Brown

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by W. McD. Tait

I REMEMBER after the failure of an express company for whom I worked going into the service of the United States Militia Department to act as scout and mail carrier during which time I was captured by Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was at the time of this story about forty years old, and was chief of a portion of the Unk-pa-pa Sioux. He had distinguished himself in fuores of his tribe and especially in the capture and murder of emigrants who were going to California in search of gold in the great stampede of '49.

It was in 1869 that I was employed in this service, and it was my duty to carry militia despatches from Fort Stevenson, Dakota, to various military posts through the territory.

On the occasion I am about to relate I was sent with a Sioux half-breed, who was also a scout, to Fort Totten. We travelled horseback and had a pack mule that rejoiced in the name of Lady Jane Grey. We had made the trip before and generally got to Fort Totten the third day.

By the end of the first day we had arrived at Strawberry Lake about thirty miles from Fort Stevenson. It was a miserable day, cloudy and raining heavily. Joe Martin, my companion, seemed to be

panion and myself. In the dash they made at us Sitting Bull was leading, riding a fine big grey horse. I had time enough to take good aim at him and had my gun gone off it would have saved the United States Government many thousands of dollars and the lives of Custer and those massacred at Little Big Horn River.

In the melee that followed Lady Jane Gray, our pack mule, broke away and started for Fort Stevenson as fast as she could travel, but the Sioux took after her, soon captured her and appropriated everything in our pack. All this took place in just about the length of time it takes to tell it.

Sitting Bull ordered us to get off our horses, and when we did he had us stripped as naked as the day we were born. They took everything, despatches, mail, guns, horses, clothes. This was on May 24th, 1869, about seven o'clock at night. Some of the young bucks began yelling "Kash-ga," "Kash-ga," meaning "Kill them, kill them." Sitting Bull raised his hand and shouted "Don't be in a hurry. We'll make a fire and have some fun with them." We understood every word they said, of course, and we knew that Sitting Bull meant some playful mode of torture that Sioux often inflicted on their captives. It might have been sticking pieces of



Princess Patricia of Connaught (now Lady Ramsay) at Bramshot, inspecting the famous Canadian "Princess Pats," whose name is known the world over for its daring deeds of heroism, and which have now returned to Canada. Lady Ramsay is attaching a wreath of laurels to the standard which she presented to this regiment of Light Infantry in 1914, when it "went over." Prince Arthur of Connaught is standing behind her.

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in very low spirits and told me in his broken English as we rode along: "I teenk somtin weel happen to-day." I had no presentiment of anything myself so I amused myself by twitting Joe about his down spirits. We were within half a mile of Strawberry Lake, and it was about seven o'clock in the evening of the twenty-fourth of May, the Queen's birthday, I have good reason to remember the date. We jumped off our horses and crept up to the top of a hill to take a good look for Indians.

At this time none of this part of Dakota was settled. There wasn't a ranch within 200 miles on all sides and no white people except militia officers, soldiers and scouts at the scattered military posts.

Well, we couldn't see anybody, although it happened that there were thirty-two hostile Indians concealed in a deep coulee which ran into Strawberry Lake. It is probable that they had seen us and had cached themselves for an attack. Getting on our horses again we rode down to cross this coulee to get to a camping ground by the lake. Just as we went down the steep bank the Indians charged on us yelling out, "Don't shoot, don't be fools, we're friends."

We were armed with what was then known as the broken back rifle which was a breach loader. It was a ball and cap contraption and owing to the heavy rains the caps got wet, which possibly saved the lives of a couple of Sioux Indians and perhaps that of my com-

pine pitch or other inflammable dry wood all over their victims' bare body and setting them afire.

But someone called out "Come over here, we'll have a little talk." So we went over to the edge of the coulee before mentioned and sat down in a circle. My companion who was a Santee Sioux half-breed said to Sitting Bull in Sioux, "What is the matter with you people? Why do you rob us and talk bad to us. I am a Sioux half-breed, one of your own people. This man with me is a Sioux half-breed, too. Why do you want to kill us?"

To this Sitting Bull replied, "I see you are Sioux, but your companion here" (pointing his finger to me) "looks like a white man." Then turning to me he said, "Is this true that you are a half-breed?"

In those days I wore my hair frontier style, about twenty inches long and in five years I had never worn a hat except in dead of winter. I sometimes tied a handkerchief around it to keep the wind from blowing the long brown locks into my eyes.

To Sitting Bull's question I answered in Sioux, "My father was a white man and my mother a Santee Sioux Indian woman." "Well," he said, "your skin is very white and your eyes are blue, but it may be that you are a half-breed. You talk good Sioux. Why do you help our enemies, the 'isa thonga' (meaning the long-knives, the Sioux term for American)

I said, "We are poor, and just came down from the prairies, and as we were passing Fort Stevenson the soldiers gave us some letters to carry for one trip."

I have always had the utmost regard for the truth and always hated a liar, but I was talking for my life when I lied to Sitting Bull.

"Well," said the chief, "you have no right to carry those letters. After a while we'll have some fun with you."

I thought sure our time had come. I looked up the road that we had come over and said to Joe in French, "We'll never travel that road again." Joe shrugged his shoulder and said, "Well it's fate." We talked in French because we thought the Sioux might have picked up a few words of English. I can't explain why for I have never felt the same way since, but I experienced quite an elation of spirit notwithstanding that I was absolutely sure the Indians were going to kill us.

Escape from the Sioux Warriors

It was now getting dark and a dispute arose over the disposition of our two horses, Lady Jape Gray, the stuff in the pack on her back, and our personal belongings. To settle the matter Sitting Bull called his warriors in a council circle about forty yards from the fire around which we were huddled bare naked. This was on the very edge of the coulee leading into Strawberry Lake. I said to Joe, "Lie down and let us roll into the coulee and they will never miss us." "We'll be killed sure," said Joe, "but we

The sun shone on us next day and millions of mosquitoes seemed to find out that two naked human beings were available for food. They fairly swarmed upon us, and there was not a spot on our bodies as large as a pin-head that they had not bitten.

We arrived at Fort Stevenson early in the afternoon. Our travel was slow during the night, but when daylight came and we got our bearings we made good time. We were travelling light as we had only our bodies to carry. There were bastions on the fort and one of the sentries saw us coming. He reported to the sergeant of the guard, and he in turn reported to the officer of the day that two Indians were approaching the fort bare naked. The guard was sent out to capture us, but when the sergeant saw who we were he ran to meet us with "What's up? What's up?" I replied, "O, nothing much. The Sioux have your mail, horses and our clothes, and came very near getting us. We have walked from Strawberry Lake." He exclaimed, "This is awful; come right up and report to the officer commanding. Wait a minute and I'll get you some clothes."

He brought only pants and with nothing but these on our bodies we were ushered into the presence of an old Frenchman, De'Troband, who was in command of the military unit of which Fort Stevenson was headquarters. Our feet were bleeding and our backs and arms red with mosquito bites. We were sent without clothes purposes to show the commander our condition. He asked



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had better be shot than burned alive." I was watching the council circle carefully and as soon as I saw their eyes were off us I nudged Joe with my elbow and whispered, "Roll, roll!" We rolled about a hundred feet into the coulee, and down we sprinted for our lives, barefeet, bare naked as the day we were born, right into the lake.

It was quite dark by this time and as Strawberry Lake was covered all about the edges with cat tails and other weeds that would easily hide a man, we were safe for a time at least, but we didn't know for how long. We were standing in water up to our necks, with Indians running up and down the shore firing at random into the weeds, the splash from the bullets often reaching our faces. I think they must have shot one hundred rounds. It was blowing a regular hurricane and pouring down torrents of rain, and this is probably what saved us. Failing to locate us in the lake they conceived an idea that we had run down the road. Anyway they left us, but we stood in the water for another half hour. Finally half dead with cold we stole quietly out in the pitch darkness and scrambling up the bank took to our heels, but not along the travelled road. We kept away from that. After we got away a couple of miles we stopped to get out breath and Joe said, "We're safe now, we will travel that road again." So away we went in the darkness toward Fort Stevenson with not as much on our bodies as Adam and Eve in the garden.

how it happened, and as we related the incidents he used very unparliamentary language most of which was directed against the United States Government for allowing such hostiles to be alive. One of the things I remember him saying was, "They should be wiped off the face of the earth." There was a decanter of whisky beside him and pouring out three glasses we all had a drink. In fact, we had several drinks and because we had not eaten since noon the day before, the whiskey went to our heads and I suggested to the general that we should go to our quarters before we said or did anything foolish. We were both in such a state that we didn't care whether we ever got anything to eat or wear. The general agreed, and we were taken to our quarters, fed, clothed and our bodies and feet doctored, and we were soon asleep. Neither of us were conscious again until next morning.

Other Depredations of the Sioux Chief

I meant to have said that just the trip before the one we attempted from headquarters to Fort Totten, Chas. McDonald, a white man with a slight trace of Indian blood, and Joe Emla, a Cree half-breed were killed by Indians. My regular trip was from headquarters to Bismark, the territorial capital, but as no word had come from McDonald and Emla, Martin and myself went to investigate their disappearance as well as carry the despatches. It was while

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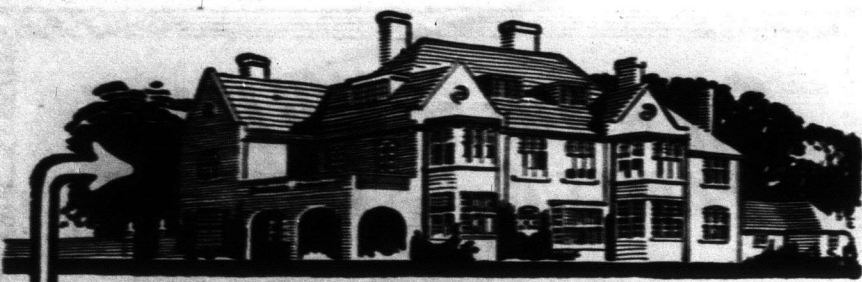
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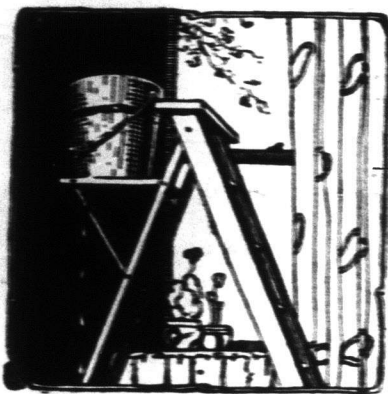
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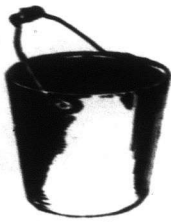
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sitting at the Sioux camp on the night of our eventful episode that Sitting Bull, largely to strike terror into us, related the capture, killing and scalping of our two lost carriers.

Some time after this I fell in with a Frenchman named Jengrais near Fort Totten. He had been driving a team of mules hitched to a wagon when Sitting Bull and his gang shot him and took everything he had. The bullet lodged in his cheek but he lay on the ground as dead. The Indians came along with their knives to scalp him but he was bald, didn't have a hair on his head when I saw him. So they all laughed at the bald-headed man and went away and left him.

The shot that laid him out was a light one; fired with a light charge of powder and he was soon able to get up. He walked fifteen miles into Fort Totten carrying the bullet in his jaw bone. It finally suppurred and fell out of its own accord.

Shortly after this incident Sitting Bull, who was becoming more daring every day, made a raid on Fort Totten and ran off forty head of horses belonging to the United States Government and used for mounting small parties of infantry.

These horses never were recovered and it has always remained a mystery what was done with them.

In each of these escapades of Sitting Bull he looted the mail, and it was great amusement to his Indians to allow the sheets of letters and papers to scatter over the prairie. It was rather amusing sometimes to see the New York World chasing the St. Paul Pioneer for dear life.

Sitting Bull was shot by one of his own Indian police on his own reserve. He had been making a disturbance because a sun dance had been stopped and two Indian police went to arrest him. He knocked one of the police down and the other drew a revolver and shot him where he stood. It has been said, too, that he was drunk when he resisted arrest. However, nothing was done to the Indian who shot him.

Sitting Bull was a great leader of his tribe. He was like Riel, though, a greater talker than a fighter, but his Indians followed him and did as he commanded them. He is buried on the Standing Rock Reserve in Dakota where all hostile Indians were moved after the period of Indian wars in the United States.

The Slavs

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. R. Vannock
(Clerk of the Provincial Court, Winnipeg.)

THIS article will give the Canadian public a general idea of the meaning of "Slav." I also wish to point out that the greatest defect of the Slavs is that they do not know themselves, and their greatest disadvantage is that others do not know them.

General Account

The European Whites are divisible into four great strains, which are the Nordic, the Alpine, the Mediterranean and the Slav. Of these the Slav strain is the greatest in numbers.

These strains are sometimes called "races," which is not quite accurate. They differ from each other in certain features, such as the prevailing shade of the eyes, hair and the skin, in the form of the head, height of body, physiognomy, and even in mentality, but they merge into each other without any fixed lines of demarcation, and they are not equally apart from each other, thus a large proportion of the Slavs is practically identical with the Alpines, while some of the most important characteristics are common to groups which otherwise show racial differences. This is, for example, the case with the important feature of the form of the head, which in general is closely alike in the Nordics and the Mediterraneans, which differ so much in mean stature, pigmentation and other particulars. Moreover, these strains are not strictly homogeneous within themselves, their diverse characteristics varying more or less with localities. Thus the Russian and the Jugo-Slav differ in more than one respect, though remaining alike in essentials. Finally, there is evidence that some of these great strains, if not all, have undergone since historic times, and are still undergoing, gradual alterations in head form, pigmentation and other features. All of which renders the term "strain" rather than "race," as applied to these different groups, the more correct and congruous.

The Slav strain is strictly indigenous to Europe. Due mainly to its present short-headedness there have been suggestions, even by serious men of science, that it may have originated in Asia, but these suggestions remained mere hypotheses. There are no Slavs and no Slav type in Asia except those of recent immigration. On the other hand strong evidence has been accumulating that like the rest of Europeans, the Slavs had their origin in the more homogeneous neolithic population of that continent, and that they developed their language, institutions and character in the great region which is drained by the Vistula, Volga, and Danube. It is well known now, for instance, that they carried some of the more important physical characteristics of their stone-age forefathers, such as an oblong head form, and the hairy period. Their language, their myths and traditions, their secondary habits and devotion to agriculture are all European.

It is from the region that later became Poland and Bohemia and from the Car-

pathians, that the Slavs spread, between perhaps, as early as 1000 B.C. and the seventh century of our era, over a large part of what is now Germany, over all the territories that eventually became Austria-Hungary, and over nearly the whole of the Balkan Peninsula; and it is from the same regions that, from the seventh to the nineteenth century, the irresistible flood spread gradually all over what is now European Russia, and eventually over Siberia, Turkestan and the Caucasus.

The fundamental causes of the vast spread of the Slavs against all obstructions are in general as yet imperfectly understood. These causes were not mere lust of conquest or of domination or of rapine. They were, first of all, an important physiological condition which underlies their spread of to-day, namely, a great fertility. They gradually outbred their territorial and other resources as well as the peoples with whom they were in contact, and when the internal pressure of population rose above the external, they overflowed in all directions of less resistance.

Important contributory causes favoring these overflows were ravages of neighboring territories by the various early Nordic and Eurasic invasions, and internecine wars among the contiguous non-Slav peoples, all of which diminished the resistance to the Slav extension. The whole process of the Slav spread, especially in the earlier times, was thus essentially a natural one or what might be called one of vital competitions, radically at variance with the more or less predatory and ephemeral invasions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns or Teutons, and equally different from such planned and organized military-colonial extensions as those of Rome.

That the process was not always peaceful, however, or gentle, we know well from the earliest history of the Balkans. Once having occupied a new territory the Slavs made this promptly their home. Their universal occupations of agriculture and husbandry constituted them at once true colonists, who soon became firmly rooted to the soil and were hard to displace. In addition they brought qualities of ready new neighbors, together with other assets which favored a ready assimilation of the remnants of native populations; though in some localities and from the same reasons in the course of time they became assimilated themselves into stronger alien groups.

The Slavs spread until they occupied all the territories between the Baltic and the Aegean and from the Elbe to the Volga, and eventually the Far East. In the course of the middle ages they lost some of these territories by denationalization. The Slav groups between the Elbe and the lands of the Poles were absorbed by the Germans, Austrians, those of the Central bulk of Hungary suffered Magyarization while south and west of the Balkans peninsula gains were made, at their expense by the Greeks and Illyrians (Albanians). Some serious results of these changes were the severing of the southern Slavs from the main Slav body

by a broad Magyar-German patch; while the westernmost Czechs became hemmed in on three sides by the Germans. But while blocked and suffering losses in the west the Slav strain kept on gaining in Eastern Europe and then in Asia, so that the total territory they occupied towards the beginning of the present century was greater than that covered by them ever before in their history.

With the territorial changes and new contacts, however, and in the course of the centuries, some far-reaching internal developments took place in the Slav world. Originally, according to all indications, they were but one great strain of people of the same blood. They had the same language, the same habits, and the same naturalistic religion, with Peruni, the "Great Thunderer," as its chief deity. They also had throughout the same family a clean organization, on cherished democratic foundations, but apparently without possessing ever a single central government that would embrace the whole or even large groups of the population. As time advanced, however, and with increasing territorial distances, dialects appeared, and the clans or groups of clans began to form separate streams or bodies, which progressed according to circumstances and in instances by outside intervention, to political and geographic units, more or less independent of each other, the eventual Slav nations and countries. Under the influence of non-Slavonic peoples the dialects of these units grew gradually further apart, detrimental differences in faith were introduced from without, and the groups followed in large measure their separate destinies, at times even contending with each other; but there was never lost a strong basic feeling of common parentage and mutual sympathy, a feeling which in the recent epoch, and among the more cultured groups become largely responsible for the so-called Pan-Slavism, the great bugbear before the war of the guilty conscience of both Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The groups which have arisen from the original Slav leaven were, and are, as follows:

Slavs	
Main Groups	Secondary Groups
The Russians Northern and Eastern	(Bielo (White) Russians. Velko (Great) Russians. Malo (Little) Russians or Ukrinians, with Cer- veno (Red) Russians or Ruthenians, the Car- pathian tribes or Gorali, and the Ugro-Rus- sians. Cossacks (particularly those of the Don).
	(Pomeranian, Polabian (Elbe) Tribes—extinct. Poles of the Kashubs, Mazurs, or Kingdom Masovians Galician Poles proper Lusatians, Sorbes or Vends— nearly extinct. Cecho-Slovaks. Slavs of Pannonia, Dacia, Ru- mania—extinct or small rem- nants.
Western and Central	(Slovenes. Slavonians Croatians Dalmatians Bosnians and Herzegovinians Serbians and Montenegrins Macedonians (majority) Bulgars (with part of Mace- donians). (Slavs of Albania, Epirus, Thessaly, etc.—ex- tinct or small remnants).
	(Slovenes. Slavonians Croatians Dalmatians Bosnians and Herzegovinians Serbians and Montenegrins Macedonians (majority) Bulgars (with part of Mace- donians). (Slavs of Albania, Epirus, Thessaly, etc.—ex- tinct or small remnants).

Numbers
As to the actual numbers of Slavs in Europe and the inseparable Asiatic provinces of Russia, our figures are not as precise or uniformly up-to-date as desirable. In Austria-Hungary, in particular, the German and Magyar governments have, as well known, for decades now made it impossible to obtain anything like a just census of the Slavic population. Nevertheless, there are sufficient data and knowledge of conditions to enable us to arrive at close approximations, which, with a numerical strength of other European groups, are given in the following columns.*

**Slavs Contrasted with Other Popula-
tion in Europe**

(In round numbers and regardless of
Political Boundaries).

Slavs in Europe	145-150 millions or 34.5 per cent
Northern (and Eastern) Russians (all subdivisions). Europe	102
(besides which in Siberia)	10
Western (and Central)	20
Poles	10
Czecho-Slovaks	10
Lusitanians and other remnants neglig- ible.	
Southern—	
Jugo-Slavs and related Macedonians	11
Bulgars and related Macedonians	5
Nordic Anglo-Saxon, German—144-148 millions, or 34. per cent.	

Scandinavians, Danes	12
Dutch, Flemish	10
English, Scotch	44
German, German Austro-Hungar- ians	80
French, Latin, Mediterranean	123-127 millions, or 29 per cent
French, Belgian (Walloon)	46
Spanish, Portuguese	26
Italians	37
Roumanians	11
Greeks	5

Others 10-12 millions, or 3 per cent.
Albanians, Basques, Caucasians, Gipsies,
Gipsies, Kelts, Turks, etc. 11

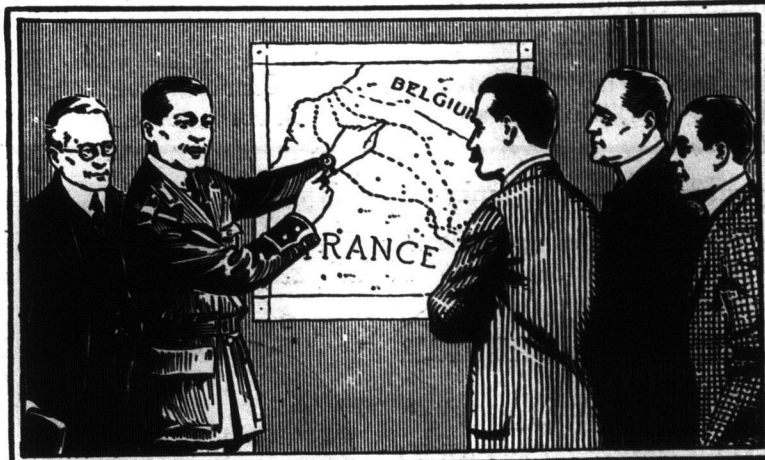
*Based on the Russian and Finnish
statistical annuals up to 1915; on the
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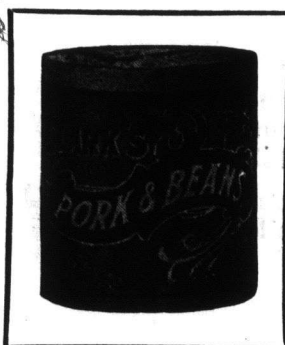
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Shadowing Sheila

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Edith G. Bayne

MCCARTNEY drew further back into the shadows and endeavored to flatten himself against the stone coping where it formed a kind of short flying buttress on the garden side of the house. He was early, for just as he had accomplished this feat of squeezing his stalwart form into a very unsatisfactory niche a clock somewhere near at hand boomed nine. Thereafter for a time he looked out at intervals upon the approach of footsteps or at any untoward sound but the real object of his expectations failed to appear.

He pulled his cap closer over his eyes. Then he consulted his luminous-faced watch. Quarter past nine.

"Almost any time now!" he muttered.

Three people had left the house in this period, all by way of the servants' entrance. Two were evidently the cook and a housemaid going to a party to judge from their attire. The other was the butler, familiar enough to McCartney even in the velvet gloom, leaving with leisurely calm for an evening stroll, his pipe alight and his hands in his pockets. The psychological moment for Miss Sheila's advent was at hand.

McCartney stepped out and viewed the windows of the old mansion. They were all dark. He cast a searching glance over the moonlit driveway that swept

previous occasions she may have thought it best to allow some days to elapse before making a third attempt. By George, but she had lots of nerve! And such a slender little creature, too. And her eyes! They were the eyes of a saint absolutely without guile. McCartney fell into a deeply reflective mood here. Presently he fetched a sigh, ponderous and tinged with despair and altogether a thing at variance with the stern, self-imposed task that was his, namely, the tracking down of a clever criminal.

Everything comes to him who waits—if only he has patience to wait long enough. At a quarter past ten she glided like a silver shadow into his ken and he started up broad awake, he had been dozing a little, and held his breath while she passed within four feet of him. Then, very warily he followed her—her and her leather bag.

She skirted some bushes, crossed the driveway and mounted the terrace and the steps. He gumshoed his way along the edge of the verandah, crouched behind a big stone lion and waited while she inserted a key, skeleton, of course, he said to himself, into the great door. She disappeared and he darted up the steps and tried the lock. It yielded! (Last night she hadn't achieved entrance). It was a simple matter to insinuate himself through a nine-inch opening and



A scene in Regent Street, London, where progressive steps have been taken to prevent the spread of the influenza epidemic. Zinc masks are obtained at a public distributing depot. The masks are perforated, a sponge on the inside being saturated with disinfectant.

away in a long curve toward the acacias and the big stone lodge gates. He kept an eagle eye on the shadow-dotted lawn and the edge of the shrubbery. There was a little spinney beyond and next to that a deep green mass that looked like a series of cedar hedges and it was this that puzzled McCartney most. He watched it suspiciously. It was too low for a wood and too high for a shrubbery and it wasn't a garden for that was in plain view, just beyond the conservatories.

Last night, for example, how had she gotten in? Not by way of the lodge gates for he had been concealed there behind a rhododendron, and had only sprung up when he had heard her light step on the gravel at the piazza. And from his varied reading and his observation he knew that the true Englishman's grounds are always fenced in and generally impregnable so. These, for instance, were bounded by a high stone wall. Nothing more insular could well be imagined. McCartney had always thought it a splendid idea to have one's home and lawn and flower-beds all to oneself and protected from the ravages of the neighbors' children and dogs, but in the amateur sleuth game this custom presents drawbacks. He had a pair of skinned knuckles and a near-sprain in the ankle from having gained access somewhat as Jean Valjean gained the convent grounds when the inspector was but a few yards behind. In McCartney's case, however, there was only the roundsman or "bobby" to evade.

Perhaps Sheila had become apprehensive. Bold as she had been on the two

to close the door as noiselessly as it had opened. He stood a moment in the hushed darkness of the big vestibule, listening.

He could hear a slight click-clicking as of little heels on hardwood floors. Then he caught a dull beam of light. He entered the hall. The light came from a room beyond. His feet encountered fur rugs and he discovered a great newel-post at the bottom of a broad flight of stairs that curved upward out of sight. A shaft of moonlight poured down from a leaded-glass window on the stairway and made a pool of rich light at his feet, and by the aid of this and his outspread hands he managed to avoid several tall chairs, a pedestal surmounted by a winged victory and a number of objets d'art which otherwise he would have tripped over. As it was he knocked against a squat brass coal basket and a pair of andirons and drew hastily back against the portieres until assured that the other occupant of the mansion had not heard.

She was moving about quietly but busily in the adjacent room, which, by creeping carefully up to the partly-open door, he ascertained to be a library. She had switched on a wall light and was kneeling before a safe in the oak panelling putting out papers and placing them in the big grip which lay open beside her. A jade vase, a cloisone jar, a marble Venus and a couple of small framed oil paintings were grouped on the rug beside the grip. Then McCartney through the crack of the door caught the gleam of jewels. Miss Raffles was holding

up to the light a string of magnificent pearls! There was also the rich green glint of emeralds in a huge old-fashioned brooch. Being less than a dozen feet away he saw these articles plainly.

She finished in a few moments and having re-locked the safe and closed her bag stood for an instant before the oil portrait of a dignified old man who had the earmarks of a statesman and all the features of a typical Irishman. Then kissing her slim hand gaily to this life-like picture, McCartney almost would have sworn that the old man frowned down with severity at her—Sheila wheeled picked up her grip and made for the door and a getaway.

McCartney, uncertain as to whether she proposed to loot any of the other rooms and unwilling to run the risk of being locked in the house, retreated in haste toward the vestibule where he reconnoitred from behind a set of chain armor. The girl paused before a long mirror in an alcove and humming an air under her breath patted her hair and then drew on her gloves. This was hint enough and he noiselessly opened the big door and sought sanctuary behind the lion without.

Should he denounce her now with her booty or follow her at all hazards and learn the ultimate destination of the grip and its valuable, probably precious, contents?

His only hesitation came from the consciousness of his own position. Led by a spirit of adventure he had constituted himself a sleuth without any very definite

not on the pavement. He chose the shadowed boulevard beneath the trees.

At the first corner a man was waiting. He came forth into the glare of the gas-light and met the girl with her grip.

McCartney started in wonderment. A Regent street "nut"! He was silk hatted, spatted, monocol and carried a cane.

"You're late," McCartney heard him remark as he flung away his cigar.

"Oh, lor' don't I know it!" returned the girl, sighing.

The "nut" had seized the grip with eagerness.

"Did you get them, all?" he demanded.

"All? Are you sure?"

"Every bloomink scrap. Lemme a-hold of your wing, do. I got a queer feelin' that I'm bein' watched."

"Impossible! Not a soul knows or suspects we're in London. How on earth could—"

"I know, but—" and Sheila shuddered slightly and looked back over her shoulder.

"Well, the third time is the charm," said the man with a laugh of satisfaction.

"And you're a little brick to stick it out after two unsuccessful tries. I think—what was that?"

The girl started and again looked back. A twig had snapped somewhere near at hand, under McCartney's foot in fact.

But as he was hidden behind a stout elm bole they saw nothing. The street was deserted.

"You're as fidgety as I am," giggled the girl. "Come, let's be goin'."

"Taxi, tram or bus?" queried the man, and there was unmistakable gallantry in



Admiral Sir David Beatty, commander of the British fleet, and his family, are enjoying a vacation at their estate, Brooksby Hall, England. Lady Beatty was Miss Field, daughter of the late Marshall Field of Chicago. She is shown here enjoying a game of hockey with her distinguished husband.

idea as to how he might explain his reasons to the authorities. He had absolutely no business in Sir Peter Desmond's grounds, was clothed in no official authority and was as liable to an indictment for trespass and for house-breaking as the girl. He smiled ruefully as he tried to imagine how much credence a hard-headed British police magistrate would give to his tale of a lost baseball, especially after that last bit of hoodlumism he had led the boys in, when they had endeavored singly and in unison to paint the little suburb a bright vermilion!

No, his simple honest story wouldn't be believed. And anyway he had a certain repugnance to imposing sheer masculine force on a slender girl in a lonely, secluded spot like this. She'd be sure to faint or pull a gun on him or call some male accomplice stationed nearby. No, better to continue shadowing her. He could base his further action upon eventualities.

She came out, locked the door, descended the steps and terrace and crossed the lawn to the shrubbery. McCartney keeping well in the shadows followed her as she thus pursued a devious course to the gates. Two or three times she looked back over her shoulder and once she stopped short with a muffled scream, but he saw that it had been merely a toad that had frightened her. When she reached the great stone-pillared gates she opened them with some difficulty and passed through and waiting only long enough for her to get clear of them, he, too, passed out. Up the street he followed her but

his manner as he gave the girl his arm.

But she drew back and slapped the proffered arm. She tossed her head.

"A bus?" she shrilled. "I like that! An' me a lady! Quit that laughin', do!"

"By jove you're a wonder!" he exclaimed. "No one would ever guess that you—"

"That I what?" as he paused.

"Are what you are!" and he chuckled.

"Was anyone about?"

"Not a soul. I saw to that. Here comes a taxi!"

As the taxi drew up at the man's signal Sheila, about to enter, paused with a muffled exclamation that McCartney didn't catch. Her escort said hurriedly:

"Oh, well, never mind it now. You can go back for it. We're late as it is."

The cab whirled rapidly away, and McCartney stood gazing after it with a baffled expression. It was out of sight before he even thought of signalling another, and there wasn't another to signal in any case unless he walked three squares west to a cab-stand at the park.

Obviously he was a flat-foot, a fizzle and a farce at the Sherlocking business!

Well, he "had the goods on her" if he cared to use his information, but the whole idea was growing distasteful to him.

After all, what concern was it of his if she walked off with the whole interior of the mansion? The pair were off now in all likelihood to some Jew dealer in the East End, and then they would "work" some other locality, for the night was still young. Sooner or later they'd be caught red-handed. Let pretty Sheila and her

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Beets	20%	70%
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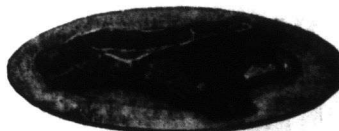
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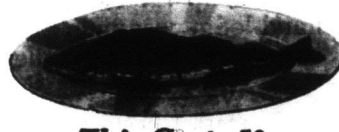
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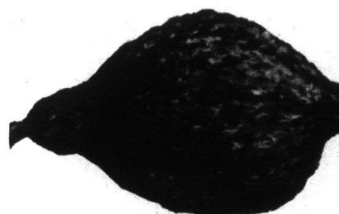
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fop friend be captured by the proper authorities. He'd wash his hands of them!

So he strolled out and down the pavement toward bed, yawning meanwhile and wishing he'd fetched a smoke along. Something white at his feet suddenly caught his eye. He picked it up and held it to the light. It was a dainty linen handkerchief. In one corner the name "Sheila" was embroidered.

Ah, yes! This was the bit of evidence she had discovered that she'd dropped. He'd just keep it. Lucky for her it hadn't been left in the grounds. Fond of nice things she was, even though apparently but a notch removed from the Whitechapel or Billingsgate class. The daughter of a huckster with a very slight veneer. But what pretty ankles she had! It was a pity she had dabbled in crime. Who was the "nut"? He certainly belonged in a higher strata. Was he infatuated with the girl or merely using her as a cats-paw?

Yes, he was disappointed in Sheila. It had been a shock. The dialogue he had just overheard revealed the bald fact that the bright little waitress whom he had been admiring for so long was no lady! Prior to this he would have taken his oath that she had at least the rudiments of culture and a good deal of native refinement and grace. He had never been able to judge her by her clothes for she invariably wore the grey dress with red piping of the Overseas Cheer Society waitresses. But no doubt, he now reflected, she dressed otherwise as garishly as she spoke in public. He had a great contempt for her methods of burglarizing, too. A mere amateur from the servants' hall and he'd thought her a regular crackswoman! Any modern female crook who expected to make a success of the game would have provided herself with a woman's size jimmy and a dark lantern!

Ah! Here was Sir Peter's butler returning.

"Wonder if it's any use to try to pump the old boy," muttered McCartney. "He loves me like rat poison."

But he hadn't been a reporter for nothing, and recollecting how often he had unscrewed the unscrutable in [wringing interviews from reluctant trust magnates (a calling eminently suited to his irrepressible spirit and his persistent nature)] he stepped nonchalantly forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Criddles," he began, with a disarming grin.

"G'd ev'ning to you," returned the butler, coldly, staring at McCartney but not stopping.

"You—don't know me I guess," laughed McCartney, easily, falling into step.

"Oh, yes, indeed. I recognize you quite well," returned the other, grimly. "You're the young man who brook our conservatory window with a byse-ball."

"So I am!" said McCartney, cheerfully. "And—er—I wish to make reparation and to get the ball back."

"You cawn't. I told you that before, young sir."

"I know, but good heavens, man, that ball was blessed by Ty himself. It's—it's semi-sacred! It's won us the pennant twice. I'd rather lose—"

"Someone's been in the grounds a-looking for that byse-ball. Lawst two mornings I found the vines torn below the south 'edge and all the flower-beds near the shrubbery trampled on. If it occurs again—"

"Now, Mr. Criddles, look here, or rather listen. This crisp crackling sound is a bank-note for—"

"It's no good, I tell you. Sir Peter wouldn't 'ave it."

"But you'll have it. Be a good scout now and let us have our ball back."

"Why down't you ply cricket, young man?"

"Cricket? Say! Don't make me laugh myself sick!"

"I said we'd 'ave trouble aplenty when I 'eard they were turning that 'ouse next door into an 'ostess 'ouse. You hoverseas chaps—"

"Aw, quit beefing, Mr. Criddles!"

"Ere's my stop, young man. I give you g'd night."

"Say, hold on a minute!"

The butler, his hand on the big gate, turned inquiringly. McCartney, in no wise abashed by his British severity, had followed him to the very gate bars as though he expected to be invited in for a brandy-and-soda.

"I could tell you something—" the young sleuth began in a confidential tone.

"Well, 'urry up."

"— but I don't believe I will. On second thoughts I think I'd be wiser to keep my own counsel. How's Sir Peter, anyway? Is his health improving?"

Mr. Criddles had snorted in impatience at the first part of this speech, but at mention of his distinguished employer he paused. He tried to think of something crushing to say, of some rejoinder that would impress this upstart baseball fiend, this youth from the colonies who had so little respect for British traditions and precedents.

"Sir Peter Desmond is much better, I thank you. The south of Frawnce 'as done wonders for 'im. I fancy we'll 'ave 'im 'ome before summer. When he comes I should say you chaps next door 'ad best behyve! Sir Peter is in parliament and does a deal of studying. He never did like noise."

"Poor old gentleman! We'll be very quiet. I'll tell the boys they've got to pussyfoot it then."

"Begging your pardon, young man, 'ave you ever seen Sir Peter Desmond?"

There was a note of patient exasperation in the tone of Mr. Criddles.

"Never laid eyes on him," said McCartney.

"I thowt not. I thowt not," said the butler with satisfaction. "For you see Sir Peter is quite a young man. He was twenty-seven 'is lawst birthday."

And Mr. Criddles opened the gate, passed in, shut it in McCartney's face, and stalked up the driveway. A clock near at hand boomed out eleven strokes.

McCartney rattled the iron work of the gate and gave a prime imitation of a little dog that has been inadvertently shut outside. But the butler paying no heed to these mournful howls and scratchings he desisted at length and strolled toward the Hostess House, whistling cheerfully, doing his best evidently to look philosophically upon the loss of his talismanic ball. But just at the point where the grounds of the overseas boarding home (for that is what it actually was) joined those of Sir Peter Desmond he stopped.

"It's a dashed shame we've got to lose it!" he muttered.

A new idea seemed to strike him. He slapped his thigh, chuckled a moment and then wheeled. Rapidly he walked almost around the block. When he had arrived at the rear of the little spinney aforementioned he crept cautiously along the bottom of the high stone wall until he was directly beneath a great old walnut tree, whose thick boughs hung over the boulevard. Strictly speaking the "block" was really several blocks in extent (as blocks go in cities of the Western Hemisphere), for the mansion and grounds were of imposing dimensions. The little wood alone must have covered five acres of land.

By dint of much jumping he finally managed to lay hold upon a stout branch of the tree, and soon he had swung himself up and over the wall, avoiding this time the fragments of glass on the top. This was the point farthest from the house and from his quest, and he now began to wish he'd had the sense to break in here the other times so he might have been able to make a more leisurely search. He hesitated whether to jump or scramble down the tree trunk. He chose the former means of descent and landed between a pair of cedar hedges, or what he judged to be hedges.

"What a cute little lane!" he muttered. "Must keep that crusty old chap who is combined butler and gardener humping himself to trim the tops!"

He judged that he was approaching the formal gardens. He passed through lane after lane, bordered closely by the clipped cedar hedges, making incredibly sharp turns at times, and at other times walking into a square open space with four exits to choose from. Somehow he always contrived to choose the wrong one for three or four times it led him into a blind alley. Again, where the impenetrably thick cedar rose to a height of six feet he had the sensation of being imprisoned in a sylvan catacomb.

"Ye gods! What is this!" he groaned as he stumbled on and on.

Ah! Now he had it! It was that dark mass that had loomed so grotesquely beyond the spinney. How fond of cedar hedges these English must be to grow 'em wholesale, lay 'em out in city blocks as it were! Suffering centipedes, was there no end to them!

The moon was obscured by the wood and the gloom, star-pierced only, served to accentuate his difficulty. He seemed

to have walked two miles already, and always between these dashed hedges! If only he could get out he knew almost to a square yard where his ball must have fallen! He'd been searching too near to the fence before. He knew it hadn't gone into the conservatory because he'd seen it bounce back after breaking the pane.

Ha! What was that? McCartney stopped at half-step peering ahead. He could have sworn he saw something moving, some object ahead of him in the lane. A bat no doubt. He proceeded, still in some doubt, however.

Once again he saw it just as he emerged for probably the tenth time in the open space where four avenues met. It whisked out of sight at the first turning to the right. Was it bird or beast or another human night-bird like himself? Was it following him or evading him?

He promptly decided to find out, and cursed his lack of foresight in not bringing his electric flashlight.

There ensued a strange chase. McCartney now in full pursuit, now waiting in ambush stole silently along between those high green walls, pausing with ears sharpened to an almost painful sensitiveness, going on again as he fancied he caught a stealthy footfall. That something ahead—human or ghostly—seemed always, will-o'-the-whisp-like, to keep just out of his reach. At one time his outstretched hand actually came into contact with something filmy, ephemeral as cloud mist, impalpable and yet somehow rather definite, too, like a bird's wing. From time to time he tested the vulnerability of the cedar walls. Nothing doing! Even should he attempt to claw his way over—through was out of the question—he'd make noise enough to raise the Seven Sleepers and Mr. Criddles and the precinct policeman into the bargain.

But that prowling thing, he must catch it. He now realized that it wasn't following him at all but trying to avoid him. He thought of a fox, of some sly pet dog, of a strange breed of cat, of—no not an owl for he'd distinctly heard footfalls once or twice.

He dashed blindly on, hearing it moving just over the hedge to his left. At the first turn he stumbled on a root, clutched at the cedar to avoid a fall, and cursed softly. Then he went on with both arms outspread. Another turn, but nothing to be heard down that avenue! He wheeled sharply and doubled back and took a tack to the right.

Then suddenly something rushed at him. His body seemed to collide with some soft yielding mass, his arms closed round it swiftly and—an hysterical little vocal sound told him that it was a human being. It was a girl, in fact, and from the way she panted he knew that the reason she hadn't screamed was due to lack of breath. One whole minute McCartney held her palpitating, slim form, and then she became suddenly inert, and he lowered her gently to the earth. With true feminine consistency she had swooned at the climacteric point.

But the moon just then chanced to ride serenely above the wood and by its pale light he recognized his quarry. It was Sheila!

He chafed her hands and presently she came round.

"It's only Jimmy—Jimmy McCartney, you know," he hastened to tell her as she struggled to her feet with his aid. "I came in to get my ball and I got twisted in this blamed maze—"

"Oh!" she said in evident relief, one small hand on her heart.

"Don't be scared. I wasn't going to harm you only I wanted to find out what you were. You seemed at first to be dogging me—"

"I'm lost, too," she said in a very faint voice. "I thought I knew the key but I guess I've forgotten. Then I saw and heard you, and once back there when your hand just brushed my shoulder I thought you had me. Horrid old maze, anyway!"

"What are we to do?" he asked, practically.

She leaned against the hedge, still panting a little. He somehow felt nothing for her now but a vast pity. He saw it all. She had come back for her handkerchief and had wandered into the maze by mistake.

"I don't believe you recognize me, Sheila," he began, gently. "Don't you know me? Who did you mistake me for?"

She shuddered.

"For a stool pigeon," she said. "There's one at the main entrance. I tried to

get out that way but saw him just in time. Then I remembered, the old walnut tree."

McCartney took a quick breath. So they were on her trail already! Foolish child to come back! It was condoning crime but he pulled the handkerchief from his pocket.

"This yours?"
She seized it eagerly, thanking him.
"What—are you doing here?" she asked, pointedly.

"I told you I came for my baseball. That cranky butler wouldn't stir a finger to get it for me, and he watches those lodge gates like a hawk. So I—"

She had, in turn, drawn something from her pocket and now she extended it to him.

"Is this it?"
His eager fingers closed round his beloved talisman.

"Where did you find it?" he asked, incredulously.

"In the shrubbery near the conservatory. And now let's have another try at getting out. Two heads being better than one we ought to succeed."

Gone was the East London accent and manner. This versatile little crook was now playing the role of an ordinary well-bred girl of the great middle class. And she was in a hurry to be rid of him. She hadn't deigned as yet to explain the reason for her presence, or she was so abstracted in mind she forgot that some sort of excuse was in order. He wondered at her. Didn't she realize that he'd think it odd she should be where she was and at the hour of midnight? They went on, Sheila in the lead, her grey frock quite visible in the increased moonlight. At the central square she stopped.

"Now I know, it's two left turns and three right turns and repeat from here," she said, thoughtfully. "I must have counted wrong before. Remember that, please. It leads directly beneath the walnut tree."

They went on and after following these directions found themselves not at the walnut tree but at the small picket gate which formed the sole entrance to or exit from the maze.

"Bother," cried Sheila.
"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed McCartney, taking the full, deep breath of freedom.

"But the man at the lodge gates you know."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I'd forgotten." He had put out a hand to open the gate. But she was peering anxiously at the old grey mansion that bulked large and shadowy in the middle distance. She pulled him back.

"Perhaps—if we wait," she said. "They ought to be through soon."

McCartney gazed down at the girl in astonishment.

"I don't know what you're talking about! Are you sure you saw a man watching for you? Might it not be the cook's friend or—some loiterer—"

"Oh, he wasn't watching me. I merely—preferred not to be seen going out."

"Not you! Who then in heaven's name? And why should anyone be watched?" he demanded impatiently.

"He's watching to give an alarm I suppose. You see his companions are in the house. They're robbing—trying to rob—the safe in the library."

"Robbers you say? And here we stand idly by—"

"Stop! Where are you going?" she cut in, seizing him.

"The police signal box at the corner. I can get over the wall—"

"And spoil everything!" she wailed. "If this should get into the papers! Oh!"

He turned and caught her by both arms.

"Tell me, are you in league with them?" he cried sternly.

"I?"

"Yes! Yes! Are you?"

"Sh! Somebody will hear us!"

"Don't try to jerk away! I'm going to get an answer out of you, you little—"

"How silly you are. It happens that what they're after isn't there!"

"What do you mean? Are you trying to—"

"I mean that someone else got there first," she said, with an exultant little laugh and freeing herself.

Oho! So that was it, eh? Two rival sets of criminals. In a daze of wonderment McCartney stood regarding her. By all the laws of justice and propriety he ought not to dally another instant but to go at once and give an alarm and

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then turn in all his evidence to the police. Yes, he ought to—but—

An ineffably sweet fragrance of English roses, just then was wafted to them from the garden and away off in a wood somewhere near the river a nightingale was singing. And Sheila was so fair, so young, had walked such a little way along the dark path of crime! McCartney thought he heard a little sob. Her head was bent, the golden hair so near his lips he could have—

Another sob? His throat tightened. "Don't—please," he said. "I—I'll not be hard on you. But, of course, these others—"

She looked up quickly. Gladness unspeakable seemed to flash from her eyes. The look—or something—went to his head.

"Then—you're letting me off? Truly?" "Yes, but against my better judgment. I'll surely report the gang that's in there now. But you—"

"Well?"

"Can buy me off with a kiss." He heard a sharp intake of breath on her part, then a hysterical little sob. How dainty and alluring she was. Her blue eyes now black as night wavered up to his and fell. She bit her lips, hesitating evidently between indignation and amusement.

"Just—a kiss?" she murmured, provocatively.

"A kiss and a promise," he amended.

"A promise?" "That you'll cut out this crooked work. You're a nice little girl and young and very bright and smart. If this is your first mis-step there's a chance to recoup and—and reform. I'm talking to you as I would to—well, to a sister—"

"Oh!" "And I'm your friend always. Cut loose from that gang. I don't suppose you can get back the jewelry—the jade vase, the pearls and the pictures and other stuff now but if you'll tell me where you sold them—"

She was gazing at him, transfixed. "Oh, yes, I know every move you made to-night up till the moment you rolled away in the cab. I—"

"Who are you? What are you?" she broke in, clutching at him half frantically. "You're not a—"

"A detective? No, I'm just a crazy meddler. I came into these grounds three nights in succession in quest of that ball, and the sight of a young waitress I knew snooping about with a grip, waiting for a chance to get into the house unobserved roused my natural curiosity. That's all."

"Oh!" in relief. "By the way how did you get in each time?" he asked, curiously. "I mean into the grounds. That's what I can't seem to understand."

"Oh, that's easy," said Sheila lightly. "There's a tiny break in the dividing fence between here and next door. It's used by the dog I think and it's hidden by a little bush. I would have gone out that way to-night, but I was afraid I'd be seen crossing the lawn. I don't think they were here when I first came in (I mean to get my handkerchief), and, of course—oh, there they go now!" she whispered suddenly.

For two shadows were skimming over the grass toward the gates, in full view of the two watchers in the maze.

"We mustn't let them get away like that," cried McCartney, swinging open the picket gate, with determination.

Sheila planted herself in his way and pushed him back.

"Let them go, please. Arresting them for housebreaking would only mix things up awfully."

"But, good heavens!—"

"In about five minutes you and I can get out now, but let them get away clear."

"But robbers—burglars—"

"They're not ordinary burglars. They wouldn't touch jewels or money for they're the emissaries of probably the richest man in London. What they came for was—papers."

"Papers!" and for a moment fresh doubts of her assailed him.

"If you'll promise on your honor not to tell I'll explain it all," said the girl. "I guess I'll have to, anyway, seeing you know what you do."

"Well?" he suggested in a non-committal tone. "I'll try to be a good listener—if not a believer."

She laughed quietly, and then sobering, said:

"It's all very simple, and it's the old story of capital versus labor, plus a dark horse. My brother, Sir Peter Desmond, is the dark horse in the coming election.

Uncle Pat left Peter this place on condition he went into parliament in support of labor, but poor Uncle Pat had left some problems along with his property. He was hot-headed and indiscreet and there were incriminating documents in his possession that he hadn't had time to destroy I suppose. (He died of heart failure at his desk, you see.) So I came to the city incognito and played servant girl next door to wait for a chance to get at Uncle Pat's safe. My brother, who was in the south of France for his health, agreed to all this. He had to. There was no other way. We weren't sure whether the servants could be trusted. The other side might bribe them or something. I learned the combination from my brother. And I studied the habits of the three servants. We got word from a trusted advisor that an attempt was to be made to secure these papers in order to help defeat my brother's election. Peter himself ought to have burnt the papers but he foolishly let them lie in the safe thinking they didn't amount to much. We're all of Irish descent and apt I suppose to laugh at danger. The

danger was very real, though. Peter, already suspected as the labor candidate, hadn't a chance to come in under such a cloud, and labor needs just such advocates as he so sorely! Peter already has a reputation for oratory. He's bound to win out."

They had walked to the big stone lodge gates and now passed through and bent their steps toward the boarding house.

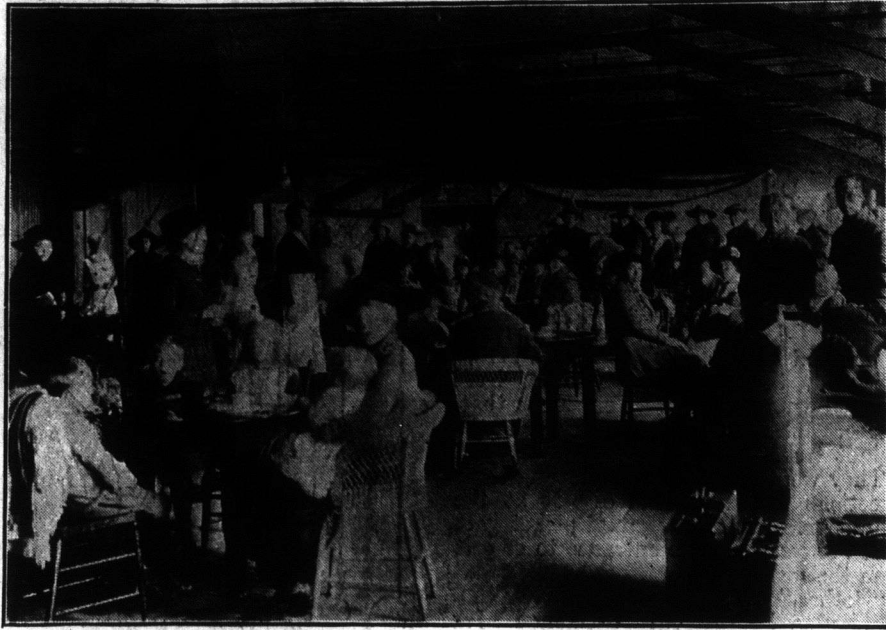
"And the man at the corner?" said McCartney, finding voice.

"Was Peter. He landed in England three days ago to prepare his speeches quietly and at his leisure. I saw him off to the coast to-night where he opens his campaign in a day or two."

"But the jewelry and other stuff?"

"Merely taken as a blind in case I should be caught. It was old family stuff, not so very valuable. The main thing was to get those papers away."

Under the elms they paused but for what purpose it would be idle to guess. Possibly there were yet more explanations to be made.



CANADA'S WELCOME TO SOLDIERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN
Parties enjoying the rest-room for mothers and children at St. John, N.B.

Harry MacGregor's New Life

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Elgin Adams Blakely

DORA, I wish you were going to college this fall," remarked Harry MacGregor, as he walked home from school with Miss MacLean.

"If I were clever like you, I might have gained a year in my high school course and have taken my examination with you."

"That's a modest little speech for a young lady who always stands first in her class. It is well for me that we are not in the same year."

Harry had passed the university matriculation examination at the Beauséjour high school, winning a scholarship.

"Come in. I want to beat you again at lawn tennis before you go away," said Dora.

At the end of a lively game, she waved her racquet exclaiming triumphantly, "I'm the champion and it's too dark to play any longer."

"You have the best of it this time. I'm off to-morrow but will be home Friday night," said Harry, leaving the court.

"Good-by." "By by; see that you capture another hundred dollar scholarship, this year." She watched him walk down the beautifully decorated grounds to the road, where he lifted his hat as he disappeared behind the trees.

He went to the city the next day and was warmly greeted at Trinity College by Dr. Sterling, the principal, who grasped his hand after he signed the roll, saying, "that prize you won is a fine letter of introduction here. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you very much."

"We shall look for something good at the end of the year."

"I shall endeavor to do my best, Doctor."

A fine front room, nicely furnished, having a good outlook was assigned him. After opening his grip, he sat down by his little table and for the first time in his life he felt that he was alone. It suddenly dawned on him that he must make his own

way in the world and he quickly responded, "I can do it."

The class work started with a swing and he stood well in all of his subjects.

Just before Christmas, the Trinity boys had their biggest struggle. They met St. John's College team who were champions of the football league and through Harry's fine playing they won the match.

"Let's go into the Queen's Hotel," urged the boys on their way home.

Harry demurred at first saying, "Dr. Sterling would be displeased."

"Come along. You don't have to take anything."

As they entered the hotel rotunda a

prominent citizen caught sight of them. He was most enthusiastic in his congratulations and said, "I am proud to wear old Trinity's colors to-day boys. You must all come out to the bar. I want to drink the health of the champions."

The boys pulled Harry along with them and managed to mix his drink. As a result, it was not long before he did not know how many glasses he had taken. He became gloriously drunk and had to be driven to the college in a cab. This hurt him more than words can tell. He lost self-respect, but when he found that Dr. Sterling had not learned of his escapade, he braced up and did not care so much.

During the two weeks' holidays at home, he frequently saw Dora, at the skating rinks and evening parties given in his honor and resolved to break away from his bad companions.

Returning to college, he was endeavoring to carry out his good resolution, but was having a hard time. Dr. Sterling realizing the situation called to him one day as he was going out from the lecture: "MacGregor, come to my private room, after your class exercises are over."

The boys heard him speak to Harry and crowded around him, shouting, "so the 'Prof.' is getting after you, is he?"

"Don't get down in your boots, old boy, we've all been there and some of us more than once."

The faithful teacher warned him of his danger and in his kindly yet decided way admonished him: "You must quit those bad boys, Harry, and choose a better class of associates. You should do what you can to help them, but don't chum with them."

"How can I do that and still mingle in the class work and sports?"

"You have a wrong idea, if you think it is necessary to do as they do to be popular. Let this be your motto: 'Do right if you have to stand alone.'"

The term closed with the Trinity football team champion of the Intercollegiate series and young MacGregor upheld the good name of his college by winning two scholarships in the university examinations.

He spent his vacation on his father's ranch, which was an ideal place, beautifully situated on the Brokenhead River, commanding a fine view, near the progressive town of Beauséjour. He divided his time between helping the hired man on the farm, working up a muscle as he called it, fishing and hunting. The evenings usually found him up town leading the boys in their sports, or over to MacLean's enjoying a game of lawn tennis with Dora.

Thus happily and uneventfully passed the time, till the morning of the last day, when he was crossing the Brokenhead, he saw a large fish, a sturgeon, glide along under the bridge in the deep water.

Knowing it would experience difficulties in getting up stream, as there were a number of shallow places, he ran home and got a spear and a rope. He quickly came back and in passing MacLean's house, called out, "Dora! Come down to the river and help me catch the biggest

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INSTANT POSTUM

Its fine flavor appeals to tea and coffee drinkers.

A rich, delightful drink that provides real economy.

Not a Bit of Waste

fish you ever saw. It's above the bridge. I can't wait for you." She came out as he hurried on. He caught up to the fish about a quarter of a mile up stream, where it was trying to ascend one of the rapids. Rushing into

the water he struck it a stinging blow on the head, stunning it and causing it to turn over on its side. He proudly threw the spear on the bank and said to Dora, who had come up at that moment, "Isn't it a fine specimen? Watch me take

possession of my prize." He grasped it firmly by the tail with both hands to pull it to the shore, but to his surprise the fish was not as dead as it appeared. His grip caused it in a measure to revive. It gave one flop and he was

sent tumbling into the water. "You had it by the wrong end, Harry, but a bath will be good for you," shouted Dora and she thoroughly enjoyed the comical situation. He soon recovered himself and hastening

Canadian Candy and Chocolate

In recent years, it has been demonstrated to the world that in most lines of manufacture the Canadian product is equal to, and in many, superior to foreign-made goods.

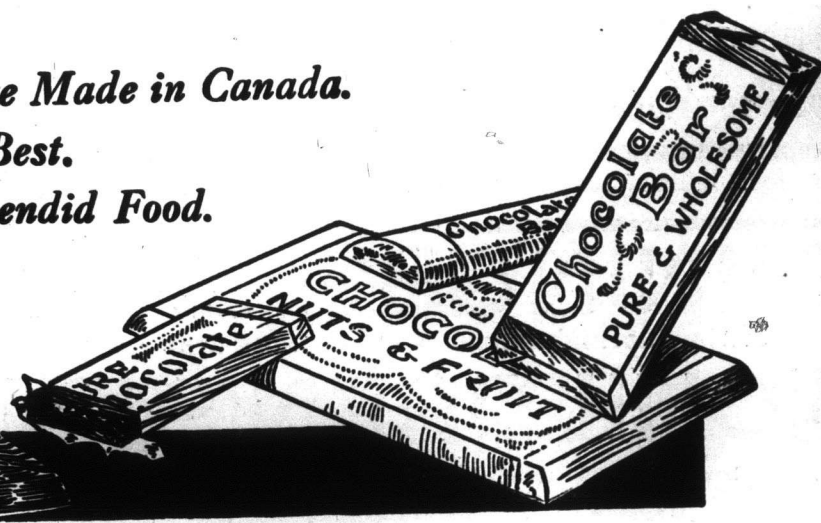
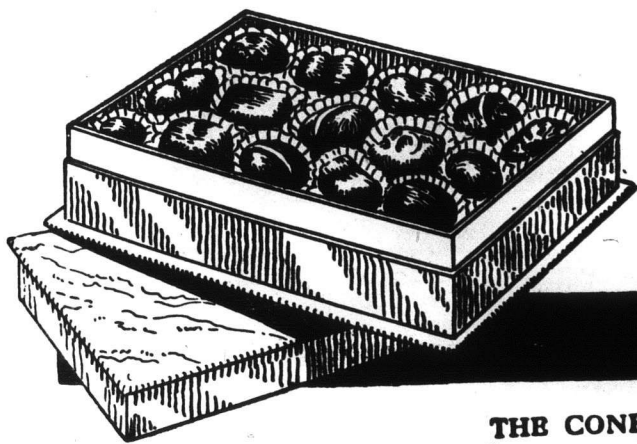
In the manufacture of candy and chocolate, Canada is at the top. The Pure Food Laws guarantee a wholesome product, while skill in manufacture has produced a quality and deliciousness unequalled in any country.

Within the last few months a tremendous demand for Canadian candy and chocolate has grown up in England and Europe. The large supplies sent to our men overseas during the war gave to many Europeans their first opportunity of appreciating the high qualities which the Canadian product possesses. European merchants and candy lovers are now clamoring for Canadian candies.

There may be some Canadians who do not realize that the most wholesome and delicious candy and chocolate are made here at home—but this is true.

You can eat Canadian-made candy and chocolate with assurance of their high quality and wholesomeness.

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They are Splendid Food.*



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POWDERS

to the shore, got the rope. Making a noose at one end he slipped it, this time, over the head of the fish, which had moved but little, being still dazed from the effect of the blows. He made it secure, behind the gills and Dora helped him pull it to the shore.

"Isn't it a monster? It's bigger than you, Dora, and just as hard to catch."

"I think you have reason to be delighted. The choice things seem to be coming your way."

He found by actual measurement that it was six feet, three inches in length and weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds.

The next day, Harry left for the city to begin his second year at college.

"I hear you have had quite an adventure, but you know how we generally estimate fish stories," was Dr. Sterling's salutation when they met.

"Now, Doctor this is the genuine article and, if you will wait a minute, I'll get you evidence to verify my statement."

He hurried up to his room and returned with a choice piece of the sturgeon saying, "I brought this for your dinner to-night."

"Thank you Harry. You must come over and enjoy it with me."

"I shall be pleased to accept your kind invitation."

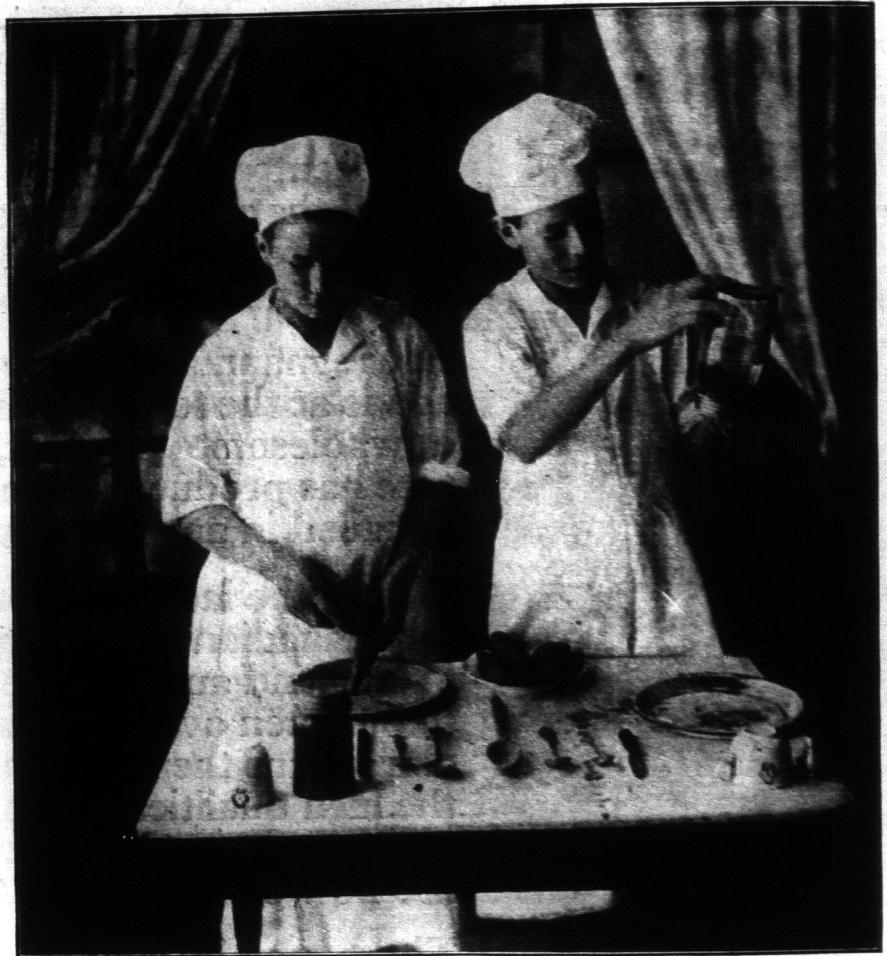
Harry took up his class exercise with great energy after his vigorous vacation work on the farm.

He went home on Friday night as was

They burned the grass around the hay-stacks allowing the fire to run outward. With hard fighting, beating out the flames with their wet canvas bags, they kept it away from the hay.

While they were at this work, the great fire rushed past. After it had once got under way it swept over the whole extent of the marshes, a space, ten miles long and six miles wide, in less than half an hour.

When it was approaching, Harry took one of the boys and a team to drive to his father's barn, where there were other stacks, to do what he could to save them. He ran the horses and endeavored to escape between two strips, in which the fire was running, but soon got on soft ground, where they could not travel fast, and the fire overtook them. It came down on them like an avalanche. It was an awful scene, a magnificent spectacle. Sheets of flame shot up twenty feet in the air. These surged and waved like billows on the ocean. Above them were great pillars of smoke, a regular colonnade, fluctuating with the flames, extending the full length of the fire, covered by a dense smoke-cloud, in many forms as a background. Here the poor boys were hemmed in. They unhitched the horses, letting them go and then leaving the wagon, tried to run across the fire and escape on the burned ground. Harry was overcome by the heat and smoke and lay down in the wet grass,



The Boys who won 2nd in the Provincial Canning Competition.

his custom. The next afternoon he was up at the football grounds, near the station in front of the hotel, where the Beausejour boys expected to play a match with a neighboring town club. Quite a large crowd was gathering.

"Dora! What does that smoke mean? Your house must be on fire," exclaimed Harry in alarm.

"It's a big prairie-fire and it is right in the direction of father's hay-stacks. Your father has some near there too. You had better tell Mr. Hadden."

Dora jumped into her rig, put whip to her horse and drove home, a little to the east of the marshes.

Harry helped Mr. Hadden hitch his horse to the democrat wagon and, putting a milk can and some canvas bags in behind, they were soon on the way to the scene of the fire, which was making evident progress as the smoke was becoming thicker and blacker. On the way out they stopped at the pump to fill the can with water, then drove on to the stacks in the second marsh. The hay-land consisted of two marshes, separated by a low ridge of ground, and were covered with grass, weeds and rushes, five and six feet high; the growth of the season being enormous. The stacks of hay were built on mown ground but this was only in patches, owing to some places being too wet and others too full of weeds for mowing.

thinking the fire would run over him. He was badly burned about the head, hands and back of his legs, but was soon up and viewed the great fire, as a vanishing scene, with a sense of relief. In the excitement, he thought he was not seriously injured, but quickly became aware of his unfortunate condition and managed to get to MacLean's and from there he was taken home. The Doctor did what he could to relieve the suffering patient and allay the fears of the anxious parents.

Dora went over, assisted Mrs. MacGregor and added to Harry's comfort.

In about a week's time they were assured that all danger was past, though the boy's face was still much disfigured. Dora who had been very attentive during the serious part of the case, now allowed her humor to enliven the scene and made all sorts of fun of Harry, who was greatly cheered by her presence.

One day, during his convalescence, he almost startled her by saying, "I've drunk my last glass. I am going to lead a new life."

"I'm glad to hear it my dear boy. You'll never regret this decision. If you take a strong stand for the right, it will mean a lot for this place. May God bless you."

"It certainly will mean much to us, Dora," and he pressed the hand that was caressing him.

Husband Since last So peace Till you Left me
With sin (And yet What ye Eye once Should f
Oh, proud And pity Who vov They w And let
Think y Than I I loved My hear How da Duty ca
I could Tho' fa But I c Of Briti Godspe

Husband A quar Since fr And no In God

And co wh As whe Not as Will st kn That y Who h

A frier Not on In joy Willin For th As whe And s So ms Streng

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I ha A I fo W I T The I

Poetry

Husband O' Mine

By Mrs. Wm. E. Walker.

Husband o' mine, so long that day
 Since last you clasped me in your arms,
 So peaceful our united way,
 Till you—astir at war's alarms,
 Left me to live my life alone,
 Husband o' Mine.

With sinking heart I watched you go,
 (And yet how proud I was of you).
 What years would pass we could not know
 Ere once again that heart so true
 Should fondly beat at sight of home.
 Husband o' Mine.

Oh, proudly here I walk alone,
 And pity feel for those poor wives,
 Who vowed with many a sob and moan
 They would not, could not live their lives,
 And let their husbands go to war.
 Husband o' Mine.

Think you they loved their husbands more
 Than I did mine, who let you go?
 I loved you truly and though sore
 My heart, because I loved you so.
 How dared I urge you to be false? No!
 Duty called you from afar—
 Husband o' Mine.

I could not spend my feeble power
 Tho' fain I would in freedom's plan;
 But I could help out in the hour
 Of Britain's need, to bid my man
 Godshead to help to win the war—
 Husband o' Mine.

Husband o' Mine, we're growing old,
 A quarter-century has passed
 Since first I wore your ring of gold—
 And now you're coming home at last
 In God's good time, from lands afar—
 Husband o' Mine.

And come you straight and sound and
 whole
 As when you left me—or not so—
 Not as you were before. Your soul
 Will still be true; and henceforth we shall
 know
 That you are one of those brave ones
 Who helped to win the war—
 Husband o' Mine.

Friendship

By C. M. Watson

A friend in need is a friend in deed,
 Not one who says, but does.
 In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
 Willingly shares our loss and gain
 For the love of friendship's aim
 As when the sun in course doth set
 And strengthening shadows fall
 So may the friendship that we've met,
 Strengthen, towards the Call.

The Twilight Spell.

Doris Rosalind Wilder

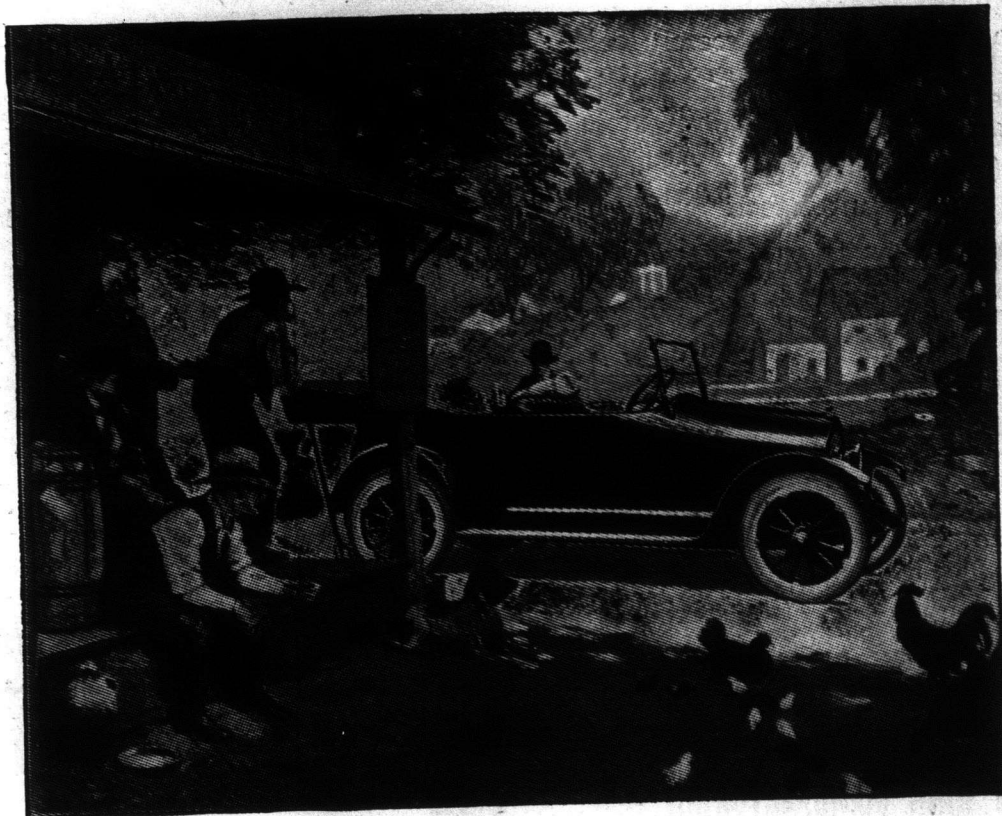
The ling'ring sunbeams from the garden
 fade,
 The golden ending of a golden day;
 Across the sky the wood-dove wings her
 way
 And shadows merge in one unbroken
 shade.
 With mirth and laughter from the mossy
 glade
 The children hasten homeward from
 their play;
 The robin softly trills his evening lay
 And dreaming lover tunes his serenade.
 O little fairies, pixies, goblins all,
 Who steal from out your flower-cups at
 night
 To frolic in the moonlight in the dell,
 Obey the signal of the white owl's call,
 And tripping in the ring of magic light
 Unseen, unheard, now weave your mystic
 spell!

My Ball

I had a pretty little ball,
 And it was red and white;
 I found it in my stocking
 Which I hung up Christmas night.

I went out on the lawn
 To jump about and play;
 Then I found my ball was gone,
 I looked for it all day.
 —Terrill H. Ruprecht, Age Eight, Ohio.

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Agricultural Imports Into Canada over \$225,000,000 Annually

DESPITE INCREASED PRODUCTION AND EXPORTS, IMPORTS CONTINUE TO INCREASE

By G. C. Pelton

The need of increased agricultural production in Canada and the opportunity for providing markets for products of the farm grown by returned soldiers, is shown in the fact that during 1918 (twelve month period ending September 30th) the agricultural imports into Canada were valued at over \$225,000,000, as compared with \$250,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1917, and with \$185,000,000 in 1916.

The exports of agricultural products have increased enormously, but so also have the imports. In 1918 the exports exceeded a value of \$605,000,000, as compared with approximately \$580,000,000 for 1917, and \$515,000,000 for 1916. Since the outbreak of the war the exports have more than doubled.

The export trade has been largely a war trade, and has been almost entirely with the United Kingdom and with France. The import trade, on the other hand, has been largely with the United States. Eighty-two per cent of the imports of food products and agricultural products into Canada in 1918 came from the United States. This is an enormous total when it is remembered that Canada is known as an agricultural country, with large rural population, while the United States has a very large urban population, proportionately much larger than Canada's.

That Canada is not yet growing enough

1916 to 1918 decreased several million, the exports increased by more than \$20,000,000. Canada thus appears to be adjusting its meat production to a very sane basis, with very small imports, despite the large increase in exports.

Canada is now one of the world's largest exporting countries in cheese. The cheese exports in 1918 were worth \$38,000,000, which was an increase over 1916 of \$10,000,000. The imports on the other hand were valued at less than \$110,000 in 1918. The butter exports in 1918 reached a total value of over \$2,830,000, as compared with \$932,000 in 1917, while the butter imports in the same period were valued at \$124,000, a considerable reduction from the previous year.

Up to the commencement of the war, Canada exported very little butter and imported large quantities of butter from New Zealand, but since the war, the butter production has increased to an extent which has permitted of big decreases in the imports and large increases in the exports. The exports have been large to the Old Country, and are likely to continue through the whole of 1919.

The leather exports were valued at \$13,396,000 in 1918, which was nearly a four-million dollar increase over the previous year. The leather imports were valued at \$10,966,000, as compared with over \$26,000,000 in the previous year.



Rare specimens of Highland sheep.

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HEAD OFFICE - - - WINNIPEG

agricultural products is shown in these increasing imports. In 1918 the imports of breadstuffs into Canada were valued at \$22,912,000, as compared with \$20,000,000 in the previous year, and \$10,950,000 in 1916. Thus since 1916 the imports of breadstuffs have more than doubled. This would indicate that to make up for its big wheat and flour exports to Europe, Canada had to import largely from the United States. The imports of oils into Canada in 1918 were valued at \$42,000,000, as compared with \$29,000,000 in the previous year, and \$19,000,000 in 1916. Since 1916 these imports have thus more than doubled. The increase is made up largely of palm oil, coconut oil and cotton-seed oil, the two latter oils being imported in large quantities to make up for the shortage of fats, and being used in the manufacture of oleomargarine and other cooking fats.

Canada's wool imports were valued at \$36,205,000 in 1918, which was a decrease over the two previous years. This is, however, an enormous importation for an agricultural country. The production of wool has increased in the prairie provinces and in some parts of Ontario, but the general increase for Canada has been very small. There is opportunity in British Columbia, in the maritime provinces and in Quebec and Ontario for tremendous increases in the wool output.

Canada's meat productions shows some startling but creditable changes. In 1918 (for the twelve month period ending with September 30th) the meat imports were valued at only \$9,178,000, as compared with over \$36,000,000 in the previous year. The exports on the other hand totalled over \$65,000,000, as compared with approximately \$45,000,000 in 1916. Thus, while the imports of meats from

The cessation of the war will mean still further reductions in leather exports, and should thus result in reductions in leather imports. Under such conditions, there should be a natural drop in the price of boots and shoes and other leather manufactures.

The imports of vegetables into Canada in 1918 exceeded \$4,400,000, while the exports were over \$12,240,000. The vegetable exports were \$7,000,000 under 1917, but were more than double the 1916 exports. The imports were about the same in 1917 and 1918.

Of the total 1918 trade in agricultural products, the United Kingdom took 35 per cent and the United States 51 per cent, but in the imports into Canada of agricultural products, over 82 per cent came from the United States.

These statistics show that there is unlimited opportunity for Canadians to increase their agricultural production, with a guarantee of a sufficient market at home, to more than offset any reductions which may occur in exports to Europe, and according to all accounts, it will be a considerable time before there will be any noticeable decrease in the demands from Europe. With agricultural imports exceeding \$225,000,000 annually, there is yet room in the Dominion for a big increase in agricultural development.

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"Jimmy"

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Terry Dremond

I FIRST became acquainted with Jimmy Fraser in a boarding house several miles removed from the most fashionable district in Winnipeg.

He was seated at the breakfast table, and the broad smile on his face as I entered showed he was one of those likeable chaps you could talk to without being formally introduced. However the good Irish landlady who preceded me into the room, made us duly acquainted and then bustled away to the kitchen.

"It's braw weather," Jimmy said, by way of opening up the talk.

"It is indeed," I agreed.

"Are ye new tae the city?"

"Oh, no, I'm just moving around. I had more room-mates than I desired in my last abode. Every time I turned on the light there were dozens of them creeping up the walls."

"Weel, ye'll no be bothered wae them here, for Mrs. McCloskey's a clean body hersel' an' wadna ga'e them space."

This was good news to me and I started in to be real friendly with Jimmy and soon we were talking like old acquaintances, and only broke off for a few minutes while Mrs. McCloskey served the meal.

Like al. good Scotchmen, Jimmy reverently bowed his head for a second or two before beginning to eat.

I liked Jimmy from the first. He was only a little chap, not over five feet three or four, rather good features and a mass of very black curly hair. I learned that he was a sort of foreman over a gang of foreigners laying street car tracks; his particular duty being to see that they kept working.

It doesn't take long to become real chummy in a Winnipeg boarding house, and after a few days we would be visiting each other's rooms, and to pass the time Jimmy used to sing for us. He had a splendid baritone voice, and it was a pleasure to hear him sing the auld Scotch songs, sung as I never heard them sung before, or since.

I soon learned that Jimmy was the sole support of a widowed mother in the old land, and I was sure that in those first days when I knew him he was doing the right thing by that mother.

In that same boarding house were two or three worthy sons of old Erin, and in right Irish fashion they went out to celebrate on St. Patrick's night. Jimmy wasn't with them in person but he must have been with them in sympathy for when I met him on the lobby on the morning of the 18th I saw something that I'll remember as long as I live. Sure enough it was Jimmy, but he looked as if he'd been having an argument with the beaters on a threshing machine. Both eyes had a nice circle of black that hadn't been put there by nature, and so badly swollen that it's a wonder he could see me at all.

"What on earth has happened to you?" I fairly shouted at him.

"Naethin' much," he answered, sort of sheepishly. "I met an auld freen an' we thought we'd hae a wee sippy the gither. It wasna' much, but we had an argument wae a one armed man wha had a hook for the ither, and he hit me wae the hook."

Afterwards when I saw Jimmy in the state that he must have been in on that night, I felt that the fault was not altogether with the one armed man.

Through a friend of Jimmy's I learned that he had had a fondness for the bottle, but seemed to have conquered the craving until that memorable 17th.

For weeks after that, he travelled the narrow path, and then at odd times he came home to his little room showing signs. Jimmy had a way all his own when he'd had a little too much. Agreeable at other times he would now be stubbornly argumentative. He'd try to prove a black crow was white. On one occasion when he came home he was introduced to a person whose name happened to be "Andy."

"Annie, Annie," he repeated, once or twice. "That's no yer name, that's a girl's name. I knew a girl once they ca'd Annie." The more we tried to convince him the name was "Andy" and not "Annie" the more stubborn he became.

More and more frequently Jimmy came home like this, and then he lost his job. He was taken back but again was laid

off, this time for weeks. His money ran out and he looked to us for comfort. We all liked Jimmy and we helped him out as much as we could.

From that time on, evil times came thick and fast to Jimmy Fraser, until at last it seemed that John Barleycorn got the best of him altogether. The time came when it was almost impossible for him to get employment and he was rapidly developing into a "down and out" no good bum. Sometimes he would obtain work but only for a day or two. I did not altogether despair of him, even when he sunk as low as it was possible for a man to sink. I prevailed on him to leave the city and try the country. I reminded him of the old mother who apparently had been forgotten. Jimmy blubbered a bit and said he'd go.

"You've got the stuff in you to make good if you'd leave that damned stuff alone," I told him.

Money I had given him in plenty, but latterly I took upon myself to see that his board was paid for. I knew he was honest, and if ever he could overcome the weakness he would pay me back.

I helped to get him out to the Bush. He wrote to me once or twice to say he was getting along well, and then I lost track of him for a year or two, until one evening I happened to be walking along a part of Main Street which was at that time noted for the numerous low class hotels, and outside one of these I saw Jimmy. I hardly recognized him as the same Jimmy I had parted with a couple of years before. Certainly at that time he did not look his best, but now he was the most degraded object I ever set eyes on. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair had not been trimmed for months, the clothes he was wearing were originally made for a man twice his size, and from their shabby appearance, it must have been a long long time since the original owner had parted with them.

Loud words raised in argument verging on blows attracted my attention and looking in that direction I saw that

Jimmy was one of the principals. The other was a foreigner, apparently a Galician.

I walked up to Jimmy and fairly lifted him away.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. He knew me at once, in spite of the state of stupor he was in. In his drunken manner he threw his arms around my neck, forgetting all at once the near fight. When he spoke it was in a sort of whining tone.

"I am gang hame wae ye the night."

I ignored the assertion, and asked him for an account of himself. Little sense or satisfaction I could get from him, except that he was hungry.

"I havena' had a bit since yesterday morn, an' a havena' got the price o' a bun."

"Come on then and we'll settle that part of it," and I led him into a restaurant. There was some bread on the table where we sat down, and even before I had ordered a meal for him, he was devouring that bread like a wild animal at its prey.

The meal was soon served and all through it Jimmy never spoke. He went



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after that meal in the same way as he had handled the bread.

As I sat there opposite him, I could not help thinking of the first time I had sat down at a table with Jimmy. What a change there was in him since then. It was like meeting two different types of men. The one a good looking, well groomed, religiously inclined young man, full of ambition. The other, a ragged, dirty, degraded bum. A friendless out-cast.

"Poor old Jimmy," I thought. "Has he sunk too low to come back?"
As I sat there waiting for him to finish the meal, I had been doing some hard thinking on his behalf, and when at last he looked over at me, with, I fancied, a trace of shame on his face I told him what I had in mind.

"I've got a friend a long way from the city, Jimmy, on a farm, and I happen to know he needs help. You are going out there. It's a different kind of company you need. There'll be lots of horses and cows and pigs and sheep and other things that will be a lot better for you than the ones you'll find around a pool room or a low class hotel."

The meal had in a way sobered him, and he realized what I was getting at. There was more confidence in his tone as he answered me, and I fancied there were tears in the bloodshot eyes.

"Maybe yer freen 'll no be wantin' me, if he ken'd I havena' been workin' for sae lang. I've no had experience."

"I'll guarantee he'll take you all right, if you're satisfied to give it a trial. How about your mother, Jimmy?" I suddenly shot the question at him. "Have you been writing to her at all?"

He did not look at me. His head drooped a bit and stayed there. After a while he answered just one word—

"No."
Sitting there opposite that dismal, wretched, whisky-soaked excuse for a man, I pictured myself in his place, and the best woman in the world waiting for news of me, and thinking—What?

"Maybe he's waiting until he'd be rich and then come back to stay, and these old hands of mine would never be tired

or sore any more with the work. I'd have servants to wait on me and I'd be a real lady." Or, or, "maybe he's dead." God won't Thou help me to know.

When I looked over at Jimmy again, I was fighting mad, and when I spoke to him it was through my teeth.

"Jimmy Frazer, you're going out on that farm and you are going to stay there until you are a man again, and a little longer."

"Will you trust me again?"
"Sure, I'll trust you, but I am going to see that you are well looked after."

That night I called Mort Langley on long distance and told him the whole story. He fell in with my mood at once. "We'll cure him," he said. "He won't have the ghost of a chance to get it here. I'll give him enough work to keep his mind off it during the day and by bedtime he'll be too tired to go chasing it."

I took Jimmy out the following day, and when I said good-bye to him once more he assured me he'd stay with it this time. He did, too, until two years later he called on me again, this time in uniform. In fine form he looked, and was more like the old Jimmy.

"I'm gaun tae see her noo," he said, and there was a joyous tremor in his voice. "Ave been guid tae her since, an' am no sae ashamed tae meet her."

He had only a little time to spare, but before he walked out he handed me an envelope.

"I've kep' track an' ye'll find it all there."

My trust in Jimmy had not been misplaced.

Not many weeks after this, a mother's heart was gladdened by the sight of her son. He had seen to it that she was provided for, by having a liberal allowance made over to her.

Like many other brave men, Jimmy laid down his life in France. Maybe it was best. I think of him often and feel glad that I knew him, glad that I helped a little, and glad that the old mother, although he had been taken away, is now in receipt of a pension ample to keep her in comfort as long as she lives, and that after all Jimmy had won it for her.



Just received from Paris, this photograph taken immediately after Emile Cottin, a 22-year-old anarchist, had attempted to assassinate Premier Clemenceau by firing 10 shots at the Premier while he was in his carriage. Three shots took effect, the first hit the horses, another lacerated the Premier's hand, while a third entered his right shoulder. Our photo shows Cottin (on the right) just after he was rescued by the authorities from an infuriated mob that set upon and beat him severely.

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others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, \$1.30 per box, containing one month's treatment. Address with 3 stamps—

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Following a Young Trapper's Trail

By Bonnycastle Dale

YOU kind readers of The Western Home Monthly might be interested if we take a peep at the rapidly growing youngster, Laddie Jr., during his winter and spring camp. "If I study during July and August can I have my holidays in duck shooting, and in trapping time?" he asked me. So we made a bargain of it.

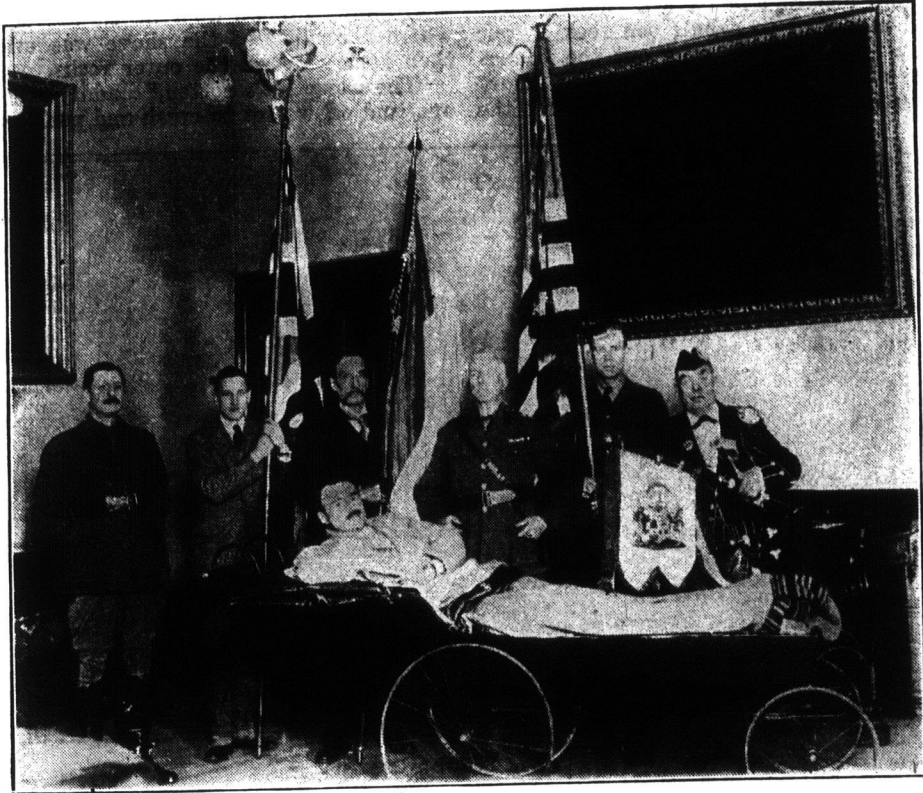
It was yet the wild cold month of February when he prepared the load to take over the glare ice out to Camp Migration on our island in mid Rice Lake. The old motto "The more hurry the less speed," was amplified in his case; as he made a disastrous descent of the steep island bank and lay before my open inquisitive leas like a turtle sprawling on its back.

Once the loads were drawn down the bank and packed into the two canoes, which were roped on to their sleighs; and we took the draw ropes over our shoulders like two draught horses, we set off a good speed. The glare ice was fine; but about every fifty yards, like raisins in a pudding, stood frozen over air-hole mounds; snow surrounded, that checked our speed like well set brakes. Then, once we had tugged over this tiny ice and snow hill; and balled-up the soles

off to his long line of traps, about one hundred, as he had to drag his canoe over more land and bog and rushes, than ice and snow. He most certainly worked hard.

The beauty of the scene always made me say "Thank God for being alive!" each morning as I stepped outside. Early in March the red-winged blackbirds made the dry yellow marsh a rustling melody. We started our migration list, pencilling it as well on the white paint of the front window sash. Many's the rush there was for the pencil as the flight began to appear regularly. The groundhog was the first of the native animals to appear, out of the earth, weeks before the winged ones; then gulls, grackles, plover, snipe, wild ducks, herons, wood dwellers, marsh dwellers, loons, bitterns, geese, tern, a noisy host, swept over the drowned lands and our tight little island nestling in its midst.

Away off, more dim now we were so busy, the World War raged, and we tried in our small way to do our duty; by filling up with rice and potatoes to save the precious wheat flour—personally I do not think I can ever look a potato or a cup of steaming rice in the face again without blushing, the way we overworked those often neglected parts



The ceremony at the London home of Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, showing the return of the colors of the MacLean Highlanders of America to their wounded commander, Colonel Guthrie. The regiment was raised in America under the supervision of Sir Fitzroy, the aged chief of the MacLeans of Duart. The Union Jack was presented to the regiment by the City of New York, the French Tri-Color by the City of Boston, and Old Glory by Colonel Walter Scott of the New York Scottish. When the regiment went to France the colors were left in the safe keeping of Sir Fitzroy MacLean. The gallant colonel is now bringing them back to America. Sir Fitzroy MacLean is standing in the centre and Colonel Guthrie is reclining on the invalid couch.

of our boots with snow, then—"whiz"—away we slide staggeringly over the glare ice. Three hours of hard work landed us at our "hut" on Migration Point. Our carpentry evidently was not quite snow proof, as parts of each winter's storm had sneaked in through each window, and in the door and down the pipe, making a cute little interior scene in close imitation of the outside snowy woods.

"Had to shovel hard to get in; now we've got to shovel hard to get out," panted Laddie Jr. But within an hour we were seated to enjoy a well made cup of tea. Down slammed the cup, out and in banged the door, and the lad was off to survey the scene of his next two months' adventurous work.

Alas! If we had known then that the severe winter of 1917-18 had frozen the fur bearers stiff in their wild rice straw homes, we might have collected quite a fund of information, and a lot of pelts, but, as I do not trap, the boy being the licence bearer, I did not investigate, even when he came in with a dead muskrat found frozen in its home.

Every morning, long before day-break, the youngster was up rattling out a weird tattoo with kindling and hardwood and a tin stove, each morning the door banged just at peep of dawn and he was

of the daily menu. I told Laddie if he kept on hiding away such enormous quantities of rice that he need not build another shelf in the hut—he would have a nice little one of his own projecting out beneath his pinny.

During the rush of work with the cameras and the traps Old Mother Nature had been busy too. You see, she had to sweep out a mass of ice three feet thick, and some twenty odd miles long; before she could let her myriad migrating fowl use the broad bosom of the lake; and at it she went with sun and wind and rain.

To us, two lonely ones on that exposed island, the contest was one of awful and intense grandeur, especially towards the last, when she introduced the mighty artillery of the heavens to assist her in grinding up those stubborn masses. To sit in the darkness of the night and peer out when the great southwestern was blowing and the ice splitting and rending in awful confusion, then—bang! would sound out a great explosion that ran pealing and reverberating all around the dark horizon and lo! Flash shot forth a mighty bolt of lightning and the whole dread scene was for an instant seared on our staring eyeballs.

"I'll put down the blinds and you'll



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light the lamp, Laddie—we can't stand any more; can we?" And the frail cotton curtains and the artificial light, and high strung conversation, would vainly interpose to try and make us ignore the wild tumult that surrounded us. And we thought how this stupendous elemental war would sweep over this dark world of our ages after the puny efforts of man, with all his roaring guns, and bursting mines, and streams of flame and choking gas, was puffed out into the infinity of space. These are the moments my dear readers when men as old as I lament each wasted minute, regret each wicked act.

The morrow broke calm and resplendent. All the glittering fields of ice were cracked and blue-water veined, and the lad's happy laugh and loud song pealed out amid the birds' air filling chorus. Towards noon, the cold air of the huge basin having risen, in poured the warm southwestern wind, and the ice began to "move." The "ice-shoves" of these northern lakes have to be seen to be believed. We stood on the southern tip of our isle and watched the slow gathering force. The wind swiftly increased from one to five, to ten, to twenty miles an hour. At half the wind power the shore lip of the great ice field at our feet slowly uptilted, and the shattered parts fell back on the parent ice floe in a shower of tinkling music.

"It's started," howled Laddie Jr. above the crackling, grinding rushing roar. "Jump aboard and have a ride" I said; and motioned to a half ton rock at our feet. "All aboard" sang out the youngster as he jumped on top of the firmly imbedded granite boulder. At first the

of the sweet rain on the thirsty fields, the glow of the glad sun by day and the cooling balm of the misty fragrant nights, lighted to beauty by a young silver crescent moon and tell me, my readers, is there a place, here or hereafter, for a thing called a man mean enough to steal amid all this beauty? "Well! the lake's open—come see—it's all blue water," called the happy boy. True, as far as the eye could reach, tiny ripples furrowed the clear blue lake. "Let's pack up and go back to the Beaver, and get our war garden in," continued the boy. Soon the couple of dozen muskrat skins, the cameras, the scant portions of food left were stored in the canoes, the little hut was locked up, bidden good-bye with kind words—how we grow to love these inanimate friends—and off we paddled merely over the cool surface of the lake, searing up, with much spattering of wings, huge flocks of bluebills and redheads and whistlewinks and many other wild ducks and divers.

"Lookee!" called the boy in the bow. "Ice still in Paudash Bay." Yes, there lay a great cake of ice that had grounded on the island point, and was slowly but surely revolving; so as to close up the water course about the bay.

"Can we make that mile before it closes?" he called back.

"Maybe," I ventured, as I was none too sure. So the paddles flew faster as we circled the bay. Sweating and breathing hard we approached the land where the "lip" of the shove was even then lifting up on the outer rocks.

"The shore bit's rotten," Laddie called out, and off we set to crush and push our



A Flock of Scottish Cheviots

weaker edges of the ice just creamed off about the lower circle of the rock; but no sooner did the firmer ice touch it than the big red stone slowly but surely lifted out of its frozen, clay encrusted bed, and started up the shore.

"Tickets," I called out to the young passenger. He groped in his pocket, grinning the while, keeping a good balance nevertheless, as to trip and fall in front of that ever advancing lip of ice would be to have the life unmercifully crushed out of him—I have seen a fully grown, deeply rooted ash tree, torn out as easily as a babe would pull a currant from a bun.

We watched with great interest the course of a red punt that had gone adrift in the ice, and noted that if its further edge mounted the resisting edge the "lip" just lifted it onto the ice, but if it careened towards the opposing force the oncoming ice-shove overwhelmed it.

Thus sped away eight weeks of shining glittering splendour, the carpet of green was returning to the wide flung landscape, the mating fish, great maskinonge and bass were fanning the waters beside us, the semi-delirious chorus of the birds daily filled the air about us—and an unknown trap thief came and stole some of Laddie's traps. Never mind the loss of the traps; just consider the mighty forces of Nature that we had daily been regaled or assaulted by, the wondrous lights and twilights of this spring season, the voices of many birds, the bursting of the buds, the trickling of the sweet tasting sap, the nest-building, the home making, the failing

way through and over the last hundred yards of winter's captivity. We made it, with many grunts and Ohs! and Ahs! and pushes, and slid off the last, the very last, cake of ice and paddled home triumphantly.

The Way to Boston

Earlier in the day he had been sixteen miles from Boston. He was now only eleven miles away. The condition of his pocket was such that there was no way for him to reach the city without further wear on his shoes. Several automobiles had rushed past him toward the city, but, although he had looked at them appealingly, the drivers had made no sign that they were willing to help the footsore pedestrian.

He grew a little bitter as he put one foot up and the other foot down on the dusty road. Finally, he was hailed by the driver of a car that bore a Pennsylvania license number.

"Hey, there, do you know the way to Boston?"

"Yes, I do. Just follow me. I am going there."

The driver grinned. The trumper reached Boston in twenty minutes.

Nothing as Good for Asthma.—Asthma remedies come and go but every year the sales of the original Dr. J. D. Kellogg Asthma Remedy grow greater and greater. No further evidence could be asked of its remarkable merit. It relieves. It is always of the same mending to know. Do not suffer another attack, but get this splendid remedy to-day.

Flowers as an Education

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"Flowers preach to us if we will hear"

THE long, long winter is over at last, and the children have put away their sleighs. They are busy learning reading, writing and arithmetic, which we expect to be of use to them later on. But do we ever teach them anything about flowers? The public schools are all right with their Arbor Day. But every child does not go to a public school, and it seems to me that even those who do could learn a great deal more if we would encourage some studies when they come home. I do not believe in children having what is generally called "home work." Some people think it is all right, and there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. I do not want to raise a controversy. No doubt there is plenty to be said on each side, there generally is! But here, I am not talking about "book learning" or "book studying."

I am imagining my little girl just returned from school, tired of books for the time being. It is the spring and it is in the country. The farmers all around are busy at seeding. The woman is planting her vegetables.

Now it is a strange thing, but it is nevertheless true. In or around nearly every house in town, where land is so precious, there are pretty, pretty gardens. One has only to go up to town on a visit, to remark this at once. The nicely painted houses look so fresh with their gardens in front or at the sides. They smell so sweet as we pass and we often see the women and children busy in them.

But here, in the country, where there surely is room enough, and many people have 160 acres and some twice as much, how seldom do we see any gardens. I have remarked this over and over again. I could not help doing so, for if there be one thing I love in this world, after children, it is flowers. People have such strange excuses for not having gardens. "There is no fence," they say, "and the dogs get in." Or they say: "The cats scratch it up," or "I have no time," or "people leave the gate open," etc., etc. Well, everyone knows that "Where there's a will there's a way."

One wonders that the women do not care enough for flowers themselves, but even if they do not, if they realized the good and the pleasure it gave to children they would surely think again before saying: "I can't be bothered with a garden."

First of all, let me tell them, that a garden is not very much trouble after all. Once the man has dug it, the children, especially if they be over seven years of age, can take care of it themselves. They will not find it any trouble. Give them small tools, suited to their size, and they'll be proud to say that they raked it alone, and planted and tended the seeds and flowers. Let it be their garden, even if it be in the front of the house. You won't have reason to be ashamed of it!

It is dreadful to think of the approaches there are to most of the farms. The pigs, cattle and horses wander around at will almost up to the very doors, and if they do not, there are at least the chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys! There isn't one clean, healthy spot to rest the eyes—and as for one's feet, where can one put them so as to keep them clean? There are farms where one hesitates to dismount from the buggy!

If the children had an enclosed garden, where even a stray chicken was not allowed to enter, there'd always be a nice clean path where we could take our visitors, in hot weather, and how proud the little ones would be when the guest admired the flowers and we told her who had kept the garden so beautiful.

Having a garden will take the children out of doors, after having been kept in so long at school. It will chase the cobwebs away. It will make our girls and boys bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, and the work of raking, etc., will be good for their muscles. Then it will keep them happy. O how we want our children to be happy!

Let them choose their own seeds, and so they will learn what grows well, and what does not, what blooms early and what blooms late. They will learn the names of all the flowers they raise themselves, and what is more, they will

remember them far better than if they had only learnt them at school.

Nor must "mother" be excluded from the work. She can often say: "Shall I help you weed?" or "Shall we look round the flowers together?" A pastime which "mother" can share is always the best, but this does not prevent the garden being the children's own. There might even be a shady nook where "mother's chair" is kept, a nice, low, comfortable wicker chair. There might also be a tiny table, and here the children could "Invite mother to come to their garden for a visit," and perhaps there might be a cool drink served by the little mites. Think how proud they would be!

There is no limit to the pleasure to be gained from a garden. To a certain extent many lessons, I do not mean book lessons, can be learnt in that garden. It is not merely the names of flowers that are learnt, or the times of weeding, growing and blooming. Oh, no! Far, far

more than that! The contact with the clean, pretty flowers all around them can teach our children many a lesson as to Dame Nature's ways. Even the butterflies and the bees, fitting amongst the flowers, alighting here, hovering over there, and preferring some flowers to others, teach their own lessons, especially if a mother be there, to direct the attention of her little ones as to the various uses of flowers.

Nor need we leave the raking and the seeding to boys. Except the heavy digging, there is no care of a garden which girls cannot share. And what in those families where there are no boys? Shall the girls be denied their garden? Surely not.

Tending and loving flowers makes a little girl, if possible, more tender, more loving and more gentle. Nor need we be afraid for their hands. If necessary, they can wear gloves. And as for the heat, well, here we must use a little common sense. We must let the children do their gardening at an hour which will not tire them or make them sick.

A child who is brought up amongst the flowers will learn many of the difficult

lessons of after life, from these same flowers. She will learn them almost unconsciously, and when we help her a little, as all mothers should, she will learn in a nice, clean healthy way.

I remember longing for a garden of my own, but I never had one as a child. Anticipate your children's wishes when they are for such good, healthy things as gardens.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers, And they tell in a garland their loves and cares; Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers On its leaves a mystic language bears."

To think about oneself all the while is to turn energy in on oneself continually that might much better go out in unselfish action. The self-conscious person needs to pour out this force of attention and thought, instead of concentrating it on self and wasting it in awkward embarrassment and hurt pride.

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

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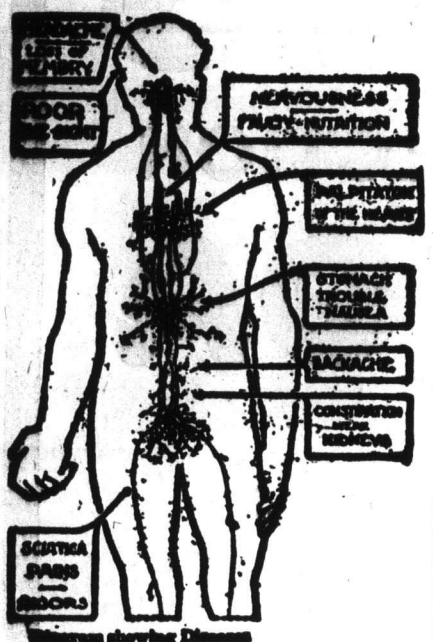
There is a way to "shake off" for ever the constant pain of backache, the annoyance of urinary troubles and all dangers of kidney ills. Go to your druggist or dealer; get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills; take a few doses, and see how quickly your backache will disappear.

Mr. Hugh Morton, Daysland, Alta., writes:—"I am glad to feel it my duty to let you know what great relief I found by using your Doan's Kidney Pills. I was laid up for two months with pains in my back and I found relief after having taken half a box of 'Doan's.' I cannot recommend them too highly to anyone having weak kidneys, as they have been a great help to me."

The phenomenal success of Doan's Kidney Pills in all parts of the world has brought forth many imitations. See that you get "Doan's" when you ask for them. Our trade mark "The Maple Leaf" is on every box. Price 50c. at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Prize Problem

Last month a prize of one dollar was offered for the best answer to these questions: "Who is the most useful woman in Canada at the present time, and why? What woman is doing the most for Canada? Whose influence will live into the next generation?"

The prize is awarded to Miss Hilda Bateman, Stockholm, Sask. Miss Bateman has sent in an excellent answer, and the writer of this page agrees with her opinion. This is Miss Bateman's prize reply: "The woman in Canada whose influence will be the most far-reaching and upon whom the blessings of another generation will rest is the brave mother who is now welcoming her sons home from the front; who maintains a cheerful smile in spite of an empty chair at the fireside; and, lastly, who welcomes to her heart and home the little English bride. Surely these women are rendering Canada its greatest service."

"I was a stranger and ye took me in."

As this is the month when Mother's Day is honored, a prize of one dollar will be awarded to the reader who writes her most beautiful memory of her mother. A few years ago we published on this page several splendid letters from girls answering this same request. That page has never been forgotten by our readers. Let us have another page of similar letters — "My Most Beautiful Memory of Mother."

A Girl's Mother

This morning's mail brought me an unusual letter. Strange I had just finished writing the preceding prize offer for the best memory of mother. What was it that prompted the mailing of the following lament from the heart of a girl that I should receive it while writing this page? It makes me feel that our girl readers must devote this month to special consideration of their mothers. I believe the most sincere wish of the mother of every girl who reads this page is that her daughter shall be good and pure and useful. Do you want to grant your mother's wish, dear girl reader?

The following communication from one of our girl readers is the one that came this morning. I feel it will help every girl who reads it. Perhaps it will mean that hundreds of girls will give extra attention to their mothers because of the sad regrets expressed by this girl. Remember, girls, God gives us but one mother. The girl says "The Awakening" has lain in her trunk for two years, and she is sending it because it might convey a message to some of our girls. She wrote it to her mother when she could scarcely bear the loneliness another moment.

THE AWAKENING

By One Who Slept Too Long

My Mother! Why can you not speak to me? Why can you not send some message? Oh, the utter blackness of the world! Oh, the hopeless misery of my soul! Oh, the long, long years ahead and the empty years behind! My Mother! My Mother! I would pierce the mystery of death with my agony. Hear me; oh, you must hear me!

Now that you have gone away, I have wakened up—too late—to all my meanness and smallness of soul. The others are still asleep. I know this, for only the other day I heard them say how glad they were that your every wish had been gratified. I know this is not true, for at last my stupid eyes are open, and I see that you were starved, starved for love; for appreciation and for the devotion of your husband and children. I loved you. Oh, yes, my mother, I did, I did! But I thought true feelings ought to be hid. I hid mine so successfully that I helped to break your heart.

Once when I came home I brought you a gift. I had made it with my own hands and had spent a great deal of time over it. It was an extremely useful gift. I watched you undo the package with trembling fingers, your face alight with eager anticipation. When you saw what it was a look of keenest disappointment

passed over your face. It was gone in an instant and you were smiling that dear, wistful smile of yours and thanking me so sweetly. But I had seen that fleeting expression and I resented it. Now I know what it meant. For one brief moment the desire of your heart shone in your face, the desire for something beautiful, something expressive of love, something that would gladden your weary eyes, something to look at and dream over.

But I was asleep then and, of course, I could not see I knew, for three, yes for four years, I would not have you long, but I thrust the knowledge into the back of my head and drowned my thoughts in "my work." After every vacation you begged me with your eyes to stay, even while you bade me with your lips to go. I made myself believe that "my work" called me. My work? My work was at home loving and caring for you as only a daughter can love and care for her mother. The last time I went away your sweet, tired eyes pleaded harder than ever, but I hushed the warnings of my own heart and went.

I was still asleep. Then one day I got a letter from you. I could hardly read it. Oh, how your hand must have trembled while you wrote! You spoke of things concerning me, and then at the very end you said: "Please come home as soon as you can." That was all, but it should have told my stupid self a hundred things. Oh, how you wanted me, my own mother! I was not wakened yet; only half roused.

I set a day for going, giving myself ample time to arrange my affairs. Then a telegram came. "Come at once," it said. I took the first train and got home somehow. They told me you were gone. I don't think I believed them. You had always been at the door to meet me, I went to your room. I was so sure that you had not heard me come. I found you asleep in a queer, narrow bed. There was no wistful smile upon your face; only an expression of deepest calm. I called your name softly, but you did not answer. I stroked your soft, grey hair, but you did not stir. I bent to kiss your forehead and found it cold like ice. Then suddenly alone with you I wakened.

I think I lost my head for awhile. I threw my arms about your narrow bed and poured my whole heart out to you in burning words. You did not seem to hear me. I wanted you to open your eyes and tell me that you understood. You only slept calmly on. You must have been very, very tired. Someone came and took me away from you although I struggled to stay. I was sure you would speak to me if only I stayed long enough. You were always so kind.

For a long time I did not know what was happening. I only knew that they kept me from you. They were cruel, cruel! When I came to my senses you were gone. I searched all through the house, but I could not find you. Then I

knew that they had laid you away on the hill that looks down on the river, days I expected to see you coming through the door smiling as of old. Now I know you will never come. I must go to you and how can I face you with this shame upon my soul? My Mother! My Mother!

Living and Growing

In the story of A Canadian Blackie we find this expression: "The ashes of a soul we need but gently stir to find the gleam." This is the season when Nature glows with God someone says: "Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing earth." As we in spring-time stand in amazement before the unexpected miracle of returning life, watching the buds swell on the trees and the tiny green spears coming through the softening soil, we realize that new life, new hope, new growth, comes everywhere out of a seemingly dead and icy world. Then let us catch the spirit of the season and get a corner of the sunshine into our lives where for a time every hope and ambition may have lain still and lifeless.

One girl writes me: "To-morrow the Easter vacation begins and that means a week of liberty for me and all sorts of exploring to be done in the hills. Great things have been on foot there since the first of April." When the mind is illuminated with beautiful pictures of Nature then do we have creative power. Let us bloom where we are placed. Then we shall not shudder at solitude.

Give me, I pray, the forward look,
Expectancy,
Like onward rush of summer brook,
Seeking the sea.
Give me the faith of branching trees,
That trust God's care,
Though into icy blasts that freeze
They lift boughs bare.
Give me the hope of hidden seeds,
Deep down from sight,
Whose life force ever upward leads
Into the light.
Give me the trust of flowers unborn,
In leaves sheathed fast,
That fear no blight, no piercing thorn,
Their plume may blast.
Oh, let me know life never dies,
Hope, faith, trust, love,
Lead to the light that ever lies
Around, above.

The Spirit of the Season

This work goes to the printer during the Easter Season when the very atmosphere breathes of Resurrection. Every ascending life is a series of resurrections. We may fill the entire year with the spirit of Easter:

Whatever mars your life,
Rise above it.
Whatever brings you strife,
Rise above it.
Whatever makes you veer
From the path of duty clear,
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The following letter was received in this department from one of our readers—a busy farmer's wife. Will our readers discuss the question asked by the writer?

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:

Many writers make reference to the restlessness that is felt in so many circles these times, and it is up to the sane and sound-minded of our population to shape and guide that restlessness, so that no regrettable incidents take place. There seems to be many different complaints and causes for dissatisfaction among the masses, but one that concerns the greatest number is the high cost of living. (I know your nerves are almost worn raw with the sound of it.)

Who is it, or what is it that constitutes the prop, holding high the cost of living? Why are there such contrasts between the conditions of living of the rich and the poor, the poor so much in the majority? Who does Canada belong to, if not its citizens and, most of all, to its soldiers? Then why cannot the privileges be shared more equally as well as the burdens of taxation, etc.? Why cannot we simplify this business of living. Everyone must be clothed, fed and housed. The farming part of the population furnishes the main items of food and parts of the clothing for all classes. The farmers need the co-operation of many other workers in the making of articles necessary to carry on their business. A certain amount of middle handling is necessary to get products from the producer to the user. Then why can't all do a part and be content with a reasonable profit, instead of as it is now, a few individuals reaping the harvest from the slaving of the many. There should be no reason why all able-bodied persons in Canada to-day should not be engaged in honest labor. If the mere business of living could be brought within the means of all, a great many of our social problems would be solved, or at least modified. Education would be easier, health would be better, the nation as a whole would have more time to devote to the higher side of life. Religion would be practised as well as preached.

The returned soldier may well be given grants of land and loans, etc. We owe them that, and more. But if he is to start farming, and no definite arrangements made for the handling of his products, what further ahead is he going to be? Did the members of the "Made-in-Canada" pact, the railroad trusts; the meat trusts and oil trusts, etc., ever consider what their factories and plants (let alone their wives and families) would look like now if they had been in the path of the German invasion, like those in Belgium and France? And do they know to whom their thanks are due, that during those years of terribleness, all the inconvenience caused in Canada amounted to a few food regulations? Yes, those lines of khaki figures (due credit to the navy, of course), underneath which was so much warm, loving flesh, marching forward into such unspeakable terrors, that we might be safe. Why, then, will they not show at least a fraction of such courage and high idealism, and "loosen up"?

If the government doesn't soon give evidence of making some move to handle the returned soldiers, then I would say the returned soldiers and their sympathizers would be justified in taking steps to handle the government. I do not favor resorting to forceful methods. That should not be in the least necessary. What is wanted is a large amount of common sense, and for those in power to be awakened to their duties and a sense of the fitness of things. There is no getting over the fact that something will have to be done, and done before a great while; and it would be more in keeping with the records of the brave deeds of our soldiers to make that "something" an important accomplishment for the good of Canada. Co-operation and community gathering are in the air, but let us get at the root of the matter first, then our efforts towards making our country a better place to live in might be productive of results.

If the sacrifices of the past four years, the thousands of dear loved bodies of sons, husbands and brothers, laid on the altar of war, as well as the lesser sacrifices of the people at home—if these are

to be in the least rewarded, and Canada to establish a memorial worthy of them all, then let it be in the making over of our laws and customs to suit the times. It will mean a lot of imaginary boundary lines to be wiped out. People will have to come to think in terms of "Canada," not alone as a Manitoban, or a grain-grower, or an Odd Fellow or a Presbyterian. All these may be right enough in their place, but they are only parts of the scheme of living, whereas we want to make right the whole of it, and the parts will be easier taken care of then.

The asking of many of the questions in this article may indicate denseness of understanding on the part of the writer, but I venture to say there are hundreds, yes thousands, of thinking people puzzling over the same things. It may seem like a gigantic undertaking, but isn't this the day of big things? And isn't the justness of the cause a big force in favor of accomplishing it? Surely there is enough good, old-fashioned right and honesty to be found in the land to-day to overbalance the evils of graft and selfishness.

Yours for a Better Canada.

The Joy of Work

Winnifred Stoner, a girl of fifteen, who is a wonder in educational achievement, says her life is all sunshine and her work is only a continuation of play. Three of the things that enable her to do easily and without effort, for the pure joy of doing, what seems to the average educated man or woman an enormous amount of work are: concentration, thoroughness and a marvelously keen power of observation. She has been trained by her mother in these until they are a part of her. She can no more undertake a thing without putting it through to a finish than she can violate a fundamental law of her being. Whatever she does must be done as well as she can do it. No pains are spared to make that piece of work the very best. When she wrote "Journeys with Fairy Christmas" she read thirty books descriptive of Christmas customs in different countries. After all, genius is one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration. At thirteen Winnifred earned by her pen in one year, without strain or interference with her studies, one thousand dollars.

University authorities say that at fifteen she is as far along in her educational development as many a college graduate, and can do some things that would be impossible for most persons who have just received their A.B. degree. She is as accomplished in her play as in her work—is an all-round happy girl. She enjoys the richness and beauty of life; the joys and sports because she has learned to respect her natural gifts through definite training.

Manitoba Women's Institutes

The Advisory Board of the Manitoba Women's Institutes met on Friday, March 28th, in the Legislative Chambers. The members present were Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Winnipeg; Mrs. D. Watt, Birtle; Mrs. G. T. Armstrong, Manitou; Miss A. F. Playfair, Hartney; Mrs. Jas. W. McQuay, Valley River; Miss Helen Macdougall, supervisor home economics work; Mr. S. T. Newton, director of extension service.

Mrs. Watt was unanimously elected chairman of the board, and Mrs. Armstrong was appointed secretary-treasurer.

Among the subjects which were discussed the following items are of particular interest:

Various changes in the constitution necessitated by the change in name from home economics society to women's institutes, were discussed, and recommendations regarding same were prepared for the Law Amendments Committee.

It was decided to hold a number of district conventions throughout the province the arrangements to be made by the extension service.

Mr. Stratton, of the Department of Education, addressed the board, suggesting ways in which the woman's institute might render assistance to those schools composed largely of non-English pupils.

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The perfect mechanism of the high-grade Waltham Watch is the world's standard of accuracy. In it you have a really wonderful combination of delicacy with strength.

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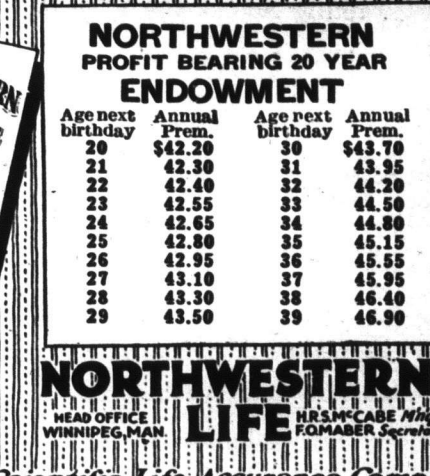
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The Philosopher

The World After the War

A cable despatch in the newspapers recently said that eighty big calibre German guns have been delivered over to a foundry at Coblenz and are being made into farm implements. Which is a reminder of the old, familiar words of the prophets of old, found in Isaiah, ii. 4, and Micah, iv. 3:—"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more". Not yet can it be said that those old prophecies are fulfilled. But a more determined effort than the world has ever known before is being made by the most powerful and progressive of the nations to secure peace for the world. The problems to be dealt with are as much more formidable than any problems which statesmanship has ever had to deal with before, as the war which has been fought has been vaster and more terrible than any war that was ever fought before. The conditions in continental Europe, with no stable government east of the Rhine, will tax the wisdom of the best statesmanship of the Allied powers to deal with it. Without vaunting it is to be said that the British Empire, guided with wisdom and courage in all its constituent nations, with the co-operation of the other great branch of the English-speaking family, will lead the way towards a better future for humanity. Certain it is that the British Empire, including as it does every variety of race and language, and every degree of civilization, stands as a working model to the world of how many of the problems confronting civilization will have to be settled.

In a Drop of Pond Water

During the past month the new water supply from Shoal Lake has been brought to the householders of Winnipeg through the aqueduct ninety-seven miles which it has taken several years to construct. There was some talk at first about microscopic forms of life in the water, but soon no more was heard of such talk, but only expressions of satisfaction with the water. If the water of any lake in the world is pure, surely the water of Shoal Lake is. The Philosopher visited that lake and drank of its water years ago, with his friend, The Professor, on a camping trip. The Professor had his microscope with him, and gave The Philosopher a view of the microscopic life in a drop of water taken not from the lake, but from a little stagnant pool of surface water. Strange the incessant activity of the little creatures, of queer shapes! And strange to think that all the time they were living their vigorous, fussy little lives they were being watched by The Philosopher, a being of whose existence they did not dream, and who could wipe them out of existence with a stroke of his thumb—but who, withal, is as finite, as well as fussy and unreasonably energetic as themselves!

Talking Across the Atlantic

The Philosopher is old enough to remember when the telephone was a new thing, and like every person of middle age has seen many other wonders of human invention come into general use, and hopes to see many more before he passes from this wonderful world. It was reported in the newspapers a fortnight ago that the human voice has been transmitted across the Atlantic by wireless telephone from Glace Bay, on the Nova Scotia coast to Clifden, in Ireland, a distance of 2,150 miles, and also from the United States naval station at New Brunswick, in New Jersey, and the transport George Washington, in the harbor of Brest, in France. Thus are "the fairy tales of science" and "the long results of time," that Tennyson dreamed of in his poem Locksley Hall, being translated into actual fact, one by one. The cable across the ocean bed was a marvel of human achievement. In time came the wireless. And now the wireless telephone. What next? Before these words are printed we may hear that an airman has flown across the Atlantic.

The Population of Canada

The statement was officially made in the House at Ottawa a couple of weeks ago that the population of Canada is now 8,835,000 according to the estimate made by the census department. The Dominion census of 1911 showed that the population was then 7,206,000. Taking as correct the recent estimate announced in parliament, the increase in population since 1911 has been at the rate of 200,000 a year. It is presumed that the soldiers overseas are included in the home population, to which, in fact, they belong. Such being the case, figures of the Department of Immigration and Colonization for the fiscal year 1917-18 suggest that the estimate is a correct one. These figures show that in the years from 1912 to 1918 inclusive, there arrived in Canada 1,450,000 persons

intending to be permanent residents. By years the numbers were as follows: 1912, 354,000; 1913, 402,000; 1914, 384,000; 1915, 144,000; 1916, 48,000; 1917, 75,000; 1918, 79,000. The effect of the war was especially marked in 1916, when arrivals from the United States which had numbered close up to 140,000 in 1913, fell to 36,000. There was an increase to 61,000 in 1917, and another increase to 71,000 in 1918. The United States, indeed, for four years has been the principal source of the immigration into Canada, contributing 228,000 to the 347,000 of arrivals recorded in that period. It is a noteworthy fact that, contrary to the general impression, less than one half of the total number of the new-comers came to Western Canada. Of those who came from the United States more than half came to the West; of the other, Ontario got the largest share. By the time the next Dominion census is taken, which will be in the spring of 1921, the population of Canada should be over the 9,000,000 mark.

Pensions for Widowed Mothers

The question of establishing a system of pensions for widowed mothers in Ontario has been brought up in the Legislature of that province. Thus the good example set by the Western Provinces is bearing good fruit in the East. The Ontario Government has promised to bring in a report on the financial side of the question, and it is expected that the necessary legislation will be passed at the present session of the Legislature, so that hereafter in Ontario widowed mothers left without means of support and unable to keep their children together and maintain their homes will not be without assistance from the Provincial treasury. It is greatly to the credit of the West that pensions for widowed mothers are already established in the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Such pensions are provided in a number of the States also. Surely the time cannot be far distant when throughout every progressive country it will be realized that a case of a mother who is compelled to go out to work and to part with her little ones either by putting them in an institution or by handing them over to strangers for adoption is a tragic reproach to a state of society in which such a thing can be allowed to occur.

For National Health

The medical records of the military authorities in connection with the raising and training of the men who went overseas should be of very great value for the work of the Dominion Health Bureau, which is to be established as a branch of the Dominion Government. Some of the statistics in connection with the draft in the United States have just been published, and are both interesting and of value. The percentage of men drafted in the United States who were found to be suffering from easily remediable physical defects was 2.76, and the percentage of those found physically unfit for any kind of military service was 16.25. Among the defects of the latter class were included defective hearing, defective eyesight, internal diseases, disabling deformities, and in by far the largest number of cases, physical under-development. The last mentioned physical defect will come especially within the scope of a Federal health authority. The causes of physical under-development can be very largely done away with by campaigns of public instruction in regard to the right care of the body and proper exercise and physical training. There is no more valuable national asset than the health of the people; there is nothing more essential to the welfare or happiness of the individual than, as the old proverb has it, "a sound mind in a sound body".

The Need of a National Device

Once more the subject of a suitable coat-of-arms for Canada is engaging the attention of the powers that be. A committee has been appointed at Ottawa to "advise upon" this subject. But unfortunately the committee is restricted in its work. It is not to "advise upon" a national device representative of Canada, but upon how best to make the present Canadian coat-of-arms more of a conglomeration than ever. The present coat-of-arms consists of the devices of the original four provinces; and it is proposed to make it consist of the devices of all nine provinces. Surely it is time for Canada as a unit to have a simple national device of its own, as Australia has in the seven stars of the great constellation of the Southern Cross. Why should not Canada's emblem be the stars of the great northern constellation of the Dipper? Or the beaver, or the maple leaf? The Canadian flag is the British red ensign (the flag of the British mercantile marine) with the Dominion coat-of-arms in the lower right hand corner. The Dominion coat-of-arms is a confused jumble, which it is now proposed to make more confused, more of a jumble. Canada should have a distinctive national device.

The Bolshevist Menace

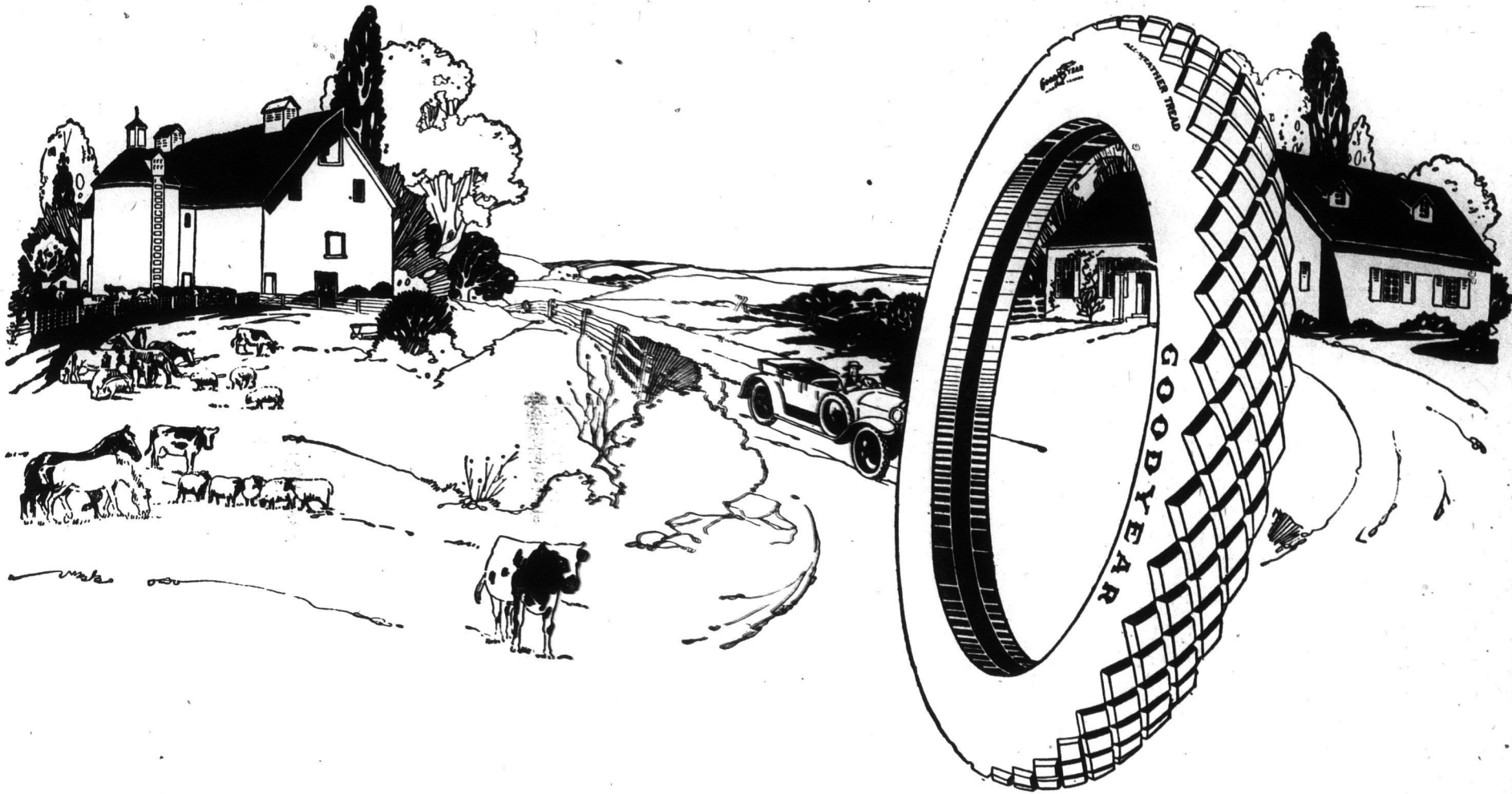
The real problem which confronts the world in connection with peace settlement is the problem presented by Bolshevism, which is a most formidable menace to the peace of Europe. It has made Russia a chaos, and is actively propagating itself beyond the borders of Russia. Every power of civilization is needed to understand it, and combat it. It is a fundamental menace to the democracy of the world and a challenge to Christian civilization. There are some in this country, as there are also some in the United States and in Great Britain, who at first were inclined instinctively to sympathize with the convulsive effort of the Russian people to create a better existence for themselves, and to judge leniently the fanatical enthusiasm of the Russians who were genuine believers in the economical impossible and morally wrong Bolshevist doctrines; and who later, when the news of the Bolshevist excesses came, were ready to take the view that those excesses were the inevitable reaction after the excesses and misrule of the preceding tyranny. But now out of the existing chaos in Russia stands out clearly the fact that Bolshevism is a tyranny based on terrorism and ruthless violence. It is a complete denial of democracy and of all freedom of thought and action. It is more terrible and cruel than the old system, with the Czar as its figurehead, under which the Russian people suffered so long and which the revolution destroyed, only to bring a worse thing in its place.

Great and Wonderful Ships

An item in the day's news a couple of weeks ago was the arrival at New York of the *Leviathan*, formerly the German liner *Vaterland*, with 14,416 people on board, of whom 12,274 were troops returning from Europe. The *Leviathan* is veritably a monster of the seas. Before the war it was considered a remarkable thing if the greatest of the ocean liners carried 2,000 on a voyage across the Atlantic. To-day such a figure attracts no attention. Troopships dock regularly at Canadian ports with from 1,700 to 3,000 men on board. The *Olympic*, that most wonderful of all great ocean steamships, whose speed and incomparable readiness in answering her helm not only enabled her to foil all the efforts of the submarines to sink her but actually enabled her to sink a couple of submarines, has been bringing regularly to Halifax between 5,000 to 6,000 soldiers, the population of a good-sized town. But the *Leviathan* has carried a living freight nearly three times as large. What a responsibility rests upon the captain of one of those great ocean steamships! And think of the huge amount of stores, and the vast organization needed, to feed ten or a dozen battalions eating three hearty meals a day!

The Dreams of Children

A modern development of science is the study of dreams, which it is said has proved of value in the treatment of certain forms of nervous disease. Some leading educationists are of the opinion that study of the dreams of children may yield valuable results in furnishing information regarding the temperament and mentality of the children whose dreams are studied. This sounds fantastic, perhaps; especially when one considers the difficulty which adults experience in recalling their dreams, and the much greater difficulty in obtaining from a child a reliable account of a dream. A report has been made to the Child Study Society, of London, England, by Dr. Kimmins, Chief Inspector to the Education Committee of the London County Council, upon the records of 5,000 dreams of young children in the London schools. In the infant schools the dreams were told individually to the head mistress, and difficulty was found in separating dream from reality. In the dreams of children of five, six and seven Christmas and Santa Claus figured largely and the "fear" dream was also common. At seven children dream more about burglars than at any other age, according to the showing made in Dr. Kimmins report, which dealt with the dreams of children of all school ages, the older ones have written essays recording their dreams. The fact that the essays were written seven months after the last air raid probably accounts for air raids figuring in only four per cent of the dreams recorded. Moving pictures did not figure as largely in the girls' dreams recorded as in the boys'. There was only one reference to a ghost. "It is certainly a satisfaction," writes Dr. Kimmins, "that the old terror of the dreaming child has disappeared". The dreams of young children are noted as very vivid and real. One boy of six for instance, having dreamt that someone had given him a coin, searched the bed for it, on waking. The report says that the more than those of the well-to-do districts; and also that apparently there is no connection between dreaming and intelligence, for dull children dream quite as much as bright ones.



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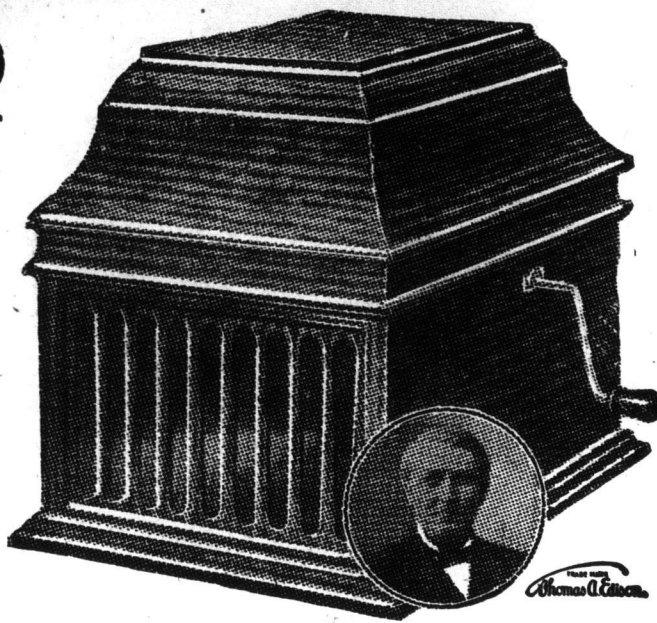
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A Slight Mistake

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

MARRIAGE is the saving of a young man," said my Aunt Tabitha sententiously. I assented for I find it pays to acquiesce to abstract propositions.

"You must marry," continued my Aunt.

I hesitated, for to assent to the concrete is more dangerous.

"I am still very young," I said meekly.

My aunt turned to my mother. "Whom shall Alfred marry?"

My mother shook her head.

"Somebody nice," she volunteered.

"What do you say to Lelia Brownlow?" asked my aunt.

"I would prefer to say nothing to Lelia Brownlow," I interposed hastily.

"Or Amelia Stafford?"

"Is she not rather?" my mother waved one hand, "and Alfred is so slim."

"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams, she will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters."

"There are only five of them," I said, hopefully.

"Or Mabel Gordon."

"She has taken a course of cooking lessons," observed my mother.

"No, no, none of these," I said decidedly.

My aunt looked offended.

"Very well, choose for yourself then," she said tartly.

"Perhaps that would help," I said thoughtfully.

"You will choose somebody nice, won't you, Alfred?" said my mother.

"With money," interjected my aunt.

"Well connected," emphasized my mother.

"Not too young," added my aunt.

"And religious," begged my mother.

"There is no real objection to her being good looking," I asked a trifle timidly.

"No I think not," said my aunt, "provided she fully understands that beauty is only skin deep."

"I will tell her," I murmured.

"Well," said my aunt impatiently, after a short pause, "whom do you suggest?"

I thought for a moment.

"What do you say to Winifred Fraser?"

"That minx!" cried my aunt.

"Oh, Alfred," echoed my mother.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Such a dreadful family," murmured my mother.

"So fast," added my aunt.

"But have you ever noticed the sun on her hair," I asked innocently.

My aunt drew herself up.

"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said with much dignity, "nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair."

I was justly annoyed. "I really think it must be Winifred Fraser," I said.

"She is very fond of me and"—

"How can you be so cruel to me?" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting. You will not have me long," she drew out her handkerchief.

"You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought that you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy, you must not expect my countenance."

"Under the circumstance I will not marry Winifred Fraser," I said with great magnanimity for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.

My aunt sniffed. "You had better not."

"I merely joked," I said soothingly, remembering that she had not made her will.

"Indeed!"

"The truth is," I dropped my voice, "I am in love with someone else."

"And you never told me!" said my mother, reproachfully.

"The girl I love is not free."

"Married," cried my aunt.

"Not married, but engaged."

"Who is it," asked both in a breath.

I was silent for a moment, and then sighed.

"It is Constance Burleigh."

"It would have been a most suitable match," murmured my mother.

"Very suitable," repeated my aunt.

There was a momentary silence broken by my aunt.

"I did not know Constance was engaged."

"It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you."

"I don't like those secret engagements," said my aunt brusquely. "Who told you?"

"She told me herself."

"Who is the man?"

"I do not think I should mention his name."

"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"You know the man?"

I nodded.

"Is he quite—quite—"

Again I shook my head doubtfully.

"What have you heard?" my aunt asked eagerly.

"I don't think I ought to repeat these things."

"You surely can trust your own mother," whispered my mother.

"And my discretion," added my aunt.

"Well," I said, "I have been told that he is cruel to his mother."

"Really?" cried both ladies in unison.

"His mother told me so herself."

"How sad!" said my mother.

"And what else?" queried my aunt.

"Another relation of his told me that he was depraved."

"Poor, poor Constance," whimpered my mother.

"And would probably end badly."

"I expect he drinks," said my aunt grimly.

"Does Constance know this," asked my mother.

"I don't think so."

"You did not tell her?"

"Of course not."

"I consider it is your duty to do so."

"I really cannot."

"Then I will," said my aunt resolutely.

"What I have said has been in confidence."

"I do not care."

"I beg you not to repeat it."

"It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man." I shrugged my shoulders. "Do as you please, but do not mention my name. By the way Constance said she would probably call this morning." At that moment the bell rang.

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"That may be Constance," cried my aunt rushing to the window.

"It is."
I got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory which adjoins the drawing room. From behind a friendly palm, I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look towards my mother.

"If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred."
My mother said nothing but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.

The door opened, and Constance came forward with a little eager rush, then stopped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.

"We are glad to see you," said my mother and kissed her.

My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said solemnly.

"Sit down."
Constance looked a little crushed, "I thought Alfred would have told you," she murmured.

"We have heard," began my aunt.

"Hush," interposed my mother. "Come nearer, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"

Constance went and sat by her side. "I was anxious to come and tell you that—that—"

"If by any chance you are alluding to your engagement," said my aunt, somewhat severely, "we have already heard of it."

"You have heard," cried Constance.

"With the deepest sorrow."

Constance drew herself up.

"You do not approve?" she asked proudly.

Constance buried her face on my mother's bosom. "Oh, dear, oh dear, and I love him so," she sobbed.

In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomfortable.

"We thought it right to tell you," said my aunt moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to."

"I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance, "poor dear Mrs. Granville."

My mother soothed her.

"How difficult you must have felt it to tell me all this," exclaimed the poor girl, drying her tears.

"It is so good of you. I will not give him another thought. To treat his mother so cruelly. Oh, Mrs. Granville I am so sorry for you."

"But it is I who am so sorry for you," said my mother doubtfully.

"And no one would have dreamed it. We all thought that you were so fond of him, and spoiled him so utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you."

My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.

"Who ever is it," whispered Aunt Tabitha. "Find out from her."

"Where did you meet him, dearest?" whispered my mother.

"Meet him! Why here, of course," said Constance with wide open eyes.

"Yes, yes, of course," said my mother mystified.

"I thought you would be so pleased to hear," said Constance, "that I hurried over to tell you."

"Can Alfred have made a mistake,"



THE JANEY CANUCK CLUB OF GIRLS

This group of business girls are volunteer workers every Sunday in the Winnipeg Y.M.C.A. Hut. They serve as waitresses. The W.C.T.U. furnish tea and coffee free to the soldiers. Any contributions sent to the W.C.T.U. for this purpose would be appreciated.

"We love you too much," said my mother gently.

Constance looked bewildered.

"You are too good for the wretch," cried my aunt.

"Oh, what do you mean," exclaimed Constance.

"If you marry this man," said my aunt vigorously.

"You will regret it."

My mother took her hand. "My sister should not tell you this so suddenly."

"It is my duty to speak and I will," cried my aunt, "I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes closed."

"What have you against him?" demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.

"He drinks," answered my aunt triumphantly. Constance sank back in the cushions.

"I don't believe it," she said faintly.

"He ill-treats his mother, beats her, I believe," continued my aunt.

"This cannot be true," cried Constance.

"Mrs. Granville, tell me!"

My mother nodded sadly.

"Alas I cannot deny it."

Constance rose, "This is awful," she said, holding on to the back of the sofa.

"I could never have believed it," she put her hand to her forehead, "it's all like a bad dream."

"My poor, dear Constance," murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.

My aunt brought up her artillery.

"He is thoroughly depraved, and will come to a bad end. His relations are at me on this point."

muttered my aunt hoarsely.

The two elder ladies stood still in a state of utmost wonder.

"I shall never be happy again," said Constance mournfully.

"Don't say that," implored my mother.

"Perhaps there is a mistake."

"How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance.

"There can be no mistake," said my aunt hastily.

"How could he be cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother.

"You said he was cruel to you."

"Of whom are you speaking?" cried both ladies.

"Of Alfred, of course."

The two ladies collapsed.

"You are not engaged to Alfred?" they burst out simultaneously.

"To whom else," said Constance in amazement.

"There is some misunderstanding," I observed smoothly, coming in at the moment.

The three fell upon me together.

It took at least an hour to explain. Yet I had said nothing that was not strictly true.

"You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother fondly.

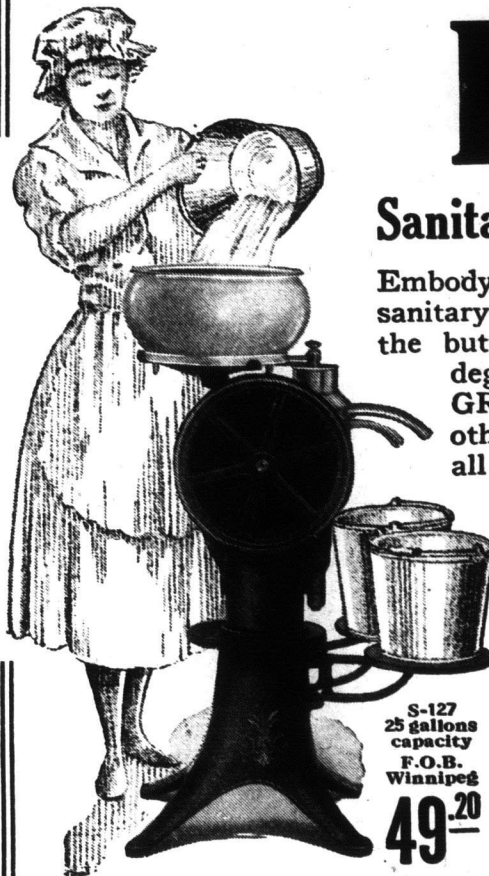
"I will not!" replied Constance firmly tightening her lips.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," repeated my aunt grimly.

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THE "Carcajou" shot into the air like a steel spring, and landed a dozen paces away. So did the Duke, but it was only what he had asked for. "She's got a patent buck of her own," I had warned him. "And there isn't a man along this range can sit her for thirty seconds. Also she bites, kicks, and tries to jump on you. You'll do well to leave her in the corral, sonny."

But the Duke had taken a fancy to the "Carcajou", and insisted on trying his luck, with the results already shown. He got up grinning, and brushing the alkali dust from his "chaps" and eyes. The Duke had a way of grinning, and the less he had to grin about the wider he grinned. "Gad! she's a gem," he gurgled. "What will you take for her?"

"A pound of baccy and a side of bacon," I answered. "But she'll sure do you in if you try to break her. Kit Cerreta tried. She near finished him. I've tried. All the boys on the ranch have tried. We've given her up as a bad job."

But the Duke merely murmured—"some mustang!"—and proceeded to tether her to the pommel of his saddle. The "Carcajou", white-eyed and snorting, partly submitted after three vain attempts to bury her strong white teeth in the boy's legs, and a minute later they were away through the sage bush, the boy shouting that "He'd bring the trade along tomorrow."

I tell you, the "Carcajou" was by no means mis-named. The name belongs to everything that is sneaking and vicious and low in the animal world, and though I, who have lived in mustang country near upon twenty years, have possessed some bad ones and seen worse, she beat everything I had ever come across or dreamed of in the way of downright sin.

The Duke knew what he was about when dealing with horses, but I guessed he did not know what he was up against on this occasion. A year ago he had come over from Ireland, where he had undergone some experience with polo ponies; a fair-haired bit of a kid he was, with a university accent and the happy knack of getting on with everyone. I guessed I should see him back with the mustang hobbled and muzzled at the end of a lariat inside four days—that was if she didn't finish him in the interim.

Sure enough I saw him back at sunrise of the fourth day, but he was riding the "Carcajou"—and grinning! He came up in a cloud of dust, cheerily waving his sombrero, and, by all that's wonderful, he had a bunch of fruit tins, all empty and rattling against each other, tied to his saddle! There aren't many old ponies I'd like to take that liberty with, and as for a young mustang—of the carcajou breed—!

"Hal, she's a gem!" cried the Duke, breathless. "She's sound as a bell, and fast—gee-wiz! She took a bit of getting used to, to be sure, but—look!"

He struck the bunch of fruit tins a swipe with his holster. The mustang stiffened out, and showed the whites of her eyes like a she-devil, but the boy laid his hands on her ears, and she—did nothing! I was prepared to jump for the verandah, but now I just stood and stared.

"Duke," I said, "get off and give me your fist. I ain't coming near that bunch of rattlesnakes! You're a marvel!"

II

The next time I saw the Duke it was in Sagana City, thirty miles distant, where everyone goes to buy stores. The Duke was in the act of tethering the "Carcajou" outside the Dorry House Hotel, and I noticed that he gave the halter four hitches. When he saw me he waved, and shouted: "Come along in and have some ham and eggs. It's grub time."

I was ready for grub, and might easily run across worse company than the Duke, so we linked arms and strolled in. One has to pass through the bar on the way to the dining-room—a wise arrangement on the part of the proprietors—and as neither of us wanted a drink we hustled some, and kept our eyes down so that we need not recognize any of the crowd round the counter.

"Hi! What's the hurry?" Someone had caught the Duke by the arm and held him up. It was a big man with a heavy red moustache which had that wet, bedraggled appearance of the habitual toper. Also there was no mistaking that broken nose and ugly squint—it was Bronc Larone, one of the lowest type of gun men we get in these parts. Now to run up against Bronc Larone,

The "Carcajou" and Bronc Larone

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. Mortimer Batten

when he was making merry, was nothing short of misfortune.

The Duke is no funk, as you will see later, but he knows better than to poke his nose into a hornet's nest.

"Hullo, Bronc, old son," he cried, grinning as though the meeting had suddenly cheered him. "Name the colour of your poison. Come on Hal, I'm paying."

But Bronc's heavy hand was still on the boy's arm. "Nope," said he. "Bill Murray's standing treat to-day to me and all my pals. Ain't that so, Murray?"

Murray gave a sickly grin and nodded. Glancing round I judged the exact state of affairs. We had fallen foul of a hornet's nest and no mistake! At the table behind were a rough-and-tumble bunch of cattle-punchers and horse-breakers—men of the lowest type that idle about the camps of the ranges. They were there to cheer and applaud Bronc for so long as he chose to bully someone into paying for their drinks. Murray, for the moment, was their victim, and it kind of made me sick, because Murray is a peaceful little man who goes his own way and never troubles anyone. Moreover, he is lame, has four children and an invalid wife at Seattle, and is not over-endowed with the world's riches.

The boy saw through it too. I could tell by the quick glance he gave me, and the savage glint that came into his eyes. I gave him the wink to go chary, knowing that to quarrel with Bronc meant getting yourself plugged full of lead ere you could draw your gun.

"Yes," said Murray, "I'm paying. Order your dope, boys."

Now there was nothing offensive in that, but Bronc was out to stir up a scrap by some means. He stared at Murray as a panther stares at his prey, and his huge hand crept, claw-like, down towards his hip.

"Murray," he growled. "Your manners lack hospitality. There ain't the true spirit in it. You sound as though you didn't want to pay for these gentlemen's drinks. Say it again, and nicely this time!"

Again Murray grinned, but the Duke couldn't stick it any longer:

"O stop bullying the poor cuss, Bronc, and let's pay for our own drinks!" he cried.

There was dead silence. Everyone stared at Bronc, while he turned crimson, then black, then deathly white, glaring at the boy. The Duke coolly drew a match from the stand and lit his cigarette.

"Name your dope, boys," said he cheerily. "And let's be through with it."

By then Bronc had overcome his absolute astonishment, and partly mastered his rage. He made a spring at the Duke, caught him by the bandanna, and roared into his face. It was as though the words jammed in his throat, so that he gobbled and gasped, but I caught the words—

"You infernal little —, who do you reckon you're advising? Swallow it, or I'll —"

Then all at once Bronc's hands fell limp, and he took a step back; also the crowd scattered from the table behind him. Sure enough the Duke had him covered with a .450 automatic, which would blow a hole in him big as a pumpkin. Where he had drawn it from I do not know, but there was big Bronc Larone, the champion gun man of the range, backing away from a bit of a fair-skinned college boy, quite new to the country.

"Put that gun away or I'll —" bellowed the desperado, but it was clearly all bluff. The Duke, who was grinning wider than ever, had him "mitts up."

"Be sensible, Bronc," murmured the Duke. "I don't want to quarrel with you, but you turn me sick. You, Murray, clear out," he added. "I reckon you've paid enough, and it's my turn. Now, boys, what are your drinks?"

Murray lost no time in making for the door, and one could see he was mightily grateful to the boy. Everyone ordered their poisons, and after it the boy held out his hand.

"You ain't sore, Bronc?" he said, falling for once into the lingo of the range. "I got the drop on you fair and open, and it was you who held me up you know."

Bronc squinted at his feet. "No," he growled, "It was fair play. I ain't more sore than I can help, and you can put that gun away. You've sure got the drop on me!"

The boy took his word for it. His right hand held Bronc's, while his left slid the pistol back somewhere under his vest. In an instant Bronc's eyes narrowed; he gave the Duke's wrist a wrench, and we were looking into the barrel of the deceitful brute's six-shooter! The riff-raff behind cheered the filthy trick, crying "Good old Bronc! He always finishes on top!" but the Duke's eyes just flashed, and for once he forgot to grin.

"Funny, ain't it?" sneered Bronc. "Scared you out of it, didn't I? Now draw that gun again, barrel first, and drop it like greased lightning."

There was nothing for it but to obey, and then the desperado turned to me. "You're one of the same syndicate," says he. "Draw and drop, and don't stop to think about it."

I did so. I can tell you I dropped my automatic as though the butt was red hot. Bronc grinned. "And now we'll have another drink at the boy's expense, while I think out what I'm going to do with him. I reckon I've shown him I'm best man, and —"

"Look here, Bronc," broke in the Duke, "you got me by a dirty trick that doesn't prove anything, and you know it. If you really want to prove who's best man I'll ride you for it. You reckon you've got the best cayuse along the range, and so do I. Well, both ponies are outside."

"For how much?" Bronc demanded, and I saw by the look in his eyes that he was after money, and meant getting it either by fair means or his gun.

"Fifty dollars if you like."

"Make it a hundred."

"Right-ho. Up to Wansleys, round the store and back. It's about two miles."

"Suit me," agreed Bronc. "These boys," waving to the riff-raff behind, "judge who wins."

I didn't like it, for I knew Bronc would stop at nothing, having scented that hundred dollars, but it seemed to me the boy was fairly capable of taking care of himself. We all filed out. The "Carcajou" snorted, but stood like a lamb while the boy mounted her; also she walked mildly to the starting point as though she hadn't a kick in her—a little manner she had when contemplating some particular devilment.

Bronc had a long-legged, pink-eyed four-year-old, in the prime of condition, and within two minutes they were off in a cloud of dust, both yelling like mad. It was a good start, and we watched them dipping up and down the sage hills till the dust shut them off. Then in a minute they were coming back, and by gad! they were neck to neck! It was the prettiest race you could wish for. Bronc was yelling at the top of his voice, while the boy leaned forward, Indian fashion, so that the "Carcajou" looked riderless. They came up the slope still neck to neck, then suddenly we saw the "Carcajou" do a sort of a flat slide, and she was past us, fully a neck ahead of the broncho.

"Good old Duke!" I yelled, running up to him. "It was a fine race, and a fine win!"

But just then I heard a roar behind us, and, looking round, I saw Bronc dismounting amidst his pals. His accursed gun was in his hand again.

"I won," he bellowed. "It was my race. Hand over that three hundred dollars."

We stood aghast.

"Well I'm blowed!" cried the Duke. "I lead by a neck! Say, boys, you were judging. Who was first?"

"Bronc," came back the surly response from the bunch of riff-raff.

"Well I'll —"

The boy slipped from the "Carcajou." He was white with passion and disgust, but—well, Bronc had the drop on him.

"All right, Bronc," he said calmly,

"We'll say you won, and I'll square up with you. But I'll take you on again—who can sit the other's pony the longer. There won't be any possible chance of error there."

"For a hundred dollars again?"

"Yep."

"And I lead the way," added the desperado.

I had fancied the boy must have some card up his sleeve, or he would already have taken some steps in shaking off this undesirable acquaintanceship. Now I saw through it. Bronc was unquestioningly the best horseman on the range, but he didn't know the "Carcajou". The two exchanged bridles; the "Carcajou's" eyes went white again, and she began to snort. Both ponies objected to the exchange, and it was fully a minute ere either of the riders were in the saddle. Then the Duke got his balance, and was off across the prairie in a series of sidelong sky-hops which must have shattered his teeth.

Next instant Bronc was up also, and I saw a look come into the eyes of the "Carcajou", as though she said to herself—"Now I've got you!"

She gave one buck, and Bronc came down spread-eagle in the sand with a crack like a pistol shot. We knew something was broken, and ran up to lend a hand—the whole assembled crowd! But as we ran someone yelled: "Look out!" and we saw that she-devil of a "Carcajou" doing a sort of broadside sideslip towards us, glaring at us from the corners of her eyes. The reins were round her forelegs and she seemed all trussed up, but she was quick as a weasel, and we had to scatter.

It was over in a second. She came full on top of Bronc with all four hoofs, screamed, shot into the air, and next moment was off across the prairie without a bridle!

Bronc just looked up and said: "You've won, boy. We're quits!"—then he lay back in the dust.

We buried him behind the Injun store at sundown. It kind of struck me all of a heap how suddenly and simply a human fighting machine can be converted into exactly nothing. We stood over the hole in the earth, our sombreros in our hands, our reins over our gauntlets, while the sundown breeze whirled up the dry alkali into little spouts between the sage, and the distant ridges were rimmed with gold. Then, when it came to scattering the dust, one of the hobos who had stood by him and cheered him that afternoon for the sake of free drinks, suddenly guffawed and shouted:

"Here lies the dirtiest skunk that ever paddled firewater into an Injun camp!"

As I say, the Duke generally grinned and was no great guns at picking a quarrel, but now his fist shot out like the piston of a high-speed engine. The puncher spun round where he stood and went down. "He's cleaner than you," said the Duke in a kind of a quiet way. "He's cleaner than you, my quitter, because he's dead, and you're still alive!"

Be Thorough, Boys

Whate'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!



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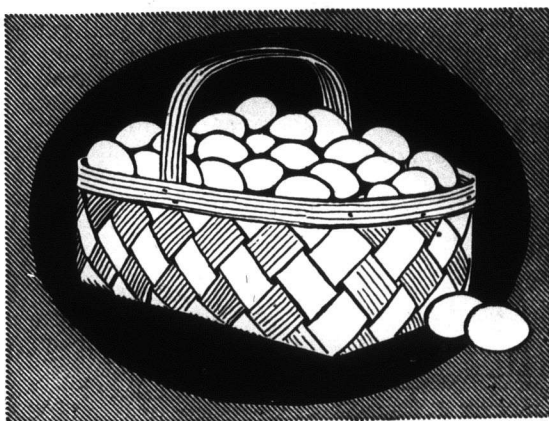
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Keep eggs in dry, cool place. Exposure to heat and contaminating odors should be avoided.

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A Canadian Padre in Macedonia

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. D. Ranns

It is a far cry from a pastorate in a Canadian city to the baffling Balkan country and the Macedonia campaign, but Rev. A. E. Lavell, D.D., now Major Lavell, chaplain in charge of military district No. 12, with headquarters at Regina, has bridged the distance in his experience during the war and has thrown in the scale some experience of both the French and Italian fronts in addition. Some little time ago the writer of this article had a most interesting chat with Major Lavell in his office in the city of Regina, and he wants to let the readers of this journal share his good fortune.

Not knowing very well where else to begin, I will begin at the beginning of the story. After all, that is not a bad place to begin. This particular Canadian padre of whom I am writing volunteered to serve his country in 1915 and qualified as a combatant officer, but was appointed chaplain. In due course he went overseas and was in England in the late summer of 1916, and did duty as a chaplain with the Canadian troops at Bramshott Camp. A certain Canon Armand, in charge of the chaplain services had evidently had his eye on Mr. Lavell and one day that gentleman was called to the presence of the aforementioned chief of the chaplain forces and asked where he (Captain Lavell as he was then),

out danger he could not have looked for it in a likelier place. At the onset they had some experience of the submarine menace. On the voyage out they saw the vessel in front of them and the one behind them both get torpedoed and soldiers in pyjamas come climbing up the sides of their vessel. Their own vessel managed to escape by dint of clever dodging tactics. But if they escaped that time they had their share of hazards. On one occasion they were approaching the Dardanelles. It was a night as dark as pitch and they were travelling without lights for fear of submarines. Without a moment's warning there suddenly loomed up directly in front of them a huge uncertain shape. Hurried order and a sharp turn of direction and the other phantom ship cleared their side by a hair's breadth. "Subs or no subs," said the captain of that vessel, "we won't run without lights again." By the way, these incidents give one some idea of the nerve-racking task of the gallant merchant marine men, who defied the submarines and the deadly perils of the sea. Suppose our men had mutinied and refused the hazards as did the Germans when ordered out to fight our fleet later, where would have been the victory of to-day, but it is worth a short interruption of the tale we have to tell to point out the valor and the resolution of the stern, fine men who led our trans-



Twenty-four women suffragettes, each a prominent and active worker of the National Woman's Party, and each of whom had been in prison because of her demonstration in behalf of the Woman Suffrage movement, arrived in San Francisco on the "Prison Special." The women were greeted by Acting Mayor Ralph McLean. The women, led by Miss Lucy Burns, locked themselves out of the station, still wearing their prison attire. Photo shows the women leaving the train for the procession to the City Hall.

would like to go. Now Mr. Lavell knew well enough where he would like to go, but like the soldier that he was, answered that it was a case of where duty called or danger he was not to question but obey. All he could do was to await orders.

"Well, then," answered the senior chaplain. "Will you go to Macedonia?" Without waiting for an answer, he went on to tell Mr. Lavell, "First of all I must say the chances are, you will never get there at all. There are more soldiers torpedoed in the Mediterranean than in all the other seas of the world. If you do get there, the chances are that you will get malaria or get hit. It's a dangerous job, and if you are a man of family perhaps you had better consider well before you accept." To a man of spirit all this was a challenge and the Captain had no doubt about the answer. "You have to bear the responsibility," he replied, "I have not. I'll go."

As a matter of fact, Macedonia was the very place of all the battle fronts to which Captain Lavell wished to go. He had travelled in the East before the war and knew the country. So inclination and duty's call both led in the same direction, which is a happy state of affairs, as the mischief in life is that often it conflicts with the truth. But the Canon had not over-stated the difficulties and dangers as Captain Lavell later found out to his cost. It was a dangerous job and a very dangerous job at that. If he had sought

ports over the seven seas Perhaps it is time here to be saying that Major Lavell did not tell me to let the readers of a magazine into the story of his war experiences. It was at my urgent request and because I scented what a newspaper man calls a "good story," that he finally consented to talk, and then I got the story out bit by bit, and am now piecing it together into something like a connected narrative. At first the Major declared that he had nothing particular to tell. "I didn't do much," he insisted. But that did not deter me, for I have heard men who do things talk like that, and I have got to know that if you keep on asking questions a man's innate love of his job will lead him to talk, unless there are very strong reasons why he ought not. And I don't think that Major Lavell and the writer of this article are letting out any government secrets. Rather is it well and in the interest of the state that the truth about the dangers of some of our campaigns should come to the public, that we may more and more appreciate what our invincible men have done for us.

To return to the narrative itself. After much journeying and strange experiences Captain Lavell arrived on the Macedonian front, and was given very much of a roving commission among the troops in Northern Greece and Southern Serbia. From time to time he was with the troops of all nationalities, though

A Night and a Dawn

By Ian Graeme

naturally it was the British troops that his principal duty lay. At one time he would be in the front lines and at another in a base hospital, and his duties were of such a varied character that no monotony was possible. He was, as we would expect, attached to a Canadian unit. Though he finds it difficult now to separate the greater event from the less important one, the curtain that has hung over the Macedonian campaign was diffed in interesting glimpses during Major Lavell's talk. Something of what that campaign meant in endurance and genuine hardship to the much tried soldiers of the Allies, may be gathered from the picture that was painted in splashes of colorful characterization. "A filthy country, dirt on all sides, flies in millions, marshes and mosquitoes, heat 104 in the shade for two weeks at a time, dysentery, malaria, hospital ships sunk and before their lines an apparently impregnable Bulgarian front." And yet they carried on until something happened, as all the world now knows.

In connection with that something which happened that all the world now knows, I asked Major Lavell how it was that the stay-at-homes were so despondent about the Macedonian front. We all know now that Lloyd George had to fight hard for the retention of that front in the face of expert opinion that our position there was hopeless. That was a matter which had exercised our mind very much. The Major had an enlightening answer ready. He traversed the whole front during his stay in Macedonia and explains that he came to the conclusion that the French and British had before them a front impossible to break, unless something happened elsewhere. And he tells with a natural pride that one day he told the men when addressing them, that they must do as the squares did at Waterloo and stand steady. And, to encourage them, he added, "The Serbian front looks good to me." And we all know it was on the Serbian front that the break came, and then the British front went forward on the Bulgarian retreat. The Germans were not slow to take advantage of the known British fearfulness about the position in the Balkans and tried to spread discouraging reports as to the impregnability of the lines opposing the British. But they never shook our men, thank God.

Another interesting item that the Major let fall was that the Germans bombed hospitals in Macedonia long before they started that particular brand of frightfulness on the Western front. One hot day the Major was going his rounds and heard some guns, our "Archies," making a most infernal din. Someone called, "Look up, padre, that's interesting." It was, very interesting, not to say slightly uncomfortable. Directly over the hospital were two little glimpsing sparks, two Boche planes. The boys who were convalescing were sitting on the steps of the hospitals watching them, and it seemed impossible for the planes to miss the hospital, as it was obvious that was their objective. The nurses, too, were apparently much more curious than fearful and were looking interestedly overhead. Fortunately, the intentions of the Boche "gentlemen" did not succeed, and they went away thwarted. It was another case where the idealistic "unconcern," let us call it, of our men triumphed over the silly frightfulness in which the enemy trusted. He couldn't frighten our nurses from their duty, though he has managed to kill some of them on other occasions.

I have said nothing about the more intimately religious work of the chaplain. That is another story. There is just one thing that the people at home will like to know, and that is, on the "fronts" there was remarkable unity among the denominations. Major Lavell worked with Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and others, and worked amicably. He even worked alongside a Jewish Rabbi. All of which is a lesson for us at home, though that is outside my province.

One of the troubles of which the senior chaplain told in England "got" Mr. Lavell and "got" him badly. He contracted malarial fever and had to leave Macedonia in the fall of 1917. In hospital in England his life was despaired of, and one day it was fancied he was dead. But he revived and to-day in Saskatchewan looks as fit as a fiddle, as the saying goes. I think you will agree with me that he has earned his

position as senior chaplain of military district No. 12. He has had no "cushy" job, but a man's job and I imagine from the breezy personality of the man he would make a first-rate padre out in Macedonia. That is the story I wanted to tell. The Major says that many men have more to tell than he has. Would you not like to come across those other men? I would.

Optimistic Brown

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued and nothing but the supreme test of adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blessed with an over-abundance last year."

In the winter his house burned to the ground. To his neighbor's solicitations he calmly responded: "The house never really suited us, so it is all for the best, after all."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened.

The climax came when he was in a railway accident. Both feet were so badly crushed beneath the wreckage that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"Suppose you are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured someone.

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said:

"Oh, no! They were always cold!"

WHEN John Burr reached Osborne bridge that mid-June morning he crossed over to the down-stream side of the street, and stopped when half-way over the bridge. He did that every morning — crossed and stopped mid-way on the bridge. It had become a habit the summer before. And when the warming April and the disappearing slush had left the pavements dry in big, gray patches, he had resumed his walks to the office and his habit, finding the down-side prospect soothing, putting him in good humor for the day. From the up-side the eye ranges up the stream to a rather unkempt shore, where the weed-grown bank slopes from contractor built apartment houses to a muddy brink. Down stream no banks are visible, and the river flows shimmering in the summer sunlight through a sinuous gorge of perpendicular green willows, and above, the towering poplars and elms. Under outreaching branches, at the foot of Kennedy Street, three or four white motor launches are usually moored at a little pier, and one with a scarlet canopy makes a vivid spot against the solid green background, and another almost as vivid in the shaded water. Some distance behind the trees of the opposite green wall rises St. Augustine's spire, with its silver points of reflected light. A thousand pass daily — a few see.

From the bridge the loitering pedestrian can also see over the high board fence that walls about Fort Osborne parade ground. In the preceding summer John Burr, from this observation

post, had frequently caught sight of his boy, as he had ridden one of these same horses round the hoof-beaten circle, while the instructor in equitation had commented on his performance in phrases peculiar to irascible instructors, and not always complimentary. To John Burr, distantly admiring, the boy was a civilized Centaur. If, at times, he distinctly heard the instructor's comment, John knew that it was addressed to some other recruit who properly deserved it. He himself had assimilated some military science, and ordinarily acknowledged acquaintance with a salute that would have provoked a sergeant-major to stammering point, though no hesitation in speech has ever been recorded of a sergeant-major. Sometimes the pinto prairie-bred that his boy had ridden would be absent from parade, and



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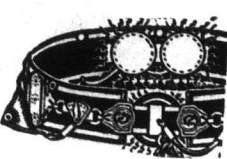
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on those days John Burr went about his work with less than customary cheerfulness, a little abstractedly at times, missing something from the day's interest. But this morning the pinto was there, fresh and bucksome, which was all for the good of the green trooper.

Thrusting with his stick at the cast-iron lamp standards on the bridge, John Burr proceeded, narrowly escaping the casualty list as a big car turned down Assiniboine Avenue, its occupant seeing nothing but visions of his morning mail. As he dodged John wondered if railway officials ever saw any of the good things of life. Poor devils, they were to be pitied on bright June mornings.

The sentry doing his two hours at the barrack gate was a stranger, but John passed him with a cheery "Good morning." The young rookie didn't know whether he ought to say anything or not, but the corporal being out of sight and not yet having heard any mention of civilians in his six days of army life, he concluded to risk it and replied, "Sure." By this time John Burr had paced fifty thoughtful paces, and the sentry's belated salutation failed to reach him. This did not disturb him. He was not sure that he did not esteem the sentry the more, as a man who knew his duty and did it, even at the risk of giving offence. No sentry on this post before had had the training of this one.

This evidence of British discipline entertained him all the way down to All Saints, whose weathered browned boards took on a warmth and softness in the morning sun and made a background for butterflies. Along Broadway John whistled quietly a lullaby that unaccountably had come to mind: "Only don't forget to sail back again to me." Why not be happy?

Near Donald corner he saw Old Malkin, and genially called a "Cheer O" (as they do in the army), and saluted with stick and hand. Old Malkin wasn't offended, but thought Burr something of a nuisance. No man had a right to be so cheerful so early in the day, and before he had earned something or skinned somebody. The glorious show of green and yellow around—Old Malkin wasn't aware of it. It would be a mistake to say that Old Malkin never noticed the sunlight. He did. Whenever anyone referred to it as "golden sunlight" he immediately looked twice—once involuntarily, and the second time to make sure that he had not overlooked the essential element. And a picture in green of the Ottawa Parliament buildings, set amid scroll work, in which figures were distinctly a part of the decoration, could be seen or sensed by Old Malkin from a wonderful distance. The collection of such engravings was Old Malkin's hobby.

John Burr did not want his boy to become an Old Malkin. No, he would rather—yes, he would rather the boy didn't come back across the sea, though that preference was something that Old Malkin and all others of his sort could not have understood. But, then, he would come back, and what a lot of adventures and 'scapes he would have to tell of. That first day back—of course, there he was, boy and horse excited, as the troops, glossy, and with tight-drawn bits, came down Main Street in the triumphal parade. That would be a great day, indeed.

Well, well, here he was already at his

office. He hated to go in, but it was easier when the elevator man had said that it was a beautiful morning. Why, this man, too, longed for the outdoors, and the brightness and warmth and color. Here he was, imprisoned and windowless, seeing only people—some cheerful, mostly morose, and almost all self-absorbed and in a hurry.

Leaving the outdoor world in the corridor, John Burr passed through the outer office with a comprehensive greeting to the head clerk that somehow distributed itself among the staff, a nod to those nearest his path, and a smile to the nervously alert Jewish office boy, whose response was a face-distorting grin. In the little corner wardrobe of his office he hung up his stick and hat, where he hoped his soldier son would some day hang up his stick and hat. Meantime, he would build to-day a little more to the business that he would hand over, after a while. His mail lay open on his desk, and three or four telegrams, unopened, were on his blotting pad.

For an hour, seeing nothing, he sat gazing at the door, where the name "John Burr" read backwards on the frosted glass. His hands grasped the arms of his chair, his body inert. In the outer office they wondered why the buzzer was so long silent. Then John Burr passed quietly through the outer office into the sunlight that he did not see.

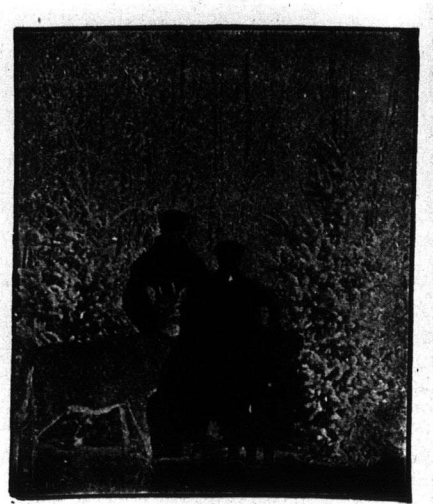
Midnight, months after, John Burr lay sleepless, his mind busy with the unsolved question, ever "coming out by the same door wherein he went."

Why did the Potter break the pots? Why had the baby whose red, creased legs he still saw stretching themselves vigorously into the uncomprehended space, grown up to the schoolboy curious of the new discovered worlds, then a lad straight and tall with frank hope of great things, why was this intelligence gone from the world and the vital limbs lying motionless in surroundings that he could not imagine? The boy had been too young to realize how little of life had been his. He, John Burr, had been a fool, a criminal, a murderer of his own son. And to what end? The utter unexplainable futility of it.

In the land whither John Burr went he saw men toiling cheerfully, hailing each other with a frankness that concealed no selfish purpose, where nothing was to be gained by deceit or oppression. There no furrows of anxiety for the future, no paralysing dread of a penurious old age, no striving to amass useless goods, no urging fear of degrading poverty coming to their children. Sometimes bookish children, in dark corners of library shelves, unearched queer, pitiful tales of the old times when every man fought fang to fang with his neighbor in the market, or in their comfortless homes, when envy, trickery and war were everywhere. But now the plenty of willing labor, friendships that endured, and love without anxiety.

John Burr saw this through a cloud, lurid and death-bearing. Then he awoke. The clock of St. Luke's was striking two, and coming up the street, then beneath his window, a boy called— "Extra! Extra! The war is over! Extra! the war is over!"

And John Burr knew why, and found an understanding peace.



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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux

More chicks are hatched and make a start in life during the merry month of May, than at any other time. Considering that experts agree that inability to grow good sturdy chicks has been responsible for more failures in poultry keeping than any other single cause. A few practical hints on keeping chicks in May will be timely. Incubator chicks are in my opinion more difficult to raise than the hen hatched brood that friend "Biddy" takes under her wing, in rain or shine thus relieving the poultry keeper of much responsibility, in chilly, damp weather at any rate.

Do not be afraid to give a large motherly hen 15 to 20 chicks, as she is quite capable of looking after this number in May, and, in June, can handle 25 chicks if she has a roomy coop placed in a good run.

Never feed any chick until 36 to 48 hours have passed over its fluffy head; warmth and cuddling to the mother hen or under the hover of a heated brooder is the first essential of all little chicks of any breed however hatched. When a chick picks his way out of his shell Nature has provided him with enough nourishment, in the form of egg yolk, to last for several days. Course sand or grit should be scattered about for the wee chicks who swallow their teeth in this way, and when they seem as hungry as hunters the first meal may be given. Some bread crumbs very slightly moistened with sweet milk, sprinkled over clean sand is good, or fine chick feed, and I have always found finely cracked wheat a splendid feed for the wee chicks. The old rule "little and often" is a safe one to follow. Never allow food to lie about in front of the little ones, a mother hen will eat up any surplus herself, but remove any food that brooder chicks cannot clean up in a few minutes. During the first 14 days much trouble is caused by sour or stale food. The first two weeks in a chick's life, is the most critical period. Five feeds a day is the usual rule for either incubator or hen hatched chicks. If clean eggs have been candled out at 7th or 8th day, these can be utilized in feeding, boiling them hard, and mixing them, shell and all, with stale bread crumbs, one egg to a cup of crumbs, but nowadays fresh eggs are too expensive to feed to chicks, and they flourish without them. Rolled oats or pinhead oatmeal, always makes an excellent change in the bill of fare. There are several good brands of commercial chick feed on the market, any of them are suited to young chicks, unless the flock of youngsters are placed on a grass run they should be fed "greens" of some kind, onion tops, lettuce or sprouted grains minced up. Buttermilk is a grand thing for chicks, as well as older fowl and should be fed when they are a week old, using shallow dishes, which must be kept clean. Sour milk supplies the growing birds with a certain percentage of animal food and buttermilk is also an excellent regulator, preventing bowel trouble the vane of incubator chicks. Water may be given when chicks are a couple of days old, taking care all vessels are kept clean and sweet. When the young flock are from two to three weeks old they can be fed coarser food, and should be given dry mash which they readily eat from a hopper. Whole wheat can be given when they are a month old, this makes the best evening meal. The dry mash may be made up of crushed grain, oats, barley, wheat, corn, adding bran or shorts and a little charcoal, any of these grains are good, and bran should be added to all dry mash for poultry. The mother hen should always be confined in a coop without a bottom in it, and once a week she should be moved to a fresh corner of the grass run. Never allow a hen to drag her brood of chicks about the farm yard, when they are tiny, or in damp weather. Brooder chicks should always have a little wire pen arranged about the hover for a few days, until they have sense enough to find their way back to their artificial mother. As soon as possible get them out on the ground, but if the weather is bad out some sods and bring them to the chicks to pick and tear indoors. All chicks should be protected from vermin, and often dusted with a good insect powder. I can see no reason for allowing any kind of vermin to get the upper hand on a poultry plant. Hens can be kept almost free of mites and lice, if

a little care is taken. White wash is the best prevention of vermin I know of, henhouses, brooders and coops need a generous coating inside and out, at least once a year. Air slaked lime is fine also to sprinkle about. It will sweeten and purify runs and yards in the spring and should be used freely at all times.

The colony-house, where the hover can be used for brooding the incubator chicks, is quite the ideal method of raising them with a minimum of work, as when the flock is old enough to dispense the portable hover, it is removed and roosts put in. A hopper of dry mash, and a fountain for water, and the vessel of buttermilk, are all that the lusty brood need to keep them growing. Of course the keeper will see that they always go to roost with a full crop, and provide a night feed of wheat. "Chilling," careless feeding and lack of vitality in the parent stock, are three well-known bugbears. In successful chicken raising I will answer any questions in regard to the care of chicks with pleasure.

EUROPEAN MARKET FOR POULTRY

A French poultry expert, according to advices received by the Canadian Trade Commission, states that there is an urgent need in France for 3,000,000 breeding hens at present. It is estimated that egg and poultry production there in the last four years has decreased 50 per cent. Over 6,000 hens have been given by British traders to help the restoration work in Northern France.

Conditions in Poland are said to be such that hundreds of thousands of fowls are wanted, and British experts are advocating that the newer breeds be at once introduced into the devastated areas.

The Trade Commission suggests to poultrymen and farmers a continuance of the Greater Production Campaign of last year. The cheapening of feedstuffs is in their favor.

Canadian exports of eggs in 1918 roundly totalled 4,000,000 dozen, one-half the quantity exported sixteen years ago. Great Britain alone before the war imported 190,000,000 dozen annually.

One broad idea which the Trade Commission is trying to impress on the agricultural and manufacturing interests is that the present emergency demand in Europe should be regarded as the stepping stone to permanent trade. The field in the poultry trade will be ample for some years to come.

Stamps for Sale

STAMPS—Free package to collectors for 3 cents postage. Offer hundred different foreign stamps, including war issues, hinges, catalogue, 10 cents. We buy stamps. Marks stamps Company, Toronto. T.F.

This Page Pays the Advertiser

April 12th, 1919.
Please insert my two advertisements in the May issue of *The Western Home Monthly*. I am well pleased with the results of your paper.
Very truly yours,
ALBERT MEHNKE,
Glasnevin, Sask.

A Constipation Cure

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have commended the Extract of Roots, known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, for the radical cure of constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 30 drops thrice daily. Get the Genuine, at druggists.

Classified Page for People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of *The Western Home Monthly* are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c word. Minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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WANTED RELIABLE AGENTS—To sell fruit and ornamental trees, small fruits, seed potatoes, etc. Good pay. Exclusive territory. We grow varieties recommended by Government Experimental Farmers for our Western trade. Nursery of six hundred acres. Reliable stock. Write Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont. T.F.

Educational

MODERN ARITHMETIC—If backward in this subject, send postal note for 25c for my series of lesson sheets. Harry E. Gooch, Hanover School, Ford, Sask. 7-19

For Sale

RABBITS FOR SALE—Flemish Giants, Siberians and Rufus Red Belgians. Suncrest Rabbitry, 261 Bayfield Street, Barrie, Ont. 5-19

FOR SALE—"Heaven and Hell." Swedenborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond; 400 pages, only 25c postpaid. W. G. Law, 486 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 7-19

Fruit and Farm Lands

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR PROPERTY, write me. John J. Black, 14 St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 6-19

Miscellaneous

J. D. A. Evans—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

QUILT PIECES—Three dozen assorted, postpaid 25c. Send to-day. Metro Apron Co., Chicago, Ill. 4-19

BOOKLET FREE describing Catarrh new home treatment. Address E. J. Worst, Box "S," Ashland, Ohio. 5-19

FOR SALE—Healing balm for wounds, scalds, burns, chapped hands, etc., 50c postal note, money order or stamps, registered. The Beel Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 1562, Victoria, B.C. 5-19

STOCK FOR SALE—Registered Aberdeen-Angus calves, about 8 months old. Prices reasonable. Write D. M. Kean & Sons, Orillia, Ont. 6-19

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BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary, slate bed. The game of kings. \$75 up. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

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RAZOR STROPS—We manufacture the best razor strop in the world. Keeps razor honed as well as sharpened. Will be sent on receipt of price, \$1.50. Canada Hone Co., Wawanesa, Canada. T.F.

OPERATIONS UNNECESSARY—Gall stones removed. Appendicitis corrected in 24 hours without pain. Not sold by druggists. Mrs. George Almas, 524 4th Avenue, North, Saskatoon, Sask. Sole manufacturer. 6-19

A RANCHER'S LIFE IN CANADA and Guide to Rural Industries, fruit-growing, poultry-keeping, caponizing, ducks, geese, turkeys, guineas, pigeons, hares, goats, bees, flowers, 25c, postpaid, by C. H. Provan, LangleyFort, B.C. 5-19

WANTED — PERSONS TO GROW MUSHROOMS for us at home; from \$15 per week upwards can be made by using waste space in cellars, yards, gardens, etc. (start now); illustrated booklet sent free. Address Montreal Supply Company, Montreal. 7-19

DO YOU WANT WATER?—I have an instrument with which I have located over 400 wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Registers only on springs, no soaking shown. Terms moderate. This instrument not for sale. E. A. Hobart, Water Expert, Brandon, Man. 5-19

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TRAINED NURSES earn \$15 to \$25 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science, Dept. 9, Toronto, Canada. T.F.

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Poultry

PRIZE-WINNING STOCK—Barred Plymouth Rocks. Eggs \$2 per 15; \$3.50 per 30. Percy Martin, Togo, Sask. 5-19

SINGLE AND ROSE COMB White Leghorns, Indian Runner ducks, \$2 per 15 eggs. Jas. A. Jackson, Leduc, Alberta. 7-19

IMPROVED WHITE WYANDOTTE, a splendid layer and a less setter. \$3 for 15 eggs. A. Elwell, Kelvington, Sask. 5-19

LARGE WINTER LAYING White Leghorns—Trapped and Hogan tested. Fifteen eggs \$2. Oliver Young, Port Arthur. 5-19

EGGS OF 50 VARIETIES—Hardy, northern chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guineas; low prices; catalogue 3 cents. Dell Waltham, Box 700, Janesville, Minn. 5-19

HIGH CLASS Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds. On two entries won 1st and 3rd pullets Manitoba Winter Fair. Eggs \$3.00 and \$4.50 per 15. John Duff, Mekivim, Man. 6-19

MAMMOTH BRONZE EGGS \$4.50, Pekin Ducks, \$3, Barred Rocks \$3 and \$5 per setting, charges paid. J. F. Reason, Penticton, B.C. 5-19

FOR SALE—Partridge Cochins. Eggs for hatching purposes. From pure-bred stock. Excellent winter layers. A. Mehnke, Glasnevin, Sask. 5-19

FOR SALE—Indian Runner Ducks (fawn and white), pure-bred stock. Excellent layers. Eggs for hatching. Any time from March 1st to Nov. 1st. A. Mehnke, Glasnevin, Sask. 5-19

HATCHING EGGS — BARRED ROCKS from prize stock at the Winnipeg fair, 1918. \$3 per 15, \$12 per 100. W. C. Davis, Box 181, Springside, Sask. 5-19

LITTLE COTE POULTRY YARDS—Mrs. M. Vialoux, Charleswood, Man. Barred Rock eggs for hatching, \$2 per 15; \$3 for 30 eggs. Fertility guaranteed. 5-19

ALBINO POULTRY FARM. Pure-bred White Wyandottes, Martin and Tom Barron strain. Eggs \$3 per 15, 30 for \$5, post paid. Miss Ruth Lloyd, Morden, Man. 7-19

REGAL WHITE WYANDOTTES, Martin's strain. Good winter layers. Eggs for hatching, \$3 for 15. S. W. Birch, Minitota, Man. 5-19

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A Harvest Field Romance

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Edna E. Baldwin

BOB Burnett looked worried as he came slowly up the garden walk. His usually upright figure seemed stooped and bent to-night. When he reached the kitchen door he stood quite still for a moment. The slight night breeze brought to his nostrils an odorous whiff of new mown hay. This was life to him—this working of old mother earth into the golden harvest fields. Every year but this there had always been lots of help to take off the products of those beautiful harvest fields but this year it seemed as if fate was against him and it made his heart heavy within his bosom. Two hundred acres of wheat, swaying, waving in the sunlight like a great golden sea.

"Daddy, Da-dddy!"

Into his gloomy thoughts rudely dispelling them came the voice and a slender slip of a girl ran gayly to him. Over his right arm two small hands were coaxingly placed and a strand of hair yellow and silky like the tassels of the corn floated against his tanned cheek. A faint aroma of violets came into being. He looked down into the laughing, almost childish face. This girl who bore his name was as yet a stranger to him. Only last night she had come home from college fresh from school life, bubbling over with vitality.

For three years he had never as much as seen her once—and then she had been a slim little body with a thin, somewhat delicate face and flaxen braids; but this girl with her dainty, airy graces and charming, grown-up ways was not her at all. This was a young stranger. If her mother had been alive she would have known how to manage things.

"What are you worrying about?" She reached up and with a white finger stroked out the wrinkles. He caught his breath. Her mother had done that very same thing long ago.

"I want to know, Daddy, why you don't love me any more. You are so silent and won't tell me things any more. Don't you see I am quite grown up?" She stepped back with a little graceful gesture and raised a hand to the pretty coil of hair upon her head.

"Ah! yes, girl, that's it. You are grown up. Your old father scarcely knows his baby now."

"And you would rather have the baby, Daddy." She scanned his face eagerly; then reached up and smoothed out the wrinkle. "Now, I want to talk to you seriously. Come in and sit down." She led him unresisting to the living room and perching on the arm of his chair let one hand idly play with his thick, iron grey hair.

"You're short of help in the fields aren't you? Never mind how I found out in so short a time, but you're worrying your dear old head off about it while I've been playing the piano and dressing in doll's clothes—and—hush!" as he began to protest. "Be quiet until I finish. You have slaved and worked all these years to give me a good time and I've had it, now it's my turn to pay back. So first thing I'm going out to help in the fields. Don't protest. It's no use. I am determined I will have my own way. True, I don't know much about farm work but I can learn. There!" She kissed him on his forehead and was gone before he could utter a word.

In her own room Phyllis went to the mirror and looking steadfastly at the lovely reflection revealed there said aloud: "I'll do it—even if I do look like a—doll. I'll show them."

Long that night she lay awake wondering. Phyllis was not love sick or anything of the sort. She was just a genuine young bit of youthfulness personified; but once at a club reception she had met a very horrid, very frank, altogether intolerable young man who had told her. Well, never mind what—the recollection made our little girl's teeth shut together very hard with a sharp click and mutter "brute."

But somehow she just couldn't keep out the vision of a clean cut, strong, young face. The mouth was rather large but a very handsome mouth all the same and the brown eyes held such little crinkly lights of laughter in them.

"I don't care! I don't care!" she sobbed, burying her face in her pillow and all the time she knew she did care no matter how many times she denied it. He had called her a flirt, and a doll—well, she would show him.

"Meet my daughter Phyllis, Mr. Langden. Phyllis we have secured one man at the last moment. Things won't be so bad after all."

Phyllis gasped—her mouth opened and shut with a tiny sound and she managed to hiss between her teeth. "You! Of all the pure, right down impudence and effrontery this beats all."

"Me," he grinned good naturedly. Bob looked from one to the other perplexedly.

"I have met Mr.—Langden before, Father," the girl said stiffly and passed on. She wore a trig pair of blue jean overalls and a hat pulled down over her yellow hair and this was her first day in the fields and to have it spoiled like this was just too exasperating for anything. To be laughed at and by him of all people in the world.

"I hate him," she cried and vexed tears came very close to overflowing. That first day in the sultry, sweltering, August heat was one of torture to the girl accustomed to the luxurious ways of the city. Steady all day from early morning until late at night she kept on although her body ached in every muscle, cord and joint. Her eyes were smarting and blinded from the dazzling sunshine; but, she kept on, how she never knew. Once Peter Langden looked over where she was working, his eyes bright with laughter but she paid no attention.

"Plucky youngster," he said beneath his breath.

That night Phyllis stumbled into her own room too tired to do anything else but fling herself across her bed. Her face white and eyes heavy; but with no notion of giving in. Almost too tired to eat she went down stairs to supper.

The next day went by and the next until she finally became used to it. But no word did she have for Peter. Her heart was seemingly hard as flint where he was concerned.

Never had she seen one of the pretty ruffly, cool, summery frocks lying between their tissue paper coverings in her trunk—never had she sat down at her piano to play the music that still smelled fragrantly of the music and book store in Winnipeg, or to read the magazines whose pages were still uncut.

At last when an end came to the harvest labour and the hardest work was over or almost over something happened to turn things all upside down. Phyllis was picking up a stook that had fallen over somehow or other and dreaming at the same time. She did not see the team of frightened horses coming towards her with the dangerous machine rattling

loudly behind them. Not until someone shouted—then she was snatched off her feet and deposited on the sweet smelling hay. For a moment her senses left her. What happened after that she did not know. There was a dull, heavy pain in her ankle and a sound of men's voices in her ears. But when she awoke from her faint there was Peter—Peter of all men—holding her head on one arm and bathing her face with cold water with his disengaged hand. "Better?" he queried, looking at her closely. She stared at him for a moment then covered her face with her hands and began to cry—the only really feminine thing she had done since she came home.

"I'm sorry." She sobbed out, leaving Peter to take it which ever way he wished. And Peter? Oh! Peter didn't say much. He picked her up and carried her into the house and laid her on the sofa in the living room. Peter was always level-headed—and cool.

"I called you a brute," she said between her sobs. He stared at her now, and throwing back his head laughed in the big, hearty, boyish way that only he could laugh.

Indignation fired up in the blue eyes beneath his laughing gaze. To be laughed at! That was unpardonable. He was a brute, and getting up weakly she made a hurried, none too graceful departure but her every movement breathed antagonism.

Peter stood quite still. "Put your foot in it again, Peter, my son," he exclaimed. "Well, I'll be—oh! what's the use. Isn't that just like a woman. Poor little youngster."

Phyllis glared at herself in the mirror. Her face was flooded with rich, red, colour and it came and went as she remembered how carefully he had carried her to the house.

"I—won't—I won't—I hate him worse than ever," she cried, the tears very near again. "Oh! I could just—"

"Just what?"

"Why, Daddy," she flew out into the hall and into his arms. He held her back from him and over his tanned face there spread a look of fear and then thankfulness. "If anything had happened to you, girl—I should never have been happy again. Do you know you have made it possible to take off this harvest? Do you know that? You're just like your mother, honey. Peter is some man. He saved you, little 'un. What's wrong betwixt you an' him?"

The girl turned her flushed face against his rough shirt front. Her ruffled hair was against his lips. She did not answer. "We're through with everything except threshing to-night, Phyllis; and Pete—, Phyllis put a hand over his mouth coaxingly.

"If you—oh! I'm horrid and selfish

and ungrateful as a—a pig. I—do—care," and breaking from his arms she ran into her room and shut the door.

"Well, that beats all. But women are queer things anyhow," and the old man smiled wisely to himself.

It was evening. The twilight shadows came softly through the open windows and doors and dwelt lovingly upon the slender figure in the blue jeans. Her yellow hair was braided tightly about her head. There was a defiant look in her blue eyes that made her look exactly like a naughty, adorable child and such she really was. Peter, coming in, and standing in the doorway felt very much like shaking her soundly but he only said: "For heaven's sake, Phil, go and take off those ridiculous overalls and put on some of those white, crinkly things you used to wear before you—"

"I won't!"

"But you will—you know you will. Be a dear. I'm off to-morrow. I don't suppose you knew I was only out here on harvest leave, and we are leaving for overseas next week. Now go on and don't you dare to come down here with those overalls on."

Needless to say, Phyllis went. Peter smiled to himself a grim, tender little smile. "Spunky little rig," he said aloud. "Make a peach of a — Ah! that's better!"

Down the staircase she came. A dainty vision in something white and soft and clinging. Her hair was piled high upon her head and fell in tiny curls about her ears and face. Its yellow sheen like the silken tassels of the corn. She came slowly — lips parted slightly — cheeks flushed pink. At the last step, he threw away his cigarette and walked across the floor to where she stood and laying both hands on her slender shoulders drew her into his arms without ceremony and kissed her right on the lips.

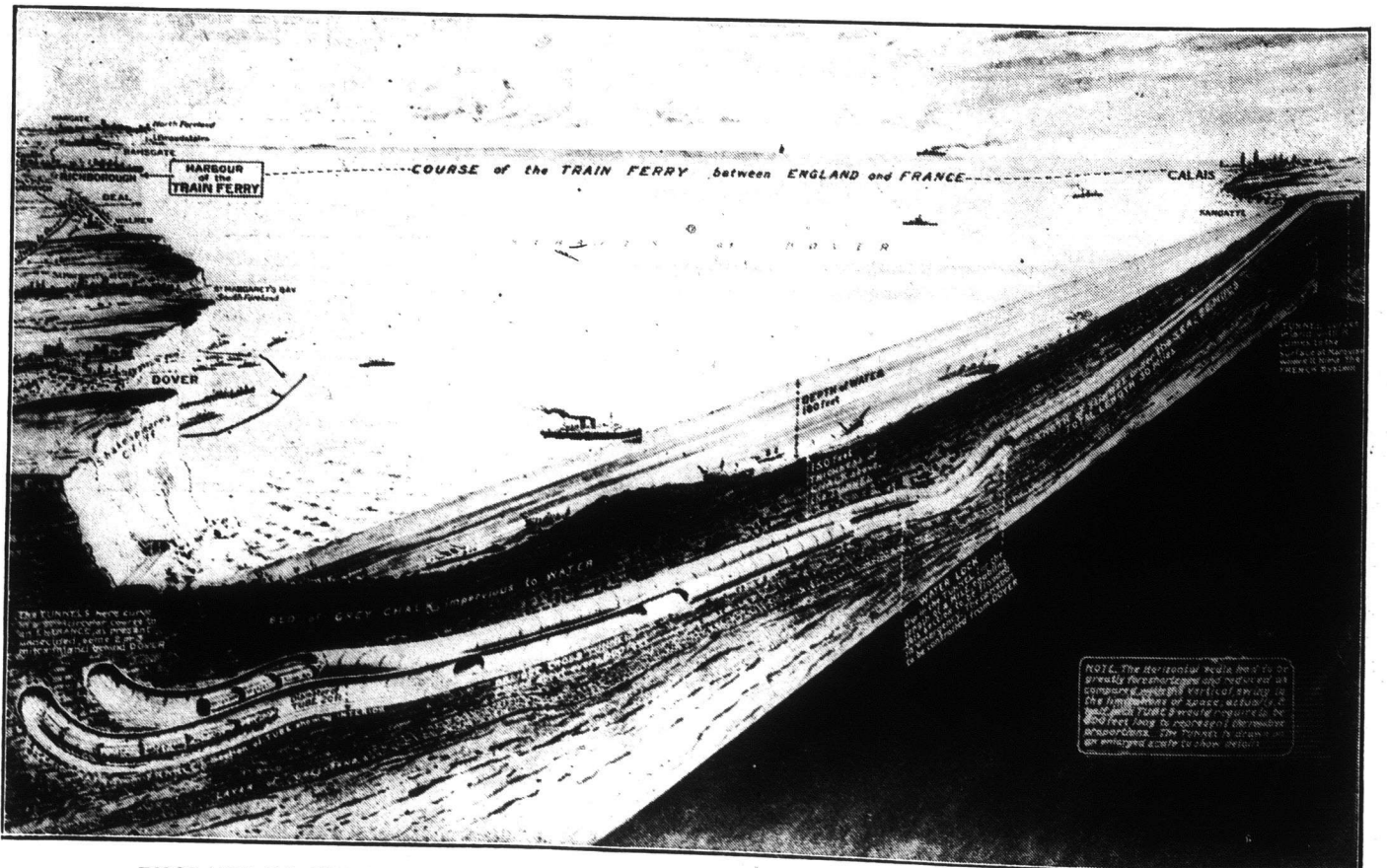
"Oh!" she gasped looking up at him. For a moment her eyes darkened. "You called me a doll, a flirt."

"You called me a beast."

Then they both laughed as youth will ever laugh when love is in their hearts and on their lips.

"You're not a flirt or a doll. You're a peach of a girl. Not every girl could have stuck out through the heat and work as you did. I—guess I was a—brute, sweetheart." He bent over her. His arms tightened about her. "I'll remember you, as you are to-night, girl, and when I go into battle your picture, as you are to-night will go ahead of me and I shall know you are thinking of me."

And she forgot her anger and the hate she had cherished and surrendered her lips to his caresses. This was their hour. The years might bring sorrow but to-night was theirs—so he kissed her again



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Rural Clubs for Boys and Girls

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Irene Parlyb, President of the United Farm Women of Alberta

A short time ago I read in a Winnipeg farm journal a little editorial headed, "Why Another Organization?" In that editorial the writer very gently and kindly rebuked various associations for duplicating work by each trying to develop junior branches of their organizations instead of getting behind their various provincial governments and backing their agricultural club movement.

If I could take the writer for a little tour through some of the Western rural districts, if she could see the groups of 'teen age boys lounging their time away in miserable little village pool rooms or "Chink" restaurants, if she could catch a few sentences of the kind of conversation that prevails in those places, perhaps that would be all that would be necessary to convince her that something more than even Government Pig and Calf Clubs were necessary for the development of our future rural citizens.

Again, the writer of that editorial takes issue with the idea of trying "to keep the children in the fold, as it were, so that being trained in the ways of the parent society when they are young, they will not depart from them when grown."

Speaking for the only organization for which I am at all qualified to speak—the organized Farm Women's Association—I should like to point out that this does not convey at all the fullness of our thought with regard to the junior branches we are trying to build.

In the first place, those who have the greatest sympathy and understanding of the farmers' movement do not look upon it merely as a movement which will benefit one class. The ideals of the organized farmers are the ideals of democracy the world over. Economic justice, work and opportunity for all, a square deal for humanity and special privileges for none, clean government, a keen sense of the responsibilities as well as the rights of citizenship—these

things are surely no class creed, but a working forward to that Christianizing of our social order towards which all thoughtful people are looking.

And for the purpose of inculcating these great principles, best learned in youth, the farm women's organizations formed their junior branches. In those junior branches they look to develop leaders in those principles among the growing boys and girls which will be of inestimable value to the future of the country. Are these principles taught in the government controlled club movement? Perhaps they are. I do not know. But are we not running into almost too much paternalism in our governments? Should we not develop a stronger type of people by encouraging them to have the initiative to develop their own organizations? Continual leaning on the government and the public treasury is not the best way to push the grabbing hand and the patronage system out of existence. It is not only in government offices that the patronage system exists, and government controlled organizations give the politicians a wonderful lever should they wish to use it for their own ends.

Agricultural boys' and girls' clubs will doubtless help to impart the knowledge of scientific stock feeding and development, and so help to better farm conditions, but we are not so sanguine that they will develop a higher type of Canadian citizenship, and some of us are more concerned with developing this last than in developing the stock industry. We would not, of course, dare to make this statement before any of our honorable Ministers of Agriculture.

Only the other day it was announced in Alberta that the Hon. Duncan Marshall was going to spend \$35,000 for the purchase of two stallions for the province, and the press gave him big headlines and much publicity for his generosity. In another little column it

was announced that the same government was going to allow \$25,000 for mothers' allowances. Something distorted about the two sets of figures, isn't there? But, then, the horse industry is of such importance to Alberta, is it not? We can always get immigrants to fill up the land, and a nice, little bonus of so much a head will bring all we need, so why worry about the widows and orphans in their affliction.

Self Help

Somebody once wrote a book on "Self Help." I think we should have a new, up-to-date book on the same subject for the benefit of the Canadian people. Of course, we are working towards different degrees of State Socialism and we may arrive at the time when our paternal government will tell us when to get up, and when to go to bed, what we may eat, and where withal we may be clothed. What effect all this is going to have on the individual I sometimes wonder. The strongest, stoutest, most finely developed trees are those that from the days when the seed first sprouted from the soil have stood alone, without props or shelter, because the winds of Heaven battered them from every quarter; they sent down roots strong and true to hold them firmly in their place. On their own strength they relied to meet whatever tempest beat about them. The same principle has developed most of the world's finest men and women. The same principle develops the finest organizations. Effort is what develops men and women; self help is the tonic we all need.

Personally, I do not think any people who are bottle-fed from the government treasuries can ever develop a clean, sturdy citizenship, free from the taint of the patronage system, and unclean politics. So long as we keep on taking favors from a government, so long shall we hear the common remark from political workers before election time, "Of course, you could not think of voting against a government that has been so good to you!" And probably you

wouldn't though in your heart you realized they were rotten to the core!

The Average Rural Community

Some of the editors of our farm papers have lived many years in cities, and have perhaps lost touch a trifle with the real rural life. They do not any longer seem to see a vivid picture in their mind's eye of an average little prairie community, the drabness, the crudeness, the lack of romance about it all—that picturesque romance which breathes from every cottage and hedgerow of the old European countries. Think of a little English village nestling among its centuries-old trees, the village green, the winding village street, with its vine-covered cottages, and their little front gardens gay with flowering things, and contrast it with one of our prairie villages: The ugliest building man can perpetrate, wanting in paint, adorned with weeds, in cans, ash heaps, treeless, flowerless, devoid of any beauty, or any pride. Instead of a village green, where on summer evenings gather the boys and young men of the neighborhood for games of cricket, we have the ubiquitous pool room for sole recreation of the prairie boys.

Whose business is it to provide an alternative to this? We have abolished the bar, let us hope forever. Some talk of abolishing the pool room. But abolishing the bar has not abolished drinking by any means. The Attorney-General for Alberta is responsible for the statement that 60 per cent of the men of Alberta are breaking the liquor laws. Not a very good advertisement for Alberta men by the way. Abolishing pool rooms will not help prairie boys very much if we do not put something else in their place. And here again, is where organization comes in, and more especially the farmers' organizations and the farm women's organizations; they beyond anyone know the needs of their own boys and girls. If in their homes they cannot provide the recreation required, let them organize their community for recreation, let them build their own community hall, and have pool there under proper conditions.

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Rural Recreation

One of the many American writers on rural life says that it is an undeniable fact that rural morality is closely dependent upon wholesome recreation, that games are essential as moral safety valves for releasing animal spirits which become dangerous under pressure. No healthy young thing can develop normally, can grow a sane mind in a sound body without some form of play. Watch the frolics of the calves and the lambs in the fields, watch the puppies and hens at their games. Prairie children often hardly know how to play; they do know, as a rule, a great deal about work for there are always plenty of chores for even the smallest children to do on a farm. As the boys reach their early teens they take the place of a man, while a girl of the same age takes her place in the work of the home, or as in the last few years of labor shortage, takes a soldier brother's place on the mower, binder, or rake. At seventeen or so these girls are in many instances taking upon themselves the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood. How can we introduce a fuller, wider life, more color, more romance, more fun and frolic into these young lives without organization?

Perhaps you say the school should do that. Some schools may, but they are in the minority; many of the teachers are very young girls from these same kind of communities and they know nothing more of life. By the time they may have learnt a little more they marry. Then you say the church; why cannot the church develop community recreation? There may be two churches in the community, but both of them may only be visited by travelling ministers, or the resident minister may have so enormous a district to cover that work of that kind is not possible for him. Then what remains? As far as I can see the organized farm women are the right people to take up this problem of their own children, and the government, the school and the church should co-operate with them and give any assistance they can.

Education for Recreation

All forward movements have to do a great deal of spade work in the way of educating public opinion. Before we can solve the problem of rural recreation we must waken the minds of the farm mothers and fathers to the necessity of it. The majority of minds hate to be jolted out of the status quo. Progress always means effort, mental and physical. It is much easier to follow the lines of least resistance and live as our fathers and mothers did before us. There is frequently a feeling of resentment against those who try to push us forward against our will.

The first fact to drive home is that if rural life is to be made worth while for the growing generation, if the social instinct is to be developed, if the farm boys and girls are to be trained to play their part as citizens of a great nation, that training must be commenced through play. Play is the most important element in character building. Watch a child at play and you will get a very accurate insight into that child's disposition and aptitude for certain things. "Tell me how a man spends his leisure time (how he plays in other words) and I will tell you what kind of a man he is." I forget who wrote that, but the light of truth shines through the words.

Writing about rural morality and recreation, Dr. Wilson says: "What we do for hire, or under the orders of other people, or in the routine of life, is done because we have to. We do not choose the minor acts of studying in school, of work in the factory, of labor in the house, of composition in writing a book. All these acts are part of a routine which is imposed upon us and we call them work." But play is entirely voluntary; every action is chosen and expresses will and preference. Therefore play is highly moral. It is the bursting up of our own individuality and it expresses especially in the lesser things the preferences of life. The great school for training men in the little things that make up the bulk of character is team work and co-operation in play. Here is

the school of obedience to others, of self-sacrifice for a company and a common end, of honor, of truthfulness, of the subordination of one to another, of courage, of persistent devotion to a purpose, and of co-operation.

What the U.F.W.A. is Trying to do

The women's section of the United Farmers of Alberta have from the time they organized first been studying this problem of the young people in the rural districts. They have done nothing spectacular so far; they have been trying in the first place through their little local clubs to arouse the interest of the mothers in this problem; they have been trying to build as they went along and developed their ideas; they have welcomed any co-operation offered by other

organizations, but they have found it absolutely necessary to have an organization of their own before that co-operation could be effective. When every farming community has its organized groups of farm boys and girls then there is a unit which is ready to co-operate with the government, with Federated Sunday schools, with the Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A., or any other body that offers us training of a specialized kind. For this reason the U.F.W.A. is organizing junior branches under a simple constitution of their own; it has asked for and obtained from the Board of Governors of the University of Alberta a week's conference for farm boys and girls from 16 to 25 to be held in June. At this conference there will be a series of six lectures on citizenship and rural life, six lectures on literature, a

series of talks on Nature study given out of doors, including geology, botany, birds and butterflies, a series of lessons in folk dancing for the girls; and a series in stock judging for the boys. Besides, there will be visits to interesting buildings and packing plants, instruction in group or team games, groups singing under expert leadership and moving pictures entertainment. Does not that open up a vision for the boys and girls of rural communities? It is bringing the university to the people who cannot go the university.

Junior Branches U.F.A.

These are necessarily very dissimilar, for conditions are so different in every community that the fewer rules and regulations laid down the better. In some

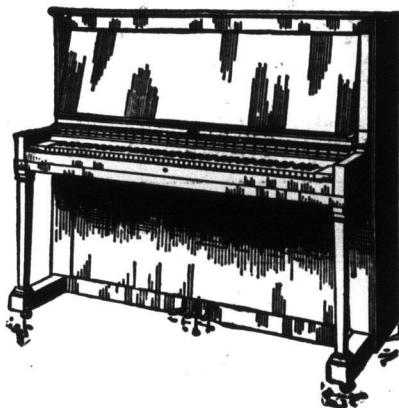
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branches the club is composed entirely of girls whose chief work has been the Red Cross; in others they have taken up reading courses; in some districts the club is formed of boys and girls. In one club the president, a fine leader, is a young man of 25, while the youngest member is a girl of 14. This club is combining recreation with study; they are going to organize a tennis club and a basketball club for the summer months; and next winter they hope to have hockey. At each meeting a member reads a short paper. They have taken subjects like the Peace Conference, citizenship, the farmers' platform, how to improve rural life, and so on. This club is looking forward keenly to the coming conference of the University, and are making all sorts of plans for the future. They meet in each other's homes and the mothers provide tea and a good time. When there is a piano or a gramophone the meetings always end with music and a sing song.

Can you not see what a club like that means to a rural community? And again, not only to the rural community, but to the whole life of the country. Do you not see how it develops leadership, the group spirit, how it stimulates mentality and an active interest in affairs outside the little rut of home and community life; how it broadens the whole horizon; how it creates an interest in every aspect of life? What better way can you find of developing the rural children than this? Tell me if you know, always remembering, however, that self-help is more valuable training than any government bonus or state aid.

Question Drawer

(1) Q.—Why is yawning infectious?

A.—One human being can affect another by what is known as suggestion. If one girl in a group becomes afraid or hysterical, there is great likelihood that some of the others will follow her example. If everybody around you is laughing, you will likely laugh too—that is, unless they are all laughing at you. Now, yawning, or deep breathing, deals with the most urgent and constant need of life and, therefore, a suggestion is quickly followed.

(2) Q.—How are volcanoes formed?

A.—Inside the earth's crust there is hot molten matter. At some point thinner than the rest, or at some point where radium or some such substance exists freely the heat has burst through. In the course of time there is an elevation — a mountain of molten matter, solidified. Through the centre of this elevation the molten matter continues to pour. This is the ordinary volcano.

(3) Q.—How can we keep fruit fresh?

A.—It is a battle between ourselves and the microbes that attack fruit. In the end the microbes will win, but we can delay the victory. The fruit should be plucked a little on the green side. The bruised fruit should be carefully placed on one side and used first. A dry dark attic with good ventilation is the best store room. The fruit should not be heaped up. If any specimen shows decay it should be removed. Wrapping each apple or pear in paper is good. If a few drops of formalin are poured into the bottom of a jar and a layer of cotton wool then put in and then fruit added, and then more cotton wool and so on, with a few drops of formalin to finish, the fruit will keep for a long time. This does not apply to soft fruit like strawberries. The best way to preserve these is to "preserve" them. Of course the best means of all is cold storage, but this costs money.

(4) Q.—What is the origin of "Annie Laurie?"

A.—Annie Laurie was a real character who lived near Dumfries, Scotland. Her lover, a certain Mr. Douglas, wrote a song in her honor, but like many of the songs of the times, it was not just as happy in its expression as it might have been. About ninety years ago, the song was recast by Lady John Scott, a member of the Buccleugh family. She printed it for a bazaar held on behalf of the widows and orphans of Crimean soldiers. Immediately the song became popular, and it is probably the most loved song in English to-day.

(5) Q.—Can you give the name of the best exposition of the Sermon on the Mount?

A.—Read "The Ethics of Jesus" by Henry Churchill King, D.D., LL.D., published by Macmillan Co. There is a good bibliography here which directs to other books of value.

(6) Q.—Is there anybody in Western Canada who has made a special study of mosses, or is there any book that would help one in the study?

A.—The teachers of botany in the universities could help you. A fine book that can be understood by anybody is "How to Know the Mosses," by Elizabeth Marie Durham, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

(7) Q.—Which is better, top-dressing manure or plowing under?

A.—Probably two-thirds of the farm manure in Europe is applied as top-dressing. Most of it has been composted or mixed with soil and nitrogenous organic matter and allowed to ferment. This means work, but it is the best thing for intensive agriculture. Top-dressing is not common in America, yet it has much to commend it. The nitrogen in the manure is easily and quickly changed over into nitrates that are readily washed out in the drainage waters, and deposited on the surface layers of the soil. Where manure is coarse and unrolled, it is desirable to plow it under. This is practically true on heavy soils.

(8) Q.—I am far from a drug store. How can I prepare home-made seidlitz powders?

A.—Buy three parts of Rochelle salts and one part of bi-carbonate of soda, and mix evenly together. In another paper put tartaric acid and sugar—one-half a teaspoon of the acid to a tablespoon of sugar. Now dissolve in separate glasses two teaspoons from the first paper and all that is mentioned from the second paper. Now pour one glass into the other and drink while the mixture is effervescing.

(9) Q.—Name a good rat poison.

A.—Flour 3 pounds; water enough to make a paste. Dissolve 1 ounce of phosphorus in butter 1½ ounces by gently heating. Mix, spread on bread and place where rats can get it. As in case of all poisons, be careful to keep it away from children and from domestic pets.

(10) Q.—Do you think in these hard times the custom of giving presents on birthdays and at Christmas should not be done away with?

A.—No! Eat two meals a day instead of three for a week and spend the rest in something to make your wife or young lady friend happy. Happiness which follows giving and receiving presents is the cheapest and best medicine in the world, and is the heaven of society. The whole essence of true living is thinking of the other fellow. A man who forgets his wife's birthday or the anniversary of his wedding should be ashamed to live in his home. And as for the children—they grow up only once. It is right to make their lives worth living.

(11) Q.—What causes hives? Is there a good remedy?

A.—Often caused by eating indigestible substances. The following are stated as possible causes:—Oysters, fish, pickles, honey, strawberries, toasted cheese; certain medicines also produce the rash. Cause of it is unknown. As a remedy use an emetic, for example a teaspoonful of mustard in a glass of hot water. Use light diet.

(12) Q.—Can you test a steel blade by blowing on it?

A.—No. The evaporation depends upon the temperature of the room and the blade. Brightness of the blade may have something to do with it, as it indicates a perfectly smooth surface, which lends itself to evaporation.

(13) Q.—Has a teacher any right to punish a child for misbehaviour on way to school?

A.—Be mighty thankful if the teacher shows enough interest in your child to consider his conduct at all times. Instead of fighting with a teacher, co-operate with her. If she is no good persuade the trustees to get another, but whatever you do, don't fight with her. And if she insists on being careful of your boy's conduct, make her a present, for she is the best friend your family has.

Woman and The Home

WE SWIM

By Georgene H. Wilder

It was growing a little cooler as the afternoon drew to a close and I had taken the napkin which I was hemming out on the front porch. Two of the neighborhood mothers, seeing me there, ran over for a few minutes' chat before the good men of our homes returned for dinner.

Under a tree, next door, Jane and Edith in dainty afternoon frocks were happily busy with fashion paper dolls. As their mothers talked to me I listened with frequently detached mind and a glance that would wander from the tiny stitches along the hot pavement, past the old church, and the waving fans of the great cotton-woods across the street, watching hopefully for the two little folks whose return from the bathing beach already made a demerit for being late for dinner perilously imminent.

When I spied them they were dragging along somberly like a little old man and woman, instead of coming as usual dancing, running, laughing, and glowing with joy. They presented themselves before us, a sad little pair. Richard was barefoot, his knickerbockers hanging at the knees forlornly, minus the supporting prop of hose, a bathing suit plentifully sprinkled with sand hung over his sunburned shoulder, while his hair

most crazy if I let her go to the lake alone."

Mrs. Brown gave a little conciliatory laugh. "But Richard and Mary can swim, you know, and that makes all the difference. I wish Edith knew how, but I can't swim myself and her father never has time to take her. I would give a good deal if she could swim as Mary does. I should feel so much safer about her when she goes off on picnics."

Jane's mother wagged her head obstinately. It's too much risk letting them go near water. Think of that little drowned boy and his poor mother tonight, when he might be safely playing in his own backyard this very minute."

There's no use arguing with people who have as good a right to their opinion as you have to yours, so I merely dismissed the children to arrange their toilettes for dinner. Mary gave me a tremulous kiss as she passed, her great gray, wide-apart eyes full of the knowledge of something new and dreadful that might happen to children. All the cautions I can ever give them will not impress them with the need to be careful in the water as this afternoon has done.

There is comfort for me in the thought that if my boy or girl meet with any ordinary accident in the water they will be able to take care of themselves until help comes. The child who is best educated is the one who is most thor-



From left to right standing: Lady Helena Cambridge; Princess Mary; Princess Patricia; Hon. Alexander Ramsey, Commander British Navy; Lady Ida Ramsay; Lady Mary Cambridge and Princess Maud. Front row: Lady Jean Ramsay; Hon. Simon Ramsay; Princess Ingrid of Sweden; the Earl of MacDuff and Lady May Cambridge. Photographed after the ceremony at Westminster Abbey.

sprouted ambitiously in roughened, shaggy curls. Mary's hair, unbraided to dry, hung in damp strings over her slender nine-year-old shoulders and her eyes looked into mine mistily over sunburned upper cheeks.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Brown's eyes gleamed a little triumphantly as she looked from my bedraggled daughter to her own crisp, artificially curled and beribboned youngster.

Then Richard spoke. "There was a little boy drowned this afternoon, mother. That's why we were so late."

"Oh, did you see it?" I gasped. "Poor little fellow!"

"Yes, mamma, we saw them take him out of the water. A man stepped on him and thought it was a bag or something, and when he pulled it up it was a boy. They think he must have fallen off the pier and couldn't swim. When his mother came she fainted. They worked over him a long, long time, but they couldn't bring him to. He didn't know how to swim. He was only eight."

My eyes were full of tears and my throat had a lump in it so that I couldn't speak.

But Jane's mother's voice rose with indignant sharpness. "Well, one thing's certain, Jane shall not go near the water. I wouldn't let her go in swimming as you do your children for anything! She's our only darling, you know, and I wouldn't take the risk. Her father'd go

oroughly prepared for life and its various emergencies. And upon knowing how to swim, his own life and that of others may depend. It is preparation for saving life itself, instead of being just a preparation for making life enjoyable and worth while, though it does much in these ways too.

There is no exercise which will do more to promote good health and symmetry of body than swimming. When you next have the opportunity to visit a swimming beach or pool, notice the forms of the expert swimmers, those who win prizes, dive, or do water stunts. Whether it is a stalwart young man, a well-developed woman of forty, or a lithe, slender young girl, the result is the same; beauty of line and proportion, grace of carriage and pose. It is said that Annette Kellermann's figure is almost perfect in proportion, though at 9 years she was puny and so bow-legged that a brace was used in the effort to straighten her legs. The habitual swimmer usually has also a clear skin, bright eyes and hard, smooth, rubber-like flesh.

In our neighborhood are two pimply boys of sixteen who spend their summer afternoons on the porch playing cards and giggling over the funny papers. Across the street sits Anabelle, aged 17, languid, with a frown between her wan brown eyes, as she counts stitches over her fancy work. Surely vacation and



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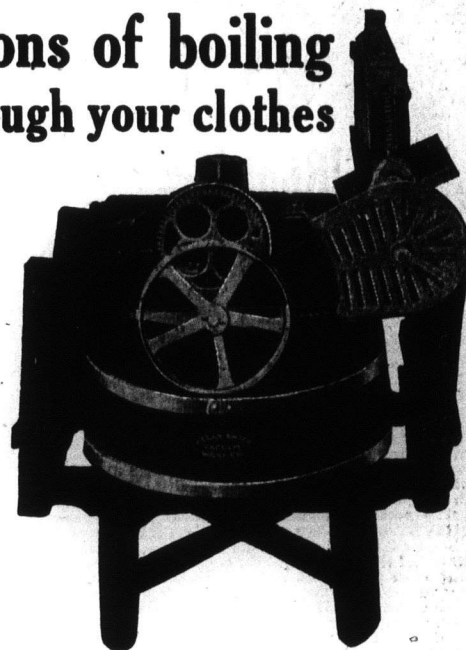
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the fulness of summer joy should mean more to them than this.

Now the draft has called our attention as never before to the physical unfitness of our young men. The report says, "One million and thirty thousand youths reach the age of nineteen annually. About half of these are physically fit for military training." Why not more? It surely is a terrible indictment against our educational system and the competency of American parents that only half reach draft age fit even to begin military training.

The same parents who are afraid to have their children learn to swim are also afraid to have them use the playground apparatus, to climb, swing, skate, or do anything else which is fun and will develop their muscles. No town or city has done its civic duty until it has provided an adequate number of bath-houses, swimming pools, bathing beaches, ball grounds, and playgrounds. No parents have done their duty if they have failed to allow and encourage their children to enjoy these advantages. I have heard women say, "I don't believe in girls going in for athletics. If they want more exercise I'm sure I can give them plenty doing housework." A little thoughtful observation of the women who spend their lives doing housework, neglecting all other forms of exercise should be enough to convince women that the value of housework as exercise is over-estimated. I know many women who do housework all day and are round-shouldered, weak, undeveloped, and unshapely. If housework alone were proper and sufficient exercise these laundresses and cooks and overburdened housewives would all have the figures of Venus. By all means teach the girls to do housework and to carry themselves well while doing it, but don't give them so much of it to do that they have no strength left for more grace developing exercises. In the same way "the chores" will never do for the boys what swimming and ball games, skating and riding will do. For sports not only develop the body, but train the mind, develop character, resourcefulness, self-confidence, joy, comradeship, and the best of the social instincts.

When I resolved that my four children should know how to swim as well as enjoy all other possible outdoor recreation, I met the difficulty common to many parents. I could not swim myself, and although my husband swam he had very little time available for teaching the children. When the two older girls were nine and eleven, I took them to a swimming pool and hired a teacher. He put a rope about their waists and, holding one end, walked alongside, giving them instructions. But he only succeeded in thoroughly frightening them. They learned almost nothing. Then we went to a bath-house where a guard was always present and ready to give help. From wading about in the shallow end of the pool the children taught themselves to float, swim, in many ways, hold their heads under water, jump in, roll off the edge, and finally to jump from the diving board into deep water, and then to dive. They learned all this by imitation, because they enjoyed the fun and were ambitious to become good swimmers.

After they were sure of themselves they took their little brother to the beach and watched, rather than helped, while he learned. Last of all Mary and I began together, the big sisters still acting as advisers, teachers and protectors. Slowly, timidly, clumsily, I acquired the art, as I had longed to do ever since I was a child in an inland town. Rapidly, courageously, gracefully, the child learned. Mary with her light, slender body and absolute fearlessness has far outstripped me and already jumps into deep water from the diving plank, comes up laughing and spluttering and swims to shore. I watch her enviously. But never mind, I can swim. We all swim.

TRUTHFULNESS

By Constance Cooke

Whether truthfulness is a characteristic or a virtue to be maintained by a more or less constant struggle, depends largely upon the individual; admitting

that there are some children who possess a sturdy quality of candor which will survive in defiance of defective training, and that there are also a few who have a distinct tendency to untruthfulness, it is, nevertheless, the fact that most of them come to us with minds like an unwritten page upon which we, by virtue of the hard-earned right of parenthood, are privileged to trace the first characters.

Correct training from the very beginning, patiently persisted in through the early years of adolescence, may so deeply root the habit of truthfulness in a child's character that it will become to all intents and purposes an innate quality. And yet the same child in other environment, under other training, is perfectly capable of developing into the so-called "born liar"—worst of the cumberers of the earth. How many parents fail to grasp the unparalleled opportunity that is theirs in having the first chance!

Most children are neither naturally good nor naturally bad (strong characters, or children subject to exceptional hereditary influences excepted). The rank and file—and indeed all children to an extent—are so much raw material, each with his definite limitations outside of which no amount of mere training will carry him, any more than silk can be woven from cotton—although a very good imitation is sometimes made in both fabrics and children. To expect a noble-spirited, honorable citizen to develop from the child whose infancy and youth have been nourished in an atmosphere of petty falsehood and deception is too preposterous.

Some women, honorable enough in what they look upon as "things of importance," will descend to degrading little deceits incomprehensible to one who regards truth as having definite boundaries within or without which one must stand. Such is the mother who stills her baby's howl of protest against being left in another's care, by taking off her hat, and saying, "Mother won't go then if baby doesn't want her to"—and then sneaks off at the first opportunity. She reaps the liar's inevitable reward—more lies. She must repeat the performance again and again as baby becomes more and more tyrannical, having learned his power. She consoles herself with the thought that baby "doesn't know the difference." But baby soon learns. After once or twice catching sight of his mother returning from her stolen outing as he is being amused at the window by some one else who also thinks "baby doesn't know the difference," he gains his first perception of the fact that it is possible to say one thing, meaning quite another. And it is that wonderwoman, his mother, who has shown him! It doesn't shock his sensibilities in the least, though it may hurt his feelings, for as yet he knows no "right" or "wrong." Here at last is something about which baby "doesn't know the difference."

The child is like a little sponge; he absorbs facts about living with every breath he draws, and if he puts this lesson and others like it to a practical test when he is a little older and, finding it useful, continues to do so, why blame him? It is true he would no more have admired honorable behavior on his mother's part than he deprecates the reverse—it has simply been the means of turning his little feet into the wrong path.

There is another type of falsehood sometimes seen in people from whom one would be justified in expecting greater discernment. I once saw an instance of this type which made a lasting impression on me. The little scene was enacted in a street car. A well-dressed woman boarded the car accompanied by a curly-headed little fellow carrying a new white Teddy bear. As the conductor stopped for her fare he asked, "How old?" "Four," she replied. The conductor passed on with her nicker and the little boy tugged at his mother's sleeve. "Mother, you forgot! When the man comes back I'm going to tell him about the five candles I had on my birthday cake yesterday."

"S-sh! No, no, Benny, you musn't do anything of the kind," the mother whispered.



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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316E Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.
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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The Winnipeg District Women's Christian Temperance Union are providing free hot drinks for the returned soldiers. This work started while the boys were still in France, and Free money to carry it on was raised Drinks by what was known as the "Trinket Fund." When fighting ceased the work in France and Belgium was dropped, and a small balance remained in the treasury from the "Trinket Fund." The Winnipeg District W.C.T.U. feel very strongly that an effort should be made to supply something to take the place of the welcome that always awaited men in the bar-rooms when liquor was sold, and they decided that the balance of the "Trinket Fund" should be expended in free hot drinks at the Triangle Hut in Winnipeg for returned soldiers, and as demobilization will not be completed for some months they are appealing to the various local branches of the W.C.T.U. for further contributions to continue this work, and I have been asked to state, through The Western Home Monthly, that contributions for this work will be very gratefully accepted from any who may feel interested in it.

As the season advances, and the weather grows warmer, cold drinks will be substituted for the hot tea and coffee that are being given so long as the weather is cold. Anyone who wishes to contribute, no matter how small a sum, will please send it to Mrs. W. J. Meacham, treasurer, District W.C.T.U., 749 Westminster Avenue, Winnipeg.

The women of the W.C.T.U. in Winnipeg are contributing their labor as well as their money towards this work and feel that the women throughout the rest of the province will be glad of the opportunity to contribute small sums of money to enlarge the fund.

There have come to my desk during the month two letters on the subject of "war brides" from overseas; one from a returned soldier who brought a bride back with him and one War from an Englishwoman, long Brides resident in Canada. I have also received from Mrs. M. Akers, my first correspondent in this matter, a very interesting article on the work that Britain has done in the war, written by F. B. L. Smith who states that he has been long resident on this continent. I am sorry not to reproduce the article as requested, but it is much too long. In looking the article over, I find little that has not already appeared in the Canadian papers dealing with the work of the British in the war.

I am publishing the two letters mentioned, and wish to say that having done so, the matter of the "war brides," so far as these columns are concerned, is closed. Personally, I greatly appreciate the letter from "Another Englishwoman." So far as the returned soldier's letter is concerned, he seems to have been very unfortunate, and I feel certain knowing, as I do, the strenuous efforts of the Canadian women to welcome the strangers from overseas, that his case is exceptional.

When I wrote the first article on "war brides" I did it with the kindest motive, and I am still at a loss to know why it should have given such deep offence. Apparently "Another Englishwoman" read it in the spirit in which it was intended and to her I am very grateful.

Dear Western Home Monthly:—Your letter re war brides in the February number of The Western Home Monthly I thought very kindly and full of common sense. Why it should call forth such a diatribe as that signed "Mary Akers, Grandview," I do not know. The president of the local council told me of just such another ill-advised objection to some kindly plans for the helpful teaching of the young wives on their arrival into the ways of their adopted country.

From my own experience, the English wife of an Englishman, from the bottom of my heart, I hope these young girls will willingly accept any kindly offer of help. My own slow assimilation, in spite of kindly advances, makes me feel

the keenest pity for any who may be placed (through their own insularity) in the position I was. Their husbands being Canadians, or Canadians by adoption, will probably be some help, but much more than that is needed, and if the assistance of old-timers will only make the brides realize that the customs of the country are the most convenient for that country, many heart-breaking experiences will be avoided and "experience cost dear school wages."

Sincerely yours,

"Another Englishwoman."

Editor, Western Home Monthly:—It was with great interest that I read in the February and March numbers of The Western Home Monthly the articles on "war brides," and as I am the happy possessor of one, I would like to air my views on the subject.

I had the honor of being one of the 1st Contingent, one of the "English" born. I had been in England about six months when I met the girl who is now my wife. Before we were married I told her that the life in Canada would be hard, etc., but she said she would be quite willing to go with me. She said the Canadian women would help her, etc.

While I was in France she wrote and told me she was doing war work. I objected, as there was no need for her to work. She replied that as I was doing my bit, it was only right she should do hers.



The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Consuela Vanderbilt, has won the election for appointment for the County Council. The Duchess was elected to the London County Council last October to fill a vacancy, her present election being for a three-year term. She stood for election as a Progressive, her opponent being a representative of the Labor Party.

In February, 1918, I was boarded as unfit, was returned to Canada, sailing March, 1918. My wife came with me, sharing the hardships of a transport and the submarine danger.

Travelling to Winnipeg from Halifax, we stopped at a small station on the other side of Montreal, and went to the railway restaurant to obtain a cup of tea for my wife, "being English." As soon as the girl (I'll not call her a "young lady") saw I was a returned soldier she was all smiles, but as soon as she caught on that my wife was an English girl her lips curled with scorn and she started to sneer. I have never in all my experience with girls seen such an expression on a girl's face.

Eventually we reached Winnipeg, naturally expecting to receive at least a handshake. There was no one to welcome us, and we came on a special train, and they would have been notified of our arrival. I would like to say that the only handshake we received from the time we said good-bye to our people in England until a few miles of our destination, was from a chum I met on the train. My wife by



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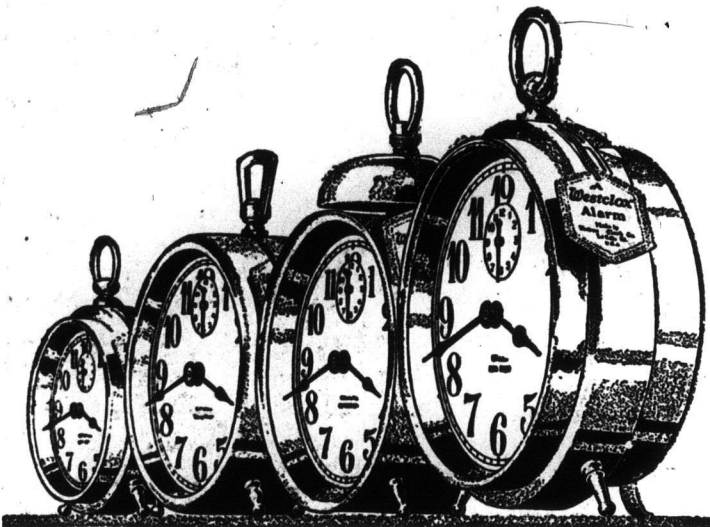
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that time was feeling slightly hurt, as I had told her she would receive a warm welcome, "being English." As regards what the writer, E. Cora Hind, says regarding that Englishwomen refuse to assimilate, etc., I take it she is a Canadian and, I believe, single; perhaps that accounts for her very charitable remarks regarding Englishwomen.

I cordially agree with the writer, "Mary Akers," in what she has written. I saw in the papers some time ago that the English born headed the list, Scotch next, Irish next, French next, and I think Canadian born next.

E. Cora Hind says in the February number that there will be very sore spots in "Canadian" hearts because the boys are bringing back English wives with them. Why shouldn't they? She does not mention the fact that some of the Canadians have married German girls, but to some Canadians the foreigner is more welcome than those born in the Old Country. She also says many a mother's heart is wrung by the choice her son has made. True, I grant. Might not some of the English mothers think the Canadian soldier quite as objectionable as a son-in-law as the writer seems to think the Canadian mother does of the English "war bride?"

My wife was born in the suburbs of London, had never lived on a farm, but has worked out on a farm with me, and has made good.

Now, as you published the other letter on this subject, I trust you will publish this one.

I am, yours truly,
"An Old Contemptible Englishman."

The work of the Women's Welcome Committee, as illustrated in The Western Home Monthly of last month, and in many other Canadian publications, is evidence that Old Country war brides will have every possible consideration and kindness shewn them. From the port of landing to their destination they are cared for with every solicitude.

A Pioneer Bee-keeper of Northern Alberta

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Miriam Elston

Mrs. William Bowling of Edmonton, Alberta, is one of the pioneer bee-keepers of that province. For the last thirteen years she has kept bees on the back lawn of her city lot. For ten years previous to coming to Alberta, Mrs. Bowling had kept bees in Stratford, Ontario.

The apiary on the lawn of the Bowling home averages somewhere near to fifty hives, and the bee population from 1,250,-

show you a caged queen from some swarm she has handled during the day, and if you care to accompany her you may stand quietly by while she deposits the caged queen on a board in front of an empty hive, which is immediately covered by a buzzing mass of bees. A few moments later a few whiffs of smoke is blown at the bees surrounding the queen's cage, and the queen is gently released from her cage and deposited directly at the entrance to the hive, and a moment later the swarm is closely crowding into the hive behind the queen.

Mrs. Bowling winters her bees in a large room in the basement of her house, and when it comes to moving the bees Mrs. Bowling has to call on her men-folks to do the job.

The basement room in which the bees are kept is dry and almost dark. By means of a stove and the windows it is heated and kept well ventilated, the temperature ranging from thirty-two to thirty-eight degrees. The bees are put in the cellar about the end of September, and removed about the last of April. The entrance to the hive is not closed, and the bees may come and go from the hives at will. In this way they are more contented and do not fret and by their excitement cause the hive to heat. The life of a bee is short, and bees may die from natural causes during the winter. If they can leave the hive they invariably die outside, and so do not cause damage to the hive.

Mrs. Bowling explained how the hives were prepared for winter storage. Sticks are placed across the top of the frames containing sufficient food for the bees during the long winter months. Several sheets of newspaper are placed upon the top of the frames in the hive in such a way that sticks allow the bees to crawl from frame to frame alongside the stick under the paper. After the papers have been fixed in place the top or roof of the hive is set back again.

Mrs. Bowling has a small army of willing workers who help to keep the bee yard in order, a few fine Plymouth Rock hens that pasture on the grass around the hives, and assist the bees by keeping the grass clipped short at the entrances.

Two of Mrs. Bowling's sons enlisted and saw service in France, and two of the best hives in Mrs. Bowling's apiary were marked with the number of their battalions. Many pots of delicious honey found their way to France to regale the appetites of her soldier heroes and their companions.

One might imagine that Mrs. Bowling, engaged with her bees, might have little interest in outside affairs. But this is not the case. She is much interested in philanthropic work, a member of the Children's Aid Society of Edmonton, and an ardent promoter of schemes for the betterment of the condition of neglected children. She has also been for some time a very live member of the quarterly board of one of Edmonton's leading churches. And a very generous portion of the honey from Mrs. Bowling's apiary finds its way into the homes that sickness or poverty have visited.



Mrs. William Bowling.

000 to 1,500,000 bees. In her biggest year Mrs. Bowling had a yield of three thousand pounds of honey from her back yard colony. One hive of approximately eighty thousand bees yielded two hundred and fifty pounds of honey.

While Mrs. Bowling does not at all seasons of the year do all the work in connection with the colony it is she who hives all the bees, and since this must be done in the day time, while her husband and sons are at work, it is she who makes the Bowling apiary a possibility.

Mrs. Bowling has learned to be utterly unafraid of the swarming bees, and while she may sometimes wear a veil or a safety-first principle she leaves her hands uncovered. Gloves are a burden on a hot summer day, and makes the work of handling the swarms slightly more difficult.

If you happen to call on Mrs. Bowling some fine summer evening the lady may

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Golden Remedy Co., of Windsor, Ont., offers to send a package of the Golden Pile Remedy absolutely free to every sick and ailing person who will write for it, per their ad. in this issue on another page. As this package is worth 25 cents it indicates a confidence in the merits of the remedy, that is certain to prove attractive.

MUSIC AND THE HOME MINOR CHORDS

The most primitive material used for strings for the stringed instruments was probably twisted grass.

Beethoven is commonly counted one of the three supreme musical geniuses. On his father's side he was descended from Belgian stock.

The Egyptians of early times were famed for their learning and it is an accepted fact that music was a recognized branch of their learning.

School teachers like to have the children right after they have had a period of music; then the pupils are keen, refreshed and ready for a more intelligent study of the other subjects.

Music in the Home

A CHANNEL FOR GENEROSITY

A woman of some means, who put a certain amount aside each month for quietly doing something for some deserving persons, has of late been helping a couple of children get a musical education. The parents of these children have had a piano for some time. Through no fault of their own, sickness came with its consequent heavy expenses. Then the cost of living began to soar making it impossible for them to afford the cost of music lessons for their two little girls.

Hearing of these people through a reliable source and having investigated their condition, the woman above referred to undertook to pay for the children's piano lessons as a worthy charitable work.

It is refreshing to hear from time to time of acts of this kind. It emphasizes how necessary a part of education music is considered by thinking people to be. It also furnishes an example of how practical a thing charity in musical matters is.

A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance often buys ten dollars' worth of tickets for some good concert by an orchestra, chorus, singer, pianist, violinist or other instrumentalist and distributes the tickets amongst his friends, relatives, or sometimes to members of his staff at the office. These are two ways in which a person may give a great deal of pleasure to music-loving friends and at the same time do something worth while to stimulate more interest in music.

ABOUT A SCHOOL PROGRAMME

Some particulars of an unusually good public school concert have come to hand. About four hundred school children took part and one feature was that it lasted just one hour and five minutes. Many of the songs were illustrated by boys and girls in costume. For a number by one of the most junior grades forty little girls were dressed to represent daisies.

For the Mother Goose song, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," twenty-four little boys marched out on the platform dressed as blackbirds accompanied by the King and Queen and the maids who were to hang out the clothes. During the rendering of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," a couple of boys came on the stage representing French soldiers. After the Marseillaise was sung, the French tricolor was unfurled amid great enthusiasm. The introduction to the lullaby song was hummed by the kiddies with the piano which held the audience spell-bound.

In one popular number that everyone knew, the music supervisor, who was responsible for the programme, requested the audience to join in. At this the pupils called out together, "Yes, please do," causing the people to laugh heartily and putting everyone in good humor for a rousing song.

THINK OF "CLASSICAL" AS MUSIC THAT LIVES

The task of "bringing up father" or any other ordinary personage should involve the stamping on his mind with indelible ink the idea that classical music is simply music that lives. With many the word classical at once arouses a prejudice that is born of ignorance. Such persons use the word to designate the music that is "too high falutin" for them." In other minds again classical distinguishes the old from the new.

Modern works are not classics in one sense and yet they may become classics. Any musical composition that lives long enough and is considered a model by succeeding generations will be classical. Sir Hubert Parry, whose decease is yet fresh in the minds of lovers of music, gives this definition of classical in Grove's Dictionary so that it may be authoritatively quoted: "Classical is a term which in music has much the same signification as it has in literature. It is used of works which have held their place in general estimation for a considerable time, and of new works which are generally considered to be of the same type and style. Hence the name has come to be especially applied to works in the forms which were adopted by the great masters of the latter part of the

eighteenth century, as instrumental works in the sonata form, and operas constructed after the received traditions, etc."

Surely a song or instrumental or choral or orchestral number that lives must have great merit. The term classical, rightly applied, therefore, should create a favorable impression with every person and not the opposite.

VAUDEVILLE IS NO MODERN INVENTION

On the way home from a vaudeville performance the other night a gentleman was overheard to say that the public was edging away from the old order of amusements towards a new class of entertainment. This, he said, was evidenced by the drawing power of the vaudeville theatres which were a modern development. Apparently this man was not aware that the beginning of vaudeville goes back 200 years. Its origin is traced to the old city of London. It was fashionable, we are told at the beginning of the eighteenth century in London social life to have public tea parties.

Seeing in this custom an opportunity for making some money, an enterprising man, one Francis Forcer, engaged a hall which he opened as a music hall and during the programmes of music he dispensed tea to his patrons. London people, however, did not take kindly to the entertainment supplied here by Forcer, who, when business had sunk to a low ebb, turned over the hall to his son, a young man with modern ideas, who added to the musical programme a number of acts by rope-walkers, tumblers, dancers and jugglers. This marked innovation greatly pleased the public, and the tables placed in the auditorium, at which tea was served, were surrounded at every performance with ladies and gentlemen who sipped their tea and indulged in gossip.

This was the foundation of vaudeville, and this hall was the chrysalis from which emerged the present vaudeville theatres, which places were better known as "variety halls" sixty years ago.

The national hymn of the Jewish Commonwealth of Palestine is said to be the identical melody sung by Miriam to commemorate the crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel, and the overwhelming of Pharaoh's armies.

North Dakota has no law requiring the teaching of music, but requires the teaching of morals and good manners; but the State Superintendent of Public Instruction says that you cannot teach morals and good manners without music.

"Every child should be educated in music in accordance with his natural capacities, at public expense, and his musical development should function in the life of the community." That is the slogan of the school music supervisor of the United States.

Military bands were first officially recognized in France by Louis XIV., and in England during the reign of Charles II. The chief wind instruments were oboes, bassoons, horns and trumpets, and the percussion instruments—bass drums, cymbals, triangles and crescents—were often beaten by gigantic turbaned negroes, three or four of whom were attached to each band.

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The mother: "Why, do you want one?"
The son: "Well, it gits kind er tiresome teasing the cat."

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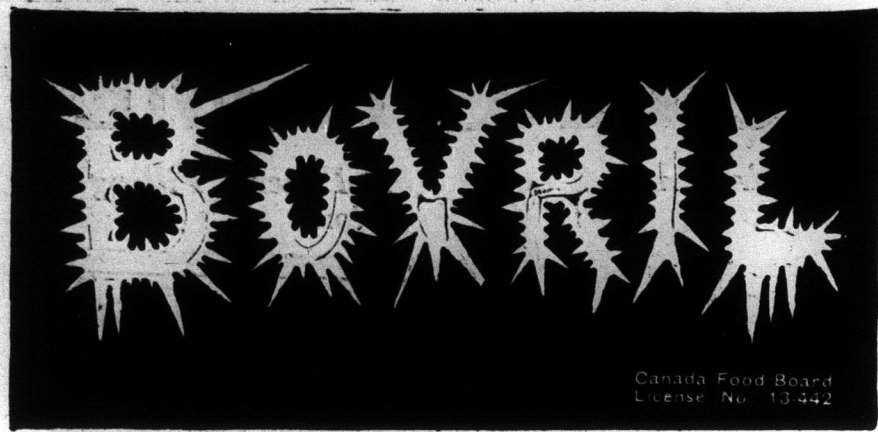
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About the Farm

(Conducted by Allan Campbell.)



The Farm Layout

Farming to get rich quick is apt to prove a great disappointment as the very spirit with which this is entered into is not consistent with good farming practice. On the other hand, the farmer who intends to make his farm his home and his castle, Nature his ally and not his slave, his hired help his friends and partners, is likely to find himself getting rich comparatively quickly. Such is an example of one of the paradoxes of life. The farm is a source of production and not a gambling pit, and the man who treats it as a game of chance while seeking to get all out of it and adding nothing to it in return, is courting disaster.

The laying out of the farm is a step of great importance as it eliminates a great deal of unnecessary work if it is carried out intelligently. The location of the house and other buildings is a matter for serious consideration, and centralization should be one of the chief aims. Long drives around fields and over bad trails in order to get to the barn from the road, should be avoided, if at all possible.

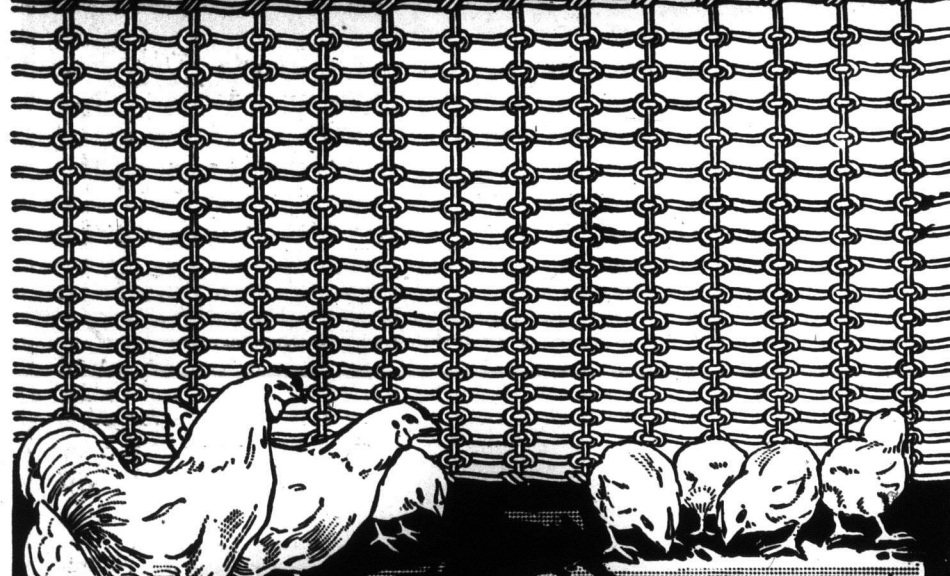
Tree plantations around the buildings are more than a mere luxury, while the time spent in planting shelter belts is profitably expended. The value of the house is considerably enhanced by the presence of trees and by being enclosed by a woven wire fence, thus allowing for a small piece of independent territory apart from the general farm. This keeps live stock from the house and makes it possible for vegetables and flowers to be grown within reach of the house and does away with the persistent anxiety of which the out-of-sight garden is often the cause

of the farm in order to get at least some place in which to pasture. An adjoining pasture to the horse barn is a boon to all hands, as a beneficial roll may be indulged in by the horses, while the irksome chore of going a long way with a bunch of halters to fetch them in is done away with, when the pasture is in direct communication with the stable door. These improvements may mean some work, but it is said "As one makes his bed so he must lie upon it," and in the case of the farm when it is intended to be a home, it is better to make it right at the start and conduct the operations of the farm under the most advantageous circumstances.

A View of Mixed Farming

The farm in order to be a self-supporting institution should have its routine of work planned to check exhaustion and one of its chief aims the elimination of waste. The history of the straight grain farms has shown us the profits or losses which may be brought about in the space of a few hours through the vicissitudes of the weather, and the nervous tension occasioned by the absolute dependence on the growing of grain crops for the maintenance of the farm. Successive failures in this line of farming will bring financial stringency much sooner than where the same line of work is maintained in conjunction with the keeping of live stock and where part of the crops consists of fodder crops for the upkeep of the stock. The sole dependence upon grain crops is not the only unsatisfactory element of the straight grain farm, but the continual impoverishment of the soil without any

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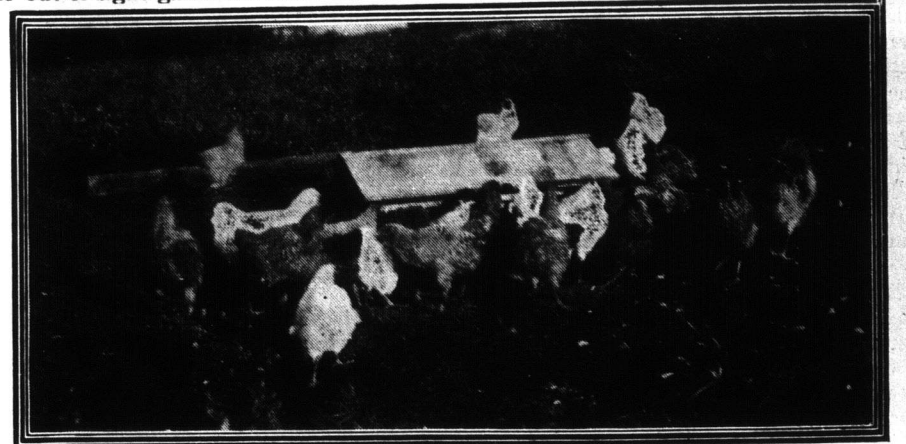
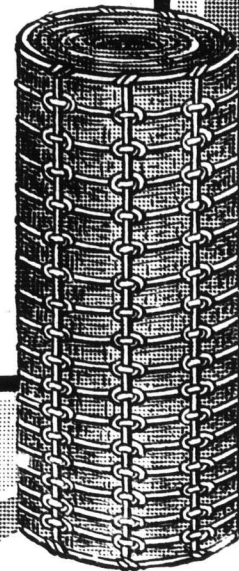
is easily constructed, requires less posts. You don't need a top or bottom board to keep it in place. Lasts many times longer than netting because its wires are larger, stronger, and the fence itself is attractive and durable. There is no buckling of wires. It is easily constructed over uneven ground; no sagging or bagging as in the case of the flimsy netting, and when it is once properly constructed it is there to stay. It gives you real fence satisfaction. Poultry farmers all over Canada testify to its value. It is the "Farmer's Friend" kind. Poultry in Canada has gone a long way toward keeping the home table supplied while the boys were "over there." Build the poultry business for permanency as a business. Sarnia Fence will do its part. Will you do yours? In your new drive for business, don't forget that poultry is a business, and that Sarnia Poultry Fence is necessary to your success.

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Chickens feeding from a self-feeder.

of real and imagined raids by live stock. This arrangement gives to the farm house a much more restful environment, and also keeps farm implements, wagons, etc., from forming an untidy conglomeration around the privacy of the home and forming a painful eyesore which is far too common.

The horse stable is another place where handiness is of great value. By having a back door to the horse stable, the horses may be easily turned out to an adjoining pasture or along a land leading to another field in grass. This method gives the farm horses a good deal more freedom than is their usual lot, and they reap a proportionate amount of benefit therefrom. The same applies to cattle as far as convenience to pasturage is concerned.

A very compact arrangement of the farm buildings may be planned with the necessary short cuts to keep the farmer in close touch with his work. The buildings could be located in the centre of a half section and in order to maintain pastures in direct touch with the barns, the pastures are rotated year by year to prevent them running out of grass through soil exhaustion. If the pastures in direct connection with the barns are allowed to become exhausted, more work is involved through the cattle having to be driven to some other locality.

The farm house can be isolated from the other buildings by means of ornamental shrubs and trees, but not by means of distance, as that would destroy the aim of the elimination of unnecessary steps. The presence of trees forms a natural shelter, and also accomplishes a beneficial shutting out of reminders of one's toil when the day's work is done.

The freedom of the animals by means of accessible pastures is a very important point on the mixed farm. A good deal of time and labor is spent when the land has to be taken away to some odd corner

compensating humus returned to it makes a marked depreciation in its earning power year by year. Such a condition is obviated by the introduction of live stock and adopting a rotation of crops.

It is an ordinance of nature apparently that the animal and vegetable kingdoms should be allied in a common cause. The plants, being stationary, keep to their beds for life and depend on the animal kingdom as the agency whereby the fertilizing and vitalizing energies are transmitted to them. The manure piles of the present day are not the valueless rubbish that they were in the past and as such destined to be burnt at the first favorable opportunity. A certain percentage of the crops on a mixed farm should be of a nitrogenous kind, such crops are necessary for the feeding of the soil and to serve the purpose of fodder for the cattle.

The introduction of cattle on the farm means a more permanent all-the-year-round programme and will produce a more nerve-rested type of farmer and his honest endeavors are far less likely to meet with a sudden reverse where his farming operations are well balanced than where he has staked his season's hopes in the single aim of grain growing.

The adoption of mixed farming rather than lessening the grain crops of the country will increase them by giving a greater yield per acre and making them more certain. This method of farming will also place the farmer on a more permanent basis as his cattle will require pens, sheds, etc., and his work will not come to a more or less abrupt end after the threshing is over in the fall. No overwhelming disaster is likely to hit the mixed farmer for he is a striking example of the man with eggs in many baskets. With his land producing forage crops and his cattle consuming them readily the farmer realizes that he has a market

right on his own farm and readily realizes the value of his straw and manure piles.

There is a very important point aside from above advantages which must be mentioned in favor of the adoption of mixed farming and that is the question of hired help. On the grain farm the spring brings its doubts and fears in regard whether a satisfactory man is to be obtained or not. If a first class man is secured, it is disappointing to have to pay him off when the fall plowing is stopped, and it is a matter of conjecture whether he will return to the same farm the following spring. On the other hand, the farmer who has sufficient work to justify the payment of good winter wages is able to have reliable help the year round by inducing a good man to become a permanent worker. This, too, is better for the helper as he is less likely to become unsettled as is the transient worker who changes his job each season, and needs to be more or less broken in to his job. The permanent help, if he is a good man will respond to good treatment and take an interest in his work.

The introduction of mixed farming has brought the growing of fodder corn into prominence. Land that has been raising grain crops and is given a dressing of manure and put into corn gives the farmer the benefit of a summerfallow plus a crop. The corn, if it is a small crop may be used most economically for cattle feed by laying it in straw and letting the straw become impregnated with the flavor of the corn thus making it more readily taken by the cattle together with the corn. Alfalfa is another adjunct to mixed farming. Two cuttings may be

The Ever Popular Potato

It is to be presumed that those who undertook the culture of the potato during the past year will have acquired an interest and experience in the work that will be somewhat of an inducement to take up the work again this coming season. There is a great fascination to the city dweller who has planted an adjacent lot in potatoes, to see the first signs of the green tops emerging from the ground and later on preparing for an onslaught on the moisture robbing weeds.

Potatoes need well prepared land and it should be loose so that they may be permitted to develop under the most favorable circumstances. In lumpy, stiff and stony land the potatoes are forced to assume some very unattractive shapes. Spring plowing for the potato crop is usually recommended. When manure is used it should be very thoroughly mixed with the soil especially if it be light soil, otherwise the manure will have the soil drying out before the potato sets are able to make a start in growing.

In regard to time or planting it is not wise to plant potatoes in cold and wet ground as there is a danger of them rotting before growth, owing to lying so long in the ground without sprouting. If they are planted extra early there is always a danger of frost. The safest course would be to plant when the soil is warm and the danger of frost nipping the young plants practically past. When potatoes have been planted early in order to catch the early market and frost has been foreseen in time to take active measures, they have been saved by a

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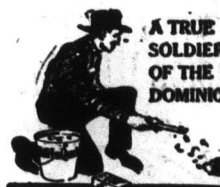
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Every farmer who continually poisons Gophers Spring, Summer and Fall serves his country well for he increases crops.



It takes more than threats of the Sinn Feiners to halt the sport-loving populace of that land. The strange spectacle of a hunt meet being held under the protection of police was seen at Finglas County, Dublin. The constables were sent on a previous occasion—the War Union. Photo shows the hunting party starting out.

taken from it each season and over five tons per acre has been obtained from it as the total of the season. It has the desirable quality of transmitting nitrogen from the air into the soil.

In addition to dairy and beef cattle as essentials to mixed farming, sheep have proven a very paying proposition. They are weed scavengers, are good breeders, and in addition to the production of lambs, they produce the additional marketable products of wool, hides and mutton.

Pullets

The poultry plants in various sections of the country will now become centres of interest and hatches will be anxiously expected. Expert investigation has proven that early hatched pullets are much to be preferred over the late hatched ones. These early hatched birds will develop into the money makers of the early winter egg market, and they in turn will be the only reliable ones to give fertile eggs early in the year. The manner of obtaining fertile eggs that is recommended is to have good healthy breeding stock of the right age with plenty of vitality. One of the ways of keeping birds in a healthy condition is to see that their house is free from vermin, sanitary and well ventilated, and also it is advisable to make them work and exercise as much as possible. The means to be employed to induce this exercise is to always endeavor to scatter their grain broadcast in their litter so that they will be compelled to keep up a continuous scratching to obtain the grains.

shallow furrow being thrown over the young vines.

There are many people undertaking the growing of potatoes who are uncertain as to what kind of sets to plant. This problem has been subject to a good deal of experimental work and the sum total appears to indicate that a medium sized potato cut into three or four sets with three good eyes to the piece, is the best. When four pieces are made, the potatoes should be cut lengthwise then across. Avoid letting potatoes sprout in the dark, in order to get the best out of the seed. Storing in a cool place will help in this regard.

It may be of general interest to state that investigation has established the conclusion that for most places in Canada sets planted in rows two and a half feet apart, with the sets fourteen inches apart in the rows is the most advantageous method of obtaining a good yield.

After the planting of the tubers it is necessary to see that they are properly cultivated as the conservation of moisture is very important. Should the season be dry, extra cultivation will compensate to a considerable degree. In the districts where droughts are liable to occur it is usually better to avoid ridging the potatoes but rather to rely on deep working of the soil, as the evaporation of moisture is not as great from level soil as it is from that which has been ridged. The level cultivation is recommended where the land is well worked but unless it is so, the tubers might just as well be in ridges as they would have a greater chance of developing there than in hard level ground.

GRAIN

We continue to act as agents for Grain Growers in the looking after and selling of car-lots of Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye and Flax, on commission only. The members of our firm give personal expert service in checking the grading of cars, and have been frequently successful in getting grades raised. Liberal advances made at seven per cent interest on grain consigned to us for sale. Write to us for market information and shipping instructions.

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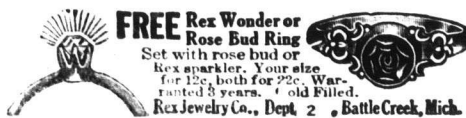
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WHAT OF THE GARDEN?

By Allan Campbell

At this time of year, the seed catalogues are making their appearance in the various homes throughout the country, and there is usually much deliberation on the plans for the season. It is better to choose varieties of proven merit than to fill our garden with plants of doubtful reputation. One of the main considerations of the present time is this: how much time can we spare for gardening this year? It is better to undertake a small area in order that it may be well worked and have good attention than to attempt to skim the surface of what in course of time becomes an irksome task. The question is not so much, how much one can grow, but rather, how much one can conveniently harvest and utilize.

For a small area it is better to get a collection of the most necessary vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbages, corn, onions, peas, etc., and leave out the risky undertakings unless one has an experimental patch where these may be tried without cutting too much into one's time and wasting good land. The past two dry years have gone a long way to prove the fact that, in the absence of moisture, extra cultivation is a needful practice. A little attention daily is better than leaving the young plants for a number of days and then making up for lost time. In the latter case an insect pest may have made considerable headway in destruction without being detected.

There are many very good varieties that do well in the West, but it is those

several kinds of vegetable plants more likely to be injured by frost than peas. Among some of the best varieties may be numbered such ones as Gradus, Advancer, Stratagem, Thos. Laxton, Rivenhall Wonder, Sutton Excelsior, Premium Gem.

Onions are a valuable adjunct to the kitchen, and many a made-up dish is embellished by their presence. The following have justified themselves: Danvers Yellow Globe, Large Red Wethersfield, Extra Early Red, Yellow Globe, Red Globe, White Globe.

Home Economic Societies

News Notes From Many Institutes

The winter has been a most discouraging one in some ways on account of the health conditions prevailing, which have prevented the societies meeting as frequently as they wished. Notwithstanding this fact, in looking over the reports which have come in, we find some very interesting items. Some of the outstanding ones are here given.

Austin.—Has decided to adopt a French war orphan as their special charge for the next two years. They are also taking steps to have a district nurse established in their community.

Arnaud.—Reports having a number of talented members who favor them with items at their regular meetings. They



Community Picnic, Gladstone, Man. What fun the grown ups can have too. They think they are young again.

with the best records covering a number of years in this country that should be adopted as reliable. In potatoes among the best varieties for the West under the above conditions and especially for Manitoba, are the following: Wee McGregor, Gold Coin and Empire State; these are main crop varieties. In early potatoes the Early Bovee is a very desirable variety; the Early Ohio and Early White Prize are also to be recommended. Potatoes should be planted in well prepared soil which, being loose, permits the tubers to develop a perfect form. In soil which is too stiff, the potatoes lose their shape. They should be planted in May when the danger of severe frost is past.

Corn attains a great degree of excellence in the variety known as Golden Bantam. This variety is tender and of a delicious flavor and places itself a long way ahead of the other varieties in order of merit. Of course there are earlier varieties, and if one wants to get corn on the table fairly early, Squaw corn will prove satisfactory for that purpose. The next in order of maturity is the Malakoff, and then after that will come Golden Bantam, and well worth waiting for.

There are encouraging possibilities in the production of good specimens of cabbages in this country, and among the most successful kinds that appear to have come to stay are, Early Paris Market, Copenhagen Market, Early Jersey Wakefield and Flat Swedish.

Peas are a very acceptable vegetable, and have proven successful. There are

have a large number of girl members, and these girls often render choruses at the meetings. After their February meeting their president gave a Valentine tea. At their March meeting they had a meat canning demonstration, and the roll call was responded to with Irish jokes.

Basswood.—Remembers all who are sick, whether they are members of the society or not. Their sympathy is expressed by sending flowers.

Balmoral.—Is much interested in village improvement and they are taking steps to establish a park this year.

Beulah.—Has started having community singing at each meeting, and finds it most enjoyable. They are making arrangements to install a McGill travelling library in their community.

Burnside.—Is interested in the Children's Aid Society, also a keen interest is taken in public matters.

Crandall.—Is keenly interested in boys' and girls' club work, and is assisting in the local club in every way possible. They have installed a "hot lunch outfit" in the school, and are making an effort to have a gymnasium installed in the basement of the high school.

Dugald.—Is interested in the Winnipeg Children's Aid Society. A plan-

tion of \$50.00 and four quilts is the start for this year's work. Socks to Tuxedo and 12 dozen eggs to the Military Convalescent Home are other generous contributions.

Dauphin.—Has opened a new rest room. The Rural Council gave generous support, granting \$1,500.00. The Town Council paid for the furnishing of the room.

Edrans.—Is planning to establish a library, and is also interested in boys' and girls' club work. They are planning to organize a club this spring.

Emerson.—Is so busy that they keep their local paper supplied with interesting news notes. They find their new rest room a very enjoyable social centre for Saturday afternoon teas. They give generous help to Red Cross, Belgian Relief, the Khaki Home in Winnipeg and other worthy causes.

Eden.—Is interested in the live topic of conservation of health, particularly with reference to child welfare. They are studying the subject of suitable recreation for their young people.

Flee Island.—Is considering securing a bronze tablet as a memorial to their soldier boys.

Gimli.—Has given a contribution to Serbian relief. They are making arrangements to provide accommodation for returned disabled soldiers for the summer months.

Lyleton.—Has responses to the roll call taking the form of a quotation from Longfellow or Tennyson. They are planning to establish a boys' and girls' club, and are assisting the local girls' basketball club.

Minnedosa.—Has moved its rest room to newer and better quarters. They received increased grants and have demonstrated that the rest room is a most valuable asset to their community.

Manitou.—Is interested in improving the sanitary conditions of their town, and also hope to reopen their rest room.

Morris.—Receives the interest and support of their local paper, which they acknowledged by sending a letter of appreciation and a cheque after their annual meeting. They have forwarded a box of provisions to the Winnipeg Children's Aid.

Melita.—Had the members of their boys' and girls' club entertain them at one of their meetings. The meeting was pronounced a great success.

Pilot Mound.—Is discussing a community centre. They have been allotted the care of Birch River S.D. as their special charge.

Rosser.—Supports two French war orphans, and have organized a boys' and girls' club in their locality.

Rivers.—Has forwarded a box of clothing to the Salvation Army, Brandon, also clothing for "French refugees." They have appointed special committees for special work, such as rest room, floral, reception and library committees.

Roland.—Has adopted a French war orphan. They have donated \$10.00 to their boys' and girls' club as well as \$50.00 to the Serbian relief.

Shellmouth.—Had children's sayings in response to the roll call at one of their meetings. These were most entertaining and called forth great applause. They are interested in a war memorial, and called a public meeting to discuss the subject.

Treherne.—Has adopted two French war orphans.

Transcona.—Had a style show after their short course in dressmaking. The last evening of the course they had a public entertainment. Those who attended the classes wore the garments they had made, and a most enjoyable programme was provided. The evening was voted a very great success.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing.

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Hereford, Que. (Special).

Mr. A. Peabody, the veteran postmaster here, is one of the many old people who claim to have received a new lease of life through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Peabody is in his 84th year, but wonderfully strong and active for one of his age. But he was not always thus. "For six years," he says, in telling his story, "I suffered from kidney and bladder trouble. I had those sharp, streaky, lightning pains through my muscles, even to my finger tips."

"In March, 1917, I was taken with a shaking chill and deathly pains through my abdomen, groins, and the small of my back. I was confined to my bed for three weeks, during which time I often had to get up as often as twenty or thirty times a day."

"I tried many remedies, but got little benefit till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. In three days I got relief, and three boxes cleared all the pains out of my system. I also rest much better at nights."

"I am always glad to tell other sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me."

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Work for Busy Fingers

Child's Crocheted Silk Cap

(Concluded from recent issue).

3rd row—Chain 8, *do a s c in center of group of cones, chain 4 and do a d c in the s c of previous round.* Repeat.

4th row—*Chain 3 and do a d c, chain 3 and fasten in top of stitch just made, chain 4 and fasten in same hole, chain 3 and fasten in same hole, chain 3 and do a s c in next stitch.* Repeat; should give 38 points.

5th row—Chain 8 and do a s c into first point, *chain 4 and fasten in next point.* Repeat.

6th row—Same as 2nd row.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

Now go around entire cap as you did in 2nd round, which should give you 60 points; then make a round same as 5th row. Now make a round like the 2nd row, which should give you 19 groups of shells across the front of cap, and all at the back of neck. Go over these shells by making a chain of 3 and catching between every stitch. Break off silk and fasten in right hand shell with the cap facing you. Crochet group of 6 cone stitches in same holes; being put in on opposite side, gives 12 in



each hole. Now go over these with a chain of 3, caught between every stitch. The cap can be lined with a crocheted cap of saxony, or a made cap of China silk. Make ties of cream white China silk, and hemstitch the ends.

Saxony Lining

Make a chain of 5 and join, do 20 doubles into ring and join with a sl st. Do 6 rounds in plain doubles, widening as you progress to keep from cupping; next 3 rounds do not widen. Begin to work in rows now by leaving off to within 15 stitches of the last round. Make 7 rows of plain doubles. Fasten this foundation cap or lining inside the silk one with a thread of crochet silk.

This can be crocheted with a bone needle, while the silk cap is done with a medium size steel needle.

Materials: Two 1/2 ounce balls crochet silk, size 300. 1 ounce zephyr or saxony. 1/4 yard cream white china silk for ties. Use a No. 1 star crochet hook.

A Crocheted Sweater

Materials: Ten skeins four ply Germantown, old rose, blue, maize, or brown, \$4.65; 3 balls white brush wool, \$1.65; No. 2 ivory crochet-hook, 10 cents. In the collar, cuffs, bands, and belt the d is made by inserting the hook under the two threads of the s. In the body the d is made by inserting hook under the back thread of the st. All widening or narrowing is done at the top, the lower edge being kept straight.

Body.—Take the white and colored wool. With white make 5 ch. Draw colored thread through last loop of white and then make 80 ch; turn. 1st row—Work in colored chain. When last st is taken up draw white thread through the loop and make 6 d in the white. ch 1. turn. 2nd row—6 d in the white. Draw colored thread through loop and continue to end, making 2 sts in the last st, ch

2, turn. 3rd row—Same as first, and 4th same as 2nd. It will be noticed that two rows make a ridge, and that the widening is all done at the top. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows through 18th row, ch 1, turn. 19th row—Plain. 20th row—Plain. Skip next to last st and work into last st instead. 21st row—Like 19th. 22nd row—Like 20th. Continue in same way through 32nd row. Break thread. 33rd row—Join thread in 17th st and continue to bottom; turn. 34th row—Work to end of this new short row; turn. 35th row—Like 33rd. 36th row—Like 34th. Continue through 40th row, ch 1. 41st row—Like 39th. 42nd row—Like 40th, widening in last st of the row; ch 1. 43rd row—Like 41st. 44th row—Like 42nd. Continue through 48th row; ch 1. 49th row—Plain. 50th row—Plain, widen in last st; ch 2. 51st row—Like 49th. 52nd row—Like 50th. Continue through 64th row; ch 1. 65th row—Plain. 66th row—Plain, skipping next to last st; ch 1. 67th row—Like 65th. 68th row—Like 66th. Continue through 70th row; ch 1. 71st row—Plain. 72nd row—Plain, ch 1, continue through 76th row. This completes half of sweater. Reverse directions for other half.

Sleeves.—Chain 70, turn. 1st row—d in every ch; ch 1, turn. 2nd row—Like 1st. Continue through 8th row, ch 1. 9th row—Plain, ch 1. 10th row—Plain, widen in last st at top; ch 2. 11th row—Like 9th. 12th row—Like 10th. Continue through 20th row, ch 1. 21st row—Plain. 22nd row—Plain, ch 1. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th rows—Like 22nd. 28th row—Skip next to last st. 29th row—Plain. 30th row—Like 28th. Continue through 44th row. Sew or crochet sleeves up, taking care to catch both threads of the sts.

Band.—Chain 8; turn d in each st of ch; ch 1, turn. Continue until band lacks about 1 1/2 inches of being as long as the front edges of body of sweater.

Skip 1 st on one edge of the band, thereby narrowing it until a point is made. Take care to have one side straight. Now on the longer edge of band, beginning at bottom, make 6 sts of white. Then draw colored thread through and continue to end. Pull thread through and leave end for sewing. Whip the band on to the front, taking care to have seam on wrong side, and catching through both threads of every st. Make buttonholes in one hand, by simply making about 4 ch wherever desired and then work into the ch.

Belt—Chain 10. Proceed as in band. When belt is within two inches of right length make buttonholes as follows: work back and forth on two sts for about 3 rows. Break thread. Work on the four central sts until even with the other two. Break thread and work on last 2 sts, then work all across for about 2 rows.

Collar—Chain 62. Turn, d in each st, ch 1, turn. Continue until 30 rows are completed, ch 1, turn. Skip 2 sts, 28 d. Turn without any ch st. Work to straight edge, ch 1, turn, work to within 1 st of former row. Turn without making ch st. Continue until point is made. Repeat on other side of collar about 2 rows.

Cuffs—Chain 35, join, ch 1, d in each st, join. Chain 1, turn, work back. Widen only in every other or every 3rd row. Make cuffs as deep as desired, probably about 20 rows.

Pockets—Chain 21, turn, d in each st, ch 1, turn. Continue until 16 rows are completed. With white, ch 6, turn d in each st, ch 1, turn. Continue across top of pocket. Whip on top of the pocket and turn outward. Sew pocket on about 12 ridges from front and about three or four inches from bottom.

Straps for Belt—Chain 18, 3 d in 2d st, d in each st to end of ch; 3 d in end st; d in lower edge of d to beginning, join.

Buttons—Chain 3 or 4, join, 12 t in ring, join. Double in t all around, join.



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d in d, narrowing every 3rd st. Put button at corners of collar, top corners of pockets and two on belt, and on front as desired.

To Put Together—Sew or crochet sweater together on shoulders, cuffs on

sleeves, sleeves in armholes. Whip collar on to the neck of the sweater. It will be noticed that the collar may not seem quite large enough, but it will be an easy matter to ease any fulness in. Brush the white parts until furry. Sew straps for belt where desired.

yards of 27-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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A Simple Dress for Home or Service. 2802—Gingham, khaki, drill, seersucker, percale or lawn, could be used for this style. The garment is a "one-piece" model—with a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2½ yards at the foot.

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Boys' Suit. 2807—This is a very comfortable suit, and the style is adaptable to all materials usually employed for boys' suits. Wash fabrics such as khaki, drill, galatea and gingham are appropriate, likewise flannel, serge, corduroy and velvet. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

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A Popular Dress for the Little Miss. 2804—This model is fine for all wash fabrics, and nice for gabardine, serge, voile, repp and poplin. The sleeve may be cut short, or finished in wrist length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6,

Fashions and Patterns

A Trim Costume for Business or General Wear. Waist, 2805. Skirt, 2820.—Comprising waist pattern 2805 and skirt pattern 2820. Mixed suiting was used for the skirt, which is also attractive in gingham, satin, silk, linen or sport materials. The waist could be of crepe, linen, washable satin, taffeta or Madras. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes, waist measure, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches. For the waist in a medium size 2¼ yards of 36-inch material is required. For the skirt 3 yards. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yards.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Comfortable Frock. 2813—Voile, batiste, linen, chambray, Swiss, silk and lawn are good for this model. It closes on the shoulders. The belt holds the fulness at the waistline.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

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A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. 2808—Batiste, voile, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, velvet, serge or gabardine could be used for this model. The tucks on the skirt may be omitted. The dress may be finished without the bolero and with long or short sleeve. This style lends itself nicely to combinations of material.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for the dress, and ¼ yard for the bolero.

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A Very Attractive Gown. 2809—This style would be effective in linen with cluny or filet lace, or in shantung with embroidered bands. It is nice also for serge, voile, foulard, taffeta, gingham and other wash fabrics.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards, with plaits extended.

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A Practical Garment. 2806—A comfortable apron of this character will be a blessing to the industrious home worker. It is practically a dress in apron style; neat and serviceable. The model is suitable for gingham, percale, seersucker, lawn, drill and linen.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

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A Pleasing Design. 2819—This neat, simple little model may be finished without the collar trimming. It is nice for all wash fabrics, and for serge, gabardine, silk and crepe. The closing is at the centre front under the crossing of the collar portions.

The pattern is cut in three sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

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A Pretty Summer Frock. 2816—This is a charming model, especially for slender figures. It is just the thing for

organdie, dimity, voile and crepe, and will require little trimming excepting a smart sash or belt of bright ribbon. Dotted Swiss, with collar of organdie or net edged with Val. lace, and a sash of Chinese yellow or liberty red, would be very attractive for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6¼



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"AND why shouldn't I?"
"You always wrote about how well you were, but we never thought you would be so hearty-looking as you are after all the hardships of camp and trench life."

"Oh, we had our share of hardships, all right, but except on rare occasions we had plenty of good, wholesome food and lots of fresh air and exercise. That is what makes a person strong and well. But I don't think I have it much over you. What have you been doing to look so nearty?"

"Didn't I tell you I was using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

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"Yes, it certainly has, and after you went away I had a regular break-down, and was in a bad state for some months."

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8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require 3/4 yards of 27-inch material.

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A Pretty Style for Slender Figures. 2803—Shantung, serge, voile, duvetyn, gabardine or taffeta would be nice for this model. The tunic may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Navy blue serge with braid trimming, or brown gabardine with trimming of sand color satin, would develop this style effectively.

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A Smart Summer Costume. Blouse, 2831. Skirt, 2830—Composed of blouse pattern 2831 and skirt pattern 2830. The vest is of white organdie, the skirt of silk jersey cloth and the blouse of striped washable satin. This design is nice for combinations in gingham, shantung, serge and satin, linen and batiste. The blouse pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. It measures about 1 3/4 yards at the foot and is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Play Suit. 2815—This style comprises a kimono waist, with wrist or short sleeve finish, and sleeveless rompers, which close on the shoulders. Gingham, percale, khaki, drill, seersucker or galatea may be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards for the waist, and 2 1/4 yards for the rompers, of 27-inch material.

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For House or Porch Wear. 2408—You will want this pretty model. It is lovely for percale, gingham, seersucker and lawn. It will make a smart little dress for business or outing, in appropriate materials. You may have the sleeve in wrist or elbow length and finish the dress with or without the pockets.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

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A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl. 2810—Here is a model that will not be troublesome to make or launder. It is lovely for plain or figured voile, batiste, Swiss, lawn, handkerchief linen, dimity, poplin and silk. The front of the waist portion may be embroidered, or trimmed as illustrated, to simulate a vest. The long sleeve is gathered at the wrist, with the fulness below, forming a ruffle. The short sleeve is finished with a frill. This dress is cut in kimono style and closes at the back.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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A Practical Set of Short Clothes for a Little Girl. 2513—This outfit comprises a simple dress, a short-waisted petticoat, and a combination garment consisting of waist and drawers, which could also serve as a model for bloomers. The dress is a design good for lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, voile or percale. For the undergarments muslin, cambric, long cloth and nainsook could be used. If the combination undergarment is used as rompers, it could be of galatea, gingham, drill, linen, repp or percale.



The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires, for the dress, 2 3/4 yards; for the petticoat, 1 1/2 yards; for the combination, 1 1/2 yards, of 36-inch material.

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A Pretty Dress for the Growing Girl. 2827—As here illustrated, white voile and filet lace are combined. The design could be developed in any other lingerie fabrics, also in silk, voile, satin, linen, gabardine, gingham or percale. Either style of sleeve is becoming. This model is composed of a simple waist and skirt over which the jumper portions are draped.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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A Very Comfortable Apron. 2828—This style has a very good feature, in that the bib portions are in back as well as in front, which helps to hold the apron well in place. The skirt portion is in two sections. This style is good for gingham, seersucker, percale, drill, saten and brilliantine.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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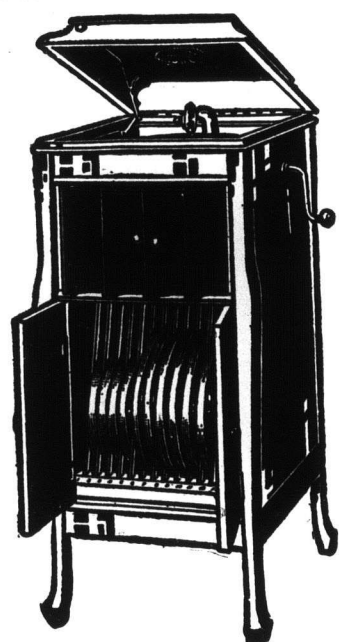
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- MRS. DUGAN'S DISCOVERY, and CASEY AS A JUDGE, Michael Casey. A1940, 10-inch 90c.
- ALL ABOARD FOR THE COUNTRY FAIR, Harlan Porter and Knight, and SHE STOPPED TO POWDER HER NOSE, Harry C. Browne, A2252, 10-inch 90c.
- NOBODY and MY LANDLADY. Bert Williams. A1289, 10-inch 90c.
- I CERTAINLY WAS GOING SOME and WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE, Bert Williams. A 1321 10-inch, 90c.
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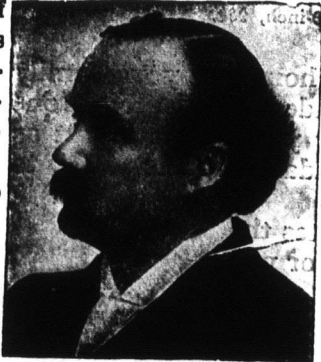
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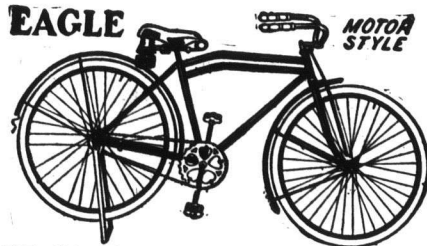
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THE TREE OF HAPPINESS

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Theodora Horton

Once upon a time there was a good and wise king, but he and his subjects were in great trouble; they were waging a terrible war in a distant country, and the old men, women, and children were left at home and grew discontented and miserable.

The king was sorry when he heard of their unhappiness and made haste to send them a message of hope. "There is in my kingdom" ran the message "a beautiful tree called the tree of Happiness, and its branches are laden with fruit sufficient to supply all the people in my kingdom. I command all my subjects to search for this tree until they find it, and to pluck from it its golden fruit that there may be no longer discontent and unhappiness in my land."

Now when the proclamation was published in every town and village of the land, all the people were anxious to begin the search at once, and each one was determined if possible to gain the honour of discovering the tree. One little girl named Dulcie made up her mind to set out at once on this wonderful quest. Like the rest of the king's subjects she thought what a grand thing it would be if she could be the one to win the distinction of finding this wondrous tree; but like all the rest of the people she misunderstood in part the great king's meaning, for it was necessary that each would search for the tree, and also that each should find it for himself. Those who were fortunate to discover the tree

and do not waste any more time here."

Dulcie turned away rather sadly and retraced her steps to the shining gate; she turned a regretful gaze at the gardens as she left them and trudged down the dusty high road.

When she next turned aside it was into a thick wood in which were growing many different kinds of trees. She found the walking rough and difficult; the wood was full of searchers for the tree. Many of the tall trees bore tempting looking fruit, but it grew very high up on the branches and few were able to reach them. "Oh dear!" sighed Dulcie aloud, "I don't think I shall ever be able to pick the fruit if I find the tree of Happiness."

"You will not find it here," said a voice at her side; "This is the forest of ambition. I have been watching these people for many days, but none of them have found it yet."

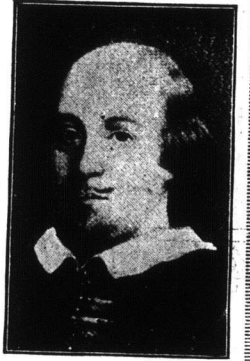
Dulcie turned again to the high road; she felt tired and disappointed; the search was proving far more difficult than she had anticipated. Just then she heard a call for help, and looking round saw a little boy struggling in the ditch at the side of the road. He had evidently slipped as he was walking along and fallen into the mud, and now kept slipping back as he tried to get out. Dulcie ran to help him and kindly did her best to brush the mud from his clothes. While she was doing so she told him of her vain search. "You have not much farther to go," he said, "before you find it, you are on the right road." That was all she could get from him but it cheered and helped her, and she went on more briskly.

Shakespeare's Anniversary

(April 23)

Written for The Western Home Monthly By C. M. Watson

Sublimest Shakespeare, Prophet, Poets' King,
How sweetly still doth thy memory cling
As once again this day we think of thee,
The Bard of Avon's Anniversary.
Dear child of memory! Long may thy Fame
Be a triumphant witness to thy name,
Whose influence was so preponderant
And built for thee a lasting monument.
Dead? Thou art not dead! Thy works of words will
Live and thy spirit lit with love of Truth still
Remains with us, which time will ever foster,
For death is but servant, not the master.
Burn brightly thou imperishable flame,
And England ne'er will forget Shakespeare's name.



Portrait of Shakespeare

soonest could point out the way to their friends, but it was the duty and privilege of each to pluck the fruit for himself.

Dulcie set off one bright morning, her heart filled with hope and determined to carry on the search until she succeeded. She had traveled some way upon her journey when she came upon some beautiful gates that glittered in the sun like gold. Through them she could see lovely gardens and a splendid mansion standing back amongst the trees. What gay gardens! thought the child longingly, surely this would be a likely place in which to find the tree. She timidly tried the fastening of the gate and finding it opened easily, she walked up the smooth drive, gazing with admiring eyes on the lovely trees and flowers that bordered it. For many hours she traversed the winding paths and green lawns, but though there were innumerable fruit trees of every description, she could not find one bearing the golden fruit for which she was searching. Many were strolling round in the gardens, whether on the same quest as herself she could not tell; at last seeing an old man, who looked as if he might be a gardener, she ventured to ask if he knew whether the tree of Happiness was to be found in those gay gardens.

The old man slowly shook his head: "I have been here since I was a boy," he said, "but I have never seen it." "These gardens belong to my Lord Mammon and are called the gardens of Pleasure. I do not think you will find the one real tree here, though there are many that appear to some to be like it. Take my advice

and by she came to a turn in the road and saw a little girl sitting crying. At her feet was an empty school satchel, and the contents were strewn around her. Dulcie saw in a minute what was the trouble, the strap of her satchel had broken, and she began quickly to pick up the books and pencils trying meanwhile to comfort the little girl. "See, they are all right," she said, "and I have something in my pocket with which I can mend your satchel." Soon she had everything in its place, and the little girl went on her way comforted.

"I am afraid it will be a long time before I find the tree, if I keep stopping like this," Dulcie thought as she went quickly on her way. She had not gone far however, before she saw a man sitting on the roadside. As she drew near he called out to her, "Can you help me along, little girl? I am lame and have just broken my crutch. I think if you will let me lean on your shoulder I could get home." Dulcie stopped at once and helped him. "I have not far to go and I hope I shall not tire you." It seemed a long tramp to Dulcie before she reached the man's cottage. She was just saying good-bye to him at his door when she saw growing close to the roadside a beautiful tree from the branches of which hung abundance of golden fruit. "Oh, sir," she said turning to the lame man, "can you tell me if that is the tree of Happiness?" "Yes," he replied smiling, "that is the wonderful tree. People search the whole world for it and they do not know that it grows by the side of this road for anyone to pick who will." "Oh, tell me the name of this

road," cried Dulcie, "that I may be able to direct others here."
 "This is the Highway of Helpfulness," answered her friend, "those who walk this road always find sooner or later the fruit of Happiness though they have vainly sought it elsewhere."

Millys Lesson

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Elsie Davidson of Russell, age 14.

In the olden days when goblins and fairies roamed over all the countryside, there lived a little girl whose name was Milly. Now Milly was not a very bad little girl but still she had her faults. She had been known to shirk her little household duties and was also a very untidy little girl. Now you know fairies dislike untidy people and thought they would play a trick on her and teach her a lesson at the same time. So one day when Milly, who had neglected the dishes, had made her way to the woods, where it was nice and cool, the fairies stole in at her bedroom window.

Milly had locked the door so that no one could get in and see how untidy her room was.

The bed not made, dust lay thick on the furniture, and her dresses were lying about on chairs.

The fairies were very much displeased with this and determined to frighten Milly. They went to work and tied the bedclothes up in knots, such as only fairies can tie and they put dirty marks on her nice dresses.

When Milly came home and went to her room she was very angry at the sight that met her eyes. Her thoughts flew to her little four-year-old brother, and forgetting that her door had been locked all day she ran downstairs and gave him some sharp slaps.

When the fairies heard of this they were angrier than ever, but they decided to give her another chance. The next day Milly did the same thing.

As she was reading her book she heard a noise as of some one laughing behind her. She could not see anyone, but when she tried to read again a big bee flew

around and around her head. It's buzzing sounded to Milly as though it were saying, "Be tidy! be tidy!"

Little Milly was frightened but would not let on. She decided to go home, but when she turned around everything got dark, and there standing behind her was a band of elves. They wore red trousers and coats, and green feathers in their red caps. Milly was indeed frightened now and began to cry. The eldest elf said "Do not cry, little girl and do

not be afraid, but remember that untidy people never get on in the world and tidy people are rewarded."

Milly tried to run away but was surprised to find herself lying on the grass with her book beside her. She had been sleeping and had been dreaming of the fairies. But she always remembered the words of the elf.

Her mother wondered at the change in her little girl for Milly was no longer untidy.

A SONG OF THE RAIN.
 BY GRACE WARNER.

Allegro moderato

1. The brown field a car - pet of green has spread, The
 2. The leaves are un - fold - ing up - on the tree, And

sweet vi - o - let stirs with - in its bed. The cro - cus lifts its
 high in .. the bran - ches I can see A scar - let bird that

pur - ple head To greet the soft warm rain. Pit - ter, pat - ter,
 calls to me, "The Spring has come a - gain!" Pit - ter, pat - ter,

sings the rain, Wak - ing the flow - ers to blos - som a - gain;

Pit - ter, pat - ter, sings the rain, The Spring has come a - gain.

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breath,
appetite,
digestion

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wrapped package, air-
tight, impurity proof—

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that's good for young
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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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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.



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Correspondence

Disapproves Dancing

Dear Editor: I have been a subscriber and reader of your valuable magazine for a long time and I think your paper is a credit to the publishers and to those who write for it. But it was the Correspondence Column which prompted me to write. There have been so many letters lately discussing dancing, etc., that one would be led to believe that the question could not be settled. But in your issue of February, page 24, I came across an article entitled “Another Problem” which might throw some light on the subject and is worth anyone's while reading and studying. Most people admit that Christ and his teachings should be our guide when it comes to a question of right and wrong. Now read the article which I referred to. Can we take Christ into the dance even into one of those innocent social dances which some of your correspondents uphold. I have seen at a social gathering a great uneasiness even among church members until the preacher got away. Then a fiddle or two would suddenly appear from some hidden corner and the dancing would commence. I believe this is a common practice. Now if the minister of Christ is not wanted, how would it be if Christ were there in bodily form. Would his so-called followers welcome him at such a gathering or do these church members leave their Christ at home when they go to such amusements. Thanking you for your space, Mr. Editor, I will sign myself,

A Sermon by Sky Scrapper

Dear Editor: I take up my pen again to write a few of my thoughts on paper so the members of this correspondence page may read them. Now some of the members are too severe on the German people that live in Canada. I don't by any means think the only good German is a dead one. I think there is good and bad in all of us no matter what nationality we are. Did not Christ say “Love your enemies.” We should hate evil, but not people. “Be not deceived for God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Gal. 6:7. “Bless them which persecute you, bless and curse not.” Rom. 12:14. “Lively Seventeen” by the way you spoke in your letter in February one would be inclined to think that they would have, to be a model farmer, to be a farmer and attend church on Sunday. Well, I am a farmer and my two brothers are farmers and we all attend church and Sunday school every Sunday and I am the secretary of our bible class. We have an attendance of thirty-six members and they are all farming people too. “Lively Seventeen,” if you will read Exodus 20:3-17 you will see what the Lord told his people to do and if we try to do what he said in that chapter there is only one thing for us to do on the Sabbath. So “Happy” don't by any means think yourself a model farmer just because you attend church on Sunday. Did not Christ himself go in the temple on the Sabbath and preach. I think that a farmer has a better chance to work with God than the people that live in the city for a farmer is working with God and nature when he is working in the field, putting in the crop, and also when he is reaping the reward of the summer work. When one is farming he is in partnership with God and he should give God his share of the crop and that is one-tenth, but how many farmers think they are in partnership with God, not many I am afraid for when they get a good crop they say, “I did it, I worked so I would get a good crop,” and little do they think of God and the big part he played in getting the good crop. Without God's help we can do nothing. “A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven.” John 3:27.

Sky Scrapper.

Did Their Bit

Dear Editor,—I am going to try my luck at writing to the Correspondence page, which I think is very interesting. We have taken The Western Home Monthly for quite a long while, and think it one of the best magazines for the young and old. I am 18 years of age, and live on a farm twenty miles from town. Although I get lonesome for town once in a while, I think the country life the healthier. I am very fond of reading, writing, music and singing, and am taking music lessons

by mail, and like them. I was interested in “Smiles” letter and would just love to be with her sometimes to help her round the cattle, as I am just “crazy” for riding horseback. Have any of the girl readers helped nurse “flu” patients? I have, and liked it. A girl friend and I went to a little town south of here and helped nurse. Isn't it a great thing that this war is over? My only two brothers have been in the thick of the fighting, and while they were gone my sister, mother and I helped father with outdoor work. We stooked all the grain for three autumns, so did our bit. We are from the States, and are Americans, but I always stick up for the country I live in. I have lived in Canada for nearly ten years. I was very much interested in letters of “Soldier's Widow,” “A Lonely Lieut.,” and “True Canadian.” My letter is getting lengthy now, but if the Editor will let me come again, I will. Light of the Morning.

Longs for Western Life

Dear Editor,—I am most interested in your magazine, and feel I should like to write to the Correspondence page. I am very interested in Canada, and just long for the Western life. I am a business girl, but find this time of the year rather dull, as we are having a long, wet winter. I prefer your Canadian winters to ours, as I am very fond of skating. I notice “Lonesome Willie” finds farming lonesome, but I should think it is very interesting. I would rather like to correspond with him or if anyone else would care to write, my address is with the editor.

Interested One.

An English Country Girl

Dear Editor,—A friend lends me your charming magazine, which I find most interesting, especially the Correspondence page. Being a real country girl, I take a great interest in reading notes on farm life. Having given a hand in farming myself, I can agree with “Valley Farmer” that outdoor life is best. I think his letter is splendid, and he must be a great lover of Nature in all its seasons. This being my first letter, I will not intrude too far. Wishing the magazine every success.

Country Lass.

Views of a High School Girl

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your Correspondence page for a long time, but have never plucked up enough courage to write till now. I do not agree with “Moon Winks” that dancing is the only pastime a person has. I do not dance myself, but I am never at a loss for a pastime. I am only a young girl, and go to High School. I like all kinds of sport and games, riding the most. I have been helping with the farm work quite a bit since my brothers went overseas. I am a lover of books, and read all I can, including The Western Home Monthly. If any one would care to write to me I would be pleased to answer.

Bookworm.

McNutt Champions Dancing

Dear Editor,—I notice the members of this page are having a very exciting time tearing each other to pieces, and I think the letters have got very interesting lately. “Free Agent”—I am glad I am not his wife. I am afraid he and I would not pull very well, as I am very fond of dancing. I would like him to let us know where the harm comes in. Is it any worse than skating? Not a bit of it. I can't understand why it is that so many people grouch about dancing. He and his wife want to keep clear of all kinds of sport if they wish to avoid all evil. Poor old fellow, he had better discuss, “Does Love Grow Less After Marriage?” That is more in his line. Let the young folks discuss dancing, skating, hockey, baseball and all other such pastimes that they enjoy. Most of the girls that write to this page seem to have had a share of the work that calls for overalls. Well, yours truly has had the same. I can do quite a few things to take a man's place. It is all right for a while, but a little bit goes a long way. I know I am always glad to get back to dishwashing, etc. I think Dot is a very sensible girl, don't you, and I would like to shake hands with “Moon Winks,” as she seems to be of the same mind as myself. The bache-

TOOK SEVERE COLD

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Bad Cough for Weeks.

The cold starts with a little running of the nose, the head becomes stuffed up, but little attention is paid to it, thinking perhaps it will go away in a day or two.

You neglect it, and then it gets down into the throat and from there to the lungs, and it is a case of cough, cough, morning, noon and night.

However slight a cold you have you should never neglect it. In all possibility, if you do not treat it in time, it will develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

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Mrs. Wm. Kaye, Talmage, Sask., writes:—“Last winter I took a severe cold which settled on my chest. I had a bad cough for weeks. I got some medicine from our doctor but it did me no good. At last a friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I did, and after using one bottle I found that my cold was better. I have recommended it to my neighbors, and they say they would not be without it.”

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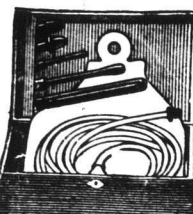
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CHEST.
Weeks.

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comes stuffed up,
did to it, thinking
in a day or two.
men it gets down
from there to the
of cough, cough,
I you have you
In all possi-
at it in time, it
itis, pneumonia,
throat or lung

Pine Syrup is a
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mucous, and aids
morbid accumu-

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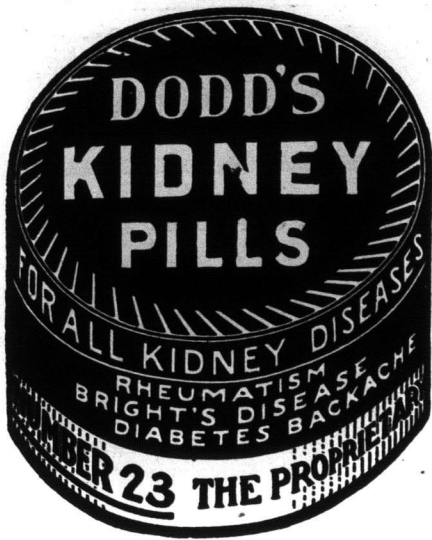
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to weakness
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ors still seem to be very much discussed. I wonder if they enjoy it.

A Boob McNutt.

Wants to Come Back

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your paper in Canada and now it is sent to me in England, and I do enjoy your Correspondence page. I am twenty-five years of age. I have spent several years in Canada on a farm, but came home before the war. Lately I have been a bank clerk, but have now left owing to demobilization, so am living at home, in a small town near London. I am very fond of farm life and animals, and understand all about it, and often think I should like to be back. I am fond of dancing and like most people like to have a good time. I agree with "Happy," and like my good time after work is done. If any of you readers care to correspond with me I would be glad. I leave my address with the Editor.

London Pride.

Complexions

Dear Editor,—I have read The Western Home Monthly for many years, and I am just as anxious to read the paper now as I was when I first started. I think "Chips" must be a comical fellow. I have never taken much notice of married people with different complexions, but I have noticed a few cases where husband and wife are both dark or both fair, and they did not get along at all. I don't know whether this is the general rule or not, but usually fair girls like dark men best and dark girls fair men. I am very fond of country life, and have lived on the farm and in town, too, but I think I would like to live on a ranch best. There is nothing like a good gallop for me. When I am riding I seldom follow a road, but go across country and through all kinds of places. Stenography is my profession and very nice work, but I am too much of an outdoor girl for it. The soldiers are returning every week now, and it is up to us to give them a warm welcome. Some of the members feel sorry for the young homesteaders, but I must say the majority of the bachelors don't want our pity. Most of them I know are satisfied with their lot, and don't want to get married until they are rich. This is my first letter to your paper, so now I must close.

Chatter-box.

Frae Bonnie Scotland

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly only for a few months, but I cannot put into words how much I enjoy the contents of that famous magazine. Although in Scotland, it has found its way across the many miles of the Atlantic. I notice that dancing is a subject much discussed in your paper. I enjoy a good dance occasionally, although I have not been at one since the war broke out. Oh! how I do wish I were in Canada to enjoy all these nice winter sports of yours. There is scarcely any skating here. I live in an east coast town, so there is plenty of bathing to be had in the summertime, but our winters are very cold and damp. I don't know much about farming, therefore cannot discuss that with those who correspond on that subject. Now, since this is my first letter to the Correspondence page, and as I am a little shy, I will close, wishing every success to this paper and all who read it. A Scotch Lassie.

A Quiet Life

Dear Editor,—Having been looking through The Western Home Monthly, I came across the Correspondence page, and made up my mind to write, and as this is my first letter I hope the members will excuse me if I am a little dry. I like most of the members' ideas, but for myself, like a quiet life. I do not go to any dances or shows, as they have no attraction for me. I would rather go to church or a little prayer meeting any time, but am not altogether against dancing providing it is not carried to an extreme. I took a fancy to "Lonesome Willie's" letter in the February number, and if he would care to write, I shall be pleased to answer. Hoping to see my letter in print, if there is space left, and wishing the Editor and members every success.

Farmer Girl.

A Lonesome Rancher

Dear Editor,—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for a number of

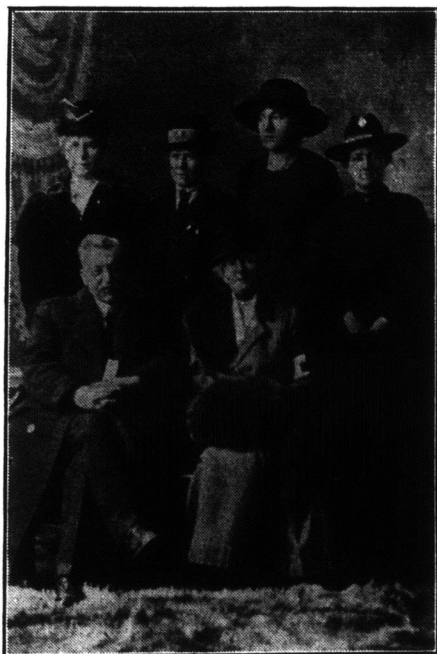
years, and I like your paper very much. I get it from a friend. I see by the letters that the boys and girls are nearly all from the farms and the cities, but none are from the Ranch country. I am a rancher and would like to hear from some of the girls and boys between the ages of 20 and 25. I batch it, and am very lonesome in the winter months, as there is very little amusement here. I live thirteen miles from town. There is a rink in town, but I seldom skate, although I am very fond of both skating and playing hockey. I had one brother killed in the war. He was my only brother and was a lieutenant in the R. A. F. It makes this life much more lonesome since I have heard the sad news. Well, this letter is getting long, and now I must close. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I sign myself,

Rancher.

From Belgium

Dear Editor,—It is several years since a letter of mine appeared in the Correspondence page of your magazine. Possibly a letter from Belgium will be slightly more interesting than my last one from Western Canada.

Like many more young Canadians at the present time, I am residing in Belgium awaiting the day to come when orders will arrive at Division Headquarters for us to proceed to England, and from thence to Canada. Meanwhile we are among people who are very kind-hearted and simple in their mode of living. Every night we have a meal of mashed potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc., except Sundays, when we have pancakes by way of a change. My



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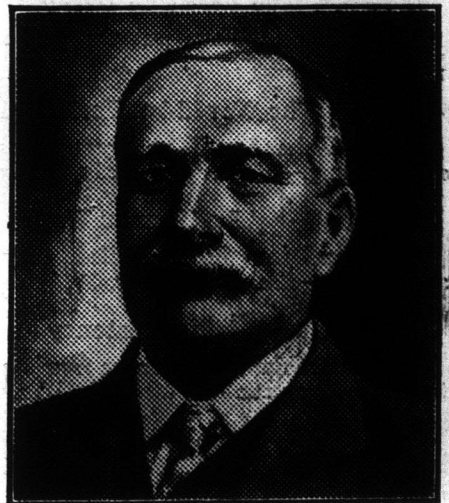
landlady weighs about 200 lbs., dresses in bright colored clothes, and wears very fancy sabots (wooden shoes). She is as good-natured as she is large, and you would smile could you see us in the evenings trying to carry on a conversation. In this part of Belgium, namely, the province of Liege, the Flemish language is spoken. It is a dialect of French, with a few words borrowed from other languages. The country is farmed very closely, looks more like a lot of market gardens than anything else, so small are the farms. Not far from where I am runs the beautiful river Meuse. It winds its way through a deep valley towards the sea. The valley of the Meuse is one of the most beautiful valleys it has been my privilege to see. From the hilltop one can see the small steam tugs on the river slowly winding their way upstream, with from two to seven barges all strung out one behind the other. It is surprising the speed they travel at with five or six loaded barges in tow. Spring comes very early here, already the farmers are working on the land, getting it ready for the seed. The people are looking forward to the harvest this coming fall, as it means much wealth for them instead of their neighbors, the Germans, who reaped the benefit of their labor for so long. I could write much more along these lines, but will refrain, as you readers will have heard so much about Europe lately, possibly you are tired of the subject. I should be pleased to correspond with any young people who may care to write me.

A Canadian.

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What the World is Saying

Good Work!

Kick the boot-legger out!—Kingston Whig.

The Pestilent Bolshevik

The Bolsheviks have put the pest in Budapest.—Moose Jaw Times.

The Would-be World Ruler

The ex-Kaiser is still at large; unwept, unhonored, and unhung.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon.

The German Way

Blood and iron having failed, they try soft-soap and whine.—Saskatoon Star.

Inconsistency

Women are demanding more freedom and returning to hobbled skirts.—New York World.

The H. C. of L.

Parcel post was expected to reduce the cost of living but it didn't. Nothing does.—Duluth Herald.

The Choice in Germany

Germany appears to be choosing between plain Socialists and slaughterhouse Socialists.—Minneapolis Journal.

An Object of Art

When the Germans are returning objects of art to France, they might just as well include Crown Prince William.—Regina Post.

Panned

One thing is clear in the welter of German affairs. The pan-Germans are being done brown.—Regina Leader.

The Land of Chaos

The Russians were the first to make peace, and they have been fighting ever since.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Split Poles

There has been a split among the Poles and their country looks as though it has been made the victim of a splitlog drag competition.—St. John Telegraph.

Germany's Colors

Black, red, and gold for Germany's national flag. Black for their future, red for their past, and gold for the indemnities they must pay.—Chicago Tribune.

What They Don't Want

You must say this for the Bolsheviks—they don't want anything that anybody hasn't got.—London Black and White.

When the Emperor Charles Fleed

No, the Austro-Hungarians did not sing "Will ye no come back again?" when Charlie flitted over the border.—Lethbridge Herald.

Prejudiced Arguers

Because some men who always did it will lie, steal and fight to get whiskey, some others argue that prohibition is a failure.—Brockville Recorder Times.

Overhead Expense

The British government will spend \$332,500,000 on aerial service this year, which, in our humble opinion, is making the money fly.—Victoria Colonist.

Germany and the Poles

It is announced that the new German Government plans to take over the telephone and telegraph-wires. But it has shown it can't handle the Poles.—Ottawa Journal Press.

Fixing the Blame

What the Senate is the politicians have made it, and the people of Canada have stood for it all these years.—Woodstock Sentimental-Review.

Hobbled

Before these tight skirts came in we used to send missionaries to China to see that the feet of the little Chinese girls were unbound so they could walk.—Indianapolis News.

Worse than Mexico

It would seem from reading of the revolutions and assassinations in Germany, that in setting up their republic the Germans had selected the Mexican republic as a model.—London Advertiser.

Nut Colors To Be Fashionable

Peanut, pelt, nut and elk browns are the new fashionable colors for the coming season, announces the American authority on such matters. We are not interested, except merely to note the predominance of nut colors.—Vancouver Sun.

Money Will Always Be Welcome

The new one-cent Canadian piece, smaller than the present clumsy coin, will be welcomed. So would a five-cent piece larger than the present elusive coin.—Toronto World.

Krupp Plant Works for Allies

The Krupp plant at Essen is at last engaged in useful work; it is making automobile parts for the Allies.—Calgary Herald.

Retribution

If the Germans, as reported, are fighting one another "like wild beasts" they are merely doing unto themselves what they did to others.—Providence Journal.

The Lobster Debate

The lobster debate will be resumed in the House at Ottawa within a short while, we are told. The bill will probably be taken up claws by claws.—Montreal Standard.

Lenine is like a Felin

Lenine, the Russian Bolshevik Premier, has again narrowly escaped assassination. He seems to have as many lives as a cat.—Edmonton Journal.

The English-speaking Nations

If the two great English-speaking nations are now to dominate the world, as a German paper mourns, it is because they are by temperament and habit committed to freedom and peace, and the war has knitted the two nations together with innumerable ties.—Philadelphia Record.

Anarchy's Parent

In short in this twentieth century illiteracy is an evil which must be eradicated at any cost. Otherwise unrest and anarchy must remain an ever-present menace.—Brantford Expositor.

Hard On the People

That the Senate has existed for more than fifty years, without any serious attempt being made by the people either to mend it or end it, is a reflection upon the intelligence and good intention of the Canadian public.—Calgary Albertan.

The Soviets Want to Borrow

The Soviets of Russia want to negotiate a loan in the United States. The New York Tribune says the person who is wondering how he can spend his money foolishly when the saloons have vanished, has his answer.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Official Census Figures

The New York World says that sixty per cent of the people of Alberta were born in the United States. The real proportion is 18.4 per cent, compared with 13.6 per cent in Saskatchewan and 3.3 per cent in Manitoba.—Toronto Globe.

An Effect of Prohibition

It is officially announced that in most Ontario counties there is no longer work for Senior and Junior Judges, and that only one will be appointed hereafter. Prohibition doubtless helped a lot to bring this about.—Peterboro Review.

No Aerial Fire Engines Yet

The Agricultural Department is preparing to combat forest fire by early airplane detection. No attempt will be made at present to have the fire engine soar overhead and rain on them.—Kansas City Star.

Previous Records Annihilated

The Napoleonic war cost six and a quarter billion dollars. The present war has cost two hundred billion. Yet our forefathers of a century ago probably thought they had witnessed a full-sized war.—Quebec Telegraph.

A Refuge For The Kaiser

The ex-Kaiser complains of the climate of Holland and wants to move to Egypt. Why not give him a nice, hot, well guarded oasis in the middle of the Sahara? But maybe he is preparing for an even warmer climate.—New York Evening Sun.

Canada's V. C. Winners

If one looks at the portraits of the Canadians who in the war have won the Victoria Cross for deeds of the utmost valor, he will find that the faces are not of any one type, but include every sort of face that the ordinary everyday man is using.—Toronto Star.

The Demands of Fashion

It is announced that there will be forty-two standard colors in fall fabrics, most of them appearing for the first time. This will certainly increase the cost of clothing of all kinds at a time when economy is necessary to pay off our war debts.—Montreal Gazette.

Raisuli a Mere Amateur

Raisuli, the old time Moroccan bandit, has got on the job again. Since Raisuli used to figure on the front page, however, Europe has seen something else raised so much that the old man's best work will seem amateurish in comparison.—Guelph Herald.

Vimy Ridge

France has presented Vimy Ridge to Canada. The Ridge should be forested by the planting of maples as an everlasting memorial for the men of the maple badge who sleep there. The crest above Souchez can never be tilled because of the mine and shell craters there, but it could be forested.—Regina Leader.

Bill Schotoff, Bolshevik

Petrograd's chief of police is none other than "Bill" Schotoff, a well known East Side character who figured in several New York incidents which attracted the attention of the authorities. We don't know much about Bill, but we are of opinion that his name has an uncanny significance, taken in connection with his new job.—Ottawa Citizen.

An Oft-repeated Question

The Canadian Senate is called upon to legislate in regard to seventy-six applications for divorce. It would seem that little time is left to consider political and national problems. If divorces are to be granted in this country at all, has the time not arrived when the cases should be tried by competent divorce courts rather than by a branch of the government?—Vancouver Province.

Ignorance is Poverty

In our efforts at reconstruction the ideal to be achieved is an equal chance for all. Free education and expert training for a chosen career would do infinitely more than any property-sharing scheme, however plausible. It is a grave truth that there is no poverty comparable to ignorance. The instructed mind and dexterous hand can never, under any circumstances, be anything else than rich. For a nation to ignore the mental resources of a country is supreme folly.—Brandon Daily Sun.

Pertinent Question

Are we as citizens as really patriotic as we might be, so far as our own community is concerned? In the course of an address recently a speaker asked these pointed questions: "How many minutes during the last ten years have you spent in working on or thinking about purely unselfish propositions affecting the welfare and progress of your town? Have you spent at least ten hours in the last six months in purely unselfish service to the community of which you are a member? Now, honest bright, have you? Don't all speak at once, gentlemen."—Acton Free Press.

The Disarming of Germany

What sense would there be in our permitting our military burdens to be increased? We all want them to be as light as possible; we all have need of every available man to take part in the productive economic work by which alone the world's vast loss of wealth can be repaired. Germany herself has not only to repair her losses but to pay her gigantic debts; and until she has done so, why should we let her indulge again in the luxury of military armaments? It is to her own interest as well as ours that we should insist on her demilitarisation being complete.—London Chronicle.

As to Consumption of Sugar

The President of the American Sugar Refining Company says that the consumption of sugar in the United States last year was equal to the average, and makes this curious comment on the war restrictions: "The saving effected by conservation has been to a considerable degree offset by the increased purchases of those who, because of the publicity given to sugar restrictions, bought more than they otherwise would."—Financial Times.

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Keeps Kitchens Livable— Cooks Everything Correctly

There's no smell or smoke from unburned gases—no stifling, sweltering kitchen heat—when you cook with a New Perfection Oil Cookstove. And everything gets just the right heat—low for simmering preserves—high for a crisp brown crust on bread or roasts—medium for frying or long cooking—heats for all purposes.

The Long Blue Chimney Burner insures perfect combustion. Gives clean, smokeless and odorless heat at all flame heights. Turns every drop of oil into usable heat. At highest flame—the high white-tipped flame—it is the fastest cooking kerosene burner.

With a New Perfection you can save minutes preparing a meal or boiling a pot of tea or coffee. No time lost generating the flame—reaches full intensity in less than a minute. Doesn't touch pots to blacken them. Instantly set and stays where set. Like gas—no waiting. Saves work

—no kindling wood, coal or ashes to handle—no dirt. Is making 3,000,000 kitchens livable. Burns safe and always available Imperial Royalite Coal Oil.

Burner parts are brass and so constructed that overheating is avoided. They last for years. Wicks last for months. Equipped with metal carriers and ready trimmed, they are easily renewed.

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If you can't see a demonstration—write for our booklet.

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