



Fulfillment.

Forspent, I leant from the high casement sighing,
"How long fulfillment hides behind her mask!"

When lo! a wind stirred all the woodlands lying
On the near hills, and sped a low voice, crying,
"Sigh not, but work! Success is not thy task."

"Do we fulfill? Nay, our god is Antæus;
Ashes and muck we come to, as dost thou;
Great then as now, splendid as thou dost see us,
Silver and green, alive in bole and bough."

"'Homeless,' thou moanest? Home is where God set thee.
'Failure,' thou whinest? When have strugglers failed?
Thou has not failed, so long as sin doth fret thee,
Wrong cannot say, if in fair fight he met thee,
'Thy man-of-war a derelict hath sailed.'

"Down to thy work! Despise successes shining;
Down to thy work, to succor human need!
Down to thy work, thyself with them aligning
Who plan too largely ever to succeed!"

An Energetic Minister of Agriculture.

It is now some weeks ago since I received some very kind and sympathetic messages from friends in Prince Edward Island, to one of whom, only a very short time before my accident, I had written, asking for fuller details of a delightful visit to England paid by the Hon. John Richards, Minister of Agriculture, etc., for the Island. The idea at the back of my mind at the time of my request for his photograph was that it should accompany what I then purposed to send for my column as another and final Echo of Coronation Days, but I had not taken into calculation the possible pranks of a certain skittish little white pony which resented having its pretty head turned away from its stable for still another trip, just as it thought the time had arrived for its evening rest and well-earned supper. I mention this by way of explaining the long delay of my echo.

My friend in P. E. I. had written, "We are proud of Mr. Richards here. He is just the stamp of man Canada needs—honorable and upright, with a very modest estimate of his own abilities, and always anxious to do all he can for the good of his country. I think you know of his keen interest in the seed fairs and Institute meetings, in the promotion of which he has taken an active part, as he has also for years in every branch of farming." Probably it was his record as an agriculturist which led to his appointment as Minister of Agriculture for Prince Edward Island, a position which he has most acceptably filled for some years. Readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" probably already know that it was Mr. Richards who introduced the Aberdeen-Angus cattle into the Island Province, importing some very fine

stock from Scotland for the purpose; that he also brought out a number of pure-bred Shorthorns, while his interest in horses, Thoroughbreds and others, notably his splendid Clydesdales, is known all over the Dominion. That many prizes have from time to time fallen to the lot of Hon. John Richards as a stock-raiser, goes without saying, for amongst his importations have been prizewinners from the Royal and other important shows of England and Scotland.

All of which is introductory to my echo, but worth recalling, as explaining, first of all, why it should be most fitting that Prince Edward Island should have been represented at the Coronation festivities by its Minister of Agriculture, and why he was, as such, honored as were other Ministers of Agriculture of the Empire by a special presentation to the King on the occasion of the Royal Agricultural Show, held this year in Norwich.

That this meeting at Norwich should be held in Mr. Richards' mem-



Hon. John Richards.

Provincial Secretary-Treasurer and Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Prince Edward Island.

ory with very especial pleasure, is but natural, for not only was the seat allotted to him at the banquet the next but one to the King, but His Majesty asked him a good deal about the Island and its progress, and said that he had a most pleasant recollection of it from his former visit there when in Canada. Further recognitions of the representative of this Island section of the Dominion were also accorded to him, amongst them his election as member to the Carlton Club, and the request that he should address "The Most Worshipful Company of Gardeners" in London. He had invitations to spend week-ends, etc., at the homes of distinguished people in the old land, and at Cambridge to be a special guest at one of the Colleges. Mr. Richards was given an excellent seat in Westminster Abbey, from which he had a splendid view of the coronation ceremonies. In an interesting account of this historical event, written to his family shortly after he had witnessed it, he said, "that the most vivid imagination could never picture anything so

beautiful, and that, for grandeur, dignity and solemnity, he could never expect to see such a sight again." Although in his seat from 7 a. m., until 2.30 p. m., the time passed almost imperceptibly, so absorbing was the interest felt in the momentous event in which he was permitted to take a share. "Perhaps," wrote Mr. Richards, the part of the ceremony which most appealed to me was when Her Majesty Queen Mary, walked back to her seat alone after being crowned, looking so sweet and gracious, and yet with a dignity which marked her sense of the responsibilities which she had just publicly assumed as the recognized Consort of the newly-crowned King of England.

As a postscript to my belated echo, my Prince Edward Island friend who has so kindly sent me the notes from which I quote, adds: "I must tell you of how our Bideford Sunday Scholars celebrated the day. They, as well as the old people who had ever worked on the farm, and a large assembly of neighbors, about 150 in all, were invited to a picnic in the grounds. They had tea at two long tables over which was stretched a big white banner with crown and lettering five inches long, 'God bless our King.' All the prizes for the games had loyal mottoes, many consisting of china, with pictures of both King and Queen upon it; Union Jack flags, medals or brooches, or books with the inscription, 'To celebrate the Coronation of King George V.,' and the date of the event. And thus, said my friend, with song and British cheers, was our Bideford lesson of loyalty in our own corner of loyal Prince Edward Island. H. A. B.

Colds.

By Elizabeth Robinson Scovil (Author of The Care of Children, Preparation for Motherhood, etc.)

Colds divide themselves into two varieties, a cold in the head and a cold on the chest. They are usually the result of exposure to cold and dampness, which lower the vitality of the body and make it an easy prey to disease.

Colds often seem to be infectious, passing from one member of a family to another who has not been exposed in the same way. It is now thought that they may be caused by a germ, which communicates the infection whenever it can find a suitable resting place. It cannot be too often stated that the best way to escape any disease is by keeping one's self in good condition, by means of pure air, proper food, exercise and cleanliness. Then when germs find an entrance to the system they are killed at once. The vigorous, healthy tissues afford no lodging place, and they perish before they can do any harm. The doctors call a cold in the head coryza, from a Greek word, meaning the head. It is an inflammation of the delicate inner skin, or mucous membrane, lining the nose and the passages near it. Sometimes this condition is caused by inhaling dust, or some gas, or even a strong-smelling substance, like pyrethrum, Persian insect powder.

Some persons have such a sensitive mucous membrane that it is irritated when they inhale the pollen of certain plants, as timothy, roses, ragweed, golden rod, or peach blossoms. These are the victims of what is called hay fever. As long as they stay in cities, or out of the reach of the flowers that affect them, they are well.

With some persons the first symptom of a cold in the head is an itching at the end of the nose. There is an over

supply of blood at the surface, and the roots of the little stiff hairs that are apt to line the openings of the nostrils are over stimulated. These hairs rise gradually, and in so doing tickle the sensitive mucous membrane inside the nose, causing the sensation of itching.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

Prevention is much easier than cure. The excellent protective against taking cold is to accustom oneself to breathe constantly pure air, which in winter is almost necessarily cold air in our climate. Sleeping with the window open will prevent many colds, by rendering the lungs less sensitive to changes of temperature. This is a matter in which it is necessary to exercise common sense, and because they have not made the proper preparations many persons declare that they cannot sleep with open windows.

The feet should be warm and the body comfortable before beginning to undress. A flannel or flannellette night-dress should be worn, and an over-jacket of flannellette if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The bed-covering should be sufficient to ensure a feeling of warmth; a down comforter is an ideal addition to the blankets.

If the circulation is slow and the feet are inclined to be cold a pair of loosely-knitted bed-socks should be worn, or a hot-water bag placed in the bed.

If the sleeper is subject to earache, or suffers from neuralgia, a light woollen scarf may be wrapped around the head to protect it, or a flannel cap may be worn if the hair is scanty. The principle is to thoroughly protect the body from being chilled, so that the lungs may be filled with pure, cold air with impunity. This stimulates every part of the system, giving a delightful feeling of freshness and vigor on awakening in the morning.

In our Canadian houses heated with furnaces, or self-feeders, the baked air is deprived of a good deal of its oxygen, and as this is the life-giving property of air our vitality is correspondingly lowered if we breathe it during the long hours of the night.

Throw open the windows and get free the oxygen that costs a great deal of money when it is compressed into cylinders for use in illness.

Lastly, the bed should not stand in a draft. A current of cold air lowers the temperature of the body, as it drives the blood from the surface and cools the skin too rapidly. If a person has to take a cold drive, or walk, and is not properly protected by sufficient extra clothing, a folded newspaper pinned in the back of the coat and another laid across the chest, under the jacket, will keep out a great deal of cold, or keep in a great deal of heat, which amounts to the same thing.

If still not warm enough, take a deep breath, close the mouth and exhale the air through the nose if possible; repeat this several times, ten at least. The oxygen in the air sends the red blood corpuscles dancing through the arteries and quickens the circulation, so that the chilliness is replaced by a comfortable glow.

Among the preventive measures may be mentioned a cold sponge bath in the morning, or even at night, if one has not time to take it earlier. Some persons who do not like the shock of cold water find it possible to sponge themselves with it if they stand in a basin of warm water during the process. A plunge into cold water should only be taken by those who feel a glow after they have rubbed themselves dry.

The same treatment does not suit every one's constitution. There is truth in the old proverb, "one man's meat is another man's poison."