

very plainly comparing my outfit with those I saw there.

I loved the church service. I suppose the contrast between the building, congregation, choir and the preacher too, with what I have been accustomed to, gave it an impressiveness that it will never have again. The preacher is good. The choir might be better. I wonder if they would let me help them? Would they be patronizing to or overwhelmed by a soloist from a city church? Perhaps I had better be quiet anyway till I find out how a weeks farming serves me.

After dinner, Mr. Johnston took me around the farm buildings. Thanks be! I am not to milk. They have only three cows and evidently the milking of them is too precious a ceremony to be trusted to any green hand. I am to feed the beasts though, and have been instructed as to the amount and what. There seems to be an infinity of things that I don't know, and I feel like carrying a note book with me all the time.

Also I am to clean the cows and stall. I don't mind the cleaning, but how I am going to hide from Mr. Johnston and the cows that I am scared to death to touch them, I hardly know. Then there are the horses—they look enormous in the stalls, which make an unfamiliar environment for them so far as I am concerned, I am to clean and feed them too; also pigs, I am glad I got that Farmerette outfit after all.

As there is no service in the church here at night, I came up right after supper to write this.

I feel fine and dandy today and hope to find tomorrow not too bad. I am going to tackle that cow business alone—don't want anyone to see what a coward I am.

With piles and piles of love, Betty.

Wednesday, June 5th, 1918.

Dearest Sis:—Wednesday and Sunday will be my writing days. Writing is something, but what a joy it would be if I could run home every evening and talk it all over with you.

I left you last Sunday night to sleep; my room is comfortable and plain and probably the one usually given to the "help". My ivory toilet things look odd on the very rough dresser. You might send me a few of my own towels and some soap. I must not make any extra washing so will likely send them down and you can get them laundered with yours.

Monday morning I was awakened at five, and when I got down a little later, Mr. Johnston met me. He is quite pleasant but not what could be called cordial.

"You clean the cows and their stalls while I feed the horses and then I can milk while you clean the horses." He instructed me briefly.

Three cows—Rosy, Whitey and Spot. Rosy was at the far end of the stable and I decided to attend to her toilet first. The various utensils had been explained to me the night before and it all looked simple. It is too, I suppose, but the Scraper which in Mr. Johnston's hands seemed to be a light thing and easily handled, proved very heavy and unwieldy in mine.

The fork that he made carry safely, dribbled most provokingly in my hands. Before I had scraped and cleaned the apartments of Rosy, Whitey and Spot I had mighty aching arms. Then I approached with some reluctance, I admit, the toilet of Rosy. Instead of the stiff brush going through her hair in the smooth and easy manner it had under Mr. Johnston's manipulations, I found I had to use every bit of strength I had left. I felt it was a rough and indelicate way to treat a lady and felt somewhat like saying "I beg your pardon" when I struck a snag. I had finished Rosy and Whitey and was starting on Spot, who evinced more, I am sure, pardonable temper than either of the others, when Mr. Johnston arrived ready to milk. I must say I like the particular way in which they look after the milk here. He seemed to think I had done pretty well for a green hand. I wonder shall I ever feel brave enough to bang Rosy with my hand and tell her to "stand over" in a really firm voice.

I did not do much with the horses today, just fed and talked to them. I think I shall not be quite so uneasy with them as with the cows, though of course they appear perfectly monstrous in their stalls. The pigs, thank goodness, are not valeted with combs and brushes. The hens and other fowls are Mrs. Johnston's responsibility.

It has been a busy day, though I hardly know where the time has gone; I suppose I am slow doing things the first time.

It is lovely here out of doors. I wish you could smell the June smell in the country. It is quite different to the June atmosphere in the city, even in our part, and even different to the little sniffs we have had in your two weeks vacation at summer resorts. I can't describe it—it makes me too happy for description—I did not know there was anything in the world like it. There must be thousands of people besides me who have never been really in the country to stay any length of time. We have missed something wonderful, I am sure.

I forgot to say that in between learning about the toilet and diet of cows and horses I learned to distinguish weeds from corn and to recognize various implements of which I had only known the names before.

Good-night, dear! I'm aching and shall be stiff tomorrow, but it's been a lovely interesting day and I am more sleepy than I have been in months. Hope you did not find the old office too bad today. Sleepily, Betty.

Sunday, June 9, 1919

Dear old Gwen:—Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday have gone and I have been here a whole week.

Of course I have done the same things every day, but now I am not nearly so apologetic to Rosy and her sisters about their toilet, and I even suggest to Jim, Jack and Jenny—the horses—that they "stand around there" in quite an authoritative tone. I admit—to only you—that I don't quite like it when they prance around and turn and nip at me, even though it be, as Mr. Johnston says, a sign that they "have taken to me." I never did approve of promiscuous osculation and would much prefer some less effusive way of showing their affection.

It has come! Of course Mr. and Mrs. Johnston know my name is Montgomery, but can you imagine a farmer saying "Miss Montgomery, have you fed the pigs?" You see the point? What were they to call me? If I were a man it would be "Montgomery, better feed the animals"—but to address a girl that way! So they have just said "you" when necessary. This got on my risibles and I had a wicked desire to see how long it could go on so, but they are both so really nice to me now I know their ways better that I couldn't keep it up, so at breakfast this morning I said "Mrs. Johnston, my first name is Betty. Won't you and Mr. Johnston call me that? It is short and easy to remember."

"Well, it will seem more friendly" Mrs. Johnston said, rather eagerly I thought, so now I am Betty to them both—and I really like it. Now chuckle! I can just hear you! Yes, some of my "offishness" as you call it has disappeared in this atmosphere, which is not quite congenial to it.

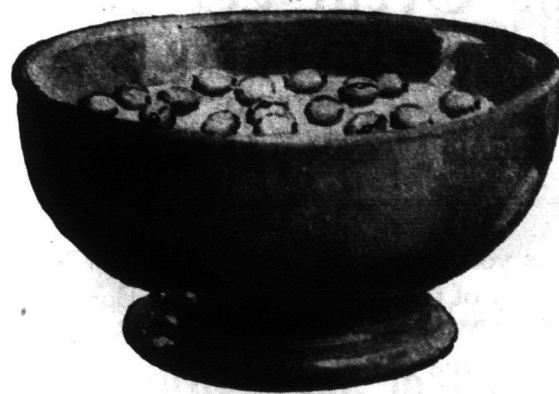
I do wish I could send you some of the air. I did not know there was such wonderful air in the world. We city people miss a lot, I can tell you. I am so well and contented, except when I want you, that I hate to think of coming back, though of course I may change my mind about that before I have been here a month let alone the three months I have contracted for.

I've really not given you a correct impression of this place and the Johnstons themselves. I should not have written about them the first night. No doubt they felt a good deal as I did—that they were meeting a sort of new creation. Mr. Johnston is about sixty-five, I think: a fine looking man, too. Mrs. Johnston may be six or seven years younger. I never notice her appearance except her eyes, which are lovely soft brown—"quiet eyes" you know. They are both gentle people. I cannot imagine them getting loud voiced or uncontrolled under any circumstances and of course I like that. Shrieking women and shouting men raise every bit of irritation in me.

There is an organ in the comfortable living room, which I shall try some day. Wish it was a piano.

By the way, the parcel of towels and things came yesterday, but I cannot use them now as I am afraid it would hurt Mrs. Johnston and anyway I notice she has put different ones for me since the first week.

No. Don't give Clarence my address. He does not fit here and I don't want to



How to Win Him to Whole Wheat

Serve Him Bubble Grains, Crisp, Flavoury, Toasted, Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

You want to do that—all you mothers. You want your children to eat whole wheat.

Then make whole wheat as attractive as cookies and doughnuts are. Make it a food confection.

Prof. Anderson Has Done That

Puffed Wheat is Prof. Anderson's way of making whole wheat enticing.

He seals the grains in guns, then applies an hour of fearful heat. Then shoots the guns, and all the wheat's moisture—turned to steam—explodes. He causes in each kernel more than 100 million explosions.

The grains come out thin, airy and gigantic. The walls are flimsy, the texture is like snowflakes. The taste is fascinating.

But the great fact is that every atom feeds. Every food cell, being blasted, is fitted for digestion. Thus one gets the full nutrition of whole wheat.

For the joy of it and the good of it, serve Puffed Wheat in milk every day.

PUFFED WHEAT **PUFFED RICE**
Steam Exploded—Each 15c Except in Far West

Delightful Ways to Serve

Any Puffed Grain with cream and sugar forms a witching morning dish. But mix them with your berries, too. Float them in every bowl of milk. Use as wafers in your soups.

Use Puffed Rice as a garnish on ice cream. Use like nut meats in home candy making. Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts when at play.



Like Bubbled Nuts

Toasted and flavoury, thin and airy, ready to crush at a touch.



Blend with Berries

They add to berries what crust adds to a shortcake or to pie.

The Quaker Oats Company

(3176)

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada