

**AN GRAIN SOCIATION**

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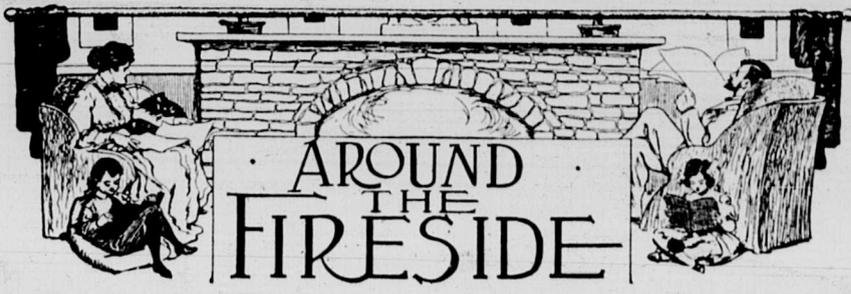
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Conducted by "ISOBEL"

**Mothers, Wake Up**

The horrible happening at the Riverdale schoolhouse in southern Manitoba, where a slim little girl teacher of 22 years was at mid-day, in the absence of all pupils, covered by a rifle in the hands of an abandoned drink-frenzied demon, who brutally beat and abused her, finally dragging her into the adjacent woods and scrub, where he kept her prisoner for thirty hours subjected to the grossest treatment, will surely leave an indelible warning upon the mind of every mother and woman in the land.

For many years futile protest has been made against the custom of school trustees building schoolhouses on secluded sections remote from human habitation, down in valleys and surrounded by dense scrub, the situation calculated, doubtless, as a shelter from the inclemency of the weather. As it seems quite useless to continue the objection from the end of the trustees and the school inspectors, better success may attend advice to the mother and the teacher herself. No girl teacher should engage to teach in any rural school situated as is the one in Riverdale and scores of others in similar broken and scrub country. The schoolhouse should be moved to the open prairie or within easy sight and reasonable distance of an occupied dwelling. It is no great matter to move a schoolhouse into the open and make it comfortably warm for winter occupancy.

The rural girl school teacher offers an easy mark for the ruffian. The loneliness and seclusion and the regularity of her goings and comings make an attack a matter merely of lying in wait.

It must be considered that this country is no longer what it was ten or a dozen years ago. The last few years have given us harvests that have attracted the criminal and ex-convict from many lands. He comes, hoping to lose his identity in this new country among the thousands of "hands" and visitors who annually arrive to size up the wheat fields; but when occasion presents, he is still the criminal.

In many farming districts it is no uncommon sight to find little girls sent on errands to distant neighbors, or to school, walking and unaccompanied, or perhaps more inexcusable still, on long tramps any and every where after cattle. No mother should permit a daughter to do any of these things. Only the most urgent necessity in case of sickness could excuse the errand to the neighbor, and the others are inexcusable. The cattle, although ordinarily tame, may stampede from any cause, and the child be killed or so terribly frightened as to never recover from the nervous shock.

By the time a child is of school age, the parents, if conscious of parental duty, will have made provision for its safe transportation to school. Even a well trained dog may prove an able protector on occasion.

The mother must be held responsible for the safe-guarding of her family in this particular. With peculiar force may be recalled that quite recent grievous occurrence in western Ontario, just over the Manitoba line, of a child detained or "kept in" by the teacher until the other pupils had gone and was devoured by wolves as he took his lonely way home through the bush. Occasionally a teacher is discovered who suffers for training. It should be the mother's duty to so train that kind of teacher that a recurrence of the "keeping in" would never happen. There is also the case of a little Manitoba girl of 10 or 11 years who was sent to a neighbor's through a bush and was never heard of again. Besides these cases, two or three small children here in the West were left at home while the parents went visiting or to church, and were found at various periods, of a few days to weeks, dead.

Mothers, do not leave your children behind! When you go take them. If you cannot take them, stay at home with them. Do not send them on distant errands. Go after the cattle yourself rather than send little children. See that they are accompanied to and from school. You are busy, of course, but children have the very first claim upon you, not the harvest, or the meals for men, or the cows, or any other matters whatsoever. They will only be small once. The day will come, all too soon, when they will be children no longer. You can, all your long life, always have men to cook for and cows to milk and bread to bake.

What the tender little timid mortals suffer from fright when sent alone to school or on errands, only their own poor little shrinking hearts know. Spare the children! They are the nation's greatest asset, and may be the crowning blessing of your life if you discover your duty while they are young. Let your first duty be to get their inner confidence. Find out just what the busy little minds are thinking. It may be a revelation to you and will be sure to bring you in closer sympathy, so that you may be able later to guide and control them in all harmony of spirit.

**GIVE THEM A PLACE TO PLAY**

Plenty of room for dives and dens,  
(Glitter and glare of sin!)  
Plenty of room for prison pens  
(Gather the criminals in.)  
Plenty of room for jails and courts  
(Willing enough to pay)  
But never a place for the lads to race,  
No, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores  
(Mammon must have the best!)  
Plenty of room for the running sores  
That rot in the city's breast!  
Plenty of room for the lure that leads  
The hearts of our young astray,  
But never a cent on a playground spent,  
No, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls,  
Plenty of room for art;  
Plenty of room for teas and balls,  
Platform, stage and mart,  
Proud is the city—she finds a place  
For many a fad today,  
But she's more than blind if she fails to  
find,  
A place for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport,  
Give them a chance for fun—  
Better a playground plot than a court  
And jail when the harm is done!  
Give them a chance—if you stint them  
now,  
To-morrow you'll have to pay  
A larger bill for a darker ill,  
So give them a place to play!

—Dennis A. McCarthy.

**HOME ECONOMICS AND "MARY"**

What is the domestic science school doing for its pupils? Though but a short time training them, it has already done incalculable good. The next generation will see a well ripened harvest from the seed now being sown in those schools. But just what has it particularly done for "Mary" today. It has given her an outline of general culture that she is expected to follow up in her own home. It has sent her back to her home with a joy in returning; it has made her conscientiously capable, resourceful and able to perform her duties with vigor and enjoyment. It has in her eyes dignified the old time "kitchen drudgery" into a delightful and controlled science and changed utterly her conception of its standing among trades.

It has given her the ability to judge wisely and choose well. She now rejoices that she is a woman and her place is home; it has taught her how to care for it, to enhance its beauty, to save its resources, to develop its capacities. "Mary" has learned to realize and appreciate the broad niche that nature calculated her to occupy and adorn in short just as John learns the possibilities and beauties of farm life in the agricultural college, so does Mary learn the possibilities and beauty of the farm home in the home economics department. Give the girls a chance to learn how to make their lives beautiful to themselves, which is gained through a true knowledge of the dignity of labor.

**LET THE FRESH AIR INTO THE SCHOOLHOUSES**

The country is full of school houses in which teachers and pupils are unconsciously drugged, and dullness of mind is charged against children who are poisoned by bad air. An open window often transforms the spirit of a recitation room. In the schools in which boys and girls sit with open windows in the coldest weather there is a minimum of that deadly indifference which is the bane of the teacher's life, and a maximum of that fresh and vital interest which is the teacher's exceeding great reward.

Jack is a dull boy when he has nothing to breathe, and he is not responsible for his stupidity. Jill is listless and idle when she is denied the air which vitalizes, and the marks which deface her record ought to be charged up against the architect or the school committee. We are doing better in these matters of fundamental health conditions, but we have still much to learn. Outlook.

**STUDY AND CHILDREN**

In Germany the hours of study in many schools has been reduced by order of the minister of education. Forty-five minutes is now the maximum limit by the new arrangement, thus allowing six subjects only for each day in school. It is ordained by this high authority that the shortened school day be made up in home study, but that, too, must be shortened in order to get the best of the child has.

"The child derives more benefit," says this educator, "from his play and from the study which he does voluntarily than he derives from grinding. Self imposed mental work is of the greatest benefit to the school child and the way to secure voluntary work is possible only when the child has several hours daily of absolute leisure."

Won't the old pedagogue, the martinet of the tawse and the "blue beech" gad turn in his grave at this shuffling of scholastic manoeuvres?

**MANNERS IN PUBLIC**

Keeping constantly in mind that good breeding means kindness and unselfish consideration for others, will go a long way toward the regular practice in public places of those kindly and gracious amenities that come quite naturally to us in our own homes or among our own people. A well bred person shrinks instinctively from a rude and gaping crowd. He takes ample care to avoid jostling his fellow when passing in narrow aisles or thoroughfares. Keep to the right is the rule for pedestrians as well as for carriages. Three or four abreast walking down a village street, thereby obliging the party met to either leave the walk entirely or edge past cautiously to prevent a collision, is the acme of impudent or ignorant assumption.

Loud talking or laughing is a grave misdemeanor in the realm of public manners. Only lack of innate refinement could make such conduct possible. A quiet well-modulated voice is the invariable attribute of the well bred, particularly in public. It is not permissible to discuss private affairs or to mention names of persons in public places. Having occasion to accost a friend or acquaintance, do so without shouting his name so that every eye involuntarily seeks the subject of your interest. Conspicuous among the ill-mannered is he who calls attention to his presence by loud talking, laughing or other noisy demonstrations.

A woman precedes a man in entering any public place unless very crowded. She follows a man in mounting a stair and precedes him going down the same. The well bred woman does not make

many, if any, casual acquaintances when travelling, nor does she admit any to the familiarity of paying any of her travelling expenses en route. Such a mark of intimacy is reserved for a relative.

The well bred traveller does not monopolize more than a just share of the accommodation furnished on boat or train or other public conveyance. All who travel in the same class pay equally and are equally entitled to the room and comfort provided for all. Sitting on one train seat with limbs stretched over the opposite one and hand baggage strewn as widely as possible, while another traveller stands in the aisle without a seat, is an act of gross meanness quite impossible to the well bred.

**WHEN PA'S TRUSTEE**

Pa cum from the school meetin' late that night

An' sed that they'd elected him trustee.  
Then Ben an' me jest yelled with all our might,

We wuz so glad, an' Ben he asked if we Wuz all trustee.

An' then my ma she spoke right up an' sed,

"No one's trustee but jest your pa an' me."

An' Ben looked sheepish, an' I hung my head,

An' Ma looked mad, when Pa, proud as could be,

Sed, "I'm trustee."

But, oh! such fun there was fer Ben an' me

When all the schoolmarms came from far an' near,

An' stopped in front of our old gate to see If Pa would give the school to them that year,

'Cause Pa's trustee.

An' then they'd talk to Pa a good long while,

An' Ben an' me would cough to make a noise,

An' then they'd look at us an' kinder smile  
An' say that we looked like good little boys,

'Cause Pa's trustee.

But none jest suited Pa, till one came who Wuz so much prettier than all the rest,

An' smiled so sweet, that Pa he said she'd do,

'Cause Ben an' me we thought she was the best,

An' Pa's trustee.

I guess sometimes she wished she hadn't cum,

'Cause Ben an' me we bothered her all day,

We'd poke each other, whisper an' chew gum,

But not a cross word would she dare to say,

'Cause Pa's trustee.

She'd talk about examples we should set,  
We'd feel so 'shamed, we'd promise to be good,

We tried so hard to please her then— an' yet

I'm 'fraid we don't do always as we should,—

When Pa's trustee.

—Mary E. Eddy.

**THE WIDOW'S PHILOSOPHY**

"If you would keep the love of any man, never let him know that you have caught him in a lie," said the widow. "If you do, he will never forgive you. It will make him uncomfortable, and to his dying day a man holds a grudge against anybody that has made him uncomfortable. There is nothing that so endears a woman to a man as a trustful absorption of his choicest lies. Contrary-wise, there is nothing that so weakens his hold on his affections as an accusation of untruthfulness backed up by indisputable evidence.

"It is a pity all women cannot learn this. If they could, the divorce courts would get a chance to shut down every day on schedule time. I learned it. An aged woman who had four husbands gave me a tip on that before I married, and I played it strong all the way through. I admit it was hard work. There came times when my common sense fairly shouted for vindication, when the pretended inability to see beyond my own nose or even to the end of it drove me to desperation; but the simulated virtue paid in the long run. My husband lived and went to his reward sustained in an unaltered