

What do You Think?

STATE YOUR PREFERENCES.

From time to time letters reach us commending specially various departments of the "Home Magazine" section of the "Farmer's Advocate." We desire a more general expression of opinion from our readers on this subject, in order that we may still further serve their interests. To please and to edify is our purpose. Wider usefulness is what we strive for in the "Home Magazine." We wish to know what you think:

1. About the Story department.
2. The Quiet Hour.
3. Ingle Nook Chats.
4. With the Flowers.
5. The "H. A. B." articles.
6. The Children's Corner.
7. Travel Notes.
8. Domestic Economy.
9. Fashion Notes.
10. The pictures published.
11. The Trained Nurse.

Now, will readers everywhere take a little time to think this over, and write us at once, candidly but concisely, about these departments, how you like them, which you prefer, to which you would like more space devoted, are there any new departments that would add to the value of the "Home Magazine," or any special subjects you would like to see taken up? The opinions of thoughtful, well-informed people are valuable. Please write us about the above points. Kindly write "Suggestions" across the top of your letters. For the best and most suggestive comment, not exceeding 250 words, we will give a prize of \$3.00, for the second best \$2.00, and the third \$1.00. All letters must be mailed to us not later than May 21st. Address, "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

For the "Farmer's Advocate."

If I am last in sending my tribute to the "Farmer's Advocate," hope I will not be considered least, as I have been a constant reader of the "yellow-backed old 'Advocate'" almost from its origin. Some thirty-six years ago my late husband began taking it, when William Weld was chief manager. It has been a welcome visitor monthly, semi-monthly, and weekly ever since, and I hope to take it as long as I remain on the farm.

I enjoy reading the Quiet Hour very much, and agree with Mr. John A. Martin, that the Quiet Hour of Feb. 18th was worth the price of the paper. It gives us food for the mind. Wishing you every success, I remain,
MRS. A. B.
Newport, Ont., April 15th.

Sentence Sermons.

Your criticism of another is your verdict on yourself.

The great lives have all loved something greater than life.

Sin is always a greater wrong to the sinner than to any other.

Righteousness is the only recommendation that goes in heaven.

Disappointment is not sufficient reason for discouragement.

There is more in being worthy of great place than there is in winning it.

Holiness is the reaching after rather than the arriving at perfection.

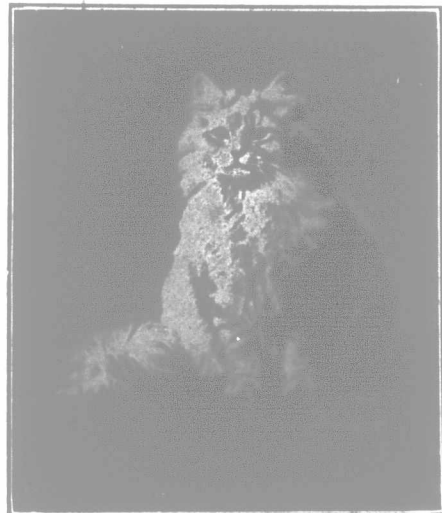
The man who is afraid of burning up his wick need not hope to brighten the world.

When a man sets popularity before his eyes he is likely to let principle out of his heart.



How Pussy was Saved a Whipping.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend.
'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day
When cook missed her custard, and every one said
It was puss that had stole it away.
You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear,
So in course you got blamed, an'—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would beat
The thief out of that mizzable cat.
But I—didn't feel comfort'le down in my heart,



So I saved you the whippin', you see,
'Cause I went to mamma, an' told her I 'spect
She'd better tell cook to whip me,
'Cause the custard was stole by a bad little girl,
Who felt drefely sorry with shame,
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to blame!
'Was it my little girlie?' my dear mamma said,
I felt drefely scared, but I nodded my head,
An' then mamma laughed, 'Go find nurse, for I guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress.'
Well, then, 'course they knew it was I, an' not you,
Who stole all the custard an' then ran away.
But it's best to be true in the things that we do,
An'—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

Montreal Star.



Jinrikisha, Japanese Carriage.

"Man-power vehicle."

How Beth Spent Her Dollar.

When grandma wrote her son, who was a clergyman, or his family, she was apt to slip in the letter a little money for them to spend just as they liked.

Ethelwyn had received such a letter not long before, so Beth was not at all surprised, but much delighted, to find in her letter one morning a

dollar bill. "It isn't much," wrote grandma, "but it will buy some trifle for your winter outfit, perhaps, and I send it, with much love."

"O!" said Beth, waving it aloft, "I'm so glad, for now I can get a nice pair of gloves, to match my dress and hat. Grandma appreciates the fact that we are a minister's children, and she knows these little gifts help us over lots of tight places. I never have quite enough till grandma's letter comes."

"Can you get your gloves for a dollar?" asked mamma.

"No, mamma, but I have fifty cents of my own money left, and I know where there are such sweet ones for a dollar and a half."

"Yes, isn't she the dearest grandma?" said Ethelwyn. "I wish it was my time again; I do want a hemstitched necktie to wear with my new waist."

"It's my turn next," said mamma, laughing, "and I've already decided to get a fan; mine fell to pieces in church last week."

"When does my turn come?" asked papa. "If any one in this family needs anything more than I need my beloved soft silk handkerchiefs, I'd like to know it. Our laundress is slowly but surely converting mine into ribbons."

Meantime Beth was thoughtfully eating her breakfast, and saying nothing.

"Bless the darling!" said papa, presently, leaning at her across the table, "she is as sober as a judge all at once; thus do riches add to our responsibilities." But Beth only smiled, what, in that family, was known as her beguiling smile; and said nothing.

She reproduced this smile at dinner, when she came in from a trip down town, with very red cheeks, and three parcels in her hands.

"What have you bought, dear?" asked mamma, "the gloves? Let's see them."

Beth looked very guilty, and redder cheeked than ever, as she said, "I—I—didn't exactly—see, mamma, I know a girl who told me she knows a beautiful way of blacking the ends of old black gloves like mine, with liquid shoe blacking, so I thought I would try it—"

"Beth, dear, what have you done?" groaned mamma.

"Not shot great general Hamilton," laughed Beth. "But I'll tell you, mamma; I was down at Pier-son's to-day, and they were having a special sale of

l-i-n-g-e-r-i-e, they called it; anyway, I saw lovely hemstitched neckties, like the one sister wanted, marked down to twenty-five cents, and then there were silk handkerchiefs—papa's delight—for only fifty cents apiece; then—I found you a dear little fan, momsey, marked down to fifty cents, too; you see they're all bargains," she added, with a little laugh.

"Oh, Beth, how could you!" cried Ethelwyn. "It's just too lovely of you; but oh, dear me! I wouldn't have mentioned it for anything, if I had thought."

"None of us would, I fancy," said papa; "and yet we ought to have known her tricks and manners, like Jenny Wren."

"O, please don't," said Beth, her face burning. "It isn't anything at all, because you know how much more I'll enjoy these things than just old gloves—"

"I thought you said new gloves," said mamma. "But there is a quarter still unaccounted for; I hope with that, you bought something wildly extravagant for yourself."

Beth bent down to tie her shoe, and said slowly, from under the table, "There's a girl I know that never brings any candy to school, and she told me she didn't ever have any to treat with, and it made her feel so mean. They are poor—dreadfully poor—so I bought her a pound at a place where you get the best for twenty-five cents, and sent it around to her; she doesn't know who sent it, of course."

"My little fairy godmother," said the minister, in an odd voice, "do you remember you have to tell grandma—or, at least, she likes you to tell her—how you have spent the money she sends you?"

"O, I can't!" said Beth, suddenly coming up from under the table, "do you suppose she would mind if I said 'sundries,' or 'several little things'? What do you think?"

"I'll write her," said mamma, "and I think she will say, 'I might have known it.' And in point of fact, that is just what grandma said."

L. E. C.

Women's Share in Industrial Development.

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

In introducing the subject of this occasional paper, it may, perhaps, at first sight, seem to be an intrusion upon the special province filled always so acceptably by Dame Durden, and that the questions I want to ask should have come to the readers of the "Home Magazine" through her department, and not through the medium of my own column. But I am not without my excuses. First of all, so numerous are Dame Durden's correspondents, that I should probably have had to stand at the end of the long queue, and only get admission many weeks hence, and too late for my purpose, and, secondly, by virtue of my office in the National Council of Women of Canada, with which its Women's Institutes are affiliated, I am bound to obtain for our Standing Committee on Agriculture every possible information on woman's share in the industrial development of our Dominion; and where, pray, could I better obtain what I seek than through the medium of the "Farmer's Advocate," which finds its welcome in thousands upon thousands of homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

The next annual meeting of the National Council is to be held in Winnipeg about the third week in September, and Mrs. Clare Fitzgibbon, who has personally visited large sections of the Northwest, as well as Eastern Canada, desires, as convener of the agricultural committee, to make her report as exhaustively complete as possible. Through the Women's Institutes of Ontario she can count upon getting replies to her test questions, but from outside of Ontario, or where as yet no such admirable and helpful organizations have been formed, we, who have been asked to do so, can but seek, through the kind assistance of the press, to obtain from twenty farmers' wives or daughters from each locality, answers to the following questions:

1. How has the establishment of dairies and cheese factories, egg collectors and poultry collectors affected the pocket-money of the farmers' wives and daughters?
2. On how many of the twenty farms have the daughters remained to share the labor with the mothers?
3. On how many of the twenty farms is the milking done by women?
4. What are the occupations of the daughters who have left the farms to seek occupation elsewhere?
5. What is the average acreage of each of the twenty farms? How much help is employed? On how