



## Just Like an Old Friend

Always the same, smiling a welcome across the breakfast table every morning. It looks good and is good, and it improves on acquaintance. The introduction is easy, too —

Just a tablespoonful of



**Gold Standard**  
Coffee

for each cup required. Bring the water slowly to boiling point and allow it to boil one-half minute; add one-quarter cup cold water to settle, and serve in three minutes.

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The Gold Standard Mfg. Co.  
Winnipeg, Man.

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One Dollar-and-a-Half spent on the "Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" will give you the best education on power-farming you can buy at any price.

and readily consented to teach us. One of the pleasantest features was that no one who could contribute to the evening's enjoyment had to be coaxed. They all came prepared to do their best as a matter of course. I have never known a better behaved crowd, and the good humor and fun were irresistible. We sometimes had a sprinkling of young people from neighboring districts, but the Friday night social remained a family gathering throughout the winter. The average attendance was sixty. It was thought advisable to discontinue these meetings during Lent, but the people seem to miss them so much that we are planning to resume them again, changing to Saturday night for the summer months. Now that everyone has got into the way of coming to the school, it should not be difficult to interest them in outdoor sports, and improving the school grounds.

There have been results far deeper than the pleasure of the moment. Women who had been living in the district for years, met together for the first time, in the school. There has been a noticeable improvement in dress and manner, and a friendlier feeling pervades the community. I have in mind two sisters-in-law who live on adjoining farms, and had not spoken to each other for years. The bitterness of a quarrel that had cost a life lay between the two houses, and it was not for a stranger to meddle. One night we were all filled with astonishment; the two sisters were dancing together! Away from the brooding and monotony of their home life, in that kinder atmosphere where everyone was unconsciously at their best, the better, truer instincts of their hearts had awakened and flowered into forgiveness and reconciliation.

The Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture was very generous in its treatment of our Boys' and Girls' Club last year, sending us a large box of garden seeds. Some of the boys purchased registered grain from the Department, and in three of the homes at least the grain from this seed has been hand-selected for this spring's sowing. It was the business of the entire family during the long winter evenings. A number of the children purchased eggs, and in so doing were able to make a start in getting a pure-bred flock of hens.

On application to the Department of Agriculture at Winnipeg and Ottawa, farm bulletins were obtained for distribution, and the names of those farmers desiring further bulletins, placed on the mailing list of the Department. In a number of cases the teacher was asked to explain certain cuts and diagrams to a pupil who, in turn, translated and explained to his father.

We are indebted to the Fort Garry Chapter of the I.O.D.E. for a splendid box of books. Such a gift given in such a spirit, has done much to strengthen the work of the school. "English ladies who have never seen us, sent us these books for love," wrote one little girl. Twenty-six pupils have qualified for the "Children of the Empire" buttons, which are given to those who have read ten books.

The difficulty is not to induce the children to read—but to procure enough reading matter. Outside the school and teacherage, there is none, and the annual grant of ten dollars leaves us, like Oliver Twist, asking for "more." In these districts, remote from picture plays and funny papers, there is a great hunger for books. The child who has learned to know and love good books, and above all, the beautiful book of outdoors, has laid hold of one of the most lasting benefits and pleasures of life, and will never be friendless and alone. Perhaps no greater gift lies within our bestowal.

The school sewing machine has proved invaluable to the women. When they wish to sew during school hours, the machine is moved into the cloak room, and class work is not interrupted. Quite often they remain during night school, and have tea at the cottage. On such occasions little presents appear mysteriously in my kitchen, for the Ruthenian woman is splendidly independent, but of native tact and kindness she excels in the difficult art of graceful giving. Always her gifts repre-

sent her time and skill. I have seen broilers so beautifully and wonderfully prepared, that I wished to photograph them to show to my friends. Those teachers who have lived among the Ruthenians know that the first new laid eggs, the earliest berries, the finest vegetables and the most delicate cheese, find their way to the teacher's table.

In some respects they practise an economy that is foreign to us. After I had used all the green onions in my garden, I went to a neighbor for some. She did not extravagantly pull them up by the roots, as I had done, but culled a leaf here and there from the strongest sets to make up my bunch. When she wants new potatoes, she puts her hand into the hill and takes out two or three of the largest, leaving the plant undisturbed. She is frankly curious about my



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house keeping methods, and I am equally interested in hers. It is pleasant to see the beautiful loaves of bread she bakes in her big clay oven, and the wholesome meal she grinds between two stones. She thoroughly understands the food value of dried peas, beans and other vegetables, and the manifold uses of skimmed milk, both sweet and sour.

I know no woman more faithful than the Ruthenian in her devotion to duty, as she understands it. She shirks nothing. With her willing heart and strong arms, she thinks to achieve, by sheer physical force, the things that seem good in her eyes—a bigger patch of cleared land, better buildings and, above all, a chance for the children. For herself she asks nothing; and here she fails. She has never had a chance to learn her duty to herself—that heaven which makes sweet and healthful the daily bread of life. The house that replaces the shack does not always mean a proportionate increase in convenience. It sometimes means discomfort on a larger scale. Here is a vast field of opportunity calling for the exercise of understanding, sympathy and tact. The women do not want pamphlets or lectures, or even teachers. You may be all these things to them if you wish, but first and always you must be neighbor and friend.

In dealing with the older people, I have often wished that I could speak to them in their own language. The inability to do so, however, sometimes leads to special effort to learn English. At our Christmas concert I was pleased and touched to find that some of the