

## Our Farm Homes

### What Is Best

I know as my life grows older,  
And mine eyes have clearer sight—  
That under each rank wrong, some-  
where  
There lies the root of right;  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,  
But as sure as the sun brings morn-  
ing,  
Whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors,  
In the great eternal plan,  
And all things work together  
For the final good of man;  
And I know when my soul seeks on-  
wards,  
In its grand Eternal quest,  
I shall say as I look back earthward,  
Whatever is—is best.

—Selected.

## The Prize Winning Home

As has already been announced in these columns, the farm of Mr. Geo. McKenzie, of Thornhill, won the first prize in our recent dairy farms competition. We have pleasure in presenting in this issue the plans of the home of Mr. McKenzie, together with a short letter from Mrs. McKenzie, regarding some of the recent improvements they have made in their farm home, and several others which it is desired to make in the near future.

Mrs. McKenzie writes as follows: "If we were refurbishing the home I would dispense with all heavy carpets, and have stained and polished floors in all the principal rooms, and paint the other floors some good dark color. I would use a few pretty rugs here and there. In bedrooms, I would use muslin curtains, and covers for dressing tables and stands,

"It would be better to have a bedroom over the kitchen, for men servants, and also a bathroom. This is one of the improvements we intend to make as soon as we can. I could use the small bedroom off the kitchen, for a culinary room. The rest of our house is very convenient. Our bath is at present in the summer kitchen. I would not do without one there as it is so convenient for our hired help. It is near the soft water pump and stove. We would use the other bath room during the winter.

"All laundry work is done in the summer kitchen. I find the bath convenient there to run the water away, and I can easily place my washing machine where I can empty the water in a short time. The cost of the bath is small, complete as it is. It did not cost us \$5; it was second-hand.

other farm advancements. The Home Department I always enjoy very much especially health in the home, helps in the kitchen and in the sewing room. Now, when I look at my paper, I read on the outer page, the name 'The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World.' The name has changed again. I hope the paper will increase and prosper, and become one of the best farm journals in the Dominion. We have taken The Farmer's Advocate for a number of years; it is also a very good paper. We have always taken a daily paper, local papers and magazines, but we have benefited more through The Farming World and Farmers' Advocate than any others. We would not like to do without the help we constantly receive from them."

### Mrs. Burton Preston's Aunts

(Concluded from Last Issue.)

A moment later and she dashed into the house.

"Aunt Bodicea," she cried, rushing to embrace her, "I am so glad, and Aunt Nathalie," she continued, in her excitement, serving her in a like manner, "how did it ever happen? Oh, I have so longed for it! How good it seems. How glad I am, but when did you come, Aunt Bodicea? On that 8.30 train? And we have kept you up all this time! I hurried Burton home as soon as I dared to come. You haven't met Burton yet," she said as she introduced them.

The two shook hands quite formally, laughing a little as they did so.

"What time is it?" the young wife asked, still possessed of her excitement. Glancing at the clock she cried, "Why, it is after eleven; you must be tired most to death. It's a shame, but we won't keep you up one minute longer. I have only one spare room, but you two can occupy

They followed her now helplessly to the room which was to be their's for the night. Again she kissed them, murmuring in the ear of each, "I am so glad, Auntie!" and then, closing the door as she passed out.

"What does this all mean, Nathalie, is it really you?" inquired Aunt Bodicea, with a ring of pathos in her voice, at the same time clutching nervously at herself. "Oh, I have found my glasses," she suddenly cried, much as a lost seaman might on finding a haven of refuge.

The two drew nearer, eyeing each other with a nervous bewilderment; hands were extended and the sisters were held at arms' length, as boys do on beginning a wrestling match.

"Bodicea."

"Oh, Nathalie!"

Then the arms lost their rigidity; the two came together. Heads dropped on shoulders not their own, and there was the sound of another sob. Later as they made preparations for the night, there was much talking. It was pathetic to see how each deplored the signs of age in the other. Locks of hair were brought together and compared, each deploring their own the grayest. Then they stood side by side by the dressing case, cheeks almost touching, as they viewed themselves in the mirror. Bodicea's face glowed in a smile, showing her teeth.

"And you have an upper and a lower, too," lamented Nathalie. "Didn't it most kill you having them fitted?"

"Oh, I guess it did; I thought I would die."

"But you wouldn't take a hundred dollars for them now?" Nathalie declared.

"No, indeed; I guess I wouldn't. Isn't it a great invention?"

After the light had been extinguished, but I had not yet retired, Bodicea had found that she could talk to her sister in her natural tone of voice by lying so that her lips came close to the other's ear. Long before the midnight hour, their voices, as they discussed the changes the last twenty years had wrought, came as a muffled murmur to the young people below stairs.

The next morning the Rev. Samuel Knox called. He had met Aunt Nathalie a day or two previous; now he was introduced to her sister.

"This is Mr. Knox, our minister," Aunt Bodicea said the niece; "my other aunt, Mr. Knox, Miss Bumpstead, Miss Bodicea Bumpstead."

Mr. Knox approached, and shook hands, in his ministerial way, repeating absent the while: Miss Bumpstead, Miss Bodicea Bumpstead. Ah, I must explain myself. I thought I heard the name before. I found a letter the other day, stamped and directed, with that name upon it. It was in the post office, and I think some one must have lost it. It was all ready for mailing, and I mailed it."

"Oh, that was my letter, that I lost," screamed Edna, throwing up her hands.

Enough had been said to demand an explanation; one thing had been said which led on to another, until the whole story, including the sisters' long cherished quarrel, had been divulged.

There was a moment's silence at the end; then Aunt Bodicea said, with feeling impressiveness:

"I think I see the hand of Providence in all."

"Yes," replied the Rev. Mr. Knox.

"Yes, yes, indeed."

Life is too short to waste

In critic peep or cynic bark,

Quarrel or reprimand;

'Twill soon be dark,

Aye, mind thine own aim, and

God speed the mark!



THE HOME ON THE PRIZE-WINNING FARM.

When rendering their decisions the judges did not consider the size of the house, or the quality of its furnishings as much as they took into consideration modern conveniences, sanitary arrangements, and the requirements of the house, in connection with the size of the family residing therein. See diagrams of interior, pages 18 and 19.

and would have all things as simple and sanitary as possible. All bed coverings should be washable. I would buy good furniture, with little carving, the less the better, as it is more easily kept clean.

#### SANITARY CONDITIONS

"Any house can be kept in a sanitary condition, if the windows and doors are opened every morning and evening for a little while. Sleeping apartments should have all the sunlight and fresh air possible.

#### WATER SUPPLY

"Mr. McKenzie intends piping the hard water from the well to the house next summer, and it will be nice to have hard and soft water in our two kitchens.

"Regarding reading matter that comes to our home. In the ten years we have been on the farm we have taken The Farm and Home ever since 1902. The name of the paper has been changed a little, and the paper has improved a great deal. We have been helped with our poultry and

that together now. Oh, if you only knew how glad I am. I have so longed—I am keeping you up, and I won't do it. I'll show you the way—Aunt Nathalie knows the way—but I'm going, too."

The old ladies had startled, when their niece's cry had revealed their true relationship. There was a moment when their looks cast quick apprehensive glances, but the niece seemed determined to absorb all the excitement, and they remained silent, tacitly she had a correct idea of the situation.