

parents, who are both English, resided for almost forty years, until a little over a year ago. Isn't this a record to have? They were the earliest settlers in that district and, I can assure you, they have had some thrilling experiences in their pioneer days and have endured many hardships. Still, they say those were the best days. They would still have been on the farm, had it not been for a sad and terrible misfortune that befell us, when through carelessness, over a year ago, we lost our only brother, a smart, young man commencing his noble career of manhood. For this sole reason we left the farm, for my brother was the only help my parents had. It was indeed a cruel blow, and one which can never be forgotten. There is only one spot that is dear to me in the old home now, and that is my dear brother's grave.

Dear Readers, won't it be a grand and glorious time when peace, firm and lasting, shall be proclaimed throughout the wide world? This is certainly a time of gloom and sadness, and many hearts are weary, wishing for the war to cease. I suppose there are few homes which this terrible conflict has not touched in some way or other. All my relatives, that are able to enlist, are either in training or at the front doing their bit. I have also many friends there. Had my poor brother been spared, he, too, would have enlisted. Oh, mothers, you who are called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in this great struggle, ought to feel justly proud of your brave boys, for they could never die a grander death nor fill a nobler grave. They have sacrificed all in this life for the justice and honor of the nation and their loved ones. Their names shall never be forgotten.

Should I be fortunate enough in having this letter printed, I shall endeavor to write again, provided I am granted the privilege. And, now while wishing the Editor and readers every success in the future, I will sign myself,

"Infelice."

Pleased with the West

Dear Editor:—I have been a very interested reader of your valuable paper for some years. I am especially interested in the Correspondence Column. This is my second attempt at writing letters to this page. My former one was not printed, but I think it must have been burned in the fire in the Stovel Building, as it was shortly before that I sent it in. I hope this endeavor at writing a letter will be more fortunate.

In reading the letters in the July number, I was greatly pleased with "Irish Nora's" letter. I think she was just right in her opinion about boys being called "slackers."

I would like to correspond with "Irish Nora." I think by her letter she would be inclined to be somewhat witty. I haven't seen any of "Mere Bachelor's" letters published lately. Have the young ladies frightened him?

I am living in a thickly populated district called "Wycollar." No doubt a good many of the readers will think that a strange name, as a great many have thought when they first heard it. But never mind, it is not as strange as it sounds. I have lived here for ten years and think there is no other district like it. We have a large number of young people and that is not the case in many districts in the West. Through the efforts of our present minister we have organized "A Young Peoples' Society," a splendid idea, which I think every rural district should carry out. It not only causes a meeting of the people, but it brings out the different views on the different subjects, and then it acts as a kind of recreation from the daily routine of work. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

We meet every Wednesday evening in the school, and have various topics discussed. Some nights a debate, such as: "Resolved that a man should pay his wife a certain wage every month." Other times we have socials or picnics. A great interest in these meetings is shown by all the members.

I will be pleased to hear from any of the members and will try to answer their letters.

"A Wycollarite."

Music in the Country Home By Musicus

When we speak of music in the home, let us never forget that it is in the farm and the country home where good music has its purest and sincerest expression. City homes, even town homes, may have more music. Country homes get more out of music. In the city a family may be here this evening, out to-morrow; almost any evening one or more of the family is out somewhere. Seldom do we hear in a city a family gathered of themselves to enjoy an evening of music produced by the members of the family. As a general thing, it's somebody else that is invited to sing or to play. The family sit back and listen.

But for simple and charming enjoyment of music, appreciated every minute from the time dishes are washed until bedtime, commend us to the country home. There's a reason why the piano in the farm home becomes such a wise investment. There's just as good a reason why in many a city home a piano might as well be a sideboard for all the music it makes. The poor thing waits till somebody comes along to play it. In the farm home the piano gets a chance to be heard every evening. It was put there to make home more enjoyable, not to demonstrate what any member of the family or any visitor who happens to come in is able to do in playing it.

And it's no longer necessary to draw any line between good music on the farm and anywhere else. In the present practice of teaching, most of the world's best simple music is available for the farm home. It's a long while since one book of piano pieces—Richardson's or somebody else's—was the only thing to be found on the parlor instrument. Sheet music has been popularized. People know what is going on in the world of good and interesting music. They know that such music was made for people to enjoy. It makes no difference how long it takes this or that member of a family to learn a new piece. There's a joy to mother and father, weary of the day's work, in just listening to the same pieces practised over and over. Sometimes one piece goes a long way. It's appreciated, every bar of it. No such thing as saying:

"Oh, won't you please play something?"

"Ah! Thanks so much. Wasn't it pretty! What is it? Please play another."

There's nobody asked as a general thing to play or to sing in a country home who is not asked to do so because of a sincere desire to hear the piece. Mere politeness has nothing to do with it. Many and many a time have I sat and turned out pieces on a reed organ or a new piano in a farmhouse almost by the hour while the family sat back and listened until one by one the members were induced to get up and play. We were all gathered to have an evening of real enjoyment. Mother went on with her knitting or her patchwork quilt. Father read the paper. Perhaps some of the others played a game. But the music went right on and nobody missed a bar of it.

Still, I remember so many evenings when music was the only thing. There was a genuine hunger for it. Nobody wanted even to read while it was going on. And under such conditions everybody who played naturally did his or her best. There came to be real enjoyment in the doing of it.

Very often bedtime came before most of us knew it. The evening flew away on the wings of music. Nobody came in very often for a week. It made very little difference most of the time, so long as we had plenty of good music.

Of course, some people who don't think much of music say that music keeps people from being sociable. No such thing. I know that every new piano in a farm settlement meant a new centre of interest for the neighbors. "We all wanted to hear it. Pianos were not such commonplace things to us as they seem to be in a town. Go down any city street, and you can find as many pianos as there are poles on the street, counting even the lamp-posts. Out in the country, pianos as a rule average at the most about four in a mile.

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