

of the sense of humour carries an impossible handicap.

The only man who is fit to work is he who habitually looks on the bright side of things. He cheers you up with a smile when things go wrong, and never says "I told you so!" He has an unflinching sense of humour. He takes everything with a smile but other people's troubles. He makes you feel that your griefs are not nearly so hard to bear as they were before you confided in him. But nevertheless his advice is always serious and good.

What a splendid thing it is to have a fellow like that as your next door neighbor; but if you have a child or children of your own, or that you can borrow from anybody, you don't want another neighbor. The magazines and the newspapers are all preaching this gospel, and you will scarcely open a page without finding some well-worn platitude clipped from some other paper, telling "How to keep young." You will find lots of neat little paragraphs like this taken from a woman's magazine.

PATENT "WRINKLES" FOR WOMEN.

"The best preventives against growing middle-aged are cheerfulness, a strict determination not to worry over trifles, and a sense of humour that saves one from depression. A cold tub every morning and a walk every day in rain or sunshine, face massage, with cold cream at night, ten minutes' physical exercise, immediately on rising, friction of the hair to stimulate its growth, will keep any woman free from wrinkles, and will preserve the contour of her figure."

Now that's all very fine for a society dame, but the ordinary woman, the Real Woman of the Home, will smile at it, and with a real sense of humour ask her accommodating husband to fetch her a pot of cold cream from the drug store next time he goes to town. The cold bath tub is excellent; this advice is superfluous, however, because the real woman of the home knows all about the "bath tub." But will a bath tub, or cold cream face massaging ever do for a woman what the

warmth of a child's love will do for her?

No man and no woman (and we are particularly addressing our brothers and sisters of the Western Prairies) knows what it is to feel young and to take a real living interest in life and the common objects of their daily existence until they have begun to lose themselves in the hearts of the youngsters.

They say, and it is the fact, that "Canada is the young man's country." They also say, and it is the fact, that if you are to make anything good out of certain beings, you must catch them young. They also say, and it is likewise the fact, that there is nothing so strong and beautiful as youth.

NOT ONE GREY HAIR.

Well, we've got it. There isn't a grey hair in our history yet. In

ground of prairie and woodland.

As we write, the reveille is being sounded in the twittering of the early birds. The catkins on the willow remind us that the period of hibernation is over, and in common with all young life we spring to our work in the fields with a new hope in our hearts and an unwavering faith in the fulfilment of the promise, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

A GREAT "POWER PLANT."

You cannot dissociate the ideas of youth and the work hunger. It is of the very nature of healthy youth that it should have a craving for occupation. Did you ever see anything so lacking in composure as the average boy or the common school girl? What a "power plant" we could present to the world were it possible to concentrate and apply the pent-up

Some years ago some one wrote a book under the title "Blessed be drudgery." We read it at the time, but in every city and library we have asked for it since, it had not even been heard of. That shows the popularity of the "Here we suffer grief and pain" school of thought, and 'tis well for the world that it is so.

"BLESSED BE DRUDGERY."

The "dignity of labor" finds no place for "drudgery" or any species of honest work that is beneath the dignity of men to engage in; and (especially to one who may have rubbed against the conventionalities of an older civilization) there is nothing so refreshing in the democracy of western life as to see the "man of means" standing in his jeans by the throttle-valve of his own plowing engine, or digging and planting his garden patch with no less zeal and thoroughness than he would if the fate of the household hung by the product of the home acre.

Every man and woman who will read this knows exactly what he or she should do in conducting "the spring work." Every recurring season the home magazines have their little say about getting the seeder well oiled, having the wheels of the same carefully sand-papered, etc. Not a single subscriber to the "Thresherman," we believe, is at all short of information as to what he or she should do in any department of the farm work or household economy. What we are all seeking for is that divine elixir that will keep us in tune all the time, every day, all the year round.

We know our work, and we know how to do it down to the last fly-spot on the last page of the book of instructions; but what we want to get into the marrow of our spinal cord is that absorbing interest which we see the young folks take in their little affairs; that eager joy and satisfaction that never flags while daylight lasts, and knows no weariness till Nature calls us to our repose.

DIAGNOSING LAZINESS.

The gnawing of indolence and the fretting of an unworthy discontent is not the "voice of Nature." That tired feeling is



spirit and verity, we are as young as the youngest nation on the earth. We are not boasting. We are simply asserting our youth, and reminding ourselves of what we've got, of what has been placed in our keeping, and of what is expected of us.

We've got the biggest workroom and the biggest playground on the face of the earth. No creature who has had the privilege of sampling the good things of both hemispheres will contradict us when we say that we've got the finest job to work at in our wheat fields and stock barns, and that there is any finer sport in the world than the frolics of our play-

energy that is to be found any day in the smallest provincial school-house!

And this leads us to say that if we are cultivating the society of the young people we must necessarily be occupied. More than that, the chances are that we will be engaged in the very best way, under the most delightful conditions, in the very best kind of work we would wish to be identified with. We will have a perfect itching for work, and if the spirit of indolence or the fatal tendency to "put it off a bit" should stretch out its clammy hand, the very thought of the bairns will be as a needle driven into the quick.

