

MY SON—AND THE CITY

"Fortunately, before it was too late, I woke up to the fact that I was giving the live stock better shelter and more comforts than my wife and children."

By Donald Morton.

I am not like my Scotch neighbor to the north. He tells me that when he was a young man he inherited ten pounds from a rich uncle. "Man," he adds, "I was such a spendthrift and a wastrel that by the end of seven years there was not a farthing left of the whole sum."

I never inherited any great fortune, as did my Gaelic neighbor. I was never a wastrel or roysterer; I have worked hard all my life, far harder than any of my children will ever have to work, I hope and verily believe.

There were a good many years when it was my ambition to have more land and more stock than any of my neighbors. That ambition died with my firstborn, for the doctor's bills were large and there was sadness in the goodwife's eyes, and we had other things than money to think of. Followed then the years when I turned to public service for forgetfulness; township reeve first, school trustee next, and so on, until there were several terms as county warden. That's about the sum and substance of all the public serving I've done.

I may never have had the ambition to give my folks the most "homey" home in our township, to rub the wrinkles away from my wife's eyes, to keep the brood of children around us in a house as comfortable and well furnished as any we could have in town, had it not been for a little talk one night with my oldest boy. I remember it was snowing outside; funny who little, immaterial things stick in our minds, as big, sometimes, as the large, eventful ones.

I was reading the county-town paper, stopping now and then to throw another stick of wood on the fire and to cram the sofa pillow more firmly in the broken window which had been neglected to repair before the cold snap caught us. I had been reading the "patent insides" and must have been nodding at the last, for the fire had died down and the room was chilly when the lad came in. He hadn't said much until I was shivering; nervousness as much as the temperature, I guess.

"I'm going to quit you, Father," he said, with determination written large on his countenance. "None of the other boys I know in town live like we do. I'm going where I can have some of the comforts of life, even if I have to work harder and pay a bigger price. I'm going; that's all there is to it."

I couldn't say anything for a minute. You see, there was a peculiar bond between the boy and me. He bore my name; he was the image of me. After the first lad died I was bitter. Many nights I lay awake, thinking of the little mound out in the graveyard. The tears would not come though my eyeballs burned hot; it would have been better if they had come. Many days I found the tears blinding my eyes as I plowed the corn, row after row, and saw no farther than the turning at the fence.

Then the other boy came, and when I saw him I knelt down and cried like a child and thanked God, and I gave the boy my name—and there he was saying he was going to leave me—me, who worshipped him down to his last fault.

There's no need of making a long story out of it. I built the new house to keep him home with me. I told the goodwife it was for her, but there was something in the eyes of the grown-up boy that night that was like the look in the eyes of the little one when he left me for the mound in the graveyard. I couldn't stand to have another boy go. I built the house.

The first thing I did when I decided to build was to consult an architect. He charged me three per cent of the cost of the house for drawing the plans and writing specifications. Some of my neighbors laugh at me and say I threw away that much money. I often wonder if they think it worth away money to pay a doctor for writing the prescription for the medicine which cures them and their loved ones.

The prescription itself doesn't do the work—it's the medicine the druggist gives us; yet we go to a doctor. The plans and specifications do not build a house—it takes masons, carpenters, plumbers, and so on; yet we should go to an architect. That's the way I figure it, anyway.

You know, when you come right down to it, typhoid fever, dysentery, and the like are common diseases among farmers. Why? Because we do not know enough about sanitation. Therefore, when we build, why not go to a sanitation expert and minimize the possibility of sickness? I am a farmer, not a plumber or a well digger or a chemist. How can I tell how far away from the barn and outhouse I should put my well in order to avoid all seepage danger?

What do I know about the proper wiring of my house in order to prevent fires? Would I ever have thought of putting the bathroom over the kitchen instead of the living-room or the dining-room, so that, should a pipe burst and the ceiling be spotted or seriously injured, the damage would not show or be so great? My house cost me \$8,000; the architect's fee was \$240. I shall always believe it was money well spent.

I went to the architect just as a sick man goes to the doctor; I knew I needed something, but I didn't know what.

I built a stucco house, rather a novelty in the country nowadays, but cement is the building material of the future, I believe. Part of the place is purely ornamental, no earthly use so far as shelter is concerned. Maybe I have been a wastrel and used up my ten-pound inheritance in seven years, as my extravagant Scotch neighbor did when he was young. But the ornamental work has brightened the eyes of the boy who was going away, and the girls who never threatened to go, but whom I would have lost, sooner or later, had it not been for the new house, I am sure. It was worth all it cost.

For instance, you enter the house by way of a cement-floor terrace or porch, without roof, which extends clear across the front and faces the road. From this terrace you enter a covered porch, screened-in for summer, glassed-in for winter. To the left as you enter is a big built-in closet for wraps, and encased in the door of this closet is a full-length plate-glass mirror which gives the ladies a good chance to see themselves as they take off or put on their wraps. I've a theory that a few more good mirrors in a farm-house would keep the wrinkles and stoop shoulders from being so common. Maybe not, but that's my theory.

Outside the kitchen, in the rear, is an additional room which we call the kitchen entry. In this room is a built-in refrigerator. Off another side of the house is a sun parlor, with glass windows and a radiator to keep it warm for winter, and screens for summer. Upstairs there are three large bedrooms and a sleeping porch, with every bedroom having a large closet and every closet door a full-length mirror; none of those things which distort the features and make you look either like a roly-poly or a bean pole, but a good, honest mirror which shows the wrinkles in time to stop them, and enables a man to shave without leaving a cluster every here and there, like a spotted cornfield. There is a large bathroom, with both shower and tub bath.

The basement is my favorite, for it's here I can work on rainy days and in winter. It extends under the whole house. There is a good-sized vegetable room, a room for the wife to store canned goods, a coal and wood room, a boiler and furnace room, a laundry-room, and a little workshop for me. Next to the laundry is a drying-room, where the clothes can be dried indoors when it is bad outside. In the laundry I have a combination water heater and laundry stove, built in tubs, and a chute where the clothes come tumbling down from up-stairs, so they won't have to be carried all through the house. Even with an electric washer laundry work is no picnic, but there are no more "blue Mondays" at our place, believe me.

I made only one mistake, as I see it now, and that was in not having the garage a part of the house, so I could heat it in winter. I had only a cheap second-hand car when the architect drew up the plans—and what's another burst radiator to such a car? Now I've got a regular car, and I need a heated garage. If you're planning to build, don't overlook this; it is important.

A little while back I promised to tell you the effect the new house had on all our lives. I can't do it. Can you tell the effect the sun has on your life? Can you sit down and figure out, in dollars and cents, the value of good fresh air? Neither can I compute the value of our changed way of living.

I have seen it figured out that a woman, without running water in the kitchen, lifts a ton of water a day. It goes something like this: The water is brought into the kitchen from the pump, it is poured into a kettle, and from the kettle into a dishpan, and from the dishpan it is dumped out doors. The water in this simple operation is handled six times.

A bucket containing two gallons of water will weigh 20 pounds. Handling it six times means a total weight of 120 pounds. The cooking of three meals a day—on a meager allowance of water, necessitating the use of buckets and pans—means lifting for cooking alone 1,200 pounds a day. When to this we add the water for washing, scrubbing, and the weekly wash we have the over-burdened farm wife lifting a ton a day. I think too much of the companion of my life to compel her to do this.

Now, with running water, both hot and cold, in laundry, kitchen, bathroom, and small toilet on the first floor and basement, there is none of this burden-bearing. Can I figure this out in dollars? No. I can figure it easier in wrinkles which are missing, eyes which are sparkling, hair which is still black, shoulders which are still straight.

My children are all with me to-day, save the little one under the sod in the graveyard. Had I built the house of diamonds, they would have been worth it all, and more. You can't argue these things; they're just so. I was figuring out last night how much more the taxes were on this place than on the old home. It looked a little bad on paper. Just then two soft hands went over my eyes and a sweet voice whispered in my ear: "You're the best."

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daddy there ever was in the whole wide world, and I love you!"

What do I care for taxes! Why, I'd even squander a ten-pound inheritance in seven years and still consider myself the wealthiest man in all creation.

Be Optimistic.
"One of the foolishest things mortals do," said Mr. Gratebar, "is to make mountains out of molehills."

"Half the worry and distress in the world comes from this unfortunate habit. It breeds distrust, creates hard feeling, breaks up friendships, makes discord in families, it makes misery all around, and all this is 999 cases out of 1,000 for just nothing. 'The commonest form of molehill is the spoken word. Somebody says something to us that we think is mean, or that we think is suspicious, or lacking in appreciation, or twisting or sarcastic, and right away we begin to brood over it, to let it rankle in us, to magnify it, to make a mountain of it. 'It is at least an even chance that the little thing of that sort that distresses us so was never meant that way at all. But suppose it was meant to be sharp. What of it? We are all human, and the best of us are liable to make little slips at times and say little thoughtless things that we ought not to."

"But why should we make mountains of those molehills, of things that would have been forgotten the next moment if we did not dwell on them, keep thinking of them and brood over them until finally we magnified them into great grievances?"

"I once knew a man who got rich, very comfortably rich, by holding a good opinion of people. I think it not altogether improbable that there were some people that he didn't altogether fancy, but he never showed it, and really he believed that most people, the very great majority of people, meant well and he treated everybody accordingly."

"I don't mean that he stood out in the middle of the road and let people come up and kick him, but he never did permit himself to be annoyed in any degree whatever by any of the little peccavies aggravating sayings or doings that, as we go through life, we are liable to encounter. He was uniformly cheerful, good humored, hopeful; confident always of the good in his brother men, and for all this his brother men liked him very much. They were drawn to him greatly and they made him rich."

"But more than riches he gained by this; by consistently and always refusing to make mountains out of molehills he gained peace, contentment, happiness."

The Swallows' Game.
Here and there the swallows go, Up and down, fast and slow, Sometimes curving from the ground, Sometimes darting far around.

As I watch them skim and tip, Upward rise and downward dip, I have wondered what they play Just before the close of day.

Suddenly the answer came As I watch their evening game. Tag's the game they play; now see If you don't wish that agree.

Listen as they fly around, High above and near the ground; You will hear them, as they flit, Calling quickly, 'It's it it!'

The recognition of a composer in this world seems to depend some on his entrance into the next.

The skeleton remains of a giant human were excavated by a dredge on Lake St. Mary, Ohio. The weight of the thigh bone is such that professional evidence was necessary to establish its human origin.

Tangled Arithmetic.

If one boy, playing, Makes one bit of noise, How many bits, think you, are made By two little boys?

Where is the answer? Not in any rule That your teacher made you learn When you went to school.

Those rules are easy; All they'd have you do Would simply be to set down one Multiplied by two.

But two boys, playing,— Thus the sum is done,— Make ten to twenty times the noise That is made by one.

Encourage Musical Talent.

It is a good thing to cultivate the least inclination or talent for music in young people. There can hardly be too much pleasure in the average human life, and whatever will add to the sum total is worth while, and music certainly does this. A person who can play one instrument even fairly well, or who can sing, has something to contribute to society, and is therefore in demand. So it often happens that young people who lack accomplishments feel that they are unpopular, and pass many unhappy hours that might have been spared them.

Smaller instruments, the violin, guitar, piano must head the list, but the tar, mandolin, etc., make excellent music, and for a person who sings the guitar makes a good accompaniment, while a violin is always welcome in company. Young girls now play the violin as often as young men do. A flute, well played, makes charming music, and the banjo is popular; but the instrument which attracts the most attention to-day is the ukulele, which comes to us by way of Hawaii. It will pay to make some sacrifice to obtain a musical accomplishment, but whatever will make life happier for ourselves and others is worth the cost of the time and labor.

Cryolit—A source of aluminum, used also in making soda and glass—is nearly wholly imported from Ivigtut, an Eskimo hamlet on the southern coast of Greenland.

FUNNY FOLD-UPS
CUT OUT AND FOLD ON DOTTED LINES



WHEN TEACHERS COME THE FUN BEGINS WITH RUBBER BANDS AND POINTED PINS

BUT WHEN THE TEACHERS THERE, OH, OUR WILL'S AS GOOD AS HE CAN BE



GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By Andrew F. Currier, M.D.

Dr. Currier will answer all signed letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not, it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Currier will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnosis. Address Dr. Andrew F. Currier, care of Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Constipation.

None of the ills to which human beings are subject has more victims than constipation.

It is therefore a matter into which everybody ought to look rather carefully.

The intestinal tract or tube is that portion of the human machinery which starches and fats are digested and dissolved, and digested foodstuff absorbed as it proceeds to nourish and sustain the body, and it also is the sewer through which flows the current of waste matter.

It is very important in any kind of a sewer that this current should move freely and without obstruction and the human sewer is no exception to this rule.

When obstruction occurs in the sewer of your town you are well aware that the consequence is an effusion of foul gases into your house, overflow of offensive material and injury and damage in a variety of ways.

In the same manner when the human sewer is obstructed, foul gases are generated, waste and poisonous material is absorbed and distributed over the body of the blood current, skin diseases break out, you are bent over with pain in your abdomen and the resisting power of your body to infectious and other diseases is lowered.

Many diseases which have a fatal ending trace their beginning to this common and so often neglected ailment—constipation.

It is quite as important to keep the intestines free from poisonous material as it is to supply it with the food which is essential to life.

What is the situation—here is a tube thirty feet long the last third of it the large intestine, the reservoir for waste matter, two or three times the caliber of the other two thirds, the small intestine.

In the large intestine also are valves and folds, greatly increasing its capacity while the entire intestinal tube is so elastic it can easily be made to hold gallons of material.

If this material is poisonous you can guess at its possibility for harm.

Many people would deny that they are constipated and yet they suffer from auto-intoxication and are astonished at the great quantity of offensive matter they have been carrying about when their intestines are emptied by means of drastic purgatives.

In order to be free from constipation and its bad effects it is therefore imperative that the intestines should be emptied once or oftener every day, the exceptions to this rule are few in number. The solid or indigestible residue of some foods is greater than of others and the work of digestion is more completely performed in some persons than in others, this being the explanation why there can be no fixed standards as to the normal daily output for the intestines.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

E. M.—1—Can the appendix be located on the left side? I have a dragging pain, occasionally, in this part of the abdomen, and have had it during the last three or four months.

2—Will vinegar or lemon juice harm the hair?

Answer—1—It would be unusual for the appendix to be transposed from the right side, where it belongs, to the left side, although I believe it has occasionally been found there. It is more likely that you are suffering from gas in the intestines, or from adhesions, than from a displaced appendix.

2—I do not think that either vinegar or lemon juice would harm either harm or benefit to the hair, but I would suggest that it would be better not to use either.

A Reader—Will you kindly inform me whether a leaking valve is a serious heart trouble, or whether it can be cured, and if so, how?

Answer—It is sometimes serious and sometimes it is not very serious. I would suggest that you send stamped and self-addressed envelope and article on Valvular Disease of the Heart will be sent you, which will inform you in regard to this disease.

version of some of our dune areas to this purpose.

Jewels.
Sapphire days, sky so blue,
Mountains, hills, waters, too;
Emerald days, meadows green,
Every little field between;
Topaz days just at dawn,
Rose-pearl days, sunset gone;
Opal days of light and mist,
Twilight hours of amethyst;
Diamond days of ice and snow—
Oh, the lovely days I know,
Set together, fair and dear,
In the crown of one sweet year!

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PERSONAL LIBERTY

"The people are being governed too much," declared Joseph Hooper as he sat among the group of friends who were accustomed to meet daily for their noonday luncheon. "No matter what business you're in, you have some inspector coming round every day or two to see if you are carrying it on according to the latest laws and regulations. It is even getting so that you can't be a free man in your own home."

"Who's been interfering with your liberty, Joe?" asked one of the men. "Well," said Joseph, "when I moved out to the suburbs I supposed that I could keep a few chickens without asking anyone's leave. But now I have got notice that my rooster disturbs people, and that I must do away with the nuisance. If that isn't interfering with my liberty, what is it? Folks used to get along pretty well by minding their own business. I wish it were that way now."

"That was just old Sam Pitts's idea," said Henry Brock, with a chuckle. "Sam was a character in the neighborhood where I was raised. He had a tannery, which I suppose would be considered a nuisance in some places nowadays. But no one thought of objecting to that. What the neighbors did complain of at one time was a dog that was of no earthly use; but at night he would bark louder and longer than any other dog that I ever listened to. It was impossible for the neighbors to sleep when old Major was having his say; and finally some of them got up courage to go in a body to old Sam and remonstrate. Sam was a crotchety, quick-tempered old fellow, and the delegation was not well received."

"As for that dog," says Sam, "his barking doesn't trouble me or my wife, and we're nearer to it than you are. If anything, it kind of helps me to doze off at night. If other people are silly enough to be disturbed by it, it's no concern of mine."

"Old Mr. Pitts, by the way, was not only very lame but quite deaf, which perhaps partly accounted for her tolerance of the dog."

"My father tried to reason with Sam. Now, Mr. Pitts," he began, "I'm sure you want the good will of your neighbors—"

"But at that the old man blazed right up. 'No, I don't,' says he, 'I don't want to see one of you on my place again. This is my property, and me and my dog will make all the noise we want to on it.'"

"Well, that night it seemed as if old Sam were trying to make his words good. It was bright moonlight. Major's howls carried two miles, and now and then you could hear Sam, apparently encouraging him."

"Along about eleven o'clock poor old Mr. Pitts came dragging himself into our yard. 'For mercy's sake,' he called out, 'do come over and help Samuel out of an awful scrape!'"

"We hurried over to the Pitts's place, where some of the neighbors joined us. Leaning against the roof of the tannery we saw a ladder, and about halfway up it there was old Sam, held like a prisoner in the stocks."

"He'd been up fixing the roof by moonlight and had started to come down the ladder, back to one of the rungs had given way, letting him partly through, but leaving him wedged in like a half-open jackknife and quite unable to help himself. He had been suspended there for nearly two hours when we released him, and he was stiff and sore, and also hoarse. The first thing he did was to shake his fist at the dog, which had stopped barking at last."

"The critter kept up such a racket that I couldn't make my wife hear me now," said Sam. "Louder I yelled, louder he barked. Finally she missed me and came out of her own accord, and then had to go for help; and in spite of what I said to-day I was mighty glad to see you on my place again."

"He made no further apologies; but after that night Major's voice was stifled forever, and Sam was at peace with his neighbors. I guess he had learned that sometimes a man's personal liberty really depends on a little outside interference."

Chances For Patriotic Workers

The latest reports from the British Ministry of Food indicates that there will be a shortage of jam in Britain this year. Here is a chance for Canadian women to help by using all the fruit they can and by making preserves of wild berries whenever they are able to secure them. The mors jam used the more butter and canned goods will be saved for export.

Jam is on the soldier's ration list and he must not be deprived of this whatever happens. Besides providing a sweet the sugar is extremely essential in his fare and adds to his energy and all-round efficiency.

Ordinarily too much sugar is used in the making of jam. A pound of sugar to a pound of fruit is the old-fashioned theory, and it is a wrong one. Three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit makes better jam, while half a pound is sufficient where the fruit is extra sweet.

The richer a man is the harder he tries to make people believe he is poor. Canada has less than one-twelfth of the population of the United States, but she produces one-third as much wheat as the United States and leads the world in the amount of food grown to the unit of population.