

heat-creating foods, e. g.: Corn-meal, with a little fat, oatmeal, beans, buckwheat cakes, and suet puddings.

To Wash Colored Centerpieces. First soak for one hour in weak turpentine water, and then wash them in tepid water, to which melted soap and a little borax have been added. Put a little borax in the rinsing water also.

Don't forget that your meat-grinder is also useful for chopping fine vegetables for salad, raisins, bread which is to be crumbed; in fact, anything that you wish to reduce to a fine consistency.

Do not forget to shrink all dress goods, particularly woollen, before making them up.

Save the paper bags, and when the grease and dirt need rubbing off the kitchen range, slip your hand inside a bag, rub the stove with it, and you will have done the work without soiling your hands.

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



6857 Blouse with Chemisette and Under Sleeves, 34 to 42 bust.

6859 Over Blouse with Straight Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.



6856 Surplice Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

6855 Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.



6854 Baby's Set, One Size.

6858 Boy's Box Plated Blouse Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years.

Please order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Price, 5 cents per pattern. Address, Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

OFTEN MILDLY Even one's wife "Light of his life" Is without doubt Often "put out."

The Roundabout Club

The Literary Society.

Results of Competition. Subject: "The Man I Like and the Man I Dislike." "The Woman I Like and the Woman I Dislike."

Prize-winners: (1) "Elizabeth," Nova Scotia; (2) "Scottie," Glangarry Co., Ont.; (3) "A Friend," Prince Edward Co., Ont.

Honor Roll: Gipsy, "He," "Baby," G. H. S., L. M. C., "Vic," M. T. H., A Farmer's Daughter, E. E., "Irish Molly," "Avon Zibber."

Please Note.—The rule is that all contributors send full name and address with each contribution. The real name will not be published if a pen-name is also given. (2) Enclose stamps if you wish your MS. returned. These rules were not complied with by all who wrote on this competition, but we trust this notice will be sufficient for the future.)

Prize Essay.

"THE MAN I LIKE AND THE MAN I DISLIKE."

I suppose, naturally, every woman who writes "Mrs." before her name would be expected to answer "My husband" to the first part of the above question; but women are always doing the unexpected, and doubtless this case would be no exception. Sometimes there is considerable difference between what a man is and what some adoring fiancée thinks he is. After all, this is somewhat beside the question, as it is solely what I like and dislike.

Leaving out the question of a man's moral character—for I hold that a clean-minded woman cannot have any abiding liking for a man who is not good—the man I like must be considerate. So many times have I seen good, decent Christian men, who seem to be on the straight road to heaven, and yet, who were so inconsiderate of one's feelings (and "notions," if you will), that really it would require the patience of one of the saints to put up with them.

I am not "nervous" in any sense of that much-abused word, but when I see a man scrubbing his feet over my carpet, fiddle with his watch-chain, make meaningless marks on my books with a pencil, and various other things of a like nature, I ardently wish his mother or some maiden aunt had taught him to consider somebody besides his own selfish self.

And good nature, and its twin-sister generosity, must be characteristics of the man I love—I mean like. How a woman detests a "cranky" man. A fund of good nature is a valuable asset, and it is wonderful how careful some people are of that very commodity, never using any except on special occasions, and then in small quantities, as though they were afraid of the supply running out.

There are one or two other little things I could mention about the man I like, but if he was good, considerate, generous and good-natured, "I would be satisfied," as the hymn says.

And now, as to the man I dislike. If he is married, he expects his wife to put the fires on in the morning, and cook turnips for his dinners when the smell of them makes her ill, and won't let the children laugh because they disturb him, and goes around evenings in his "socks" instead of wearing slippers, when he knows his wife has more than all the darning she wants to do without any extras, and, in short, I guess he is an all-round selfish brute. If he is a young man, he will call round evenings where he's not wanted and speak of all married people as the "old folks." He will talk over little happenings like an impudent school boy, and will be so "smart" generally that one will long to send him to bed without any supper for a succession of nights to see if it would tone him down a little. Sometimes such a one marries a shrew and gets "all that is coming to him" when at his friends' (2) indulge in unboldy mirth, knowing it is not just.

THE WOMAN I LIKE AND THE WOMAN I DISLIKE.

I can say all about the woman I like in a word—she is "true." It comes across with every quality absolutely necessary in a woman, and if she is pleasant to look upon, well and good, but I cannot say she is one to be that

for, though a woman may be homely as far as features go, if she is true in soul, her appearance will bear indication of it. A slovenly dress is an index of the mind of the wearer.

A true woman will sympathize with one if necessity arises, but will never try to pry, and she will know how to hold her tongue when she should. Blessed be the woman who talks not about the affairs of others. Verily, she will be respected in the land.

And the woman one dislikes? How easy it is to know her. She is the woman who "will speak her mind," and how everybody within hearing distance would thank heaven if she wouldn't. She is the woman who is sure to tell one, when one gets a new suit, "Why, you have a new suit, and, I declare! it is made just like Cousin Susan had hers made last winter." Although you may know in your heart it is not the truth, yet your feelings towards her and her probably inoffensive Cousin Susan are not Christian-like. Of course, it is only one's vanity that is hurt, but as long as vanity is part of the make-up of most human beings, why should a scourge like a woman of the above type be let loose in the land. And what words can we find strong enough to express our detestation of the woman who borrows all our magazines and books—to say nothing of fancywork patterns—before one is done with them. My magazines—neighbors can testify to the fact that I am a free lender; but only my own soul and the recording angel can testify to the rage in my heart when one of those "own-it-all" women takes up a new centerpiece, and, after the usual admiration, remarks, "I suppose you have no objection to my taking off this pattern. I won't hurt it a bit." Oh, no, of course she won't. But anyone who has had to suffer such an affliction knows just what that center will look like when it comes home. And one gazes at it and thinks "long, long thoughts." Take it all in all, I think the kind of woman I dislike is the woman who "thinketh only of herself." I wonder, and I wonder, can it be possible that perhaps there is somebody in the world who could think that of myself? Probably there is room for a long, long thought, just here.

ELIZABETH.

Nova Scotia.

Prize Essay.

What man do I like? This question, viewed from the standpoint of different minds, would present a legion of answers, each varying in meaning according to the fancy of the person asked. For instance, ask an old widowed lady, What man do you like, madam? She would likely describe to you, some nice, stately old gentleman, with nice gray hair, having a nice home and lots of money, saying the last over again by way of emphasis.

Ask a bashful young maiden, What man do you like, Miss? She would blushing answer that she didn't exactly know, something like Jim or Jack. Ask the same question of a young lad of four or five years, and he will describe to you his grown-up brother, or his pap. Then ask an old man, the one person whose opinion should be the most reliable, because he has been dealing with men nigh on four score years, and he will invariably tell you that the man who will pay his debts promptly, keep his line fences up, and bring back the things which he borrows,—that that is the kind of man he likes best. And I, like the old gentleman, like the same stamp of a man, and if he doesn't do those three things he is the very man I dislike most.

Now, the woman I like? That, too, viewed by different minds, produce different answers. For instance, ask an old widower who is married to his second wife. He will tell you that his first wife was the very model of perfection. Ask a young man, he will picture to you some flighty, flirty young creature, all ribbons and flourishes, who taffies him up, and tells him that he is the finest-looking fellow in the place. She is his model. Ask a young lad, and he will undoubtedly tell you his mother is the best in the world to him, and I, like the little boy, describe the woman I like as the one who comes closest, in my estimation, to the memories of a good mother. She whose face is bright with purity and unselfish love beaming from the eye; a gentleness that by pangs and suffering and

holy anxieties, has been mellowing and softening for many a year, uttering itself in every syllable, a dignity that cannot be dethroned, united with playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst wound; her presence a perpetual benediction; her name our defence when we are tempted, and the woman who does not conform to this description is the one I dislike.

"SCOTTIE."

Glangarry Co., Ont.

Prize Essay.

"THE MAN I LIKE AND THE MAN I DISLIKE."

Best of all I like the good-natured man; my reason for this is because they are so rare. There are plenty of honest men, moral men, and even good-looking men, but where, tell me where, are the good-natured men? No doubt you would search for them among the praying men, the religious, church men,—but be careful, don't watch them too closely at home.

Honesty, morality and uprightness, we all admire in men, and I am thankful to say, men possessing these qualities are not scarce; you can find them everywhere.

Then, I like a generous, large-hearted man, one that would not stoop to ask his wife what she paid for her new bonnet, and one that would insist on purchasing a vacuum cleaner at once, and an automobile in the spring. I like a truthful man, one that is truthful when trading horses, and even when getting rid of the kicking horse.

I like a broad-minded man, one who is willing to allow other men their views, and at election time does not feel that he must vote the way his father did.

A gentlemanly man we all admire, not one that is polite to those in a higher rank, or his equals, but the one that is polite to the beggar and kind to the ragged urchin. I have a large place in my heart for the man that cleans his shoes before entering his home. But these men are scarce, there are plenty of them that pretend to clean their shoes, but find me a man that really does.

I like the man that has no bad habits, one that does not swear, not even when putting up stovepipes. I expect in this world there are a few of this class, I guess they are the preachers, and I couldn't be sure of all of them.

I like a thoughtful, conscientious man, one that is living daily in peace with God and man, and loving his neighbor as himself.

THE MAN I DISLIKE.

I dislike a cranky, surly, cross man, and I have met so many, so don't think this class purely imaginary.

I dislike a lazy man, but he is not half as bad as the stingy man. God pity the woman that marries a stingy man, and let us who have escaped be truly thankful! How we dislike the little man, so small in his dealings, stooping to anything for a copper.

I dislike exceedingly the selfish man, and they, too, are so common. I also dislike the cowardly man, the dissipated man, the tyrannical man, and the careless, thoughtless, indifferent man.

THE WOMAN I LIKE AND THE WOMAN I DISLIKE.

The woman I admire is the womanly woman, the large-hearted, motherly woman, the kind whose heart goes out to all, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to protect the weak, the fallen and the lone ones.

I like a woman with lots of charity, one that looks out with all kindness on her fellow-beings, overlooking their failings and praising their virtues. And how I like a good-natured woman! I like a thoughtful woman, one that takes time to think and consider, and one that gives important matters, such as the rearing of her children and the making of her home, her most careful, thoughtful, prayerful attention.

I like a woman with good common sense, and the flippant, silly woman, I dislike.

Kindness is one of her crowning virtues; we all admire the woman that is kind to her neighbors, kind and patient with the children; in fact, kind and sweet with everyone.

Then I like a neat, pretty woman, one that takes time to dress her hair becomingly and does not wear a rat.

I dislike a lazy woman, and yet I never