THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. VIII. No. 11. WINNIPEG, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1907. PRICE { 5c. per copy. 50c. per year

# The Day of Reckoning.

**By Howard Goodwill.**

LORD CASTLETON glances around the drawing-room with an expression of decided annoyance as he comes in. It is a dull December afternoon, and already the brief daylight is begining to fade. His daughter—Lady Gladys Monckton—is sitting in the glow of the firelight, her hands idly folded in her lap, and her big, grey eyes gazing wistfully into the heart of the fire.

"Where is your stepmother?" he asks, his tones expressing keen displeasure.

Gladys looks up languidly.

"She is in her boudoir with Mr. Seaforth, I believe."

Lord Castleton turns away with a barely suppressed exclamation of annoyance, but at this moment Lady Castleton herself enters the room.

She is a tall, graceful woman, with well cut features and dark brilliant eyes. She might be any age between twenty and thirty-five, although perhaps the rich material which she invariably selects for her attire adds to, rather than detracts from, her apparent age. She has a low, caressing voice, and her smile is dangerously sweet. Altogether she is accounted a singularly fascinating woman, but there is a hard glitter in her eyes at times which belies her usual expression of smiling suavity, and which bodes no good for those who attempt to thwart her ladyship.

She is accompanied by a man of medium height, with a good-looking if somewhat expressionless face. George Seaforth is supposed to be a suitor for the hand of Lady Gladys, though the barely disguised antipathy with which the girl treats him does not induce him to cease his visits. Lord Castleton is far too proud to evince jealousy where his young wife is concerned, but he is none too well pleased to frequently discover Seaforth in Stella's boudoir, while Gladys is left to her own devices in the drawing-room.

His greeting of the visitor is cold in the extreme, as the latter advances toward him with hand outstretched. "How do you do?" he says, curtly, then, crossing the room, he seats himself by his wife's side, a disturbed expression on his face.

Stella smiles archly up at him and lays a caressing hand upon his shoulder. "What a long time you have been away, dear. Were you detained? I thought you were never coming back."

"I did not expect to return until about five o'clock," he answers moodily, "and at any rate you have had company to console you during my absence," with a displeased glance towards Seaforth.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Seaforth has brought us some tickets for Duse's performance tonight. Will it not be delightful?"

Lord Castleton rises and walks over to the mantlepiece. There he turns and regards Seaforth with cold displeasure.

"I regret I have already made an engagement for this evening," he says decidedly, "so that it will be impossible for you to accept Mr. Seaforth's kind invitation."

Lady Castleton frowns. She is not accustomed to having her plans thwarted by the usually indulgent husband, to whom she has only been married a few months.

She darts a glance of keenest resentment toward him.

"But that need not deter us from accepting," she answers, petulantly. "Gladys and I can surely go under Mr. Seaforth's escort?"

Lord Castleton glances at his daughter.

"Do you care to go, Gladys?"

"No thank you, papa," she replies. "I have already made an engagement for this evening. I promised to spend a few hours with Lady Telfer."

Lady Castleton's face wears an evil expression as she darts a quick glance at her stepdaughter. Her resentment is swiftly subdued, however, and she says in her usual velvety tones:

"I think you might have consulted me, Gladys, before entering into any engagement. You will be unable to fulfil your promise upon this occasion."

Lady Gladys makes no reply, though her beautiful face wears a weary, strained expression that has grown familiar to it during the last few months, ever since her father had married this unknown woman of whose antecedents no one seems cognizant, save that prior to her marriage she had occupied the position of companion to a cantankerous old maid.

Gladys endeavors at all costs to keep the peace with her stepmother, though the two women have nothing at all in common, and derive not the least pleasure from one another's society. Already the girl is beginning to tire of her enforced submission to her stepmother's whims, but for her father's sake she endeavors to avoid an open breach, and on this occasion she is quite prepared to forego her projected visit; but Lord Castleton takes up the cudgels on his daughter's behalf with unusual warmth.

"Pardon me, Stella, Gadys will keep the engagement she has made. Lady Telfer is her godmother, and far too influential a person to be neglected. I regret that we shall be unable to avail ourselves of your kindness, Mr. Seaforth."

Her ladyship bites her lip and her eyes gleam dangerously for a moment. She would dearly love to defy her husband's authority and announce her intention of accompanying George Seaforth to the theater; but convention must be observed, and she has no mind to relinquish the social position to which she has so recently attained, so she contrives to subdue her rising anger, and turns with a smile to greet some visitors who are at that moment shown into the room.

Among them is the Duchess of Winterton, who is a social luminary of no mean order, and Stella colors with gratified pride, for her grace is recognized as a powerful factor in society, and her patronage tells heavily in favor to any aspirant for social success. The great lady's demeanor toward her hostess is, however, frigid in the extreme, and she makes no secret of the fact that her visit is paid to Gladys rather than to her stepmother, to whom she is coldly courteous and nothing more.

This was galling in the extreme to a woman of Lady Castleton's temperament. She had set herself to cultivate the best society, and it was annoying to be met by so chilly a reception at the outset.

Gladys greets her with evident pleasure, and the two are soon chatting gaily, while Lady Castleton finds herself somewhat neglected.

Her grace issues a warm invitation to Gladys to visit her at Winterton House, and expresses a hope that Lord and Lady Castleton will dine with her during their daughter's stay.

George Seaforth takes his leave immediately after the duchess's departure, and Gladys quits the room to prepare for dinner.

Lady Castleton looks after her young stepdaughter's graceful figure with a glance of ill-concealed annoyance.

"Apparently Gladys is a highly important young person," she says, with a sneer. "The duchess appeared to barely recognize my existence."

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear,' answers his lordship, somewhat testily, "the duchess has known Gladys since her babyhood, and she was an intimate friend of my late wife's; it is perfectly natural that she should interest herself in her daughter. I think you are making a great mistake in seeking to quarrel with Gladys. She is quite prepared to treat you with frendliness, but you incessantly attempt to annoy her."

"Frendliness!" echoes Lady Castleton, with a derisive laugh. "She looks upon me as an interloper, and is at no pains to conceal her aversion to me. If I were not to assert myself sometimes—"

Lord Castleton waves his hand impatiently. "There, there, Stella, that will do. If you cannot agree with Gladys I am convinced it is not her fault. I always find her amiable enough myself."

Whereupon her ladyship breaks into a storm of weeping, which it takes his lordship some time to soothe, and at length he quits the room with a sigh, sorely disturbed and ill at ease. Already he is beginning to ask himself whether his marriage is a mistake, for the new Lady Castleton is both impervious and extravagant, though he is still sufficiently under the spell of her beauty to be unable to gauge the true depths of her character.

The following afternoon Lady Castleton is driving in the Row with her smart victoria and pair of dantily stepping chestnuts. The air is mild for the time of year, although the wind is somewhat keen, and her ladyship leans back gracefully, enjoying to the full the evident interest her appearance excites. She bows to one or two people who she knows, and George Seaforth and one or two other men come up to speak to her when her dainty little equipage is drawn up by the rails for a few moments.

Her husband and stepdaughter are riding together, and as they canter past she turns to cast an envious glance at Gladys' girlish figure. The sun gleams upon her bright hair, which is gathered into a simple knot beneath her small riding hat, and turns it into gold, and intensifying the delicate purity of her complexion. Though Stella does not like the girl she is forced to admit that she is extremely beautiful.

After a few moments' conversation with Seaforth, she gives the signal to be driven home, and bows a graceful adieu to her cavaliers.

Just before she reaches her own door her glance falls upon a shabbily-dressed woman who is threading her way wearily along, glancing neither to the right nor left, as she walks listlessly on; but Lady Castleton's cheeks are blanched with a sudden terror as she catches sight of the bent, dejected figure, and her eyes grow wide with fear. Hastily she averts her gaze, shrinking back in overwhelming dread lest the strange woman may have seen and recognized her. Apparently she is totally unconscious of the elegantly-dressed lady who is driven past, but Stella's heart almost seems to cease beating until the danger is passed.

When she reaches her own door she springs out and up the steps. Entering the dining-room she sinks into a chair as though completely exhausted, and her maid who appears at that moment is alarmed at the ashy pallor of her face. Her pale lips can scarcely frame words, but the maid rightly interprets her request for brandy, which she administers, and in a few moments the color begins to creep back slowly into her mistress's pallid cheeks.

"It is nothing, Robson," she says, a few moments later, when the fierce pain at her heart had somewhat abated. "I am all right now, you needn't say anything about it to his lordship. I am subject to these attacks, but they soon pass."

She rises to her feet, though with evident effort, and slowly ascends the wide staircase to her own rooms; but her hands are clenched tightly and her lips set with the endeavor to retain her self-control.

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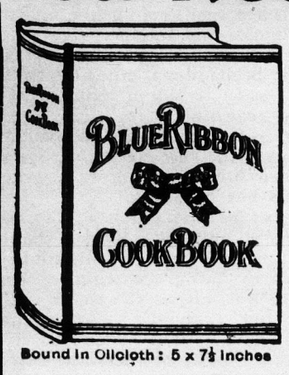


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### CHAPTER II.

AT WINTERTON HOUSE.

A couple of days later the duchess comes to fetch Gladys to pay her promised visit at Winterton House. The girl is warmly attached to the elder woman, and always looks forward to her visits to her with genuine pleasure, which has certainly not diminished since the advent of her stepmother.

The duchess is giving a party on the night of her arrival, and Lady Gladys attires herself in one of her loveliest gowns for the occasion. It is composed of soft pink silk, the bodice lightly draped with choice old lace, and the girl presents a charming picture with her beautiful clear-cut face and exquisite coloring.

She is taken into dinner by Lord Ellerton, a young noble whose head has been somewhat turned by the adulations of society. He is the owner of several estates and a considerable fortune, and in consequence is much sought after by maneuvering mammas. He is very much attracted by the simple, unaffected charm of the beautiful girl beside him, and the two young people appear to be extremely appreciative of one another's society.

Later on, in the drawing-room, he goes across to the duchess and asks softly, "Who is that charming girl I took in to dinner? I did not catch her name."

"Oh, that is Lady Gladys Monckton," his hostess replies; well pleased that her favorite has created so good an impression.

After a time Lord Ellerton contrives to make his way over to Gladys, but she is engaged in conversation with an elderly lady whom she appears to know intimately.

"I heard from my nephew—Eric Weston— today," says the elder lady. "I suppose you remember him, Gladys, do you not?"

"Why of course I do," answers the girl, laughing gaily. "Did I not meet him at a children's party at your house some few years ago? He was most attentive to me I remember."

Her companion smiles. "Well he appears to entertain a very pleasant recollection of you, and frequently asks after you in his letters."

The color in Lady Gladys' cheeks deepens as she answers: "What fun those parties used to be, Mrs. Cuthbertson. I don't think we have anything half so delightful now. Do you give children's parties still?"

"Certainly I do. You shall come to the next one if you like. Eric will be home by that time, I expect. He has got on remarkably well in Australia, but has recently inherited a fortune from his uncle and intends to settle down again in the old country."

Lord Ellerton frowns and passes on. He is not at all anxious for further news concerning the young man who always asks after Lady Gladys.

Apparently he is fated to meet with annoyance this evening, for a few moments later he encounters Lord Esdale—the Duke of Winterton's eldest son. "How do you like Lady Gladys Monckton?" he queries. "I saw that you took her in to dinner tonight."

"Oh, very well. She's rather a nice sort of girl, isn't she?"

"Rather nice!" echoes Lord Esdale, indignantly. "She's one of the nicest girls I ever met, and quite one of the prettiest, too. I have known her all my life, and we're great chums."

Later in the evening Lord Ellerton is chatting to a dowager friend of his mother's, while his eyes incessantly follow Gladys, who just then is talking in an animated fashion to Lord Esdale. His companion does not fail to notice his abstraction, and following the direction of his eyes she says:

"Esdale and Lady Gladys appear to get on remarkably well together, don't they? I wonder if they intend to make a match of it? I suppose his mother approves, or she would not invite her here so frequently, though I daresay she is not particularly happy at home."

"Is she not?" queried his lordship. He appears to take a deep interest in all that concerns Lady Gladys."

"Her father married a little while back, you know—some unknown woman whom no one visits. I don't know anything of her antecedents, but she is a remarkably beautiful woman. I feel almost tempted to call upon her myself."

"Why don't you?" he answers eagerly, "and allow me to accompany you. I am dying to see this extremely beautiful lady of unknown lineage."

Mrs. Stanhope laughs. "I will take you with me with pleasure if you wish. I have known Lord Castleton for many years, and there is no reason why I should not call on his wife."

A few days later Mrs. Stanhope fulfils her promise, and Lord Ellerton is taken to call upon the parents of the beautiful girl who has shed so potent a spell over him.

Lord and Lady Castleton are at home, but greatly to Lord Ellerton's chagrin Gladys is still absent at Winterton House.

Lady Castleton rises gracefully to receive her visitors, and Lord Ellerton's eyes have a gleam of puzzled recognition in them as they rest upon his hostess' face. Where can he have seen this woman before, he wonders. As they drive away he asks abruptly of his companion: "What was Lady Castleton's maiden name. Do you know?"

"Let me see—I did hear it. Oh, yes, of course, it was Courthorpe. Is it familiar to you?"

Ellerton shakes his head, the perplexity in his face deepening.

"I suppose you don't know anything of her people, do you?"

"Nothing at all," she answers. "She was companion to an old lady before Lord Castleton married her, and that is all I know—or anyone else either, I believe. However, she is an extremely beautiful woman."

"Oh, undeniably,' responds her companion, but he cannot rid himself of the impression that he has met this woman before, somewhere, though he cannot recall time or place.

Next day he meets the duchess with Gladys in the park, and she stops her carriage to speak to him, in answer to his imploring look. She is highly amused at his evident infatuation for her young protege, though she appears oblivious to his manifest endeavors to ascertain their plans. She sees through his maneuvers distinctly, and is not at all surprised when they meet him frequently at balls and dinner parties.

A few nights before Gladys' intended departure from Winterton House the duchess invites her father and stepmother to dine with her. She dislikes Lady Castleton but she would not offend her for the girl's sake.

Her grace's spacious drawing-room is well filled when Lord and Lady Castleton make their appearance, but the buzz of conversation grows perceptibly less at her ladyship's entrance.

She is looking superbly beautiful tonight, in a gorgeous gown of flame-colored velvet, which emphasizes her glowing southern beauty wonderfully. Her big dark eyes are alight with pleasure as she sails up the room toward her hostess, well aware of the many admiring glances which are being cast in her direction. Lord Esdale's eyes are fixed upon her with undisguised admiration, and he hastens forward eagerly to secure an introduction. Throughout the evening he pays Lady Castleton marked attention, to her grace's unutterable annoyance, and his openly displayed infatuation is remarked upon by many people.

Next day he calls to see Stella at her home in Mayfair, and upon many successive days he is also to be found there. Lord Castleton is anything but pleased at the young man's frequent visits. Very often he returns to find his wife singing love songs to Esdale in the gloaming, while the infatuated young man leans over the piano, his gaze fixed adoringly upon the beautiful face of the singer. He looks upon Esdale almost as though he were a son of his own, for he has known him all his life, but he extremely annoyed at the boy's infatuation for his beautiful wife.

Lord Ellerton meanwhile has contrived to see a great deal of Lady Gladys. He adroitly ascertains the intended movements of her grace, and she and her protege meet him at most of the society functions which

they attend. Day by day he falls more deeply in love with the beautiful girl who accepts his attentions with an exasperating coolness and indifference.

The climax is reached at the Kennedy's ball, where, as usual, he makes his appearance immediately after the entrance of her grace and Gladys. The latter gives a smiling assent to his request for a dance, but he is much chargined to find that only one valse is available. He frowns darkly at the row of straggling heiroglyphics, then glances up at the girl entreatingly.

"Cannot you possibly manage to give me a second dance?" he asks, with an imploring glance.

"I am sorry, but you are too late. You see my card is quite filled."

"But you can cancel one of these in my favor?" he asks, earnestly.

She looks up at him in genuine surprise.

"Oh, no that is out of the question."

Ellerton is extremely annoyed at his failure to secure any sign of preference from Lady Gladys, but determines to make the best of his single opportunity.

The duchess meanwhile has listened to the little colloquy with infinite amusement. She considers Lord Ellerton a terribly spoilt young man, and is of opinion that a little snubbing will be highly beneficial to him.

The room is crowded and extremely warm, and Lord Ellerton has no difficulty in persuading his partner to sit out their dance in the cool of the conservatory adjoining the ballroom.

"Mrs. Stanhope took me to call upon Lady Castleton yesterday afternoon," he said tentatively, anxious to see if she would evince surprise or displeasure.

"Indeed," she responds, in some surprise, "Did you find her in?"

"Oh, yes; thanks. What a charming woman she is."

The girl merely bowed her head in assent, and directs the conversation into other channels. Evidently she does not care to discuss her home life with him.

"I suppose you will soon be leaving Winterton House, will you not?" he queries, with a keen glance at the beautiful face.

"Oh, yes; papa is anxious for me to return. I shall be here only a few days longer."

Just then, to his keen annoyance, the duchess approaches.

"Why did you not bring Lady Gladys back to me?" she asks, reproachfully. I have been searching everywhere for you."

Her grace insists upon returning to the ballroom, where Gladys is instantly carried off by eager partners, and Lord Ellerton has no opportunity of further conversation with her that evening. On his way home that night he decides that he will call upon Lord Castleton next morning, and ask his consent to his marriage with Gladys.

The former is considerably astonished when the young man presents himself with a request to be allowed to propose to his daughter. He is not altogether prepossessed in this suitor's favor, for it is plain from his manner that he looks upon an alliance with himself as an indisputable honor.

"If my daughter chooses to accept your proposal, Lord Ellerton, I shall raise no objection, but the decision rests entirely in her own hands. Shall I acquaint her with your proposal?"

"Oh, no, thank you," replies the suitor, eagerly. "I merely wished to ask your permission before attempting to win Lady Gladys' heart. I dare not flatter myself that she would accept me were I to propose to her immediately."

Lord Castleton invites him to remain to luncheon, an invitation which is accepted with alacrity.

Although Lady Castleton treats her guest with extreme cordiality, his former unfavorable opinion of her is deepened upon this occasion, and again he is assailed by that inexplicable sense of familiarity. On leaving the house an hour later, he encounters Lord Esdale.

"Hullo!" exclaims his lordship. "Where are you bound for?"

"Well, I was about to call on your mother, if it is not too early."

"Have you been to the Castletons?"

Ellerton nods. "Yes, I have been lunching there; but I was not at all sorry to quit her ladyship's society. What on earth possessed Castleton to marry her? I wonder where on earth he can have met her?"

"I don't know what you mean by that," cries Esdale, indignantly. "She is a woman any man might fall in love with. In my opinion, she's one of the most beautiful women I've ever met, and her singing is divine."

Ellerton utters an impatient exclamation.

"Really, Esdale, you seem determined to make a fool of yourself. I must confess that I cannot understand your infatuation for a woman of that description."

Esdale flushes crimson as he extends his hand in farewell.

"As we're not likely to agree upon that subject, Ellerton, it isn't much use discussing it any further. Good-by."

The two men take leave of one another, and Ellerton is fully aware that Esdale will pay no heed to his words, but will pursue his way blindly in defiance of the advice of his friends, for the sake of the woman who appears to have so powerful a fascination for him.

That afternoon Gladys finds herself left alone in the drawing-room with Lord Ellerton, and the unusually grave expression of his face warns her that he is about to speak upon some matter of moment. Instinctively she draws a little away from him, but her evident reluctance only serves to increase his ardor, for Ellerton is not used to being treated in this fashion.

His manner is perfection, as—having acquainted her with his interview with Lord Castleton—very courteously and deferentially he lays his proposal before her. He tells her that he does not presume to think that she already cares for him, but if she will allow him he hopes in time to be able to win her love.

Gladys colors deeply. "I am extremely honored by your proposal, Lord Ellerton," she answers nervously, "but I have known you such a short time, and I——"

"But there is no need for you to decide just yet," he cries, eagerly. "I know perfectly well that it is impossible you should care for me yet, but won't you give me an opportunity of endeavoring to gain your affection—that is all I ask."

"I think it would be better to let me answer in the negative now, Lord Ellerton; I could not guarantee that I should ever care for you; indeed, I think it is most unlikely. It would be far wiser for you to give up all thought of me."

"But is there anyone else whom you care for?"

"No," she answers, reluctantly.

"Then I am content to wait in the hope of gaining your love," he says. "May I?"

And although Gladys is greatly averse to his project, she cannot very well decline a suitor who pleads so humbly to be allowed to gain her hand.

The duchess is full of curiosity to hear how Ellerton's wooing has sped, for she gleans nothing from the expression of Gladys' face. His lordship does not look crestfallen, neither does he wear the aspect of radiant happiness which one expects of a man who has recently been accepted by the lady of his choice.

Gladys explains the situation, and her grace laughs.

"I expect you will marry him in the end," she says, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.

"Oh, no, I really don't think so," says Gladys earnestly. "I would much rather have refused him definitely if he would have allowed me."

Ellerton is so constantly at her side after this that people begin to look upon their engagement as a matter of course. Two days later Gladys returns to her own home.

She is accompanied by the duchess, who is none too pleased to discover her son in Lady Castleton's drawing-room, though no inkling of the intimacy between them has reached her. Her visit is as brief as it consistent with the demands of etiquette, and when she rises to go she glances across sternly at her son.


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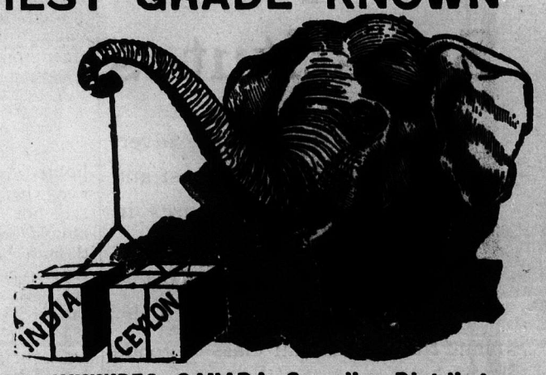


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will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 8-C free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00. Removes Soft Bunches, Cures Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands. Allays Pain. Mfd. only by

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# Accept no Substitutes

In this issue we have the advertisements of many of the largest and best-known business houses in America. Some of these firms have spent fortunes in advertising a trade-marked line and in creating a demand for a particular class of goods which have stood the test of time.

We invite you to buy in this market in full confidence that you will be fairly treated.

But if, because of the announcements on these pages, you go to your dealer to make a purchase of some article recommended, we urge you to insist upon getting what you ask for. Do not accept substitutes for advertised articles, which, for purpose of his own, the dealer may offer. In fairness to yourself, as well as to the advertisers, when you are convinced that you want an article advertised in this magazine, do not accept something else, although it may be described as "just as good."

The advertised article has stood the test of time. The substitute, as a rule, is a cheap imitation. Don't be humbugged.

**The Western Home Monthly**

**EASY MONEY**

The $10.00 shares of the Consoldated Laundry Co. of New York earn 25% dividends, and enhance to $100. Salesmen wanted. Investigate MANHATTAN FINANCE CO., 1 Madison Ave., New York.

"Esdale, I am ready to go. You may as well accompany me."

He rises reluctantly, and lingers behind a few minutes to exchange some parting words with his hostess.

"Are you in the habit of paying visits to Lady Castleton?" demands her grace sternly, when they are seated in the carriage.

"I have only known Lady Castleton a very short time," he answers evasively, "so that I can scarcely say that I am 'in the habit of visiting her'; but why should you be surprised to discover me in your friend's house?"

"Pardon me," his mother interrupts, with some asperity. "Lady Castleton is not a friend of mine."

"Really?" he answers, in a sneering tone. "That is news to me, then. It was certainly at our house that I first met her, and she is an extremely beautiful woman—say what you like about her."

"She is Lord Castleton's wife," responds her grace frigidly.

"Unfortunately," answers her son. "If she were single, I should certainly ask her to become Lady Esdale."

The duchess is too absolutely horrified to reply, and the rest of the drive home is passed in utter silence. Her grace is greatly disturbed by her son's unmistakable infatuation, and having communicated her fears to her husband, she entreats him to remonstrate with Esdale; but he laughs at her fears, and declares that there is not the least danger—the boy's infatuation will soon pass.

His wife does not take his view of the matter, however, though she is forced for the present to ignore the boy's folly. She knows he loves Lady Castleton.

## CHAPTER III.

### FLIGHT.

Lord Castleton is unfeignedly delighted at his daughter's return, and even her stepmother appears glad to see her again. Lord Ellerton comes almost every day to visit them, and though he has taken a great dislike to Lady Castleton, he contrives to conceal his sentiments towards her for the sake of the girl he loves.

Lord Castleton and his wife are gradually drifting wider apart. Stella has never had any real affection for her middle-aged husband, but now she treats him with the cool frigidity bordering upon dislike, while the warm affection he had once entertained for her has merged into indifference, although he is still proud of the sensation created by her beauty, and grudges her nothing, though she is undeniably extravagant.

She has become strangely disturbed and restless during the last few weeks, and an unexpected knock at the door or the sound of a passing footstep will often cause her to turn ghastly pale, while she trembles violently, and looks as if she were about to faint. Gladys and her father become greatly alarmed by these nervous attacks, which occur with increasing frequency, and one day she appears so very ill that a doctor is sent for. He looks very grave, and inquires if Lady Castleton has had any recent mental trouble.

"Oh, no," answers Lady Gladys. "She has had no anxiety that we are aware of. I came into the drawing-room this afternoon, and found her looking out of the window. Suddenly she turned and collapsed in a heap on the floor. We gave her some brandy, and she revived a little, but I really thought at first she was dying."

After a time Lady Castleton rises and declares herself to be completely recovered. "It is nothing, really," she says impatiently. "I have been subject to these attacks the whole of my life, and there is not the least need for alarm."

The cause of her illness had been nothing more than the casual glimpse of a woman's face, a shabby, wretched-looking woman, who scanned the windows of Carnchester Terrace closely. She does not know in which of the houses her ladyship resides, but undoubtedly she is looking for her. Only a couple of days earlier she encountered her when she was out driving, and now she has evidently ascertained the whereabouts of Lady Castleton's home. But a short period can elapse before she will have tracked her down, and the sight of that pale, haggard face peering so dangerously near has filled her ladyship with terror.

There is a rap at the door, and Stella starts to her feet, her heart beating fiercely in her ears, and a hectic color glowing in her cheeks.

"Who is it?" she asks, excitedly, as the maid enters.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but his lordship was so anxious that I should give you this note I didn't like to refuse."

Lady Castleton takes the note with trembling fingers, and her eyes flash as she recognizes the handwriting.

"You may come back presently for an answer," she says, and the maid quietly withdraws.

The note is from Lord Esdale, and the contents do not surprise her in the least. He entreats her to leave her husband's roof and fly with him. He vows that if she consents he will marry her immediately she obtains a divorce, and concludes with a request that she will grant him an interview.

Stella is almost at the end of her resources, and is sorely tempted to accede to his plan, for the woman who is so diligently searching for her does not know her by her present title, and if she hears of the disappearance of Lady Castleton it will convey nothing to her. In any case she will be compelled to seek safety in flight very shortly, and the only thing to be decided is whether she will go alone or with Lord Esdale. Taking a pencil and a sheet of paper, she writes:

"The National Gallery, Florentine Room, Thursday, at three o'clock."

She attaches no signature, and places the message in a blank envelope, which she hands to the maid upon her return. She is still undecided whether she will accept Esdale's proposal, but, at any rate, she can meet him on Thursday, and by that time she will have decided upon a course of action.

She has arranged to give a dinner party that evening, and though she is still feeling ill and unnerved, she decides that she must enact the role of hostess, and receive her guests as though nothing has happened, otherwise she may be prevented from keeping her appointment with Esdale the following day.

She had already arranged an expedition to the National Gallery with Gladys and Ellerton, but she has no doubt that she will be able to slip away from them to meet her lover. She forces herself to rise and complete her toilet, and as she proceeds the color gradually returns to her cheeks and the brilliancy to her eyes. When she enters the drawing-room an hour later, attired in a gorgeous gown of rustic velvet embroidered in orange, she looks wonderfully beautiful, and her husband glances at her with unmistakable pleasure. Her guests are charmed by her beauty and vivacity, for if she does not intend to remain much longer beneath her husband's roof she is determined to win all the admiration she can before she goes.

It is a rainy, unpleasant night, and the dismal streets are wet. Under the brilliantly-lighted windows of the dining-room a bent, shabbily-dressed figure is standing, who, could the fair chatelaine see her, would swiftly banish the roses from her ladyship's cheeks. She dare not linger too long, for fear of the police, but she glances up at the lighted windows with an expression of concentrated malignity in her face. Undoubtedly, Lady Castleton's day of reckoning is close at hand.

Next day it is hopelessly wet, and Lady Gladys, regarding the doleful vista of streaming pavements and mud-encumbered road which is presented to her gaze, makes the suggestion that their expedition shall be postponed. Lady Castleton, however, negatives this proposition decidedly.

"I am not afraid of a little rain," she declares scornfully. "However wet it may be, I intend to go. Of course, you can please yourself."

But Lady Gladys assents wearily—she usually gives in to her imperious stepmother's wishes, and at two-thirty the carriage comes round, and the three of them set off together.

The rain is coming down in a steady stream, and Lady Gladys sighs as she looks out at the dismal prospect. Already she is heartily tired of Lord Ellerton's devotion, and she is quite certain that she will never regard him with the least affection; but apparently it is impossible to convince him of the hopeless nature of his suit, which he continues to prosecute with unflagging ardor.

It is Stella who has planned the visit to the National Gallery, for Lady Gladys is not particularly interested in paintings, but she follows her stepmother listlessly from room to room. Their inspection of the pictures occupies some time, and it is almost half-past three ere they reached the room where Stella has arranged to meet Lord Esdale.

He does not see Gladys and Ellerton as he advances eagerly, with an exclamation of pleasure.

"At last!" he says, impetuously. "How late you are!"

"Hush!" she says, with a warning glance, and his face clouds as he observes her companions.

Lord Ellerton frowns as he recognizes Esdale, for he has no doubt that the meeting has been prearranged. He greets the young man coldly, and calls Lady Gladys' attention to a picture at the farther end of the room. They go off together to inspect it, and when they return Lord Esdale and her stepmother have disappeared.

Lady Gladys evinces no surprise, nor does she feel that there is any need for alarm, and she and Ellerton complete the round of the galleries. Still, there is no sign of the missing couple, and Gladys' face grows a little anxious.

"Is there any need for us to wait for them?" asks Ellerton. "Perhaps they have returned already?"

"Oh, no, I am quite sure Stella would not do that; but you might go and see if the carriage is still there, then we shall be quite sure."

He departs to fulfil her behest, and Lady Gladys is not at all sorry to be left, for she has had so much of Ellerton's society of late that she can well dispense with it for a time. She is thinking over the situation as she sits awaiting his return. She decides that it is impossible she should ever care for him sufficiently to become his wife, and that she must persuade her father to dismiss him. "Then," she says to herself, dreamily, "then I shall be free; how nice it will be." Suddenly she starts up with an exclamation of astonishment, as a tall blue-eyed man with a sun-burnt face advances eagerly towards her.

He extends his hand with a pleasant smile.

"Surely you are Lady Gladys Monckton?" he queries.

"Yes, indeed. And you are Eric Weston, are you not?" she answers, shaking hands with him cordially, her face reflecting the evident pleasure she feels.

"I am indeed pleased to see you. I consider myself singularly fortunate to meet you again so soon. Do you know that I only landed in England yesterday, and have already been plaguing my aunt to bring me to call upon you. You have not changed a scrap," he declares, eyeing her with a glance of frank admiration. Just then Eric's aunt, Mrs. Cuthbertson, joins them, and Lady Gladys tells her that she is waiting for her stepmother and Lord Esdale.

Mrs. Cuthbertson utters an exclamation of astonishment.

"I am afraid you are waiting in vain," she says, with a puzzled expression upon her face. "I saw Lord Esdale just stepping into a hansom at the entrance as I came in, about an hour ago. A lady was with him, but I did not see her face. She wore a dark-blue dress and a blue toque with a bunch of cherries at the side."

Gladys starts as she recognizes the description of her stepmother's dress. What can be the meaning of her extraordinary behavior?

Just then Lord Ellerton comes back, looking considerably annoyed.

"The carriage is still here," he exclaims, "and I cannot see Lady Castleton anywhere. The rain is coming down in sheets; it is no use to wait any longer."

Gladys tells him that Mrs. Cuthbertson saw Esdale drive off in company



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with a lady who was dressed similarly to Lady Castleton, and his face lengthens considerably.

"It will be best for you to return at once," he says, in tones of intense vexation. "Perhaps Mrs. Cuthbertson will be good enough to go with you."

"Certainly," she answers, and the two men see them into the carriage. Lady Gladys feels strangely puzzled and alarmed. Lord Ellerton looks so grave, and Eric's pleasant face wears a decidedly anxious expression. She does not put her fears into words, and she leans back in the corner of the carriage, miserably anxious and silent, as they drive home.

A vague, intangible dread has taken possession of her, and she implores her companion to come with her to acquaint Lord Castleton with the news of Stella's disappearance.

"Of course, she may come back very soon'" she says, though in her heart she feels the fallacy of her words; "but I should be so glad if you would explain to papa for me."

The elder woman shakes her head.

"I am afraid she doesn't intend to come back, my dear," she says, kindly, "but I will certainly acquaint your father with the circumstances, if you wish."

As they alight from the carriage, a worn, haggard-looking woman approaches, and peers curiously into their faces; but it is neither of them whom she seeks, and she passes on in a weary dispirited fashion. Had they but known it, here is the cause of Lady Castleton's flight.

Meantime, the fugitive pair are being driven swiftly toward Charing Cross station, en route for Dover and Calais, Paris being their ultimate destination. They reach Dover, and are about to proceed to the landing-stage, when Lord Esdale suddenly clutches his companion's arm, and points with shaking hand to the contents bill of a newspaper, which is displayed upon the railway bookstall.

"Look," he gasps, and Stella, following the direction of his eye in terrified amazement, reads:

SPECIAL EDITION.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE DUKE OF WINTERTON.

"My father!" he murmurs under his breath. "Can it be possible? I saw him yesterday morning, and he was in perfect health then. Oh, Stella! what is to be done?"

Stella's face darkens. This sudden contretemps is extremely annoying. How provoking that Esdale should have caught sight of that wretched news bill! Now he will insist upon returning home, she supposes.

She turns upon him angrily.

"Well, what do you intend to do? I shall go on in any case."

He glances at her imploringly.

"Darling, I have no choice in the matter. I am compelled to return to London, but I will join you at the earliest possible moment. You had better go on by this boat, and I will come to you as soon as possible."

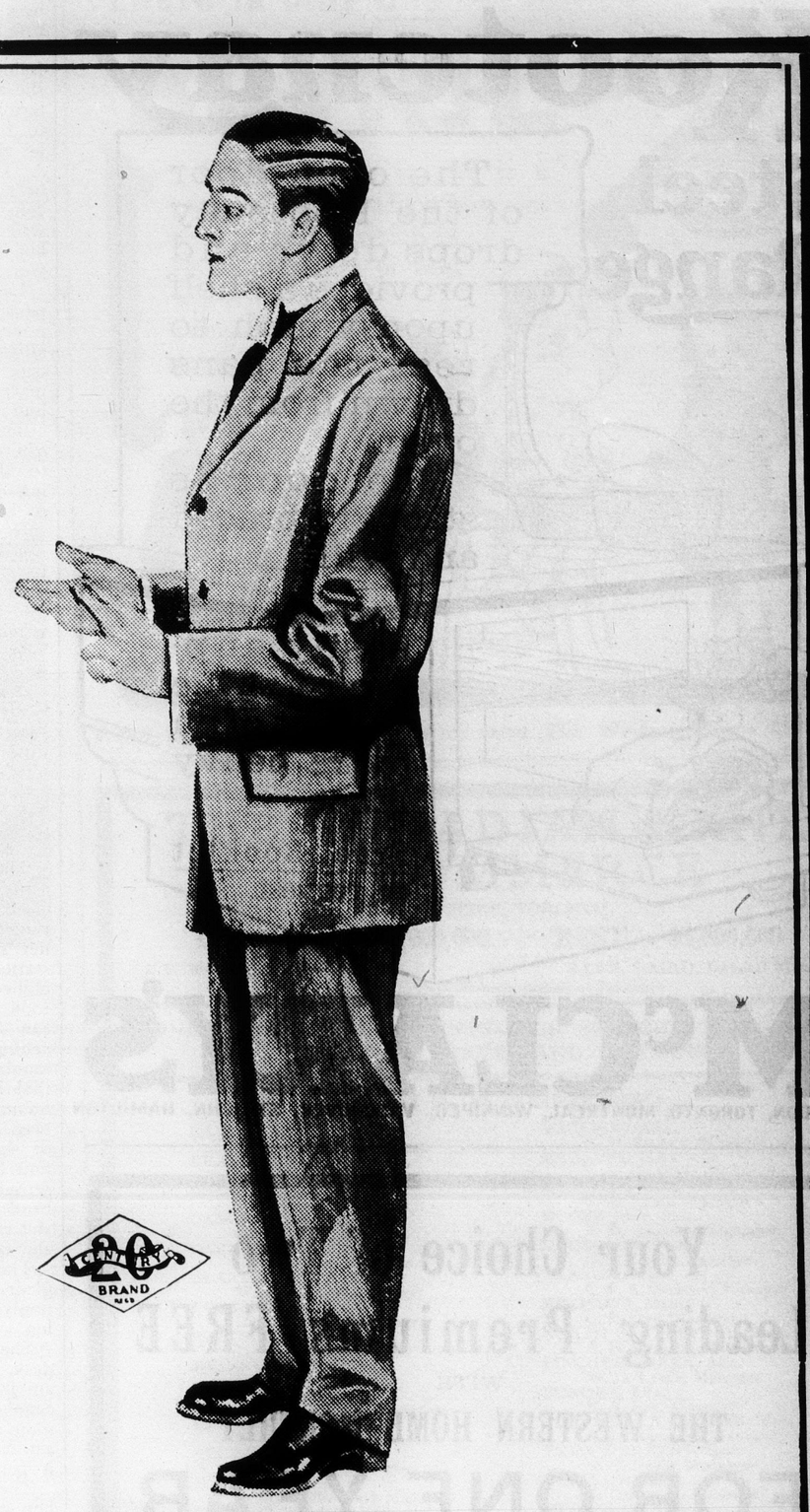
Stella demurs, but ultimately is forced to assent to his proposition, and half an hour later the big steamer is bearing her across the Channel, while Esdale is speeding back to London as fast as steam can carry him.

Lord Castleton is furious when he is acquainted with the news of his wife's flight. She has brought disgrace upon a name which has hitherto been stainless, and he determines that he will free himself from her as soon as the law allows.

He rages and storms, and Lady Gladys, who has never before seen her father so terribly angry, is perfectly terrified. To her inexpressible relief, Mrs. Cuthbertson proposes that she should come on a visit to her immediately.

"You know, dear, that you will be unable to go about by yourself, and, of course, it is impossible that you should go to the duchess at present. I will try and persuade your father to let you come."

Lord Castleton proves perfectly amenable, for he feels that he cannot live on in the house where he has lived with Stella, and Mrs. Cuthbertson's proposition presents a simple way out of the difficulty. If Gladys goes to her,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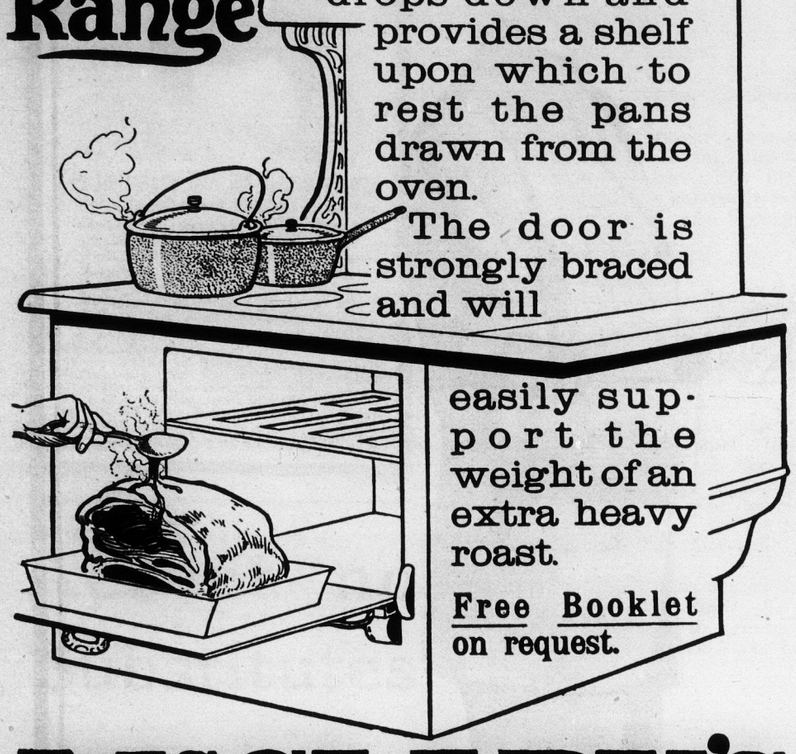

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he can shut the house up and go abroad for a time.

It is arranged that she shall go the following day, and, before she leaves, she asks her father to write to Lord Ellerton, telling him that she has come to the conclusion that she will never be able to marry him.

"You are quite in earnest about this?" he asks. "Remember, you would enjoy considerable advantages as Ellerton's wife. I don't care for the man myself, but I want you to fully realize what you are giving up."

Lady Gladys laughs. "Never fear, papa. I don't in the least mind renouncing the prospective glories of an alliance with Lord Ellerton. I don t care for him, and therefore will not marry him. Will you please write to him at once?"

The letter is despatched, and that afternoon Gladys departs upon her visit to Mrs. Cuthbertson, while the following day Lord Castleton quits the house to which he had brought Stella with such fond expectations of happiness.

Gladys is extremely happy with her friends. They treat her as if she were a daughter of their own, and Eric Weston, who makes his home with them, is unfeignedly delighted at her advent. The two young people spend a great deal of time in one another's society, and gradually the warm liking which already exists between them ripens into something deeper, and a very short time elapses ere Lady Gladys becomes Eric's promised wife.

### CHAPTER IV.

RUN TO EARTH.

The wretched woman who had scrutinized Gladys and her companion so closely as they alighted from the carriage, passes on dejectedly, and bends her steps towards the nearest police station. She is drenched with rain and chilled to the bone. She has tasted no food since the preceding day, and she can scarcely drag herself along for the aching weariness of her limbs. Her numbed brain is pondering a problem that is difficult to solve. Shall she denounce the woman for whom she has been searching so long and fruitlessly, or shall she make yet another effort to find her and buy her silence? But her senses are beginning to reel and her head is strangely dizzy. She feels that she cannot possibly go any further, and she is absolutely penniless.

The bright light of the station lamp gleams out above her head, and stumblingly, gropingly, she enters the building.

She advances towards the inspector's desk, and in answer to his query: "I am Jane Robson, who is wanted for the Staplefield mystery!" she said, in tremulous tones. "Oh, you needn't look so astonished. I'm not mad. You'll find it perfectly true."

The inspector commences to question her and ascertains that her story is correct.

Five years have elapsed since the Staplefield murder case set all London agog, and the affair had remained unsolved until the present day. An elderly man named Blake, who was married to a woman very much younger than himself, died suddenly, leaving the whole of his fortune to his wife unreservedly. Subsequently a second will was found, which had been drawn up a few days prior to his death, by which he bequeathed all his money to a distant relative. Foul play was suspected, and the widow was arrested upon a charge of having poisoned him, but the crime could not be clearly proved against her, for the maid, who was alleged to have bought the poison for her mistress, had disappeared, and all efforts to trace her proved fruitless.

The case had almost entirely slipped from the memory of the public when Jane Robson, the missing maidservant, surrenders herself at the police court in a destitute condition.

The papers are full of the latest police court sensation, and widespread interest is excited by the case, but Lady Castleton, who is waiting in a small country place outside Paris for her lover to join her, does not chance to see a London newspaper, and so is unaware of the danger which menaces her.

A couple of days later she is seated in the window gazing down the long white road which leads to the railway station.

Esdale has written to say that his father is now happily out of danger, and that he will be with her immediately. "He may arrive at any moment now," she tells herself, and as she sits scanning the long, straight road a little cloud of dust arises in the distance.

"At last!" she says to herself, joyfully, as she rises to glance at her reflection in the long mirror. Her dress is in perfect order, and she regards herself with some satisfaction, for her gown of reseda velvet becomes her admirably. Her hand goes stealthily towards her bosom, where lies concealed a tiny phial containing some dark liquid, for Stella has gone in fear and trembling for so many years that she has never been quite able to rid herself of the haunting fear which still dogs her footsteps.

The small closed vehicle turns in at the gate and rumbles up the short, flagged approach to the house. Stella holds the window curtain aside, and glances out eagerly, but the next instant the curtain falls from her nerveless fingers, and she starts back with a terrified cry, her beautiful eyes dilated with horror. The approaching vehicle contains two men, neither of whom is Esdale, and as Stella's gaze falls upon the face of one of them her face grows gray, realizes that her hour has come.

The police officer who was employed at the time of her previous trial, accompanied by another man, stands upon the doorstep waiting to be admitted. She hears a resounding peal at the bell, and knows perfectly well that this man will recognize her the moment he sees her. Swiftly she draws the little bottle from its hiding-place, raises it to her lips, and swallows the contents.

The two men enter hurriedly the next moment, but are only just in time to catch her as she utters a groan and sways forward. They bend over her anxiously, but she is quite dead. Their victim has escaped them.

A few moments later the sound of wheels is again heard, and immediately afterwards Esdale dashes into the room. He is overwhelmed with horror at the sight which greets his eyes.

"You murderers!" he cries, turning upon the police officers fiercely. "She has suffered from heart disease for years, and you have killed her."

"No, no, my lord," says the man who is supporting Stella in his arms. "She has taken her own life without a doubt. Prussic acid is the cause of it."

Esdale is at first incredulous, but when the little phial is produced he is compelled to believe, and on hearing the details of Stella's crime he rushes out of the house in a distracted condition. He does not return, and a few days later his body is recovered from the lake where he has sought relief from his sorrows in death.

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There went a man from home, and to
his neighbours twain
He gave. to keep for him, two sacks of
golden grain.
Deep in his cellar one the precious
charge concealed,
And forth the other went, and sowed it
in his field.
The man returns at last—asks of the
first his sack,—
"Here, take it, it is the same; thou hast
it safely back."
Unharmed it shows without; but when
he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there finds he
no more;
One-half of all therein proves rotten
and decayed,
Upon the other half have worm and
mildew preyed,
The putrid heap to him in ire he doth
return.
Then of the other asks, "Where is my
sack of corn?"
Who answered, "Come with me, and
see how it has sped"—
And took and showed him fields with
waving harvests spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out,
and cried, "This one
Had insight to make up for the other
that had none;
The letter he observed, but thou the
precept's sense;
And thus to me and thee shall profit
grow from hence;
In the harvest thou shalt fill two sacks
of corn for me,
The residue of right remains in full
for thee."



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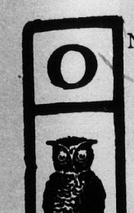

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# Two Months in a Gipsy Camp.

By Olivia M. Phelps.

ONCE in a lifetime the primeval creature breaks loose from the shackles of convertional every-day life, and clamors for its original environment. The most of us give heed to the feeling, but in a half-hearted way which brings little or no surcease from that insistent "call of the wild" which nearly every man knows.

Fate intervened when I was weary of the commonplace, and in a single night I was transported to another age, to a life far removed from the clamour of a nineteenth century town. Passing through the city was a gipsy caravan. A few minutes' talk with the zamasos, the clink of silver, a change of dress, and the transformation was made. In two hours' time I had bridged the distance that lies between the then and the now. I was back among nearly aboriginal conditions, and after the first night on the road I decided to live the life of the stroller for the next two months, free from baths, save such as nature provides, far from the daily newspapers and mails, and with the songs of birds for a morning a them and an evening chant.

Preparing the Autumn Feast.

The next morning at daylight our camp was astir. By nine o'clock we were moving from the village. With us were nine lean, spavined horses that should have been turned out to grass and left to end their days in some green pasture.

"No matter," said the chief; "you will see. In two months it will be different."

Parenthetically, I wish to say that it was truth the old man spoke, for when I left them a few weeks later, they had sixteen specimens of good horseflesh obtained by trading. First, a horse blind on one eye for one that visually was sound, but had the distemper. He was exchanged for one that was slightly lame, the gipsy taking the chance of his safe recovery.

And so on, always bettering by the exchange.

We did not remain in one place over a week. Migratory in character, it is impossible for the true Zingaro to assume stability. Each camp is governed by a chief, who, in turn, is under the obedience of the Komava, the ruler of the United States, who is in communication with the real Queen, now about ninety-six years of age and living in Rumania. How intercourse is conducted I have been unable to ascertain, but I know that once each year her commands are received, and are transmitted to each Komava. Possibly Mr. Walter Patrick, of England, who is the only student of gipsy life and customs of whom I know, might throw light on the question.

The gipsies have many celebrations. I do not use the word holidays, for the entire summer is one long holiday to them. But in America they observe the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and of latter years Labor Day with the same zest as we do. It is the same in any country where their home may chance to be.

A little description of the occupation of one summer's day will serve to briefly show the habits and customs of the gipsy. They arise very early, and breakfast, as a meal at which all sit, is unknown to them. The women prepare the food as it is wanted. After breaking the fast the men, with the exception of the chief and one of the younger men, disperse to the country around, trading horses, stealing eatables, or if the camp be near a town, sending "gringoes" to the camp, where the older women, and oftentimes one or two of the younger ones, are waiting to tell fortunes if their palms are properly crossed. The old men are often employed in basket-making, constructing many beautiful articles of birchwood. The young women divide the outlaying country into districts, each to be traversed by one, and occasionally two of them. They will ask for anything they happen to want with a guilelessness which seldom fails of bringing to them the coveted article. Old dresses, hats, shoes, anything which can be either worn or sold—bread, doughnuts, or any baked stuff that may be on hand. If they fail in getting anything it will unquestionably be, "Have your fortune told, pretty lady?" varying the adjective with the person addressed. They can coax, cajole, wheedle, and if that does not bring the desired result, can storm and threaten until one yields, rather than longer listen.

Sitting Down to "Mersham."

The gipsy man in love is an interesting study. No languid, neurotic beauties for him. He wants a girl of his own people, who is learned in the art of extracting shekels from the unwary. She must be strong and healthy. He appraises her very much as


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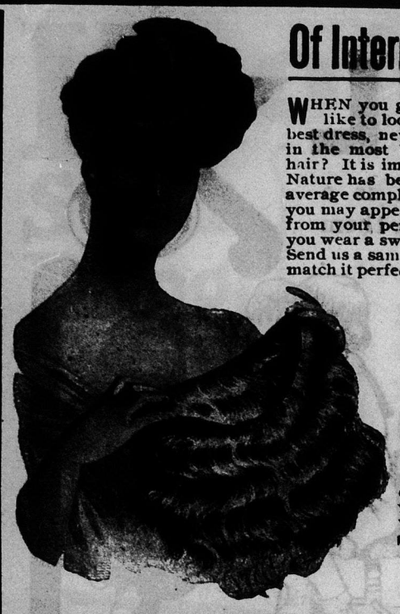

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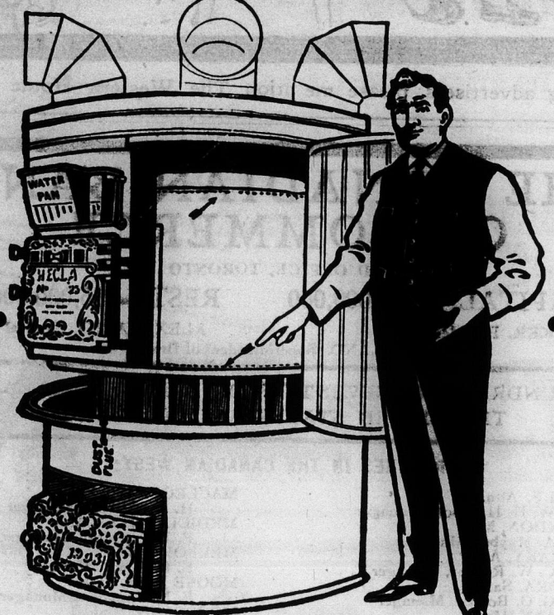


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The Fortune Teller.

he would a horse. Then he proceeds to fall in love. One of the curious customs of their courtship is the manner in which he first addresses her. Supper is over and the twilight hour has come. Suddenly the young man arises, takes from his pocket a scarlet handkerchief, crosses to where the girl is sitting, and says:

"Will you wear this on your head for me?"

If the young man is the favored one the answer is, "Yes, if you will tie it." This he proceeds to do, while the rest of the camp seem to notice nothing unusual. Then the couple disappear, coming back with arms interlocked and placid contentment on their faces. They go directly to the chief for the public announcement of their betrothal. Rings are interchanged. This ceremony is as binding as though it were spoken before a priest. After that, until the wedding day, the young couple are inseparable. Once married, and a change takes place. They are seldom seen together until after the birth of their first child. Then they are "lasgoes," old married folk, and their future actions are of little interest to the tribe.

You may have seen a gipsy wedding. I can assure you that the real ceremony was performed some hours before the public one, which was arranged solely for the cash it would bring the pair. The real marriage was performed by the chief, and is seldom witnessed by any alien. I saw the wedding of the chief's own daughter to a member of a nearby clan, and I do not feel that I am betraying secrets if I tell the happenings. The groom was rich, as gipsy wealth is counted, owned many horses, and the furnishings of his house on wheels were above the workingman's average. All the morning he remained secluded in his wagon, while his men friends, in holiday attire, stood at the door and jested with passers-by. Promptly at noon there was a stir in the camp. A procession of women, headed by the chief and the oldest woman of the tribe, approached. When within speaking distance of the tent the party halted, and the chief, in a loud voice, critd:

"Come forth, Vanega; it is thy wife who calls to thee."

Parting the curtains, the bridegroom said:

"Mother, if it be Sanna, the youngest daughter of my chief, bring her to me."

Sanna, clasping the old woman's hand, moved forward, her many bangles and armlets tinkling as she walked, until very near the door, when two of the groom's friends, who had been waiting, suddenly caught her by the arms and cried aloud:

"Here is thy wife, Vanega!" at the same moment pushing her toward him.

The groom replied: "Thou art welcome, tantra. Wilt thou enter and sit?"

She made some response, grasping the hand he held out to her, and entered, the young men pulling the curtains tightly about the door and standing guard. After a moment the chief said:

"And may I enter, my children?"

Receiving no consent, he, together with the rest of the tribe, passed through the entrance and came to the bride and groom, who stood hand in hand awaiting him. Lifting his hands above his head, he said:

"Vanega, I give thee Sanna for thy wife. She will cook thy dinner and bear thy children. As thou dealest with her, so will I deal with thee."

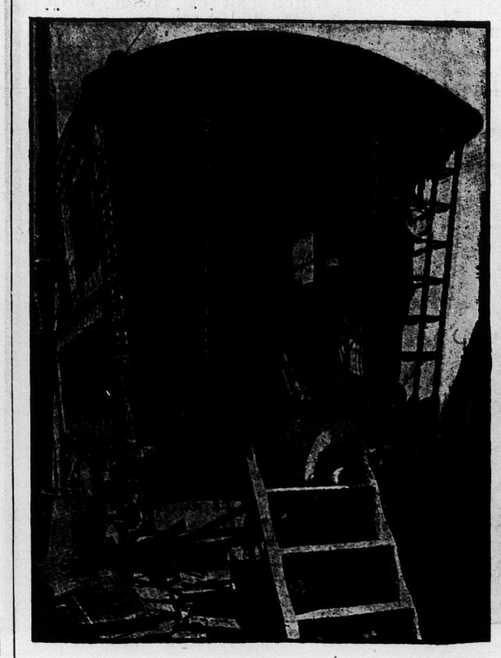
Turning to the mother, he said:

"Our child has left us. Bye-and-bye she will return, but not alone. Greet thou who comes with her."

Turning, he made some sign with his thumb and forefinger and passed from the house, followed by the onlookers.

That night there was another ceremony, at which a Justice of the Peace of the neighbourhood officiated. There was a feast, the giving of presents by everyone in the camp, including many visitors; and as the bride and groom left the fire and started toward their new home a shower of rice, mingled with barley, fell on them, and many wishes as to their future happy life were shouted after them.

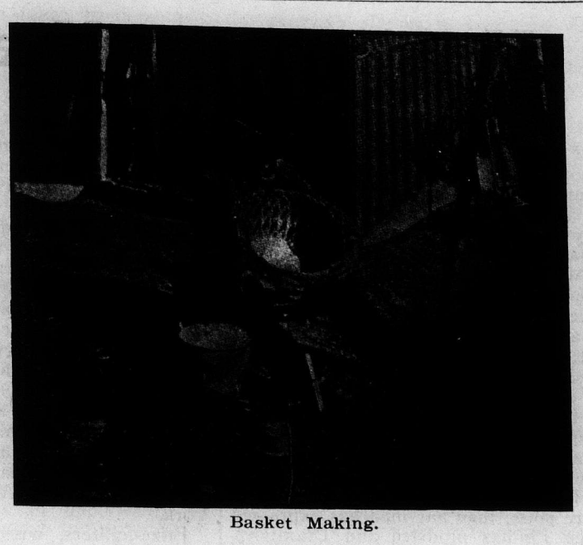
The Romany too, have a thanksgiving celebration. It comes October 2nd, and is in the nature of a harvest festival rather than for the commemoration of any date in their history. It is known as the Mersham, which translated, means good cheer. For days the enas are preparing food-stuff; suckling-pig (pilfered from the farmers round about and roasted), cassamenta, chicken prepared in some fashion unknown to housewives, corn cooked in water, with the inner husk left on the ear to keep in the flavor,



The Queen's Wagon.

roasted potatoes, and to finish the feast, zemistivi, which is indescribable. It takes the women all the morning to prepare the ingredients for zemistivi and six hours to cook it. It is steamed in a bag and is served with blazing brandy on its top.

But your gipsy is the only free man among the millions that throng this country! He pays no tithes, he has no cares. Is he hungry, a few minutes palaver with some farmer soon alters that; or, if he be far from the main road and there is a gnawing in his stomach, he takes a hitch in his belt, hums one of the strange minor melodies that are a heritage from whence no man knows, and goes lustily onward, very certain that he will strike "tattopani" shortly. Is he overtaken by night, when the camp is yet far away? He shrugs his shoulders, seeks some tree and very philosophically lays him down to rest until the first faint struggling of the dawn with night's blackness begins. He takes whatever Fortune sends with a queer little shrug of the shoulders, an expressive gesture with both hands and unbounded confidence in future happenings. His is a complex nature—the philosophy of the ancients, mingled with the credulity of a child.



Basket Making.

In my sojourn with them I found so much of interest that I often wonder why we have so little literature dealing with their lives. Is it because no gringo can comprehend sufficiently to write of it? Certain it is that no true gipsy will ever take the trouble to put on paper the record of his life or that of his tribe. I find a total lack of knowledge exists among my own race and kind regarding them. From whence did they come? Spain? England? Germany? No. Yet we have Spanish, English and German varieties of the Romany Rye. One thing is certain: Speak the "patter" to those of any clime and they will comprehend, be they from Armenia or England. The language is like that of the Hebrew, inasmuch as it is comprehended today the same as it was thousands of years ago. Yet unlike the language of the Talmud, no written records remains. And it is musical, their speech, full of soft gutturals, of sibilant phrasings. It is an admixture of every known language, with all harshness omitted.

The American gipsy, if one may use that term, is a dweller in the towns when the snow lies thick upon the field, but with spring's first warm breath he takes to the open as a beaver builds his dam, naturally, and as a matter of course. Restrictions are not to his liking. Laws were made to be broken, to his way of thinking. Steal? Lie? Take advantage of the most unadvantageous circumstances? to be sure. But their women are chaste, despite all it is said to the contrary. Religion? A full expression of gipsy beliefs would require a big volume, but I may say that he believes in one Supreme Being. His code of life is extremely simple.

"Do others, lest they do you" about expresses it.

He is a good parent, a model husband (or if he isn't, a knife in the hands of the injured wife soon straightens matters), and the only true cosmopolitan in all the world.

As you find him in America, so will you find him in any country that gives him shelter. The chances are that the dweller in the camp at High Bridge, New York, this past summer, may spend his winter in France. To known him thoroughly is to like him. Spend a summer with him, and you are his friend for life. After such an experience I am sure that you can never again breathe the soft spring air without the pent-up longing to be free finding some expression, if it be nothing else than a day in the country, under some tree, with the blue sky for canopy.

One summer's evening may serve as an expression of the life of this tribe. The work for the day was done. They were sprawled around the campfire in picturesque attitudes. Savory odors from the messov floated around, tanta Miriam occasionally coming to the circle of light and stirring the mixture, pausing oftentimes to absentmindedly slap some of the children who were, to her way of thinking making too much noise. After supper came a pleasant hour, the men with their pipes, the women with their knitting, and the social life of the camp was in full swing. Bresov told about his horse trade that morning. Zella laughed with a fine showing of her white teeth over the curious country women whose palms she had read. The children joined the circle, alert, eager with the curious intensity one can but observe in these children of a nomad race, to join the conversation. After a bit there was a stir back of the circle, and a moment later a fine tenor voice began the plaintive, soul-drawing, tear-moving ballad

Gipsy Children and Their Pet.

which every gipsy knows; I mean the Mistaaf. Black eyes flashed, gnarled hands covered seamed faces. When the last low note died on the air all was silent, nor did these erstwhile voluble folk again speak, save in monosyllables, before going to sleep.

I might write a volume on the curious folk-songs of these people. Some day I may. Suffice it to say that some of the most beautiful music of the world is embodied in the songs the Zingaro sings to his sweetheart, or the gipsy mother croons to her young hopeful.

---

It is a good thing to know when your conversation ceases to be interesting.

---

"Knowledge is power," remarked the quotation dispenser.

"That being the case," rejoined the man of original thought, "I suppose horse sense is horse power."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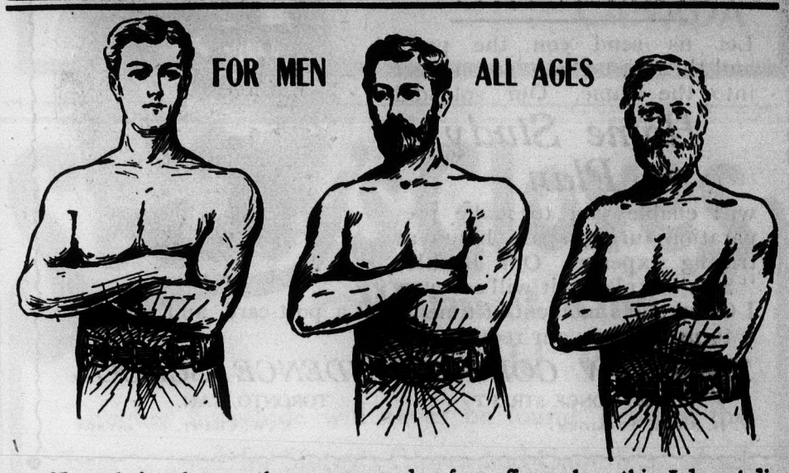


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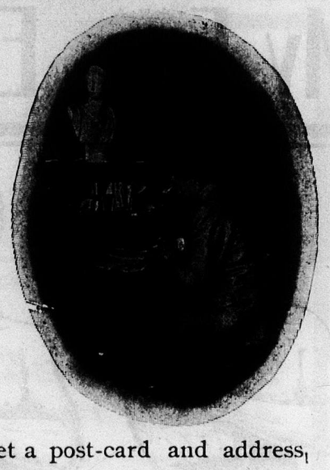

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# Muldoon and Health.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Professor William Muldoon—Muldoon the Solid Man! Muldoon the champion wrestler of the world! I have taken a few falls out of him in days agone—in a literary way—and what I will now say, I will say.

Muldoon has been pronounced by competent judges a perfect physical specimen of manhood. Not one man in a million can compare with him; and age, intelligence and physique considered, he probably is without a rival on earth.

He is exactly five feet ten, and weighs stripped, one hundred and eighty. He gives you a glimpse of Greece in the time of Pericles.

He has more dignity, more repose, more poise, than any man has expressed since Phidias modeled and Praxiteles carved.

He talks but little: he listens until the other man has talked himself out—his is a waiting game.

Knowing something of the traditions of the squared circle, you expect he will speak in a husky guttural, and say, "I trun him down—see!"

But this man surprises you with a light, musical, exquisitely modulated voice that comes from resonant air chambers, and a throat without a flaw.

It is a voice whose whispered word can fill a room; a voice that can ring out a cavalry command that can be heard for half a mile.

If needs be, it is a voice that could talk all day and never grow weak nor hoarse.

Muldoon has no suggestion of a foreign accent, and I will admit that a man by the name of Muldoon who has no brogue is a bit disappointing.

Every action of the man implies reserve; everything he does is well within his limit.

When he sits he does not cross his legs, play the devil's tattoo with his hands, twirl his moustache, stroke his hair, scratch his nose, adjust his necktie, nor examine his finger nails. He completes his toilet in his room.

Such control of nerves, such perfect self-possession, such absolute grace—clothed or stripped—gives hope that the spirit of Athens may yet to us return.

"I think," said Professor Muldoon to me, "I think my success—such as it is—as a trainer, has hinged on the fact that I have never worked for great muscular strength, simply for balance, or what you call mastery or control. Few men possess their bodies, rather the body bullies the mind all day long."

Please note the remark, and tell me if the colleges haven't something to learn from Muldoon? In fact, why doesn't Harvard hire him?

And the answer is, the services of Muldoon are not for sale, save as you go to him and become a part of his system.

* * *

Muldoon is rich, and he works now simply because he is wise and knows that no man can afford to be idle—that retiring on your laurels is death—unless you are working for new laurels. So Muldoon works at the task he likes, and in the way that pleases him.

When a youth he began to train as a wrestler; he evolved an idea, and this idea is that the mind of a man should rule his body, that the body should obey the mind.

And after nearly fifty years of work in physical training, there is only one word which for him looms large, and that is the word OBEY.

Muldoon made his body obey, and he became perfectly ambi-dextrous. Wrestling requires more science than boxing, and so he specialized on the mat instead of the gloves.

Then he took to training prize-fighters.

Members of the Society for Ethical Culture will recall that Muldoon trained Sullivan for his match with Kilrain, and acted as Sullivan's second at the ringside. John gave the sedative to every man he met as long as he was trained by Muldoon.

For a time the Solid Man succeeded in making John L. obey, but finally John L. decided that in all the bright lexicon of words there is no such word as obedience. Then it was that John fell an easy prey to Corbett, who weighed thirty pounds less, but had his body under control, so that it was the ready and willing servant of his mind.

A little later, Muldoon traveled with Maurice Barrymore and played the part of Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It," always giving a genuine exhibition for the ladies before Charles graciously allowed Orlando to win.

Next, he posed in living pictures, and gave lectures on health in various colleges. Ten years ago he established his present "Olympia," five miles back in the hills from White Plains, New York.

Prize-fighters, wrestlers and athletes are no longer the object of Muldoon's solicitude; his raw stock are business men, artists, lawyers, preachers and doctors who have gone the pace.

Muldoon has a system, a system never tried by any one else, because no other living man dare attempt it, knowing perfectly well it would fail.

And if you know a thing is going to fail, it does.

Muldoon's system is not founded on love, kindness and good cheer. These are all secondary, and while they do exist in his mind they are kept carefully out of sight. The plan will die with him.

* * *

The key of the whole thing is obedience. It is necessary to subjugate the will of the patient. Paradoxically you have to kill a man's will in order to build it up.

The whip method of breaking horses is along the same line. The trainer goes into the box stall with a whip and terrorizes the animal until he absolutely submits, and yet the horse is never struck.

Muldoon is cruel only as nature is cruel—you obey Nature, co-operate with her and you find that she is kind. Obedience to Nature brings you everything you need, mental, spiritual, physical Obey Muldoon and cease butting-in with your stub end of a will and you succeed. The only way you can get the start of Muldoon is to obey him. To obey requires will-power.

The average man's body has never learned to obey. It is slothful, lazy, slipshod, domineering, indifferent, disrespectful to his mind.

A man may have a creative intellect, and yet his body be a very wretch of a body, that gorges itself with bad food, swills strange drinks, refuses to go to bed at night, and declines to get up in the morning, wooing persistently the means of debility and disease.

A great poet may be swag-bellied, blear-eyed and have a title to a slouching, wilful, erratic, untrained digestive tract. The man has never forced his body to acquire good habits through the law of obedience, and after years of bodily back-talk things reach a point where this hoodlum of a physical cosmos is going down and dragging the mind with it.

As long as the man can do business he submits to being bullied by his body. All sorts of vicious habits grow up unrebuked. The body demands cigars, cigarettes, stimulants, strange dishes, novel sights, smells, sounds and sensations, and the mind of the man is powerless, being dragged hither and yon by this wilful, restless beast, which often grows more gross and inefficient and full of twitchings, twists and pain as the mind evolves, develops and refines. Thought goes on, and the man may do big work, but some day the hand that reached for the salt picks up the pepper, and the tongue that would say "pepper" says "salt."

The nerve-specialist is here called in, scowls, coughs, takes on an owl-like look, and explains that it is incipient locomotor ataxia, with aphasia as a side line, all caused through poisoning of the system by uric acid—say, call it Bright's Disease and Nerv. Pros.

If the patient knows enough, as he probably does not, he goes to Muldoon and is born again.

But probably he takes to dope and drugs and dies inside of two years. Or he may haunt Hot Springs and the sanitariums, and by baths and massage stand the reaper off for five years.

Tuberculosis is a disease of the will. If a stronger will can be found that will take charge of the other man's body at the critical time, and force right breathing, eating and exercise on the patient, he will get well. Left to himself he succumbs to inertia or a lazy habit of body, the air cells of the lungs collapse and the man dies.

Muldoon says that all diseases are the result of lack of will. He simply takes charge of the man's body. His one request is that the man abdicate his own will and obey. So difficult is obedience to the average so-called successful man that one out of three of the patients who go to Muldoon leave him inside of two days, forfeiting their first weekly payment of sixty dollars.

If Muldoon has an opportunity of seeing the discouraged and disgruntled man before he goes, he presents him the card of a local undertaker at White Plains, wishes him good luck in purgatory, and sends personal regards to Mephisto.

Those who stick it out for three days under Muldoon's treatment, remain from three to six weeks, and get well. There may be exceptions, but this is the general rule.

* * *

Muldoon's treatment goes under the general term of "dope," and the formula is about as follows:—

You arrive at the long, plain, Quaker gray shingled house on the hill, after a pleasant drive of an hour from the station at White Plains.

Muldoon receives you with the quiet dignity of a Chesterfield. You are impressed by the man, only you wish he would thaw out and sympathize with you. Later you ascertain that Muldoon does not effuse over anybody, even over a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In five minutes Muldoon's quick eyes have looked you over and he has decided that you have enough vitality to build on—parties in wheeled chairs or those requiring surgical treatment never find Muldoon at home.

So you are accepted. You are gently told that you cannot have any visitors, either doctors or laymen, and that books, medicine and stimulants are tabu. The suggestion seems a trifle curt, but you submit, and then and there bid your friends good bye.

You watch their carriage as it slowly circles down the hill and is lost amid the towering elms.

The first move is to interview the secretary—he being the only person in sight.

You pay the genial young man your first week's board of sixty dollars: this advance payment being a part of the dope, a necessary psychologic item in the work of regeneration.

You are given a heavy woolen sweater, a gray pair of gymnasium trousers and a pair of felt slippers. Then you are shown to your room and told to put on this suit and go below where the Professor will see you.

Your room is furnished with a little table, one chair, and a small iron bed. All toilet requisites are noticeable by their absence. The room looks like a cell, save that there are two open doors, one opening right out of doors and the other leading to the hall that runs the length of the building. These rooms you learn are known as "kennels." You note that there are no locks or bolts on the doors, and if you are a cosmic it comes to you that the insignificant matter of ventilation evidently is not in the hands of the occupant.

You sit down on the bed and think about nothing in particular, rather enjoying the view out of the open door, listening to the drowsy hum of bees and the summer wind in the locusts.

You have about concluded to lie down on the little bed and take a nap, when an athletic youth in sweater puts his head in the door and says, "The Professor is waiting for you." And then adds half confidentially, "It's all right if you mind him, but you ought to have changed your clothes at once and not lingered here."

You murmur excuses and get into the convict's clothes in less time than you usually take to dress. You look about for a mirror to ascertain how frightful you appear. No mirror is to be seen.

You go downstairs and enter the gymnasium. The Professor is there in gym. dress, putting a class of a dozen through a course of calisthenics.

Then occurs exactly what occurred when Chauncy M. Depew entered the same room under like conditions six weeks before.

The senator was yellow; there were dark baggy lines under his eyes, but the gymnasium dress into which he had packed his sensational person offered an excuse for art. He approached the Professor and proffered a small pliocene pleasantry. And the Professor replied, "Sir, sit down," in a low, clear, distinct tone.

Depew's punning proclivity vanished. He had really expected that the Professor would slap his thigh and roar, as people in civilization were wont when the Nectarine spoke, or at least smile and ask after things down in Washington. And all the Professor said was, "Sir, sit down," and went right along with his calisthenics.

"Right foot—left foot—right arm—left—up, back, down, over, out—neck to the left!"

The Senator moved over to the window, looked out, strolled down to the end of the gym. The class was working down that way, too.

"Sir, sit down!" suddenly calls the voice of the Professor. The Senator is sure the voice is not for him, no one had ever spoken to him like that. He still strolls.

Now comes the third order with the Professor walking toward him, "Mr. Depew, sit down!" pointing to a seat along the wall.

The Senator is startled, then he half laughs as it comes to him that it is a joke, and he replies "Oh, I prefer to stand, thank you."

The fourth time the order rings our and Depew realizes that it is no joke. He jumps, shivers and stammers, "Well, I would have you know that I am a gentleman, and am used to associating with gentlemen. You evidently do not know me—I am Senator Depew."

"I know," says Muldoon, with exasperating coolness, "I know you, but evidently you do not know me. You seemingly have come here to give an after-dinner speech, to present a lecture on Delsarte, or to favor me with lessons in etiquette—SIT DOWN!"

This time the order comes like a knock down blow, and Depew sinks upon the seat and sits there dazed like a boy awaiting punishment for stealing jam from a high shelf.

The Professor calmly continues his work with the class for five minutes, and then orders Depew upon the floor and motions him his place in the line.

"Hands straight up!"

Depew puts his out in front.

"Hands straight up!" rings out the order for the second time. Depew makes haste to comply.

The work is really quite moderate, but the newcomer thinks it is severe, and is greatly relieved when in half an hour the order is given, "To the shower bath!"

Arriving there, all disrobe save the Senator, but when the stern order is given to "Get into the game," he begins to struggle with his sweater and is soon in the gentle guise of Conesio's cherubim.

Men in gym. suits are all on an equality. Carlye said, "A naked House of Lords would inspire no awe" but all he meant was that a Senator under a shower bath would command no senatorial courtesy.

A rough towel is tossed to each man and Depew is simply told to "Get busy!"

And he does, for it has dawned upon him that safety lies either in flight or obedience.

Supper comes and after that there is a long stroll across the meadow, over the hills and back through the woods, along the country road.

The western sky is colored deep with red where the sky had gone down. Down across the moor, a half mile away, the white mist is gathering. The summer night closes down, and the distant woods turn to purple patches.

The strolling party reach the long,


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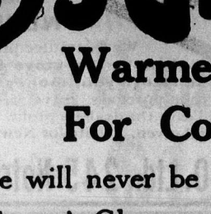

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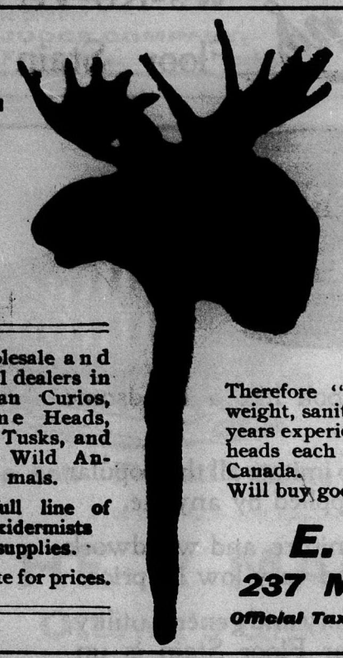

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low house on the hill-top, just as the clock in the kitchen is striking nine.

The Senator is told he can go to bed. No order is required. He finds his room, undresses without a light, puts on a woolen night-robe that he finds on the bedpost and tumbles into bed, subdued, tired and a bit resentful.

He has decided to go home on the morrow—the system is too severe. But before he can really formulate his plans he is asleep, lulled by the lowing of distant cattle.

* * *

"Six o'clock!" It is the mild voice of the athletic attendant.

At six-ten the attendant once more calls, this time in a chest-tone.

At six-fifteen, he returns with a bucket of water that he is told to douse on the victim of Mrs. Morpheus without ruth. It is not necessary, the victim is cosmic, and struggles out on the floor, making a dive for duds.

"Sleep is a privilege," says Muldoon, "and when this truth is once fixed in a man's mind he gets busy pounding his ear, the instant he gets a chance."

Insomnia never comes to a man who has to get up exactly at six o'clock. Insomnia troubles only those who can sleep any time.

People who live on the banks of the Ganges never bathe, because they can bathe any time.

To go to bed at a certain hour and get up at a certain hour means the cultivation of a habit of the body. This habit puts you to bed, tucks you in, and softly sings you a lullaby that closes down your eyelids, bidding dull care begone.

Muldoon holds that it is just as necessary to get up in the morning as to go to bed at night.

* * *

Down below, the twenty-four men have gathered—for be it known that Muldoon takes one score and four, and no more.

There are light calisthenics, a march of a half mile and back, then the shower bath.

All this with great deliberation. The victims are given bathrobes, and told to go upstairs, and clothe them in their right minds and citizens' clothes.

Muldoon is a great believer in the psychology of duds. When we eat we should dress like gentlemen, just as if we were to meet expected guests. The act of dressing and undressing tends to stop brooding, and masticating the mental limit. The late Dr. Maurice Bucke once told me that he had blocked a fit of hysteria in a woman, by asking her to go and change her dress, and do up her hair, because he wanted her to meet a certain man from New York who was coming to tea.

Muldoon says the gym. dress is only valuable as you discard it for clean, dainty linen, and appear before the world a new man. You get dirty in order that you may get clean, but to get dirty and stay so is no virtue. But people who are always clean are not much better than the other kind.

And note you this, Muldoon trains with his trainers. All that he asks them to do, he does. He, himself, is an immaculate dresser, without being extravagant. But he believes in a clean collar, cuffs, a fresh handkerchief and dental floss.

Breakfast comes after the gentle work, the bath, and the getting ready, as a gift of the gods. It is a simple meal of fruit, toast, poached eggs, and just one cup of coffee. I noticed that every man polished his plate, but no one asked for more.

Muldoon sits at the server's table in the middle of the room, and each plate is filled under his immediate watchful eye. Without being fussy, he yet knows what every man is doing—all of the time.

The eating is done with great deliberation. After breakfast, there is a rest for just an hour, and then the word is passed, "Boots and saddles!"

You get into your riding clothes, and go to the barn a quarter of a mile away. If you are a horseman your animal is simply pointed out, but if the work is new, you are shown how.

Horseback riding is always a scientific treatment for the neurotic. He forgets himself in holding on—and most of Muldoon's horses, I saw, were selected with the idea of preventing introspection in the rider. It is a slow ride of two hours and a half. Occasionally, at the hills, you dismount and lead your horse.

One little pleasantry is occasionally indulged in when there are raw recruits who are prone to be gay. You leave your horses in charge of a groom and walk down a hill through the woods to get a drink at a famous medicinal spring.

When you get back to the road, not a horse is in sight—they have broken loose and gone home. It is five miles to quarters—my God! Or words to that effect.

Here the stout men, new to the work, begin to plead, to beg, to swear—the veterans laugh and start off on foot.

When you get home it is strip again and a bath; then citizens' clothes and dinner.

After dinner there is a lolling time of an hour; then "the stroll," a long slow walk, over the meadow, through the woods, across the creek.

Supper comes with the novitiate hungry as a bear, and tired. Exhaustion is something else.

Then it is that the deserters desert. They bribe a stable man to take them back to town—in a wheelbarrow—any way. The work is killing—Muldoon is a tyrant!

But if they remain two days, they stay two more and then nature begins to play through them. Tired, lame, sore, stupid—yes, but it is a delicious stupidity, not one of fear and cold feet. It is just a don't-give-a-dam feeling.

A certain amount of physical exercise excites mentality; follow up your out-door work, and mind hibernates. Exercise is an investment—you expend the energy only that you may get back more energy. You spend a hundred dollars to get back one hundred and fifty.

All this physical work is to get your body where it can rest and absorb.

The body is a strange battery—in order to replenish its cells with potential energy, you have to get it in a state of rest. This condition of perfect rest comes best after slow, moderate exercise in the open air.

Muldoon simply carries his men over the hill to a point where they are so tired they can rest and absorb. He knows exactly what he is doing—he nearly kills them, but strangely enough, none die on the premises. Those only die who lack the will to allow him to use his will to amend theirs, and these of course are the deserters.

It is so much easier to swallow something out of a bottle, and hire a man to give you massage.

But everything costs—if you would have health, cultivate your will and expend energy.

We know enough, and if we only had the will to methodize our lives, we could all live a hundred years, unless run over by a benzine buggy. As it is, for lack of will and lack of a Muldoon, we die just when we should be getting ready to live. Great is Muldoon, trainer of men!

### When Comp'ny Comes.

Some boys is mad when comp'ny comes
to stay for meals. They hate
To have the other people eat, while boys
must wait and wait;
But I've about made up my mind I'm
different from the rest,
For, as for me, I b'lieve I like the second table best.

To eat along with comp'ny is so trying.
For it's tough
To sit and watch the vituals when you
dassent touch the stuff;
You see your father serving out the
dark meat and the light,
Until a boy is sure he'll starve before
he gets a bite.

When comp'ny is a-watching you,
you've got to be polite,
And eat your victuals with a fork, and take a
little bite;
You can't have nothing till you're
asked, and 'cause a boy is small
Folks think he isn't hungry, and he's
never asked at all.

It worries boys like everything to
have the comp'ny stay
A-setting 'round the table, like they
couldn't get away;
But when they've gone and left the
whole big shooting-match to me.
Say, ain't it fun to just wade in and
help myself? Oh, gee!

# Correspondence

Since the days began to shorten and the evenings to lengthen the increase in the letters received, addressed to our correspondence department, shows that many of our bachelor readers are already throwing out their line to catch the attention of some good natured "Miss" who would correspond with them through the coming winter. Exchanging letters one with the other during the long winter months is an entertaining and agreeable pastime and may be the means of bringing together two hearts and uniting them as one. We know of three marriages that have taken place this past summer, where the contracting parties got acquainted through the correspondence columns of the Western Home Monthly. When sending us a letter to remail to any address, please affix a postage stamp on the blank envelope enclosed. All writers are requested to give us their full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

### A Bachelor's Lament.

A bachelor sat in his cabin door,
As the shades of evening fell,
The sunbeams fell on the dirty floor
Of the room he knew so well.
Weary and sad and lonely,
Heavy in heart and brain,
He hung his hat on his threadbare knee.
And chanted a sad refrain.

"Oh, little I thought it would be like this
When I came to Salmon Arm;
I thought the forest would disappear.
And soon I would have a farm;
I thought that some sweet maiden
Gladly would be my wife,
To soothe my sorrows and share my joys,
And comfort me all my life."

"But look at me now, and the life I lead,
It would try an angel's soul,
To toil all day and return at night
To a dark and dirty hole;
They say I keep things tidy,
They say my cooking's good,
But somehow it isn't like mother's was,
Nor done as a good wife could."

"I wonder if ever my lonely lot
Will change for a better state,
And if some sweet, compassionate maid
Will pity my cheerless fate;
Oh, for a woman's presence!
Oh, for a woman's bread!
Oh, could I sell my potato crop
And purchase a wife instead!"

"Sometimes when asleep in my bed I dream
That I'm coming home at night.
To find my wife with the table set
And the house all warmth and light;
There are my rosy children,
Climbing upon my knee,
Kissing and calling me, 'Papa, dear'.
Oh, sad that it cannot be."

"Now, I wonder if I should go back East,
Could I find a partner there?
They used to call me a handsome chap;
I'm sure I'd be good to her."
"Life is beyond endurance."
He said with a savage face;
"I'll have a woman before next fall,
Or I'll quit the bloomin' place."

"Rocky Mountain Goat."

### A High Ball From Ontario.

Brantford, Ont., Oct. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I would like to write a few lines and take my chance of getting acquainted with some nice looking girls. I'e didn't say handsome—of course, if she is handsome all the better, but I meant pleasant looking.

I am 5 feet 10 inches, weigh 180 lbs., dark brown eyes, Protestant. I would like to get acquainted with a nice looking girl, well built, weight from 130 to 170, must be tall, about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches—one that can cook pretty fair, is neat and can hold her own temper and is not chewing fat all the time. That drives a fellow loony and keeps him in misery all the time.

Well, girls, I might as well tell the truth, though, understand, I'm not bragging about it, I smoke, chew, swear sometimes and take a glass of beer when I feel like drinking it. I do everything that is wrong except gamble.

Well, I'm not expecting any letters, but if any girl cares to write me I will answer all letters and exchange photos.

"High Ball."

P. S.—I am living in Ontario now, but am going to buy a farm 15 miles from High River, Alta., on Tongue Creek next spring. Thanking you, editor, for your space, I ring off.

H. B.

### Likes Blue Eyed Biddy.

Millwood, Man., Oct. 20, 1907.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your paper myself, my father is, and I always look forward to the correspondence column and should very much like to know a few of the circle that surround it.

I quite agree with "Blue Eyed Biddy" in all she says in the July number. It is not right to expect a woman to milk cows, carry wood and water, etc. A man doesn't want to come in at night and do half the housework, so why should he expect his wife to do half of his chores after working in the house all day?

As for bachelors having a hard time there is no doubt about that, because he has to do the housework as well as the outside work. As for coming home and finding a bare table, as Blue Eyed Biddy says, that is not quite right, as he more often comes home and finds the table piled up with dirty dishes which he has to slog into and wash before he can get his meals.

I quite agree with Blue Eyed Biddy's tastes and should like to make her acquaintance, though like her, I should not like to get married by correspondence.

"Bold and Brilliant British Bachelor."

### Would Like to Attract Some Maiden.

Creston, B. C., Oct. 27, 1907.

Editor.—I have long been a reader of your magazine, though not a subscriber, because it is sold here in the camp by two little children and I think it is my place to buy my paper from them.

I find your correspondence page quite interesting as well as amusing, and would like very much to get acquainted with some of those young ladies through your valuable paper.

I neither chew, drink nor smoke, am 24 years old, with dark brown hair and light brown eyes, rather tall and slightly inclined to be musical.

Hoping this will catch some lonely maiden's eye, I remain.

"A Pine Cat."

### Likes Our Magazine.

Creston, B. C., Oct. 15, 1907.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your excellent paper and find it of great benefit to me and would not be without it for any money.

The children of one of the millmen get them every month and I buy one from them as I like to encourage the small people to earn money for themselves.

I work in the mill here at a good salary. Please forward enclosed letter to the girl who signs herself "Blonde" from Brandon, and oblige.

"A Timber Wolf."

### Young and Fond of Animals.

Beresford, Man., Oct. 16, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of the W. H. M. and take much interest in your correspondence column.

I would like to correspond with "Fancy Frank." "Happy Hooligan," or "Interested Westerner," if they would kindly write first.

I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, have dark hair and eyes and am between 18 and 19 years of age. I like all kinds of outdoor sports and am very fond of animals.

"Dollie Verne."

### Thinks Women a Nuisance.

Crescent Lake, Sask., Sept. 20, 1907.

Editor.—I am following the letters in your paper with great interest. There are only two writers which I would like to shake hands with, ":The Devil" and "Old Sleuth." I think that corresponding with ladies is nonsense. And say, boys, I think some of you are good cooks, and what are women for; they are a nuisance, that's all. I think myself too good to go into matrimony with my eyes closed. Some young men marry and think they have struck it lucky, but I do not agree with them.

"Old Phenomenal."

### Just an Ordinary Bachelor.

Herbert, Sask., Sept. 9, 1907.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber, I have read the W. H. M. for more than three years, and have always been amused by your correspondence page.

My work for the last four years has taken me through all the farming and ranching country south of the C. P. R., between Gull Lake and Calgary, but I never knew there were so many really "wonderfully eligible" bachelors in Western Canada until I took note of the letters they write you in the W. H. M.

Up till now I have not had the courage to write you, being only "an ordinary bachelor:" I don't chew, but I smoke, and I take a drink when I feel like it. Before writing more I must tell you that, like "Black Eyes," I am not at present on the market.

I don't think I could tell you the color of my eyes; my sister calls them green, though I have heard other people say they were blue. I should like to see some letters from "ordinary bachelors" in your correspondence page, and see what some of the ladies


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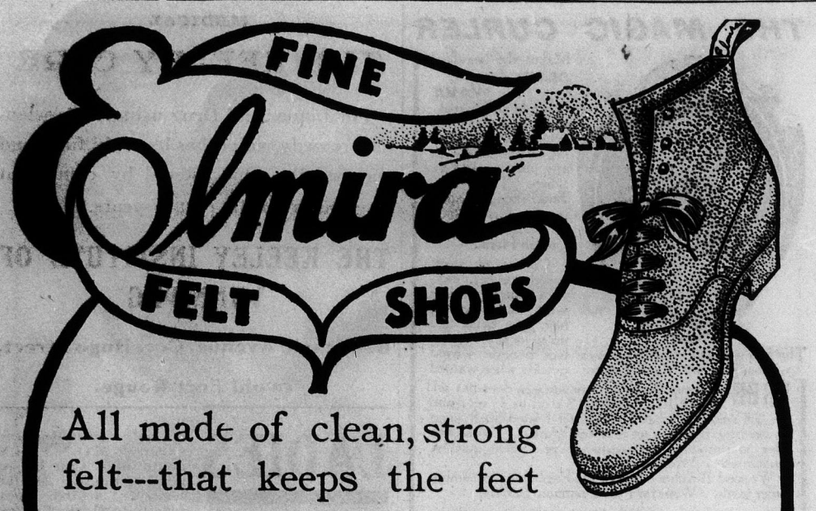


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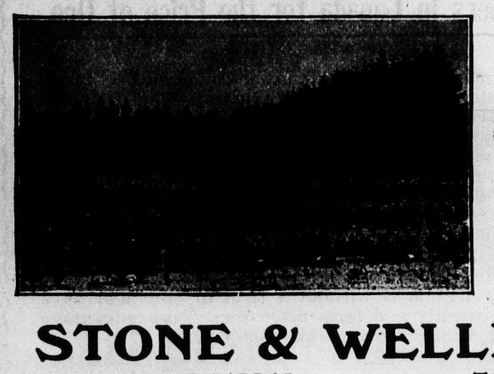

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think of the same kind of men as myself. I enclose a letter to "Light o' the Morning."

"Just an Ordinary Bachelor."

### Strawberries and Cream.

Horse Hill, Alta., Sept. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I take great interest in reading the letters in your paper. I am all broke up on "Happy Hooligan;" he is just the one I want.

I am a young Canadian girl, just 18 years of age, and think it is time I was making a break.

I have brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion and always classed with the good looking ones. I have lived on a farm all my life; good housekeeper; like lots of fun; can play music and sing. If any young man would like to correspond with me I would be only too glad to answer their requests. I would like one under 25 years of age.

"Ripe Strawberry."

### Widower Gets in the Game.

Bellshill, Alta., Sept. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I have been following your correspondence column for some time and think that it is all right. I am a widower, with one child six years old, and would like to get acquainted with some nice girl or widow who wants a home. Will you please send me their address. I do not want her for a slave; I want her for a wife. I am not rich, but I can make a good home for her.

I am 45 years old. I would like to get one between 35 and 45 years old, kind hearted and pleasant, to make it homelike for me. I have a quarter section of land in Alberta and a team.

You can send my address to such as you think would fill the bill, for if she can cook and do the house work, that is enough for her to do, but if she wants to do more I think she can be accommodated.

I love a good woman and like to see them enjoy life.

"Widower No. 7."

### "Candy Boy" got the Fever.

Clearwater, Man., Sept. 28, 1907.

Editor.—Have been taking great pleosure in reading your paper, especially the correspondence page, but never until I saw "Silverheel's" letter did it occur to write one myself.

I am a town boy, 5 feet, 10 inches tall, 22 years of age, weighing about 150 pounds. Am rather dark and awfully funny at times.

I might say that I entirely agree with "Silverheels" about the requirements or rather about what a wife should be. I often wonder why some of our Canadian wives submit to the treatment that some do, viz: Cutting wood, carrying water and feeding stock, especially when the men folks are sitting around smoking and talking baseball.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am very anxious to begin a correpondence with "Silverheels" or some young lady of her stamp who can write a nice lively, spicy letter like the one she wrote in the August issue.

"Candy Boy."

### Pansy Likes "Canadian Jack."

Clearwater, Man., Sept 20, 1907.

Editor.—Would you kindly find room in your valuable column of correspondence for my few interesting lines?

I have taken great interest in reading your paper, especially the letters of the fair maids and youths of the Canadian West. It's my idea that some of them speak the truth in plain language, such as "Canadian Jack." That is the kind of a nusband to have.

I would like to correspond with "Canadian Jack," August issue. I have lived on a farm most of my life, can milk cows if I have to when the good man is away; can also make his evenings pleasant for him.

I am 5 feet, 2 inches in height and have fair curly hair and laughing blue eyes. Look on the funny side of life.

Hoping to gain admittance, also success in your circle.

"Only a Pansy Blossom."

### Lumber Jack Furious at Times.

Mountain Mill, Alta., Oct. 9, 1907.

Editor.—It has given me great pleasure to read the different letters in your correspondence circle. I shall feel gratified if you will admit me into your club. I do not take your valuable paper, but my brother takes it and as I am staying with him at present I read his.

Some of the letters are very nice and interesting, while others have a sarcastic ring in them, written both by ladies and gentlemen. Some writers are very hard to please indeed, and I think those that are so very particular are pretty sure to be old maids or bachelors.

I am 5 feet, 8 inches in height, light hair and blue eyes. Have a peaceable and gentle disposition, though furious when aroused, but as I am naturally very slow to anger, this does not often happen. I am not altogther too bad looking, but I may say I am a moderate smoker. I have a pretty good education.

I certainly do not expect a wife to milk cows or feed pigs or do any man's work. I would like her to be fairly well educated and be able to sing and play the piano or organ.

"Lumber Jack."

### Broncho Gets Frisky.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Oct. 10, 1907.

Editor.—Will you kindly find enough space in your correspondence columns for a short letter as I am a subscriber to your most excellent paper and I must say I find the letters both interesting and instructive as they bring out people's traits.

I wrote you once before; I presume it found its way to the waste paper basket, as I did not see it in print. However, I thought I would try again.

I think "Brown Eyed Lassie" strikes the right cord when she says a woman should help milk in a busy time if she is not overworked herself. Take where there is no family or even a family of growing girls, I fail to see the objections to girls milking in clean dry weather or in a clean place in the summertime, but in wet weather or in the winter let the men do the milking. Women of the West do not do as much milking and choring as those of Ontario.

I would say I am a bachelor farmer and I pride myself on my housekeeping. I am not a crank, but I would certainly like a wife, one who would have enough interest in things to take care of them and help keep a comfortable home.

I consider "Violet" a good sensible lassie, when she says she is willing to take things as they come for a year or two; she should certainly make a good wife. I am enclosing two letters, one for "Violet," of Wapella, and one to "Estella," of Alberta. Will you kindly forward same. Hoping I am not using too much of your valuable space.

"Broncho."

### Wants to Correspond.

Winnipeg, Oct. 12, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your interesting paper month by month; there is no doubt it is valuable in many ways to this Western people. I am not a farmer, but a carpenter, hoping in the near future to locate in one of the rising towns of the West.

With that in view, I would like to correspond with some of the fair maidens of the West in the hope of finding a suitable wife and possibly location too. I have a little money saved up, am temperate in habits, age 28, height 5 feet, 9 inches; dark, English by birth, having been in this country two years. If any of the lady correspondents would like to correspond, my address is with the editor.

"Edgar."

### Calls Himself a Pet Name.

Golden Plain, Sask., Oct. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I take great pleasure in reading some of the letters in your correspondence column, especially the one who signs herself "Peggy McCarthy" in your August number. Poor girl, I feel sorry for her to think that she cannot bake her own bread; if she could only come and stay with me for a few days I could teach her a few points on baking.

She says that she might grow a few flowers if the husband would plant the seeds and hoe the weeds out of them. Now, where would her part come in unless it would be picking them and pinning them to her bosom. I don't think that this girl would suit me at all, for when I come in after being in the fields all day I like to have some fun if there is any to be had, but instead of this she thinks that he should stick a pipe in his mouth so as to be quiet. I am glad to see that she has no use for the moderate drinker as I am a member of the R. F. of T. myself.

God help the poor bachelors if all the girls are like this one; they would be better without a girl. I am not particular about driving double just yet, but would like to correspond with some nice young lady about eighteen or twenty, a farmer's daughter prefered. She must be good looking, kind, loving and true, fond of music and dancing, and above all must be a good housekeeper. No town girls need apply.

As for myself, I am a farmer's son, age twenty-two, good looking and fond of amusement of any kind. I will leave my address with the editor.

"A Handsome Gent."

### Wants a Good Housekeeper.

Sedgewick, Alta., Oct 22, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your correspondence column in the W. H. M. for some time and would like to join the circle.

I am a young bachelor of Alberta, on a look out for a wife, as girls are very scarce here. I'll try my luck in the correspondence column of the W. H. M.

I don't expect my wife to go out to milk or do chores, but I expect her to do the housework and do it right. Would like to hear from "Brunette," "Blonde," "Black Eyed Beauty" and "Lady Betty." Please forward enclosed letter to "Yankee Girl."

"Rex."

### Cooking for Lady Friends.

Meridian, Sask., Oct 1, 1907.

Editor.—Being greatly interested in the correspondence columns of your valuable paper, I read with pleasure the letter from "Light o' the Morning" and would very much like to correspond with the lady. My views quite coincide with hers regarding the question of matrimony after correspondence only.

The step is too delicate a one to be treated rashly, but there always remains the possibility of closer acquaintance if correspondence is satisfactory.

I am myself an Englishman and 25 years of age. I have not been very long in Canada, but would like to get myself associated with a few nice friends if possible, and would thank you for address of "Light o' the Morning." "Midnight Sun."

**"Codger" on the Warpath.**

Milestone, Sask., Oct 10, 1907.

Editor.—I notice several of your correspondents simply want letters and are not in the matrimonial market, notably "Nouhika," with whom I should like to exchange a few letters as I have always enjoyed that amusement, having many relations in England.

I do not see anything about the regulations for this department, but do not want my name and address published. I presume you would send it to those who ask for it; which would be agreeable to me.

I am what some here call "getting old," but don't hold that opinion of myself. I notice one subscriber gives 34 as her age—a very good age, too. A woman begins to get woman's virtues then.

Of course, as "Nouhika" says, it is wise to look on the bright side of life, but I generally find the greatest fun and wit is to be found with the graver folk—silliness is often mistaken for humor.

I don't suppose anyone is interested in my personal appearance, but I am English, have been four years in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and am a bachelor and likely to remain so. Perhaps you won't insert this if I make it longer, so subscribe myself "Codger."

**Will Marry for Love Only.**

Macdonald, Man., Oct. 11, 1907.

Editor.—As I am a new arrival to your correspondence column, I hope you will welcome me. I derive much pleasure and interest from the letters to the Western Home Monthly.

I am a farmer's daughter, and have a good idea what woman can do and ought to do on a farm. I think she should take hold and help her husband all she can to get along. Especially those that are just starting out for themselves.

Of course, there are some men who really expect too much of a woman, but take it in general, if he sees she is doing her part in the house, he won't ask her to feed pigs and do chores outside. However, she should not object to a few hardships at first, such as milking cows and feeding the hungry little pigs, and if all goes well in the near future she will be able to enjoy the luxury of a comfortable little home of which she can have the happy thought to think she helped her dear little husband to make.

As for me, I will marry for love and work for my riches, not merely for a nice home and lots of money, and a husband I don't like a little bit, for where tru love reigns all others exist.

I think the one signed "Hetty" should go back to the Old Country where she wouldn't have any cows to milk or pigs to feed. I would sooner milk cows any day rather than see my tired husband doing it after his hard day's work, while I would be enjoying myself at the piano.

I am not, as it were, on the matrimony line, but will write to any respectable young man who wishes to correspond for pastime. Wishing your paper every success.

"Rosebud No. 3."

**Would Exchange Photos.**

Hamar, Sask., Oct. 23, 1907.

Editor.—In the July number of your valuable magazine I read of an "Old Sleuth," saying: I should like to shake hands with "The Devil." It is a wonder he does so, for his letter shows very plainly that he is the "Devil's" brother. If it wasn't for his age, I should think him to be the old fellow widower I used to know; he married a sea stewardess, and treating his first wife rough, he tried to do the same with the second, but he failed. She blackened his eyes with a bootjack at several occasions.

I, for my part, am one of those fellows who want to be taken in by some good little girl. I am a young farmer, about 5 feet, 4 inches, brown hair and gray eyes, like to drink, coffee or tea, and chew "youbet" three times a day and smoke—sure, with a big stove pipe. Am good looking and would like to hear from a girl that's the same and not over 25 years of age, and, if possible, can play the organ. I think just as much of you, girls, if you write first and send photo if convenient and I will send you mine.

"Rolling Stone."

**How Will She Suit, Boys?**

Glenboro, Man., Oct. 11, 1907.

Editor.—How would I suit some young man. Here I am, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, slight, dark brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, counted good looking, good cook, can milk and look after house.

I think that ought to catch some of the young men. Some of the girls are rather hard on the boys, who are, taking them on the whole, just as good as the girls. Don't you think so, boys? I think that "Tommy No. 1" is a pretty good hearted fellow if he would take his wife out to a dance every night in the week. "Glenboro Beauty."

**Handsome Widow Wants a Hubby.**

Wetaskiwin, Alta., Oct. 24, 1907.

Editor.—For some time I have been a reader of your interesting paper. I am a widow, 34 years of age, and wish to correspond with some gentleman near my own age and of good habits. I have brown eyes and hair, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weigh 110 pounds and considered good looking, if one is not too particular. I prefer a Protestant with some means. Hoping you will favor me with an early reply.

"Handsome Widow."

**The Waste Paper Basket Not for Yours.**

Saskatchewan, Oct. 15, 1907.

Editor.—For some time I have been an amused reader of your bright magazine, especially the correspondence column.

I would like to know the object of this column; is it conducted simply with a view to matrimony or with a view to a jolly correspondence?

I am afraid we would hardly know some of the gentlemen, or ladies either, by their own description, should we happen to meet them. I, for one, cannot imagine any nice, sensible Christian girl advertising for a husband. How can anyone fall in love through correspondence? and who would wish to marry someone they did not love?

I have no wish to correspond with anyone with a view to matrimony, as I have plenty of gentlemen friends, and am in no hurry to change my present state of bliss. I live on a farm in a good wheat growing district and am fond of riding, driving, shooting, dancing and music, in fact, I like a good time. I will ring off and hope, Mr. Editor, you will not doom this to the waste paper basket. "Gladys."

**Boys, Have You Got the Necessary?**

Brierwood, Man., Oct 19, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading with interest the correspondence column of your paper, so I think I will try my luck at the game.

I would like to correspond with some nice temperate young man who is good looking and well cultured. He must be worth at least $12,500.

I am sweet sixteen 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, weigh 130 pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes, and am considered good looking. I am a real good cook, but will not milk cows or feed pigs for any man.

Hoping to hear from some nice young man and wishing the W. H. M. every success. "Pretty Polly."

**Happy Bill Wants to Correspond**

Saskatchewan, Oct. 1907.

Editor.—It has been with greatest interest that I have followed the correspondence page of your valuable paper.

I would like to correspond with some nice good looking young ladies about 17 years of age. I am an Englishman, 18 years old, good looking and weigh 140 pounds, height 5 feet, 7 inches. I do not smoke, chew or drink. Would Lady Betty, Trixie, Canadian Rose, or any other nice young ladies who wish write to me. "Happy Bill."

**Farmer Boy Lonely.**

Taylorboro, Sask., Oct. 22, 1907.

Editor.—I would like to join the correspondence columns.

I'm one of the Western bachelors and have taken much interest reading the letters from young ladies. I would like to get acquainted with young ladies between 16 and 23 to correspond with, as I find living on a homestead quite lonely.

I am 22 years old and not at all ugly and anyone wanting to know more please write to "Farmer Boy."

**Answer to Flossie.**

Manitoba, Oct. 12, 1907.

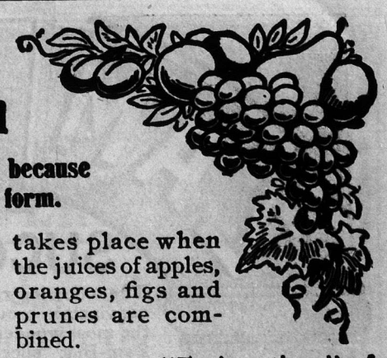
Editor.—Though not being a subscriber to your valuable paper, I take great interest and pleasure in the privilege of reading it. I am a Canadian, 6 feet tall, auburn hair, blue eyes, weigh 170 pounds and have a good trade. Always lived in town and city. would not and could not be contented on a farm or in the country. Have a good education, well born and brought up in the proper way. Use tobacco. Will inherit a few dollars from the home. Oh, yes, Flossie, my age is 25. Now I would like to have a letter from you. "Big Bill."

**Sunny Jim Wants Wife.**

Virden, Man., Oct. 15, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a constant reader of your Western Home Monthly


# Fruit Cures Constipation



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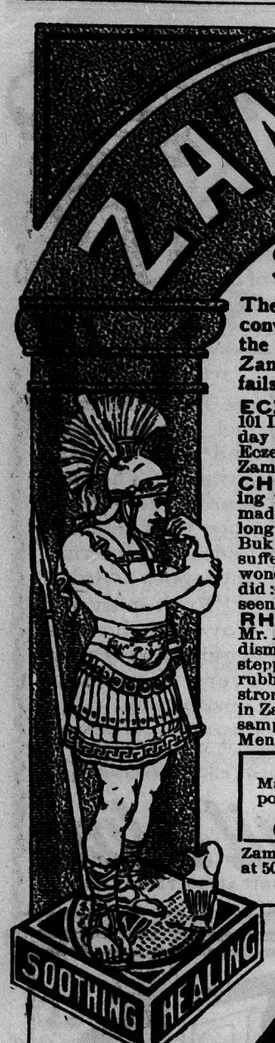

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| *M52 Solid gold stick pin, pearl centre* | 1.50 | *M72 Fine quadruple plate fruit dish, bright finish, gold lined, 8 in. diameter* | 5.50 |
| *M57 Solid 14k safety pin, with pearl bowknot (photo is reduced size)* | 3.50 | *M68 Fine quadruple plate fern dish, bright finish, 5 in. diameter* | 2.50 |
| *M58 Solid 14k pearl crescent, finest quality pearls (photo is reduced size)* | 3.50 | *M65 Cold meat fork, quadruple plate* | 1.25 |
| *M74 Fern dish, fine quadruple plate, bright finish, 7½ in. diameter* | 4.00 | *M69 Fine quadruple plate bread tray, 12 in. long* | 3.00 |
| *M61 Pearl handle butter knife, fine silver plated blade* | 1.25 | *M70 Shaving mug, quadruple plate, bright finish.* | 2.50 |
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for some time and very much liking the magazine, especially the correspondence column, which always gives me great pleasure to read.

I am a bachelor in the prime of life, 28 years of age, 5 feet, 8 inches in height, 150 pounds, am fairly well fixed and not bad looking; having had enough of baching it would like to correspond with some lady between the age of 21 to 28 who can look on both sides of life and be good tempered generally.

I do not want one as a slave but as a helpmate, who can look after the home. I do not drink, but smoke occasionally.

Hoping this will meet with your approval and not take up too much of your valuable space. "Sunny Jim."

### Bill Bailey Takes Pen in Hand.

Ridgway, Man., Oct, 20, 1907.

Editor.—I can never peruse your very interesting pages of correspondence without being filled with a desire to write. Until recently, however, sufficient personal interest has not been felt to warrant a place in your circle, but now I would like to thank "Blue Eyed Biddy" and several others for penning such sensible letters. Very interesting, too, are the sad tales of the lone batchers' lives. I hope they will accept my heart-felt sympathy for I expect to join their numbers very soon. If I were to say that the thought of batching it this winter is affording me considerable anticipated pleasure, I guess some of them would say, between puffs of smoke, "Poor greenhorn," or something equally complimentary. But it is more in the reflection that this batching is but a preliminary necessity which must be experienced and put up with in the case of most young homesteaders, and the sooner it is commenced, the sooner (let us hope) it will be ended. I think a little batching is a very good thing—a kind of tonic for his patience, temper and other ingredients of the compound Man.

I don't think I shall kick much because I shall have to quit three times a day to get busy and put up some kind of a meal (to be named breakfast, dinner or supper when it gets on the table), also to do a little washing now and then and occasionally scrub the floor.

I batched all through last winter, though not alone, and will be settling on my homestead for the first time this fall. I would be pleased to correspond with some fair reader about my own age (20) who is not too impatient to have the knot tied. It is a great pleasure to have some one to write to and from whom to hear, when you are living as a temporary hermit, but I believe in a fellow bending his efforts into erecting a comfortable, clean, and bright dwelling that shall be fit to be christened Home when his girlie comes to reside therein. Better stay awhile with "single blessedness" until one has a fit domicile for another, rather than take her from refined surroundings to a shack which she might mistake for the hog pen. Hoping you will excuse the length of this, I will conclude by saying that I am 5 feet, 10 inches tall, dark, weigh 140 pounds and do not drink, smoke or chew.

"Bill Bailey No. 2."

### A Chore Boy or Fast Girl not Wanted.

Virden, Man., Oct. 9, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time now and being one of the lonely bachelors in this district, I thought I should like to correspond with some nice girl.

I came from the south a short time ago and find it very lonely here. I am 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weight 135 pounds, and do not drink, smoke or chew; am generally considered handsome. I am in no great hurry to get married but would like to correspond with a nice girl and exchange photos. She must be a good housekeeper, good looking and well educated and able to play and sing. I do not want a chore boy or a fast girl, but one that would make a good farmer's wife. If any ladies wish my address, which I hope they will, it is with the editor.

"The Boy from the South."

### A Girl with Means Preferred.

Calgary, Oct. 18, 1907.

Editor.—Are there any young lady readers of your valuable and interesting paper desirous of corresponding with a young Englishman with a view to matrimony, providing, of course, that both parties are well suited to each other? I would prefer a young lady from 18 to 28 years of age, musically inclined and a lover of home life, and one who prefers town life to farm life. If she is possessed of any means of her own, so much the better, though this is by no means necessary. I am sincere in my wishes and will treat all correspondence strictly confidential. Kindly forward photo if possible, which will be returned at once.

I am about 5 feet, 7 inches high, age 28, youthful appearance, musical, do not drink or smoke, am fond of a few outdoor sports and have been fairly successful in business. I enclose my card and the editor will forward any letters to yours sincerely.

"A Blooming Englishman."

### Who Wants Gopher?

Hardisty, Oct. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your Western Home Monthly for two years and am greatly interested in the correspondence column.

I am a lonely homesteader in Eastern Alberta and am getting tired of living alone. I agree with the girls in their letters and would like to correspond with Rosabella, Lady Betty or Yankee Girl of July number.

"Gopher."

### Jim, the Bachelor.

Cooperstown, N. D., Oct. 15, 1907.

Editor.—Kindly excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but being now a subscriber to your interesting paper and seeing the letters in your correspondence I thought I would write too.

Now, I noticed that a lot of young girls and men are inviting correspondence with each other; a good way I think, too, of becoming acquainted with each other and exchanging views.

Now, there are a great many young people or middle aged who would like to get a home for themselves. I do not blame them, but do not know the right way.

Now, I would suggest that a good way is to get married and both work, say on a farm; they would earn $45 to $50 a month and board, save their money and in a very short time they would have quite a little sum to start on their own.

A friend of mine two years ago did the same and now he has horses and machinery all paid for and in a good way to prosperity.

I would like to exchange views with some young widow about 30 years of age or lady as I might be able to put them in acquaintance with some young men of that age with the idea as expressed in view. Trusting I have not taken too much space and wishing your paper success. "Jim."

### Nero Writes to Trixie.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 3, 1907.

Editor.—I have just lately subscribed for your magazine but I have been an interested reader for some time and the correspondence pages are fine.

I am a bachelor, 20 years of age, and an ordinary bachelor, like a lot of the boys, as we are not all lucky like an "Old Sleuth" to have a Chinaman.

Please forward enclosed letter to "Trixie" in July. Hoping she will write to "Nero."

### Twenty-Two and a Lumberman.

Creston, B. C., Oct. 12, 1907.

Editor.—Being a reader of your paper I have fallen very much in love with it, especially the correspondence column.

I am a lumberman, 22 years of age, about 5 feet, 7½ inches tall, weight 155 pounds, habits temperate. I would like very much for you to send the enclosed letter to "Yankee Girl" of the July number.

"Rocky Mountain Boy."

### "Yankee Boy" Looking for a Wife.

Staveley, Alta., Oct. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper but get to see it often and thought maybe you could help me out of a difficulty as I am looking for a pretty little wife.

I am a Yankee, about 6 feet tall, rather dark, brown eyes and black hair.

I don't consider myself an angel; but on the other hand, my hair is not singed.

If you will put me in communication with some young lady I will ever be your debtor. "Yankee Boy."

### Would Give Wife Freedom.

Gladstone, Man., Oct. 27, 1907.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your excellent magazine, but I get it from a friend, and find it good reading, especially the correspondence column.

I have often been amused at statements made by some of the girls. It seems they dislike pig feeding and milking cows more than anything else. Well, I don't blame them for neither of those jobs are fit for a woman. I keep a Doukhobor for that. Of course, I believe every girl should know how to handle a broncho; also a shot gun or revolver, as the latter is often needed to soften a man's heart.

The women of this country don't get

enough freedom. I say, turn them loose, they'll do no harm except with their tongues.

Now, I am a young bachelor, 21 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches and weigh 165 pounds; have blue eyes and brown hair and am a total abstainer and despise the use of tobacco. I am fairly well fixed, have a good farm and equipment and the girl that will get me will have a free and easy life. I'll have the house furnished with all modern conveniences. She may go driving or shooting at her leisure and leave me to do the washing or cooking as I am both able and capable of doing that class of work.

I like "Black Eyed Beauty's" letter in the July issue, and if "Sunny Jim" isn't particular, I can do her wish, "Love her long and love her lots." If she wants my photo she may have it. The same offer is extended to any other true hearted girl. Please forward enclosed letter to "Lady Betty" of July issue and oblige. "Lazy Bill."

### "Sweet Nell" Prefers a Farmer.

Wawanesa, Man., Oct. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for a few months and I am writing to ask if you would, through your correspondence column, put me in correspondence with a respectable young farmer.

I am rather dark, 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height and weigh 140 pounds. I am told that I am good looking and I am well liked by a lot of young men around here but I want to get acquainted with a young farmer. A dark complexioned man preferred, one who does not chew and would not expect me to do chores around the farm. If he were busy I would not mind doing a few chores. I don't mind him taking beer, but when it comes to getting drunk I draw the line. I prefer the farm to the town, a farmer in Alberta preferred. If any young farmer will condescend to correspond with me I will glady answer his letter.

"Sweet Nell."

### Letters Exchanged.

Space will not permit us to print a complete list of the letters received and remailed from this office relative to our correspondence page. We present to our readers a brief summary and partial list which demonstrates very clearly that the interest in our correspondence page is on the increase.

| Mailed from | Addressed to |
|---|---|
| Mountain Mill, Alta. | "Flossie." |
| Winnipeg | "Nouhika." |
| Weyburn, Sask. | "Light o' the Morning" |
| Sedgewick, Alta. | "Yankee Girl." |
| Deleau, Man. | "Hetty." |
| Hamar, Sask. | "Blue Eyed Biddy." |
| Walpole, Sask. | "Brunette." |
| Creston, B. C. | "Yankee Girl." |
| Erskine, Alta. | "Trixie." |
| Erskine, Alta. | "Brunette." |
| Erskine, Alta. | "Blonde." |
| Winnipeg | "Gentleman Joe." |
| Didsbury, Alta. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |
| Penhold, Alta. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |
| Davidson, Sask. | "Rosabella." |
| Beaverdale, Sask. | "Edith Lyle." |
| Melita, Man. | "Rosabella." |
| P. la Prairie. | "Dark Eyed Maiden." |
| Medicine Hat. | "Edith Lyle." |
| Jaffray, B. C. | "Twin Sisters." |
| Hamilton, Ont. | "Blue Eyed Joe." |
| High River, Alta. | "Blue Bell." |
| Pleasington, Alta. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |
| Reed Hill, Alta. | "Edith Llyle." |
| Medicine Hat. | "Molly Bawn." |
| Taylorville, Alta. | "Edith Lyle." |
| Millet, Alta. | "Molly Bawn." |
| Winnipeg. | "Blue Bell from Ontario." |
| Stand Off, Alta. | "Blue Eyed Biddy." |
| Stand Off, Alta. | "Estelle." |
| Wolseley, Sask. | "Lady Betty." |
| Hartney, Man. | "Canadian Rose." |
| Hartney, Man. | "Yankee Girl." |
| Hartney, Man. | "Daploni." |
| Asquith, Sask. | "Yankee Girl." |
| Greenbush, Sask. | "Blue Eyed Biddy." |
| Strathclair, Man. | "Blonde." |
| Rockeby, Sask. | "Brunette." |
| Halbrite, Sask | "Yankee Girl." |
| Stonewall, Man. | "Daploni." |
| Glenboro, Man. | "Brunette." |
| Glenboro, Man. | "Blue Eyed Biddy." |
| Moorepark, Man. | "Duffer No. 1." |
| Carman, Man. | "Daphoni." |
| Didsbury, Alta. | "Trixie." |
| Didsbury, Alta. | "Nancy." |
| Didsbury, Alta. | "Yankee Girl." |
| Dundurn, Sask. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |
| Int. Falls, Minn. | "Estelle." |
| Millwood, Man. | "Brunette." |
| Gladstone, Man. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |
| Gladstone, Man. | "Lady Betty." |
| Creston, B. C. | "Blonde." |
| Creston, B. C. | "Brunette." |
| Millwood, Man. | "Daphoni." |
| Holmfield, Man. | "Blonde." |
| Asquith, Sask. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |
| Calgary, Alta. | "Fair Fae." |
| Oxbow, Sask. | "Rosabella." |
| Oxbow, Sask. | "Julia." |
| Pipestone, Man. | "Yaunkee Girl." |
| Morningside, Alta. | "Black Eyed Beauty." |


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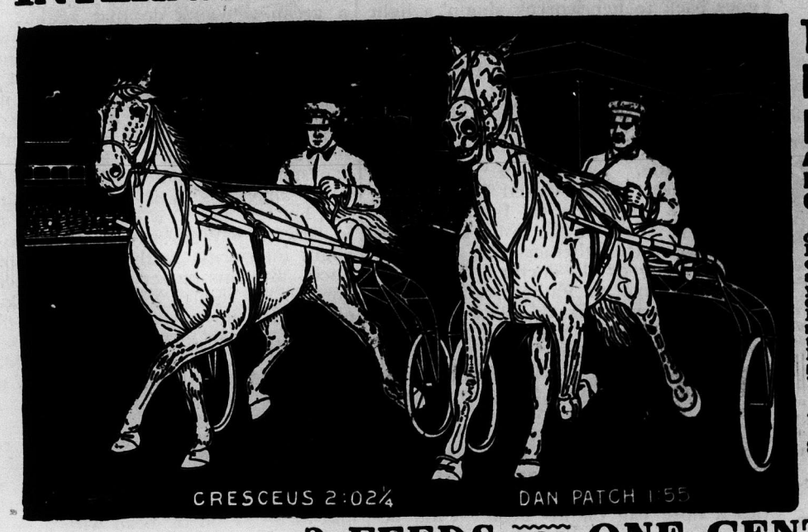


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We have large colored lithographs of our World Famous Champion Stallions, Dan Patch 1.55 and Cresceus 2.02¼, in an exciting speed contest. It is 16 by 21 in. and shows both horses as life-like as if you saw them racing. You can have one of these Large and Beautiful Colored Pictures of the Two Most Valuable Harness Horse Stallions and Champions of the World, Absolutely Free. We Prepay Postage. ☞ This cut is a reduced engraving of the large Colored Lithograph we will send you free.

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Send us 6c in unused stamps and we will mail you Twelve Beautiful Souvenir Post Cards, including colored views, art scenes and comics. This offer is made to introduce our New Price List of Post Cards at Bargain Prices.

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AGENTS

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PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 1341 McVicker's Theatre Bldg., Chicago


# Mr. Dooley on Drugs.

**By F. P. Dunne.**

"What ails ye?" asked Mr. Dooley of Mr. Hennessey, who looked dejected.

"I'm a sick man," said Mr. Hennessey.

"Since th' picnic?" Mr. Dooley suggested.

"Now that I come to think iv it, it did begin th' day afther th' picnic," said Mr. Hennessey. "I've been to see Dock O'Leary. He give me this (producing a bottle of dark and sinister looking liquid), an' these here pills an' some powdhers besides. An' d'ye know, though I haven't taken anny iv them yet, I feel betther already."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis a grand thing to be a doctor. A man that's a doctor don't have to buy anny funny papers to enjoy life. Th' likes iv us goes to a picnic an' has a pleasant, peaceful day in th' counthry dancin' breakdowns an' kickin' a football in th' sun an' iv'ry fifteen minyits or so washin' down a couple of dill-pickles with a bottle of white pop. Th' next day ye get what's comin' to ye in th' right place an being a sthrong, hearty man that cuddent be kilt be annything less thin a safe fallin' on ye fr'm a twenty-storey buildin', ye know you ar-re goin' to die. Th' good woman advises a mustard plasther, but ye scorn th' suggestion. What good wud a mustard plasther be again this fatal epidemic that is ragin' inside iv ye? Besides a mustard plasther wud hurt. So th good woman, frivolous crather that she is, goes back to her worruk singin' a light chune. She knows she's goin' to have to put up with ye f'r some time to come. A mustard plasther, Hinnissy, is th' real test iv whether a pain is goin' to kill ye or not. If th' plasther is onbearable, ye can bet th' pain undherneath it is not. 'Tis th' same thing through life. I've known manny a broken heart to be cured be a toothache or a whack on th' funny bone.

"But ye know ye are goin' to die an' ye'er not sure whether ye'll send f'r Father Kelly or th' doctor. Ye finally decide to save up Father Kelly f'r the last, an' ye sind f'r th' Dock. Havin' rescued ye fr'm th' jaws iv death two or three times before whin he had a sick headache, th' Dock takes his time about comin', but just as ye are beginnin' to throw ye'er boots at th' clock an show other signs iv what he calls rigem mortar, he rides up in his fine horse an' buggy. He gets out slowly, one foot at a time, hitches his horse an' ties a nose bag on his head. Thin he chats f'r two hundhred years with th' polisman on th' beat. He tells him a good story an' they laugh heartily. Whin th' polisman goes his way th' Dock meets th' good woman at th' dure an' they exchange a few wurruds about th' weather, th' bad condition iv the streets, the health iv Mary Ann since she had th' croup an' ye'ersilf. Ye catch the wurruds, 'grape pie,' 'canned salmon,' 'cast-iron digestion.' Still he doesn't come up. He tells a few stories to th' childher. He weighs th' youngest in his hands an' says, 'That's a fine boy ye have, Mrs. Hinnissy. I make no doubt he'll grow up to be a polisman.' He examines the phottygraft album an' asks if that isn't so-an'-so. An' all this time ye lay writhin' in mortal agony an' sayin' to ye'ersilf: 'Inhuman monsther, to lave me perish here while he chats with a callous woman that I haven't said annything but 'What?' to f'r twenty years.

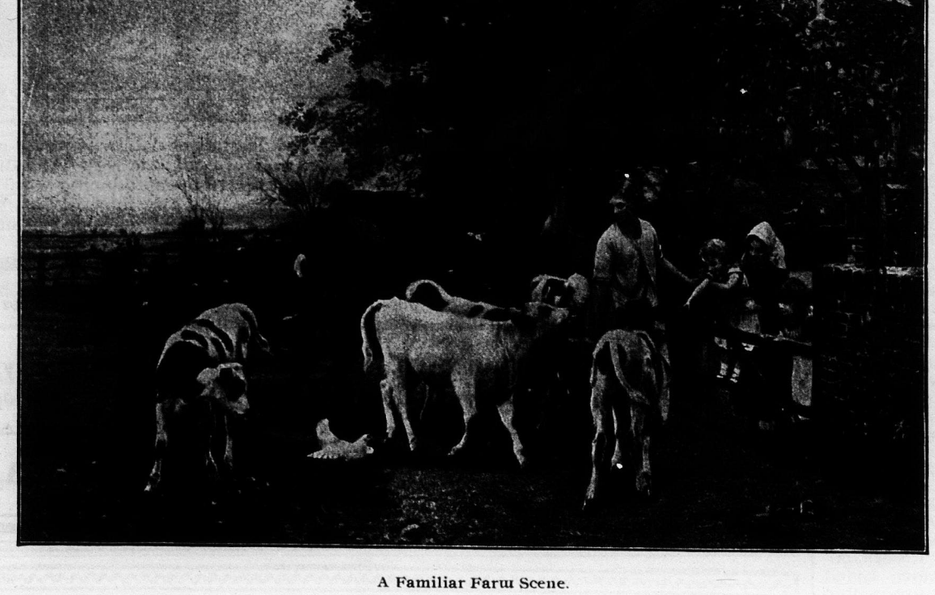
"Ye begin to think there's a conspiracy against ye to get ye'er money befure he saunters into th' room an' says in a gay ton: 'Well, what d'ye mane, be tyin' up wan iv th' gr-reat industhries iv our nation be stayin' away fr'm wurruk f'r a day?' 'Dock,' says ye in a feeble voice, 'I have a turable pain in be abdumdum. It reaches fr'm here to here,' makin' a rough sketch iv th' burned disthrict undher the blanket. 'I felt it comin' on me last night, but I didn't say annything f'r fear iv alarmin' me wife, so I simply groaned,' says ye. While ye'er are deschribin' ye'er pangs, he walks around th room lookin' at th' pictures. Afther you've got through he comes over an' says: 'Lave me look at your tongue. 'Hum,' he says, holdin' ye'er wrist an' bowin' through th' window to a frind iv his on a street car. 'Does that hurt?' he says, stabbin' ye with his thumbs in the suburbs iv th' pain. 'Ye know it does,' says ye, with a groan. 'Don't do that again. Ye scratched me.' He hurls ye'er wrist back at ye an' stands at th' window lookin' out at th' firemen acrost the sthreet playin' dominoes. He says nawthin' to ye an' ye feel like th' prisoner while th' foreman iv th' jury is fumblin' in his inside pocket f'r th' verdict. Ye can stand it no longer. 'Dock,' says ye, 'is it annything fatal? I'm not fit to die, but tell me th' worst an' I will thry to bear it.' 'Well,' says he, 'ye have a slight interioritis iv th' left follumbular duck. But this purscription ought to fix you up all right. Ye'd betther take it over to th' dhrug store an' have it filled ye'ersilf. In th' manetime I'd advise ye to be careful iv ye'er dite. I wudden't eat annything with glass or a large percintage iv plasther iv Paris in it.' An' he goes away to write his bill.

"I wondher why ye can always read a doctor's bill an' ye niver can read his purscription. F'r all ye know, it may be a short note to th' dhruggist askin' him to hit ye on th' head with a pestle.' An' it's a good thing ye can't read it. If ye cud, ye'd say: 'I'll not cash this in at no dhrug store. I'll go over to Dooley's an' get th' rale thing.' So, afther thryin to decipher this here corner iv a dhress pathern, ye climb into ye'er clothes f'r what may be ye'er last walk up Ar-rchy Road. As ye go along ye begin to think that maybe th' Dock knows ye have th' Asiatic cholery an' was only thryin' to jolly ye with his manner iv dealin' with ye. As ye get near th' dhrug store ye feel sure iv it, an' 'tis with th' air iv a man without hope that ye hand the' paper to a young pharmvcist who is mixin' a two-cent stamp f'r a lady customer. He hands it over to a promising scientist who is compoundin' an ice-cream soda f'r a child, with th' remark: 'O'Leary's writing is getting worse an' worse. I can't make this out at all.' 'Oh,' says th' chemist, layin' down his spoon, 'that's his old cure f'r th' bellyache. Ye'll find a bucket iv it in th' back room next to th' coal scuttle.'

"It's a gr'reat medicine he give ye. It will do ye good no matther what ye do with it. I wud first thry poorin' some iv it in me hair. If that don't help ye see how far ye can throw th' bottle into th' river. Ye feel betther already. We ought to write to th' medical journals about th' case. It is a remarkable cure. 'M— H— was stricken with excrusiating tortures in th' gastric regions followin' an unusually severe outing in th' counthry. F'r a time it looked as though it might be nicissory to saw out th' infected area, but as this wud lave an ugly space between legs an' chin, it was detarmined to apply Jam. Gin. or. VIII. Th' remdey acted instantly. Afther carryin' th' bottle uncorked f'r five minyits in his inside pocket th' patient showed signs iv recovery an' is now again in his accustomed health.

"Yes, sir, if I was a doctor I'd be ayether laughin' or cryin' all th' time. I'd be laughin' over the cases that I was called into when I wasn't needed an' cryin' over th' cases where I cud do no good. An' that wud be most iv me cases.

"Dock O'Leary comes in here often an' talks medicine to me. 'Ye'ers is a very thryin' pro-fissyon,' says I. 'It is,' says he. 'I'm tired out,' says he. "Have ye had a good manny desprit cases today?' says I. 'It isn't that,' says he, 'but I'm not a very muscular man,' says he, 'an' some iv th' windows in these old frame houses are hard to open,' he says. Th' Dock don't believe much in dhrugs. He says that if he wasn't afraid iv losin' his practice he wudn't give anybody annything but quinine an' he isn't sure about that. He says th' more he practices medicine th' more he becomes a janitor with a knowledge of cookin.' He says if people wud on'y call him in befure they got sick, he'd abolish ivry disease in th' ward except old age an' pollyticks. He says he's looking forward to th' day whin the' tillyphone will ring an' he'll hear a voice sayin': 'Hurry up over to Hinnissy's. He niver felt so well in his life.' 'All right, I'll be over as soon as I can hitch up th' horse. Take him away fr'm th' supper table at wanst, give him a pipeful iv tobacco an' walk him three times around th' block.' But whin a man's sick, he's sick an' nawthin' will cure him or annything will. In th' old days befure ye an' I were born, th' doctor was th' barber too. He'd shave ve, cut ye'er hair, dye ye'er mustache, give ye a dry shampoo an' cure ve iv appindicitis while ye were havin' ye'er shoes shined be th' naygur. Ivry gineration iv doctors has had their favrite remedies. Wanst people were cured iv fatal maladies be application iv blind puppies, hair fr'm th' skulls iv dead men an' solutions iv bat's wings, just as now they're cured bv dhrinkin' a tayspoonful iv pizenous weed dissolved in it. Dhrugs, says Dock O'Leary, are a little iv a pizen that a little more iv wud kill ye. He says that if ye look up anny poplar dhrug in th' ditchnry ye'll see that it is 'A very powerful pizen of great use in medicine.' I took calomel at his hands f'r manny years till he told me that it was about the same thing they put into Rough on Rats. Thin I



A Familiar Farm Scene.

stopped. If I've got to die, I want to die on th' premises.

"But, as he tells me, ye can't stop people from takin' dhrugs an' ye might as well gie thim somethin' that will look important enough to be inthrojuced to their important an' fatal cold in th' head. If ye don't, they'll leap f'r the patent medicines. Mind ye, I haven't got annything to say again patent medicines. If a man wud rather take thim thin dhrink at a bar or go down to Hop Lung's f'r a long dhraw, he's within his rights. Manny a man have I known who was a victim iv th' tortures iv a cigareet cough who is now livin' comfortable an' happy as an opeem fiend be takin' Doctor Wheezo's Consumption Cure. I knew a fellow wanst who suffered fr'm spring fever to that extent that he niver did a day's wurruk. Today, afther dhrinkin' a bottle of Gazooma, he will go home not on'y with th' strength but th' desire to beat his wife. There is a dhrug store on ivry corner an' they're goin' to dhrive out th' saloons onless th' govermint will let us honest merchants put a little cocaine or chloral in our cough drops an' advertise that it will cure spinal minigitis. An' it will, too, f'r awhile.

"Don't ye iver take dhrugs?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Niver whin I'm well," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I'm sick, I'm so sick I'd take annything."

## JOHN McCLARY A GREAT CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

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To very few men is the privilege given of witnessing such a celebration as that of which Mr. John McClary, of London, was the centre during the week that ended on July 13th. For during that week a series of splendid jubilations marked what was the sixtieth anniversary of the McClary Manufacturing Company.

This sixtieth anniversary is noteworthy, not only because it relates to the largest concern of its kind under the British flag, but because it has thrust before the attention of the people of Canada a man whose very achievements make him one of the greatest captains of industry this country has yet produced.

To John McClary the past sixty years has meant a change from the control of a small tinshop to the possession of the largest establishment of its kind in Canada. The Company's plant in London now covers two enormous blocks of land, while there are also important establishments in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Hamilton and St. John. Over 1,300 employees are on the Company's pay rolls, of whom over seven hundred are married men, supporting homes. More than $600,000 is paid in wages annually. These are a few figures which will give the reader an impression of the size of the plant as it is at present and of its importance to the community.

Mr. McClary has always been, and is still, the guiding head of this tremendous business. He remains even at his present age a man of remarkable ability sparing no money or pains to attain an end that his judgment told him could be won. This is well illustrated in the magnificent advertising campaigns this Company has entered into in all the Canadian papers, which have made the McClary products known in all the homes from ocean to ocean.

Though the McClary Company is Mr. McClary's first care, it is not the only successful company that shares in the benefit of his business acumen and experience. He is also president of the London Life Insurance Company, and the Ontario Loan and Debenture Company, and a director of the London & Western Trusts Company.

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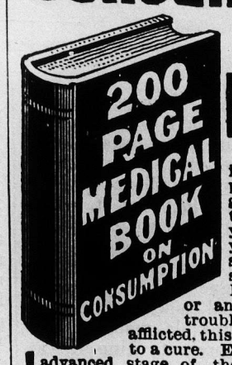


This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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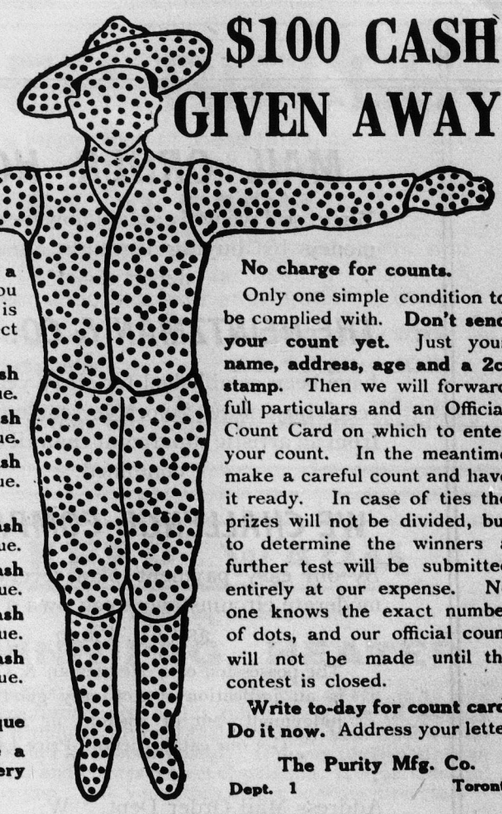

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**Next 3 Prizes - $3.00 Cash** and a $20.00 buying cheque.
**Next 8 Prizes - $2.00 Cash** and a $15.00 buying cheque.
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**We positively guarantee a present of some sort to every contestant.**

**No charge for counts.**

Only one simple condition to be complied with. **Don't send your count yet.** Just your **name, address, age and a 2c. stamp.** Then we will forward full particulars and an Official Count Card on which to enter your count. In the meantime make a careful count and have it ready. In case of ties the prizes will not be divided, but to determine the winners a further test will be submitted entirely at our expense. No one knows the exact number of dots, and our official count will not be made until the contest is closed.

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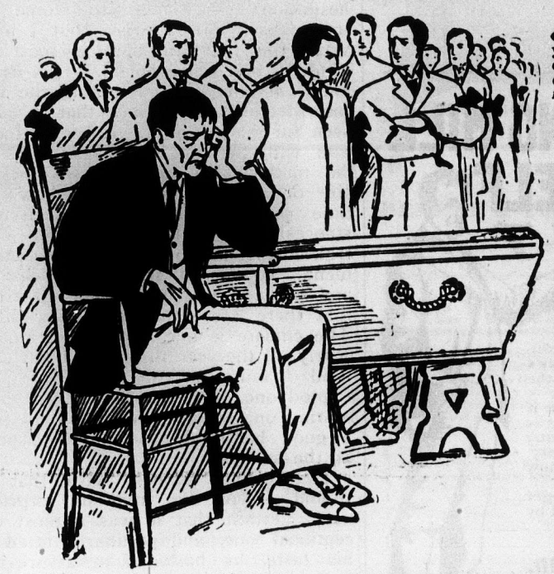
# Weak Men! Wake Up!



If disease has wrecked your system, or you have allowed evil habits and excesses to prey upon your vitality, **you need our help.**

Nature intended you to be a man and that you should make your mark in the world, but you are only half a man if your nerve power is exhausted — if the vital spark has fled.

True, your body has not returned to dust, but in other respects you are about as near dead as you ever will be.

Might just as well send word to your relatives and friends —hold the funeral service and have it over with.

One by one the days go by and with them the opportunities of life unheeded.

Are you ready to give up? Oh, no, you are "doctoring" right along; taking medicine. "Getting better?" "No, getting worse."

Why not use a little reason? If you are suffering from weakness, nervous debility or general debility, drugs can't help you.

What you need is more **Vitality.** Vitality is not in drugs. You get that from my **Electric Belt. for human vitality is nothing more or less than Electricity.**

My Electric Belt is curing case after case that drugs have failed to cure. Let me put this appliance on your body—you wear it a month or two every night and I'll make a new man of you.

See what men say who have used it. We get scores of such letters every day:

I am pleased to say that one year and eleven months has passed since I stopped wearing your Belt, and I can say that your Belt has cured me permanently of my different ailments, such as nervousness, heart and kidney troubles, indigestion, sick headaches and other ailments. I have not been troubled with any of them since, nor have felt the effects of them since I stopped wearing the Belt.
James Ed. Jones,
Teulon, Man.

I have worn my Electric Belt for a few times and it has helped me greatly. My husband has worn it right along and it has made him feel like a new man. He says he is sorry that he did not get it sooner. He can do a day's work now without getting tired, and he can do all his own work easily. Your Belt is exactly what you represented, and I find it a valuable thing to have in a family. I can never thank you enough for the belt, Mrs. Jerry Larocque,
Log Valley, Assa.

If you are sceptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and

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# The Mystery of "The Lilies."

By ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

Why, that year, Henry Gayhart chose to occupy himself with teaching, I cannot say. Perhaps it was a mere fancy; perhaps because he decidedly preferred occupation to idleness. Then he had a decided talent for it, which had no scope until he went to The Lilies.

Fate had ever been kind to him. From boyhood legacies had showered upon him. He had a charming personal presence, agreeable manners.

He chose to present himself at The Lilies unauthorized save by his talents. Having come, it was no wonder, we think, that he stayed such a paradise of fragrance and color as he encountered when he emerged from the winding avenue upon the mansion to which he had been directed.

His ring at the wide portals brought a mulatto servant, who showed him into an exquisite little ante-room and took up his card. In a very few minutes a lady entered the room.

She was dressed from head to foot in white. She was young, she was graceful. That she was mistress of herself, her tone and the first penetrating glance of her blue eyes confirmed.

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. Gayhart. I am Mrs. Lorne. Will you be seated?"

"I have presented myself in person, Mrs. Lorne, as an applicant for the position of teacher to your son," he said, and as briefly as possible he set forth his claims and qualifications.

"And you think you will like teaching?" she said, at last.

"I am quite sure of that," he answered.

"Your personal appearance, Mr. Gayhart, and the references you offer, make it impossible that I can have any hesitation in wishng to come to terms," said Mrs. Lorne, "but I must warn you that life here is most secluded and uneventful. I never entertain company. Yours is the first face outside the family that I have seen for many a year. In view of this you will, perhaps, wish to reconsider the matter. Not that I dislike social life or shall be indifferent how the time passes with you, but circumstances, over which I have no control, compel me to live a life of retirement. To me it is not unpleasant; and perhaps you may come to think that there are some advantages here. The climate is fine, my garden blooms nearly all the year through. I am very fond of music, and my library is quite a good one. There is some very nice boating on the lake, and you will find a good horse always at you disposal at the stables."

Her evident earnest wish that he should accept the situation surprised him. Certain that it was a most exceptional one, and peculiarly fitted to his taste, he hastened to assure the lady that he was not only willing but decidedly wished to remain at The Lilies.

"In that case," she said, with a dazzling smile, "I will show you your pupil."

She rang a bell. "Send Arthur down," she said.

A moment after a manly little fellow of seven years, showing exquisite training, was in the room. The child manifested a grace and dignity which surprised and charmed Gayhart.

"You may go, Arthur," said his mother, after a few moments. "I have taught and disciplined him almost alone so far," she said, turning to Gayhart, when the boy had passed out of the long French window into the garden. "But he has been without father's influence, and I have feared that I have been at fault in training him, and decided to put him in a man's care as soon as I should meet with a suitable person." In a few moments she rose. "Come up to the music-room, if you please; it is the hour for Arthur's lesson. I would like your judgment on his receptive faculties. It seems to me that he is singularly apt; but perhaps I am too partial."

Gayhart obeyed. Mrs. Lorne gave the lesson herself. It was evident that the boy was unusually intelligent, and, also, that he was his mother's idol. When not referring to Arthur, her manner betrayed a slight weariness and sadness. Gayhart could not but look at her critically. She was exquisitely feminine, almost beautiful. In age she could not have been more than twenty-three. Her delicacy and fairness of complexion gave her a look of being much younger.

It was evident to him that she thought him poor, but he said to himself that he could scarcely be so while in Mrs. Lorne's service. His salary was princely. The circumstances combined to make him a wonderfully good teacher. Arthur learned rapidly, admired, loved him, and in two months Henry Gayhart found himself a very happy man at The Lilies.

The habits of the house were very regular; the attendance, it seemed to him, large for the size and character of the family. There was Mrs. Dorothy, the housekeeper; two housemaids, butler, Arthur's nurse, a lad who waited on table, coachman and hostler; and, besides these, two large powerfully-built, civil-spoken men, whose office Gayhart could not determine. He often puzzled over this, because he frequently observed Mrs. Lorne in close conversation with them, and her manner at these times betrayed an unusual seriousness. But she never spoke of them to Gayhart, and he never thought of questioning the other servants.

Whatever her perplexities, she never spoke of any grievances or trouble. With Gayhart and Arthur she was ever gracious, affable; ready to join in conversation, or to play or sing for them. Usually she went to drive with them; often upon the lake. Arthur being unusually well-grown for his years, Gayhart taught him to row, drive and ride. Mrs. Lorne never rode, but it pleased her extremely to be rowed across the water by Arthur.

It was a little cushioned, canopied boat, gay with flags and pennons. The surface of the lake was usually smooth as glass. No influence could be sweeter or more peaceful than that which surrounded them one summer evening as they floated on the limpid tide.

Mrs. Lorne reclined among the blue cushions; Arthur was gently rowing, carefully observed by his tutor. On, on they floated, as the sunset faded and the twilight gathered, until the terraced walls, bowery trees and twinkling lights of The Lilies were far in the distance.

"See, mamma," said Arthur,—"see how far we are from home."

"Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes and looking shoreward. "Ah! how happy I should be to float on and on like this, and never go back again!"

Gayhart was too surprised to attempt an answer. Evidently she expected or wished none, and scarcely realized what she had said. She shivered soon, drew a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders and requested Arthur to row ashore.

As Gayhart took the oars to bring the boat safely to the steps, he took advantage of the half light to look critically at this woman's slight figure and half-averted face.

"She is very lonesome," he said to himself. "May I not love her?"

Suddenly she leaned forward and grasped Arthur's arm.

"There is some one waiting on the bank. Do you see who it is?"

"It is Dave. No, it is Jake," answered Arthur. The men were evidently brothers, and looked much alike. Mrs. Lorne rose hastily as the boat touched the bank. In the half-darkness she stumbled, and Gayhart, catching her in his arms, thrilled with the contact with her sweet person

and magnetism. Apparently heedless that she had fallen, and that he had caught her, she sprang ashore. Jake, the mysterious attendant at The Lilies, came quickly to her side, and, listening closely to some communication he had to make, she passed with him out of sight.

When Gayhart had fastened the boat he came ashore, leading Arthur, and listening absently to his artless talk. As they emerged from the trees they observed lights moving rapidly through a wing of the mansion, where they were generally stationary and inconspicuous. It occurred to him that something unusual had happened, and fearing some disaster, he quickened his pace.

On reaching the house, Mrs. Lorne was not to be seen; but in the course of half an hour she came quietly into the parlor and sat down at the piano. A white ribbon which bound her hair seemed to make her face white too.

"Are you sick, mamma?" asked Arthur.

"I am very chilly. I think we were too long on the water," she answered, and began playing quietly, though she did not sing that night.

When Gayhart had gone to his chamber he could not sleep. The

"Writhing from beneath Gayhart, Lorne raised a hand to the window sill."

weight of that slight form seemed still upon his heart.

"She is rarely sweet and wise. I love her. Why should I not tell her all, and ask her to marry me? Could not her lovely friendliness for me deepen into something warmer?"

The sweet, daring thought prevented his closing his eyes until nearly morning. But the next day Mrs. Lorne was not visible. Only a little lace handkerchief, marked "Genevieve," substituted her graceful presence in the silent parlor. She was confined to her room by an indisposition.

When Gayhart had parted from Arthur that evening he shut himself up in his room, and again gave way to his thoughts. As he sat by the window, he became conscious of distant sounds exceedingly strange—mingled shouting and yelling. He recollected that he had often heard it as he sat there listening; but he had never given the matter any attention. Now his attention was held by the impression that the sounds were within the house, and, as they were unpleasant and intimidating in character, he leaned from the window and located them at the west wing of the house, where he had lately seen the moving lights. It was an entirely unknown part of the house to him; but he knew that it was not occupied by the family, and was not the servants' quarters.

"Some one must be mad or drunk there," he said to himself, in considerable wonder, which increased until he decided that the male servants must be engaged in orgies unknown to their mistress. Indignant that her kindness should be imposed upon, he decided to investigate the matter on his own responsibility in the morning. But the following day no opportunity occurred, and to his surprise he again, on listening at the window in the evening, heard the hideous sounds which had now grown familiar and were more quickly detected.

But on this evening they were soon discontinued. The moonlight faded; all was soon dark and silent.

During the night a chilly fall storm set in which continued for several days. But to a man of Gayhart's quiet tastes the confinement was not irksome. Arthur's lessons were given during the early part of the day. During the afternon and evening Mrs. Lorne, in the most gracious and charming mood, gave him her company. As they sat together around the light blaze behind the network of the brass fenders, Gayhart talking of his travels, or lunched impromptu, or closed an evening by singing in company, no wonder the sweetness and peace of these home comforts determined Gayhart to make an effort to secure them forever.

One evening Arthur having a headache had gone upstairs with his nurse. Gayhart was alone in the parlor, looking absently from the window out upon the hardy lilies which had survived the storm. Mrs. Lorne entered, more than usually gentle and sweet.

"I am afraid you are getting homesick, Mr. Gayhart. What can I do to make the evening pass pleasantly to you."

He turned and led her to a seat.

"Listen to me," he said.

Then he told her all. That he was in no sense a poor or dependant man, and that he loved her.

"Love me—love *me!*" she repeated, half-starting up, a flush staining her face, then leaving her very pale. "What can you mean Do you not know——"

He stood looking at her in wonder, unable to account for her extreme agitation. She rose and stood before him.

"How you have misunderstood me!" she cried. I *have* tried to please you, to win your esteem and regard; but—


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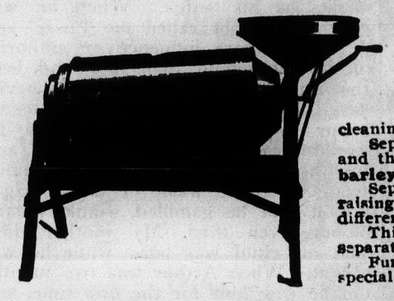

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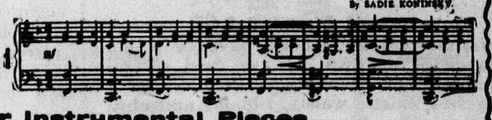

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but do you not know that I have a husband under this roof a raving maniac?"

"Good Heavens!"

The words broke in a low involuntary cry from Gayhart, who in turn stood tremblingly before her.

"You did not know?" she asked. "I thought you must have learned long before this from the servants."

"I never gossip with servants," Gayhart said, scarcely knowing that he spoke.

She sank into her seat with such a look of trouble and despair that he was recalled from his tumult of emotion. She, in turn, looking up, saw his extreme pain and pallor.

"Surely I have not been to blame, Mr. Gayhart. Believe me, I never once thought it possible that you could think of this," she said. "I live only for Arthur. I never think of myself. And I have long been a wife. How could I dream——"

He started, to see that she was bitterly crying.

"Oh, do not," he pleaded. "Genevieve—let me call you so once—I would not give you a moment's pain."

"Let me weep," she answered. "It is so seldom that I can shed tears." But her streaming eyes wrung his heart.

"Forgive me. I will go away and never trouble you again," he said.

"Yes; you must go away," she answered. "But let me tell you first my story. At sixteen I was a timid, yielding girl, entirely controlled by my mother. She made my marriage for me with Mordaunt Lorne, a fierce, high-tempered, tyrannical man, twice my years and very wealthy. He simply married me; I never had any rights as his wife. When he was good-natured he called me Pussy, and I had no more influence or authority in his household than if I had been the kitten upon the rug. I never loved him, and he soon made me unhappy by his unkindness. Soon he would leave me for months and months together—I having no knowledge where he was. I had a vague notion that he gambled, drank, wasted money, even then. My mother died and my child was born while he was absent. When Arthur was two months old he saw him for the first time, and seemed pleased, was a little kinder to me for a brief time. He remained at home a few months, but acted strangely, ordered unnecessary outbuildings erected, removed valuable trees and hedges. The family physician warned me that there was insanity in the Lorne family and he considered his mind affected. Finally he went away, was absent a few days, and came back a raving maniac—struck at me, abused the servants, and would have killed the child. The male servants restrained him, generally considering him under the influence of liquor. But the physician, declaring that the malady of his race had been brought on by the excesses in which he had indulged, ordered him closely and permanently confined. The doctor was right. My husband has never in the slightest degree recovered his mind. He is either sullen or silent, apparently uncomprehending, or, on moonlight nights, raving crazy. His shouts and maledictions so frequently fill the midnight air that I never invite visitors to The Lilies; although as much as possible he is restrained by his attendants, Jake and Dave, and the room in which he is confined is situated in the remote west wing of the house. Sometimes he makes a great deal of mischief, destroying clothing and furniture. On the night we came from boating last, Jake came to tell me that he had broken down a door which communicated with the hall, and that he would be obliged to keep him confined to his bed until the necessary repairs could be made. But for the physical strength and faithfulness of those men, this house would be destroyed and every inmate driven off. Nor would man, woman or child, encountering him, be safe. He is a being utterly destructive and brutal, and—he is my husband."

She rose then, and walked back and forth across the room.

If for a moment he were tempted to remain near her, to watch over her, to bless himself with the daily sight of her, the desolation of her look, as she stood in her robe of glistening silk upon the velvet carpet, forbade the possibility of his bringing upon her any further woe. But he came close to her side, with a look of love there was no mistaking, and gently raised her hands to his lips.

"Genevieve, you are not sorry that I love you?"

"I am sorry to give you pain, because you must see how utterly hopeless your loving me is," she answered, leaning wearily against a chair for support.

"Genevieve, I am going away. Tomorrow we shall be parted probably forever. Tell me this, if you had been free would you have married me?"

"Yes," she said, simply.

He looked once into her pure eyes, turned and left the room.

---

Out of a dream of pain, Henry Gayhart started, battling with a strange oppression which made him strive for breath. The chamber was full of smoke. The room, the house was on fire.

Springing up, he opened the door upon a sheet of flame. Closing it, he hurriedly dressed, secured his valuables, and let himself lightly to the ground by the trellis which covered the window. Seeking an entrance again to the house, some of the servants rushed against him.

"The master has set the house on fire! It's all going! Nothing can save it!" they shouted.

Then he met Genevieve Lorne and Arthur coming out. Dave grasped her shoulder.

"The good Lord save us, Mrs. Lorne! We can't get him out!"

Slowly her eyes dilated with horror as she looked up at the man. Gayhart understood.

"Come back with me. Which way?" he said.

Dave plunged again into the smoke, and led the way to the west wing. Insane laughter and shouts greeted them. A horrible creature, with bloodshot eyes, turned threateningly as they stepped into the room. Before the madman could be made aware of his purpose, Gayhart with a single, low word of "Quick" to the attendant, had thrown himself upon the prisoner, and threw him, face downward, upon the ground. The men tried to secure his hands at the back, but the rope slipping, the chance was lost. Writhing from beneath Gayhart, Lorne raised a hand to the window sill, near which he lay, and, dragging himself up, suddenly forced himself from Gayhart's hold and went headlong out.

"Lord!" breathed Jake. "It's twenty feet to the ground!"

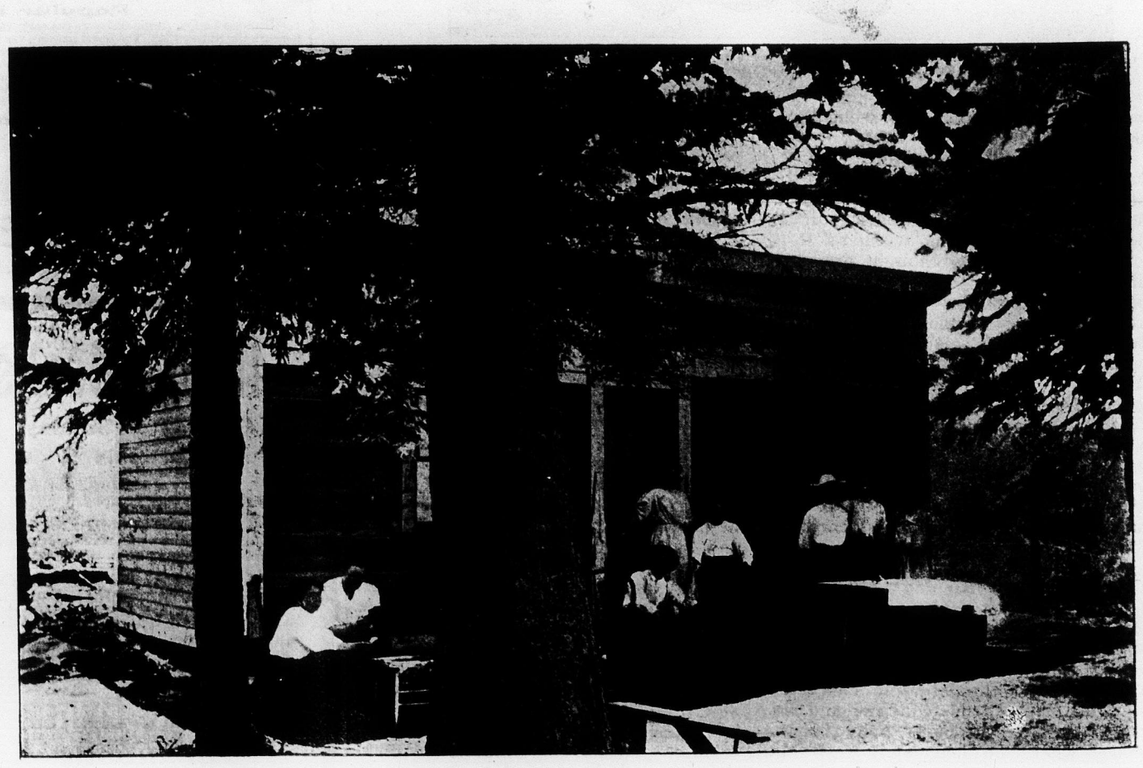
With a sickening feeling, Gayhart turned from the room. When he reached the lawn below the window of the west wing, the servants were lifting up a motionless body.

"Quite dead!" they said.

Gayhart went down the avenue and found Genevieve and Arthur sitting upon one of the rustic benches.

Wrapped from the chill night air, he bore her, in a close carriage, cityward. Arthur and his nurse accompanied them. And for weeks Genevieve Lorne lay very ill, but luxuriously cared for, at a hotel.

When Gayhart erected another and even more beautiful home for his wife, he desired to know if she wished it in that beauteous garden of lilies. But she silently shook her head. Every tree and shrub, every turn of the grounds and glimmer of the water, was associated with the sorrows of her wronged and blighted youth. So Gayhart bore his bride away to a home by the sea, where the bright waves, with their myriad voices, called sweet promises of peace and happiness which time fulfilled.



A Summer Resort near Lacombe, Alta.

## Seasonable Advice.

It might not be amiss to remind readers of the Western Home Monthly that we are within seven weeks from Christmas.

With the approach of this great festival, Christmas gifts are in order. It seems to be the custom, in this country at least, to put off buying the presents we intend to make until the last day or so before Christmas. This is a mistake, and quite a few of our shrewdest people are becoming alive to the mistake made in this respect in the past and now make it the rule to buy their Christmas presents well in advance.

Parents, what are you going to buy this year for that dear daughter of yours, just budding into womanhood? Why not present her with a good piano so that she may perfect her musical education and fit her for a better station in life.

The young woman of the present day is more less handicapped if her musical education be neglected in her youth. When she goes forth from the parental roof to mingle with polite company she is expected to be able to contribute her portion where a musical evening is being spent.

A Mason & Risch piano would make a most acceptable Christmas present. These instruments are sold direct from the factory to your own home through Mason & Risch employees thereby eliminating the large profits usually made by middlemen selling pianos. In the Mason & Risch piano you get an instrument with a maximum of quality at a minimum of cost.

Your attention dear reader, is called to the announcement of Mason & Risch in this issue.

Take time by the forelock and write now and request them to send you cuts of piano with full information and price.

## The Prime Minister's Ruse.

A good story is told of the manner in which Hon. Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, and its representative at the Colonial Conference, managed to get a hearing at a hostile meeting. The back of the hall was packed with his opponents, who had decided that he should not be heard, and the moment he stepped forward they began to shout and groan and effectually to drown his voice. Deakin quite unmoved went on addressing them, though not a word was audible. The deafening noise went on for some minutes; then the front rows began to laugh. The ripple of laughter went on until it reached the back benches. "Shut up you fools! He aint worryin'," said a strident voice, as a sudden silence fell. Deakin's mouth opened and his right hand went out, but there was no sound, and for one second you could have heard a pin drop. Then the speaker and audience joined in the laughter. He had only been making dumb show.

## A Countess's Gipsey Lover.

The musicians of Vienna and Budapest must be very fascinating men. The world has not yet forgotten the romantic affair of Princess Chimay and the gipsy musician, Rigi, and now Australian society has again been startled by the betrothal of Countess Ilona Festetics to Rudi Nyari, the first violin in the Oldenburg Tzigane band, and the consequent jilting of Count Siegmund Sprezzi, to whom the Countess was formerly engaged. The latter belong to two of the oldest and wealthest families in Vienna, and when the count and countess became engaged some time ago the match was regarded as an ideal one. And probably it would have proved to be so if Countess Ilona had not attended one of the Tzigane concerts, and fell in love at first sight with the young violinist. At Nyari's house in the presence of all the gipsies of Oldenburg county, the people were recently bethrothed, in spite of the attempts of the Festetics family to prevent the engagement. In fact, Nyari was offered 20,000 kronen to break off the engagement, but refused, for he fully reciprocates the countess' love.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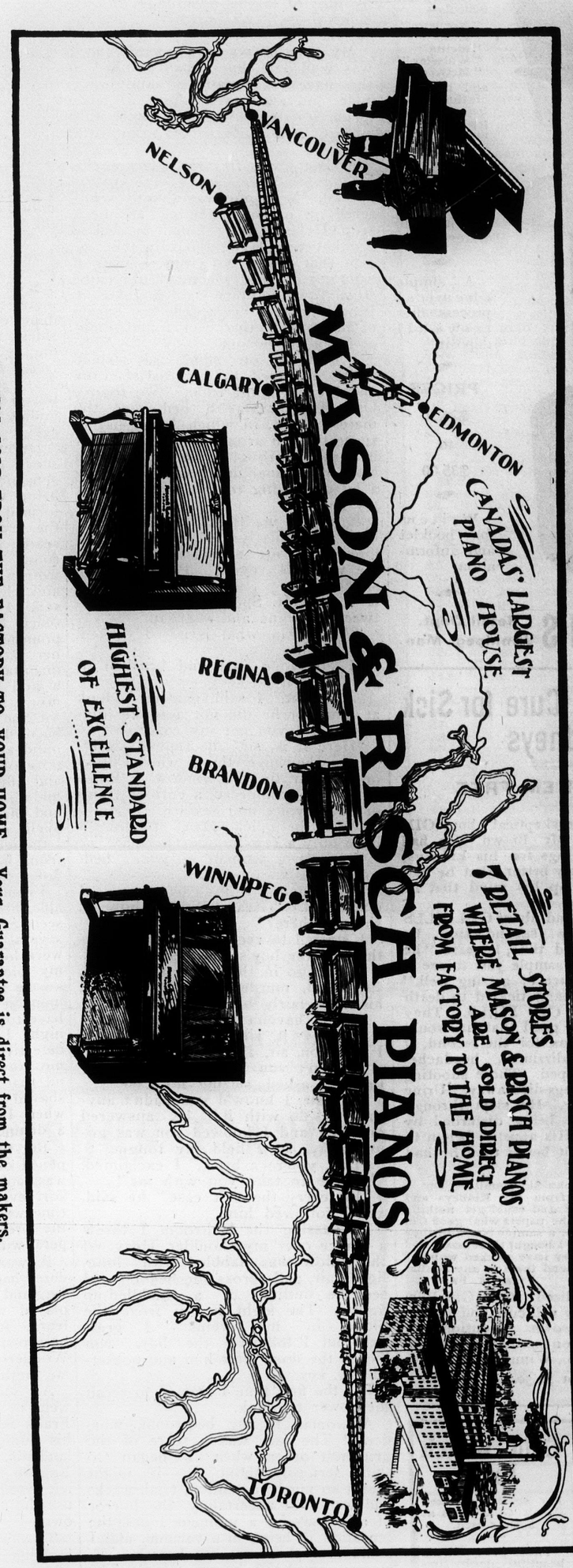


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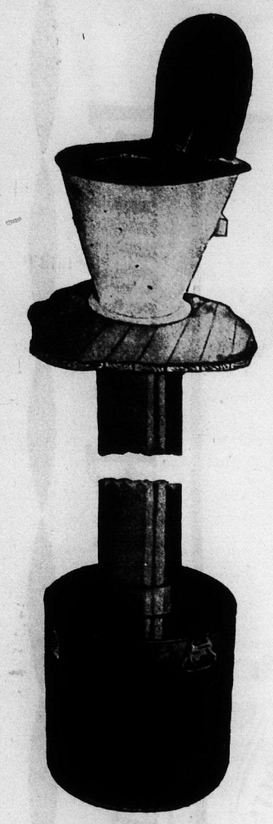

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Being a sufferer from my Kidneys and Dizziness in the Head, and could get nothing to help me, I saw in the papers what good Gin Pills were doing. I got a sample box, and they did me so much good, I bought three boxes and am taking them. They have worked wonders for me. I can recommend them to any similar sufferer. GEO. A. BROWN.

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COBALT GOLD PEN CO., DEPT. 18, TORONTO


# A Strenuous Vacation.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison,

It had been a hard day's work, but by dint of taking advantage of circumstances I was ready for my vacation.

My position was a good one and I was well paid, but I had climbed to the place over many a painful episode and swallowed abuse in large quantities from the sometime irate editors and journalists around the office.

At last I was free for a few weeks, having decided to spend my vacation abroad. My name was already registered on one of the big steamers, second class. Why I had decided to go that way I could hardly tell, except that it was not from motives of economy. I also changed my name from Fred Spoffard to Ed. Johnson. It was perhaps due to the last spasm of false pride that ever found lodgment in my bosom.

Everything on shipboard seemed to be arranged to my satisfaction, and I came home to my two rooms. One of these was a bed-room, the merest closet, in which I had barely space to turn around, and in which I had my thoroughly packed case—a case of unusual dimensions. Having a bit of writing to do I sat down at my desk.

It struck me that Dan, the hall-boy, a singularly clever little fellow, looked at me strangely, following me with his eyes. Presently he spoke.

"I say, Mr. Spoffard," he said, between a whine and a groan.

"Well, Dan, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

"I got your coat and brushed it, sir. Here it is."

"All right," I said, pausing to look at him, for he did not act like himself. "Did you get my case?"

"Here it is, sir," he replied, designating the huge thing which stood on a chair by the window. "But—but—" he stammered, a curious tremor in his voice and gesture.

"Well, be quick, Dan," I said, "I have only a few minutes to spare."

"There's a woman in your bed-room!" he stammered.

"A woman in my bedroom!" I ejaculated. "Great heavens! how did she get there?"

I started to reconnoiter, but something in the boy's face held me back.

"Don't go in there, sir; she's dead, sir, killed, murdered," said the boy, his eyes fairly black with terror.

"But I haven't been home," I said.

"I know it, sir," said Dan, "an' if I was you, sir, I'd git out quick."

"Haven't you given any information?" I asked, seizing my case.

"No, sir, I know'd you hadn't anything to do with it," he answered quickly, "and I knowed you was going away, so I held my tongue."

"Dan, you're a brick," I exclaimed. "I'd like to take you with me."

"I'll carry the suit case," he said, and I followed him.

In passing the bed-room I threw a glance over my shoulder. Heavens! the pillow was dabbled with long, light hair, and across the bed I could see the outlines of a huddled-up figure. The sight nearly froze the blood in my veins. I grew sick, but I followed the boy, who locked the door after him and pocketed the key.

For the first time I seemed to recall the power to think.

A woman in my bed-room, murdered! The fact was a scare of the grimmest order, when I began to think seriously about it; it might meant so much; detention, trial, weeks and weeks of uncertainty, the horror of a prison—for a moment I had the sensation of being in a vacuum, and I could scarcely draw my breath. A woman murdered in my room! The words kept ringing in my ears.

"I know nothing about it," I said, half aloud, half to myself.

"Of course you don't," said Dan, "but all the same I'm glad you're going away."

"Thank you, Dan," I responded. "I won't forget your kindness. If I'm ever a rich man I—"

"Don't you worry, sir," said Dan, bravely. "You're going away; don't you come back in a hurry."

"Indeed I won't," I said to myself, but the uproar in the streets, which was abnormal, and the distraction in my brain, were almost too much for me. I could make no definite plans in the whirl of a confusion that enveloped me.

"Say, Dan," I said confidentially, "I may as well have my whiskers taken off."

"Yes, sir, I thought of that," said Dan. "Here's a barber. You just go in alone. I'll watch the case."

So I went in and submitted to the mercies of a strange barber, who soon deprived me of a pair of adorable siders that had long lent grace and dignity to my rather hard-featured face. It was not long before I had said "good-bye" to Dan, put a dollar bill in his honest hand, and was busy finding my berth in the second class cabin.

During all the hurly burly that ensued there had been an undefined sensation that I was by this time being sought for by a bevy of uniformed mountebanks who had learned the terrible secret and had begun the search for me. A woman in my bed-room, murdered! Who could the woman be? I had kept myself tolerably clear of the wiles of the gentler sex. I knew Miss Hasbrook of the office, but only by her exuberant pompadour of a queer yellow hue, and her rather shifty blue eyes. My acquaintance had not extended beyond a nod and a "good morning," and now I remembered I had not seen her for the last three days. If she had been discharged, gone wrong in her mind and sought me out for the purpose of inducing me to act as arbiter and affect a reconciliation; then, not finding me, her brain had given way and she had killed herself in my room! Well, any way, I was safe for a time. I thought, as the huge steamer started from her moorings and we dropped down the the bay.

I cannot say I had drawn a comfortable breath. Every new face I had seen, every policeman, and there were several of them, I could have sworn were looking for me and thirsting for my blood. Each morning when I awoke I could see that murdered woman on my bed, although I could not have told what she looked like. Every night I had a sort of a dread that detectives were on board, watching me. Never was I more devoutly thankful that I had changed my name and shaved off my whiskers, although when I did both I was conscious of a distinct impression of shame.

But time went on and nothing happened out of the ordinary, although I was looking for a denouement of some sort every hour. The matter by this time was probably bruited abroad by the press—was, likely, in all the papers with appropriate head lines.

A woman murdered, and the murderer had escaped—was on his way to England, in all probability. So I played with my fancy and with my fears. It might even be that I should be arrested as soon as the ship landed. Wonderful to relate, as it seemed to me, nothing of the kind happened.

As soon as I reached London I went to the Strand, where my friend Frank Summers lived, and soon found his number. He was not in, but his landlady, a robust, fresh-colored English woman, told me that he had left word that I was to come in and use the apartments as if they were my own.

They were pleasant, almost familiar-looking rooms, and the chairs and tables were filled with newspapers, all of which I went through with feverish anxiety. I saw nothing, however, pointing to the murder by so much as a paragraph, and breathed easier when my friend came in though he probably saw by my countenance that I was both anxious and depressed.

"Hello, old friend," he cried for greeting, "welcome to the shores of the finest country in the world! How has time used you? You look as if you had hardly enjoyed the trip. Sea-sick?"

"Not in the least," I said, "but I feel as if I had been away a year already."

"Oh, bother Yankeeland," he said, laughing. "Don't let's talk or think about it. This is your vacation, and I'm going to give you a high old time."

"Nothing special has happened since I started from home, I suppose," I said, "no fires, no murders, no—"

"Oh, plenty of both," was his laughing answer. "Nothing, however, that specially attracted my attention, but you can judge for yourself. Here are all the latest papers; suit yourself; revel in paragraphs, short, snappy, witty, bombastic; there are your specials; cram yourself with editorials stupid, witty, wise or otherwise," and he handed me the papers for which I was general news gatherer when at home. I looked them through; there was nothing there in which I found myself implicated, not even in the latest editions. I breathed easier—yet what did it mean? Nor could I throw off the horrible nightmare of doubt and fear, try as I would, that had for so long enveloped me, that I should yet be hunted, tried, and perhaps hung for a murderer. For a time, however, I strove to put aside my fears and accompanied my friend to all the places of note, yet, occasionally, when I saw a stranger looking at me, or passed too close to a policeman, I found myself shuddering and eager to get out of the way.

The months passed and my vacation drew near to an end. Strange though it may seem, the old fears began to assail me and the old tremors to rasp at my nerves! Could I go back? My chum could not but notice my uneasiness, and one day I unbosomed myself to him and told him the whole story.

For a time he was very serious, for he saw how the thing had got on my nerves, and that there was an element of uncertainty about it; that it hovered, like some vague cloud that never lifted, over my mind, and until the truth was known never would lift. We discussed several plans. One among them was that we should both remain in London, where we could make a decent living, until I had forgotten the past.

But the truth was that with all my fears and weakness, if you might call it that, I was homesick. London had never seemed like home to me, and at last I felt that rather than stay I would face and dare the worst.

So, after a long conference with my old friend, we both decided to go back to America, I to resume my name and both of us to go by steerage. While my friend kept up his courage by pretending to ignore the whole matter, I could see that he was sometimes nervously susceptible to the possibilities of the situation, and he often questioned me about the boy.

"Of course, it might have got into the papers and neither of us have seen it," he said, "but I incline to the supposition that the whole thing was a ruse—a hoax confined to the circle of the few who originated it. My advice is that you go right on as though nothing had happened, seeking out carefully your old associations, and watching for a chance word or action that will betray them."

I did so, after keeping incognito for a couple of weeks. The first place I visited, where I was known, was the home of Dan's mother. It was not altered, only the woman, a high-cheeked, high-colored dame, looked a trifle more comfortable, and so did her children. She received me as if I had left but yesterday, and began talking volubly of Dan.

Dan was doing well, he had given her more money till within the last week or so, she said, than ever before, and they were very comfortable.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Well, he be gone with his uncle on a fishing voyage; the boy hadn't

seemed well for a week or two, and Brother Alf he took him along with him. It'll be a matter of a fortnight before he comes back."

"What was the matter with him?" I asked.

"Well, he were rather low in spirits and nervous like. Never knowed him to be so before," she said. "I charged him with something on his conscience, but I don't know." All the time her iron was going back and forth and she looked flushed. "I know he's honest," she went on. "I guess he'll come back all right—jest a sick spell, that's all."

Once or twice I was about to ask her if she had ever heard anything of the mysterious murder in my rooms, but my heart failed me as if I had been a silly schoolboy.

But one day when I met my friend there was a curious exultation in his face and manner, a light in his eyes, a fervor in his hand clasp, that struck me as ominous of good news.

"Hello!" was the greeting he gave em, "I've found out something. Come to dinner with me."

We repaired to a cafe to which we were in the habit of resorting. I could hardly wait till we were comparatively alone.

"Well," said Frank, "I don't know that you remember Petrovich Meltone, a young Pole, who went to the University, and boarded in that ramshackle building where you hung out before you went across the big pond."

"Oh, yes," I said, "the fellow with the red head."

"There were three, Petrovich, Brigham and Cole; the three were inseparable."

Yes, I recollected them all.

"Do you remember that you once wrote them up after a college spree—fairly roasting them?"

I nodded. I had in reality forgotten, but it came back to me.

"They never forgave you that lampooning and swore to be even with you. I came across Petrovich Meltone. He is studying surgery. Well, they laid in with Dan."

I caught my breath. Then I said: "Dan was in league against me! And I believed in Dan!"

"Put not your trust in princes," quoted my friend, "nor yet in hall boys."

"But Dan! I would have staked my salvation on Dan, he seemed so honest, so true to his friends."

"The boy was tempted; they gave him big money, very likely, and we are not sure how much or how little he knew about it. They could have pulled the wool over his eyes, as I am confident they did. Don't blame him too severely yet. Of course, he was a little rascal, but he seems to be suffering for his unfaithfulness, if unfaithful he has been. Well, I haven't got through my story yet. The Pole was the possessor of a mannikin, a first rate affair. This they dressed up and had conveyed to your bedroom in the guise of a woman, and so apparently mutilated that it would seem as if a deed of volence had been perpetrated. It was well planned. They only wanted to send you out of the country properly scared, and they knew your extreme views about circumstantial evidence."

True, everybody, both friends and enemies, knew my opinions in regard to that.

"The Pole," Frank continued, "tells me that there was quite a little commotion concerning the matter in not a few private circles, and that it was mentioned in a few of the weekly papers. I reckon you'll have to forgive them."

"I did, but I could never get over Dan's playing me false.

**A Sure Cure for Headache.**—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.


# CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

The articles illustrated are merely suggestions of dainty, artistic, practical and much appreciated little gifts for Christmas. Our catalogue illustrates many elaborate and expensive pieces Our mail order department will be found very satisfactory in all gift selections. Dingwall Jewelry is the out-put of Dingwall workshops and of high quality. Send for catalogue.

**1.** Solid gold locket. **$4.50.**
**1A.** Same, gold-filled. **$2.00.**
**2.** Solid gold locket. **$2.25.**
**2A.** Same, gold-filled. **$1.00.**
**3.** Solid gold pin, 3 fine pearls. **$2.00**
**3A.** Same, one pearl. **$1.50.**
**3B.** Same, plain. **$1.25.**
**4.** Gold-filled baby pin. **75c.**
**5.** Solid gold pin. **$1.00.**
**6.** Solid gold necklet. **$3.00.**
**6A.** Same, gold-filled. **$1.25.**
**7.** Solid gold necklet. **$4.25.**
**7A.** Same, gold-filled. **$2.00.**
**8.** Child's gold-filled bracelet. **$2.50.**
**8A.** Same, sterling silver. **$1.00.**
**9.** Solid gold brooch and watch chatelaine. **$3.50.**
**9A.** Same, gold-filled. **$1.00.**
**10.** Solid gold locket. **$3.00.**
**10A.** Same, gold-filled. **$1.00.**
**11.** 14 K. gold brooch, fine pearls. **$6.**
**12.** Solid gold cuff-links. **$4.00.**
**12A.** Same, gold-filled. **$1.50.**
**12B.** Same, sterling silver. **50c.**
**13.** Solid gold cuff-links. **$4.00.**
**14.** Solid gold cuff-links. **$4.00.**
**14A.** Same, gold-filled. **$1.50.**
**15.** Pearl scarf pin, 14 K. **$4.00.**
**16.** Pearl scarf pin, 14 K. **$2.50.**
**17.** 14 K. gold riding-crop brooch. **$4**
**18.** Pearl brooch and pendant, 14 K. **$9.00.**
**19.** Pearl Fleur-de-lis brooch, 14 K. **$2.75.**
**20.** Pearl brooch, 14 K. **$2.00.**
**21.** Pearl wish-bone brooch, 14 K. **$2.50.**
**22.** Solid gold signet ring. **$3.00.**
**23.** Child's solid gold signet ring, **$1.25.**
**24.** Solid gold scarf pin. **$1.25.**
**24A.** Same, gold-filled. **50c.**
**25.** Fine opal scarf pin. **$4.00.**
**26.** Solid gold brooch. **$2.00.**
**27.** Fine pearl crescent, 14 K. **$3.00.**
**28.** Fine pearl crescent. 14 K. **$5.50.**
**29.** Fine pearl crescent, **$3.00.**
**30.** Solid gold signet ring. **$4.00.**
**31.** Pearl scarf pin, 14 K. **$1.50.**
**32.** Fine opal scarf pin, 14 K. **$3.50.**
**33.** Fine gold brooch. **$3.00.**
**34.** Solid gold tie clip. **$2.00.**
**34A.** Same, sterling silver. **25c.**
**35.** Solid gold cross. **$3.00.**
**35A.** Same, gold filled. **$1.00.**
**36.** Solid gold signet ring. **$10.00.**
**37.** Solid gold Masonic ring. **$7.75.**
**38.** Solid gold scarf pin. **$1.00.**
**39.** Silver scarf pin. **15c.**
**40.** Ladies' watch, 25 year gold-filled case, 15 jewel Waltham movement. **$12.00.**
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# The Month's Bright Sayings.

**Police Magistrate Daly :** If there were fewer fools there would be a smaller number of rogues.

**Elbert Hubbard :** If you are really good humored show it. It is a great power.

**T. P. O'Connor, M P. :** The fortunes of a politician rarely stand still; either they progress or they recede.

**Sir Gilbert Parker :** The Dreadnought and her sisters will do much more to preserve peace for us than all our aspirations towards universal amity.

**Thomas A. Edison :** Man is the only animal who cannot idle. The microbe of energy prevents him from enjoying the ecstasy of indolence.

**Dr. Flinders Petrie :** No mongrel peoples have ever done great things, and the zones assigned to the white, the yellow, and the black must be permanent.

**Ex-Premier Reid, of New South Wales:** Australia is in danger of becoming the tool of the purely professional politician —of the man who goes into politics for what he can make out of it.

**Andrew Carnegie :** Politics are never a simple affair, and perhaps that is the only truth you can state concerning them.

**Mrs. Humphry Ward :** Happiness is much more the way in which we ourselves look at life than in what happens to us.

**W. J. Bryan :** The worst sin in the country to-day is not the sin of the poor wretch in the police-court, but the sin of selfishness and luxuriousness, of indifference to the wrongs of humanity.

**W. T. Jerome :** There are two things legislation cannot regulate : matrimony and intemperance. "Therein the patient must minister to himself."

**George Bernard Shaw :** Knowing how to make other people work is a more valuable accomplishment than being able to work yourself.

**Ellen Terry :** The greed of woman is more inordinate than that of man, but it is never sordid, and has its root almost invariably in devotion to one more beloved by her than herself.

**Premier Roblin :** A man who is so ungrateful as to decline or neglect to pay for the services rendered by a trained nurse should be put in jail.

**John Burns :** The men who won the battle of Waterloo were not reared upon tinned milk from rubber-tubed bottles, two inventions of Satan which have done more to deprecate human nature than anything since the time of Adam.

**Mark Twain :** In the exuberant hospitality of America, if a person wants anything he has only to ask for it. Whether he gets it is another matter.

**Lord Hugh Cecil :** If every card were destroyed and horse-racing made a capital offence, there would still be found means of trying to make money without doing any adequate work for it.

**Lord Mayor of London :** I don't know that it is good for the digestion to be waited upon by a servant covered all over with gold braid, but you can get used to anything.

**Winston Churchill :** The French think that Paris is not only the hub of the universe, but the only city in which a gentleman can live in ease and comfort, and this accounts, perhaps, for the fact that France has no Warren Hastings or Cromers and so few emigrants.

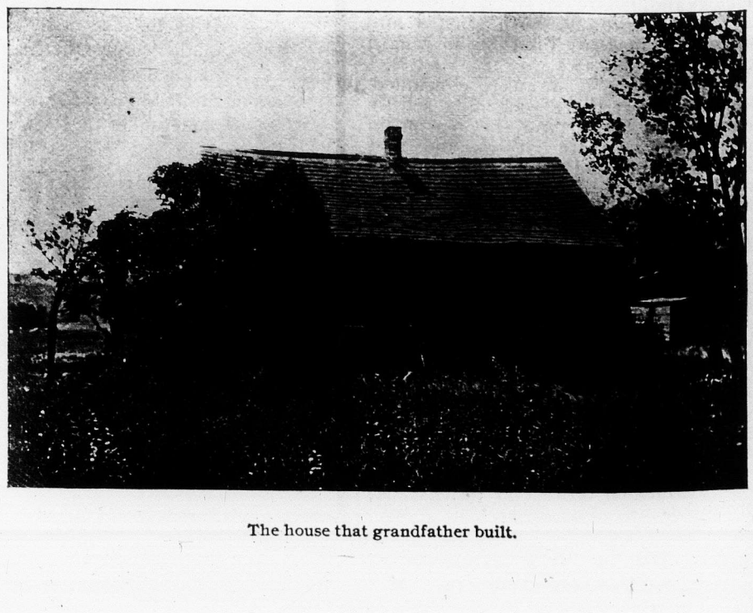
**John Morley :** Socialism has a worse chance in Australia, where so large a proportion of the people are property-owners, and where anybody can by industry and self-sacrifice achieve independence through property acquisition, than it has in any country in the world.

**Elinor Glyn :** When a man says "dear" to his wife, it merely implies his habitual consciousness of their relation : when he says "darling," he is again the lover of the honeymoon : but when he says "my dear," he is asserting his dignity as head of the household.

**Goldwin Smith :** Cricket will never be the Canadian game, though intercourse with the Mother-country keeps it well alive here. A match lasting over two or even three days makes too great a demand upon the time of a busy people. Besides, we have not the lawns of the south of England or the commons on which the country boy learns cricket. The Canadian game is baseball or lacrosse.

**Countess of Warwick :** The simple life was all very well in the Garden of Eden, when frocks were a question of fig leaves and the diet was strictly vegetarian. To-day, when we all require feeding up, we cannot possibly exist without three meat meals a day ; while the woman does not exist who would not immediately start trimming her fig-leaves with currants or flowers.

**Rudyard Kipling :** Immigration is what you want in the West. You must have laborers there. You want immigration and the way to keep the yellow man out is to get the white man in. If you keep out the white, then you will have the yellow man, for you must have labor. The work must be done, and there is certain work which the white man won't do, so long as he can get a yellow man to do it. Pump immigrants in from the old country. Pump them in. England has five millions of people to spare.



**The house that grandfather built.**

## Enormous Fortunes in Coal.

*Stock Sold Three years ago at only 10 Cents Now Worth 92 Cents.*

Few small investors have a true conception of the great profits that may be made from a small investment in stock in a coal property. To illustrate what we have in mind, we will reproduce here a portion of the official report upon the International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, Coleman, Alberta. This Company paid dividend No. 3, August 1st, 1907, amounting to $42,000,000.

The International Coal and Coke Company, Ltd., has a capital of $3,000,000, shares having a par value of $1.00 per share. The total amount of shares outstanding are 2,800,000, there being 200,000 shares in the treasury.

Dividends are being paid quarterly at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, the last one paid being August 1st, making a total of about $98,000,000 paid to shareholders this year.

The latest report from the secretary of the company to the shareholders shows a surplus on hand of $393,469.84.

Out of all the organizations which have operated coal mines in the Crow's Nest Pass district, none, perhaps, have achieved as speedy or more wonderful results than the International Coal and Coke Co., which only three years ago opened its mines at Coleman. In the brief period since that time the management has established a great plant, and have lately entered into a three years' contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the total output at an advanced price. The output has also been doubled, and the above has naturally had an effect upon the stock, and shares of the corporation have sold above par.

The engineer of the company gives an estimate of the coal developed and now on hand ready to be broken down from the rooms, as being 1,600,283 tons.

The International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, shares are now selling on exchanges at 90 to 92 cents per share. Three years ago they could have been bought at 10 cents per share.

Today the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company's stock can be bought at 15 cents a share which, if all predictions come true, will equal the International Coal and Coke Company as a money maker. The par value of the shares is one dollar.

Should the B. C. Amalgated prove as remunerative to investors as the International Coal and Coke Co. did, every dollar invested in this property now will be worth six dollars to the investor in three years' time. Shrewd investors in financial centres have been making heavy purchases in British Columbia Amalgated stock lately, and it is only a question of a very short while before the price of the stock will be advanced.

Those who are fortunate enough to secure even a few hundred shares at 15 cents a share, and then lay it aside and forget all about it for a short time, will suddenly realize in the near future what a sensible and profitable investment they have made.

## How Dr. Jameson Received His Instructions.

While Dr. Jameson, who will act for Cape Colony at the Colonial Conference, was engaged as Administrator of Mashonaland, 1891-95, he considered it was essential to break the power of Lobengula, King of the Matabeles, who threatened to get out of hand. He wired to Cecil Rhodes, "Shall I go in?" and received the mysterious telegram, "Read Luke xiv., 31." A Testament was with some difficulty procured, and he read, "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with 10,000 to meet him that cometh against him with 20,000?" The buoyant Scotsman's reply was: "All right; have read Luke xiv., 31." Dr. Jameson had but 1,000 men and some machine guns; but he overcame Lobengula and his 15,000 splendid fighting men with ease and dispatch, at a cost which was trivial as compared with the advantages secured.


# ENORMOUS WEALTH

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# Good Coal Mine

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**Property**—17,500 acres of Valuable Coal Lands in the famous Nicola Valley, B.C.

**Five Seams of Coal,** from 5 ft. to 11ft. thick, underlie this vast area. Estimated quantity of coal in these reserves is ONE BILLION FOUR HUNDRED MILLION TONS.

**2,000 Acres lie beside** the Nicola Branch of the C.P.R. This property is to be immediately developed.

**Coal will be Shipped before Christmas,** so the Company's Engineer states.

**Stock will go up** when production commences, and before that.

**As production increases** stock should go steadily higher, and eventually reach a high value.

**This has been the experience** of nearly all Western Coal Companies, whose stocks at first sold at only a few cents per share.

**An Investment for very Great Profits.**

**The Coal is there.** It is proved by diamond drilling. It is a question of time and money only to start it coming out.

**At the Company's Annual Meeting,** in February, 1907, the Treasurer reported Cash in Bank, $33,794.70. Plenty of money with which to commence operations.

**The Directors** are all capable, substantial business men, able to carry the Company to success. The President is

**R. L. Durham** (Vice-President Merchants' National Bank, of Portland, Oregon).

**Profits**—Coal can be mined at $1.00 per ton profit. A production of 3,000 tons per day would produce $1,000,000 profits per annum. Enough to pay 18c. per share on the present amount of stock that has been issued, viz, 5,400,000 shares. These shares cost only 15 cents now. The Company's aim is to produce 3,000 tons per day as early as possible. In time the production should still further increase. 1,000 shares, when stock goes up to par value, will be worth $1,000. They cost only $150 NOW. PROFIT IS $850, or 566⅔ PER CENT ON THE INVESTMENT IN THE RISE IN THE STOCK ALONE. TO THIS MUST BE ADDED THE DIVIDENDS.

**We Recommend This Investment, we believe it will make Big Money for the Stockholders.**

DO NOT DELAY, but send in your order AT ONCE, with remittance, and write us for full particulars.

We will sell stock on the instalment plan. Send 25 per cent of price with order. You can pay balance in one, two and three months, if you wish. In this way a larger block can be secured.

N.B.—In some of our former advertisements an error occurred. The profits accruing through the rise of shares to par value was stated to be 1,133 per cent. It should have been only 566⅔ per cent. This, however, would satisfy any reasonable person. We do not know where we could look for a more profitable investment. Your money in the Savings Bank will only earn you 3½ per cent.

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**Phone 7010. Suite 315 R, Kennedy Building, Opposite Eaton's, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.**

# The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

**A POOR EXCUSE** A sad accident occurred a few days ago on a Southern railway at Auburn, N. C. which resulted in the loss of three lives and the injury of a number of other persons. When the conductor was called before the Coroner's jury for examination, he said "I simply forgot my orders—that's all" "That's all", as one writer has said, "That's all, is all too much". "I forgot it" is a poor excuse, but an exceedingly popular one. A young man in business has no business to forget. Every man ought to have a memory system of his own by which the forgetting of certain things would be an absolute impossibility. Successs in life often pivots on a good memory.

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**THE MIND OF MAN** The mind of man is inexhaustible. There is no limit to its capacity. The mind which can originate one invention may project a thousand. The author who can pen one chapter can furnish characters sufficient for fifty volumes. The mind of man is the immortal part of him. That which is so prolific must have in it some eternal principle. John Ruskin in his researches in the National Gallery found wonderful evidences of the boundless character of the mind of Joseph Turner, the famous painter. Here are his words:—"In seven tin boxes, in the lower rooms of the National Gallery, I found upwards of 19,000 pieces of paper drawn upon by Turner. Many on both sides, some with four, five, or six subjects on each side; some in chalk which a touch of the finger would sweep away, some in ink rotted into holes, others eaten by mildew, some worm-eaten, some mouse eaten, many torn half-way through. Dust of thirty years accumulated upon all."

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**WORRY—THE GREAT AMERICAN DISEASE** In the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth Bulstrode Whitelock, the English Ambassador to the Hague, was waiting one night at Harwich until a storm abated. As he lay awake unable to sleep through the howling of the wind outside the house and tossed from side to side on his bed thinking of the sad condition of his country, an old and faithful servant lying in the same room addressed him saying "Sir, may I ask a question?" "Certainly" replied the Ambassador. "Sir, did not God govern the world well before you came into it? "Undoubtedly!" "And will he rule the world well when you have gone out of it?" "Undoubtedly!" "Then sir, can you not trust Him to rule it while you are in it?" To such questioning there was but one answer and the tired Ambassador rolled over and fell asleep. Why not learn to trust. Do your best and leave the rest, allow a margin for God to work upon. Believe that God is in your life and trust Him where you cannot trace Him. Worry is slow suicide, it rusts the hinges of the body. Away with worry. Do your best, and trust.

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**YOUR WORST ENEMY** Stand before the mirror and look at yourself—the man you see in the glass may be considered in a two-fold capacity. He may be your best friend or he may be your worst enemy. The chances are that if he is not one he is the other. There is a Northern legend which informs us that a certain man believed himself to be followed by an evil being. One misfortune followed him after another. He lost his property. Then his beloved first born died. After that his wife entered upon a physical decline. One calamity followed another until the man became convinced that some evil monster was following him from day to day. With an awful determination he began a search for the unknown enemy. Day and night he watched for him. At every turning in the road he lay in wait for him. At last he saw him and in fierce anger rushed upon him. A terrible struggle ensued. It seemed as though the man must perish. But gathering up his strength he seized the monster and turned back his head to gash his throat—when behold!—instead of the face of a fiend *he beheld his own face!* The monster he feared and dreaded was—*himself.*

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**BE GENEROUS** Be generous. Be kind. Be thoughtful. Do not expect the impossible from your fellow creatures. Every man may not equal you in strength and talent and, then, too, you may see a day in your own history when even your strength and ability will not equal your present power or attainments. I like the spirit and words of Charles Kingsley. He says in one of his letters to Mrs. Kingsley "I sometimes doubt and distrust myself but *I see some hope for everybody else.*" That sentiment is a rich and rare one. It recalls the incident in the life of Arnold of Rugby:—"Once, at Laleham, when teaching a rather dull boy, he spoke rather sharply to him, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? *Indeed* I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said, "I never felt so much in my life,—that look and that speech I have never forgotten" All we can reasonably expect of men and women is their "best." One man's best is not equal to another man's best. Your preacher would doubtless preach brilliant sermons if he were equal to the task. He is doubtless giving you the very best in his possession. Another preacher, fifty miles away, may seem so much more desirable. Doubtless on close range *he* might appear to have certain disadvantages. Great charity is greater than great faith or great prayer. Ask for sincerity in life and, being sure of that, believe that your slow plodding neighbor is doing his very best. Twenty years from now he may be in advance of your more brilliant friends whom you worship to-day.

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**PLAYING A POOR HAND WELL** You have heard of the first funeral at Wolfville and you have read of the inscription which Doc. Peets inscribed on the head-board which stood over the grave of Jack King.

"JACK KING, DECEASED.
"Life ain't the holding of a good hand,
But
The playing of a poor hand well."

Here is the revelation of a great fact. Most successful men have battled against adverse circumstances. I am amazed at the number of men who succeed with the odds against them. Dwarfed in figure, poor in health, or limited in the matter of mental equipment certain men seem to have the strange ability to forge ahead. "Life ain't the holding of a good hand, but the playing of a poor hand well."

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**SMALL BEGINNINGS** There is an old preacher in Brooklyn, New York, who is nearly eighty five years old. For 30 years he was pastor of the La Fayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, When he retired because of old age they presented him with $30,000—a thousand dollars for every year of his ministry. He has recently written his own biography under the title of "Recollections of a Long Life." "It has not been my practice to invite the labors of an evangelist; but in January, 1872, Mr. Dwight L. Moody, with whom I had as yet but a slight acquaintance, but whom I since have honored and loved with my whole heart, said to the superintendent of our Mission Chapel: "What a nice place this is to hold some meetings in." He was cordially invited: and at the end of a week about twenty persons had been gathered together on the sharp winter evenings. "This seems slow work," I said to him. "Very true," replied my sagacious brother. "It is slow, but if you want to kindle a fire, you collect a handful of sticks, light them with a match, and keep on blowing till they blaze. Then you may heap on the wood. I am working here with a handful of Christians, endeavoring to warm them up with love for Christ; and, if they keep well kindled, a general revival will come, and outside sinners will be converted.'. He was right, the revival did come. It spread into the parent church, and over one hundred converts made their public confession of Christ before our communion table. It was in those little chapel meetings that my beloved brother, Moody, prepared his first "Bible Readings."

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**MILTON'S DEFINITION OF A BOOK.** I suppose the finest description and best definition of a book ever written is that of John Milton, the Puritan poet: "A book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life. Write that in your note-book!

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**SPEAK A WORD** Do you study the faces of the men with whom you come in contact? Can you read character well enough to discover, now and then, a cloud behind the eyes? Does it ever occur to you that there are men who would open up their hearts to you if you would only say a word or give them a glance of encouragement? A man formerly prominent in social and political circles, the cashier of a certain bank when he was discovered to be a defaulter, took his own life and left a letter for his wife in which he said:—"Oh, if somebody had only spoken to me when I so much needed help, all this might have been different." Just a word to rest a tired soul. Just a glance which reveals the fact that you are interested. Just an act which tells your neighbor that you are willing to make a sacrifice in order to help him through a difficulty or assist over an obstacle in his pathway. It means so little for you, and yet it means so much for him.

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**MAKE AN INVESTMENT** O. W. Holmes remarked concerning a noble act of public charity in which he had indulged, that "for doing this noble office I desire to be thankful that I have lived though nothing else good should ever come into my life." Every true soul can appreciate the sentiment. To have made an investment of influence for the sake of our fellowmen and to be assured that no change or combination of circumstances can ever make void the fact must be a source of genuine satisfaction to every true soul. A man who had once been worth half a million dollars and lost it all informed me that in the days of his prosperity he had made a donation of $10,000 toward the Young Men's Christian Association. Said he, "All I have left is my investment in the Y. M. C. A. I can never lose that." Into every day there ought to be brought some kind word, some noble deed, some contribution of substance—something which shall be worthy of being registered by the recording angel. Something of which we can say with Dr. Holmes, "If I never do anything else I am glad I have lived."

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**IS THE FAULT IN YOURSELF?** I am suspicious of the man who is always complaining. "The weather is wrong. The season is backward. The location is poor. The government is off color. The times are hard. The neighborhood is degenerating. The crops are unsatisfactory. Money is tight. Friends are false. People are peculiar. Servants are unreliable. Labor unions are despotic. Emigration is demoralizing. Trusts are domineering. Things are on the down grade. Everything is wrong." Listen, my friends, to the words of Shakespeare "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

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**PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT** A shrewd financier once said that a bank was sure to be a success when the president took it home with him at night. In other words every institution needs the undivided attention of one clear brain focused upon it continually. There is a beautiful legend in a book written by Miss Olive Schreiner—the story of an artist whose pictures were remarkable for one particular color—crimson. His efforts won the admiration of all. His fellow artists attempted to vie with him but all in vain. There was a certain tone and atmosphere and depth of color which seemed to be unapproachable. But they never found the secret of it until the artist died. The legend says that when he died they discovered over his heart an old wound. They discovered then the secret of the marvelous beauty and powers of his painting. He had inwrought his very blood into the fabric of his pictures. In other words he had put his very life into the masterpieces of his genius. This is the story of all true success. All sublime achievements are secured at the cost of blood. It is heart work that tells.

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**THE VALUE OF TEMPER** A strong temper in splendid control is good capital in business life. Temper stands for energy and energy is to the commercial world what steam is to the boiler. The man who can move things is always in demand and he is always the incarnation of energy, vitality and temper. A skilful driver asks for the spirited animal and a strong rein. It is said of Stephen Gerard, a Frenchman, who pursued a remarkably successful commercial career in the United States, at the beginning of the history of the republic, that when he heard of a clerk with a strong temper he would immediately, if opportunity offered, take him into his employment, *and set him to work in a room to himself.* Gerard was of the opinion that such persons were the best workmen and their energy would expend itself in the proper channels of achievements, if the workman could be removed from all temptations to quarrel. Doubtless he was right. Energy, when properly directed means success. A strong temper is not an unqualified disadvantage. Let the man of strong spirit learn how to handle himself.

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**THE DEMOCRACY OF SKILL.** When Cardinal Du Bois, the great Prime Minister of France, was about to undergo a serious operation, he said to the noted surgeon Dr. Boudon, "Doctor, be careful! Be careful! Don't treat me like one of those poor miserable wretches at your hospital of Hotel Dieu." When the famous surgeon and physician heard this remark he proudly lifted his head and replied, "My Lord, every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence has been pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes." Splendid sentiment! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Let quality be the sign and seal of your work whether the instrument you forge is for the use of a prince or a peasant. Your work is the expression of yourself, your character, and your individuality. The contractor who builds a fine block on the main avenue has as true and lasting a monument as the soldier whose noble form is to be found in brass or bronze in the public square.

# WHY DON'T YOU?

**Why Don't You Send For It** And give it a chance to prove to you what it will do, a chance to show you how it works? It is easy to get. A short note, giving your name and address, saying, "I want to try it," will bring it to you by next mail, all charges paid. You don't need to fill out any blanks, don't need to give any references, don't need to answer any questions. You don't need to send any money. It is yours to try, simply for the asking WHY DON'T YOU? We don't care where you are, what your nationality, sex, religion or politics may be. We care only to know that you are sick, that you need it and will try it. That is all. We are glad to send it to you without a penny. We don't even care what your trouble is. We are willing to take our chance on it helping YOU, as it has helped thousands with all diseases, and on you paying us after it has helped you. Why don't you send for it? Why not write today?

**It Costs You Nothing To Try! Why Don't You?**

**One Million Sick People** have accepted our offer and tried Vitae-Ore at our risk. Why don't you follow their example? One million sick people have written "Send me a package on trial," and they got it. One million sick people have tested Vitae-Ore without a penny's risk, have judged it, have seen for themselves what Vitae-Ore is and what it can do, as we ask you to see and judge. Hundreds of ailing, sickly, bodily weak, worn-out people are sending for it every day in the year. Perhaps at this very moment some one a short distance from your home is writing us for a package on trial, taking the first step to health we ask you to take. Month after month our trial offer has appeared and has been accepted by thousands of people who needed the health Vitae-Ore offers. We keep on advertising this offer, because Vitae-Ore cures and satisfies, because people judge it honestly and gladly pay for the trial treatment when they are benefited. Why don't you send for it? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You are to be the judge. Read our trial offer, read the good work Vitæ-Ore has done for others, and write for a package today.

## A Sufferer For Ten Years

*Was Unable to Work--Could Get No Rest Nights.*

HALF ISLAND COVE, NOVA SCOTIA.

I saw Vitæ-Ore advertised and concluded to try it. I had been a sufferer from Rheumatism for over ten years and for days at a time I would be unable to work. I was also troubled with Catarrh of the Lungs and could get very little rest at night. I wish to say that Vitæ-Ore has cured me. My aches and pains are all gone and my lungs do not trouble me. To tell the truth I feel ten years younger and I owe it all to V.-O. I have tried other remedies but they all failed. W. G. MYERS.

## Found it a Genuine Cure

GOLDEN STREAM, MAN.—I was very sick when I first began the Vitæ-Ore treatment. I had been steadily under the doctor's care without improvement and left off his medicine and begun with Vitæ-Ore. I found it a really genuine cure. I was bad with my Kidneys and Stomach, had the LaGrippe and when my heart missed a beat I thought I would die. Now I am out of bed, am able to do light work and feel that I am gaining more strength day by day.

MRS. T. THOMSON.

## Kidney Trouble Disappeared

SODA CREEK, B. C.—I cannot praise Vitæ-Ore too highly. Before using it I was very badly troubled with my Kidneys and had to get up five or six times during the night, but after using only two packages of V.-O. this trouble has entirely disappeared. I would not believe that so much good could result in so short a time were it not my own experience.

J. M. COLLINS.

## Proved A God-Send

*Suffered for Years with Rheumatism and Thought There Was No Cure*

HARRISBURG, PA.

My conscience tells me that I must fulfill my duty towards humanity and Vitæ-Ore by telling publicly the great good

it has done for me. It has certainly proven a God-send to me. I suffered for years with Rheumatism and was led to think from repeated failure to cure that there was no hope for a cure. Today I am cured and all through this efficient remedy. It drove it all out of my system and there has been no return. I recommend it most highly for the great good it has done me and want everybody who suffers the terrible torture of Rheumatism to know how it cures this disease. I believe it will help any Rheumatic case and cannot find words to say enough good in its praise.

MRS. HANNAH WERLEY.

## Our 30-Day Trial Offer

**If You Are Sick** we want to send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

## WHAT VITAE-ORE IS

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative healing value many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

## EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

We get letters from people in all parts of the United States and Canada, testifying to the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions. Why shouldn't it cure you?

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

There is only one genuine Vitæ-Ore, the original which counterfeiters imitate. It contains the signature of THEO. NOEL to prove its genuineness. We have only one office in Canada, which is located in Toronto, Ont. We have no office in Winnipeg and the compound advertised by the imitators operating as "The Vitæ-Ore Co." at Winnipeg is a counterfeit.

## One Dose of Vitae-Ore

Proves it different from other remedies—different in appearance, in smell, in taste. A hundred doses (one month's treatment) prove it different in its curative action, a difference that explains its efficacy where ordinary medicines failed, a difference that has won praise from thousands—a difference that cures. It contains substances which, when the body is in ill health, are needed for the work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials it promotes health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. Whenever there exists an abnormal symptom, Vitæ-Ore assists nature to remedy the disturbance which causes it. It is a vitalizing, tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It acts always in a natural way, by assisting nature to properly perform functions which always are properly performed in good health, and thus helps to establish good health in all parts.

## HAD DROPSY FROM A FEVER

*Feet and Limbs Were Badly Swollen—Had Kidney and Heart Trouble.*

ABALINE, ARK.—I was taken down with a Fever a year ago, which resulted in Dropsy and Kidney Troubles, and after a time I became afflicted with Tonsilitis and Heart Trouble. My feet and limbs were so swollen I thought they would burst; there seeme to be an ulcer in my Stomach, and I had no appetite whatever. I was treated by two of the best doctors in this country, but they did me no good. One of them said that I would have to go to Hot Springs and have an operation performed on my throat before I could be cured. I was in a horrible condition, and did not think I could live to see another winter. I sent for a package of Vitæ-Ore, but had small hopes of it helping me, for I thought I was beyond the reach of medicine. I began taking Vitæ-Ore and after three weeks' use the swelling was disappearing and my throat was well; my heart was beating normally and the color had returned to my face; the fever had left me and I had regained my appetite. After taking two packages of Vitæ-Ore I was in better health than I had been for ten years; I felt like a different woman entirely. I cannot praise V.-O. enough, and even though I were to write for a week I could not tell all it did for me. It has saved my life, and I tell all my friends, as well as the doctors, who are surprised at my improvement, that Vitæ-Ore has cured me. I also advise those who are ailing and wish to get well to take it as I did. and three applications affected a cure. I have used it in my family for Colds, Fever, Cramp and Ulcers, and I find it good for all; in fact, we cannot do without it.

I have since used it for Piles

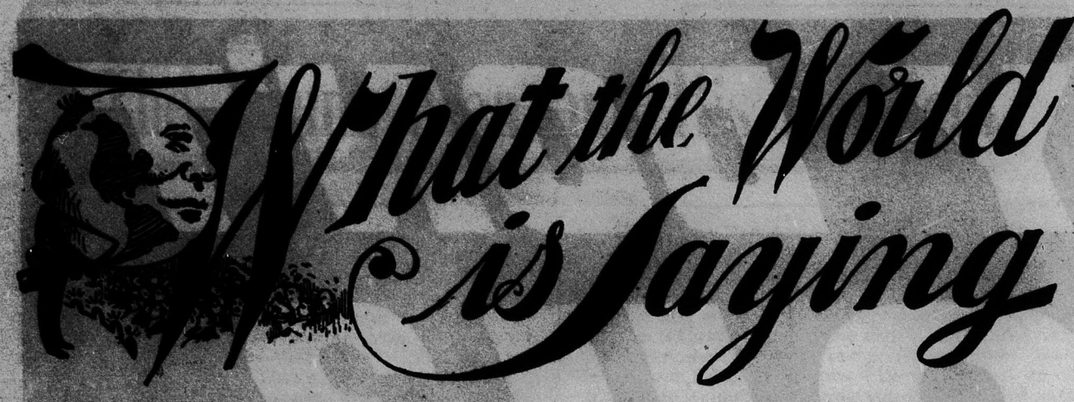
GERTRUDE JOHNSON.

## Its Cures Are Permanent

Like a house built on a rock in their positiveness and completeness. First is created a structure of health in the blood, a substantial basis for all else to rest upon. Then the edifice is built naturally, stone after stone, day after day, nerve, tissue, muscle and ligament are placed in a normal, healthy, natural condition, drains put in thorough working order, parts cleansed, healed and purified, and the completed work is then turned over to the tenant's hands. The foundation is right, the work is right, and it lasts. Dosing stops—there is nothing to require it. Suffering ends—there is nothing to cause it. Vitæ-Ore strikes the disease at its root. Its cures are permanent and for this reason it itself is a permanent remedy, one that has come to stay, that is growing in popularity and selling more rapidly from year to year, curing with permanent cures, satisfying with permanent satisfaction.

**You Don't Pay For Promises,** you pay only for the health it brings you. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body. If not—DON'T PAY. But you must try it to know, must give it a chance, must get it and take it, so send for it immediately AT OUR RISK.

**THEO. NOEL CO., LIMITED.** H. M. DEPT. **YONGE STREET** **TORONTO, CAN.**




### Canada Contrasted with Australia

It is remarkable that the exodus from this country last year was the largest for twenty years. In all, 194,000 people left the shores of the United Kingdom to settle in other countries. Canada, whose attractiveness has developed so remarkably of late years, claimed the majority of the emigrants, 91,263 going thither against 85,941 to the United States. Compared with this enormous volume of emigration, the fact that only 9,920 went to Australia and New Zealand is significant. Distance may operate to some extent, but distance alone is not enough to account for this remarkable contrast. The fact is that while Canada pulses with life and energy and is filled with youthful enthusiasm about its future and its possibilities, Australia gives the impression of a country which has grown effete without ever having had a vigorous prime. It makes no appeal to the imagination. It has ceased to increase and multiply itself, and it wants no increase from the external world. Its attitude is cold and exclusive. Its population is only a thin fringe to a vast continent, but it would rather it remained so than increase itself or run the risk of ultimate crowding from over the seas. It is not a pleasant picture. It is the picture of a people grown too suddenly comfortable, immersed too much in material satisfaction, wholly indifferent to that richer life which is the basic note of great and enduring States. It has produced no voice, no literature, no art. It is a dumb and uninspired people, faced with one of the supreme problems of the Twentieth Century—the effective occupation of a great continent with a population small and stationary. Australia is a country without a past; at present it seems to be also a country without a future. Hence while nearly two hundred thousand people are leaving these shores for the North American continent, less than ten thousand go to Australasia.—Manchester Guardian.

### To Delay the Approach of Old Age

Mrs. Russell Sage's endowment of a research laboratory in connection with the City Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, is a distinct novelty in the line of philanthropy. Unlike the Rockefeller Institute for medical research it has a twofold purpose. The fund will not only be used indirectly for the amelioration of disease by the research for new medical knowledge, but directly in improving the conditions under which the city's aged poor now live, in two of its largest institutions. Another unique feature of the endowment is the special attention to be given the study of diseases associated with old age. Dr. T. C. Janeway in outlining the plan to Mrs. Sage and Mr. De Forest quoted the statement from a recent speech by Dr. Welch of Johns Hopkins that, while more children grew to adult life now than formerly, the expectation of life for those over forty had been little if at all increased by the great advances of modern medicine. The reason for this was, he thought, that preventive medicine had consisted chiefly of a study of infectious diseases and devoted little attention to work on the degeneration of organs and tissues resulting in old age. Following this suggestion, Mrs. Sage in presenting her generous gift to the city, particularly mentions the latter aspect of the work, and hopes that the fund will be productive of much new knowledge as to the causes and prevention of early senility. While therefore the work done under the fund will be by no means limited to this interesting field, old age will receive particular attention, and possibly a new branch of preventive medicine developed, having for its purpose the prevention or at least postponement of those degenerative changes in bones, arteries, kidneys, heart, and other vital organs and tissues which constitute the process of growing old.—New York Times.

### Lo, The Poor Indian

The government still finds it necessary to protect the Indian in every commercial transaction with the pale faces. The despatches from Guthrie state that the United States attorney has just brought mandamus proceedings against a number of speculators who have leased valuable lands from the Oklahoma tribesmen for a song when the land is estimated to be worth hundreds of dollars. It is not difficult to understand why the Oklahoma promoters should heartily approve of removing the restrictions from the Indians' property, and it is even less difficult to predict what will happen to the noble red man when the government leaves him to the tender mercies of the pale face civilization.—Kansas City Times.

### The Genius of Kipling

What the people like and go back to and read over again, is what they will not suffer to die, and what is not allowed to die is immortal. In this happy state is Rudyard Kipling, whose works a hundred years from now will be as sure of their place on the shelves of every good library as Scott or Dickens or Thackeray, or George Eliot, or any of the masters of fiction. Kipling has done more to dignify labor than any other writer living. Most of his stories concern themselves with men who work with their brains or their hands, the men who build bridges, dam rivers, lay railways, run engines, manage steamships, and such. In this kind of story, as in the jungle story, Mr. Kipling set the fashion, and he set it so high and so perfect that all the other little fellows can follow only at a great distance. Mr. Kipling's style is the object of much imitation by magazine writers, who have industriously copied his eccentricities, thinking that these were the man. The net result of their efforts must have been to convince them that the Kipling manner is possible only to such as have a Kipling mind.—Toronto Star.

### Scaring a Lord Chancellor

The lord chancellor is going to Canada for a holiday, and he will be away for about five weeks. The lord chancellorship is to be placed in commission during Lord Loreburn's absence from England. This is believed to be the first time that a lord chancellor has left Great Britain, as it is forbidden to take the Great Seal out of the country, so if its holder contemplates a sea voyage he must make an elaborate arrangement for its safe custody during his absence. William IV considered that Lord Chancellor Brougham had been guilty of high treason in even conveying the Great Seal to Scotland during the autumn of 1834. At Rothiemurchus, in Inverness-shire, when Brougham was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the ladies of the house amused themselves by stealing the Great Seal, which they hid in a tea-caddy in the drawing-room, and the chancellor, who was frantic with anxiety, was required to discover it blindfolded, guided by the piano, the music rising and sinking according as he was nearer or further away.—London Truth.

### Local Option in the States

In 1888 the prohibitionist candidate for President polled 249,907 votes; in 1892 the vote was 264,133; in 1904 it was 258,847. The decline may be due to a growing feeling that no practical gain can result from a mere registration of the views of those who would like to have a prohibitionist in the White House. It is not due to any weakening in temperance sentiment. The Springfield Republican points out that by the working of local option laws half the area of the United States is now under prohibition. Ohio has 1,140 dry towns out of a total of 1,376. Massachusetts has 250 dry out of 350. Vermont is wholly dry except 24 towns and cities. Kentucky, the home of whisky distilling, has 97 dry counties out of 119. Connecticut has 96 dry to 72 wet, or did have prior to the latest town elections. There are 200 dry towns in Illinois, and in Iowa 65 out of 99 counties are without saloons. Maryland has 14 counties dry out of 23. There are 300 dry towns in New York State. Indiana, out of 1,016 townships, has 710 on the arid list. Passing to the Pacific coast one finds four dry counties in California, and "much dry territory in other counties." while Oregon reports 12 dry counties, and 170 dry towns and cities in other counties. In the Southern States prohibition has made such gains as to attract general attention. More people are now living in an atmosphere from which the saloon is outlawed than in any previous period of American history.—Springfield Republican.

### Drink and German Railroads.

Doctor Ennis, of the University of Heidelberg, has declared that over 50 per cent. of all accidents occurring on the German railroads are due to the bewilderment of the operatives who have used stimulants, and that, if total abstainers only were employed, the expense of managing the road could be reduced very greatly. Such action is fundamental and far-reaching since, for generations, the German has conscientiously believed that his beer was advantageous in the development and strengthening of both his mental and physical powers.—Missionary Review.

### Conditions in the West.

The West has had a hard winter. Weather conditions were unusually severe and with the opening spring came the alarming situation in regard to the coal mining industry. At the beginning of last week, without a regular strike having been declared, four thousand miners had quit work and thousands more were idle as a result. Under the auspices of the Dominion Department of Labor a conference was held between the employers and employees at which it was not found possible to reach an agreement. But afterwards an arrangement was made by which the miners agreed to return to work pending a reference of their dispute to an Investigation Board, consisting of Mr. Eckstein, representing the men, Mr. Parker, representing the operators and Sir William Mulock representing the Government. The failure of the railway companies to grapple with the matter of transportation in the West during the past winter has also been a serious matter and one to which the attention of the Minister of Railways was called by the Western Members of Parliament. All these things are drawbacks whose re-occurrence as far as possibe must be guarded against. But they cannot check the West. Its future is assured.—Presbyterian.

### The Mystery of the Unrest in India.

The most mysterious question in the whole movement, which puzzles, and to a great extent dismays, the most experienced Anglo-Indians, is why it should have occurred at the present moment. An electric vibration is evidently passing over the peninsula, but its cause is absolutely invisible. The government has done nothing good or bad that should rouse the people to resistance. There have, perhaps, been blunders in the collection of the land tax in the Punjab; but the movement is not confined to the Punjab, and Bengal is under the perpetual settlement. Indeed, one most remarkable feature of the whole movement is the absence of any definite grievance, the removal of which would at once conciliate opinion. That India shared in the mental shock produced throughout Asia by the victories of the Japanese is undoubtedly true, and is acknowledged by every experienced official; but the Japanese are bound to the British government by the strongest of all ties—a necessity for assistance if they are attacked by sea in their home waters, and by a combination of powers. The discontent has, in fact, manifested itself like a subterranean force which suddenly shatters cities, yet leaves the citizens powerless to explain or even to understand, the commotion. In 1857 the insurgents in their letters to each other made much of the fact that the British garrison had been reduced to its lowest point; but the garrison in India in 1907 never was so strong. There will be an explanation by and by; but for the present we have only to acknowledge a grave danger, and face it as our countrymen faced it 50 years ago, without fear, without cruelty, and without hesitation as to the rectitude of our decision to continue ruling.—London Spectator.

### Unpunished Murders in the States.

In the twelve years that I have known the United States at all intimately, I only recollect one instance in which the criminal law worked with anything approaching the English standard of swiftness and precision. That was in the case of the man who shot President McKinley. Public opinion insisted on a speedy trial and a speedy execution, and public opinion had its way. Had the victim been a man of less prominence, the odds would have been over 70 to 1 against his assassin ever being brought to the chair. The odds I have quoted are not to be taken as a mere figure of speech. They are a literal and appalling fact. Since 1885 there have been 131,951 murders and homicides in the United States, and but 2286 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1808; in 1904 it had risen to 8482. In 1885 the number of executions was 108; in 1904 it was 116. There was nothing that I am aware of to make 1904 a year of peculiar criminality. Indeed, the figures for 1905 and 1906 tell an even more sinister tale—Americans seem now to be killing one another at the rate of more than 9000 a year. Looking over the statistics of the last 20 years, one finds, roughly speaking, that while executions have remained virtually stationary, murder and homicides have multiplied fivefold. There are over five times as many murders committed in the United States per million inhabitants as in Australia, more than 14 times as many as in England and Wales, 8 times as many as in Japan, nearly 10 times as many as in Canada, and about 25 times as many as in Germany. Only one European country, Italy, has even shown in this respect a worse record; only one country in the world today, Mexico, exceeds the American average; and the United States has the further distinction of being the only country where the proportion of murders to population is positively on the increase.—Anglo-American in the London Daily Mail.

# THE PHILOSOPHER

A notable figure in the stream of visitors to Winnipeg during the past summer was Dr. Theodor Barth, who is a leading man in the German Parliament. In an extract from an article contributed by him to the Frankfurter Zeitung on his return home, which has been going the rounds of the newspapers in both this country and the United States, occurs the following: "Canada is entering the Twentieth Century under far more favorable circumstances than those which surrounded the young Republic a hundred years ago. With what hopes then must the Canadian of to-day look into the future!" This idea of comparing the Canada of the beginning of the Twentieth Century with the United States of the beginning of the Nineteenth is a suggestive one, and is worth following up. The United States a hundred years ago possessed no territory west of the Mississippi, and its claim to the territory west of the Alleghanies and north of the Ohio was in dispute. The area of the young Republic was then 827,911 square miles, whereas the area of Canada to-day is 3,729,665 square miles, and only a fraction of our vast resources of field, forest and mine have been developed. The population of the United States in 1800 was 5,308,000; the population of the Dominion in 1901 was 5,371,000. The total trade of the United States in 1800 was $163,000,000; the total trade of the Dominion in 1901 was $540,000,000. Without carrying the statistical comparison farther, it is plain that the immense resources of our country, its geographical extent and position, and the character of its people give ample ground for the declaration that as the Nineteenth Century on this continent belonged to the United States, the Twentieth Century will belong to Canada.

**RETROSPECT AND OUTLOOK.**

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The first rumors of the seriousness of the illness of the Emperor Francis Joseph drew the world's attention to the question of the succession to the dual throne of Austria-Hungary. Since the Act of Union in 1867 Francis Joseph has acted with unfailing sagacity in holding together the heterogeneous races and religions of his Empire, and has deserved his great popularity with them all; but it has been recognized all along that his successor's task will be no easy one. Successive tragedies cast a shadow over the private life of Francis Joseph, and incidentally over his public life. The first was the fate of his brother Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico by grace of Napoleon III. The suicide of his son, Crown Prince Rudolph, left his nephew, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir presumptive. This heir to the crown of the Dual Monarchy, instead of consulting the interests of his complex realm, married in 1900 the Countess Chotek. As the lady was not of royal blood, it had to be a "morganatic" marriage; the husband had to take an oath that the children born of the union should have no claim to the succession! The future Empress was after her marriage created Princess of Hohenberg; but because her birth though noble, was not royal, fate has decreed, in the form of the rigid law governing the succession, that the children of the Emperor succeeding Francis Joseph shall be as aliens in their father's house.

**THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION**

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In Yezo, the bleak, northernmost island of the Japanese Archipelago, live the Ainos, a people who are the remnant of the race that once held the whole of what is now Japan. Some twelve hundred years ago that race was driven out of the southern islands by invaders of mixed Malayan and Mongolian strains, the ancestors of the Japanese of to-day. What happened was like what had happened a couple of centuries earlier in England, when the Saxon invaders drove the original Britons into Wales and Cornwall, retaining however, a certain proportion of them for slaves and wives. Missionaries in Yezo surprised the scientific world years ago by declaring that the people of Yezo were of Caucasian origin—that the washed Aino was a white man. The scientific world now agrees that the missionaries were right, and that the Ainos are "genuine white men" as Rev. Dr. Griffis pronounced them, for a thousand years and more the Ainos have been practically as remote from the Japanese as the Eskimos are from the people of this country. But the claim is now advanced for the Japanese that they possess an admixture of white blood from the Ainos absorbed into the mass of their ancestors. It is probably no more than one per cent, if it is that; and can hardly be expected to be regarded seriously by people on this side of the Pacific who are a hundred per cent white and have families to support.

**A FAR-FETCHED PLEA FOR THE JAPS**

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We no more object to a poet's word picture of a Canadian snowfall, than the Londoner objects to a novelist's description of his hero groping his way along the Thames Embankment in a fog. A London fog is much more unpleasant than a Canadian snowstorm. But the Englishman does not demand that the novelist should say nothing of London fogs and devote himself to describing the places in England where they do not have fogs, and to dwelling on the lovely weather that the Englishman frequently enjoys in his native land. Nor do Scotchmen find fault with Scott for having addressed Scotland, in a poem breathing the very spirit of patriotism, as

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood.
> Land of the mountain and the flood."

The best advertisement this country can have is the truth about its climate, its soil, its people, and its institutions. Much more harm than good is done a country by exaggerating the advantages of its climate and glossing over its defects than by proclaiming abroad just the plain truth. Misrepresentation leads to disappointment. The best immigrants are those who come to this country knowing exactly what to expect, and prepared to enjoy this climate in all its moods.

**"O EARTH, WHAT CHANGES!"**

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Bishop Lofthouse, of the diocese of Keewatin, in an address before the Canadian Club at Hamilton, has made a convincing presentation of the entire practibility as well as the necessity to Western Canada, of the development of the Hudson Bay outlet. His address and the blue book recently issued by the Department of the Interior, setting forth at length the facts so forcibly summarized by the Bishop, have aroused anew the discussion in the Eastern press of the Hudson Bay route to the European market from the wheatfields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Says the Montreal Gazette: "The typical Western man, with a rather swollen idea of his importance to the world, is inclined to assume that the East will object to anything likely, as he puts it, to free him from the thraldom of the railways Easterners built to make Western land valuable." With these preliminary remarks, the Gazette proceeds to announce that if the Hudson Bay route were really needed by the West, the East would have no objection; "but the commercial practicability of the project is not well shown." The Gazette is as much astray in this declaration as it is in its idea that the West is the creation of the East, which went down into its pocket to start the West in business and still benevolently supports the West. An entirely mistaken idea. In regard to the Hudson Bay route, it is noteworthy that the objections urged against it have dwindled down to the assertion that the volume of Western grain production does not yet demand it. Even if this were true, it does not constitute a valid objection against the building of the railway to the Bay without any delay that can be avoided. The objectors do not pretend to assert that by the earliest date the route can be made available the volume of grain traffic will not demand it. Such an assertion would be, on the face of it, absurd.

**THE NEEDED OUTLET VIA HUDSON BAY.**

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During the past month the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Geological Society has been celebrated in London. One of the learned papers read at one of the meetings in connection with the celebration dealt with the slow up-tilting of the north-eastern portion of this continent, which in many thousand years might make the Mississippi, instead of the St. Lawrence the outlet of the entire Great Lakes system. The water level at Chicago is rising at the rate of nine feet in a hundred years. Geologists cannot, however, predict with certainty the doom of the St. Lawrence route, because they do not know that the tilting will continue. Even if it does continue, many dozens of centuries will pass before Canada's most important river runs dry and its bed becomes a fertile fruit belt, just as the best part of Manitoba was once the lowest bottom of that prehistoric inland sea, which the geologists have named Lake Agassiz. Tennyson's words come to mind:

> "There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> O earth, what changes thou hast seen!
> There where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea."

The site of Winnipeg was deep beneath a "central sea" long ages ago, whose surface was high above the level of the tallest skyscraper on the Main Street of to-day.

**AUTOMOBILE REGULATION.**

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Legislation for the regulation of automobiles on the roads throughout the Province is being prepared, it is announced, for introduction at the next session of the Manitoba Legislature by Mr. A. H. Carroll, member for South Brandon. This question is one that has provoked in the Ontario Legislature from representatives of rural constituencies some of the most heated utterances ever heard within the four walls of the Assembly chamber at Toronto. Automobilists who are duly mindful of the rights of other people and careful not to make their machines a menace to the safety of the public thoroughfares are the first to condemn their reckless brethren, and cannot but admit the necessity of stringent legislation designed to check that recklessness and teach in a manner that will make it remembered the necessary lesson that a country road is not, any more than a city street, a speedway where an automobilist can cut loose in reckless disregard of all rights of others.

**PEACEFUL NEIGHBORS.**

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During the past summer, on permission granted by the Dominion Government, through the British Foreign Office, to the United States Government, there has been brought through the St. Lawrence and our canal system the gunboat Don Juan de Austria, a prize of the Spanish-American war, to be used as a schoolship of the United States Naval Militia training station near Chicago. The request was for the waiving of a treaty right, and it was granted as a matter of course, without so much as a ruffling of the surface of diplomacy. There are no fighting craft on the great Lakes—only some revenue Canadian and United States cutters. At Halifax and at Vancouver, the ocean gateways of the Dominion, there are formidable fortifications; and the United States has within twenty years constructed an elaborate and costly system of modern defence works along the entire Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. But along the chain of the Great Lakes, as along the entire boundary line that divides this country from the States, no money has been spent in fortifications on either side. There are some old forts along the Great Lakes; they are relics of old wars, or rather the fears of old wars that never came. The Dominion and the Republic have long since settled down to being peaceful neighbors.

**NEW AIDS TO TEMPERANCE.**

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We Canadians have been accustomed for many years to congratulate ourselves on the smallness of the national drink bill as compared with the United States or Great Britain. Occasionally it is said that intemperance is increasing, but these assertions are certainly not borne out by study of the available information. If we look over a long period, say fifty or sixty years, there has been unquestionably an immense improvement over the days when in Eastern Canada a jug of whiskey was bought with the family groceries. And the advance goes steadily on. In the past intemperance had two strong allies: the one was the social glamor that was thrown over drinking customs, and the other was a notion that alcohol was a source of power and mental inspiration. The latter delusion has been pretty completely exploded. In business, the trades, the professions, and every walk of life the use of alcohol is now generally regarded as a means of diminishing energy and impairing judgment. The man who drinks is regarded not as a wicked, though brilliant, fellow, but as a man who is doing something that impairs his efficiency. The social glamor has also departed from drinking. The immense weight of business institutions is cast against intemperance, and the growth of right opinion in regard to this great evil is a fact from which all workers for the betterment of humanity should take encouragement in moments when on a narrower view they may be tempted to think that the cause of temperance is not progressing.

**THE PRETENDER IN MOROCCO.**

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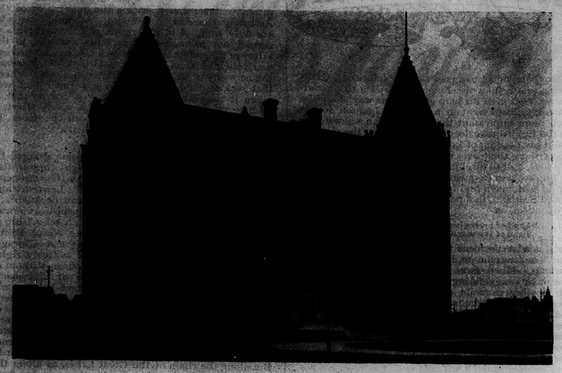
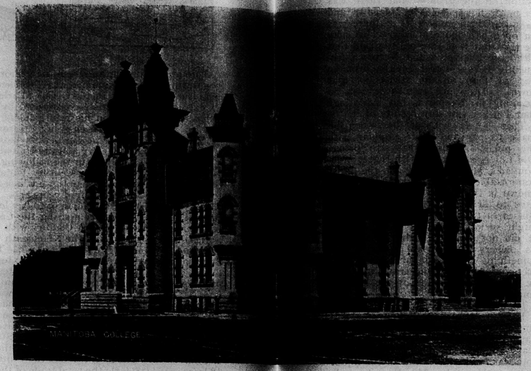
A wily individual is Mulai Hafid, brother of Abd-el-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco. From the very start of his undertaking to oust his brother and become Sultan himself, he has proceeded with a series of masterstrokes which stamped him as a man of much resourcefulness. When he proclaimed himself Sultan at the southern capital of Morocco, he had first arranged for a substantial loan from the Jewish merchants of the city. He next proceeded to multiply alliance with all the strongest tribes by taking wives of the leading families; thus killing two birds with one stone, so to speak. For he has not only secured the adhesion of the tribes from whose leading families he has taken wives, but he has thus convinced the whole country of his unswerving orthodoxy as a Mohammedan, in contrast to the backsliding of Abd-el-Aziz, whose unpopularity is largely due to his fondness for European ways and who is suspected by the Moors of not being at heart a devout follower of the Prophet. During the recent season of Ramadan, which is the Lent of the Mohammedans, Mulai Hafid piously refrained from active hostilities, but made the most of the time in preparing to continue his campaign when the new moon marked the close of the season of devotion. He has the support of a large element of the turbulent population, and it is not unlikely that he may succeed in giving the history of Morocco a turn that was not contemplated at the Conference of Algeciras.

# WINNIPEG.—THE EDUCATIONAL CENTRE OF WESTERN CANADA.

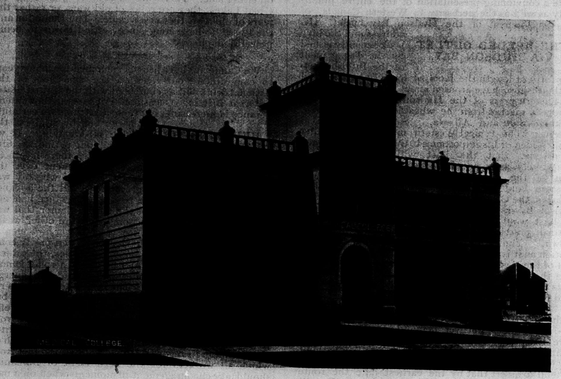


Wesley College (Methodist).

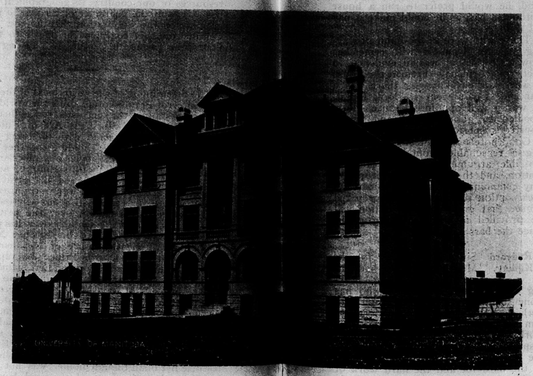


Manitoba College (Presbyterian).

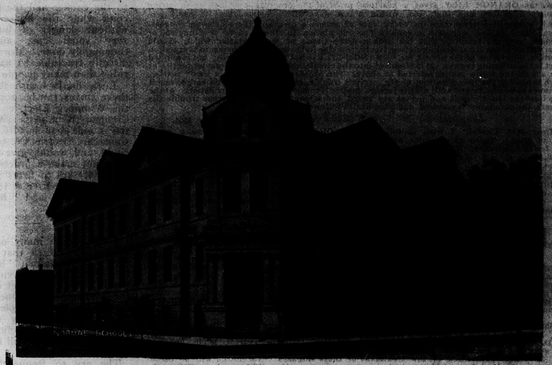
St. John's College (Anglican).



Medical College.

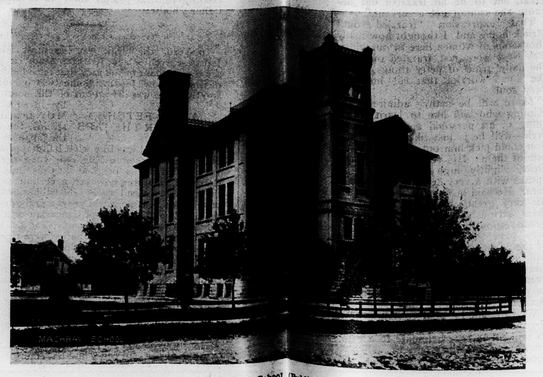


University of Manitoba.

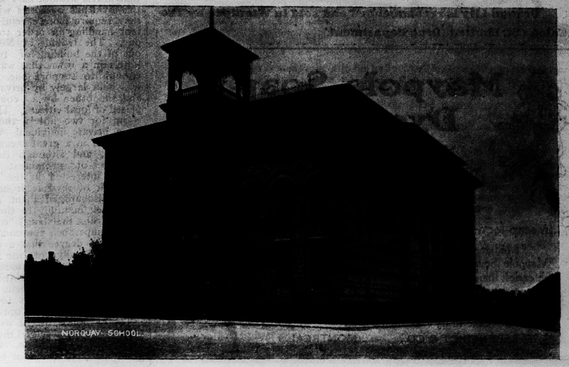


Normal School.

Deaf and Dumb Institute.



Machray School (Public).




Norquay School (Public).

# PROVING BY ACTUAL EXPERIMENT

This experiment will always interest the children and will provoke a good deal of thinking. The explanation, of course is, that the lighted piece of paper which is inserted into the inverted glass drives out most of the air, so that when the mouth of the glass is quickly put down into the water there is very little air and consequently very little pressure above the water within the glass. Hence, the weight or pressure of the air on the water outside the glass drives the water up into the glass to occupy the space from whence the air was driven by the burning paper.

A practical demonstration of this kind is always more convincing than any mere statement. This is particularly true of medical remedies.

The effect of the anti-toxin treatments for Diphtheria is noticeable within a few hours, so that everyone must believe in its virtue. In a similar way, the treatment known as ORANGE LILY gives a practical proof of the progress it is making in curing women's disorders, and that, too, within a few days after commencing its use.

All authorities agree that in every case of women's disorders there exists a congested condition of the womanly organs. The circulation in these parts is sluggish or stagnant, and the result is that the broken-down tissue or waste matter which should be carried off if the blood was circulating freely, remains in these parts, causing inflammation irritation, oppression of the nerves, etc. ORANGE LILY is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering organs. It is absorbed into the circulation, and its antiseptic properties at once act on the waste matter referred to above. The consequence is that this waste matter, which is causing the inflammation, ulcers, nervous trouble, etc., begins to be discharged and it continues to be discharged until all the foreign matter is removed from the circulation. At the same time the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, the nervous trouble disappears, the circulation is restored, and good health follows.

Toronto, Ont., June 2nd, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Currah: I wish to tell you that ORANGE LILY is doing me a great deal of good. Those ulcers come away one or two every week, and I have less pain and fewer headaches. I feel sure I will be perfectly cured in a little longer time.—Mrs. D. S. T.

The explanation of the wonderful cures performed by ORANGE LILY is very simple. It is a scientific remedy, based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. The conditions existing in all female troubles are alike in character, differing in degree and development only, so that a positive remedy as ORANGE LILY is, acts with all the certainty of a chemical experiment. In order to convince every suffering woman that ORANGE LILY will cure her, I make the following

## FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your own home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of ORANGE LILY and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, inclosing 3 cent stamps. Mrs. FRANCES Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

**Orange Lily is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. Eaton Co., Limited (Drug Department.)**

# Maypole Soap Dyes Perfectly

No streaks — even, lustrous colours that won't wash out or fade.

No stains—hands and utensils as clean as after washing.

In soap-form—no powder to fly about and waste.

"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says: "Maypole Soap is really wonderful. Dyeing becomes the easiest thing in the world with its help."

All dealers'—colours, 10c.—black, 15c. Send 10c. (for black, 15c.) for dainty booklet, all about dyeing—and full-size cake to try—mention colour.

F. L. BENEDICT & CO., - MONTREAL.

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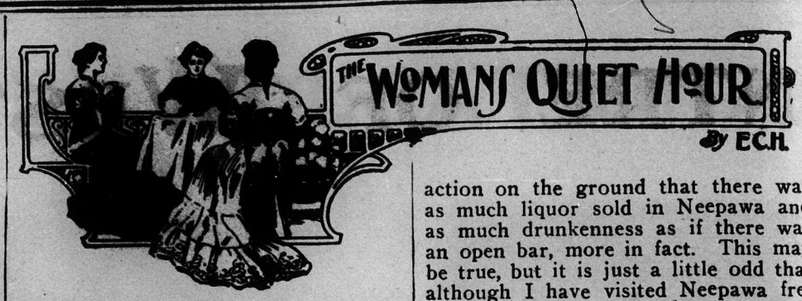


**Electric Stoves.** These perhaps, seem a far cry for the woman in the country home, but this little paragraph is for the benefit of the woman in the rural town where electricity has been installed and who has her house lighted in that way. There are all kinds of stove arrangements, some of them very elaborate and not needful to the household where other fuel has to be burned for the sake of warmth, but I have looked into these stoves a little and I believe an electric cereal cooker and an electtic iron will pay in any household where the wires are already installed. These appliances would have to be bought and installed through your local electrician to insure that the current from your light wire is just right, but this would be a very cheap and simple matter, the cooking appliances themselves are not dear and the ease and convenience of them is beyond description.

The cereal cooker would be a great boon as whoever got up to shake the furnace and start up the heat on a winter morning, whether it be furnace or stove, could switch the current on to the cooker and the porridge would cook while the house is warming, without danger of burning and at very small cost and would be thoroughly done. More indigestion is directly traceable to half cooked porridge than many people dream of.

Little books with illustrations of these stoves can be got on writing to the Winnipeg Electric and Gaslight Company, Winnipeg. They do not make the goods but handle them for the Canadian Electric Co. of Toronto and could, and would, give all particulars. I do not make a practice of mentioning addresses of firms in this column, but this is a matter of real convenience to the readers and I have no hesitation in doing so.

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**Local Option.** With many others, I regret to learn that the town of Neepawa has returned to the license system for her hotels. While I regret it, I am not in the least surprised. One of the lessons that temperance people have yet to learn is, that if they want to make their hotels without license popular and profitable they will have to put up money to do it.

The cry so frequently made, that hotels cannot be successfully run without a bar, is not true, but it is true that hotels without bars will never pay the dividends of hotels with bars, and they require more careful and competent handling in order to make them pay. The trouble at Neepawa arose out of the building of two splendid hotels in a town that was only large enough to support one. One house was built largely by private enterprise and the other by a company comprised of local citizens. There was not room for two hotels, the one owned by a private individual was opened first, and in a great measure held the ground, and although there were a number of prominent temperance people interested in the other hotel, the lack of revenue from the investment discouraged them, and while a few stuck manfully to the job, others got (pardon the slang) "cold feet" and their temperance sentiment weakened to such a degree that a number who did not actually vote for license let it be known that they were no longer opposed to it. The shutting up of the hotels and the consequent loss of business to the town was too much for their faith in the local option principle.

To the honor of the women voters, be it said, they stuck to their principles and voted local option. Of course, a good many of the men excused their action on the ground that there was as much liquor sold in Neepawa and as much drunkenness as if there was an open bar, more in fact. This may be true, but it is just a little odd that although I have visited Neepawa frequently I have never seen a drunken boy or man on the streets of that town. I do not say there was no drinking in Neepawa, but I do say that I never saw any results of it.

That hotels without bars can be made to pay and made popular with the public is quite easy to prove. Old timers remember with regret Macdougall's at Birtle, one of the most comfortable and homelike hotels ever known in the West. Commercial men used to drive the twenty miles from Binscarth to Birtle in order that they might spend Sunday at Macdougall's. It did not make a grand fortune for its owners but it paid its way and something over and furnished better accommodation to the travelling public than 99 out of 100 of the licensed houses.

The best evidence I have ever had of a bar not being needful to make a house pay, was that of Mr. Peter Payne, of Brandon, who for so many years ran the Beaubeir. When the vote was on for abolition of the liquor traffic in Manitoba, Mr. Payne openly voted with the temperance people, and when questioned as to why he did so said, he would prefer to run a house without a bar, as he could make it pay all right.

Those who were in the habit of staying at the Beaubeir will remember how little the bar was in evidence, in fact, you could have been in the house a week without knowing there was a bar unless you went to look for it. It was a well appointed house, clean, good beds, good meals and most courteous service.

Good hotels without bars and showing a reasonable profit are the best possible argument in favor of local option, and the temperance people of any community are unwise to attempt local option unless they are prepared to see that good accommodation will be provided for the travelling public once the bars are closed.

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**Rudyard Kipling.** Since last writing for the Monthly I have had the pleasure of seeing, hearing and talking to the man who has done so much to bind the Empire together. When I ventured to say to him that I thought his doctrine that work well done is its own reward, had inspired and helped many a woman on the western plains, he spoke so kindly of the hard lot and the hard work of the women pioneers and said, "It is not even as if it was anything big and great, but to be all frazzled out because she cannot get a servant."

That expression "frazzled out" struck home and I thought how many thousands of women here in our glorious west were just frazzled out with the daily grind of petty things. It is the small worries that eat into the very soul.

There will be many admirers of Kipling who will like to learn something of his personal appearance and style—well he is just like his pictures, you could pick him out anywhere from one of them. His voice is strong and clear, slightly high pitched and he speaks with a very decided English accent. He paid his hearers in Winnipeg the very great compliment of taking them seriously and speaking of the great responsibility which was a necessary part of the great opportunity of the West. The close of his speech will never be forgotten by the men and women who heard it—"anyone, even I, may remind you that of those to whom much has been given, much shall be required."

Women will be glad to know how charming and unaffected his wife was, so evidently a true helpmate to a very great man. Dainty, pretty and yet seen in repose her face was strong

as well as sweet. She was keenly interested in the work of the Free Kindergarten, where an earnest effort is being made to develop the foreign children of Winnipeg into good Canadian citizens.

After the luncheon and the speech making was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Kipling w re returning to their car, they both expressed to Mr. and Mrs G. R. Crowe, the president of the Canadian Club, and his wife their pleasure in watching the faces of the 600 men who had been at the luncheon and the great poet waxed eloquent over the fine physiques, the profiles of the men of the Canadian West. Kipling pronounced his Winnipeg reception the greatest ovation he had ever received. It is whispered that what he thought may possibly appear in print before long.

---

**A Word of Warning.** There will be hard times in some of the farm homes this winter and this will no doubt increase the tendency for girls to leave the farms and come into the city to seek employment. In this connection let me utter a word of warning. In many lines of work in Winnipeg the staffs are being curtailed and in not a few instances already, employees, both men and women, have been laid off, and there will be further curtailments after the New Year.

There is an abundance of opportunity along the lines of housework and as nurses for young children, but I would not advise any girl to come to the city on the off chance of getting employment as clerk in a store, cashier, stenographer, or in biscuit or candy factories. Any girl who feels she must come would be wise to try and secure a position before coming, as living in Winnipeg is a most costly affair and two or three weeks idleness at a high rate for board would speedily eat up any money a girl might bring with her and in any case would be a serious drain on the profits of a winter's work.

Again let me urge, as I have so often urged before, that girls coming into the city to seek employment will communicate with the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, either before they come or immediately upon arrival, so that they may be well advised as to safe and suitable boarding houses to go to. Winnipeg is no worse, perhaps not as bad, as other cities, but it is not without its constant tragedy of the young girl gone astray through going, in sheer innocence, to places where she should not go.

In addition to advising as to boarding houses, etc., the parlors of the Y. W. C. A. are open every day and evening to the girl who has no comfortable place in which to sit, and during the winter there are a number of educational classes for those who wish to push their education further, and there is also good provision for social enjoyment.

---

**Eggs are Eggs.** Let me say to the woman who has a few hens and any means of keeping them warm through the winter to see to it that all the grain suitable for chicken feed is not sold off the farm.

Already it is almost impossible to get new laid eggs in Winnipeg and any that can be obtained cost 45c. per dozen, a pretty stiff price for October. Last winter new laid eggs were 65c. per dozen, and this winter they will be higher. There is a growing demand for them and apparently a constantly shrinking supply, so that eggs that are strictly new laid should be money makers this winter. I know of one or two grocers who are anxious to increase their receipts of really fancy new laid eggs and I will be very pleased to give names and addresses to any woman who cares to write me, care of this column.

---

**The Weavers.** This is Sir Gilbert Parker's new book and a charming one it is, though not so strong to my thinking as The Right of Way. The scenes are laid in England and in Egypt and the hero, Claridge Pasha, is a Quaker of the the finest type. He is probably the best character of a man that Parker has ever put in print, while the women of the story are beyond praise. Like the "Bookman" of the Free Press I was haunted all the time I read it with Gordon of Khartoum, though the time is supposed to be fifty years ago. The Quaker who tried to redeem Egypt had certainly much, very much in common with Chinese Gordon, and the dalliance of the British Foreign Office, while men's lives were in the balance, is strongly suggestive of Gladstone's treatment of Gordon. Parker, however, declares that his book is fiction and none of the characters are historical, and with such good fiction it is quite easy to leave the fitting of caps historical alone. From cover to cover it is a wholesome book, full of human struggle after the highest and the best, and though Gilbert Parker cannot be ranked with the great fiction writers he certainly has a genius for portraying this never ending subject in a fascinating form.

## The Return

I pushed the tangled grass away
And lifted up the stone,
And flitted down the churchyard path
With grasses overgrown.
I halted at my mother's door
And shook the rusty catch—
The wind is rising fast," she said,
"It rattles at the latch."

I crossed the street and paused again
Before my husband's house,
My baby sat upon his knee
As quiet as a mouse.
I pulled the muslin curtain by,
He rose, the blinds to draw—
"I feel a draught upon my back,
The night is cold and raw."

I met a man who loved me well
In days ere I was wed.
He did not hear, he did not see,
As silently I fled.
But when I found my poor old dog,
Though blind and deaf was he,
And feeble with his many years,
He turned and followed me.

SEASONABLE AND REASONABLE

FURS

It's a good time now to consider that heading. That means Quality Furs of Fashionable build at a reasonable price. We lead the way as

HIGH-CLASS

*Reasonable and Reliable Furriers*

Write for our 41st Season's Catalogue.

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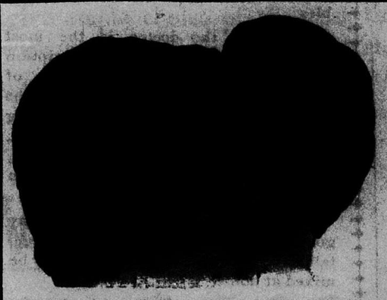
WINNIPEG



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Our products in Natural Hair Switches, Pompadours, Transformations, Toupees and Wigs are equal to those of the famous makers on the Continent.

If you want the best to be procured in America, write to us.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.

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MONTREAL, P.Q.

**OUR HEAVY BOB-SLEIGHS**

**At $26.00**

This Sleigh is made specially for us by a leading Canadian manufacturer and we recommend it, for we know that the material is of the best quality, rock elm, carefully selected, and thoroughly seasoned.

The workmanship throughout will stand the closest inspection, for no part of these excellent Sleighs has been neglected. For general purpose work or heavy hauling of any description, none better can be bought at any price.

To all who desire a Sleigh that can be relied upon for service and durability we confidently recommend our 1908 Heavy Bob-Sleighs.

As the cut indicates, this is a heavy Sleigh, heavily built for heavy purposes. The runners are low set, and the bolsters are securely batted to stout standards. The runners are also long, the sliding surface being five feet, while their width is two inches. The distance between the runners is thirty-four inches, and they are joined by a good strong reach.

The Sleigh, ready for shipping, weighs 400 lbs. If you want to find out what the freight will be to your nearest station, ask the station agent.

Do not judge the quality of the Sleighs by our price, for our price is the cost of manufacture with our one very small profit added.

PER SET.....$26.00

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

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# HAIR OF QUALITY

We use nothing but the choicest cut hair in the manufacture of our Switches.

Our Work — well, everyone in Western Canada knows that the "BOUEY BRAND" stands for all that is best in workmanship and quality.

**A Beautiful Natural Wavy Switch**

**22 inches Long**

(Such as Illustration)

**For only $6.50**

This is only one of a hundred styles that we have for men and women.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

**BOUEYS'**

THE MANITOBA HAIR GOODS CO.,

301 Portage Ave., WINNIPEG.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Western Home Monthly.



# SHILOH'S

Quick ease for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and SAFE to take, even for a child. That is Shiloh's Cure. Sold under a guarantee to cure colds and coughs quicker than any other medicine—or your money back. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure. 25c., 50c., $1. 316

**Cures Coughs & Colds**

# QUICKLY!

WORTH TAKING.

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;

One ounce Compound Salatone;

Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;

Mixed and taken in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, is pronounced by a prominent physician to be the best mixture for the cure of the kidney, bladder, and all urinary troubles.

This, says the doctor, is the most simple though remarkable prescription ever written to cleanse the system of impurities and waste matter. It acts as a powerful tonic to the kidneys, forcing them to filter out the acids and poisons, overcoming rheumatism, lame back, sciatica, and other afflictions arising from sour, impure blood.

The ingredients can be procured at any good drug store, and being purely vegetable and entirely harmless, can easily be mixed at home.

If you have a suffering friend show this to him, as he will undoubtedly be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended a remedy.

**Short Skirts.** As the season advances it is possible to judge more correctly of the hold the short skirt has obtained on the feminine fancy.

All skirts are short, even those of dinner and dance gowns, and though the latter fashion is one that personally I do not admire, it is certainly more sensible than attempting to dance in a gown that has to be held up. For dinners, however, a gown with a good sweep is certainly more artistic. The short skirt for the street cannot be too highly praised though, of course, there is always the short stout woman who wears the extreme and looks like a tub. Even that is not so objectionable as the stout woman in a long skirt which she attempts without success to carry.

The ordinary walking skirt is now 5 to 6 inches from the ground and fits very snugly over the hips and is not over four yards in width at the bottom. All skirts are plain and trimmed only with straps or a little braid laid on very flat. In the chiffon velvets many of the skirts are kilted the kilts being held in place by tapes down to about the knee. These velvet skirts are lined through with thin silk before being kilted and this gives a peculiarly soft appearance to the pleats. The velvet suit, with its short kilted skirt and smart semi-fitting coat, is one of the prettiest dresses of the season, and when worn over a dainty lace or lingerie blouse is dressy enough for almost any occasion.

Velvet hats with long plumes are much affected with these suits but equally fashionable and much more serviceable for rural wear is a fluffy beaver dinted into almost any becoming shape and decorated with one or two clusters of velvet roses. Green hats with cerise roses, brown with any or, for that matter, half a dozen of the wallflower shades in roses, black with any color, red with roses shading from faint pink to deep crimson, and white hats with the same, purple hats are more often decorated with velvet iris or orchids than they are with roses.

**Gaiters.** The short skirt has revived the wearing of gaiters, and they are to be had in nearly every shade to match the gown. There is a fad among a certain set to wear red gowns and red gaiters but it is questionable taste. A girl of 12 in a red frock, coat, hat and gaiters looks all right, but a girl from 18 to 20 looks just a little fast in such a costume and an older woman looks either fast or vulgar. Red dresses and red hats are all right in their place but black gaiters should be worn with them. The dark greens, browns, fawns, pearl greys, and dark purple and plum colors are both neat and effective when they match the gown.

The short skirts prohibit the wearing of wool tights to the ankle and gaiters fitting closely and buttoning to the knee take the place of these garments very well indeed.

**Knickers and Underskirts.** The black wool knickers fitting closely below the knee are more in evidence than the wide bottomed bloomers and are more comfortable. Black is the prevailing color, I have seen them though this season for the first time in colors.

To the woman who is spending her first winter in the West, let me say again, as I have often said before, put your extra clothing on in the form of bloomers or knickers rather than skirts. From 25 years' experience in the west, and many experiments, I can confidently say the best possible costume for winter is drawers and vest of wool, worn next the skin if possible, if not, over thin woven cotton; knickers or bloomers of heavy black wool or lightweight cloth, one thin underskirt, silk or moreen, anything that will slip on the wool or cloth knickers, and over all the cloth walking skirt, quite five inches from the ground.

To those who are not in a position

**Popularity Based on True Merit**

The constantly increasing sales of the

**New Century Ball Bearing Washing Machines**

indicate the appreciation of the many thousands who have tested it and know its merit.

Sold by dealers everywhere at $8.50.

Booklet will be mailed giving full description on application.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

# Low Excursion Rates TO EASTERN CANADA

Daily from December 1st to 31st, 1907
Return Limit 3 Months from date of Sale
Via St. Paul, Chicago and

**The Grand Trunk Railway System**

The only Double Track Line between Chicago Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal and other Principal Eastern Cities.
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# Blue Fox Ruff FREE

NO MONEY REQUIRED

Think of it, a beautiful Ruff of Blue Fox, the most fashionable fur worn, given absolutely free. Such an offer was never made before. The only reason we can afford to do it is that we arranged for these handsome Furs during the dull season in the summer and got them nearly at cost. The Ruff is 41 inches long, nearly 4 inches wide, made of the handsomest Blue Fox Fur, very rich, soft and fluffy. It is warmly padded, lined with the same shade of satin and ornamented with four long tails of Blue Fox also. Such a handsome Fur has never before been given away, and you can get it so easy. Just send us your name and address, plainly, and we will mail you 2 doz. sets of

**Picture Post-Cards**

to sell at 10c. a set (4 cards to a set.) They are beautifully colored, all the rage, and sell like hot cakes. Such an opportunity was never offered before to the women and girls of Canada. You couldn't buy anything in the Fur Stores that would look richer, be more becoming or more stylish, and remember, it won't cost you one cent. Write today. We trust you and send the Picture Post-Cards post paid. **Colonial Art Co.**, Dept 10 Toronto

# GOODS DELIVERED WITHOUT CHARGE

IN order to put Mail Order Customers on precisely the same footing as City Shoppers and give them every advantage of Toronto styles and prices, we will pay all the cost of sending goods from the Store to their nearest Railway Station in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces and as far West as Winnipeg, on all orders of $25.00 or over. There are one or two necessary exceptions in the case of extra heavy goods, of which our catalogue gives full particulars. This free delivery offer wipes out the last difference between shopping by mail and shopping in person, and gives wide selection of goods that are the fashion of the hour at the time they are bought.

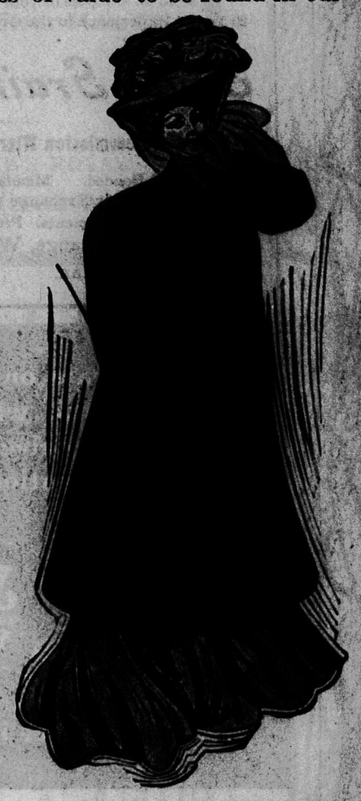
Whatever advantage there is to enormously big stocks, exclusive styles, and close prices, is at the service of every family the country over, with freight or express charges fully prepaid anywhere this side of Winnipeg. The further fact that we handle only reliable goods gives every assurance of satisfaction, and Toronto's reputation for style adds to the attractiveness of our special delivery offer. We give ample choice of the best the world affords at no extra expense on account of distance, with every facility for prompt shipments and less to pay here than anywhere for goods of equal quality.

These two items illustrated and described below are samples of value to be found in our Fall and Winter Catalogue :

## Unequalled Value

THIS SPLENDID COAT - - - **$5.00**

Excells anything heretofore offered at the price; made of black Cheviot Frieze. Warm, serviceable quality; shoulders lined with goods of self, sleeved lined with sateen, 45in. in length, with slotted seam down centre of back, collar trimmed with velvet and braid, cuffs and patch pockets; just such a coat as the good dresser likes to wear. Comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measurement.... **$5.00**



## This 13-Gore Pleated Skirt for $2.45

No. 1193—Separate Skirt of Tweed Mixture, medium grey shade, made with thirteen deeply pleated gores, and trimmed with a 2½ inch fold of self, an exceptionally fine skirt, full of good style points, thoroughly well tailored, finished at bottom with deep hem instead of facing, supplied in lengths from 27 to 42 inches, with waistbands from 22 to 28 inches ..... **$2.45**

Address: The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited Dept. W M.
TORONTO, CANADA.


to buy the woven wool knickers, let me advise making them of any thin cloth you may have at hand. Very often an old skirt can be washed and utilized in this way, and where there are small girls and no boys in the family I have more than once seen the thrifty mother rip up a pair of father's summer pants, grown too shabby for further wear by him, wash and press them nicely and make the girlies smart and comfortable knickers from them.

As these garments never touch the skin they can be kept free of dust by brushing and shaking, the same as you would do with a cloth skirt.

The great object in clothing for winter is to have warmth with as little weight as possible, and this is why the knickers fastened to the bodice are so much safer and better for the growing girl than skirts fastened round the waist and always dragging on the hips and the soft parts of the body.

**Long Coats.** Another word of repetition and that is, have a long coat, that is one down to the bottom of her skirt for the schoolgirl. There are few country school houses with cloak rooms where girls can remove their knickers and if they do not have long coats they practically have no more on their lower limbs when they go out than they have indoors. Many colds and much bad health is occasioned in this way. If a girl has a long coat and gaiters to her kn there is nothing to prevent her taking both off in the school house and having a complete change when she has to face the weather again. Those who have been here a few years know all these things, but I hope this will be of service to the newcomers. So much of a girl's future health and wellbeing depends on her being kept warm and free from cold in her school days that I make no apology for this repetition or what has no doubt been said in some form or other a dozen times before.

**Buy Light Underwear.** A mistake often made by the newcomer is to buy heavy underwear for both men and women. This is quite unnecessary, and means very much additional labor in the washing. Medium weight underwear of pure wool, or with a very small admixture of cotton, is far better and less liable to shrink than very heavy vests and drawers.

**Washing Woolens.** This also is for the new beginner. If you can get Royal Crown Naptha soap always use it for your flannels. In the winter time, it you have no cistern, and few houses in rural districts have, you can nearly always get snow to melt for soft water. Directions for using the soap are on every package. In small houses in the country I know from experience it is not always possible to do as you would like to do, but, when possible, it certainly pays to buy good flannels. Wash them carefully and dry them in a temperature as nearly that of the water they were washed in as possible. Flannels should never be put out in a cold wind.

**In Conclusion.** This is rather a prosaic talk after all the flowery notes you had last month on chiffons and veils etc., but just to be truthful some man lost the whole of my carefully prepared copy, and the subjects taken up by him were his own personal selection. I only heard of the mishap in time to have my initials taken off. It was all right and no doubt gave ideas to some of the girls, but in these talks I have always tried to make them practical and of help to the woman on the farm, who has a little time and not too much money, as well as to her sister with larger opportunity and a wider purse.

## SHIP YOUR WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, FLAX

**Through a Strictly Commission Firm.**

On account of the high prices of Grain at present, and the wide fluctuations there will be this season, shippers will find it greatly to their advantage to ship and sell through a reliable and strictly Commission Firm. We handle "Strictly on Commission," therefore can give every attention to car shipments, and will obtain the best prices for same. We will be pleased to answer enquiries *re* prices, shipping, etc. If you have grain to ship or sell, do not fail to write for "Our Way of Doing Business," as it will pay you well.

**THOMPSON, SONS & COMPANY,**
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**DONALD MORRISON & CO.**
GRAIN COMMISSION
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WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, FLAX,
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Liberal Advances made on Grain consigned to us. Write for our booklet "Every Farmer's Form Filler," which will be sent you free if you mention Western Home Monthly.

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**GRAIN OF ALL KINDS**
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Wire or write for prices and get our Daily Market Letter.

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will obtain best results by selling us their grain; or if preferred, we will handle on commission, making usual cash advances. We refer to our nineteen years' record in handling Manitoba grain. Correspondence solicited.

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To secure best results consign your grain direct to us. Highest prices obtained for

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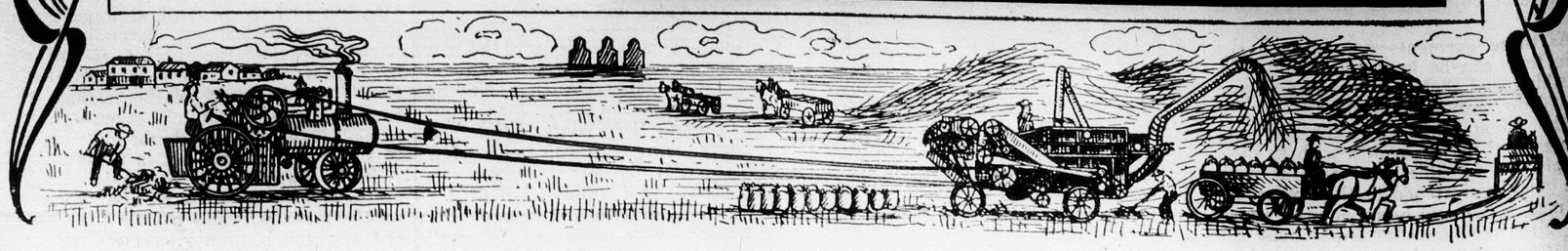


### Prices of December Wheat for Four Years.

The following table shows the price of DECEMBER wheat for four years, viz., 1904, 1905, 1906 and 1907. It is interesting to note how the price varies from year to year.

| Sept. | 1904 | 1905 | 1906 | 1907 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 21 | 99½ | 75¾ | 71½ | 1.06 |
| 22 | Sunday | 75½ | 71¾ | Sunday |
| 23 | 98 | 75¾ | Sunday | 1.04 |
| 24 | 98¾ | Sunday | 72⅛ | 1.04½ |
| 25 | 99¾ | 75½ | 72⅜ | 1 04 |
| 26 | 96½ | 75¾ | 72⅜ | 1.04 |
| 27 | 97½ | 75¾ | 73⅛ | 1.04 |
| 28 | 98¼ | 75½ | 72¼ | 1.04 |
| 29 | Sunday | 75¼ | Sunday | Sunday |
| 30 | 97½ | 75¼ | | 1.04½ |
| Oct. 1 | 97¼ | Sunday | 73¼ | 1.02 |
| 2 | 98 | 74¼ | 72⅜ | 1.03 |
| 3 | 98¼ | 74¼ | 72⅝ | 1.04 |
| 4 | 97½ | 74 | 72½ | 1.05 |
| 5 | 96 | 73¾ | 71¾ | 1.07 |
| 6 | Sunday | 73⅞ | 71⅛ | Sunday |
| 7 | 93½ | 73¾ | Sunday | 1.10 |
| 8 | 94½ | Sunday | 71⅞ | 1.11½ |
| 9 | 94¼ | 74 | 72¼ | 1.11 |
| 10 | 93 | 74½ | 72⅛ | 1.14 |
| 11 | 93 | 75½ | 72⅜ | 1.14 |
| 12 | 93¾ | 76 | 73 | 1.15½ |
| 13 | Sunday | 74½ | 74 | Sunday |
| 14 | 93½ | 74 | Sunday | 1.15½ |
| 15 | 93¾ | Sunday | 72¾ | 1.15½ |
| 16 | 94¾ | 73 | 72⅜ | 1.14½ |
| 17 | 93½ | 73 | 73⅛ | 1.12 |
| 18 | 94¾ | 73½ | 74⅜ | 1.08½ |
| 19 | 95¾ | 73 | 72¾ | 1.09 |
| 20 | Sunday | 73 | 72 | Sunday |
| 21 | 95¾ | 73½ | Sunday | |


# TO FARMERS!

We will be pleased to handle your shipments of

**WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY AND FLAX**

and make liberal advances on receipt of shipping bills.

Consign to your own order, advise THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., Winnipeg.

Ship Care OGILVIE'S ELEVATOR, FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

Address all correspondence to the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Winnipeg, Man.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR. IT IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.


## Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

**Commencing Sept. 21, ending Oct. 20, 1907.**

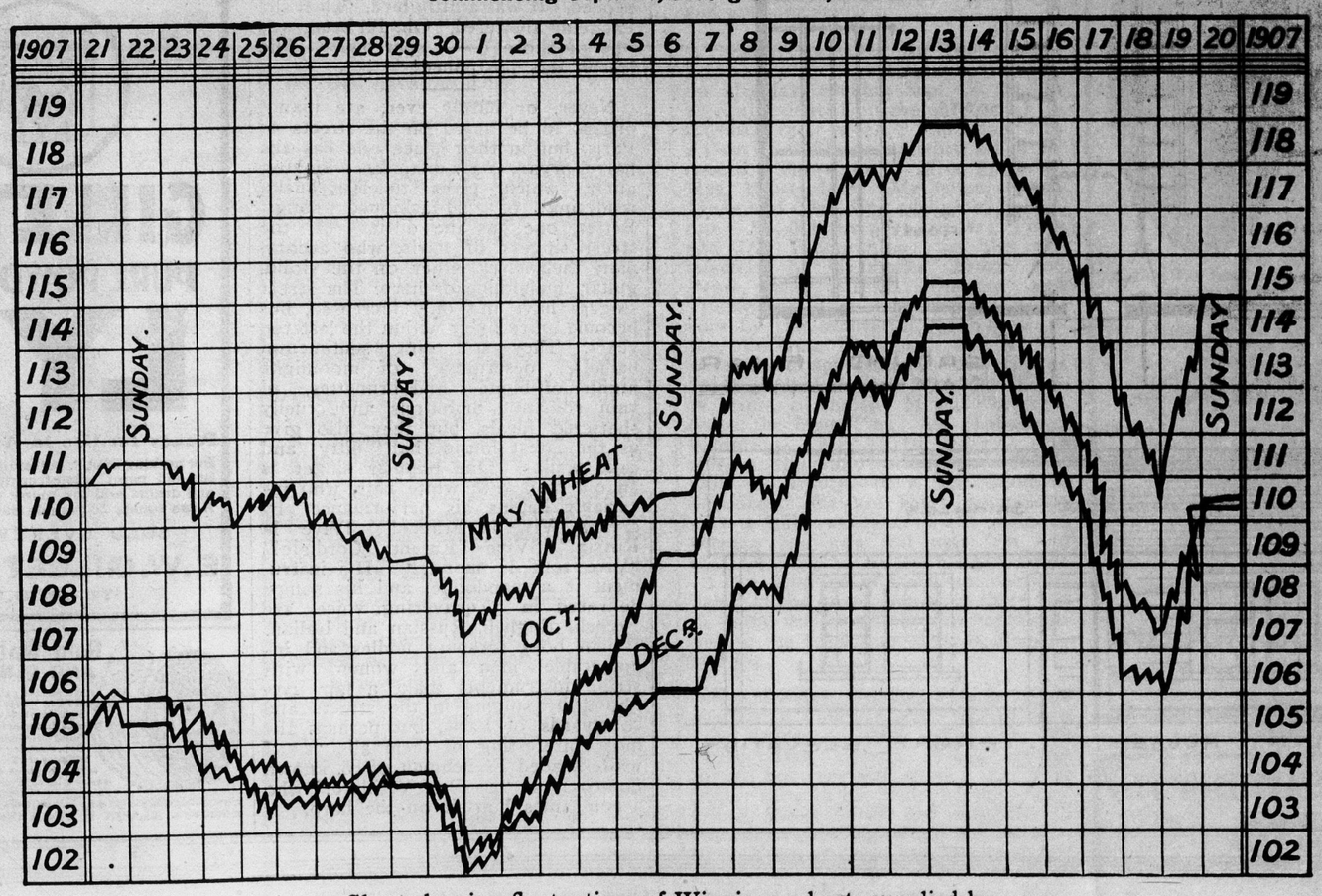



Chart showing fluctuations of Winnipeg wheat, supplied by

**W. S. McLAUGHLIN & COMPANY,**

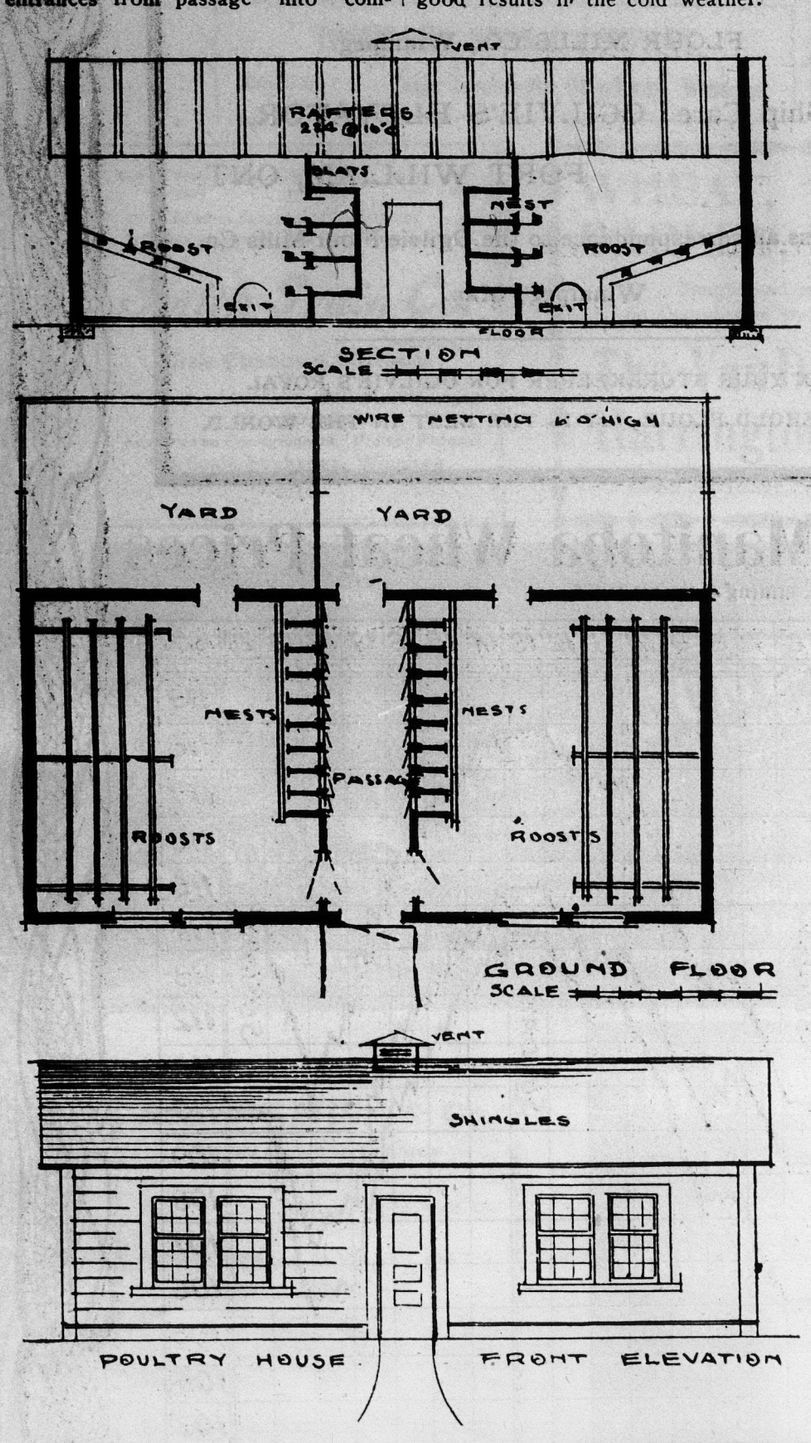
Grain Merchants, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

# ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

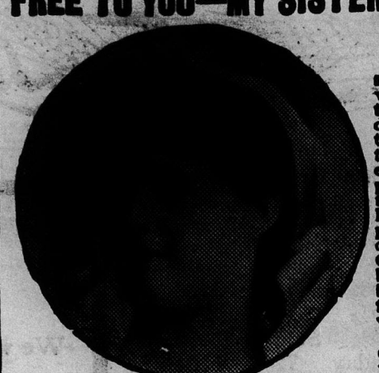
The essential requirement of a poultry house is to have it warm, well lighted with the windows facing southerly; dry and well ventilated with convenient roosts, nests, and feeding ground. The house shown is divided into two compartments for different varieties of fowls, with a passage between for storing feed and giving access to the nests which open out on this passage without disturbing the hens.

On the side are separate scratching runs, with wire mesh fence six feet high. The house is well ventilated, the partitions over the nests into the passage being made of open slats and the entrances from passage into compartments also being made of open-work slats; the ventilator over being controlled by cords. The nest boxes are 1ft. wide by 1ft. 4ins. high, and are made in sections for convenience in cleaning. The roosts are made of strips 2in. square wth the upper edge rounded. The rafters are 2 x 4in. at 16in. centers, studs 2 x 4in. at 16in. centers, joist on floor 2 x 4in. at 2ft. centers covered with 1 x 5in. tongued and groved flooring. Sills 6 x 6in. The walls and roof are covered with shiplap and paper, and on the outside either shingled or battened. The doors either stock or battened. This makes a very warm house, a necessary thing if the hens are to give good results in the cold weather.





## FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use

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He: "No; the only time I ever knew of his going out with her was once when the gas exploded."

Fare (just alighted): "As you are impudent, I must ask you for your name and your number."

Cabby: "'Ere's my number, miss; but I can't offer you my name, as that is promised to another young lady."

A little girl who had often heard her father refer to the bothersome sparrows as d—— sparrows, followed the example. Thinking to break her of the habit they told the pastor of the church about it and he in turn would advise the child. Taking the little one on his knee, he said, "Do you know I heard something about you?" She eagerly asked who told him and he replied, "It was a little bird," when she excitedly answered, "Oh, I'll bet it was one of those d—— sparrows." The lesson was postponed!

Never, or hardly ever, are piano-organs to be heard on the streets of Paris, but in their place one has the barrel-organ, a dilapidated-looking affair, which gives tuneless, husky rendering of old-fashioned songs. Better, one has the ditties of the street singers of Paris, who accompany themselves either on the violin, guitar, mandoline or harp. The street singers have not only increased, but become more lively within the last ten years. They still sing sentimental ballads, descriptive of moonlight nights, of blondes and brunettes, of vain romantic ambitions and cruelly shattered ideals, but they also give us the latest music hall ditty and cake walk. One popular singer is an old man with white hair, who invariably begins his performance by crying "Vive la France!" "Vive la Russia!" "Vive l'Entente Cordiale!" "Vive tout le monde!" His instrument is a mandoline, and his songs, delivered in a quavering voice, are French, English, Russian and Italian. Italian boys scraping fiddles and innumerable men and women with string instruments make a fair livelihood by singing in the streets and courtyards of Paris, but perhaps the most interesting of them all is a white-headed Frenchman of 85, known familiarly as "Le Bon Vieillard," who accompanies himself on the harp.


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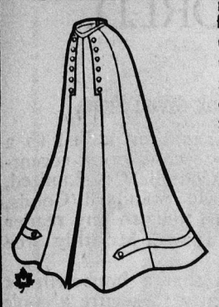

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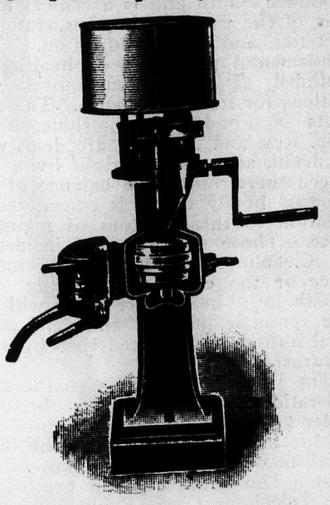

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## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

With the exception of the summer vacation the stock company has occupied the boards of the Winnipeg theatre continuously since that time, presenting an imposing series of revivals of the world's best plays and making a run for themselves and the playgoers of this city, the brilliancy of which has been rarely equalled anywhere on this continent. Most of the company of players who participated in their first performance over a year ago, are still here, and the season that they have lately inaugurated gives promise, by every token, of fairly outshining the last. During the past month "The Second In Command"; "Trilby," "Why Smith Left Home" and "The Little Minister" have been presented with enormous success, and their repertoire for November is being looked forward to with keen interest.

---

The following is the programme of Miss Lever's recent concert in Portage la Prairie:

Part I.—Unison Song, "Four Jolly Sailors" (Ed. German), Messrs. Burley, Hagel, Burk and Marshall; song, "O Dry Those Tears" (Teresa del Riego), Mr. Craig; song, "Sing, Break into Song" (Albert Mattison), Miss Edythe Lever; pianoforte solo, (a) "Serenade" (Op. 91, No. 4) (A. Strelezki), (b( "La Papillon" (C. Lavallec), Miss Thornton; song, "In the Heather, My Lads" (Hermann Lohr), Mr. Burley; 'cello solo, (a) "Dedication" (Popper), (b) "Romance San Paroles" (Davidoff), Herr Hagel; song, "A Woodland Madrigal" (Robert Batten), Miss Edythe Lever. Part II.—Pianoforte duet, (a) "Rhapsody March" (from Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2) (Listz), (b) "Scarf Dance" (Chaminade), Miss Thornton and Mr. Openshaw; song, "The Admiral's Broom" (Fredric Bevan), Mr. Craig; song, "Daffodills a-Blowing" (Ed. German), Miss Edythe Lever; 'cello solo, "Traumbilder" (Dream Picture) (Goltarmann), Herr Hagel; song, "Will o' the Wisp" (Cherry), Mr. Burley; song, "Waiting" (H. Millard), Miss Edythe Lever. God Save the King.

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If rapt attention and spontaneous applause may be taken as a criterion of the public's opinion, then Fraulein Heinrich's recital at Brandon must be voted a triumphant success. There is an insouciance about her playing that is charming in the extreme, and yet at the same time it is impossible to get away from the fact that she is absolutely master of her instrument. Interspersed with Heinrich's numbers vocal selections were rendered by Miss Edythe Lever, and here again perfection was dominant. Miss Lever is gifted with an enchanting voice, that held her listeners spellbound, and the applause that greeted each effort was well merited. Mr. C. W. Openshaw is deserving of all credit for his sympathetic rendering of the accompaniments to Miss Lever's songs. Fraulein Heinrich may give another recital in Brandon at a later date, when all devotees of music should make a point of attending.

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Mrs. Stanley Adams, professionally known as Mme. Lillian Adams, and her little daughter Beryl, gave a very successful musical and dramatic recital at the Walker theatre, Winnipeg. Mme. Adams was assisted by local talent, in the following programme: Piano solo, (a) "Chant Sans Paroles" (Saint-Saens), (b) "Etudes" (McDowell), Mme. Lillian Adams; vocal solo, "Pipes of Pan" (Elgar), Mr. J. J. Polson; Recitation, with music, "The Tendril's Faith" (Words by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, music by Lillian Adams), "Social Equality," Beryl Adams; vocal solo, "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Wagner), Mrs Fred Kennedy; violin solo, selected, Miss Rhoda Simpson; vocal solo, "The Little Gold Clock" (Lillian Adams), Beryl Adams; vocal solo, selected, Mr. Percy Hollingshead; recitation, (a) "The Legend of the East Window," (b) "Magdalen," Miss Margaret Farris (advanced pupil of Miss Sutherland.) vocal solo, Aria and Recitative from "Heriode" Massenet "My Laddie," Mrs. Chisholm; vocal solo, "The Sword of Farrer," Mr. Harold Redfern; sketch, "The End of the Fairy Tale," Mr. P. Skuse and Beryl Adams; vocal solo, "Killarney," Mrs. Chisholm. "God Save the King."

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The first of the Portage la Prairie Sunday concerts took place in Pratt's Theatre on October 6th and met with great success. The musical features highly pleased the audience. The first solo "The Holy City" by J. A. Craig was rendered in fine voice, Mrs. C. Colebroke Patterson sang "There is a Green Hill" and had to respond to an enthusiastic encore. Mrs. Patterson possesses a voice of exquisite sweetness and was in fine form. Herr Hagel in his 'cello selections also made a decided hit and was loudly encored. The hymns rendered included such popular old melodies as "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Tell me the old, old Story," Sun of my Soul," etc. Mr. Burley led in these in excellent style. Before adjourning Major Brown asked the feeling of the audience as to continuing the concerts and a unanimous vote in favor indicated the general appreciation. C. W. Openshaw gave satisfaction as accompanist. The collection totalled $14.

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"The Egyptian of Pompeii" dramatized from Bulwer Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii" was played in the Opera Hall, Indian Head, in the middle of October. The evening was anything but favorable and the advertising period was short, but still the citizens turned out very well, and those who braved the dark and wet night were not disappointed. The leading characters Jone and Arbaces, were taken by Miss Helene Scott and Joseph de Stephani who proved their mastery of the histrionic art, and these two were ably supported by competent assistants. The scenery was very realistic and appropriate.

---

Those responsible for the concert held in the Methodist church, Grenfell, on Monday, evening Sept. 30, are to be congratulated on the success which attended their work. The affair was a treat to the large audience which attended. The solos by Miss Fournier, Mrs. Prust, Mrs. McClellan, Mrs. Pease and Mr. King, delighted everyone. So did the duet by Mrs. Prust and Dr. Washington. So also the quartette by Mesdames Prust and Pease, and Messrs. Claxton and Thompson. The instrumental numbers by the orchestra, Messrs. Claxton, Yorston, Thompson and Ruffles were much appreciated. The chorus by the full choir was fine. Mr. D. S. Williams, of Indian Head, "brought down the house" by his humorous recitations. Mr. Alfred Yiorston presided at the piano with his accustomed skill and ability. Rev. Mr. Goodwin presided. We are sorry we cannot give a fuller account of the pleasant evening just now but may just add that Grenfell is to be congratulated on the number of excellent vocalists living in the town. We hope there will be many such excellent entertainments during the season as that of Monday evening.

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On Monday, October 14th the good citizens of Camrose were treated to a very interesting little affair at the Presbyterian church, it was very informal but very well carried out. Miss Smart sang in her own charming way. "Sing, Sweet Bird" and delighted all with her rendering of the old favorite "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," which could not be other than well received. "Those Lambs that Mary Loved" was sung by Mr. Darling while John Carroll gave several popular songs The next on the programme was a recitation by Miss Stong, who did her part well and then Miss Smart brought to an end a very pleasant evening by singing "Snow Flakes." The church had all it could hold and success seems to have been written on this year's anniversary services of the Camrose Presbyterian church.

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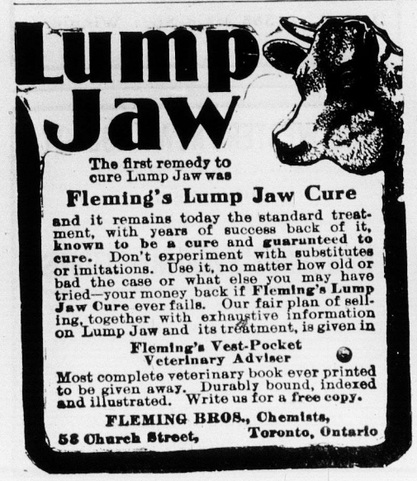


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# IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

### Notice.

If Mr. Cummings of Manitoba, Uncle of J. C. Cummings, Iola, Kansas, and Brother of John Harvey Cummings will communicate with the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau, 482 Main St., Winnipeg, he may learn something of advantage to him.

### An Interesting Study.

Among our readers are a great many men and boys who are interested in hunting, trapping, etc. We wish to ask all such readers if they know how to properly mount and stuff the fine birds and animals which they secure. The art of Taxidermy is one that every sportsman should be thoroughly acquainted with. It is really easy to learn this work if one goes at it in the right way, and there is no end to the pleasure and satisfaction which can be derived from mounting one's own trophies. There is also a great deal of money in selling mounted specimens or mounting for others. If you would like to learn this interesting and profitable art, write to the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr., U. S. A. This school teaches all branches of the art by mail and they have a large number of students in Canada. Their advertisement appears on another page.

### Hats by Mail.

The attention of our women readers is directed to the advertisement of McKendry Limited, 228 Yonge St., Toronto in which this, an established millinery house, advertises to sell by mail handsome stylish new fall hats at a fraction over the wholesale cost of same. When writing them please mention this magazine.

### The Great-West Life.

"Actual Results to Policyholders" is the name of a neat pamphlet just issued by the Great-West Life Assurance Company, Winnipeg.

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### Special Notice to Our Readers.

The Western Home Monthly is better value for the money than any other magazine published on this continent. Our subscribers can readily understand that it takes a great deal of money to meet the heavy expenses incurred in publishing a magazine of such standard excellence and accordingly we emphasize the fact that all subscriptions MUST be paid in advance. Fifty cents is assuredly not a very extortionate price to pay for a good home magazine for a year especially when we are offering as extra inducements a very attractive list of premiums, particulars of which will be found on another page of this issue.

### A Cook Book Given Free.

Our attention has been called to a useful and complete cook book recently gotten out by Codville Co. Limited, makers of the Gold Standard Goods, which they offer to mail to any reader of the Western Home Monthly free of charge.

It is not often that a housewife is given an opportunity to secure a cook book free for the asking, but the Codville Co. are now making good the offer. The cook book referred to is printed on a nice coated paper with handsome cover in colors and contains a comprehensive and varied budget of useful recipes. Just drop a post card in your post office addressed to Codville Co. Limited, Winnipeg, mentioning that you saw their offer in the Western Home Monthly and you will receive a cook book free by return of mail.

### Manitoba Grown Fruit.

A magnificent display of Manitoba grown fruit is on Exhibition in the window of Messrs Stanbridge, Notre Dame Street, Winnipeg. The fruit referred to was grown by the Buchanan Nursery Co., at St. Charles, Manitoba, and comprises about one hundred different varieties.

The impression prevailed in former years that the Manitoba climate was not suitable for the growing of fruit, but a look in the window referred to will prove conclusively that such expressed fears are groundless. True, in early years in this country plants supplied from nurseries in various climes did not give satisfaction. Now all that is changed, the trees and plants grown from seeds planted in western nurseries are acclimatized and produce a plant or tree that will stand our climate and rear a delicious article of fruit.

### An Interesting Book.

"A Study in Health Science," is the name of a new book by M. J. Keane, M. D., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Alta., etc.

The book is dedicated by the author to his venerated master, Professor Goodwin Smith and is a critical analysis of the past and present status of dietetics and drug medication. The fundamental principles of health are outlined, as well as our moral obligations for its maintenance. The subjects of Food, Air, Sunshine, Exercise, Rest and Training are dealt with in detail, and rules of right living deduced therefrom. The balance of the internal bodily forces is considered in relation to these factors of maintenance. Those conditions of incidence, as Cleanliness, Order, and Temperance or the contrary, making for health or ill-health, are dealt with by the synthetic method, and very practical lessons are deduced therefrom by contrast.

The last chapter offers to the consideration of the reader a broader, saner and more optimistic outlook upon life and the future than the blind fatalism of the drug treatment of the past. The book is being printed by the Telephone City Publishing Co., Brantford, Ont., price to advance subscribers is one dollar, free delivery.

### A Handsome Jewelry Catalogue.

A copy of a new catalogue issued by D. R. Dingwall Limited, Jewelers, Winnipeg, has just reached our desk.

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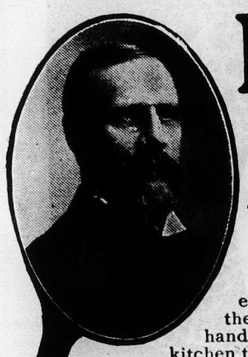

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We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEM WIND American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Diamora Gem, sparkling with the fire brilliancy of a $50 diamond, for selling 20 packages of Royal Sheet Bluing at 10c each. Order 20 packages and when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain. Ladies or Gents style. ROYAL LLUING CO., Dept. 19 Chicago.


firms which has grown up with Western Canada.

A perfect knowledge of the jewelery business and the requirements of our western people, coupled with keeping none but reliable goods and selling at a right price is responsible in the main for the marvellous growth and great success of D. R. Dingwall Limited. For many years past this firm has conducted a highly successful mail order business in addition to the regular store or counter business done in their two Winnipeg stores. "Quality First" has always been insisted upon in Dingwall jewelery, with the result that the Dingwall stamp is a sufficient guarantee that the article is the best of its class.

The Dingwall Company make it a rule to exercise in behalf of out-of-town residents that critical judgment in the selection of all goods, particularly Diamonds, that the customer would receive if he or she were present and buying over their counters. Persons residing at a distance from a metropolitan city should have a copy of Dingwall's new illustrated catalogue at hand to order from. If any of our readers have any intention of buying an Xmas present for some friend or relative they should order from Dingwall's catalogue.

The Stovel Company, Winnipeg, printed the catalogue referred to and the work is excellent.

To secure a copy of this beautiful new illustrated catalogue all that is necessary is to write D. R. Dingwall Limited, Winnipeg and make a request for a copy. When writing please mention this magazine.

### Good Because It Does Good.

The common ailments, while few, are liable to arise at any time. The best kept horses, and those receiving the least care, are alike liable to the ordinary troubles as spavins, ringbone, splint, curb, lameness, cuts and bruises.

It is well for horse-owners, that these diseases all yield to the same treatment, and can all be cured completely with the same remedy. This dependable remedy—which is very inexpensive—is Kendall's Spavin Cure. Even the most stubborn cases, which veterinaries have failed to relieve, yield to Kendall's Spavin Cure.

In the thirty years in which this reliable remedy has been used by farmers, stockmen, liverymen, and in private and racing stables, it has given complete satisfaction.

Certainly, those who own horses, are not consulting their own best interests, if they do not keep a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the barn.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., makers of this famous preparation, publish a book entitled "A Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases," which is invaluable to those who want to keep their horses well and save veterinaries' bills. A copy may be obtained at most dealers or will be sent free by addressing the above company at Enosberg Falls, U. S.

### Oxydonor and Panaxora and Doctor Sauche's Other Instruments.

Dear Sirs,—I have been selling Oxydonor and Panaxora for some ten years, and cannot speak too highly of the work they have done in curing all kinds of diseases.

It was through being cured myself when the doctors gave me up, that I accepted your offer to handle them. Any good, live man in whatever country he is in will have the satisfaction of benefitting his fellowbeings as well as himself financially, who handles them.

As to what diseases Oxydonor will not cure, I am at a loss to say, for I do not know of one case where the Oxydonor was taken in time and handled according to directions, that the party did not receive benefit. I have repeatedly been told by those to whom I have sold them that they were new men and women, and this was after the doctors had given them up, like myself.—Yours truly, Wm. T. Gibbins.

### A Letter to the Public.

The following letter came to hand too late for a place in our October number. The letter speaks for itself.

Dear Sirs,—In recent issues of the Daily and Weekly Free Press, under the heading "Notes and Comments on Farm Matters," there appeared an article referring to the hail losses of this season, in which the following statement was made: "Every insurance company has been hard hit by this succession of tornadoes, and it is already quite manifest that full payment of the losses adjusted is simply impossible. What they will do in the circumstances remains to be seen, etc."

Some of the insurance companies doing hail insurance in Manitoba may be in the unenviable position of not being able to pay their losses this season, but we do not want any misapprehension to exist on that point so for as The Central Canada Insurance Company is concerned, and would deem it a favor if you would make it known to the readers of your paper that we have already paid in full all the losses adjusted by our inspectors, and furthermore, all losses of which we receive proper notice and for which the company had any liability have been adjusted.

The writer of the article on question should have acquainted himself with the facts before making such a statement as the one referred to. Yours truly, Jos. Cornell, Manager.


# STARTLING PREDICTIONS

## YOUR WHOLE LIFE REVEALED

**Remarkable Psychic Astrologer Tells Past and Future with Amazing Accuracy to all Who Write, Absolutely Free**

**Men and Women from All Parts of the World Seek His Advice About Love Affairs, Business, Health, Journeys, Marriage, Legacies, Changes, Speculation, Etc.**

From the great city of New York, where scientists and investigators are eagerly watching the progress of inventions and spending millions of dollars in the perfection of methods by which the masses may be benefited, comes the startling announcment that Professor Albert Postel, the great Astrologer, has perfected a system by which he can foretell the principal events of a life, forewarn people of danger, point out the road to success and explain the cause of failure in so many lives.

The professor says that he can explain who your enemies are, tell you those persons in whom you can place confidence and from whom you may expect favors, name your lucky days, tell what pitfalls to avoid, what opportunities to grasp, advise you about your business and how to improve your condition physically, financially and socially. His method is unlike that of any other astrologer, and from the expressions of gratitude contained in the many thankful letters from his patrons, it is evident that much good is being accomplished by his work. The following are samples of the letters received by professor Postel, and go far toward showing that his Life Horoscopes are not only accurate, but are prepaired with a view to guiding and benefiting those who apply to him for council.

Effa M. Tryon writes: "You are certainly the most wonderful astrologer living. Every one of your predictions came true."

Mr. Broad, real estate agent of Bandon, Can., in a recent letter to Mr. Postel, says: "My horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. I would not take a huudred dollars for the information you have given me."

Another letter, from Miss Bergliot Horne, reads as follows: "I followed your advise and succeeded in securing a position at a much higher salary than I anticipated. I consider the horoscope worth hundreds of dollars to me."

Charts and dials of strange design surround the Professor in his daily work of answering the correspondents and sending out readings to people in all parts of the world. From a glance at the features of Professor Postel, 'tis clear to be seen that he is a man who has a kindly feeling towards hnmanity, and his manner and conversation tend to prove that he is sincere in his desire to be of real benefit to his clients.

Readers of this paper can obtain a reading free of charge by addressing a letter to Professor Albert Postel, Dept. 792, No. 126 West 34th street, New York, N. Y. Simple say you wish a reading of your life, and be sure to state your birth date, sex and whether married or single. Please inclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work, and the reading, also a copy of Prof. Postel's interesting book, "Your Destiny Foretold," will be promptly sent. Tell your friends to send for a reading also.

"Home of the Hat Beautiful."

## A Charming Hat for only $5.00

**This is a special offering to readers of this paper by one of the largest wholesale and retail Millinery Stores on the Continent, known all over Canada for the past quarter of a century.**

**The cut is an exact reproduction of one of the prettiest hats received from Paris this season. The body is of the finest imported felt, soft and glossy, wired into a most becoming shape, with the new dash at side. The cabbage rosette is most artistically made of two-tone satin liberty ribbon, of which material strappings at the back are formed. Proceeding from the rosette is a lovely mount of genuine French coque; a large nob pin completes this chic design. Nothing but the highest grade materials are used, and nowhere can such a hat be produced for less than $8.50 to $10.00.**

**Upon receipt of P.O.O. or Money Order, we shall send this hat in any shade or black. If you do not declare it to be the most wonderful value you've ever seen, return it at our expense and the amount paid will be returned by next mail. We shall only sell one hat in each town, so that the wearer will have an exclusive model.**

**Address—**

**Mail Order Dept.**

**McKENDRY'S, LIMITED,**

**226 and 228 Yonge St., Toronto.**

**Any lady wishing half a dozen hats sent on approval may have them without deposit by giving us a reference from any business man in their town,**

**Write for new Fall Catalogue of Hats for Women and Children NOW.**

# FREE $200.00 IN CASH

## And Handsome Premiums Given Away

In view of the tremendous interest which has recently been created in England and the United States through the issuing of Limerick Competitions, we have decided to give away the sum of $200 00 in cash and many valuable premiums to persons who can supply the best last line to the unfinished verse that is written below. This money and the premiums are given for the purpose of advertising our Red Cross Pills.

In order that everyone may have an equal opportunity to earn the cash prizes we give below an example of Limerick verse:

**There was a sick young man named Dent,**
**Whose money was nearly all spent;**
**Oh, Doctor come quick,**
**For I am so sick,**
**But the doctor, to him, our pills sent.**

N.B.—Please note that the last line should rhyme with the first two lines.

Below will be found the Limerick WITH A MISSING LINE, which line we expect our competitors to supply;

**There was a young girl who took chills,**
**She was told to use Red Cross Pills;**
**Said the Druggist who knew her:**
**"I know they are pure**

.....

Fill in the line above. As a last WORD for the missing line, we would suggest the use of any one of the following words, 'ILLS,' 'BILLS,' 'PILLS,' 'THRILLS,' 'WILLS,' 'MILLS,' 'KILLS.' These all rhyme with the endings of the first two lines in the verse.

### CONDITIONS

To the person who supplies the best and most appropriate last line, we will give the sum of $50.00 in cash; to the second best we will give $40.00 in cash; to the third best, we will give $30 00 in cash; to the fourth best, we will give $20.00 in cash; to the fifth best, we will give $15.00 in cash; and to the sixth best, we will give $10.00 in cash; to the persons who supply the next best seven answers, we will give seven prizes of $5.00 each. We will also give watches, bracelets, rings, pins, etc., in order of merit.

There is another simple condition attached to this contest about which we will write you as soon as we have received your answer to the above. THIS CONDITION DOES NOT INVOLVE THE SPENDING OF ANY OF YOUR MONEY.

The judging of the Limericks will be in the hands of a committee of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection with this office. No employee of ours nor any of their relations will be allowed to compete, and the committee's judgment must be accepted as final.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of three appointed by the Sawyer Medicine Co., and enter this competition on that distinct understanding.

SIGNATURE.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

State whether we are to address you as Mr. Mrs. or Miss.....

Please write very plainly. Cut out this advt. and send it to us after filling in the blank line. The filling in of the missing line may take a little thought and time, but it is time and energy well spent. We guarantee that if you send in ANY KIND of an answer you will receive one of the above prizes, provided you comply with the simple condition about which we will write you. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY.

**THE SAWYER MEDICINE CO., DEPT. "H," MONTREAL**

# Work for Busy Fingers.

### Doily with Wheel Border.

For a wheel cut off 10 points of braid (serpentine) or as long a strip as will join neatly, leaving 8 points for the outer and the same for the inner row. To fill the center, fasten the thread in a point, * chain 1, a double in next point, repeat from * 6 times, chain 1, fasten in 1st point.

For the outside:

1. Fasten in a point, * (chain 8, fasten in same point) twice, chain 8, fasten in next point; repeat from * 7 times, fastening last 8 chain in 1st point.

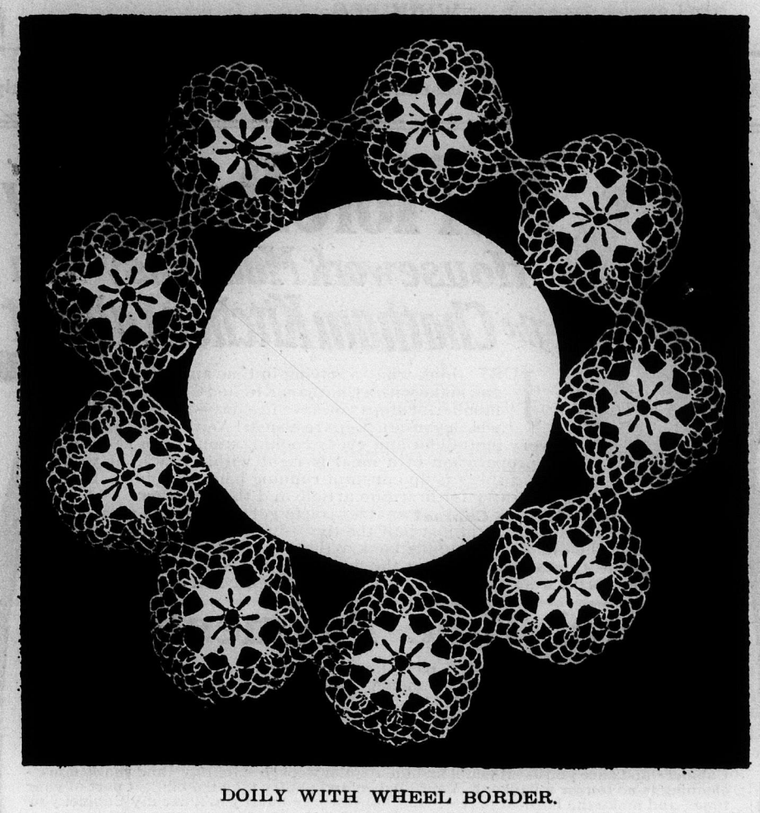
2. Chain 4, fasten in top of 1st 8 chain, * chain 6, fasten in center of next chain loop. repeat around, fastening last 6 chain where 1st started.

3. Chain 3, fasten in top of 1st chain loop, * chain 7, fasten in next, repeat around, joining last chain where 1st begins.

4. Like 3d row.

This completes a wheel. For a doily they may be joined together when working 4th row by * chain 3, catch in center of 7 chain of previous wheel, chain 3, fasten in next 7 chain of wheel on which you are working, repeat from * once, then complete the wheel. Join to form a circle as large as the doily is wanted, cut and hem a circle of linen for the center should fasten the border to it neatly.

The wheels may be used for a variety of purposes, and are quickly and easily made.



DOILY WITH WHEEL BORDER.

### Leaf Point Lace.

Cast on 47 stitches, knit once across plain.

1. Over twice, purl 2 together, * narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 5, (slip 1, knit 3 together, bind the slipped stitch over, over 3 times) 3 times, repeat from *, narrow, over twice, knit 1, loop on 2 stitches.

2. Knit 4, purl 1, * knit 2, (purl 1, knit 3) twice, purl 1, knit 9, purl 1, repeat from *, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, drop last loop. This is done in every even row, so need not be again mentioned.

3. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, * (narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 17) twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, loop on 2 stitches.

4. Knit 4, (purl 1, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 14) twice, purl 1, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together.

5. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4; finish like 3d row from *.

6. Knit 4, (purl 1, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 11) twice, purl 1, knit 5, over twice, purl 2 together.

7. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 6; like 3d from *.

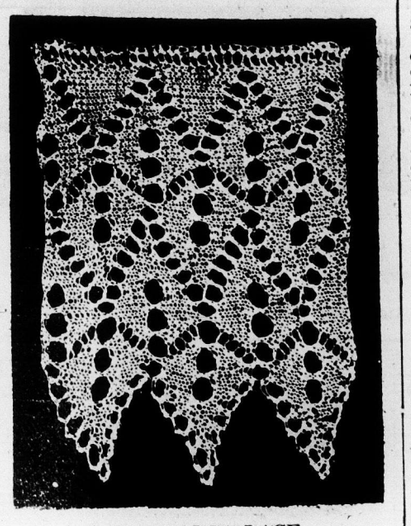
8. Knit 4, (purl 1, knit 10, over, narrow, knit 8) twice, purl 1 knit 7, over twice, purl 2 together.

9. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 8; like 3d from *.

10. Knit 4, (purl 1, knit 13, over, narrow, knit 5) twice, purl 1, knit 9, over twice, purl 2 together.

11. Over twice purl 2 together, knit 10; like 3d row from *.

12. Knit 4, (purl 1, knit 20) twice, purl 1, knit 11, over twice, purl 2



LEAF POINT LACE.

13. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 12, narrow, over twice, narrow, * (over 3 times, slip 1, knit 3 together draw slipped stitch over) 3 times, knit 5, narrow, over twice, narrow; repeat from *.

14. Bind off 3 stitches, thus: Slip 1, knit 1, bind, purl 1, bind, knit 1, bind, then knit 7, purl 1, (knit 3, purl 1) 3 times, knit 8, purl 1, (knit 3, purl 1) 3 times, knit 13, over twice, purl 2 together.

15. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 10, * (narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 17) twice, narrow, over twice, knit 1.

16. Like 14th row to *; knit 11, narrow, over, knit 6, purl 1, knit 13, narrow, over, knit 5, purl 1, knit 11, over twice, purl 2 together.

17. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 8; like 15th from *.

18. Like 14th to *; knit 8, narrow, over, knit 9, purl 1, knit 10, narrow, over, knit 8, purl 1, knit 9, over twice, purl 2 together.

19. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 6; like 15th from *.

20. Like 14th to *; knit 5, narrow, over, knit 12, purl 1, knit 7, narrow, over, knit 11, purl 1, knit 7, over twice, purl 2 together.

21. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4; like 15th from *.

22. Like 14th to *; knit 2, narrow, over, knit 15, purl 1, knit 4, narrow, over, knit 14, purl 1, knit 5, over twice, purl 2 together.

23. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2; like 15th from *.

24. Like 14th to *; knit 19, purl 1, knit 20, purl 1, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together.

Repeat from 1st row. This is a very odd and pretty lace for trimming aprons, skirts, etc., and may be made wider or narrower, as desired, by knitting the repeated directions as greater or less number of times.

### Vashti Lace.

Make a chain of 42 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, 9 trebles in 9 stitches,

"Black Knight" shines quickly—shines bright—shines by day and shines by night.

No dust—no dirt—no hard rubbing—always ready for instant use.

And it won't burn off, no matter how hot the fire.

To keep Stoves, Grates and Iron work always clean and bright, with the least possible trouble, use

**"Black Knight" Stove Polish**

4



# Pimples

**are destructive to beauty** and comeliness and are not always caused by impure blood. An external treatment for use at home, the **Princess**

**ACNE AND PIMPLE CURE**

Price **$1.50.** post-paid. Cures those disfiguring blotches and pustules, causes them to dissolve and disappear. If you are run down, troubled with indigestion, constipation or nervousness, all of which aggravate a skin trouble, use the

**Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder.**

Price for both, **$2.50**, express.

**FOR LINES AND WRINKLES**

Employ that incomparable toilet preparation, **Princess Skin Food.** Price **$1.50,** postpaid. Send 10 cts. for our treatise on the Hair, Skin, Scalp and Complexion, and sample of White Rose cream. Consultation free.

We have been curing skin troubles for fifteen years and our success has increased yearly.

**HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.**
FORMERLY GRAHAM. TEL. M. 831. HISCOTT BLDG.
61 COLLEGE ST. COR. LAPLANTE AVE. TORONTO.



**Prepare for the Winter!**

Get cured of your ailments before winter's cold and wet makes them worse—Don't stay sick. Try Vitæ-Ore without any risk. See big page advertisement on page 25 of this paper.



**LOROSO** is a powder that positively destroys all odors arising from perspiration or other causes. Guaranteed harmless and to be made from the purest chemical. One trial proves its merits. Thirty-five cents brings a three ounce box to your door.

THE LOROSO CO. UTICA, N. Y


chain 5, miss 3, 12 trebles in next 12, chain 5, miss 3, 10 trebles, turn.

2. Chain 3, 7 trebles in 7 trebles, chain 5, fasten in center of 5 chain of last row, chain 5, miss 2 trebles, 8 trebles in 8 trebles, chain 5, fasten in 5 chain, chain 5, miss 2 trebles, 8 trebles, turn.

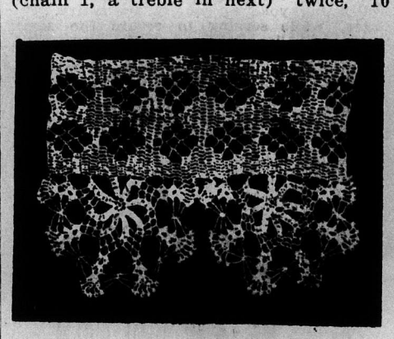
3. Chain 3, 5 trebles, (chain 5, fasten under next 5 chain) twice, chain 5, miss 2 trebles, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (chain 5, fasten under 5 chain) twice, chain 5, miss 2, 6 trebles, turn.

4. Chain 3, 5 trebles in 5 trebles and 2 under chain following, chain 5, fasten under 5 chain, chain 5, 2 trebles under chain, 4 in 4 trebles and 2 under chain, chain 5, fasten under 5 chain, chain 5, 2 trebles under chain and 6 trebles in trebles, turn.

5. Chain 3, 9 trebles in next 9 stitches, chain 3, 2 trebles on last of 5 chain, 8 trebles in 8 trebles and 2 on following chain, chain 3, 2 trebles on last of 5 chain and 8 on 8 trebles, turn.

6. Chain 3, a treble in each stitch of last row, turn.

7. Chain 3, 9 trebles in 9 trebles, chain 5, miss 3, 12 trebles, chain 5, miss 3, 10 trebles; then chain 14, fasten back in 7th stitch from hook to form a loop, chain 10, catch in end of 5th row, turn; chain 3, 10 trebles in 10 stitches of chain and a double in loop, * chain 8, a double in 5th of 10 trebles, (chain 1, miss 1, a treble in next) 3 times, turn; chain 4, a treble in treble, (chain 1, a treble in next) twice, 10



VASHTI LACE.

trebles under chain, and a double in loop; repeat from * until you have 7 spokes in all, 7 trebles on original chain, treble in treble and finish like 2d row from *.

8. Like 2d row from *.

9. Like 3d row.

10. Like 4th row. When making the 3 chain to begin, chain 1, catch into 4th treble from end of spoke last made.

11. Like 5th row. Catch into 1st space of same spoke.

12. Like 6th row.

13. Like 7th row to scallop; chain 3, shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles under 4 chain at tip of 1st spoke, * chain 7, shell under next loop, repeat from * 4 times, chain 2, catch in end of 3d row, chain 2, turn.

14. Shell of 3 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles in shell, * chain 9, shell in shell, repeat from * 4 times, finish like 2d row from *.

15. Like 3d row; then 6 trebles in shell, * chain 11, 6 trebles in next shell, repeat 4 times from *, catch at end of 1st row, turn.

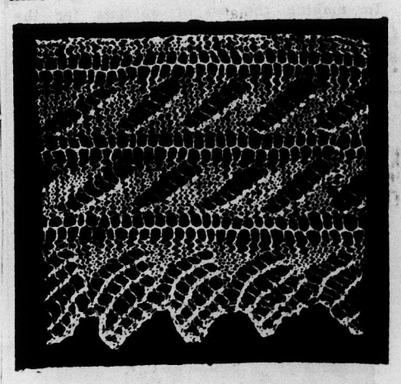
16. Chain 2, * (treble in treble, chain 5, double in top of treble, chain 1) 6 times, chain 5, catch into chain between 1st shells, over intervening chains, chain 5, repeat from * 4 times, 6 picot-trebles with 1 chain between each over next shell, and finish like 4th row.

Repeat to length desired. A very handsome and showy lace.

**Handsome Wide Knitted Lace.**

Cast on 35 stitches, knit across plain.

1. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 1, over, narrow, knit 5, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 2, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.



HANDSOME WIDE KNITTED LACE.

2. Knit 11, * over twice, purl 2 together, (knit 8, over twice, purl 2 together) twice, knit 3.

3. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 2, over, narrow, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 3, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

4. Knit 12; like 2d row from * to end.

5. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 4, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

6. Knit 13; like 2d from *.

7. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 4, over, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 5, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

8. Knit 14; like 2d row from *.

9. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 6, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

10. Knit 15; like 2d row from *.

11. Knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, * knit 6, over, narrow, over twice, purl 2 together, repeat from *, knit 7, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 2.

12. Bind off 6, knit 9; finish like 2d row from *.

This is a simple pattern, and may be readily knitted without looking at directions after working it through once or twice. It will be especially liked for pillow-cases, aprons, and other trimming which requires frequent laundering. The insertion to match is made by leaving off the points, knitting both edges alike. If a narrower lace is wanted to match, the upper half of the diagonal pattern may be omitted.

**Utility Edging.**

Make a chain of 22 stitches, turn.

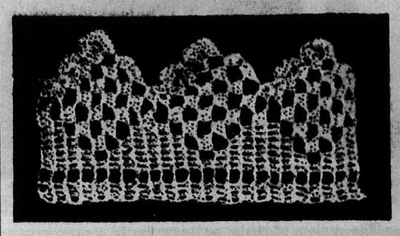
1. Miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, chain 2, miss 2, 10 trebles in 10 stitches, chain 2, miss 2, 2 trebles in each of next 2, turn.

2. Chain 4, 4 trebles between 2d and 3d trebles, chain 2, miss 2 of 10 trebles, 8 trebles in 8 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in 3 trebles and top of 3 chain, turn.

3. Chain 3 for 1st treble, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 2, 6 trebles in 6 of 8 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles under 4 chain at end of row, turn.

4. Shell in shell, (chain 2, 4 trebles under next 2 chain) twice, chain 2, miss 2 of 6 trebles, 4 trebles in next 4, chain 2, 4 trebles at end of row, turn.

5. Chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 2, miss 2,



UTILITY EDGING.

2 trebles, (chain 2, 4 trebles under next 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2, shell in shell, turn.

6. Shell of 9 trebles in shell, (chain 2, 4 trebles under next 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2, 2 trebles under next 2 chain and treble in each of 2 trebles following, chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles at end of row, turn.

7. Chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles in 4 trebles and 2 under chain, (chain 2, 4 trebles under next 2 chain), 3 times, turn.

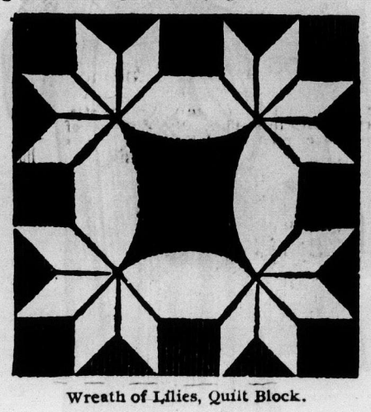
8. Chain 1, (4 trebles under next 2 chain, chain 2) twice, 2 trebles under next 2 chain and 6 trebles in trebles, chain 2, 4 trebles at end of row, turn.

9. Chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 2, 8 trebles in 8 trebles and 2 under chain, chain 2, 4 trebles under next chain, turn.

Repeat from 2d row. Every mother will appreciate this pattern, it is so useful for trimming children's garments.

**Wreath of Lilies Quilt Block.**

This is a very pretty block, pieced of two colors, any preferred, dark and light. The quilt may be entirely of



Wreath of Lilies, Quilt Block.

pieced blocks, or joined with plain squares of the same size, or with strips three inches in width running between the pieced blocks, either straight across or diagonally.


**Catarrh Cure—Free**

**Catarrh Often Causes Consumption, General Debility, Idiocy, and Insanity. Cure It With Gauss' Catarrh Cure Before Too Late. Costs Nothing to Try.**

If your nose is stopped up, if you continually k hawk and spit and there is a constant dripping from the nose into the throat, if you have foul, disgusting breath, you have Catarrh and I can cure it.

All you have to do is fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to me. **C. E. Gauss, 1363 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.,** and I will send you a trial package of my Combined Catarrh Cure by return of mail, prepaid. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends.

Name.....

Address.....

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In a race a great deal depends on the start.

We start young men and women in the race of life. That we give them a good start is indicated by the many "winners" we have turned out,—young men who to-day are counted successful.

Let us give you a start during the coming winter. Write us for our calendar "A". Address the

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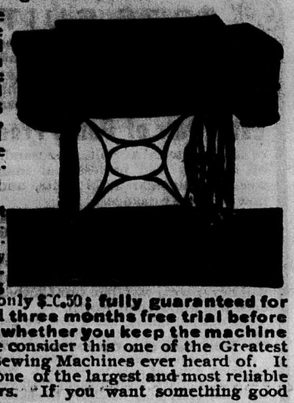
$18 Buys the Economy five drawer drop head Solid Oak Cabinet, the best machine in the world for the money. While the price is extremely low, some might think it too cheap to be good, yet we guarantee it to do the work required of a machine equal to any you can buy elsewhere for $65. It is made to last and give good satisfaction.



For $26.50 we offer the Wingold High Arm Automatic Lift, Ball Bearing, 5 drawer, Drop Head Cabinet the most beautiful French Polished Oak Cabinet most handsomely finished in every detail, a regular $75 machine for only $26.50; fully guaranteed for 10 years and three months free trial before you decide whether you keep the machine or not. We consider this one of the Greatest Bargains in Sewing Machines ever heard of. It is made by one of the largest and most reliable manufacturers. If you want something good this will please you.

$27 Buys the Winnipeg BallBearing, Automatic Lift Seven Drawer, Drophead Sewing Machine. Elegantly designed, exquisitely finished, brilliantly hand polished. A most beautiful and desirable Serpentine Front Cabinet equipped with the latest and best Automatic Lever Lift. It is the most complete, the most durable, as well as the Handsomest Machine ever offered at any price. The Head is designed on symmetrical lines, high arm and full length, made of the very best materials and all wearing parts Case Hardened. Latest Improved in every detail, a complete set of Most Modern Steel Attachments and a full set of accessories makes this the Simplest and Easiest Operated Machine made.

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When writing, mention The Western Home Monthly.

# FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

### 6928—A Pretty Style for Dressing Jacket.

When a woman dons a dressing sack it is either because she wants relief from close-fitting garments or wants to make herself presentable in the least possible time. Time saving is a very important feature of the dressing sack and that sack which can be donned and fastened with the least time and labor is not to be over-looked?

Here is sketched a sack suitable to development in washing stuffs or challis as well as many other materials which is

slipped on over the head and requires no fastening. The sack is also surprisingly becoming to all wearers and does not require much time or expense for the making. The prettily shaped yoke supports the full front and back, while the sleeves are loose and may be finished in any length desired. For the medium size 3 yards of 36 inch material are needed.

6928—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue together with The Western Home Monthly for one year for 50 cents.**

### 6005—A Practical Sack Nightdress.

A plain, well-fitting model for a night-dress, which may be developed either in longcloth or flannel, is a welcome acquisition to the woman who prefers home-made garments to those which may be bought ready for wear. The design here illustrated is an extremely practical one, the yoke insuring a comfortable fit about the neck and shoulders, while the sack shaping of the gown effectually does away with the uncomfortable bulkiness that so often distinguishes flannel garments. If desired the gown may be made

in the square neck effect shown in the smaller sketch, in which development it is cut without the yoke. If muslin or cambric is used for making, lace or embroidery may be used for garniture, but for a flannel development all the trimming necessary is a little fancy stitchery, worked in silk. For the medium size 6 yards of 36 inch material will be needed for making.

6005—Sizes 32, 36, 40, 44 inches, bust measure.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

### 6946—A Becoming Tucked Waist.

A charming model for a tucked waist with either full length or three-quarter sleeves is shown in the accompanying sketch. A unique feature is the extension of the center front box pleat to the lower edge of the belt, while the vandyked decoration of the well-fitting yoke is equally distinctive. The latter, while serving to secure the small tuck pleats in position, at the same time

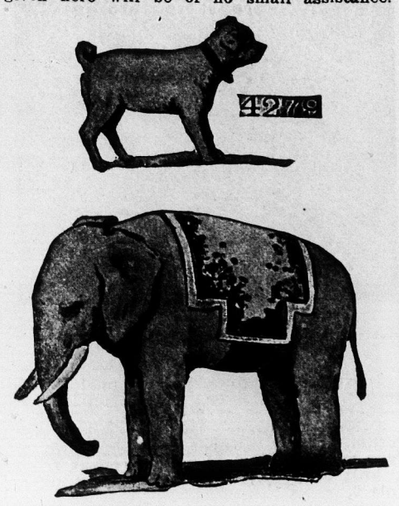
gives a becoming effect of width across the chest. The waist as shown is made of Nattier blue rajah, with yoke and collar of Irish crochet; but it may also be made with equal success of any thin, soft draping material, including foulard, chambray, batiste or mercerized gingham, while all-over lace or embroidered lawn may be employed for the yoke. To develop the medium size 2¼ yards of 27 inch goods will be needed.

6946—6 sizes, 32 to 42.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

### 4279—Toy Elephant and Dog.

In making the set of animals for the youngster who has his lesson yet to learn in this part of nature's school, the patterns given here will be of no small assistance.




The elephant and dog shown are unusually true to life and not difficult to construct. They are extremely practical for the severe use generally given such creatures by the small boy or girl as they are not breakable and will endure a vast amount of hardship. The elephant should be made of gray canton flannel or cloth and have a blanket of red. Beads or buttons are used for the eyes and white celluloid hair pins for the tusks. One yard of material is needed.

For the dog 5-8 yard of canton flannel is required and buttons are used for eyes while the nose and mouth are outlined with thread.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer.—One of the above patterns, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

### 6990—A Natty Short Coat.

A smart little coat for wearing whenever a lightweight outdoor garment is needed is always an acceptable addition to the feminine wardrobe, and the design illustrated is especially desirable because of its simple but effective modelling, which is well within the scope of the home dressmaker. The coat, which is modelled in one of the new striped broadcloths, is semi-fitting, and owes its jauntiness mainly to its excellent shaping, which is expressly intended to emphasize the best lines of the figure. It is an especially good model for the slender type of woman, to whom neither a tight-fitting jacket nor a loose wrap is wholly becoming. It is finished in tailored style, with stitched seams and a mannish collar and sleeve, all of which are in close accord with the latest approved designs. The medium size requires 2¼ yards of 54 inch cloth to make.

ment.

6990—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

### 4221—A Pretty Dress For a Young Girl.

The popular over-blouse effect is charmingly simulated in this youthful costume,

# —SOME— NEW GIFTS —FOR THIS— CHRISTMAS

**Taken from our 1908 Catalogue just issued. If your selection cannot be made from this List we will upon request send our Catalogue, containing the newest gifts in Jewellery, Silverware, Watches and Novelties ranging from 25 cents upwards.**

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***Stores also in Montreal, Ottawa, and Vancouver.***

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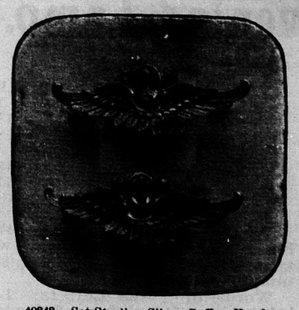
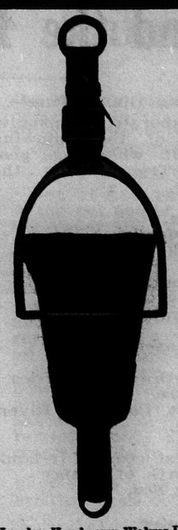
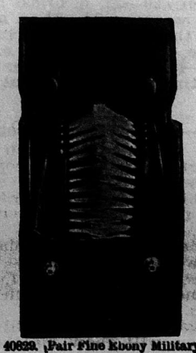


40843. Set Sterling Silver Cuff or Handy Pin, with imitation amethysts, in case, $1.25



70197. Fine London Hand-sewn Walrus Leather Whisk, with stirrup holder; length of whisk, 10½ inches, $8.00

40811. Fine Sterling Silver Toilet Set, Chrysanthemum pattern, in handsome leather-covered satin-lined presentation case, $37.75. Contents; mirror, hair brush, cloth brush and comb.



40629. Pair Fine Ebony Military Brushes, medium size, mounted with silver letters, in leather case, $4.00.

40921. Sterling Silver Writing Set, etched pattern, in case, $5.00. Contents: ink bottle, pen handle, letter opener and eraser.

70107. Saphian Leather Glove Case, silk-lined, lettering in Sterling Silver, $3.00.

40584. The Doctor Fountain Pen, $3.50

70198. Fine Morocco Leather Travelling Medicine Case, $5.00 Contents: 4 bottles, 3 jars, scissors, small glass jar, pocket for prescriptions and small drawer for miscellaneous articles. Size 4½ x 2½ inches.

40883. Ladv's Ebony Toilet Set, in leather-covered satin-lined case, $5.00.

40994. Nickel Shaving Stand, polished hardwood base, $4.25; with shaving brush and porcelain water basin, mirror on one side only, diameter 6 inches

70108. Saphian Leather Handkerchief Case, silk-lined, lettering in Sterling Silver, $2.75


which skillfully combines a unique suggestion of the Japanese in the waist with the most modern ideas of shaping in the 7-gored skirt. The waist owes much of its distinction to the fact that the body and sleeve caps are cut in one, while in the skirt the circular side and back gores, lapped over the straight gores, provide precisely the graceful effect which is sought after in gowns for developing girlhood. This dress is suitable for modelling in any of the popular soft-draping fabrics, including nuns's veiling, voile, and colienne; while it may either be decorated as pictured or trimmed with ribbon, embroidery or braid. To develop the medium size 7 3-8 yards of 27 inch material will be needed.

4221—4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

### 4282—The Doll's Underwear.

Making doll clothes is a real delight when one thinks of the unbounded enjoyment all of these "real clothes" will afford the little maiden for whom the doll is intended. There is no joy in life that is much more real than that felt by the little girl in dressing and undressing the doll-baby which shares so large a part of her affections. In dressing Miss Dolly properly, however, it is necessary to have duplicates in miniature of the clothes which her small mother wears—even to the underwear. Thus we have here sketched models for underwaist and petticoat, drawers and nightdress—for as everyone knows, doll-babies should go to bed and to sleep just as regularly as little girls. These little clothes may be trimmed prettily with lace or embroidery, or they may be made quite plain. To make the whole set requires 1¾ yards of 36 inch material.

4282—Sizes, 12, 18, 24 and 30 inch dolls.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, togther with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

### 4248—A Pretty Frock For Cool Weather.

The novel feature of this little dress is the pretty blouse, the fullness of which is arranged in wide tucks and box-pleats, which are secured in front under an applied yoke of jaunty shaping, and at the back in the collar and belt. Two box-pleats also ornament the front of the straight skirt, which is attached to the blouse under the gracefully shaped belt. The waist is made high in the neck and the sleeves are of full length, thus rendering the frock particularly acceptable for wearing in cool weather. Navy blue serge of fine quality is the material employed for making, turkey-red silk being used for the pipings. Any seasonable woollen goods, however, is suitable for developing by this mode, or, for wearing in a mild climate, linen might be used, 4¾ yards 27 inches wide being required for the medium size.

4248—8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all for 50 cents.**

### To Clean Patent Leather.

Use a soft flannel cloth, dipped into warm milk, and polish with a soft dry cloth.

### Pert Paragraphs.

It takes a good sailor to slip over a sea of trouble.

When you call a bluff be sure that you are prepared for the answer.

There is a lot of quiet egotism connected with being satisfied.

You can't tell by the size of the woman how much she can talk.

Girls consider it more practical to be able to order a dinner than to be able to cook it.

It couldn't be because he needed oiling that John D.'s tongue and memory wouldn't work.

Some men seem to think that it is more profitable to be a bookmaker than a bookkeeper.

Some women make their living by getting married, and others stay married and make the living for the whole family.

Sometimes men think a woman beautiful when they know all the time that she is homely as a mud fence.

Politics unmakes many friendships.

A hot day sometimes takes the kinks out of a girl's marcel and puts them in her disposition.

### To Remove Nail Stains from Wood.

Light-colored woods that have been stained by nails can be cleaned by a solution of oxalic acid and boiling water, about a pint of acid to a quart of water. Remember that the acid is poisonous.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

**CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.**

Mrs. Hiram Revoy, Marmora, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with my back. I tried a great many remedies, but all failed until I was advised by a friend to use DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. I did so, and two boxes made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend them to all troubled with their back. You may publish this if you wish."

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**ARCHITECT.**

TAYLOR BLOCK:

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WINNIPEG.

# Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—Thanksgiving Dinner Puzzle.

A certain very elaborate Thanksgiving dinner consisted of the following eatables, each one of which was geographically named. Try to solve the name of each article.

Soup.
A river in Alabama.
One of the Fiji Islands.
A bay in New York.
Fish.
A river in New York.
A river in Pennsylvania.
Mountains in Australia.
A river in Vermont.
A cape in Massachusetts.
Game.
A mountain in Southwestern Africa.
A creek in Delaware.
An island in the St. Lawrence River.
A river in Virginia.
Meat.
An island off the west coast of Ireland.
A village in the north of France.
Islands in the Java Sea.
Vegetables.
A creek in Georgia.
A station in Tennessee.
A lake in Canada West.
A township in Belmont County, Ohio.
Puddings.
A river in Illinois.
A province in France.
Pies.
A creek in Illinois.
A township in Butler County, Ohio.
Islands off Newfoundland.
A creek in Virginia.
Fruits.
A city in Massachusetts.
A creek in Texas.
A creek in Virginia.
Nuts.
A river in Perth County, Scotland.
A village in Southern Illinois.
A creek in Virginia.

No. 2—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

This picture illustrates a well-known proverb.

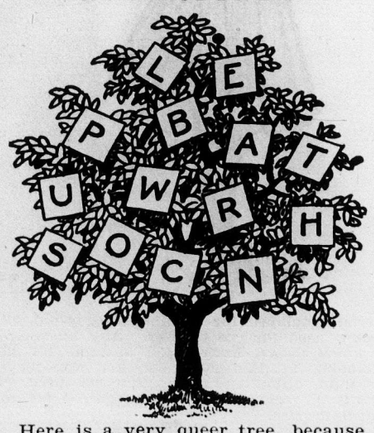
No. 3.—HIDDEN WORD SQUARE.

1. My sister Rebecca detests both pickles and pears.
2. Then are naughty children not allowed to go?
3. We made bark frames and baskets for the fair.
4. The great door is broken, actually broken in pieces.
5. Those were the first arts that we learned.

Concealed in the above are five words having the following significations:
1. A student at a military school.
2. A place of public contest.
3. To shut out or exclude.
4. To decree or establish as law.
5. Specimens of a kind of pastry.

The five words, each containing five letters, when found and properly arranged, will form a Word Square.

No. 4.—NUT PUZZLE.




Here is a very queer tree, because it bears seven different kinds of nuts. With the fourteen letters shown on the tree, the seven kinds of nuts may be spelled. Each letter may be used as many times as desired. What nuts are represented?

No. 5.—HIDDEN VOLCANOES.

1. Remember the claims of the poor.
2. Define these words, viz.: alcove, anchovy.
3. Lively business keeps the cart agoing.
4. Sweet-natured children are always liked.

No. 6.—BLENDED SQUARES.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| | | 20 | 21 | 22 | | |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 31 | 32 | | 36 | 37 | 38 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | | 39 | 40 | 41 |

Words of Seven Letters: 3—35, to lower in rank; 7—39, one who uses type; 13—19, part of a ship; 23—29, an imaginary being.

Words of Three Letters: 1—3, pertaining to the giving of food; 4—6, a liquor; 1—13, quite a distance; 2—14, a man's name; 7—9, a preposition meaning before; 10—12, a foot-mat; 8—18, a very brisk walk; 9—19, a by-product of the hen; 20—22, a brisk movement; 16—26, a weapon; 24—34, a grown pig; 30—32, a thing to carry mortar; 33—35, a measure of time; 29—41, a male human; 28—40, a man's name; 36—38, a lapse of time; 39—41, a past tense of run.

No. 7.—Blank Word Syncopations.

Fill the first blank, in each sentence, with a certain word; the second, with a word taken out of the word chosen for the first blank; and the third with the letters of that word which remain after filling the second blank.

1. On the —— we first played ——, and then we all began to ——.
2. While —— on the wharf, we saw a vessel come into ——, which made us —— again.
3. The game of —— I will —— you play, if you will show me the —— to the fair.

No. 8.—OLD MAXIM PUZZLE.

The first and last letters are missing.

-igh- -are- -pea-, -rea- -ne- -r- -um-.

No. 9.—RIDDLE.

A head have I, though never do I think;
A mouth as well, but with it never drink.
A body, too, is mine, of giant growth and strength
Combining with its force majestic length.
But, as to feet, of them I have not one,
Though I am never still, but always run.
Ne'er was I known to leave my lowly bed,
Or ope my mouth so that I might be fed.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the December number of The Western Home Monthly.

**Answers to Puzzles in October Number.**

No. 1. Riddle.—Clove, love, glove, clover.

No. 2. Old-Time Handy Ladder.—

C
D O T
L
E L F
E
A C T
T
D I N
O
A N T
E A
E L M
D E

No. 3. Hidden Bays.—1. Plenty. 2. Hawke. 3. Shark. 4. Botany. 5. Antorgil. 6. Bembatook. 7. Delagoa. 8. Notre Dame.

No. 4. Picture Puzzle.—"Taking time by the forelock."

No. 5. Accidental Hidings.—Esther, Olive, Theresa, Nora, Hester.

No. 6. Reversals.—1. Flow, wolf. 2. Draw, ward. 3. Gulp, plug. 4. Laud, dual. 5. Leer, reel.

No. 7. Illustrated Rhyming Rebus.—
Four lines that are easy and wise,
Here are placed before your eyes.
All means you see of learning seize,
Be kind and mind you do not tease.
Find useful ways your time to use,
Attend well to your P's and Q's.

No. 8. Logogriph.—Treat, rate, tare, tear.

No. 9. Transpositions.—1. I pass no, passion. 2. Glare, large. 3. Let this, thistle. 4. United, untied. 5. One cadet, anecdote. 6. Towels, lowest. 7. Not impart, important. 8. Lambs cringe, clamberings.

No. 10. Riddle.—A switch.

**Comfort In Working Boots**

A man cannot work when his shoes pinch—when a seam rubs against his toes until it makes a corn—when a wrinkle chafes his foot constantly. With the end in view of getting away from these defects so common in many working boots we have produced the Amherst. This boot is Blucher made, of soft grain leather, on the roomy, comfortable last shown above, with even seams. Entirely made of solid leather, it guarantees durability, stability and long service—at $3.00 a more economical working boot cannot be made. We deliver them to you prepaid for $3.00 Send to-day.

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**Just the thing for your Barns and Granaries**

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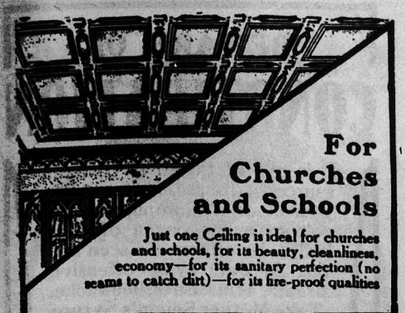

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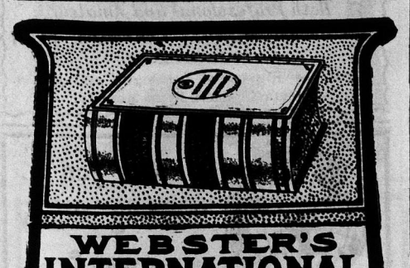

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# Among the Flowers.

### Waiting.

"Serene I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! they lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high;
Can keep my own away from me."

### WINTER HOUSE PLANTS.

To a lover of flowers there is nothing more gratifying than the raising of plants by one's own efforts. And as knowledge is gained, those same efforts become a pleasure. Select varieties that are easily grown, and have only a few. Study each plant and if it does not thrive on one kind of treatment experiment until you find out the kind of soil, the amount of sun and water and the temperature, which that particular plant needs to make it healthy and vigorous.

**Soil.**

Plants which have large, strong roots will do better in a loam containing less sand, while those with thin hairy roots must have a fine light soil.

To obtain good loam use rich earth from the garden or leaf mould from the woods. It may be necessary to heat it in the oven to kill all animal life. Mix this with sand until the earth is crumbly. Fill a small pot with the mixture and wet it thoroughly. If the water runs right through and leaves the soil mealy and wet, it is in the proper condition, but if muddy and smooth it needs a greater amount of sand. Mix more than you need and keep it in reserve for the time when the plants require shifting into larger pots.

**Potting.**

Always select pots in proportion to the size of the plant, as it is as weakening to the plant to have too much earth as to have too little; young plants can be started in pots three or four inches in diameter.

To examine the roots, place the first and second fingers on each side of the plant, turn the pot upside down, give it a quick rap, then lift off the pot. If the soil is covered with a fine network of roots, place in another perfectly clean pot one or two sizes larger. Do not disturb the root ball. Simply put fresh soil under and around it, shaking the new earth into place rather than pressing it down. Water well and protect from the sun for a few days.

If plants are old and a larger pot would be out of proportion to the size of the plant—once or twice a year crumble away some of the old earth around the roots, taking great care not to bruise them, wash the pots out and replace with fresh soil.

When potting plants, it is most important to provide drainage. The best material to use for drainage is an old pot or bricks broken into pieces the size of pebbles. Put about an inch of this into four or five inch pots, a little more in larger pots, over this put a thin layer of sod, then the soil prepared from loam and sand.

**Watering Plants.**

When watering, pour on enough to thoroughly saturate all the earth in the pot, or until a little runs out into the saucer. Then do not water again until the earth begins to look dry. Keep the earth at the top of the pot loose, so that air may circulate. This is especially important with ferns and other plants which do not have sunlight, as the roots sometimes sour. Wash the leaves freqnently with a soft sponge, as the leaves are the plant's lungs. Besides, they are so much more attractive if clean. Change the air of the room every day, taking care to open a window away from the flower window. Where the atmosphere is dry, keep a pan of water on the stove or near the flower stand. Spraying the plants with a regular florist's syringe is also helpful to them. Moist air is not only beneficial to the plants, but will keep away various insects which multiply in a dry atmosphere.

**Plant Parasites.**

One of the most destructive insects is the red spider. He will be found on the under side of a leaf, a very minute speck, but capable of doing plants great harm. Directly the red spiders appear the leaves turn yellow and fall off. Water makes this little fellow take his departure. Wash the plants carefully and frequently and there will be no further trouble. A solution of fir tree oil is even more effective.

For the green apple aphis which appear on the tender growing shoots, dipping the plants into a tea made of tobacco stems or leaves is best. Florists fumigate their greenhouses, but this is objectionable in the house.

The only way to rout the white mealy bugs is to pick them off with a stiff bristle brush or pointed stick.

**Temperature.**

In arranging plants about the house, place them in rooms where they will have as even temperature as possible, in the kitchen, dining, or living rooms.

In the bedroom, where the windows would be open at night, plants might be frosted. Next assort them according to the sun they require. Rose, geraniums, carnations, helioptrope and nearly all flowers with rich coloring thrive best with southern or western exposures.

Fuchsias, begonias, marguerites and lilies will do well in windows facing east. Ferns and palms require no sun at all and add much to the attractive appearance of a room. Every now and then turn the plants around so that they will not grow one sided. If they grow straggling and send up only one tall stalk, cut the stalk back or pinch off the bud until the plant has acquired the desired bushy shape.

**Bulbs.**

October and November are the best months in which to plant bulbs. Dig up the ground for the bulb beds and mix through the soil a liberal amount of well rotted manure. Set the bulbs at least three inches deep; they should be set in regard to color and height of flowers, as a promiscuous setting of bulbs is a great mistake. Bedded tulips three years old should be reset. Separate the bulbs, and set them in a bed by themselves, arranging the colors to form a star or some other artistic design. Narcissus make a lovely border for a hyacinth bed. They, with the daffodil and jonquil, thrive best in a partly shaded place.

The crocuses being so early should be planted by themselves. Placed in a trench as a border along walks they are very pretty, as their blossoms beckon a welcome to all who approach.

After the bulbs are planted, cover the soil with a mulch of dead leaves, and over these lay a few boards, raising them at one side, by placing a few stones under each board, to allow a current of air to pass through. Remove the covering when winter is past, not too early, as the flovers will be fuller and more beautiful when not touched by snow.

Pansies and lilies need good protection through the winter and should be planted deeper than most bulbs. Give them a sunny exposure and do not hurry them in the spring. All covering should not be removed until the frosty nights are past.

**Growing Violets.**

A correspondent writes: I received an unrooted runner from a friend, by mail, that readily took roots and made a good growth; the next spring I transplanted it into a box containing soil to the depth of eight inches. (This box had a slanting top with a glass frame for frosty nights in the fall.) I then set it on the north side of a building where it got the sunlight toward evening, watering freely, and in the fall it was filled with strong young plants of immense growth that produced some blossoms in October. Later the box of violets was placed in an east window in the cellar, where it had the sun part of the forenoon. In February buds began to appear and grow rapidly, and now at this writing, March 20, there are more buds and bloom than I have time to count. I water now with warm water only when the soil appears dry, and the box is a perfect mass of foliage and buds.—J. Treadwell.

**To Those of Sedentary Occupation.**—Men who follow the sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.


**For Diarrhoea, Dysentery AND ALL Summer Complaints**

**DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY**

**IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.**

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipalled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is DR. FOWLER'S. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

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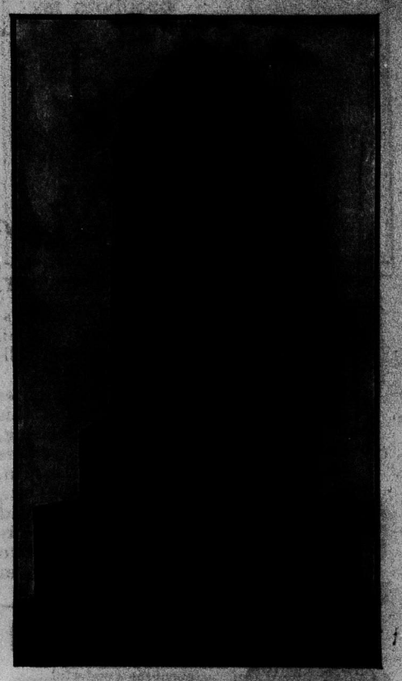

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Is the FOREMOST MEDICINE of the DAY.

It is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions.

It so purifies the blood that it cures all blood humors and diseases, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence, renders it unequalled for all diseases of the skin.

Mr. Robert Parton, Millbank, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with boils and pimples, which kept breaking out constantly. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

**Every Woman**

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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All business subjects practically taught. Canada's greatest school. 25th year. Catalogue free. WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, Corner Portage Ave. and Fort St. Winnipeg.

# The Home Doctor.

### Medicinal Uses of Fruit.

Fruit is a perfect food when fully ripe, and if it were in daily use from youth to old age there would be less of the many minor ailments that are so common these days.

Encourage the children to eat more fruit and less candy. The skins are the protection of the delicate fruit from the dust and germs and are not intended to be eaten.

The apple is one of the best of fruits and the most generally useful. But it is so common that very few persons are familiar with its remarkable medicinal properties. An old Scandinavian legend has it that the apple was the favorite food of the gods; that to it they owed their perpetual youth. Whenever they found themselves growing old and infirm in body and mind they ate of the apple and were once again strong, young and active. The apple is excellent brain food because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all; the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases, and is valuable in rheumatism, insomnia, liver troubles and nervous dyspepsia. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate person, and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and medicinal. An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato.

The lemon is next esteemed for medicinal value. It is very useful either in health or sickness. Lemons and tomatoes should be used daily in warm weather, as they have a cooling effect.

Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills and other nauseous drugs in many cases of cough. Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for a cold. It is also excellent in case of biliousness. The juice of half a lemon in a teacupful of strong, black coffee, without sugar, will often cure a headache.

They are also of great value in cases of rheumatism and gout. The old Roman remedy for malaria is to cut a lemon into a pint of water, peel and all, boil down to one-half. Take one teaspoonful before meals. Better than quinine.

Oranges are invaluable as complexion beautifiers. The women of Italy and Spain are said to have the finest complexions in the world and they live largely on coarse grained food, nuts, oranges, and other fruits. Sour oranges are said to be good in cases of rheumatism. Oranges and pineapple make fine drinks. Use saccharine in place of sugar for sweetening them. The juice of pineapple is good in cases of sore throat.

Pomegranates are good for a relaxed sore throat.

Grape fruit is an admirable tonic and a most appetizing breakfast or luncheon relish. Its medicinal value is better obtained without much sugar.

Watermelons are useful in epilepsy and in yellow fever. The banana is one of the most nourishing of all fruits, and is recommended as a useful food for typhoid fever patients, inasmuch as though a solid food for all practical purposes, containing as it does some 95 per cent. of nutritive matter, it does not possess sufficient waste to irritate the ulcerated mucous membrane. Nearly the whole amount taken into the stomach is absorbed.

The banana contains much iron, and is highly recommended to anaemic patients who are also advised to eat strawberries by the quart. The banana is the daily bread of the inhabitants of the tropics, providing an abundance of nutrition. It is said that a given space of ground planted to bananas would produce one hundred and thirty-three times as much food substance as the same area sowed to wheat.

Peaches are both meat and medicine. They are good for the digestion and the blood, and are almost as good as the orange for beautifying the complexion.

Pears in some cases are more easily digested than apples.

Plums are of special hygienic value and even a preventive of gout and some forms of rheumatism.

Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally. Green figs are excellent food.

Prunes supply the highest nerve or brain food, and dried figs contain heat, nerve and muscle food, so both are good in cold weather.

Dates can be obtained in every place; they are cheap, delicious, healthy and most excellent for the children's lunch. They can be made into puddings, sandwiches, jam, cake, candy, or eaten as they come from the store. Figs can be used in the same way.

Raisins are stimulating in proportion to their quality. An easy way to keep raisins, figs and dates away from inquisitive little ants and roaches is accomplished by putting them in paper bags that have been well brushed over with strong borax water and dried before the fruit is put in. The little pests do not like borax and will not gnaw through the sack when thus prepared. Try cranberries for malaria and nervous prostration. Cranberries are used for erysipelas externally in a poultice as well as internally.

The small seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying. It is sweet, ripe fruit in prime condition only, that is recommended.

Some doctors are ardent advocates of what in Europe is called the grape cure. In this cure grapes form the exclusive diet for several days. The patient commences with the consumption of from one to two pounds daily, with a gradual increase to eight or ten pounds. After a few days of this diet, a marked improvement in the general health is noticeable. The appetite improves, the digestion becomes easy and rapid, and increased capacity to withstand the fatigue of outdoor exercise is noticeable. The grape cure is particularly recommended to the anaemic, dyspeptic, consumptive, and in cases of liver trouble and gout.

### The Care of the Child Through the Second Summer.

The second summer is looked upon by most mothers as a dreadful season for babies. Often, during this heated term, double teeth are making their appearance, and the pain and feverishness induced by this process, even though a natural one, may be the cause of stomach and bowel trouble, through the ignorance or neglect of those in charge of the children.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed and with a little special care much suffering can be avoided and many lives saved.

### Diet.

As the diseases are principally of the digestive tract, the diet of the child is of the utmost importance. A child one or two years old should have eight to twelve or fourteen teeth. He has passed the period where the mother's milk supplies nourishment enough for his rapidly growing body, and yet the glands and juices of the stomach and bowels are not sufficiently developed to digest the solid food used by adults, so that the diet throughout the second summer should be semi-solid, plain and easily digested.

Children at this age should have a regularly prepared meal about every four hours, and nothing at all between meals.

Bread and butter and a glass of milk, or a bowl of bread and milk, thoroughly cooked rice, or any of the cereals found to agree with the child, soft boiled eggs, beef juice, apple sauce, orange juice, the pulp of cooked prunes, make a good list from which to select. If candy is given it should be at the meal, a little peppermint or chocolate, the best and purest.

Be sure that all the food is wholesome and pure. Stale or slightly sour milk can cause an attack of dysentery or cholera infantum which may prove fatal. Keep all indigestible food out of the reach of these irresponsible little people, who find the way to their mouths with everything that comes into their hands.

### Clothing.

Children should be dressed to suit the changes in temperature. As few garments as possible during the heat of the day, with the addition of a sack or a thin wool shirt which will cover the abdomen during the cool mornings and evenings will be a necessary precaution. Children disposed to diarrhoea should wear a soft flannel band around the abdomen all through this critical period as a preventive measure against the rapid changes of our climate.

Hives is an affection of the skin usually coming as a symptom of a run down condition of the system and indigestion. Use strong salt water to quiet the intolerable itching. Sulphur and cream of tartar are considered specifics to purify the blood after which a tonic of iron or some vegetable bitter, taken after meals, will build up the system. It will be very necessary to diet rigidly until the hives disappear. Take no meat, rich pastry, spices nor any food difficult to digest.

**Stop Being Sick!**

Why suffer longer when there is help and health for you? Vitæ-Ore cures where others fail and you can try it without any risk for one whole month. Read the advertisement on page 25 and send for it.

BEWARE OF

**CONSTIPATION**

It is one of the most common sources of disease, because it fills your blood with impurities and poisons every organ of your body. Its effects are seen and felt in dull eyes, offensive breath, skin rashes, headache. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup; it strengthens the bowels, and makes constipation impossible.

WHICH

**POISONS**

YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM

"I can testify that Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured me of constipation. I was always pale, with no appetite, and friends said I was getting thin. I felt quite downhearted. But now I am not like the same person, for I am fat and healthy."—From Miss T. Marie Comeau, Sheila, N.B. May 22/07

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**Seigel's SYRUP**

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Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill 1,000,000 bugs. Leaves no stain, dust, dirt or disagreeable smell. Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drug trade $1 per dozen.)

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This patented rust-proof square steel cap is supplied only with

**Paroid Roofing**

Other ready roofings are laid with cheap, round caps, cut from scrap tin that soon rust out and destroy the roofing

**Paroid Rust-Proof Caps**

cannot work loose. They have large binding surface and add years to roof life. The rust-proof cap added to other superior features, makes **Paroid** the best ready roofing ever laid on a building.

To let you test and prove **Paroid's** superiority we make this

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Buy one roll of Paroid, apply it to your roof. If you are not then satisfied that you have the best, we will send you a check for the amount paid for the roofing and the cost of applying.

**Ask for Free Samples** of Paroid, Rust-Proof Caps and name of our Paroid Dealer. If you care for our Book of Plans for Farm Buildings, enclose four cents for postage.

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The originators of the complete roofing kit and the Paroid rust-proof cap.

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A choice of Tweeds, Flannels, Cheviots and Serges may be had. Kindly state which required—and the color—when writing for PATTERNS. Self-measurement forms on application. As a register is kept of all Customers' measures, an accurate fit is guaranteed.

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A

## Nordheimer Piano

will invariably be found in the home of the cultured.

Musicians consider the Nordheimer superior to many and the equal of any piano made.

The Nordheimer has been long enough before the Canadian people to convince the most skeptical that it is all that its makers claim for it.

A powerful sympathetic tone of great volume and resonance is credited to the Nordheimer.

Write for illustrated booklet with all information.

**NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.,**

THE PULFORD BLOCK

DONALD ST. WINNIPEG



**Your Fortune Told Free** Send 2c stamp and Birth Date to Professor RAMESES, Dept. D D, Stratford, Connecticut


# Boys and Girls.

### In Explanation.

Yes, I'm the fam'ly baby,
And oh, the day I came
They did the greatest talking,
A-finding me a name!

For sister wanted Ethel,
And brother, Bess or Nan,
While auntie favored Winifred
And Grandma Hester Ann.

They did the greatest talking!
But father, when 'twas through,
Just called me after mother, dear,
And so I'm little Sue.

### The Little Bird Prisoner.

He fluttered against the bars of his cell and begged to be let out. All his little feathers were getting crumpled and torn so soon. That troubled Teresa most of all. The poor little peep-peep-peeping she could stand quite well, now that she was getting used to it.

"You won't be homesick very long, birdie mine," she said consolingly. "You'll get 'customed to it. I did. First I s'posed I'd die; but, when I didn't, I kept getting cureder 'n' cureder until I was all well. If you only keep still long enough."

The little prisoner had been in his beautiful gilded prison only a very short time. Just the tiniest bit of a while ago he had been at home in the long-handled elm with the rest of the children. He had never dreamed of going to jail—oh, no, no! How could he know that Teresa had the little prison door all open, ready, the minute Felix should catch him? "I've got him!" at last Felix had shouted in triumph, and then the prison door had shut. It had stayed shut ever since.

Teresa's window was sunny and full of bright flowers. It seemed like a beautiful place to swing, in a golden cage; but the little captive oriole was homesick. He kept right on beating his tiny wings against the bars, and calling piteously to the oriole mother in the long-handled elm. And at last she came. She brought him juicy worms, and sat on the outside of the cage and talked little encouraging talks to him, as other mothers do. She came again and again. One day Teresa sat in the window, and listened drowsily to the conversation.

"Peep! peep!" Why, no, it was in words, like other people- Teresa held her breath in wonder, and listened harder than ever. The oriole mother was saying something. Hark!

"Cheer-up, cheer-up Things will clear-up, clear-up," she sang in her sweet, plaintive voice. Teresa thought it sounded as if there were tears in it, as Mother Annette's voice did when she felt sorrowful.

"Never-mind, never-mind, dear. Somebody-will-be-kind, dear," trilled on the little voice, comfortingly. The little mother pressed close to the prison bars, and her bright feathers mingled with the little captive's. For a while they seemed to be whispering, and Teresa could not hear what they said. Then the mother kissed her child good-bye—it truly looked so! Teresa could hardly believe it; but didn't she see it with her own eyes, and hear the queer, chirpy little "smack?"

"Cheer-up, cheer-up, dear. Things will clear-up, clear-up, dear. Somebody will be kind. Never mind. Somebody'll open the gate, dear. Somebody will be kind," the little bird mother sang all the way home.

Then Teresa opened her eyes. She had been asleep! To be sure, the little bird mother was there, but she wasn't talking in words at all. The tears were in her voice, though. Teresa was sure of that.

"Cheep! cheep!" coaxed the little prisoner.

"Che-ep! che-ep!" answered the oriole mother wistfully. And how very much it did sound like "Cheer up, cheer up!" to Teresa.

The little girl sat in sober thought for a long time. Then she sprang, to her feet, and ran to the window. The mother bird had flown back to her other babies, in the long-handled elm, and her clear song came floating across to them on a special little breeze—a kind little breeze.

"Somebody will be kind," murmured Teresa; and she was not thinking of a little breeze just then. She put up her hand and gently opened the door of the golden-barred prison.

"Things will clear-up, clear-up, dear. Somebody-will-be-kind."

And with one shrill, glad note the free little fellow hurried home.

### My Boy.

Ah, there he goes, my manly boy,
The dearest lad of all;
Some little one's in trouble now,
Has had a blow or fall.
But Fred is sure to be on hand,
When trouble is in the air;
Where wrongs rise up or right deeds aid,
My manly boy is there.

He never sees a weak one hurt
Whate'er the game may be;
Strong and brave as his blue eyes light,
True hearted, too, is he.
He is trusty as a man could be—
Whatever he has said
Be sure his promise he will keep;
My honest boy is Fred.

He is always gentle in his ways,
As if his tender heart
Holding some love for everyone
Of each act formed a part.
A fault with him is soon forgot,
Or trifles that annoy;
His bright face meets full many smiles—
My thoughtful, loving boy.

### The Candid Little Boy.

Don't want to be no angel,
With wings, an' other trimmin';
Ruther have a holiday
Fishin', or a-swimmin'!

Ruther be off yonder,
Singin' in the sun—
Don't want to be no angel
Till I can't help bein' one!

### What's the Use.

I.

What's the use o' growin' up?
You can't paddle with your toes
In a puddle; you can't yell
When you're feelin' extra well,
Why, every feller knows
A grown-up can't let loose.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

II.

What's the use o' growin' up?
When I'm big I don't suppose
Explorin' would be right
In a neighbor's field at night—
I don't like to get my clo'es
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

III.

What's the use o' growin' up?
You couldn't ride the cow.
An' the rabbits an' the pig
Don't like you 'cause you're big
I'm comfortublest now.
P'raps I'm a goose;
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

IV.

What's the use o' growin' up?
When yer growed, why every day
All watermelon juice.
You just have to be one thing.
I'm a pirate, er a king,
Er a cow-boy—I can play
That I'm anything I choose.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

### A Modern Miracle.

Once, w'en I'm sick, th' doctor come
An' 'en I put my tongue 'way out,
An' he says, "H-m-m! Nurse get some
Warm water, please." An' in about
A minute, w'y, she did, an' 'en
He put a glass thing into it
An' 'en he wiped it off again
An' put it in my mouth a bit.

'En after w'ile he took it out
An' held it up w'ere he could see,
An' 'en he says, "H-m-m! 'Ist about
Too high a half of a degree."
An' 'en ma asked him if I'm bad
An' he says "Nope!" 'ist gruff and cross
An' says, "W'y, you can't kill a lad,
An' if you do, it ain't much loss!"

An' 'en she's mad an' he 'ist bust
Out laughin' an' he says "Don't fret,
He's goin' t' be all right, I trust.
W'y, he ain't even half dead yet."
An' 'en he felt my pulse, 'at way,
An' patted me on my head
An' says, "There ain't no school to-day,
'Cuz one of th' trustees is dead!"

An' my, I'm awful sorry w'en
He told me that. An' 'en he said
"He'll be all right by noon," an' 'en
He went away. An' ma says "Ned,
How do you feel?" An' en, you know,
Since doctor told me that, somehow,
I'm awful sick a while ago,
But, my! I'm almost well right now!

### So Say We All of Us.

When I was just a little boy,
My gran'ther used to say:
"Just keep on growing, sonny, and
You'll be a man some day."
Ah, would my gran'ther could decree
Another kind of joy,
And I would grow the other way
Until I was a boy!


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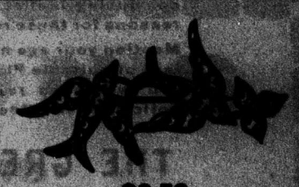

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# Woman and the Home.

### The Baby in the Home.

What's a baby, do you ask?
Ah, 'tis the sweetest flower
That ever grew in Paradise,
Or bloomed in heaven's bower.

What's the tiniest, dearest bud
Borne on angel wings,
And wafted to a mother's arms—
What, you ask, more joy brings?

What entwines its tendrils close
About parental hearts?
What awakens love anew
And happiness imparts?

Ah, what doth bring immortal soul
Closer to the throne?
'Tis just a tiny human bud—
Just a baby—heaven's own.

### Fastening Up the Waist.

The young woman who has learned the value of a new belt, a rosette of ribbon, or a lace collar, knows that with a little thought she can give many a magical new touch to her frocks that need freshening.

Let us begin with the mainstay of her wardrobe—the separate waists—There is much that can be done to change their effect. Take, for instance, a white radium silk waist, trimmed with cluny lace, the lace being inserted in a V-shaped chemisette at the neck and in two bands arranged in suspender fashion. The sleeves were long, and the deep cuffs were both soiled and worn. The young woman who was determined to transform this waist first gave it a naphtha bath, followed with a good sun bath and a day's airing. Then she cut off the deep cuffs, leaving the sleeves quarter length. As a finish for the sleeves she designed slashed gauntlet cuffs. For these cuffs she considered many materials, but at last decided upon cloth of silver, and to give it a new French touch she appliqued upon the glistening silver fabric separate motifs of gold lace. She was so delighted with these cuffs and the very festive air they gave her separate waist that she went a step further and made a shaped girdle of the same silver cloth, with an applique of the lace as its decoration. The girdle fastened invisibly at the left side, and over the fastening she arranged one of the very new shaped bows of silver cloth, the ends of which she stitched in gold thread, just to suggest the gold note. The waist, when worn with this girdle, belt and cuffs, really looked like an imported model. No one but the girl who accomplished the transformation would have recognized the waist.

This same waist could be worn with other less elaborate cuffs and girdle, if one preferred. It would look very fetching and quite different if, in the place of the cloth of silver, these accessories were made of white satin, with an appliqued cut-out design in pale brown leather.

### Patience With Children.

If we are notable housekeepers we are in danger of putting our carpets and curtains, our well-kept furniture and our things in general before our children. I have known a mother to pass by without notice a rude and boorish act on the part of a child, when she came down like a veritable Day of Judgment on the same little culprit if his ball happened to break a pane of glass. There are mothers who can pardon anything except an ink spot on the front of a frock, or a rent in a garment. Ink spots on character and rents in behavior are a thousand times more injurious than a transient damage to clothing or furniture.

Mothers need to discriminate. Harshness and severity should never be meted out to the child who is the victim of an accident. With the utmost admiration I remember the perfect poise and unbroken calm of a sweet woman whose little girl had the misfortune to knock over a very costly vase which had for her mother precious associations connected with her wedding journey in the Far East. The vase stood on the table where it had been placed after having been shown to guests, who had gazed at it almost with envy. In came little Barbara, her doll in her arms, her foot caught on a rug, slipped along the polished floor; she threw out a hand to save herself from falling, and lo! the vase lay in fragments at our feet. "Never mind, Barbara," said the mother, gently, "you did not mean to do it. I am so glad you are not hurt, and that even Dolly has not a scratch."

The object lesson in self-control was worth going far to see, and its effect would never be lost on the character formation of the little daughter.

### The Decadence of Family Life.

That noted American divine, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, observes: "Along with this decadence of the pastoral relation, and possibly responsible for it, has gone a decadence of family life. Not only in the great cities, but in many of the smaller cities, the apartment house, the boarding house and the family hotel have taken the place of the home. The little children go earlier to the kindergarten, the boys and girls earlier and in greater numbers to boarding schools. The family has sometimes two homes or even three or four, and the greater the number of homes the less home. I do not know what the statistics show, but the impression on my mind is that divorce and domestic separations are ominously frequent now and were very rare then. And whatever weakens the family tie weakens the foundations not only of all social order but of individual morality.

I am glad to put myself on record as in hearty agreement with the note of warning on this general subject which ex-President Cleveland has recently sounded. Whatever turns women away from the sacred offices of the home to seek "careers," whatever leads children to think that clubs and associations, sacred or secular, are more sacred or more dear than the home, whatever drives or draws fathers away from the personal fellowship of the home circle to attend to the duties of business or the pleasures of a club, is perilous, and, if not recognized and resisted, may be disastrous, not only to the happiness of the individual but to the future of society. Far more important than the endowment of libraries or colleges, the purification of politics, or the reinvigoration of the churches, because fundamental to them all, is the housing, the defending, and the maintaining of the home."

### Laugh and Get Well.

Whether this be absolutely true or not, there are no doubt great advantages in the way of health that come to the person who is buoyant and happy, seeing the bright, even the ludicrous side of the affairs of life. In western New York there resided, until a few years ago, a physician who was known as the "Laughing Doctor." Doctor Burdick was always full of smiles, presenting the happiest kind of a face, so much so as to have given to him the name quoted, and it is said that his good humor was contagious and that his presence and his cheerful, hopeful advice brought all that was necessary for his patients; he dealt sparingly in drugs, if at all, and still he was very successful. A man in a neighboring city was recently given up to die; his family was sent for and gathered at the bedside; one called to see him who assured him smilingly that he was all right, would soon be well, and talked in such a strain that the sick man was forced to laugh, and the effort roused his energies and his system; he rallied and was soon well again. It may be stated as a general principle that the person who laughs much will be sick but little, and it is the experience of many that when a life of hilarious freedom is adopted, there is an increase in bodily strength, vigor and vitality.

Laughter is contagious, and it is often found that the presence of one jovial spirit will affect a whole company. Invalids are always helped by a call from a smiling, hopeful friend, and depressed by the presence of "Aunty Doleful."—Independent.

The old lamp wick is a good thing to throw away, or to use in starting the next fire. Few single articles of household use cost less than a lamp wick, and few are so persistently held on to. Once in a well-to-do home we saw two old wicks sewed together to make a wick long enough for use. No economy in that. Old wicks become clogged and fail to give good light often before they are too short for use.

If the coal oil lamp does not make a satisfactory light, see if the little tube that runs down the side of the wick tube is open. This must be kept open for good results.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics, 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cents. Sold by all druggists.

# HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

### COOKING RECIPES.

**Egg Salad.**—Slice one dozen hard-boiled eggs, add one dozen small onions chopped fine, season with salt and pepper and cover with salad dressing.

**Waffles.**—One quart of sour or buttermilk, two eggs, one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter. Bake in hot and well greased waffle iron.

**Cottage Cake.**—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two cupfuls of flour, two-thirds cupful of milk; flavor to suit taste.

**Chicken Tea.**—Cut in small pieces a chicken from which the skin and fat have been removed. Boil the pieces in one quart of water with a little salt for twenty minutes. The tea should be poured from the chicken before the meat is quite cold.

**Buttered Apples.**—Take six large apples, core and cut in halves. Place them in a buttered pie-dish, and sprinkle over them sugar and a little cinnamon. Place a piece of butter the size of a walnut on each apple. Bake till apples are tender.

**Love Apple Salad.**—Wipe perfect tomatoes and begin at the blossom end to cut into petals toward the stem end, pressing carefully; open so as to leave the seeds in a ball of pulp. Pour over each a spoonful of mayonnaise and serve.

**New England Salad.**—Chop together enough cold boiled beets and carrots to make a pint. With a fork mix in one-half cupful of thick cream, to which has been added one tablespoonful of vinegar. Serve with little balls of cottage cheese.

**Green Apple Jelly.**—Early apples picked in September before fully ripe make a nice-flavored, light-colored jelly. Wipe and cut up without peeling, stew in a little water, and drain through a jelly bag the same as other jelly. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice.

**Tomato Salad.**—For a pretty and most delicious salad use solid ripe tomatoes (as many as persons to be served), wash the tomatoes and scoop out a portion of the centres, filling with crisp chopped cucumbers, then place each tomato on three or four crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

**Browned Rice.**—Spread a cupful of rice on a shallow baking tin and put into a moderately hot oven to brown. It will need to be stirred frequently. Each rice kernel when sufficiently browned should be of a yellowish brown, about the color of ripe wheat. Cook in boiling water. Serve with fruit juice or cream.

**Codfish Puff.**—Make a mixture as for codfish balls. Add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, folding these in lightly. Butter a stoneware platter, spread the puff upon it and bake in a hot oven till well puffed and brown. Or cook in a buttered frying-pan till a brown crust has formed, then fold like an omelet.

**Parsnip Croquettes.**—Scrape and wash five medium-sized parsnips; cut into oblong pieces, place in boiling water and boil till tender. When done mash and salt to taste, add a tablespoonful of butter. Make them into oval balls the size of an egg and a half-an-inch thick. Fry in a little butter to a nice brown and serve hot.

**Stuffed Apples.**—Select large sour apples and core but do not peel them. Chop some cold meat of any kind very fine and season highly with salt and pepper and a pinch of summer savory or other sweet herb, or, if chicken is used, season with celery salt. Fill the apples with the meat, put a dot of butter on each, and bake.

**Roast Ham.**—Get a nice ham and boil on Saturday. Then on Sunday take off the thick skin and put in a roasting pan. Cover the top with confectioner's sugar and enough water to baste. Roast until top is brown, basting occasionally. When boiled on Saturday, Saturday night's dinner can also be had of boiled ham, if it is a good sized one.

**Hot Potato Salad.**—Boil seven or eight potatoes and use before they are cold. Chop half an onion and put into a pan with enough water to cover the bottom. Season with pepper and salt, cooking until the water simmers; add three tablespoonfuls of butter, and, when it is melted, a tablespoonful of vinegar. Slice the potatoes and pour the dressing on them, serving hot.

**Eggs with Spaghetti.**—Take one cupful of plain boiled spaghetti (or macaroni) and cut or chop quite fine. Melt one large tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; when in the season add one scant cupful of fresh mushrooms and cook first for five minutes. Pour in one cupful of milk and the spaghetti, and heat slowly. When beginning to simmer add six well-beaten eggs, one scant teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Stir until the eggs have thickened, then add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and turn into a hot dish, garnishing with toast points.

**French Gingerbread.**—Blanch and chop fine one quarter pound of sweet almonds. Add one-quarter teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, the same amount of anise seed, one-half cupful of sugar, and one-half pound of strained honey. Mix well together, then add the flour, four cupfuls, and knead the mixture thoroughly for thirty minutes. Work into a ball, cover with a napkin and set aside for twenty-four hours. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut into fancy shapes, and bake in a moderate oven. When cold glaze with a glaze a l'eau.

**French Omelet.**—Into a bowl put four eggs, season with salt. Into chafing dish put one tablespoonful of butter; when heated, pour into chafing dish the well-beaten eggs. Take spoon or fork and draw from the edge of the dish to the centre, which will give the layer-like composition noticed in French omelets. Instead of folding in half, fold each edge to the centre, then fold again, or begin at the edge and roll up, making first fold about an inch and a half. Have parsley garniture for plain omelet, or mince parsley and sprinkle the omelet before folding.

**Cream of Potato Soup.**—Pare four small potatoes, cover with boiling water, boil rapidly for five minutes. Throw the water away and cover with one and one-half pints of boiling water. Add a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a few celery tops chopped fine—the green leaves of the celery will answer the purpose; cover and boil fifteen minutes, or until the potatoes are soft. While these are boiling put one pint of milk in the double boiler, add one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed together; press the potatoes through a fine sieve, using the water in which they were boiled; add this mixture to the hot milk in the double boiler. Stir until thoroughly heated and serve.

**Crab Salad.**—Boil three dozen hard-shell crabs, let them cool gradually; remove the upper shell and the tail, break the remainder apart and pick out the meat carefully. The large claws should not be forgotten, for they contain a dainty morsel, and the creamy fat attached to the upper shell should not be overlooked. Line a salad bowl with the small white leaves of two heads of lettuce, add the crab meat, pour over it a mayonnaise, garnish with clab claws, hard boiled eggs and little moulds of cress leaves, which may be mixed with the salad when served.

**Stuffed Bananas.**—Peel the skin from one side of large bananas, and with a teaspoon scoop out a furrow three-quarters of an inch deep. Chop fine some candied pineapple and cherries; mix with them granulated sugar. Put the mixture in the prepared bananas, heaping it up; place them in a baking pan, and bake it in a moderate oven for twenty-minutes. Serve them in the skins very hot, and pour one tablespoonful of orange juice over each banana. For one-half dozen bananas allow two ounces of pineapple, the same amount of cherries, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

**Potato and Apple Salad.**—Cut in small cubes four cold boiled potatoes and mix tart apples that have been peeled and parboiled without sugar for five minutes. Dress in the order given with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika, two teaspoonfuls of salt, six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of onion juice, a drop or two of tabasco sauce and six tablespoonfuls of white vinegar, allow the ingredients to marinate in the dressing for ten minutes, and then serve in individual lettuce nests, garnished with stuffed olives and rings of apples sprinkled with lemon juice to preserve their whiteness.

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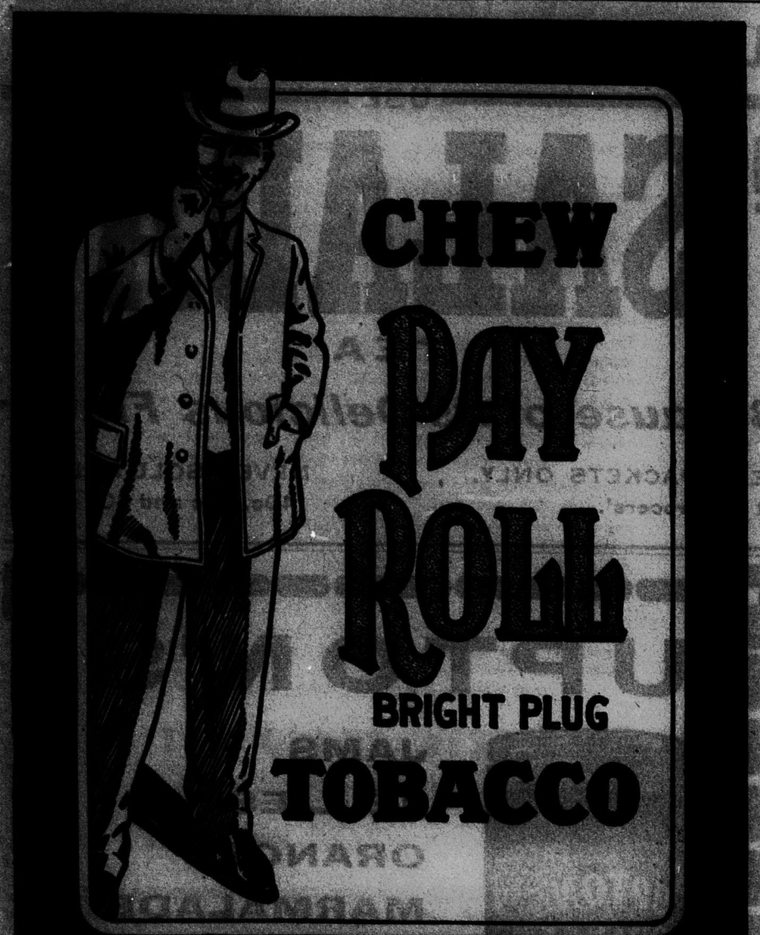


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# About the Farm.

### The Old Barn.

Low, swallow-swept and gray,
Between the orchard and the spring,
And its wide windows overflowing hay,
And crannied doors a-swing,
The old barn stands to-day.

Deep in its hay the Leghorn hides
A round, white nest. And, humming soft
On roof and rafter, or its log-rude sides,
Black in the sun-shot loft,
The building hornet glides.

Along its corn-crib, cautiously
As thieving fingers, skulks the rat.
Or, in warped stalls of fragrant timothy,
Gnaws at some loosened slat,
Or passes shadowy.

A dream of drouth made audible
Before its door, hot, smooth, and shrill,
All day the locust sings. What other spell
Shall hold it, lazier still,
Than the long days, now tell?

Dusk and the cricket and the strain
Of tree toad and of frog; and stars
That burn above the rich West's ribbed stain;
And dropping pasture bars,
And cow bells up the lane.

Night and the moon and katydid,
And leaf-list of the wind-touched boughs;
And mazy shadows that the fireflies thrid;
And sweet breath of the cows;
And the lone owl here hid.

### In the Dairy.

The best grade of oil is the cheapest kind to use in running the separator.

Air slaked lime is a fine thing to sprinkle over the floor of the cow barn.

Do not change the feed suddenly as anything that upsets the digestive capacity upsets the milk flow.

Ample ventilating is a fine thing in the cow barn. It wards off bad odors and disease.

An easy way to salt dairy cows regularly is with a chunk of rock salt in each manger or a salt box in the yard.

There never has been a time when good dairy cows have been as scarce or as valuable as at the present time.

When the cows are out during the cold, rainy nights in the fall, it means just so much knocked off the milk supply.

Sunlight is very essential in keeping the cow barn clean and sweet. Put in some windows before cold weather comes on.

The first milk that is drawn from the teats usually contains more or less dirt and germs and little fat. Keep that out of the milk pail.

Do not let the milk get too cold before separating. The sooner it can be separated after milking the more satisfactory will be the results.

Milk is not usually fit for human food until the ninth milking after calving. Neither should a cow be milked later than three weeks before calving.

Is the separator on a good firm foundation, or do you have to stop every little while to change its position? It cannot do good work unless it has a chance.

It is uncertain and unsatisfactory to depend on the instinct to know when it is the right time to churn cream. Get a good dairy thermometer and you will not regret it.

Keep an eye on the herd before they go into winter quarters and if ther are any sickly animals, dispose of them. Especially look out for tuberculosis for it spreads rapidly when the herd is confined.

There are various preservatives such as salicylic acid, boracic acid and formaldehyde that will preserve milk indefinitely if used in large quantities. but which are poisonous and very dangerous to health. We trust that none of our readers are using such preservatives as it is a violation of law, both statutory and morally. The only right way to preserve milk and cream is to use clean methods and plenty of ice or cold water.

From the present shortage of storage butter we must expect high prices for dairy products next winter. See that you give your cows good care and good feed and you need not worry about the profits, provided you have the right kind of cows.

### Poultry.

Ducks do not require water to swim in, but they need plenty to drink. It must be before them when they are eating for they first require a mouthful of food and then sufficient water to wash it down.

Fatten and kill the surplus cockerels this month. From now forward the price will decrease and there is more profit in selling this stock now than in keeping it longer at the present high price of grain.

The turkeys, which have been getting free living about the farm, principally by foraging, should now receive one good feed a day of whole grains; for example, oats, wheat or corn, or all three, fed mixed or alternately.

Geese will find most of their living about the farm if allowed to range. They eat grass, roots, bugs and worms, beside such grain as they find about the barns. They are, therefore, inexpensive fowls to keep.

Now is the time to use lice killers vigorously. Don't allow the fowls or chicks to go into winter quarters infested with these pests, which not only torture the birds but prevent them from being as profitable as they would be otherwise.

It is the practice of some poultrymen to close the coops and poultry houses quite tight as soon as the first cool nights arrive. This prevents the fowls from getting the required amount of fresh air, weakens them and makes them susceptible to colds and catarrh. Make sure there are no drafts in the coops and houses, then leave the windows open. The oxygen of fresh air will do the fowls dollars' worth of good.

### The Irish Potato.

The Irish potato is one of the most profitable crops that can be grown on a northern farm. The percentages of starch, the material for which comes from the air, makes the potato crop comparatively light on the soil. The tops, which contain a large part of the fertilizer elements, rot on the ground and so render back to the soil the fertility collected in them.

### Get Ready for Winter.

The time to prepare for cold weather is before cold weather comes. Every poultryman should thoroughly clean his poultry houses and whitewash them before the first of November. All dirt should be removed from the floors and the walls should be swept free from dust and cobwebs. Two inches or more of fresh, clean sand should be placed on the floor and the interior of the building should be thoroughly whitewashed. If the house is a small one, a broom or an old whitewash brush is sufficient for the work, but if the house is a large one, or if there are many houses, a sprayer furnishes the best method of applying the wash. To every four gallons of whitewash there should be added an ounce of carbolic acid. This will give the wash greater purifying properties and assist to exterminate vermin.

Although modern ideas of poultry keeping calls for very thorough ventilation of the poultry house, that does not mean that the house must not be tightly built at all points where it is not intended to admit the air. A house full of cracks which admit the air in such a manner as to cause drafts, although well ventilated, is by no means healthful. With the many brands of prepared roofing and siding now on the market, there is no excuse for not having tight houses, for such may be built without much expense. Old buildings, too, may be made waterproof by the use of these wind and waterproof fabrics at comparatively light expense. Broken lights in windows should be replaced, doors which sag should be trued up and broken hinges made to give place to new ones.

All these things should be done during October so that when the cold weather and possible snows of the following month arrive the poultryman's fowls will be well protected and able to produce eggs when the price is high.

### Wheat Raising and Land Fertility.

The continuous raising of wheat on any land will exhaust that land unless means are taken to keep up the fertility of the soil by putting back on it the elements that are taken off. Wheat naturally requires a rich soil and this led to the growing of wheat on the prairies of the west as soon as those prairies were brought under the plow. Wheat, too, was not bulky for the price it brought and could be easily transported. It could be kept for a long time and would not easily heat in the bin, as its starch content was not very high. This led to the putting in of wheat on all the land that could be cleared for it. The land was so rich at first that the farmers got the idea into their heads that it was impossible to ever exhaust the soil.

But it did not take more than two generations of farmers to take out of the land some of the elements that were not in too great abundance. On some soils the element present in least abundance was phosphorous, while in other soils it was potassium, more commonly spoken of as potash. All the prairie states began a generation ago to show the impoverishment of their soils, due to continuous wheat raising, and within twenty years after that some localities abandoned altogether the raising of wheat, while others had reduced the area. Gradually the wheat growing area has been shifting, first west and then northwest. Now the most productive regions are in the Canadian northwest, where the farmers have become firmly fixed in the idea that their soil is too rich ever to give small yields of wheat. But those that have watched the progress of wheat growing in other sections of North America know that exhaustion is inevitable.

Some day the farmers will be fully convinced of the necessity for following a fixed system of agriculture, such as is recommended by Professor Hopkins, of the Illinois Agricultural College. When that time comes, wheat raising may be again profitably carried on even on our high-priced lands. This rule should be followed, after the land has been brought back to a good state of fertility: For every pound of phosphorous, nitrogen and potassium taken off, put back a like amount. Some will say that perhaps it will pay to reduce the nitrogen and the potassium a good deal before beginning the process of putting back. But most of our farmers are not scientists, and the rule given is a safe one to follow. A man may indeed have in his land more potassium or nitrogen than will be taken out in many years, but he may not know how much he has. In fact, most men have only the vaguest conception on this matter. If for every ten pounds of such elements taken out, ten pounds are put back, the land will never decrease in fertility, though it may in humus. The supply of humus can be kept up by occasionally putting the land into clover and turning the clover sod. This will give not only humus, but also nitrogen.—Farmers' Review.

### The Saving of Time.

The saving in cost of hauling loads to market over good roads compared with the same haul over bad roads has been strikingly illustrated again and again and with a fair degree of accuracy. But the saving of time in driving over good roads as compared with poor ones has not been given the consideration it merits. This saving of good roads applies with equal force whether they be used by the farmer in going to town in his light carriage, the automobilist or the bicyclist. It has been estimated that a half hour's time can be saved in passing over every five miles of good road as compared with the same length of bad road. As time has never been more valuable than it is in these days of the twentieth century here is another argument for the good roads movement that is often overlooked.

### Selling by the Pound.

The custom of retailing such produce as fruits and vegetables by weight instead of by measure makes slow headway. In portions of the west, particularly on the Pacific coast, this method is very much in vogue; but east of the Rocky Mountains the housekeeper who buys a half peck of spinach will get a couple of double handfuls loosely thrown in, or thrice that amount snugly packed, as it happens. In some eastern cities families in the crowded districts are now paying as high as 8 cents a quart for potatoes, the equivalent of fully $2.50 a bushel, while the producer gets only a quarter of that. Similar conditions prevail in the central west. Selling at retail by weight is common in Europe, and the custom is a good one. It is fair to all parties, and from the standpoint of the producer would mean a larger consumption, and this in turn a bigger outlet for the output of farm and garden. It is a subject worth agitating.

## THE HERD.

### Development of the Dairy Cow.

The present dairy cow with her wonderful capacity for giving milk has been developed from an ancestor that gave milk during only a few months of the year and then gave it in small quantities. The original cow compelled her calf to begin eating grass at an early age and gradually decreased her flow of milk till, when the winds of autumn blew, the calf was making his own living from the dry grasses. Man has taken this animal and has developed in her a capacity for milk giving several times as great as was found in her in the wild state. People talk about letting nature take her own methods, but what would have happened to the diary cow if she had been left to nature? We know by what is now the condition of cows in lands where no effort has been made to develop them. They give a pint or a quart of milk per day, except in the flush of milk-giving after the birth of a calf. The development of the dairy cow shows what can be done and points to still greater possibilities.

### Value of Pedigree.

A pedigree is worth something, but not so much as some people seem to imagine. It indicates that the animal belongs to one of the established breeds. It is merely a guarantee of pure breeding but it is not a guarantee of any particular performance as to the production of milk or butter-fat. Its real value lies in the fact that it insures a good foundation on which to build the development of a herd. There are poor animals among the pure-bred animals, but the good animals among the pure-breds do not have in them strains of blood that are constantly pulling them off in some direction opposite to the one in which the cow owner is wishing to go. When a man buys a dairy cow with a pedigree he knows he is buying an animal with tendencies in the right direction so far as her ancestry is concerned.

### Composition of Milk.

Milk varies widely in composition, depending upon the breed and individuality of the cow, stage of lactation and weather conditions. Food, as a rule, has little effect in permanently changing the proportion of the several ingredients. One hundred pounds of milk of good average quality should contain about the following amounts of the different constituents: Water, 87; fat, 4; albuminoids, casein, 3; albumin, .50; milk sugar, 4.80; ash, .70. total, 100. The total solids include all of the ingredients excepting the water.

### Buying by Mail.

A Subscriber writes: Some people do not believe that money can be saved in buying goods by mail. But I wish to state from my own experience that within the last few years I have saved many dollars in buying by mail such goods as farming implements, household furniture, clothing, etc. Such goods can be shipped by freight, and as the mail order dealer offers them at a much lower figure than the local dealer, and as the charges on them do not amount to half the profit that is made by the local dealer, I can hardly understand why some had rather pay a few dollars more for goods at home when the same articles could be purchased by mail at a lower price and these extra dollars saved. Recently I was in conversation with a man who stated that we should patronize our local merchant and not buy goods by mail, even if we did lose a few dollars each year. Perhaps this man can afford to lose this extra money, but with me money is not too plentiful and for this reason I always try to make every dollar go as far as possible. —Wm. H. Underwood.

### Sentences.

"If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send."

"Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge."

"Poor men seek meat for their stomach; rich men stomach for their meat."

"Small cheer and great welcome make a great feast."

"A cheerful look makes a plain dish a feast."

"The soul is not where it lies, but where it loves."

"The way to live much is to live well betimes."

"Great hopes make great men."

"Be what thou wouldst seem to be."

"When a friend asks, there is no tomorrow."

### Long Hours on the Farm.

On many of our farms long hours are still the practice, in spite of the fact that improved machinery has made it possible for one man to do the work of several. During the greater part of the year the work required should not be more than what can be done in ten hours. In the rush seasons it is different. Occasionally the work is so pressing that extra hours must be put in, but that is not a hardship to anyone, so long as it does not become the general rule.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

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Other separators have long narrow bowls not unlike a shot-gun barrel. The difference is you can't clean them with a ramrod because one end is sealed (besides the milk and water squirt out all over you if the "ramrod" is pushed in too fast).

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With every separator we furnish a strong, stiff-bristled brush that cleans all dirt and "skum" out of every part of the bowl. One farmer's wife in Iowa writes us that she can wash her U. S. bowl thoroughly in four minutes.

Our big, handsome, new catalogue shows actual photographs of the U. S. bowl, both taken apart, and put together ready for work. It also tells everything else about the U. S. Separator. You should certainly see a copy of this book before you put any money into a cream separator. We'll gladly send you a copy free if you ask us. Just say "Send catalogue number F 110". We'll understand. A postal is all right, if it's handiest, but write now while you think of it, to

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# In Lighter Vein.

### At the Grocery Store.

Bill Smithers was a talkin' of th' plans
an' policies
Which Roosevelt is pushin' to bring
Wall Street to its knees;
An' William, when he's started, slings
th' language mighty free.
"I tell you, boys," he shouted, "Teddy's
just a suitin' me;
Them Wall Street sharks he's hookin'
an' a pullin' 'em to land,
An' reducin' of their power in a way to
beat th' band."
But just then Tom Bobbins entered an'
he says to Bill, says he:
"Does Wall Street make objection to th'
shippin' subsidy?"

That stumped Bill for a minute, but he
caught his breath an' said.
While cuttin' some terbacker an' a
waggin' of his head:
"Th' president is trimmin' of them
gamblin' fellers' claws,
A'n showin' them they're subject to th'
country's rules an' laws;
He's a callin' 'em to order, an' they
have to walk th' chalk—
I tell you, Ted's a wonder, an' they
jump to hear him talk."
An' Bobbins, never smilin', looks at Bill
an' says, says he:
"Have you heard Wall Street objectin'
to th' asset currency?"

Bill swallered his terbacker, but he
feel a sense o' shame
An' shouted that Tom Bobbins ought to
feel as sense o' shame
For ever intimatin' that th' president
was wrong,
An' then continued talkin' with an ac-
cent good an' strong:
"The president is bustin' every trust
that shows its head,
An' Wall Street is objectin' 'cause it
kills their gamblin' dead."
Then Bobbins, with a chuckle, looks at
Bill an' says, says he:
"Have you heard Wall Street objectin'
to his tariff policy?"

Then Smithers rose a snortin' an' he
said he wouldn't stay
When Bobbins was insultin' Roosevelt
in such a way.
"He compelled them railroad fellers to
give decent railroad rates,
An' he's got 'em goin' plenty on th'
matter of rebates;
Which th' same is mighty pleasin' to
th' honest men I meet,
But is mighty bitter p'ison to th'
schemers in Wall Street."
But Bobbins he was ready, an' he says
to Bill, says he:
"Have you heard Wall Street objectin'
to his federal policy?"

"You traitor!" Smithers shouted as he
jumped up in air,
But Bobbins wasn't flustered an' just
tilted back his chair,
"You weary me," said Smithers, "with
your narrow politics,
A fightin' 'stead of helpin' Roosevelt
with your best licks.
He's republican, is Teddy, an' th' best
since Lincoln's day;
That's the reason that you Bourbons
won't give Theodore fair play."
Then Bobbins shakes with laughin' an'
he says to Bill, says he:
"All them good things you have men-
tioned he got from democracy."

### A Record Breaker.

Three fellow-travellers in the smoking-room of a fast train were discussing the speed of trains.

"I was in a train once," said the first man, "that beat everything I rode in for speed. Why, it went so fast that the telegraph poles at the side of the track looked like an immense fine-toothed comb."

"That's nothing," said the second traveller; "I remember riding in an express on the — and — that went at such a gait that the telegraph poles looked like a solid board fence."

The third man made an exclamation of impatience.

"Ah, you fellows don't know what high speed on a railroad is. Why, I travelled west from Chicago last month in a train that went at such a pace that when we passed some alternate fields of corn and beans they looked like succotash!"

### Anecdotal.

The late Channing Clapp of Boston was for some years after the Civil War a cotton planter in the South. Mr. Clapp had on his plantation a little boy in buttons called "Sam." Sam one afternoon pointed to a bottle on his master's bureau, and said: "Mars Channing, am dat hair oil?" "Mercy, no, Sam, that's glue," said Mr. Clapp. "I guess dass why I can't git mah cap off," said Sam, thoughtfully.

An actor in a London lodging house, who had discovered his landlady's propensity for "swiping," numbered and listed his things. One night he roused the household by shouting down from his attic a demand for "No. 8." "No. 8?" shouted the landlady back. "What No. 8?" "I want cube No. 8 of my lump sugar," he replied. Thenceforth the provisions in his cupboard were unmolested.

There are few places that have given birth to more humor and wit than the court-room. Many have heard of the famous Lord Ellenborough. One day a young member of the bar rose to address the Court in a grave criminal case. "My unfortunate client"—he began; repeated it two or three times, and then stopped short. "Go on, sir, go on!" said Ellenborough. "So far the Court is with you."

In The Town Topics criminal libel suit there was much to contribute to metropolitan gaiety. In examining the talesmen for the jury to try the case against Norman Hapgood, who was charged with libeling Colonel Mann, they were all asked if they had ever read Town Topics. Three of them said they had glanced over it in a barber-shop. The next talesman had never heard of the publication. "I shave myself," he said.

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected. "Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?" "Y-a-a-s," admitted the darky, "but a whale's diff'rent. A whale's got a mem'ry, but ef one o' dem 'gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."

An English gentleman had occasion to go often to an eminent physician, and said to Jeames: "You will be tired of opening the door for me." "Not at' all, sir," was the gracious reply; "you are but a hunit in the hocean." Another Jeames was accustomed to say during his master's occasional absences: "You had better try hopposite. There's a very respectable man hopposite as we often sends to when Sir William is habsent. His name is Jenner."

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, was, every one knows, deficient in vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James, first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.'" "Ods-chickens! he's at me already," exclaimed the king.

The following conversation took place the other day in one of the Scottish settlements in Ontario, whose pioneer life has been drawn by Ralph Connor. Marian Keith: "Are you a mechanic?" "Na, I'm no' a McKannick, I'm a McDonald." "What do you follow, then?" "I'm a Presbyterian." This is very similar to a little conversation that took place in a town not far from Toronto a couple of weeks ago. A five-year-old girl went into a store and one of the clerks began chaffing her. "You're Irish," he said. "I'm not," she replied, indignantly, "I'm a Presbyterian."

The highest grade of negro is the private car porter. It was such a negro, young and with many fine mannerisms and some money, who decided to take a trip to Europe. In London he made the acquaintance of several English-bred negroes. By these he was shown the sights and introduced into society. One evening he was invited to "sit in" a little poker game. He was well acquainted with the game as played at home, and did not hesitate to play. His limited acquaintance with English money cost him several good pots. At last he got four aces and knew exactly where he was, for four aces have their value the world over. His opponent "skinned" his hand carefully after cards had been "doled" and said: "Ah'll just bet yo' a pound, Mistah Johnsing." "Well," said the American, "Ah don' rightly know how much a pound is, but Ah'll just raise you a ton."

A school teacher in a certain town had recited to her class the story of the landing of the Pilgrims, and when she had finished she told each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, then at length raised his hand. "Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

So far as we can ascertain, the phrase "Twenty-three" originated in the following manner:

(1.) Race tracks are so laid out as to accommodate not more than twenty-two horses at a time. The twenty-third

horse entered, therefore, must be put out of the race.

(2.) The psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital is ward No. 23, and, in the vernacular of the hospital surgeon—"Twenty-three for his," is equivalent to "He's crazy."

(3.) In numbering the rooms of a certain new hotel, the numeral "23" was inadvertently omitted. The clerks therefore used "Show the gentleman to room 23" as a signal to the "bouncer," when an undesirable applicant came for a room.

(4.) The expression originated from the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "Therefore the Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

(5.) The expression originated from a passage in "A Tale of Two Cities:" "She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count "Twenty-two. * *

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The great trust magnate was acting queerly, and his friends began to worry about him.

With a regularity of clockwork he thrust his hand in his pocket, withdrew it with a dollar therein, and dropped the dollar into a box. This he kept up with monotonous regularity.

The committee of friends tried in vain to ascertain the meaning of it. Finally they ventured to ask the trust magnate.

"Whist!" he hissed. "I'm contributing my dollar to the Republican congressional campaign fund."

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Francis Baylies, a historian of note, on returning from a church meeting one Thanksgiving Day, met Nicholas Tillinghast, one of the most humorous and also one of the most eloquent of the members of the Bristol County bar, in the sitting-room of a hotel.

In the course of the conversation which ensued, Mr. Baylies said to Mr. Tillinghast:

"I have deposited a ten-cent piece in the contribution box, to be placed on interest until I reach Heaven."

Mr. Tillinghast replied:

"Ah, yes!" That will amount to a very large sum before you will be admitted there."

---

A young minister in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Prof. A—, teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration of Roman mythology, there is Prof. B—ready to trip me up for my little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am cowered by the presence of the learned man that teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:

"Do not be discouraged, preach the Gospel. They probably know very little of that."

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**Notes on Whistletoot.**

They had been talking about the slowness of messenger-boys. Then the conversation drifted to slowness in general. Then a scientific tone crept in, and Kasson remarked that the coast of New Jersey was rising at the rate of three-quarters of an inch a century.

The hotel rates down there are doing better," observed Judge Crabtree. "But speaking of slowness, I know the slowest thing in all creation."

"What is it?" inquired Major Dodge.

"An underground pipe." replied the Judge.

"Personally I was not aware," returned the Major, "that the common municipal underground pipe was expected to get up and hustle. I never saw a mounted policeman trying to catch an underground pipe."

The Judge ignored the interruption. "You know, three years ago I went up to live at Whistletoot-on-Hudson. I was—"

"I told you to come down to Skeeterhurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream," broke in Kasson.

"I did go to Skeeterhurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream first," retorted the Judge, with a touch of indignation. "Saw the leading real estate agent: told him I must have, of all things, a dry cellar. Said he had just what I wanted. Ten minutes' walk from his office. Spent the half-hour it took us to walk there telling me how dry the cellar was. So dry they had to keep a wet sponge in it, like a cigar-case, to prevent the potatoes from shrivelling up. Got there. Still raving about dry cellar. Rather dark—suddenly disappeared — great splash. I got down on my hands and knees, and made out the man floundering around in six feet of water and clinging to the cellar stairs, which were floating about and hobnobbing with the refrigerator and a school of kindling-wood. Called the life-saving crew from the beach, and they saved him."

"You made the mistake of going at high tide," said Kasson, quietly. "Skeeterhurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream cellars are dry enough at low water."

"I suppose so," replied the Judge. "No doubt I could have got used to the excessive dryness of that cellar, but I was afraid of sharks. So I went up to Whistletoot. The only cloud I noted hanging over it was a village improvement society. I knew it had a village improvement society as soon as I saw that the fences were gone and the rocks along the back streets whitewashed. You know, a village improvement society always pools the fences and sells 'em to buy whitewash. Still, I've nothing to say against Whistletoot-on-Hudson—far from it. I've seen some of the prettiest sprinting for the 8.57 train there that I ever saw anywhere. I never encountered such esprit de corps as exists in the ranks of the Whistletoot commuters. I one morning saw a Whistletooter, a strong Republican and a Baptist, cast a galoche while racing down the north sidewalk for this train. Another commuter, a life-long Democrat and an Episcopalian, who was making the run on the south walk, saw the shoe go up, turned into the street with one bound, caught it on the fly without stopping, and restored it to its owner on the train. The first man never stopped nor looked back when he threw the galoche, because he knew some one would get it and bring it along.

"On arriving at Whistletoot I announced that I wanted to buy a house, and an agent took charge of me. I told him that I must have all modern improvements. He led me to a very pretty cottage. It was just what I wanted. The fence had escaped the Improvement Society, though one could see where they had worn the bark off by lifting on the posts. Personally I think that suburban improvement societies would do better to let the fences and rocks alone, and establish good cinder paths to the station for the commuters.

"The cottage was new and apparently well built. I asked concerning the modern improvements, and the agent began to talk about the view. I told him I had enough view, having spent the summer at the Mount Earlcourt House, where we didn't have much else. I insisted upon knowing about the improvements.

"'Oh,' he said, 'they're all right. Range in the kitchen, hard-wood floors, electric door-bell, speaking-tubes, clothes-reel in the back yard. Just come around and see that clothes-reel!"

"'Gas, I suppose, of course?' I said, and I fixed him with my glittering eye.

"'Well—er—you see—oh, yes, gas, of course—practically,' he replied. 'Gas-main down on the next block, sir; going to be extended through this street next week.'

"'And city water?' I continued, nailing him to the side of the house with my gaze.

"'The same as here, sir, the same as here,' he answered. 'See that man working with the shovel?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Breaking ground for the extension of the city water-main,' he answered, with enthusiasm. 'That water-main is going ahead like greased lightning. Be through this street before you can move into the house.'

"So I bought the cottage. This was three years ago. And the Judge paused.

"Surely they have both gone through before this," said Kasson.

"If they have, they've done it in the night," replied the Judge. "And I've been up a good deal nights, too, protecting my fence from the Improvement Society. No, these pipes have not moved an inch in three years. The man I saw digging was the president of the Improvement Society smoothing off another spot on which to place a stone for the secretary to whitewash, the report at the meeting the night before having shown that there were two quarts of whitewash in the treasury."

---

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say 'No, thank you; I have already dined'."

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

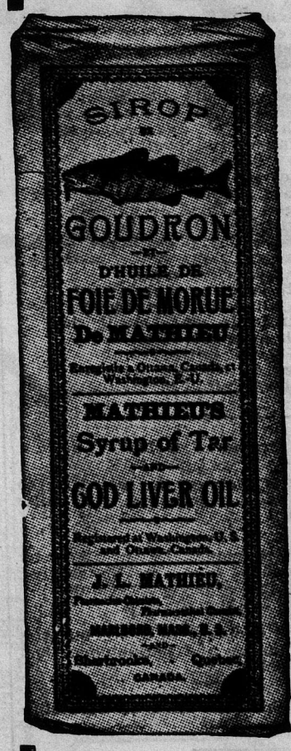
"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father. "You must have a bite with us."

"No thank you," said the little girl, with dignity. "I have already bitten."

---

Pain anywhere, pain in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where the pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box, 25 cents. All druggists.


## The Tonic Cure That's Good For All Coughs




When you feel a cold coming on, that is the time to take Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. **Taken then,**—the cold will never get any worse—but will be quickly cured.

# MATHIEU'S SYRUP

**of Tar and Cod Liver Oil**

Even if the cold has become really bad, Mathieu's Syrup will cure it more quickly than anything else. Because—it is a tonic for your system as well as the most scientific cough cure made. It is the best thing you can take for any kind of cough or cold in any stage.

**Best for Children** Mathieu's Syrup does not contain any harmful drugs—simply the best Cod Liver Oil scientifically combined with pure beech tar. Moreover, children like it and are always ready to take it. The cold season is here, better have a bottle handy.

**From all Dealers. 35c Large Bottle.**

**J. L. Mathieu Co., Props., Sherbrooke, P.Q.**



# Tuttle's Elixir

## The Horse Remedy of the Age

No stable is now well equipped without this incomparable liniment on the shelf. It has cured more blemishes and made more horses clean limbed than any other remedy in the world. It never fails to locate lameness.

## $100 Reward

Our offer is always open. Some cases have passed the curable stage. But whenever a cure is possible we will pay $100 for any failure of **Tuttle's Elixir** to cure **Spavin, Curb, Splint, Sprain, Colic or Lameness.**

It is the main dependence of Veterinaries, Express, Livery and Transfer Stables as a

# Leg and Body Wash

*Beware of all blisters; they give only temporary relief, if any.*

**Tuttle's Hoof Ointment, Worm Powders, Condition Powders, White Star Liniment and Family Elixir** are other excellent specifics. **"Veterinary Experience,"** an infallible guide for horsemen, is free. Every disease and symptom made plain. Write for copy. Postage 2c.

**Tuttle's Elixir Company,**

**127 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.**

**Montreal: H. A. Tuttle, Mgr., 32 St. Gabriel St.**
**So. Farmington, N.S.: C. H. B. Crocker, Mgr.**
**Chicago: C. F. Tuttle, Mgr., 311 East 63d St.**
**Los Angeles: W.A. Shaw, Mgr., 1921 New England Av.**


**$12 Woman's Fall Suits $6.50**

Tailored to order. Also Suits up to $18. Send today for cloth samples and new styles. Express prepaid to Winnipeg. Southcott Suit Co., London, Canada.

**LADIES** Can make $2. a day at home. Send for particulars. **The Central Co., Box 308, London, Ont.**

Gone Mad From Whiskey

**Drunkards Cured Secretly**

**FREE**

Fill in your name and address on blank lines below. Then cut out and mail it to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1159 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. You will receive in return a free trial package to prove to you that it will cure drunkenness in any form. You give it in tea, coffee or food. The druukard will stop drinking without knowing why. You will also get books and testimonials to prove how hundreds have been saved.

Name .....

Address .....

**MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS SAVED HER LIFE**

Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies, but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was then advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did for me, for I believe they saved my life."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

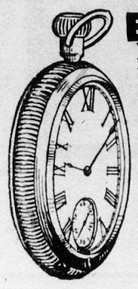
**Learn Shorthand**

At home by our **New Mail Course Plan.** Send five cents in stamps and receive particulars, with sample lesson by return mail. Clip out, sign name and send to **The Shaw Correspondence School, 393 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

Name .....

Address .....

W.H.M.



**EARN** this beautiful Silver Nickel Stem Wind Watch. We want to introduce our late popular music in homes everywhere. This music is beautifully lithographed in colors with artistic title pages and will sell at sight, and includes some of the best songs ever written. We will send you free 25 copies assorted to retail at 10c. each. When sold return the $2.50 to us, and we will positively send you this beautiful watch—a watch you will be proud of.

**COLLEGE MUSIC CO.**

Dept. B, TORONTO, CANADA


# ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

## VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

### The Ribbon Girl.

There's a ribbon for a collar;
  There are ribbons in her hair;
'Tis a ribbon forms a girdle
  Which she folds with greatest care.
She has frocks all trimmed with ribbons
  Of attractive kinds and hues;
Decks her hats with ribbons jaunty,
  And with ribbons ties her shoes.
And her lingerie is lovely,
  With its ribbons run in lace;
And rosettes of dainty ribbon
  Silken hose supporters grace.
And this girl so fond of ribbons
  Surely will be fond of beaux;
She will marry and be happy—
  Well, she may; one never knows.
She will carry bridal roses
  With their yards of ribbon tied;
In a coach all white beribboned
  To the train in state she'll ride.
When the honeymoon is over,
  Then the artful little thing
Will proceed to tie her husband
  To her ribbon apron string.

### Grains of Gold.

Adversity is the egg, the world is the incubator, and experience the thing that's hatched out.

There's more money to be made by humoring people than by instructing them, but money isn't everything.

It's not the accident of birth but the accident of energy and persistence that makes men rich.

Men and chickens always scramble for the highest roost.

If you feel like shaking a friend when he is down, shake his hand.

A fool accuses others; a partially wise man himself; a wise man neither himself nor others.

Never judge a man by the clothes he wears. Many a patched pair of trousers cover an honest heart.

### Nuggets.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran Church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British Museum Library, in London, is 130 feet.

Of every 1,000 inhabitants on the globe, 558 live in Asia, 242 in Europe, 11 in Africa, 82 in America, 5 in Oceana and the Polar regions and only 2 in Australia. Asia contains more than one-half the total population of the earth, and Europe nearly one-fourth.

Lake Superior is the deepest of the Great Lakes, showing by soundings 1,008 feet in at least one place. Michigan stands second, with 100 feet less. Huron and Ontario are about 750 feet in the deepest parts, while Lake Erie is about 204 feet. Vast areas of Lake Erie will not show a depth exceeding 80 feet. The bottom of Lake Michigan is about 400 feet above sea level.

An ingenious wedding present has been received by a French bride from one of her relatives, who is a geographer. The present is a silver sugar bowl, in the design of a terrestrial globe, the upper hemisphere forming the cover. The map of the earth has been elaborately engraved on the outside, and the route taken by the newly-wedded pair is indicated by a line, the names of the towns at which a stay was made being inserted in enamel.

One of the latest advertising dodges is that devised by a New York hatter. He claims that his hats are as light as a feather, and he proves it by lodging a hat on a peacock's feather; the feather is attached by the quill end to a bracket in the shop window, and it supports the weight of the hat without bending. This apparent demonstration of the lightness of his wares has, however, been upset by the discovery that the feather is a piece of steel, skillfully cut and painted.

Mr. Frederick Sixt, a resident of New Jersey, lately advertised for a pretty and well-brought up wife. Among the numerous replies was one in a very familiar hand. It came (he had, of course, not advertised under his own name) from his former wife. During the period that they had been separated Mr. Sixt had married a rich woman who had left him a fortune, and time had perhaps aided prosperity in softening his disposition. At any rate, he found himself yearning for number one, and she is now Mrs. Sixt number three.

An escaped convict was on trial before a French court, and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm, and the question submitted to M. Leroy, the medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed. M. Leroy applied strong friction to the skin of the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines as cicatrices, with a slight bluish tint. By this means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks on a reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict.

Few of those who, at the laying of the corner stone of a new public building, place a coin in the cavity reserved for the purpose, are acquainted with the origin of the custom. This harmless practice is the shadow of an older tragic custom. The money stands, theoretically, for the ransom of the human beings who, by ancient superstition, should have been buried in its place. Otherwise, it was held, the building would not stand firm and endure. There was a time when this particular kind of human sacrifice had a vogue extending to most parts of the world. Even in England skeletons have been found embedded in the bases of castle walls and there is record of one German fortress at the building of which a child was bought from the mother with hard cash and walled in the donjon tower—the unnatural mother, according to the story, looking on the while. Effigies of human beings are still used in some parts of Europe as harmless substitutes and in remoter and more ruthless places the old custom crops out from time to time in all its grim reality.

### Odds and Ends.

Gold in Soot.—The chimney of a gold-smelting furnace at Vallejo Junction California, was cleaned recently, and the soot was chemically treated in the gold-dust room. It contained dust worth £1,400.

Litigation Over £12 Costs £10,000.—For over three years litigation has been going on in the Irish High Court over a sum of only £12. The litigation has resulted in the expenditure of over £10,000 in costs.

Creatures That Never Sleep.—There are several species of fish, reptile, and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon, and goldfish never sleep at all, also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber.

Terrific Shock.—In the simultaneous discharge of eight of the ten 12-inch guns of the Dreadnought, a shock was given that vessel of 400,000 tons, more than double that of any broadside ever before fired. The vessel of 18,500 tons skidded sideways several yards, listing many degrees. The guns are 53 feet long, and each shell of 850 pounds is discharged by 265 pounds of cordite, with a muzzle velocity of 2,000 miles an hour.

No Stage Murders Allowed in Turkey.—On one point the Turkish censor of the drama is inflexible—there shall be no murder committed on the stage. This is in order to prevent corruption by evil example. Consequently the dramatic effect of many plays is somewhat marred by the manner in which the principals destined to be murdered are rushed off the stage, and, after receiving the fatal thrust out of sight of the audience, stagger back from the wings to sing their death-songs.

Strange Case from Norfolk.—"Our inspector at Diss, Norfolk," says the 'Animals' World,' "reported a strange case which seems contrary to all the laws of Nature. A man in that neighborhood had a hen hatching out some ducks' eggs, and at the time when they should have come off he found some of the shells were cracked. Thinking they were useless, he put them into a box containing ferrets, for them to eat, and, to his astonishment, he found, a few days after, the ducklings running about with the ferrets!"

"Charity," said Miss S. O. Ciety, "consists in giving away to someone who does not need it, something you want to get rid of."

"And economy," said her mother, "consists in eating hash for breakfast, and dry bread for dinner, thereby saving $2 a month on groceries so as to be able to buy a $15 hat to parade at Easter time with."

An Ancient Custom.—An odd custom of great antiquity still prevails in the town of Oakham, in Rutlandshire. Every peer of the realm passing near the castle, which was built by Walkelin de Ferrers, is expected to deliver a shoe from the foot of one of his horses, or to pay a fine in default. The fine usually takes the form of an ornamental horseshoe, often surmounted by the coronet of the peer presenting it. The total number of shoes at present in possession of the local authorities is 300, and among the most valued are those presented by Queen Elizabeth, King George IV., Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra.

Novel Sea-Pie Banquet.—The M. P. for Yarmouth has been entertained at a novel feast in the Gorleston portion of his constituency, where a huge sea-pie was served to a party of fifty guests. It was made by an old trawl-skipper, and weighed a hundredweight and a half. It was a four-decker, and was boiled in a vast cauldron for several hours. The keel was laid with beef-bones, and there was a triple bulkhead of short-crust, the bunkers being filled with beafsteak and ox kidneys. There were holds also, stored with meat, onions, carrots, turnips, and potatoes, and the hull was constructed of a substantial short-crust that alone took a stone and a half of flour.

### Paradoxes of Modern Life.

Women oft drive men to drink. They are willing to be driven oft—but not to water.

Some publishers decree that writers must have "fame" before they can bring out their works. How can one get it? Would Gray's "Elegy" have been printed had all publishers one mind?

Napoleon was the greatest general the world has ever seen. According to the "standard" of measurement employed in the United States army—if he was alive today—would he be allowed to join our forces even as a recruit?

### Pants was the Word.

A college president, noted for the extreme correctness of his language and his closeness in money matters, once bought a pair of ready-made trousers and had them sent home. The bill read: "To J. A. Thompson, debtor, one pair pants, five dollars." The pedagogue called on Mr. Thompson and said "pants" was incorrect; it should be "trousers." Said the clothier: "I've been in the clothing business twenty years and I've always sold two grades of goods, pants and trousers. Trousers are everything over five dollars in price, pants everything five dollars and under. It's pants I sold you, and it's pants you'll pay for."

### Wealthy Ignoramuses.

I was recently talking with a business man who is in the midst of the great activities of New York, dresses well, and lives well, but who, every time he opens his mouth, condemns himself, betrays his shocking ignorance of almost everything outside of his own little specialty. He knows almost nothing about the great men and great women who figure prominently in current history. He could not even tell the names of the candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency just before the last election. He said such things did not interest him.

It is painful to try and carry on a conversation with such a man. Think of the splendid opportunities for education, enjoyment and culture which that man, with thousands of others, is throwing away! It does not seem possible that a man could do business in New York City and be so ignorant of everything outside of his own little groove.

One would think that some of the millionaires who try to make a show in the world would feel chagrined when they contrast their cheap, shoddy education, their narrow, limited intelligence, and their rutty minds, their stingy, shriveled souls, with their mocking wealth and their display of the art works of the masters and the books of the great writers in their libraries which they cannot read intelligently. How this ostentatious show of the material mocks the mental poverty, the brain penury!

It is pitiable, as well as ludicrous, to see men who are rolling in wealth ignorant of the great world they live in, of the significance of all the principles and conditions which ameliorate and elevate mankind, men who know nothing of art or of science or literature, and whose mental penury is deplorable. They seem to think that a palatial residence, gorgeous furnishings and fine carriages can be substitutes for that which makes a real man or a real woman.

### Gingerbread Barometer.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal says that it is nothing more or less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as every one knows, is easily affected by

changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough.

Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant, "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise you to take an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident.

The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid, to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.

### Nine Days' Dancing Party.

Indian women in the quaint little village of Orabai, among the Pueblos, have a curious religious celebration during the season of the year corresponding to our Thanksgiving, says a writer in the New York Herald. This celebration, or ceremony, continues through nine days and is participated in by members of the Oagol Society, which is the largest as well as the latest of the women's fraternities.

A chief priest and chief priestess are chosen to officiate during the ceremony, though the former plays an unimportant role in the spectacle. It is the priestess who is really the head of the order.

After the opening exercises of the Oagol, and during the pauses between the rites, the Indian women of the village busy themselves with weaving beautiful baskets, to be used in the dance on the final day of the fete and to be given away as prizes.

Races, religious observances and minor dances mark the first eight days of this curious thanksgiving ceremony, but on the ninth a picturesque dance, in which the entire village gives vent to its religious fervor and enthusiasm, brings the Oagol to a fitting close.

For this dance two maidens are chosen to act as leaders. They are arrayed in fine costumes with costly turquoises, abalones, embroidered moccasins and fanciful headdresses. Their blankets, or ceremonial robes, are handsomely embroidered and fasten around the shoulders by cords attached to the corners.

Their faces are thickly covered with the yellow powder from sunflower petals. Each maiden carries a buzzard's feather, a bone whistle and a netted gourd, while the young women of the village, also arrayed in their handsomest blankets and ornaments, carry basket trays. All form in single file and march out of the riva, or underground chamber, to the plaza, where an altar has been erected on the first day of the fete.

Here the women form in a circle around bundles of trays which are to be given out as prizes at the conclusion of the dance. As soon as the chant is heard the circle of female forms begins to sway toward the center of the plaza, and then each one begins that curious, rhythmic motion which is the Indian conception of dancing. They bend the body slightly forward, still carrying the trays in a concave position, and with the figure moving from right to left.

When the dancing has fairly started the two handsomely adorned maidens appear on the scene, rolling wheels along the ground and shooting arrows at them as they make their way to the plaza, circle around the dancers and then enter the ring.

After a wild jumping, dancing and singing have been indulged in, at a signal from the priestess, the circle is charged fiercely by the male spectators, who attempt to secure the prize baskets. When all have been seized the dancing ends and the quaint Indian religious ceremony of thanksgiving is over for that year.

### The Cut of the Cream Pitcher.

Happiness is like cream, it will rise to the top of almost any circumstances.

Frequent stirrings are not conducive either to quantity or quality.

Surroundings either help or hinder. but fretting does not add to its flavor.

The yellowest cream is not always found on the deepest milk, and happiness is sometimes just as surprising.

The old-fashioned raised cream has not the market value of the separator cream, but it is the only kind that will prove of value when it gets to the egg-beater.

Happiness, like cream, rises slowly.

Cream is good for the complexion, and happiness for the temper; give us a share of each.

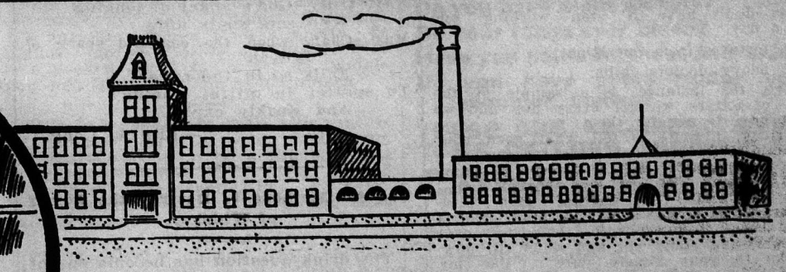
A little cream today, and a little cream tomorrow, brings quickly a pound of butter, and a little happiness today and a little for tomorrow, makes for us all a happy life.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immedately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc. Sold by all druggists.

Lots of bills pass for genuine until they work up to the bank. Some sauces pass for genuine Worcestershire until you try them. Then you know they are NOT.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE. He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS'.



Stanfield's Underwear

(Chapter I)

*A Talk by the Maker to the Wearer.*

**The Wool**

Stanfield's Underwear is made of the best wool that grows on the best wool-bearing sheep in the world—the long, silky-fibred Nova Scotia wool.

The founder of the Stanfield mills did more than anyone else to develop the wool industry throughout the Maritime Provinces. For half a century, the farmers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island have saved their best wool for the Stanfields—first for C. E. Stanfield—and now for his sons, John and Frank, the President and Treasurer of Stanfields Limited.

The wear of a garment depends on the quality of wool from which it is made. Underwear may be PURE WOOL, and ALL WOOL—and still shrink, ravel and wear out in a single season. Because the underwear is not made of good wool in the first place.

There are seven grades of wool in the fleece when clipped from Nova Scotia sheep. Only the first three grades of this best wool are used in making Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear for men and women.

There are no weak spots in the fibre to break in the garments.

There can be no unraveling, because every stitch is locked.

Garments can't shrink, because of our perfected process of treating the wool BEFORE garments are woven, thus insuring absolutely Unshrinkable Underwear.

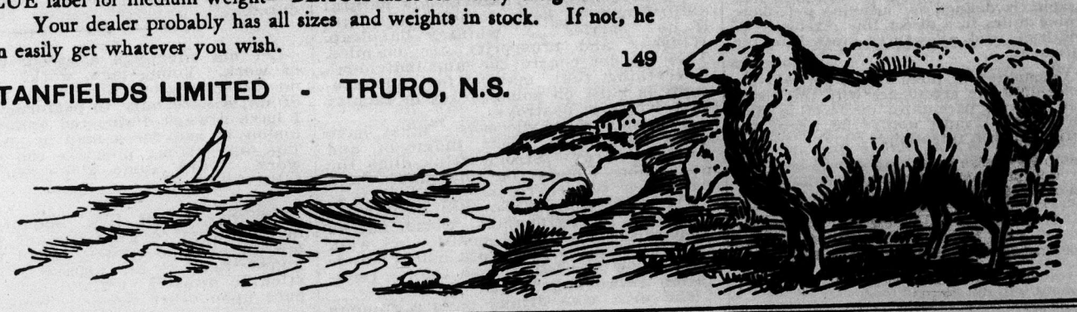
Stanfield's Underwear is right from start to finish. It is planned right, made right and wears right.

In all sizes from 22 to 70 inch chest measure. In three winter weights—RED label for light weight—BLUE label for medium weight—BLACK label for heavy weight.

Your dealer probably has all sizes and weights in stock. If not, he can easily get whatever you wish.

149

STANFIELDS LIMITED - TRURO, N.S.



WILD and IMPROVED LANDS

In the Famous

HANLEY PLAINS

Saskatchewan

For pamphlet giving complete information write T. O. HAMRE

P. O Box 45 HANLEY, SASK.

**Men Wanted.**

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses, $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

**Nurses' & Mothers' Treasure**

—most reliable medicine for baby. Used over 50 years. First compounded by Dr. P. E. Picault in 1855.

**Makes Baby Strong**

Restores the little organs to perfect health. Gives sound sleep, without resort to opium or other injurious drugs. At druggists', 25c. 6 bottles $1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co. Ltd., Montreal

44

**TELEGRAPH OPERATORS**

8,000 to 10,000 new men by March 1st—new United States law! Same demand in Canada as here. Easy to learn; fascinating; good salaries. Official School for the Big Companies. You can succeed. Reduced fare. Write!

WALLACE EXPERT RAILWAY SCHOOL, 672 Ryan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

## Quickly Cured at Home

**Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.**

Half of the suffering and torture of piles has never been told. But no matter. Whether your particular case of piles is almost too excruciating for any mortal to bear, or if you are fearfully tantalized by unreachable itching, or whether you have only a moderate case of piles, there is positive relief, and quick too, in Pyramid Pile Cure.

You need not take for granted all we ourselves say about our Pile Remedy. We want it to speak for itself. We want you to send for a free package, to-day, of the marvelous Pyramid Pile Cure. We want to prove these statements to you personally, so that you will feel the result yourself.

Follow a few simple directions. Get well to stay well.

You don't have to stop working one single day.

No tortures from operations.

No heavy doctors' bills.

Here, for instance, is a sample of the kind of letters we get every day and we don't have to ask for them:

"Friend, I write to tell what good your Pyramid Pile cure has done for me. I used your sample, and it did me so much good I went and got two boxes, and I used one and I am another man altogether. I have no pain, no piles, and I have been troubled with them for over 50 years, and could not find relief till now, thanks to your timely cure. Use my name if it will do you any good. Isaac Smith, Wharton, New York."

For Free Sample send to the Pyramid Drug Co., 96 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., or you can buy Pyramid Pile Cure in any drug store for 50 cents a box.


## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the under one of thefollowing plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may peform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.


Quick

"Quick with my Coffee"

Such a demand, spoken sharply, puts the housewife out of temper. This can easily be avoided by using

"CAMP" COFFEE

Ask for it at your Store.

*R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.*


# TEMPERANCE TALK.

### The Fallen.

And were ye of the Seekers, ye fallen,
Ye merged in the mire?
When ye clutched so, and stumbled, and stifled,
Were ye led by Desire,—
God's angel of longing, whose task is
To set souls afire?

Too feeble the flame of your burning!
Was passion so pale
Ye could drown it in drafts for the body?
Could nothing avail
To fire you to mightily conquer
Or mightily fail?

Nay, truly, God's angel of longing
Who sets souls afire
Must Chafe when the snatched spark of heaven
Falls so in the mire
To sputter in pitiful sinning
And weakly expire.

—Lily A. Long.

### Use All Methods to Destroy the Power of Whiskey.

The drink question has become one of the most important questions of the age. It is a factor in all social and economic problems. It has passed through various stages of sentiment and experiment and may be said to be fairly launched on an age of reason.

At a time when practical measures are at a premium and directness is a fundamental law, the subject is receiving the most careful attention. The best efforts of some of the best minds are directed towards plans to throttle the demon that has brought degradation and ruin to so many who, but for the blight of whiskey, would have been respected and useful citizens.

Science has declared against the use of alcohol, either as a beverage or medicine. It is a poison, and as such is injurious in both its immediate and remote effects. The man who drinks is gradually but surely undermining his health and paving the way for acute or chronic ailments.

Business men have declared against the use of alcoholic drink. They will not countenance it among their employees. It makes men unreliable and irresponsible. Competition is too close and margins are too small to warrant a possible loss through careless workmen, and there are too many good men out of employment to put up with unnecessary inconvenience. The man who holds his job must deserve it, or he will be discharged to make room for some one who will prove his fitness.

Even fashion, which has been slow to recognize the danger of certain forms of tippling, is gradually yielding to the growing influence, and liquors are tabooed in many homes where choice brands were once dispensed with lavish hospitality.

With Science and Industry both warring against alcohol, there remains but one cause for its use, and that is found in the pleasure it is supposed to bestow, and which, at best, is fictitious. But whether pleasure or stimulation for increased labor is the object sought, the result is always disappointing.

The man who drinks fixes a limit to his achievement. Whatever his natural ability may be, he is dommed to failure if he carries a whiskey handicap. Whiskey and prosperity are enemies. They do not control the same individual. Everything that makes for advancement is built on some power or faculty that whiskey destroys.

The man who succeeds must have quick perception, clear judgment and tireless energy. Strong drink dims the perception, clouds the judgment and paralyzes the energies.

The man who drinks not only loses his place in the financial world, but he jeopardizes his social position as well. Nothing is more fatal to a man's standing among his fellow men than a reputation for drunkenness.

The man who drinks pays a ruinous price for his so-called pleasure. But he does not pay all that it costs in misery and suffering. His wife and children are the ones who are taxed most heavily. They feel the burden of his wrong-doing more keenly than it is possible for him to do. His sensibilities are blunted by liquor. Their faculties are sharpened by suffering.

They realize the cruel injustice of their condition. They have a right to the best care and the best support which a sober husband and father can possibly bestow. But instead of protection and plenty they are neglected and destitute. Instead of looking up to him with pride and fondness they are ashamed of him and dread his coming. If he is one of those whom liquor infuriates, they are afraid of bodily injury, and hide away at his approach.

Drinking men are not invariably poor. Sometimes inherited wealth withstands the onslaught of years of inebriety, and occasionally money earned before the unfortunate addiction had developed furnishes means for its continuance. But, rich or poor, the drunkard's home is the abode of wretchedness. In one case there is the ever-present fear, the constant humiliation, the sickening terror lest something worse may happen. In the other case there is all of these tortures, intensified by insufficient food and lack of comfortable clothing.

The drunkard's home is a place of bitter disappointment. He had certain duties toward his family; but apparently he has shirked every duty and turned a deaf ear to the anguished pleading of those who loved him. We say that apparently he has done this. In reality it was not the man but the whiskey that caused the trouble. He has been controlled by a power stronger than love for family or friends, stronger than ambition, and as relentless as it was insidious.

Some of the most hopeless drunkards are, when not in their cups, among the most devoted husbands and fathers. They loathe the bondage that makes them forget their obligations, and many of them make stronger efforts to conquer their addiction than those who censure them would deem possible. But such men fail—not through lack of determination, but through lack of strength to accomplish their purpose. They have been poisoned, and no effort of a weakened will can overcome the effects of the continued use of poison.

### Do Your Best To-Day.

To-day! To-day! It is ours, with all its magic possibilities of being and doing. Yesterday, with its mistakes, misdeeds, lost opportunities and failures, is gone forever. With the morrow we are not immediately concerned. It is but a promise yet to be fulfilled. Hidden behind the veil of the future, it may dimly beckon us, but it is yet a shadowy, unsubstantial vision, one that we, perhaps, never may realize. But to-day, here and now, that dawned upon us with the first golden hour of the morn, is a reality, a precious possession upon the right use of which may depend all our future of happiness and success, or of misery and failure.

Lest he should forget that Time's wings are swift and noiseless and so rapidly bear our to-days to the Land of Yesterday, John Ruskin, philosopher, philanthropist, and tireless worker though he was, kept constantly before his eyes, on his study table, a large, handsome block of chalcedony, on which was gaven the single word, "To-day." Every moment of his noble life was enriched—as it enriched the lives of others—by the right use of each passing moment.

John Wanamaker, the successful merchant, upright citizen, and helpful, happy man, very tersely sums up the means by which true success may be attained. "It is just this," he says: "Do your best every day, whatever you have in hand."

This simple rule, if followed in sunshine and in storm, in days of sadness as well as in days of gladness, will rear for the builder a "Palace Beautiful" more precious than pearls of great price, more enduring than time. If it is your misfortune to be a victim of strong drink, take steps to have the whiskey appetite removed at once, today, if possible.

Inebriety is a disease and can be cured.

Let me offer you a creed: the creed of work. Young men, work! Life has no other reason for being, and each of us is here only to perform his task. I have always distrusted chimeras. Illusion is bad for a man or a people. The only strong men are the men who work. Work alone gives courage and faith.—Zola.

He that would live happily must neither trust to good fortune nor submit to bad; he must stand upon his guard against all assaults, he must stick to himself without any dependence upon other pepole.—Seneca.

The mind can only deal with small numbers. The sufferings of a million move us no more than those of a thousand, and those not so much as the suffering of one.—Walter Besant.

"If ever we are in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done."


A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop, of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by all druggists.

## PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

**DR. SHOOP'S HEADACHE TABLETS**

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**Wonderful Absorbing Power of Charcoal When Taken in the Form of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges.**

**Trial Package Sent Free.**

Charcoal, pure, simple charcoal, absorbs 100 times its own volume of gas. Where does the gas go to? It is just absorbed by the charcoal—the gas disappears and there is left a pure, fresh, sweet atmosphere, free from all impurities and germs.

That's what happens in your stomach when you take one or two of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges, the most powerful purifiers science has yet discovered.

You belch gas in company, sometimes, by accident, greatly to your own humiliation. That is because there is a great amount of gas being formed in your stomach by fermenting food. Your stomach is not digesting your food properly. Gas is inevitable Whenever this happens, just take one or two of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges right after eating, and you will be surprised how quickly they will act. No more belchings; no more sour risings. Eat all you want and what you want, and then if there is any gas going to be formed, one of these wonderful little absorbers, a Stuart Charcoal Lozenge, will take care of all the gas.

And it will do more than that. Every particle of impurity in your stomach and your intestines is going to be carried away by the charcoal. No one seems to know why it does this, but it does, and does it wonderfully. You notice the difference in your appetite, general good feeling, and in the purity of your blood, right away.

You'll have no more bad taste in your mouth or bad breath, either from drinking, eating or smoking. Other people will notice your bad breath quicker than you will yourself. Make your breath pure, fresh and sweet, so when you talk to others you won't disgust them. Just one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozenges will make your breath sweet, and make you feel better all over for it. You can eat all the onions and odorous foods you want, and no one can tell the difference.

Besides, charcoal is the best laxative known. You can take a whole boxful and no harm will result. It is a wonderfully easy regulator.

And then, too, it filters the blood—every particle of poison or impurity in your blood is destroyed, and you begin to notice the difference in your face first thing—your clear complexion.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made from pure willow charcoal, and just a little honey is put in to make them palatable, but not too sweet.

They will work wonders in your stomach, and make you feel fine and fresh. Your blood and breath will be purified.

We want to prove all this to you, so just send for a free sample today. Then after you get it and use it, you will like them so well that you will go to your druggist and get a 25c. box of these Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.



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on health, is the label on every bottle of

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Just follow the directions —take a morning glass— and you will find yourself growing stronger and feeling better every day. 148



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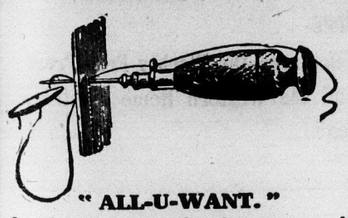

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Inquire of hardware merchants in your own town. Selling price 50c. each. Waxed Thread 10c. spool. Extra Needles 5c. each.

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# WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

**Splinters.**

Always be kind to dumb creatures;
Let the strings of your heart be unloosed;
For remember that each kindly action
Is certain to come home to roost.

Were it not for the few extra handfuls
Of corn that you threw in the way
Of the turkey those colds days of autumn,
You would not be so happy to-day.

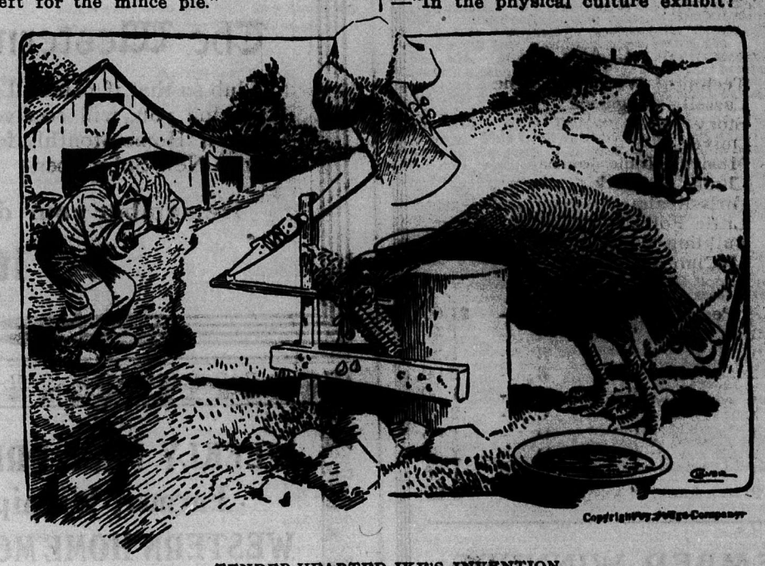
"Did you hear that awful language Turk down there is using?" "Yes, he's trying to be tough."

Larry—"Bedad, Rafferty won thot old turkey gobbler in the raffle down ut Mahoole's! Thot's phat Oi call luck." Denny—"Yis, tough luck."

"We has a heap o' things to be thankful foh dis year," said Uncle Eben, "but I feels it in my bones dat de price o' turkey ain' gwinter be one of 'em."

Mrs. Skimkins—"How do you like your new boarding house?" Mr. Jobkins—"Oh! the rooms are fair, the table is tolerable, but the gossip is excellent."

"I am very sorry, Victor, to think you were such a glutton. Are you not sorry yourself that you ate so much turkey?" "Yes, mother, 'cause I hadn't any room left for the mince pie."



TENDER-HEARTED IKE'S INVENTION.

FARMER ISAAC—"I riz him from a speckled aig. Ben jest like one o' the family goin' on thirteen year, an' somehow I hain't got the heart to kill him with my own hands. This here way is bad enough." (*Bing / Curtain /*)

The Dog (dismally)—"What have we to be thankful for? Ten people to dinner and only one small turkey!" The Cat—"Well, we ought to be thankful we are not the turkey."

Gyer—"We certainly have ample proof that money talks." Myer—"Ample proof?" Gyer—"Yes. Isn't there a woman's head on the greater part of our national coinage?"

Tatter de Malion — "Thanksgivin' day? Bah! Wot hev we to be thankful fer?" Hungry Hooker—"Dat it's de only day in de year dat folks ain't got nothin' ter offer us but turkey."

"Johnny," said the teacher, kindly, "you must not bury your talent in a napkin." "Huh! I guess not. Maw wouldn't do a thing to me if she caught me using one of her'n that way.

First Turkey—"Now that Thanksgiving is over I suppose we may as well enjoy ourselves." Second Turkey—"By all means. I propose to organize the Barnyard Survivors' Association and give a reception."

The Drake—"Your politeness to your wife's mother is remarkable. I notice that at meal time you give her all the choicest bits." The Turkey.—"You bet I look forward with great expectation to Thanksgiving."

"No, chillun," says Deacon Snowball; "we isn't gwine ter hab no tukkey dis Thanksgivin' day. Dey's bin too high fo' yo'r po' old daddy ter git one." "Why, poppy," says one of the children, "yo' all has made plenty of money dis month ter buy one, no mattah how high de price." "Dey roos' too high, chile. Who evah heerd ob buyin' a tukkey?"

Cockerel—"You have become remarkably puffed up since Thanksgiving Day." Gobbler—"Yes, but not from pride. It is with appropriate thankfulness for not being stuffed up to be stuffed down others on Thanksgiving day."

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the past year?" Johnny (without hesitation) — "Yessir." Teacher — "Well, Johnny, what is it?" Johnny—"Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't cane us for two months."

"De good things er dis life is hard ter come by," said Brother Williams. "De fattest 'possum always roosts de highest, but he's all de mo' jucier, w'en he's cooked on de table, fer de trouble you had in makin' his acquaintance."

"It's bad enough to have him executed," sobbed Mrs. Gobbler. "But—oh, did you see what he did a whole minute after his head was off?" "No," replied Miss Turk, sympathetically. "What?" "He winked his eye at that hussy, Miss Guinea Hen."

The Landlady (during the Thanksgiving dinner)—"My Uncle Uriah, who sent me the magnificent turkey we are now about to partake of, told me it was awarded first prize at the County Fair." Mr. Goodpay (struggling with a wing) —"In the physical culture exhibit?"

**The Intelligent Goat.**

Three colored men were discussing the intelligence of different animals. One favored the dog; another, the horse; but old Peter Jackson said, "In my opinion de goat am de 'telligentest critter livin.' De goat kin read, I saw him do it. Once I wuz walkin' down street dressed in mah best suit, an' wearin' mah new plug hat. When I got down on de main street, I seed a billbo'ad on which it said: 'Chew Jackson's Plug.' A goat wuz standin' thar when I passed an' when I wuz about ten feet away he must hab recognized me, for the next thing I knew, I went sailin' in de mud. When I looked 'roun' dat goat wuz chewin' mah plug hat for all he wuz worth. Gem'men, da is no question in mah mind about de 'telligence ob de goat. He am a wondah."

**Explicit.**

A Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveler asked, "Madam, how far is it to A—?"

"Shoost a leetle ways," was the reply.

"Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveler.

"Shoost a leetle ways," more emphatically.

"Madam, is it one, two, three, four or five miles?"

The good woman ingenuously replied, "I dink it is."


There is no medicine on the market that can compare with Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup in expelling from the system the irritating germs that colds engender in the air passages. It is suicide to neglect your cold. Try the cheap experiment of ridding yourself of it by using Bickle's Syrup, which is a simple remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign medicine.



# YOUR LUNGS

**ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?**

**Do you spit yellow and black matter?**
**Are you continually coughing and hawking?**
**Do you have night sweats?**
**Do your lungs ever bleed?**
**Have you pains in chest and sides?**
**Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?**

**THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND**

**CONSUMPTION**

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep-seated and serious your condition becomes.

**We Stand Ready To Prove To You**

absolutely, that Lung-Germine the German Treatment has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption, (Tuberculosis) Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Troubles.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

**Here is Evidence From One Case**

Under date of Mar. 11, 1907, William Schmidt, 1904 Coleman St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It is now nearly four years since my cure of Consumption was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well and strong today as the day I was cured. I am healthy and able to work every day."

We will gladly send you further proof of many other remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and cure of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL AND BOOK

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**Oxydonor**

**Gives Vigorous Health Without Medicine.**

OXYDONOR constrains the body to cure itself according to its own laws, through its own means—its organs.

OXYDONOR effects this by causing the organism to be vitalized to the maximum degree, through free absorption of oxygen from the air.

OXYDONOR is neither a remedy nor electrical appliance. It belongs to Diaduction—the new science, the result of fifty years' investigation of the Laws and Principles of Life.

"My husband had a paralytic stroke. For four months doctors did all they could for him but nothing could help him. He could not move his legs but soon after applying OXYDONOR he could move his legs and toes. He had a clot on the brain and doctors said nothing could help him but an operation. The Oxydonor cured that.

My little boy had Eczema for over four years—his face, ears and hands covered with sores. We sent him to the hospital all last summer and he was sent home worse than ever and pronounced incurable. We then applied Oxydonor and now his flesh is quite clear, a wonder to everybody.

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Write for free books, giving grateful testimonials from a few of those who have been cured. Beware of fraudulent imitations. There is but one genuine Oxydonor—and that bears the name of the inventor—DR. H. SANCHE—engraved on the metal. Look for it.

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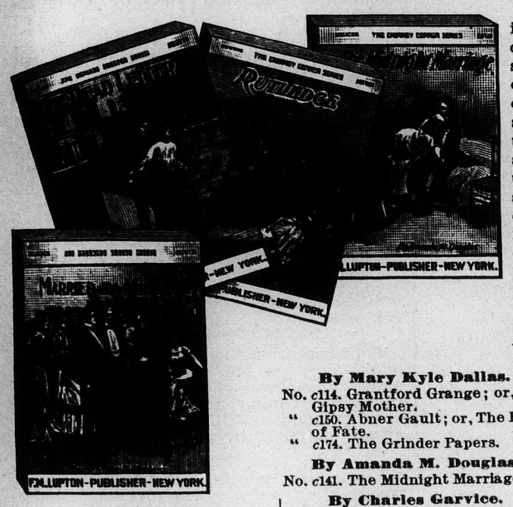


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# Hints for the Housewife.

### Indian Summer.

The ruddy blaze of the sumac
Flares wide through the hazy gloom.
And the goldenrod flaunts proudly
Her glimmering yellow plume.

The tall rudbeckia opens
Her disc like a glowing sun
Where the Indian turnip blazons
A path to the meadow run.

The dogwoods are gowned in crimson.
The maples are splashed with red;
And the ivy swings her lantern
From a blighted bough o'erhead.

Then ho! for the partridge, calling
His mate in the cornfield sere!
And ho! for the woodcock drumming
On a log by the limpid mere!

And ho! for Jack Frost, the Midas
Who touches the oaken wold,
Transmuting its simple verdure
To mountings of gleaming gold!

Remove the foot plate from the sewing machine occasionally (after taking out the needle), and clean the feeder with gasoline, using a darning needle to lift out the fluff.

Old window shades can be greatly improved in appearance by removing from the roller, stitching a new hem on the roller end with a long stitch on the sewing machine, then tack the old hem( ripped out) on the roller.

If not the fortunate possessor of curtain stretchers, a good substitute is found in quilt frames. Fasten a pair of curtains at a time, pinning every scallop in place, and set where the sun and wind will quickly dry.

Brass or copper preserving kettles are in great demand to serve as jardinieres. If discolored, scour with a strong solution of oxalic acid, using a swab (as the acid eats into the flesh like lime), and burnish with a chamois pad.

The dainty housekeeper has "silence" cloths on sideboard and serving table as well as under the table cloth, and you may be sure she has them fitted to dressing-table, chiffonier and washstand as well, even if they are made of only thick canton flannel.

An artistic receptacle for holding a small amount of kindling and shavings is made from two squares of fine Japanese matting laced together on three sides with raffia, and having raffia covered rings on the open side, through which a heavy fiber cord is run to hang by.

Why not keep up writing desk supplies just as conscientiously as those for the pantry? Few households would get along a week without sugar, salt or soap, yet how many letters are unanswered for the lack of a good pen, a stamp, or an envelope. It is not the expense, but lack of thought, that keeps an insufficient or meager supply of the necessary articles on hand.

When dressmaking or much sewing is done in the house it is a great convienence to have a denim rug to spread over the carpet to prevent delicate fabrics coming in contact with the carpet, and also to keep all threads and litter off the carpet. Sixteen yards of denim will make a rug four yards square, which should be stitched on the machine with a two-inch hem to finish.

An article of furniture too seldom used is the clothes "tree," resembling the posts of our grandmother's four-post bedstead. It stands on three feet, and has half a dozen prongs or hooks. It takes up so little floor space and holds so many garments, it is an invaluable article. In a small hall or vestibule it takes the place of the hat rack, and in a larger hall it complements the table on which gentlemen's hats are laid. For the necessary airing of one's clothes overnight it is preferable to chairs, as it can so easily be set out of the sleeping-room. In the bathroom it is especially convenient.

If the edge and medallions of old Irish point curtains are in good condition, though the net is much broken, they can be transferred to new net without much trouble. Get enough bobbinette or Brussels net for the new curtains, cut the desired length, allowing for hems, and put into curtain stretchers. Baste the border of Irish point onto the net, then the medallions, and stitch on by the machine, using the longest stitch and a loose tension. Cut away the net close to the stitching.

It was a quick-witted bachelor girl who discovered that bamboo porch curtains made an ideal partition in the large room she was obliged to use for both sitting-room and sleeping apartment. Two upright curtain poles secured to the floor and half a dozen screw-eyes in the floor helped to hold them secure, and a doorway was constructed out of Oriental cotton cloth. The screens allowed of better ventilation than was possible with drapery.

### Miscellaneous.

Hot water and soda will usually remove stains from wood, such as the floor, table, etc.

A simple method of cleaning lamp chimneys—hold in the steam of a kettle and polish with a newspaper.

An old refrigerator which has a lining of tin may be made to look cleaner by applying coats of white enamel.

Put a few grains of rice in the salt cellars to keep the salt from caking; as the cellar is shaken the rice will keep the salt moving.

To clean a fishy frying pan, fill with cold water and place on the fire to boil. When boiling, put a red-hot cinder in, and then wash in the usual way.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

Peppermint sprigs laid around shelves and places which mice frequent will drive them away. Chloride of lime sprinkled around places that rats or mice frequent will also drive them away. Keep it in a bottle, corked.

Gin is the best thing to use to remove tea stains from a white dress. Place the stained part in a saucer, with enough gin to cover the stain, rub with a piece of the same material, press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron till dry.

Rubbed well into yellowed knife handles of ivory, turpentine restores the color. Gilt frames can be cleaned by wiping with a small sponge dipped lightly in oil of turpentine. Wet the sponge just enough to take off the soil and dry marks. Let the frame dry itself.

To Make Colors Fast.—To preserve the colors of ginghams, printed lawns, etc., and before washing almost any colored fabrics, it is recommended to soak them for some time in water to every gallon of which is added a spoonful of ox gall. A strong, clear tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink and green fabrics will brighten these colors, and soda answers the same purpose for both purple and blue. The colors of the above fabrics may be preserved by using a strong, milk-warm lather of white soap, putting the dress into it instead of rubbing it on the material, and stirring into a first and second tub of rinsing water a large tablespoonful of ox gall. To prepare ox gall for washing colored articles empty it into a bottle, put in it a handful of salt and keep it closely corked. A teaspoonful to five gallons of the rinsing water will suffice.

### Household Helps.

Heat the milk to be used in custards, pies or puddings, and they may be baked much quicker.

Add a little cream to icing for cake to prevent its cracking when cut.

Clean wringer rollers with kerosene and keep the wringer well oiled.

Clean mica in heating stoves by washing with hot vinegar and salt.

Wash woolen blankets in strong suds, not too hot, rubbing on as little soap as possible, rinse always in warm water, dry where they will not freeze, and they will not shrink. Pull them into shape and fold neatly—do not iron.

Hang up woolen blankets lengthwise, so that if the colors in the striped ends are inclined to run they will run down the stripe and not discolor the rest of the blanket.

An appetizing soup may be made by cooking together for an hour or two all left-overs of meat and vegetables, to thoroughly incorporate them, strain, season nicely and serve with croutons—stale bread toasted, buttered and cut into small squares.

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