

problem of getting supplies direct to the consumer; and cold-storage, so great a blessing in some ways has only added to the difficulty. Probably the most of you read a few weeks ago how in Chicago, before an investigating Committee, a dealer boldly admitted that he had millions of eggs in storage and meant to keep them there until he could get the highest possible price for them, adding, in effect, "What are you going to do about it?"

"What are you going to do about it?"—Yes, what?

In our Christmas Number I could not but bring up my hobby, the wish to see University Extension lectures introduced in the rural districts in Canada—simply because I think these lectures and concerts would make life more interesting, brighter, more fruitful, more worthwhile, for a great many people. I think the Women's Institute can accomplish this if it will, moving steadily and undauntedly. But while the H.-C.-of-L. discussion was going on at the Convention it struck me that there was another thing it could do—when the war is over. To-day the Institute is finding out that it can buy motor ambulances and field-kitchens. When the war is over can it not find it possible to buy motor-trucks for peaceful purposes?—establishing through them a system which will benefit both the people of the rural districts who have things to sell and the people in the cities who must buy those things—giving the farmer a little more for what he raises, and charging the consumer a little less.

Perhaps this scheme is chimerical but it does not look so to me, nor to one of our "men editors" with whom I have talked the matter over, and who, we all think, has a level head on his shoulders. In greater detail it is this: Why should not each Institute buy a motor-truck, which costs from \$700 to \$1,500, and have it make daily runs all summer from the heart of the country to the heart of the city, carrying butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc. right to the people who need to use these things. A "shop" of some sort would be necessary as a distributing station, and a little dearer rate could be charged those city-folk who insisted on having things delivered, a lower one being maintained for those who do not mind carrying their parcels. Women could handle such a shop very well, and if women can drive motor-cars all over the country for pleasure why should they not run motor-cars to the city for their own profit and the profit of the people who are at present ground down by high prices—as most salaried people in the cities are to-day? It would be easy for the Institute to form a committee to set prices that are reasonable all the way

round—for surely all its members would be too big to demand more than simple fairness to everyone concerned.

Now this was what popped into my head in the middle of the London Convention. And now it is off my mind and I am done with it. If the idea is worth anything and there are women in the Institute with enough business ability to take it up and make it "go," I shall be glad. It is, at least, safe to say that those who may think enough about it to submit it to the Superintendent will meet with his usual wise hearing and advice. If nothing comes of the suggestion, no harm, at least, can be done.

Of course it would be foolish to think that there would be no opposition. I had reason some time ago to read much about some powerful business combinations, and the cleverness of some of their schemes to crush weaker opposition were enough to take one's breath away—there are men who would crush the living from any man, if by so doing they would gain a few thousands, even in blood money, for themselves,—but there is hope in the fact that the Institute is already organized and powerful. Nor would more power, in this way, be likely to be abused; so far as I know, the Institute never yet has done a mean thing.

Now good-bye to this subject and—exit Junia.

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Another thing struck me, this time in Toronto, where I had to leave the Convention and go to another, the Horticultural, chiefly made up of men. I found that, along with their business the men have much more fun at their meetings. They are more ready to poke jokes at one another, and very often the hearty laugh is general. One liked that. And one wondered the reason of the difference. Have men a stronger sense of humor?—Or is it simply that the women are not quite so used to public life, and so have a tendency to be over-timid in a crowd as yet, and to take things so seriously as to crowd out the possibility of a ripple of jollity now and again? But laughter is good for the soul. Why crowd it out altogether?

The men, too, give rather hard raps at each other now and again. And they don't care a bit. After the one who is rapped at has argued it out, he is in perfect good humor and ready to hobnob with the fellow who rapped him as though nothing had happened. It's perfectly true that men in Parliament who say perfectly dreadful things to each other there on the floor of the house walk off together laughing and quite in harmony. I wonder if women will ever attain that stage. Don't you?

JUNIA.

Concentration—Canadian Poets.

Dear Junia.—Allow me to say that I appreciate very much your instructive message of November 9th. Your quotation about thinking strongly and not thinking aimlessly was well worth passing on. It was all worth memorizing and laying to heart. How much more we would accomplish and how much more good we could do if we could only learn to concentrate our mental energies. "This one thing I do," would be a good motto for all of us who are seeking in any way to help on the world's work. One sentence, especially, in your quotation appealed to me. It was this: "Cultivate the highest and best, and you will soon realize a life that is never lonely, never alone." Is it not because so many are satisfied with the low and trivial and never cultivate a taste for those things that enrich the mind and ennoble the spirit that they must continually seek company and excitement? The writer put in many months on an Alberta homestead, with few near neighbors, yet many of the hours spent there were among the most pleasant and profitable of his life. Good books and papers and occasional literary work, with a visit now and then with some congenial friend, with the day's work to engage my time and energy, did much to prevent loneliness and depression of spirits. Holding communion with the noblest and best of all ages in the realm of literature may not take the place of human companionship but is certainly more desirable than that which multitudes seek after.

I am glad that you are seeking to develop a taste on the part of your readers for the best in our own Canadian literature. To have a general knowledge of the best in world literature is certainly a commendable ambition, but in striving after this we should not, as I fear many do, neglect our own splendid writers. Then how many there are whose only reading is the daily newspaper, with its sporting page its daily record of the war, crime, tragedy and accident. Surely those who read nothing else must be "cribbed and confined." It may be that the most of our poets have written of nature and not of the human soul, yet they are well worth reading, for do we, we farmers especially, love and appreciate nature as we should? I wonder if, as a people, we are as attached to our own land as we should be? If not, the reading of our Canadian poets will help to make us love her better. How beautifully Lampman, Roberts, Scott and many others not so well known, have sung of "our true north;" yet I venture to say that not one in a hundred is familiar with their writings.

If our public and high school teachers were more loyal to our own literature and if more time was devoted to this important branch of study we would be developing, I think, a stronger and more robust type of patriotism. I remember a well-known teacher in the London Collegiate Institute who on more than one occasion compared English poets with Canadians always to the disparagement of the latter. The comparison was not a fair one and did not give the pupils an increased desire to get better acquainted with our own native writers.

With so many recruiting meetings and other gatherings, and especially with so many of our young men away to the front or in training, it is not easy to start literary societies and perhaps it would not be an easy matter to keep them going if they were organized, but that there is great need for them, especially now that the long winter evenings are upon us, is plainly evident. The benefit of such organizations, if properly conducted, in developing a taste for good reading, public speaking and an enlarged mental outlook cannot be computed. Might we suggest to those already organized that they have a number of nights with the Canadian poets. It would be a welcome antidote to the incessant war talk and might bring the results already outlined. Often when at my work there comes to mind some snatch of song from some of our Canadian singers and this one I pass along. Perhaps there is more than one Ingle Nooker who has in his home "a fat little fellow with merry blue eyes." To such these lines will forcibly appeal as they have to me:

"I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of
golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from
his hand
Upon the floorways of his house on high,—
And straight I pictured to my spirit's
eye,
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom
planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no eye hath
spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.
Then filled with wonder and a secret
dread
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arms beneath his little
head;
What cared I then for all the stars above—
One little face shut out the boundless
deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of
love.
Middlesex Co. M. L. S.

Hoya. Supper Dish.

"Pass It On," Brant Co., Ont., asks how to make a hoya, or wax vine, blossom. In reply to this I quote from Bailey's Cyclopædia of Horticulture:

"Hoyas are summer-blooming plants of comparatively easy culture. They need an intermediate or warm temperature. Let them rest or remain very slow in winter (50 degrees in a dryish place) but start them into growth towards spring. In their growing and blooming season, give plenty of sun and air. . . . For compost use fibrous loam (coarse) in 2 parts to one of leaf mould, using charcoal pounded fine, brick dust, or lime rubble if procurable, instead of sand. But they are often found doing well in loam and sand. When in growth use weak liquid manure."

"Pass-It-On" lives up to her name by sending us a recipe for a supper dish:

"This is nice with either beef, mutton or veal, and pork, if it is not too fat. Take enough small potatoes, peeled, to cover the bottom of a suitable baking dish. Cut the meat in small bits and put on top of the potatoes, then as many small onions as your appetites require on top of all. Add pepper, salt, and, if the meat is very lean, a little butter, enough water to cover the potatoes (sage or savory if you like it). Put a cover on and bake until onions and potatoes are done; we think it excellent."

Cracker Jack.

Dear Junia.—I saw in last week's Advocate an enquiry for a recipe for cracker jack. As we have a good one I am glad to be able to pass it along. It is a good wholesome candy, and the old boys like it as well as the children. It also has the advantage of not being ex-



On Their Way to Monastir.

British troops in the Balkans, on the road that runs from Salonika to Monastir, captured recently by the allies. International Film Service.

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