

time or money to help the woman he has sworn to love and cherish.

After we got the new roof on and had put in two dormer windows, we had a plasterer come and patch up. Then we sent for the paperhanger and ordered the cheapest paper he could get. You see we thought we were fixing to last until summer. Before he papered I painted all the woodwork in all of the rooms myself, for it was horrible. Formerly some one had painted it in four shades of pinks and blues, and frequent scrubbing with various kinds of dirt left behind did not make it any more attractive. So I gave the darkest rooms a heavy coat of white paint first. In fact I had decided to make them white; but I soon saw that I should have to apply four coats and so I gave up the idea. I bought a fifty pound keg of white lead, some linseed oil, turpentine and dryers. I mixed all the paint myself, since it was very much cheaper—and better too. Then I got a can of light oak graining color, thinned it with turpentine, and it made a fine stain. Some rooms I stained light oak and some dark oak; and what a difference it did make, especially when the paperhanger finished his job! For fifteen dollars the inside of the house was made to look new. If any of my readers decide to paint, let me warn them that it takes patience and hard work. But who cares? I didn't. Then, too, one must be careful in mixing and in putting it on. Don't let the laps show and remember the stroke of the brush shows when it gets dry.

We searched round in the weeds and grass and found all the shutters but two pairs, so we left them off the kitchen part. We found the porch posts, too, and we found a place to stow away the rubbish in the "parlor," which had been used as a general storeroom by the bachelor. I wish I could draw a picture of the parlor as it first greeted my eyes! The floor was covered with every sort of rubbish that you would find on a farm, and about six rows of nails were all round the walls with various articles hanging on them. Why? The rats were bad, and they could not climb the walls, you see! We discovered things for spraying, old remnants of harness, seed catalogues galore, nails, bolts, meat barrels which were half full of pickle and were the final resting place of many rats which could not swim. Indeed it was a regular Noah's Ark. My husband insisted at first that these things were very valuable and that there was no other place on the farm for them; but when he examined these treasures he found most of them to be rubbish, pure and unadulterated. So four wagonloads of trash and one of dirt left the room and the remaining things were stored away in a cupboard set apart for his own use. After the glass had been put in the windows and the shutters opened for the sunshine to come in, I was soon able to get rid of the unpleasant smell, and when the woodwork and floor had been painted, the room papered and the fireplace fixed over, I had a sweet, clean room, very cozy and comfortable.

The back door in the dining room was in very bad condition. The sills and frames were rotten and the door hinges were gone. The wall there had bulged from some cause, but, with long poles and heavy boards, half a dozen able men pushed it back into nearly its original position. That was done before we patched the plastering. Then the door was nailed shut, extra boards put where it was rotten, and the weatherboarding put clear across the opening on the outside. On the inside I have a large shelf clear across the top of the door where I keep my house-keeping magazines, and beneath it is a hat rack nailed tight to the door. A curtain hanging from the shelf protects the coats hanging there, besides hiding them.

Economies That Were Essential

When I first came here my husband had a wooden box in that place, with a tin bucket and basin, so that the men could wash their hands before going to their meals. I did not like the scheme at all, so I moved it into a large cupboard that we had in the room. Since then we have had the water brought into the house by erecting a windmill and a 5000-gallon tank, and we found a second-hand stationary

washstand for fifty cents which my husband installed himself.

A carpenter put a four-glass window sash in, charging two dollars and a half complete, and we have a fine play and wash room combined—made out of the darkest, dirtiest cupboard I ever saw. I put oilcloth on the floor and a piece of carpet on top for the children to sit on when they play. We found a good stove for eight dollars. The cost of putting it in was six dollars and a half—including the pipes—and we are very comfortable both in the bedrooms above and the rooms beneath. I painted the floor, then stained it, and use a big rug since they are handy to clean. The

wide cracks I filled up with boiled newspaper before the first coat of paint.

The back kitchen floor was gone, so a new one has been put down, and we cook in there in the summer and let the men eat in the inside kitchen. Having water right there is a great thing for our work in the house. We have a large pipe and spigot and although the tank is not very high we get a fine flow of water.

Our most modern convenience was the installation of a telephone, whereby we have unlimited calls here in the country. That is a great thing for an isolated farm like ours. The first difficulty in modernizing a farm home is the unwill-

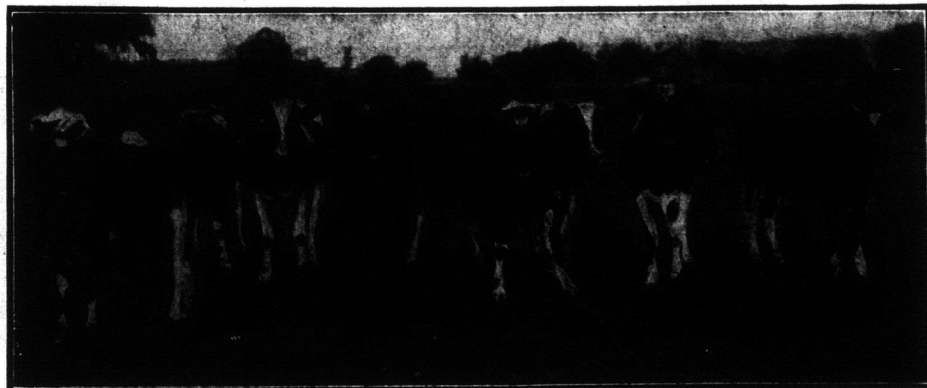
ingness of most men to spend the money; second, the lack of backbone, or of something, in the women which hinders them from demanding that these necessary things be done; third, the poor way in which old farmhouses were built, which made it very hard to remodel without tearing the house to pieces; fourth, and most important, the fact that the women are so busy doing their work "as mother used to do it" that there is no time left for study or reading along the lines of modern improvements, so that they cannot know just what course is the best one to follow.

Promised

The hansom ordered by a middle-aged spinster was late, and the cabby came in for a good rating when he finally drove up to the door.

"I shall probably miss my train," the irate "fare" informed him, "and I shall hold you responsible. I want to know your name, my man. Do you understand? I want your name."

The driver clucked up his horse easily. "You'll make your train, all right, madam," he assured the woman inside. "And I'll let you have me number if you like. But you can't have me name. That's promised ter another lady."—Ex.



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