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Our constantly growing trade demands  
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Established 1899

## A Pest Worth Fighting

By Blanche Edmonds

I wonder if we really realize what  
a risk we are taking when we fail to  
provide screens for doors and win-  
dows and take all other reasonable  
measures to prevent that worst of all  
vermin, the house fly, from getting  
into our dwellings. When visiting a  
college laboratory at one time, one of  
the students dissected the legs from  
a fly, put it under a microscope and  
let me have a glance at it. To the  
unaided eye that leg looked like a very  
minute hair, but when seen under the  
microscope I found that the hair was  
covered with numerous smaller hairs,  
and on these hairs was collected all  
manner of filth and dirt.



Is it any Wonder That Milk is Often Regarded With Suspicion

"Now do you see what you are up  
against when you are fighting the  
house fly?" asked the student. "This  
fly has several legs, but that one leg  
that you see there is capable of carrying  
many thousands of disease  
germs."

I have been observing the habits of  
house flies since then, and the menace  
they are to our good health has be-  
come more and more evident. I find  
that house flies breed in dirt, out-  
houses, manure heaps, open drains  
and so forth; from there they come  
directly to the windows, onto the food  
that we eat, the cooking utensils and  
there they leave germs that may  
bring sickness and even death into  
the family.

We should first take all reasonable  
measures to prevent the house fly  
finding its way into our homes. If  
we would permanently eliminate the  
pest, however, we must clean up  
around the home. Every place that  
is damp and dirty offers flies admir-  
able breeding grounds. All such  
places we must clean up if we value  
the health of our family.



Not a Fable. It Happens in Many Homes

Now is the time to commence the  
war on flies. Every farm woman  
should do her best to see that flies  
are eliminated from her house and  
homs.

## Sunshiny Women

By Clara Morris.

Have you not seen some woman  
freely giving, nay, recklessly wasting  
herself in endless service for others,  
yet doing it all with an expression of  
conscious martyrdom grimly endured  
as to bring pain and shame to each  
helpless recipient of such bitter ser-  
vice? Small wonder the thought  
sometimes comes into the husband's  
mind that devotion in his house-  
trouble might have been easier to  
bear than this hardly rubbed-in de-  
votion. Poor wife! Loyal, brave,  
but making her sacrifices in the  
wrong spirit, with ashes on her heart  
and a weary, tired, aching woman, but  
still a sunny smile in a shady place.

There was a woman, gay—the life  
of all, jolly-loving, who had later-  
days, danced through the years at her  
husband's side, making in the love

and admiration in his eye, spending  
to the last penny whatever sums he  
could bestow for chiffons, and revel-  
ing in the effect of her adorning,  
when one day—crash! bankruptcy! a  
clouded honor.

## CHEERFUL AMID PRIVATIONS

And then the amid that had dated  
lightly to the life of music were said  
duly planted on the narrow, rough,  
cinderly path of unaccustomed priv-  
ation, of privations and mortifications.  
The road to regained fortune was  
long, but not longer than her pain-  
ance and her love—love that kept  
her eyes kind, her smile swift, her  
laugh ready. She taught her young-  
sters, at the cost of even a bitter  
tongue, not to pronounce one word of  
envy or complaint before the father.



who carried them all in his heart  
and was doing his best for them.  
Her love was great, and her cheerful  
giving of it won quick response from  
those who served in the line of her  
power, and happiness resulted.

The silver now has got into her  
hair, but it hasn't left her laugh, and  
she diffuses the same cheerfulness to  
day.  
We have many such women—  
Heaven!—but we want more of them.  
For this precious quality is to the  
woman what song is to the bird, per-  
fume, to the flower, or the halo to  
the pictured saint.

## Summer in the Country

By Louis E. Thayer.

Oh, Summer in the Country,  
Everywhere a fellow ease  
Things as glad and lively  
As a swarm of new-dressed bees;  
There are flowers in the pastures,  
There are leaves upon each tree,  
Oh, Summer in the Country—ay,  
That's the time for me.



Oh, Summer in the Country,  
With its blue, clear summer skies  
With its beauteous hours of day  
[Till the lingerin' sunshine dies;  
Sometimes I think that man can ease  
A glimpse of Paradise,  
When the rays of cheerful sunshine  
Come a sifftin' to his eyes.

Oh, yes, I've tried the city.  
But I couldn't take no rest;  
I longed so for the pillow,  
That my head at home had pressed,  
And my heart for me decided  
That the Country was the best.

Oh, Summer in the Country,  
With its flowers and the birds,  
With babblin' brooks and butterflies,  
With bees and lovin' birds;  
Oh, the feller may be happy,  
Jos' as happy as can be  
In not very good, or  
general, or any kind of  
Say—that's good enough for me.

Don't forget seeing your friends  
Having them join in for a club  
subscribers to Farm and Dairy.

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"St. Lawrence" Sugar  
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fall on it—and see the  
brilliant, diamond-like  
sparkle, the pure white  
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That's the way to test  
any sugar — that's the  
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