

HAPPY THOUGHT



How You Can Roast Well and Save Fuel

A range may be a good *baker*, and still not be a good *roaster*.

Roasting is one of the most expensive processes of cooking—more fuel is used in proportion to the result than in almost any other cooking operation. So fuel economy is worth careful watching.

"Happy Thought" Ranges are constructed to give concentrated heat efficiency in the oven.

You know how necessary this is to proper roasting.

But the "Happy Thought" has this further advantage—oven heat is controlled entirely by the size and strength of your fire. So that a small, lazy fire gives a slow cooking heat, and a hot blazing fire gives a quick intense heat.

The sane firebox construction of the "Happy Thought" enables you to perfectly control your fire and, therefore, your oven heat.

The point is, you get a direct value in oven heat from every ounce of fuel.

Over a Quarter Million Canadian women, who know this from experience, use the "Happy Thought" every day.

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES

Are sold in your locality. Ask your hardwareman.
THE WILLIAM BUCK STOVE CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ONT.

Get the Winter Profits

Don't be content to merely keep your stock through the winter; make it productive and profitable. Confinement and cold are forgotten where health and vigor abound.

Pratt's Animal Regulator

keeps all livestock in the pink of condition. It improves the appetite, assists digestion, maintains perfect health.

25c, 50c, \$1; 25-lb. Pail, \$3.50

Worms impair the appetite, bring on many troubles. Just use

Pratt's Worm Powder

50c package

"Your money back if it fails."

Our products are sold by dealers everywhere, or
Pratt Food Co., Limited, Toronto.

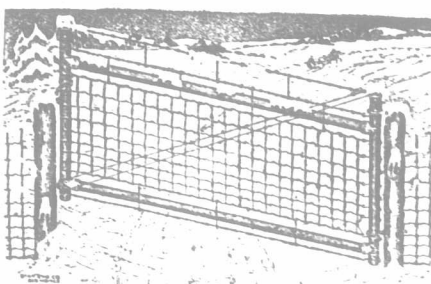


WINTER AND SUMMER

NO other farm gate made is so good, winter and summer, as the "Clay" Gate, which can be raised by simple adjustment to lift over snow in winter, or to let small stock through in summer. (See illustration.)

CLAY STEEL FARM GATES

are the strongest of all farm gates—can't bend, break, burn, blow down or rot. Will last a lifetime. Cheapest in the end, and most satisfactory and serviceable always. Twenty thousand sold in 1911.



SENT FOR 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Send for illustrated price list.

CANADIAN GATE CO., Limited
34 Morris St., Guelph, Ont.

BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED FROM ADS. IN "ADVOCATE."

The Purest Joy.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give

A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart

One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend

A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,

My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair

To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,

Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine.

And 'twill be well

If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of 'thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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CHAPTER V. WISDOM'S WAYS.

The day of Rebecca's arrival had been Friday, and on the Monday following she began her education at the school which was in Riverboro Centre, about a mile distant. Miss Sawyer borrowed a neighbor's horse and wagon and drove her to the schoolhouse, interviewing the teacher, Miss Dearborn, arranging for books, and generally starting the child on the path that was to lead to boundless knowledge. Miss Dearborn, it may be said in passing, had no special preparation in the art of teaching. It came to her naturally, so her family said, and perhaps for this reason she, like Tom Tulliver's clergyman tutor "set about it with that uniformity of method and independence of circumstances which distinguish the actions of animals understood to be under the immediate teaching of Nature." You remember the beaver which a naturalist tells us "busied himself as earnestly in constructing a dam in a room up three pairs of stairs in London as if he had been laying his foundation in a lake in Upper Canada. It was his function to build, the absence of water or of possible progeny was an accident for which he was not accountable." In the same manner did Miss Dearborn lay what she fondly imagined to be foundations in the infant mind.

Rebecca walked to school after the first morning. She loved this part of the day's programme. When the dew was not too heavy and the weather was fair there was a short cut through the woods. She turned off the main road, crept through Uncle Josh Woodman's bars, waved away Mrs. Carter's cows, trod the short grass pasture, with its well-worn path running through gardens of buttercups and white weed, and groves of ivory leaves and sweet fern. She descended a little hill, jumped from stone to stone across a woodland brook, starting the drowsy frogs, who were always winking and blinking in the morning sun. Then came the "woody bit," with her feet pressing the slippery carpet of brown pine needles; the "woody bit" so full of dewy morning surprises—fungous growths of brilliant orange and crimson springing up around the stumps of dead trees, beautiful things born in a single night; and now and then the miracle of a little clump of waxen Indian pipes,

seen just quickly enough to be saved from her careless tread. Then she climbed a stile, went through a grassy meadow, slid under another pair of bars, and came out into the road again, having gained nearly half a mile.

How delicious it all was! Rebecca clasped her Quackenbos's Grammar and Greenleaf's Arithmetic with a joyful sense of knowing her lessons. Her dinner pail swung from her right hand, and she had a blissful consciousness of the two soda biscuits spread with butter and syrup, the baked cup-custard, the doughnut, and the square hard gingerbread. Sometimes she said whatever "piece" she was going to speak on the next Friday afternoon.

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears."

How she loved the swing and sentiment of it! How her young voice quivered whenever she came to the refrain—

"But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine."

It always sounded beautiful in her ears, as she sent her tearful little treble into the clear morning air. Another early favorite (for we must remember that Rebecca's only knowledge of the great world of poetry consisted of the selections in vogue in school readers) was—

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

When Emma Jane Perkins walked through the "short cut" with her, the two children used to render this with appropriate dramatic action. Emma Jane always chose to be the woodman because she had nothing to do but raise on high an imaginary axe. On one occasion when she essayed the part of the tree's romantic protector, she represented herself as feeling "so awful foolish" that she refused to undertake it again, much to the secret delight of Rebecca, who found the woodman's role much too tame for vaulting ambition. She reveled in the impassioned appeal of the poet, and implored the ruthless woodman to be as brutal as possible with the axe, so that she might properly put greater spirit into her lines. One morning, feeling more frisky than usual, she fell upon her knees and wept in the woodman's petticoat. Curiously enough, her sense of proportion rejected this as soon as it was done.

"That wasn't right, it was silly, Emma Jane; but I'll tell you where it might come in—Give me Three Grains of Corn. You be the mother, and I'll be the famishing Irish child. For pity's sake put the axe down; you are not the woodman any longer!"

"What'll I do with my hands, then?" asked Emma Jane.

"Whatever you like," Rebecca answered wearily; "you're just a mother—that's all. What does your mother do with her hands? Now here goes!"

"Give me three grains of corn, mother. Only three grains of corn."

"Till the coming of the morn."

This sort of thing made Emma Jane nervous and fidgety, but she was Rebecca's slave and hugged her chains, no matter how uncomfortable they made her.

At the last pair of bars the two girls were sometimes met by a detachment of the Simpson children, who lived in a black house with a red door and a red barn behind, on the Blueberry Plains road. Rebecca felt an interest in the Simpsons from the first, because there were so many of them and they were so patched and darned, just like her own brood at the home farm.

The little schoolhouse with its flagpole on top and its two doors in front, one for boys and the other for girls, stood on the crest of a hill, with rolling fields and meadows on one side, a stretch of pine woods on the other, and the river glinting and sparkling in the distance. It boasted no attractions within. All was as bare and ugly and uncomfortable as it well could be, for the villages along the river expended so much money in repairing and rebuilding bridges that they were obliged to be very economical in school privileges. The teacher's desk