

arate socks and bind off. In purling never put your thread over—always keep it towards you as if you are purling back on your heel.

The great advantage in following this method is that both socks will be exactly the same size and when it is considered that many women engaged in Red Cross work spend a great deal of time changing toes and making them smooth and the same size, this advantage is worth noting. It is said that after knitting this pair of socks in this way, one will be as efficient as if knitting the socks singly.

Some Aviation Experiences

WE have received an interesting letter from Mr. H. Hastie, a Peterboro boy who is now taking up aviation work in London, Eng. Part of his letter reads as follows: "I have completed my elementary flying here and so next to a squadron with fast machines. I had three hours' instruction in the air before I started up alone. Last Monday was my first day up alone and I did the three hours required to pass out of here. I got along fine and enjoyed every minute of the time I was up. It is splendid to feel that you are up alone and have full control of the machine. I flew about 150 miles in the three hours, coming down once for more petrol and landing back where I started.

"I am sending a postcard showing the type of machine I have been fly-



Cadet Harry Hastie.

This illustration is reproduced from a snap sent to us by Cadet Hastie, and shows him standing by a machine which is a type of the air craft he is using.

ing with here. I crashed with the particular one shown in the picture a few days after the picture was taken. I smashed the propeller, under carriage and a few struts, but came out without a scratch myself. I tried to turn on the ground when I was taxiing too fast and the undercarriage wouldn't stand the strain so it crumpled up, the wheels coming right through the bottom plane.

"I like flying very much; the more I do the more I want to do. The highest I have been up yet is 5000 feet. There is the finest scenery possible up above the clouds. As far as you can see in every direction, there is a sea of milk-white foam. The sun shining on this makes a beautiful picture. The machine I have been using is not capable of more than 50 miles an hour, unless it is a down wind, when you sometimes get up to 60 or 65 m.p.h. The next machine I expect to fly will be an Avro, speed about 90 to 100 m.p.h. I have to learn to loop, do spinning, nose dives, roll and all the rest of these fancy stunts used in aerial fighting. I am going on scouts after that, so that means plenty of excitement and fighting. You get all the fastest machines though and usually fly alone. You have either three or four machines

to protect you, which you handle yourself as well as fly your machine. Our latest scouts have a speed of 140 to 150 m.p.h., so there isn't much use of anyone chasing you unless they have a faster machine."

HOME CLUB

Men Not to be Blamed

SEE by "Aunt Greta's" recent letter to the Home Club that she asks the question, "Who decides what we shall eat?" and claims that the men do. Let "Aunt Greta" or any other woman get out and do a man's work at chores or following the team, or working in the hay field as I do, and she will say that the men must have meat, eggs and all these things to keep up their strength. They need it as much as the men in the trenches as they work as hard for it.


It is all right for women who just have housework to do, and perhaps have the assistance of the men to do part of that, to talk of some light diet for a man. But let the woman get out and till the soil, work at the hay and so forth and I believe she will want three good hearty meals and a lunch between meals, which the men seldom get. Then too, a woman who has no one but herself to go in and get a meal after being out in the field, has to have meat, eggs and such things which she can prepare quickly.

I am a woman and do all kinds of men's work on the farm, but I don't wear overalls. I don't consider that the belong to women's apparel. We meet a great many agents and other strangers when at this work and I don't want to be asked for a chew of tobacco, so I wear aprons. I eat three good hearty meals a day and even with this nourishing food my health is giving out. Woman was not intended for such hard work, but the scarcity of help makes it necessary as we have our farms and they have to produce or we will go under.

So much is said by people who never did a hard day's work on eating and what the farmer shall have. We are told that we must produce, must make maple syrup, etc., that all this work is a pleasure and that the country is a fine place in which to live. The only way the country becomes a fine place to live in is through long hours, hard work and by doing without clothes and other pleasures which our townspeople enjoy. I would say, let these women who take so long in thinking up menus so that food may be saved, to get out and do some harder work. We get advice to burn and the clipping which I am enclosing voices my sentiments, so I will send it along:

"The farmer gets more good advice than any man beneath the sun; the magazines would treat him nice, so tell him once, and tell him twice, how all his duties should be done. And lecturers with bulging brows in country schools lay down the law; they tell him how to groom his cows and how to raise blue ribbon sows by feeding artichokes and straw. The editors of weekly sheets, who never punched a span of mules, sit in their chairs with leather seats, and tell him how to raise his heaves, and for his guidance lay down rules. The men pursuing other trades, we all assume, know what to do: no man the merchant prince upbraid, or chides the lawyer till he fumes, or to the plumber hands a faw. The sexton he can dig a grave, we do not stop to tell him how, or show the barber how to shave, or tell the tightwad how to save; the dairyman can milk his cow. But every man in town believes no husbandman knows how to farm; and so we criticize his sheaves, and tell him how to shear his heaves, and treat the old mare for the heaves, and bore him till he has the peevish, and to his shoulders roll his sleeves, and tries to do us deadly harm."—"A Mannish Woman."


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