



Granny's Experiences

No. 4

"Why, Mrs. Smith! I certainly am glad to see you"

"And Mrs. Jones, and this is—Oh, yes, Mrs. Brown, our new neighbor. Well, now, it was real nice of you all to come over and visit an old body like me."

"Oh, yes, I know you young wives have lots of demands on your time."

"What was that, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh, my recipes for tarts and cookies; why, yes, surely you may have them; Mrs. Jones told you they were the best ever? Oh, well, don't believe all that Jane Jones tells you."

"However, I'll run right out to the kitchen and get them for you now, but remember one thing, no matter how good the recipe, the flour may spoil everything, so be sure to use HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR—you can depend on it—it's always the same even blend—never changes—Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith know that, too, because they use it."

Established 1854

1666

# HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR

"Always the Same"



## This perfected Union Suit is ideal for ladies

Its glove-like fit is permanent because knitted in during the making, and because the fabric will neither lose its shape nor shrink.

Its soft, comfortable smoothness is due to fine quality yarns and the even texture of the Spring Needle fabric.

Watson's Union Suits for ladies are made with the Klosed Krotch as shown—a feature of real lasting comfort.

If you prefer other styles, your dealer has them in Watson's—including Vests, Drawers, Corset Covers, Black Tights, Etc.

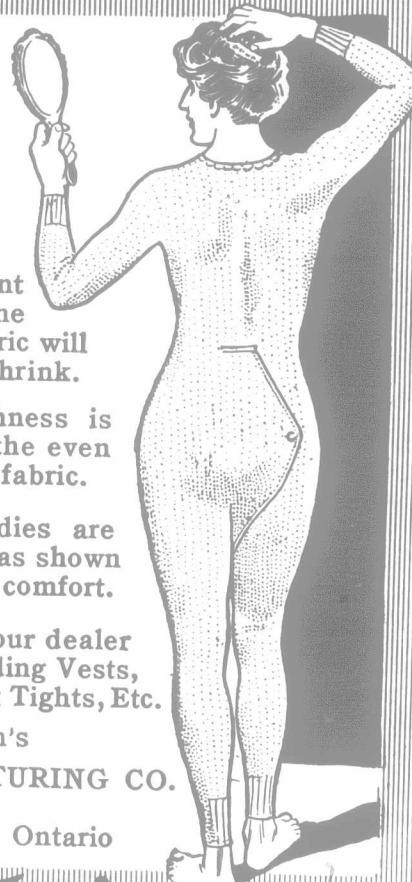
Insist on Watson's

THE WATSON MANUFACTURING CO.  
Limited

29 Brantford - Ontario

# Watson's UNDERWEAR

When writing advertisers, will you kindly mention "The Farmer's Advocate."



picture; still, the marketplace glittered with gold and silver helmets, and delicate spiral head-ornaments. Ear-rings flashed in the sun, and massive gold brooches and buckles. There was a moving rainbow of color and a clatter of sabots, as the market women packed up their wares; but there was no time to linger, if we were to reach Spaakenberg before the shadows grew long. We sped on, until the next toll-gate (we had come to so many that Nell said our progress was made by tolling, rather than tooling along the roads) where a nice apple-cheeked old lady shook her white cap at the motor, while accepting my pennies. It was her opinion, though she was not sure, that the road—oh, a very bad road!—to Spaakenberg, was now forbidden to automobiles.

To tell the truth, I had never motored to Spaakenberg, but I had bicycled, and thought there ought to be room on the narrow road for two vehicles, even if one were a motor and the other a hay-cart.

I was not surprised that the old lady had no certainty with which to back up her opinion. It was more surprising that she should know of the existence of Spaakenberg, of which many Dutch bicyclists who pride themselves on their knowledge, have never heard.

Naturally we determined to persevere, more than ever eager for a sight of the strange fishing-village, and a glimpse of the Zuider Zee.

"But what shall we do if we find the road forbidden, and we're too far off to walk?" Nell asked. "It would be dreadful to turn back."

"We shan't turn back," said I. "We'll hire a wagon and go on, or—we'll pass the sign which forbids us to proceed, too quickly to see it. Such things happen; and the road's too narrow to turn or even to reverse."

"I am glad you're a Dutchman," said she.

"Why? Because I know the ropes?"

"No. Because you'd die rather than give up anything you've set out to do."

It was now as if the apple-cheeked old prophetess had bewitched the country. The monarchs of the forest fled away and left us in the open, with a narrow strip of road between a canal loaded with water-lilies and low-lying meadows of yellow grain.

The landscape was charming, and the air balmy with summer; but with the first horse we met all peace was over.

Here were no longer the blase beasts of a sophisticated world. Animals of this region had never seen a town larger than Amersfoort. A motor-car was to them as horrifying an object as a lion escaping from his cage at a circus.

Horses reared, hay-carts swayed, peasants shrieked maledictions or shook fists; but always, crawling at snail's pace, we managed to scrape past without accident. Sometimes we frightened cows; and a couple of great yellow dogs, drawing a cart which contained two peasant girls in costume, swore canine oaths against the car.

"Oh, mercy, we've just passed a sign in Dutch, 'Motors forbidden!'" cried Nell.

"Well, we've passed it," said I. "Perhaps it meant that side road; it's narrower than ours. Let's think it did."

So we gave it the benefit of the doubt and fled on, until less than an hour we flashed into a fishing-village. They all cried, "Spaakenberg and the Zuider Zee!" But as it was not Spaakenberg, I gave them only a flashing glimpse of masts and dark blue water.

Half a mile's drive along a canal, and we came to our destination. And of Spaakenberg the first thing we saw was a forest of masts with nets like sails, brown, yet transparent as spider-webs. Fifty sturdy fishing-boats were grouped together in a basin of quiet water within sight of the Zuider Zee, which calls to men on every clear night, "the fish are waiting."

I stopped; and as we counted the boats, the whole able-bodied population of Spaakenberg issued from small, peak-roofed houses to see what monster made so odd a noise. By twenties and by thirties they came, wonderful figures, and the air rang with the music of sabots on klinker.

There were young women carrying tiny round babies; there were old women who had all they could do to carry them-

selves; there were little girls, gravely knitting their brothers' stockings; and one could not guess whether they would grow up male or female. There were men, too, but not many young ones; and there were plenty of chubby-faced boys.

As for the women and girls, they wore Heaven knows how many petticoats—seven or eight at the minimum—and their figures went out at the places where they should have gone in, and went in at the places where they should have gone out. They were like the old-fashioned ladies with panniers on each side; and those who could not afford enough petticoats had padded out their own and their children's hips to supply the right effect.

Some had black hoods with furry rolls round their rose-and-snow faces; some heightened the brilliancy of their complexion by close-fitting caps of white lace, according to their religion—whether they were of the Catholic or Protestant faith; and the babies, in black hoods, neck-handkerchiefs, and balloon-like black skirts reaching to their feet, were the quaintest figures of all. The men and boys, in their indigo blouses, were not living pictures like their female relatives, save when, with bright blue yokes over their shoulders (from which swung green, scarlet-lined pails, foaming with yellow cream), they returned from milking blue-coated, black and white cows.

Unspoiled by the influx of strangers, the simple people thronged round us, not for what they might get, but for what they could see. We were quartered to them than they to us, and I was as rare as a dragon. His mistress was of opinion that they believed the noise of the motor (now stilled) to have issued from his black velvet muzzle; and when we all, including the tragic-faced, happy-hearted bulldog, got out to wander past the rows of tiny houses in the village, they swarmed round him, buzzed round him, whirled round him, to his confusion.

Escape seemed hopeless, when Nell and Phyllis had an inspiration. They rushed in at the door of a miniature shop, with a few picture postcards and sweets in glass jars displayed in a dark window. Three minutes later they fought their way out through the crowd of strange dolls "come alive," and, like a farmer sowing seed, strewed pink and white lozenges over the heads of girls and boys.

Instantly the "clang of the wooden 'shoon ceased. Down squatted the children with the suddenness of collapsed umbrellas. There was a scramble, and we seized the opportunity for flight. We had seen the Zuider Zee; we had seen the cows in blue coats; we had seen Spaakenberg; and Spaakenberg had seen us.

(To be continued.)

### Trade Topic.

In the moonlight, the McCormick Manufacturing plant in London, Ont., resembles a large alabaster temple. The popular conception of a plant is a place where as much work as possible can be accomplished with the least cost, without a primary regard to the physical, moral and mental welfare of the employees. The McCormick building is built on lines that would have been looked upon as visionary and idealistic a few years ago. As a source of inspiration and incentive, the management has provided perfect working conditions, recreation, sunlight, abundant fresh air, and cleanliness. In this building of five stories, made of steel and cement, is a floor space of eight acres, with ample air space, and provision for 1,000 employees. There is an immense dining-room, gymnasium, rest rooms, cloak rooms, and every modern convenience that will make for health and comfort of the men and women who work there. The employees have also appointed a committee to conduct a self-serving lunch-counter in the center of the great dining-room, and here they procure food at cost price. A miniature railway conveys biscuits, fresh from the ovens, to the airy packing-room, where girls sort and box the flakey "Jersey Cream Sodas." The candy department is divided into three parts. Each has its staff of makers and packers.