

Thos. H. Scott.
It is refreshing
great agriculture
not been seen
tremendous effort
military spirit in
spirit is at pres
land in its pres
and slam battal
cadets and boy
stealing into the
sate too the
sle too the
of acres of land
vices for par
grounds for this
Amid all this
and Dairy, in th
at the perinut
my neighbor?"
comes. "He tho
We were remind
week of the 10
"be ye kindly af
ther with brother
preferring one an
This has clearly
d the Canadian c
their collective bo
coming the voice
gious world. Wit
we are surprised
attitude of the
at the very eve
of Peace Movement
tions of the civil
ed to come and h
100 years of peac
line 3,000 miles l
and the United S



HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it.—*Horace Mann.* ***

The Boy and the Jersey Calf

HE was just an ordinary sort of farm boy, was little Jimmie Blake, and he disliked to get up early in the morning, disliked to pick up chips and weed the garden, just as do all normal boys. But Jimmie had one strong point; he did like to feed the Jersey calf. It was such a pretty thing anyway, with its soft brown color and its great eyes almost like the eyes of a deer. And the calf liked Jimmie, and after it had drank its milk from the bucket, out there under the big apple tree in the old orchard, it would try to get his fingers in its mouth and would follow him to the gate. And when he came again with the milk it would come scampering to meet him as he called, "Co bossy, co bossy, co bossy."

The price of live calves soared and soared until the people were willing to accept any sort of a calf not actually a yearling as a veal, and Jimmie's father was offered 10 cents a pound "for that scrub Jersey in the orchard." Now the Jersey was not a scrub. Under Jimmie's regular feeding it was almost too fat in fact, according to the belief of men on the island of Jersey, where these marvellous little cows come from. It was beyond the age of reahood perhaps, but still small enough and certainly fat enough to pass very well, so Mr. Blake sold the calf for 10 cents a pound.

And Jimmie was not consulted.

And they loaded it into the wagon, Jimmie sullenly refusing to assist, but took his fishing rod and started off for the creek instead. However, Mr. Blake with his great voice that carried a mile recalled him to disagreeable duty.

"Jimmie, come here this minute. It is too busy a time for you to go fishing today. None of us can be spared from the corn field today, you will have to take the calf to town. Just take him to the shipping pens. Mr. Wilkins will be there to receive him. If he gives you a cheque be careful not to lose it."

Without a word Jimmie took the reins and drove out of the yard and down the highway. To sell his calf for veal and make him haul it to town! The calf was tied by the neck in the big wagonbox. It was frightened and tried to get free, meanwhile emitting various astonished and protesting bawls. Jimmie went to it, put his arm about its neck and comforted it as best he could. He moved his seat back so that he would be near the calf. The calf grew quiet and began to chew Jimmie's sleeve. The horses, oldest team on the place, dropped to a very slow walk. Jimmie did not urge them. With his

heart very full of sorrow and bitterness he drove ploddingly on. The calf was his, his father had given it to him when he was born. It was not a common, burly, stolid beefy animal, fit for the butcher, but a delicate brained, sensitive, human sort of a calf and it loved him. It would be put in a car with hogs—he knew Mr. Wilkins' way—and the journey to the city would be an agony of terror for the little darling. It would be starved, frightened, calling for him and no

across it below, and a gate. A lower road led to the pasture. Jimmie took this lower road and put the calf in the pasture.

"Good bye, Bonnie, I will come for you after a while," he said to the astonished little animal, as he drove slowly away again, back to the main highway, and thence to the farmyard, a little easier than he had expected.

"Well, sonny, what did the calf weigh?" asked the father, with an easy smile.

"I don't know," doggedly said Jimmie.

"Well, did Wilkins give you a cheque?"

"He did not," said Jimmie.

"Oh, well, no matter, I suppose he thought a boy might lose it. I'll see him in town on Saturday."

Saturday! Well, that was nearly a week away, and this was only Monday afternoon. The lad was given the milk and told to give it to the hogs, the milk that had been Bonnie's portion. In truth the hogs did get a part of it; then after lingering a time at the pens the lad slipped off with the bucket, still nearly full, down the path to the ravine. Finding the calf after a time he fed it and it followed him to the upper gate. Thus passed several days of wary manoeuvring on the part of the boy and the calf.

"Mother, that boy acts mighty

stern face gradually reformed, a slow smile overspread it.

"Thought I'd come for you and find the oxen, Jimmie, and he was waiting."

"Have you seen anything of them? Just set your bucket over the fence and come and help me haul them. Why, how the calf has grown! I guess she likes it better here, but in the orchard, but you better bring her back, sonny. These Jerseys get wild as deer if they are not when they see people a great deal. Just put her in the old place after breakfast, if you like."

Together the two went down the trail and out onto the sunny hillside where grazed old Buck and Bright. Jimmie walked a little behind his father until the latter slowed his steps and reached for the lad's hand as he had done so many times in his earlier boyhood. Together then he walked across the dairy carpeted hillside in the morning sunlight, the father full of new sweet tenderness and love for the boy, the boy content, grateful restored to his old lot for the stern but loving father. Between them was a new and unspoken bond. Jimmie had been admitted into partnership. No longer would his hopes, plans and desires be reckoned as of no importance. The father, what he had never seen before, the neither parenthood nor more, a light of years gives one a right to dominate the child.

And Bonnie? She won first in the yearling class at the county fair, first in the young cow class and made a record in the cow testing association class. How much better than going to be sold!—*John Ewing, in Breckers Gazette.*

How to Wash Hair Brushes

There is really an art in the proper washing of hair brushes; the best brushes may be ruined by careless washing, and if the bristles are allowed to become stiff, the hair brush becomes practically useless for its intended purpose.

Many people cleanse hair brushes by covering them with wheaten flour, and simply rubbing the bristles together. This method, however, is not thoroughly satisfactory. To keep your brushes in good condition, resort to the following manner:

Have two shallow dishes, one of moderately hot, the other of cold water. To the first dish, add a quantity of water, and desert spoonful of ammonia. Now take your brushes, one by one, and keep dipping the bristles up and down in the water (being careful not to wet the backs), and in a minute or two the dirt and dust will come out of them as if by magic, leaving them beautifully white.

Now dip up and down several times in the second dish, containing cold water, and then, shake well, and place to drain across a towel-horse. No soap is needed, as no rubbing with the hands.

If you adopt this method of cleaning your brushes, you will find they will last three times as long as if cleansed with soap, and that the bristles will preserve their stiffness.

Ex.
Sometimes when we are caught in a rain storm and open our umbrellas we find to our dismay that a hole has appeared. If a small piece of sticky plaster is soaked in water and placed over the hole and allowed to dry, it will close the hole much neater than if it were done



A Conservatory That is Also a Delightful Living Room

This conservatory is the pride of its owner, Mr. T. A. Trinholm, Montreal. Such a room would be even a greater source of pleasure in connection with a winter garden than any farmer's home already heated with steam or hot water.

one would do anything but laugh, strike it with sticks, kick it with cruel feet.

Perhaps the water would have reached Tompkinsville if the horses had not of their own accord stopped at the watering trough by the beech woods, where the water comes down from a spring up on the hillside. Jimmie let the team drink and the calf wistfully sniffed the air and seemed to be longing for a drink. It was a hot morning and dusty on the road. As Jimmie stopped there a great load of hogs passed by, drawn by four horses, the hogs, enormous brutes, squealing and fighting in the wagon. The calf was terrified and tugged at its rope. Jimmie in a blind rage set his firm little jaw, backed his wagon across the road and turned homeward.

He had not much of any plan. His father was very stern with him. His only thought was to save the calf from a ride to the city coupled up with those hideous fighting swine. Below the house the little spring branch dipped steeply down in a deep freckled ravine. A path led down the ravine, there was a fence

quer about that calf," remarked Mr. Blake after they had gone to bed one night.

"Well, father, you did very wrong in first giving it to the boy and then making him haul it to town. He had his heart set on that calf."

"Mebby I did, mebby I did, but that is not what I mean. The boy has something on his mind. He is so silent, he hardly says a word only when he is spoken to and he is always going down toward the branch and takes something down there in a bucket. I am sure there is nothing in that pasture but a yoke of old oxen. Yet I am sure I heard a calf bawl down there. I have not seen Wilkins yet either, but I hate to seem suspicious of the boy."

A great chestnut tree stood down by the pasture gate and the next morning as the boy was feeding Bonnie with milk from the pails he was amazed and terrified to see his father suddenly appear from behind that chestnut tree. One swift glance at his father's face, hard to read just then, and the boy's eyes fell. He held the bucket in one hand and Bonnie was frantically seeking a few lingering drops in the bottom. Mr. Blake's