

The Mending Basket

Another Experience of Farm Life.

I have been very much interested in recent discussions.

When I awoke a few mornings ago, it was to the realization of a most delightful October morning, and the promise of a still more delightful day.

I can always work better on a nice day, so my thoughts naturally ran along something like this: "I will do that pickling and preserving to-day; maybe I will can some tomatoes, and made some more Chili sauce too, then, if I have time, I will finish making that skirt." Oh, yes, I did a lot of work, (in my mind), that morning.

But at breakfast time, the man of the house remarked, "Guess we'll start digging potatoes to-day. Suppose you can help us?"

Now I really don't mind picking up potatoes,—sometimes. But, how was my work in the house to be done? However, I hastily decided that it would have to wait. What use talking pickling and canning to a man, when he has decided to dig potatoes?

Coming in after spending the day in the potato field, and doing the milking, and the rest of the evening work is bad enough; but to discover that those plums just have to be canned, when every bone in your body is crying out a protest against every movement, is like adding "insult to injury." But, that was just what I had to do. Is it any wonder, when the man poked his head in the kitchen, to ask, "Why don't you leave that stuff alone and go to bed?" that the answer was so sharp that he vanished in the direction of his own bedroom?

Having finished the business, I also went to bed, to awake refreshed in mind, if rather sore in body, and spend another half day in the potato field.

Like "Sherard McLeay" when that was finished, I felt that the life of a farmer's wife was certainly not to be desired. Fortunately, I am not a farmer's wife, so that did no harm to any body. And right here let me say, that I am a farmer's daughter, keeping house for my farmer brother, so I know what farm life is.

But let me add, that this work is something unusual for me, but the hired man left, (they sometimes do) so what was a person to do? Pitch in, and help of course.

I think very few farmer's women object to do this, but why can't the men appreciate the fact that we do help willingly, even when by doing so, we know we will have to do two days work in one, to catch up with our own work? Even the best of men seem to have an idea, that a woman's work is a "snap."

I do not hesitate to say, that the average farmer's wife works harder, according to her strength, than does her husband.

True, a woman can make her work hard, so can a man. I feel no sympathy, for the woman who is continually picking up after the men and children, and complaining of their untidiness.

If a man is untidy, some woman has made him so.

I was one of the younger members, of a large family, the oldest being all girls. We little girls were always taught to hang up our own clothes, but our mother imagined that boys should be waited upon. Being unable to do it herself, she expected the older girls to do it. They, however, had a different opinion, and took the law into their own hands. To-day I am reaping the fruits of their labor; the men's shoes and clothes are always put in their proper places.

Not all farmers' wives live such a strenuous life, as the one depicted by "Sherard McLeay," if they did there soon wouldn't be any.

Why should it be left to women to feed the calves, pigs and fowl? To do

the farmers of this vicinity justice I must say they certainly do not think it woman's work to feed pigs and calves. True, the women usually look after the fowl, in the summer time at least, but most of us take a particular pride in doing so, because, doesn't the farmer's wife usually get all she can make from that source? But this is getting down to the financial side of the business, and as I said before, I am not a farmer's wife, and so will not try to solve that problem.

But, if this will lead some man to realize that women's work is just as important as his is, thereby making him more thoughtful of some woman, and more willing to lend a helping hand, I will feel that I did not take up my pen in vain.

Perth Co., Ont.

ADELINE.

Marry the Right Man.

I have read with rather disgusted amusement "Regarding a Woman's Work" by Sherard McLeay. Such conditions as he describes may exist in the backwoods among the most ignorant and old-fashioned people, but, thank goodness, the days of such living are not commonly known by the majority of people in Ontario to-day.

In the first place, if there is any trouble regarding over-work, or neglect to a farmer's wife by her husband, you can trace it to mistaken choice of a husband, just the same as in any other walk of life. If a girl is blind enough to marry a young man who can drink a little, smoke some, drive a fast horse, forget his mother, slight his sister, and show no signs of business ability or earning power, she can expect no comforts. Do not marry a man to reform him, or expect him to treat you better than he has treated the members of his own family, when a boy or young man.

If you make a suitable choice in a husband there can be more comforts and pleasure on a farm to-day, than in any other position in life. City conveniences, sunshine, flowers, grass, trees and fresh air, are blessings which can be had by all intelligent farmers to-day. In any well settled part there is no reason why country people cannot be on equal footing with their city cousins. The pig-feeding days for women on Canadian farms to-day are not thought of, or known, in any ordinary or half up-to-date place.

A few conveniences which are very common might be mentioned. The houses are being built, or renovated, to save work and steps to the fullest degree. Many houses have in them a complete lighting system, dumb-waiters, bath-room, and water system equal to those in city residences. Any farmhouse with water in well, or cistern, at a reasonable distance from the house, can have a force pump to send water into a tank upstairs, from which pipes can convey the water to any part of the house, to be had for the turning of a tap. A few feet of hose from the taps to the wash-machine, or boiler on the stove, and from machine to sewer pipe, add much to the comfort of wash-day. Where water is near the house, and there is a natural drop to carry off waste water, the whole system can be put in for less than \$75.00.

With telephones in nearly every country home, regular bi-weekly calls from the baker, and grocery-man, and being able to dispose of all butter and eggs at the door, the house-wife has not so many troubles as the city friend who has to go out for these things, and cannot then depend on quality of her purchases.

With regard to meals, the city woman has the greater difficulty, as the different members of the family follow different lines of work and various hours, so the breakfast and dinner hours are lengthened to a space of time that would strike horror to the farmer's wife, who can depend on gathering the family together at one time and putting things in the dining-room to rights with dispatch. Experience has shown me that the litter of boots, papers, matches, etc., are more likely to be seen in city than country homes. Countrymen smoke out of doors and leave their boots in the outer rooms, and are more careful to fold their papers than men in the city.

All honor to the useful, hopeful life of the cheery farmer's wife.

Durham Co., Ont.

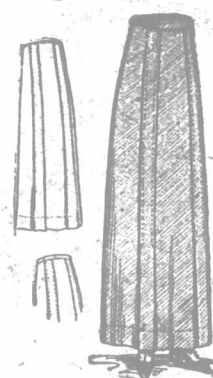
S. E. W.

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



7588 Shirt Waist or Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.

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7590 Infant's Dress with Round Yoke, One Size.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Price ten cents PER NUMBER. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

All Hallowe'en.

By Lalia Mitchell.

All Hallowe'en, and dark and green
The nodding pine trees sigh,
While pool and spring make bold to fling
Back star for star in mirroring
The over-sea of sky.
A vagrant breeze, through bending trees
Tells mystic tales and trite,
Since all must know, for weal or woe,
The witches fly to-night.

All Hallowe'en, and safe between
Gnarled boughs, a maiden trips,
Love lights her heart, but fears upstart
And dread of weird cabala art
Has hushed her laughing lips.
Shall Fate be kind, or will she find
But added cause for fright,
As mystic lore, she murmurs o'er
When witches fly to-night.

All Hallowe'en, and love were mean
To flout a maiden's prayer,
She bends to look in babbling brook
That dances past their trysting nook,
And lo, his face is there.
And fair shall be, o'er mead and lea
Their homeward path of light,
Neath stars that know, for weal not woe,
The witches fly to-night.

Ideal Canada.

By A. D. Watson, M. D.

Among these cloud-reefed hills
We'll build a state
Fairer than prophet's dream,
Firmier than fate.

Where man shall be as steel,
In brawn and nerve,
And free, only because
He loves to serve.

And none shall gain by wrong,
Or spoil or fraud,
Where poverty's unknown
And greed outlawed.

Each shall respect the rights
That others hold
When all are true as truth
And pure as gold.

Our Canada shall then
Securely stand,
The home of our desire,
Our Holy Land.

Her mountains tipped with snow,
Her summer days,
Her forests, field and lakes,
Her pleasant bays.

And all her fruitful lands
And waters bright
Shall be a praise and joy—
The world's delight.

May this delightful dream
With hope inspire
Till each shall see at last
His soul's desire.

—Onward.

The Common Things.

The things of every day are all so sweet,
The morning meadows wet with dew;
The dance of daisies in the moon, the blue
Of far-off hills were twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is far too fleet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so dear,
The waking in the warm half-gloom
To find again the old familiar room,
The scents and sights and sounds that never tire,
The homely work, the plans, the lilt of baby's laugh,
The crackle of the open fire;
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near,
The opening door, the hand clasp and the kiss—
Is Heaven not, after all, the New and Here,
The common things of life are all so dear.

—Anonymous.

"He Was So Kind."

Half-hidden by sea-pinks and tangled grasses
Stands a small head-stone worn by sun and wind.
Only four little words are carved upon it—
"He was so kind."

He who lies dreaming there—had he high station?
Had fame or wealth their gifts to him assigned?
I know not; yet his deeds pass on like music,
For he was kind!

Those little words—they whisper life's true values
Of that which is worth while to leave behind;
For who could wish to know more lovely tribute—
"He was so kind."
ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.
In "Our Dumb Animals."

If you do not enjoy your life, your living is wrong.