

circumstances. I wouldn't take a farm for Aunt Lucy's kitchen with the bird cage and the copy of Shakespeare, even though some people think it isn't nice to put one's feet in the oven. I would not, if I could, have a lineage from kings in preference to descent from people who know how to make a kitchen bloom with spiritual shining and intellectual charm.

It is so much greater and finer to be able to dignify the laborious life with full appreciation than merely to be born to the purple. So, in these sad days of distress the home sense comes to comfort me. I catch little fugitive precious joys from homely hints of simple living that I might wholly miss if mere pleasure seeking were the object of the day. Not that I haven't been a pleasure seeker. I have been, and I shall be one, maybe, to the day of my death. I do desperately seek for the harmonious attitude and I like to prove that the mind is its own place.

Nobody in our family, so far as I know, was ever rich. All of us have had close nipping on rather barren fields of life. I suppose this is what makes me find a pleasure in somewhat lean days. To me it is a mere reversion to type.

I had a friend once who never had a nice house to live in, but who always made her living rooms look pretty. A lady said to her one day: "I wish you would fix up my sitting room, I'll give you plenty of money."

"Oh, I couldn't do anything if I had plenty of money," my friend responded quickly. "I have to be obliged to go on nothing or I can't do a thing."

Surely somebody will always be coming home at twilight to feel his heart leap at the sight of fire-light and to yip at the fragrance of something cooking. We are really very unfortunate when we take the common comforts of life as matters of course and look to artificial and manufactured interests and pleasures for the things worth while.

The people who say that everyday life is stupid are people who haven't been tired and hungry and sleepy. Being tired and hungry and sleepy adds infinite zest to life. If, in addition, one is alert to all gleamings of fun and quaintness and beauty, he has the secret of successful living.

It is not a feather in your cap that you need sight-seeing and amusement to keep you from stagnating. The brightest, most entertaining person I ever knew was never more than fifty miles from her birthplace in a little Illinois hamlet except once in her life—when she went to the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia in 1876. I was told by members of the party she accompanied that nobody in the party knew so much about what he saw as she did.

The domestic sense, which I prize so highly, is not a dull contemplation of domestic duties and details. It is a warm sense of appreciation of our home privileges; of warm rooms and good beds and savory meals; of household interests; of good reading and pleasant companionship; of memories and day dreams and friendship and love. It is life in its best and fullest sense, because, of all the many agreeable things of life, the domestic sense remains with us longest—even to the day of setting our house in order for our departure from this world.

WHERE THE CHILD STANDS THE BLOWS.

Nothing is more common in households, perhaps, than for a man and his wife to disagree about how their children shall be raised. The man has his idea, the woman has hers, and each hates to give in to the other. But meanwhile the children suffer between two divergent views. And in not a few cases children have carried the results with them all through their lives. We seem to fail to get it into our heads that when two people are blessed with a child the very first essential is for them to agree about what is best for that child. Neither of them has any right to hold off, to refuse to arbitrate, to flare up or to sulk, or, in short, to do anything but consider what the ultimate effect of a disagreement will be upon the child. Benjamin Franklin said, when the Constitution was about to be voted upon, that there were many clauses in it of which he did not thoroughly approve, but he would vote for it because he felt it was better than no Constitution. That is the spirit

that ought to govern us as parents. Each should consider in every case the other's point of view. After that, agree! But we have no right to fight about a child and ask him to stand the blows!

THE BOY AND THE MOTHER.

The chief difficulty with a woman's control of a son is her reluctance to let him alone. She has an ingrained, quite natural, feminine desire to preserve him from harm, a passionate fear of letting him go his own way. She tries to surround him with all sorts of impossible safeguards. If the boy breaks them down, and gets away from her, as very likely he will, he has been equipped with nothing with which to parry the inevitable disasters he will encounter; for these feminine safeguards are not designed to make him any stronger, but only to protect him. The old idea that a boy must always sow his wild oats has probably done as much harm as any false saying ever uttered. There is no question but that many boys, hearing this baseless saying, have actually felt obliged to do unmanly things just to prove that it must be so. But there comes a time when every boy likes to break loose from his mother's apron strings. Then it is that her test comes. She should let him go fearlessly. She need not fear he will fail to come back. He will, and his flights will be much shorter than if he is held in feminine bondage too long. The latter method has never worked except to make for weak men. But it is not easy for a fond mother to understand this. But, for the good of her son, she should and must.

FAIRY-TIME

When 'twas in its little saucer on the table by my bed
The little night-light bobs and throws strange shadows
'round my head,
When the clothes are tucked in "comfy," and the curtains safely drawn,
'Tis then I know the Fairy Folk come dancing on the lawn.
'Tis then we fly with Peter Pan with arms instead of wings,
And in the Never-Never Land see many wondrous things.
'Tis then the windows open and the curtains flutter wide,
Oh! then the winsome Fairy Folk come tripping all inside.

There's dear Red Riding Hood so gay, with scarlet cloak and hood,
And the Robins, with the Babes who were left in the wild wood.
There's Miss Muffet and Tom Tucker; and the Sleeping Beauty comes
With the Beast, and wee Jack Horner with his pocket full of plums.
Then in a fairy boat we get and glide, and float, and sway,
And follow all the Fairy Folk who beckon us away.

We're never tired, although so far we go. How odd it seems!
But then, you see, we do these things when in the land of Dreams.

—Mollie Kennedy

For Our Little Ones

TALES OF THE FRIENDLY FOREST.

By David Cory.

Good morning, Mr. Happy Sun, Where have you been all night, Where do you go, I'd like to know,
To hide your golden light!

Well, it used to puzzle me when I was a little boy, too, so we need not think it strange that Billy Bunny wondered where Mr. Happy Sun kept himself all through the night. But Mr. Happy Sun didn't say a word; he kept on smiling just the same, and then all the flowers woke up and the birds began to sing and the little brooks to run more swiftly toward the big blue ocean. And then Cocky Ducky of the Old Farm smiled to himself and strutted about the barnyard, for he thought that he had waked up Mr. Happy Sun by crowing, oh, so early in the morning when it was still dark and cool and Willie Wind was hardly stirring on the Pleasant Meadow in the Friendly Forest and maybe not at all.

And then Mrs. Bunny rang the rising bell and after a little while longer she rang the breakfast bell, so the little rabbit got up, and after he had combed his hair down the middle of his back and washed his face and paws and curled his whiskers and polished his boots, and, oh, dear me! What else did he wear. Oh, yes, after he had dusted his knapsack and wiped his candy cane, he hopped down to breakfast, and after that he started off for the Old Mill Pond.

You see, he wanted to say goodbye to Uncle Bullfrog, for the day before Robbie Redbreast had told him that the old gentleman frog was going to his winter home in the soft warm mud at the bottom of the pond, and the little rabbit wanted to see Uncle Bullfrog before he took the trip, although, of course, it wasn't a very long journey for the Old Mill Pond wasn't very deep.

Well, as the little rabbit hopped along across the Pleasant Meadow he heard Professor Crow calling his scholars to school:

"Caw, caw, come to school. If you don't you'll be a fool. Learn to read and learn to spell. And learn your alphabet as well."

"Oh, dear me," sighed the little rabbit, "I'm afraid I won't have time to say goodbye to Uncle Bullfrog. I shall be late to school. I know I shall, and then I'll be kept in at recess." So he hopped faster, and faster until by and by he was going so fast that he couldn't stop and if he hadn't bumped into a haystack I really think he'd have gone so far away that he never would have come back. And then the school bell began to ring:

Hurry up and come to school, Study hard, obey each rule, Strive to learn just all you can 'So's to be a learned man.

It was mighty lucky Billy Bunny didn't knock the haystack right over, for that would have made the big farmer dreadfully angry.

"Oh, dear!" said the little rabbit as he brushed the wisps of hay off his jacket and picked up his school books. "I don't see dear Uncle Bullfrog on his log, and there goes the school bell!" And he hopped off to school without waiting to say goodbye to the old gentleman frog, and it was just as well he did, for Uncle Bullfrog was out of sight, down in the soft warm mud at the bottom of the Old Mill Pond, and there he would stay until the spring came again with flowers and with gentle rain, and little buds upon the trees and swallows building "neath the eaves. Well, there goes my typewriter again making up poetry and not telling me in time so that I could make a pretty verse out of it.

Ding, dong, bell,
Come to read and spell,
Never break a single rule,
Learn to read and learn to write,
And learn to always be polite.

And just as the old bell stopped ringing Billy Bunny hopped into his seat and Prof. Crow began to call the roll. And after that lessons began and everybody settled down to work, when all of a sudden, just like that, there was a great knock on the door which almost shook the spectacles off Prof. Crow's nose.

"I wonder who's that?" he asked, and he looked over his spectacles toward the door. And then another loud knock came, oh, a great deal louder than before, and the school bell began to ring, and all the little forest and meadow folk crept into a corner.

"Who's there?" asked the old gentleman crow, and he put his spectacles in the case and then he put the case in his waistcoat pocket. And after that the door flew open and in jumped Daddy Fox. Oh, wasn't that dreadful. "Get out of here," said the old professor as brave as could be, for he had been brought up from a boy never to show the white feather.

"Leave this schoolhouse or I will call the Policeman Dog!" "You won't have time," laughed Daddy Fox, and he made a jump for the old gentleman crow. But when Daddy Fox landed on the platform, Prof. Crow wasn't there. No, sirree-mam. He was out of the window and all the little people of the Friendly Forest and the Pleasant Meadow were out of the door and off for home, and before that wicked old fox could pick himself up there was nobody left in the little schoolhouse.

Daddy Fox, you'd better stay In the schoolhouse all the day, Sit upon the dunce's stool Until you learn the Golden Rule.

OUR ORGANISED GRAIN GROWERS

Articles and items under this heading are edited by officials at the Central office of the "Sask. Grain Growers' Ass'n." "The Courier" gladly gives publicity to these articles, as this paper always has been and still is a strong believer in the cause of the organized farmers of the west.

Seager Wheeler, Saskatchewan's Famous "Grain Grower"

If any man ever deserved well of his country it is Seager Wheeler, one of the best known grain growers of the American continent and a valued member of the Rosthern Grain Growers' Local. Of his work it can be truly said: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." His recent capture of the silver tankard, at the recent Dry Farming Congress, which was held in Kansas City last month and which will be on exhibition at the Provincial Department of Agriculture as soon as the customs officials at North Portal can find a knife to cut the "red tape" which will release it for entry into Canada, is another distinction which he has brought to his adopted province and places him in the front line trenches of Saskatchewan's most distinguished citizens.

If it is correct that "The truest patriot is the one who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," the record of achievement to the credit of Seager Wheeler places him in the ranks of Canada's most patriotic citizens. In addition to having introduced to the world several new varieties of grain, his experiments in producing grain and vegetables of the standard varieties have won for him an international reputation.

A Record of Achievement. Although it is only fifteen years since Seager Wheeler commenced his seed selection record, without assistance of any kind, he has to his credit the capture of 20 sweepstakes, 77 first prizes, 3 second prizes, 2 thirds, and 2 fourths. He has also captured 8 silver cups, 2 gold medals, and I.H.C. Binder and many hundred dollars in cash prizes.

This interesting and amazing record has been achieved by a man whose first earnings were obtained as a clerk in a bookstore. The subject of this sketch was born half a century ago in Black Gang, Isle of Wight, England, and came to Saskatchewan in 1885. But it was not until 1903 that he commenced his seed selection, which has won for him the name of the "seed wizard." He is a life member of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association and was one of the organizers of the Rosthern G. G. local, which was organized early in the present year and has already become one of the most active and has the largest membership of any local in Saskatchewan.

Record of Achievement. So lightly has the honors achieved by Seager Wheeler affected him, that when requested by a representative of the press to recount for publication a list of the honors conferred upon him, he was unable to do so. Finally, however, after ransacking the pigeon-holes of his den, at his residence, he succeeded in collecting the following remarkable list:

Marquis Wheat
1911—New York Land Show: First and Sweepstakes and \$1,000 in gold.

1913—Crop hailed out.
1914—International Soil Product Exhibition, Wichita, Kansas: First and Sweepstakes; Provincial Seed Fair: Second; Canadian Seed Growers' group exhibit: First prize.

1915—International Farm Congress, Denver, Colorado: Sweepstakes and First.

1916—Crop hailed out.
1918—International Farm Congress, Kansas: Sweepstakes and First; C.P.R. special, \$500 and silver cup; Sweepstakes, \$100 and silver trophy; I.H.C. 8-foot binder. Provincial Seed Fair: Sweepstakes and First prize. Canadian Seed Growers' group exhibit, First.

Kitchener Wheat
1916—International Farm Congress, El Paso, Texas: Sweepstakes and First prize. Regina Industrial Exhibition, Sweepstakes, first and bronze medal.

Marquis wheat, four international sweepstakes; ten first prizes.

Kitchener wheat, two sweepstakes. Total in wheat, five international sweepstakes.

Red Bobs Wheat
1917—International Farm Congress, Peoria, Illinois, sweepstakes and first prize, for sheaf exhibited for the first time.

1918—International Farm Congress, Denver, Colorado: sheaf exhibited second time, first prize; second prize for threshed grain in dry farming section; exhibited second time.

Victory Oats
1915—International Farm Congress, Denver, Colorado: sheaf, sweepstakes and first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit of threshed grain and sheaf, first prize.

1916—Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize.

1917—International Farm Congress, Peoria, Illinois: sheaf exhibit, second prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize. Provincial Seed Fair, first prize. Saskatoon Exhibition, first prize.

1918—International Farm Congress, Kansas City, sheaf, first prize.

O. A. C. No. 21 Barley
1911—Provincial Seed Fair, first prize.

1912—Provincial Seed Fair: first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize.

1914—Provincial Seed Fair: first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize. Saskatoon Industrial, first prize (group exhibit); special prize, C.P.R. Saskatoon, first prize.

1915—Provincial Seed Fair: fourth prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, first prize. Saskatoon Industrial, first prize. International Fair Congress, Denver, Colorado, sheaf, first prize.

1916—International Farm Congress, El Paso, Texas, first prize.

1917—Provincial Seed Fair, first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize. Saskatoon Industrial Exhibition, first prize.

Winner of Brenner trophy cup three times and gold medal; 14 first prizes, one fourth, gold medal and silver.

Potatoes, Exhibited First Time
1917—International Farm Congress, Peoria, Illinois, Gold Nugget, first prize; Gold Nugget, in Dry Farming section, first prize; Early Ohio, sweepstakes and first prize.

Canadian Barley
1911—Provincial Seed Fair, first prize.

1912—Provincial Seed Fair, third prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize.

1913—Crop hailed out.
1914—Provincial Seed Fair, first prize. Irrigation Congress, Calgary, third prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize.

1915—Provincial Seed Fair, first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' group exhibit, first prize. Regina Industrial Exhibition, first prize. Saskatoon Industrial Exhibition, first prize. International Farm Congress, Denver, Colorado, sheaf, sweepstakes and first prize. No grain exhibited.

1916—Regina Provincial Exhibition, first prize. Saskatoon Industrial Exhibition, first prize. Provincial Seed Fair, first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, group exhibit, first prize. International Farm Congress, El Paso, Texas, first prize.

1917—International Farm Congress, sheaf, first prize.
1918—International Farm Congress, Kansas City, sheaf, first prize. Provincial Seed Fair, first prize. Canadian Seed Growers' Association, first prize.

No word regarding exhibit of threshed barley at Kansas City Exhibition.

YOU DON'T NEED TO GO

on suffering with that obstinate sore, if you will only use Zam-Buk—the great balm for skin care. This balm, owing to its unique composition, is the very thing for sores and skin troubles that have resisted ordinary treatments.

Mrs. Herbert Cox, of Port McNicoll, Ont., writes: "For nine years I suffered with an abscess on my face, which was both painful and disfiguring. I had the abscess lanced repeatedly, but it still remained. I also tried ordinary ointments, but without any permanent benefit. Finally the doctor told me I had a tumor on the bone, and would have to undergo an operation, which I did; but instead of improving, the wound only became worse. I was in despair when a friend got me to try Zam-Buk. I soon noticed a marked improvement. Zam-Buk seemed to get to the very root of the trouble, and in the end the abscess was entirely cured—not even leaving a scar. This was a year ago, and there has been no return of the trouble."

Zam-Buk is not a mere ointment, but a rich herbal balm. Unequalled for eczema, scalp sores, ringworm, boils, bad legs, blood-poisoning, rashes, cuts, burns, sprains, scalds, and all skin troubles. 50c box, 3 for \$1.25. All drug stores or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Send 1c stamp for postage and free trial box.

ZAM-BUK

CANADA'S FOOD BOARD NOT RESTRICTING SALE OF FARM PRODUCE BY FARMERS

No undue restrictions are placed upon farmers disposing of their produce, by the Canada Food Board, is the substance of a reply received from L. E. Mutton, secretary of the Saskatchewan Food Board.

This question was recently raised by a member of the Grain Growers' Association, residing at Watrous, who in writing to the Central office said: "For several years I have been killing a few beef and selling by the quarter to customers in the town of Watrous. I wish to know if I require a license this fall to do this, if so, what kind, and how much would it cost? Also, if a license is required would it make any difference to solicit the orders, then deliver the goods later?"

The letter was forwarded to the Secretary of the Food Board for Saskatchewan, Mr. L. E. Mutton, who replied as follows, viz: "In reply to your letter addressed to the Grain Growers' Association, Regina, regarding the disposal of live stock, I would state that the Canada Food Board's Orders and Regulations covering abattoirs and butchers have not been taken to

apply to farmers who are merely disposing of their own produce. Farmers are allowed to dispose of their stock of all kinds, alive or dead, in any reasonable way they see fit without securing a license from the Canada Food Board. This, of course, has no reference to any local by-laws which may be in force, information regarding which can be secured from the local authorities.

"Of course, it must be clearly understood that farmers may not conduct a regular butcher business without securing a retail merchants license, which covers the sale of meat."

READ "DEEP FURROWS"

One of the most interesting productions of the fall book trade will be the publication of "Deep Furrows." A full realization of the results so far attained and of the goal towards which the Grain Growers' Associations are striving are little understood, except by a very limited number. In order that members of the various locals should more clearly understand, in a readable story form, the great ideals underlying this association, the attractive offer which the George J. McLeod, Ltd., Winnipeg, is making to the members of the Grain Growers' Association of the three provinces, should make it possible for "Deep Furrows" to find its place in every home.

A Reader's Notes

An official of the Grain Growers' Association, who has had the privilege of perusing the proof-sheets, says: "Through its pages one catches a glimpse of the vision that inspired the early pioneers of farmer-empowerment, passes through the crises of the movement, and is privileged to sense the joys and sorrows of those who first pitted their infant powers against the forces of commercial advance and the beneficiaries of special privilege."

"There are delightful descriptive passages in the book and the reader is kept in a state of pleasurable anticipation of the dramatic situations which occur, as for instance, when the Winnipeg Grain Exchange suspends the Commission rule; or when the rival grain firms attempt to break the oat market and the pioneer Farmers' Company with it."

"Historically, the book sketches the growth of the movement, from the early days of the Territorial Grain Growers' Association to the fall of 1917, describing both its educational and commercial developments; especially in the three prairie provinces."

The Courier's

Mail Bag

EMERSON, MAN., NOV. 1.

The Editor:—
I have been laid up for nine days with Spanish influenza. As I begin to feel well again I must write you a few lines, letting you know that we were fairly busy all summer building around Wauchop, Sask. When I left there still a lot of work was left to do, but the people got afraid of the "flu" and would not let build until the disease was over. This only was the reason for our journeying home again. In the Emerson district the weather is very nice at present and everybody seems to be healthy. There are only a few cases of influenza around here.

Kindly forward the paper in future to my new address.

Best regards to Editor and readers.

Wm. Lafrenese.

FROBISHER, SASK., NOV. 4.

Dear Editor:—
Kindly publish the following in your valued paper:

After an illness of only seven days on October 27, our beloved sister Rosa succumbed to the Spanish influenza at Fonda, N.D. Although we are deeply grieved over the loss, we feel somewhat relieved in the thought, that she died as a true Christian and in the faith of the Lord. Her last words were: "Wer an mich glaubt, der wird leben, ob er auch gleich sterbet;" and "Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit." The deceased entered into the holy bond of matrimony on February 27, last. She was for the duration of only nine months the faithful and devoted wife of Friedrich Bieberdorf of Fonda, N.D. When death came, she was only 19 years, 10 months and 7 days old. Her remains have been interred

with due ceremony at the cemetery of the Immanuel Church at Willow Creek. "Peace to her ashes,"
Jacob Mayer.

VALLEY, Le Rose du Lac, Oct. 19, 1918.

The Editor "The Courier,"

The first snow which fell on Tuesday put an end to our working fever. Last night we had a rather heavy frost which brought the most beautiful iceflowers to our windows. To-day the sun was shining brightly, but it had not the power to melt the snow. We hope sincerely winter might not have come for good yet. Not on account of firing material, for we have no lack of that like the city people. We have more wood than we need. But there is much work to be done yet before the severe cold sets in. This year we cleared 16 acres of bushland which will be sown in next spring. We are hoping for a good crop next year. This year's crop was rather good in our district. Some farmers had from 30 to 45 bushels of wheat per acre, and potatoes were excellent. One farmer told us he earned 250 bushels potatoes from 1/2 acre. The price being 50c per bushel, this means \$125 per acre.

The soil is yielding plentifully here wherever it is worked well. It costs many an effort and sweat enough but then it rewards all our labor to a high degree.

Some farmers from Saskatchewan have bought land here and are breaking it with gasoline tractors. May they be very successful in their new home.

Forest air and the use of the ax were the best medicine for me and have restored my health wonderfully.

Mrs. M. Kuenast.