



Dear Friends,—A popular aphorism is that "Great minds run alike." It would certainly seem so, judging from the matter of the first three letters which tumbled out from my "accumulation drawer" this morning. All three dealt with the arranging of the ideal home, a most pertinent and practical subject, especially at this season of the year, when the mind is, to a great extent, shut off from the fields, the woods, and the gardens, and confined to the house itself.

"A Farmer's Wife" (by the way, this pseudonym has been chosen by two of our correspondents) says:

"My Ideal of a farm home is a small, convenient kitchen, a large, airy dining-room with good hardwood floors of dark and light boards alternately at an angle of forty degrees. Have your wooden chairs here, and a good comfortable couch, also sideboard and extension table, which is so convenient at the threshing time; and a good-sized parlor, with a good Brussels or Wilton carpet and a suite of upholstered furniture, with not too much bric-a-brac, some nice cushions and pictures, and a musical instrument—a piano, if possible—for, as you know, some of our farmers' daughters and sons too make very good musicians. And who can enjoy a good comfortable room and music better than a farmer, who comes in tired and hot from his work in the fields and dons slippers and dressing-gown? I know of several such homes, and I find the boys with a home with a parlor their mother is not afraid to let them use do not go to the village tavern to spend their evenings and Sundays.

"In my opinion, the more you beautify the home, the more economy it is, for our boys stay with us, and I say 'hate off' to the boy who knows and appreciates a home like this."

A Handy Kitchen.

Miss Mamie Merriam sends a plan of a kitchen which is very convenient, and in some respects unique. Across one end of this kitchen stretches a large sink, above which are, side by side, the spout of the cistern pump and the tap of a hard-water pipe. The hard water is conducted to the house by pipes leading from the well to a reservoir stationed at the corner of the kitchen; the water being raised from the well by means of windmill. Beneath the sink are the usual cupboards for pots, pans, etc. Across the opposite end of the room and down a portion of one side of it is built a long seat, closed in along the front by a sort of wainscoting, thus forming a long box. This box is divided into many compartments, each with a lid which may be opened upwards when required, and, at other times, closed down to form the seat portion of the contrivance. These "boxes" have become invaluable to the occupants of this home. Into them may be stowed boots, rubbers, carpet-balls—all of the various "things" which assemble so mysteriously in a farmhouse kitchen, and cannot, at all times, be conveniently relegated to the garret.

Last of all, we have an essay composed by Miss Gladys Pentland, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Mr. J. H. Pentland, of Nile, Ont. This essay, which is written in a somewhat fanciful style, as though by a person of mature years, is so very creditable to Miss Gladys that, although much pressed for space, we cannot resist the temptation to give it in full:

"An Ideal Farm."

"Some years ago, I grew tired of my city home and hurried life, and so I determined to live in the country. One glorious morning, I started out to hunt for my farm, and, O joy! I had hardly gone a mile, when one of the most beautiful farms I had ever seen was presented to my delighted gaze. Now, I had a very exact picture of what and where my farm ought to be, and, before I say more, I will tell you what that picture was. The farm was to be far enough from the city for its worries and annoyances never to touch me again, and near enough to enjoy its privileges and conveniences. This farm just suited me, so I determined to buy it.

As I said, it is about a mile from a city in the beautiful Province of Ontario, and, besides this, is on the main road; so my home will be conveniently near the city to there dispose of my farm produce, and yet away from the temptations and bustle and glare.

Chestnut Grove is a one-hundred-acre farm, and the soil is a sandy loam, well suited for grain or fruit growing. It has eighty rods frontage, and has level, well-drained land, and near the woods there is a hilly expanse, which makes excellent pasture. The fields are all well fenced and cultivated. They are about ten acres each, except the garden, which has an area of two acres, in which are planted the strawberries which supplied us all summer with their delicious fruit, and also the potatoes, onions, carrots, cucumbers and tomatoes. The lane runs right back to the 'bush field,' as we call it, which is the pasture ground of my farm.

The buildings, generally speaking, are large, commodious and compact. To the eye of an artist, perhaps, rambling buildings and tumble-down fences all moss grown are the most picturesque, but I think neatness is the greatest attribute to beauty.

The barn has a cement foundation, and has no sheds or outbuildings. It can accommodate comfortably twenty-five head of cattle, eight horses and thirteen hogs. The horse stable is in front, and my maned pets are always the first to greet my entrance, and are never disappointed in their expectations of what my pockets contain. And now my house, a large, roomy, brick building crowns a little eminence, and I ask you to come in with me and see me beside "my ain fireside." At the back is the kitchen, large and well lighted by three large windows, and warmed by a range for cooking. Next, the dining-room, and the folding-doors open into the parlor. Now, shall we go upstairs? The bedrooms are all here, and are made comfortably warm by the furnace, and conveniently supplied, like the kitchen, with hot and cold water taps. In front, at the foot of the house, are the flowerbeds, which so lately were a blaze of color and beauty, and made more gay by the contrast with the evergreens. From the house to the road are trees—evergreens, winter shrubs and chestnuts—which give my home its name, "Chestnut Grove." From the massive gate to the house there is a carriage drive, and beside it is the foot-path, framed in by a close-clipped cedar hedge.

The summer was a good one for us farmers, and the barn was filled to overflowing with the golden, ripened grain. Yes, farming is a profitable employment and a healthful one, and it will always be mine. And now, as I stand in the porch, the fresh cool air entices me into it. I go out under the evergreens, and see the falling leaves of the chestnuts

and maples, and a squirrel scampers away through the boughs. This is my home, and I am happy in it; but I awake with a shiver to the fact that the air is cold, and I leave the glorious outside for the comforts of my fire."

GLADYS B. PENTLAND.

Next week we shall begin to publish the prize essays written upon the subject, "How to enjoy the winter." The "Honor List" (outside of the prizewinners), which I promised to give to-day, is as follows: Class I., Mrs. Evans O'Connor, "Wabasso;" Mrs. B. H. W.; II., Miss A. L. McDiarmid, Annie Bailey, Mayme Rentel, Ada Sleep; III., F. G. Osborne, Verne Rowell, Dena McLeod.

Now for our next competition. The subject for this one will be, "The most amusing thing I ever heard of." Three prizes will be given as before, all equal. Class I., married people; II., unmarried people over 18; III., boys and girls under 18. The only restrictions are as follows: (1) Nothing vulgar will be considered at all. We want fun, but not vulgarity. However, we feel that no member of our circle could be capable of writing anything vulgar, so we have no fear upon that score. (2) Incidents or conversations written about must be original. They must never have been in print before. (3) They must be written in prose. (4) All letters must be received at this office on or before the last day of February.

Just once more, I want to ask what has become of our Quebec, British Columbia and Maritime Province people? I get letters from Manitoba, the Territories, Ontario and New Ontario—letters in plenty—but "sorra a one, at all, at all," came in from the others, hence I have been forced to the conclusion that all the Quebec, B. C. and Maritime Province folk are—yes—just—horribly—lazy! There, it's out at last—lazy—just lazy! But what a heap of meaning lies in that little word of four letters! Come, you people, redeem your good name, and win some of our prizes. Address all letters or essays to—

DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

Yawning, when reasonably and methodically practised, is said by Herr Nogell to be an excellent thing for those who wish to strengthen their constitutions. He has made a study of it, and positively asserts that a series of heavy yawns is of more benefit than a bottle of the best tonic. To practise deep breathing is generally acknowledged to be an excellent thing for the lungs, forms splendid morning and evening exercise, and the most perfect chamber gymnastics for people generally, and especially for all those whose breathing is embarrassed. In future, therefore, if our friends yawn when we are discoursing to them, we may console ourselves with the thought that it is not because we are boring them, but that they are enthusiasts, and are practising their "chamber gymnastics" in the wrong place.

UNRESERVED DISPERSION SALE.

Having sold my farm, I will sell by auction at my farm, five miles west of Norwood, on the C. P. R., January 27th, 1904, my entire herd of registered

SCOTCH AND SCOTCH-TOPPED SHORTHORN CATTLE,
Registered Yorkshire Swine, Horses and Farm Implements.

A choicely-bred Stamford bull, STAMFORD BOY = 35721 =, 3 years old, heads the herd. Females of favorite families and of extra milking qualities. Such bulls as Joy of Morning (imp.), Lord Derby (imp.), Crimson Prince, Matchless Duke and other good ones appear on the pedigrees of some of the individuals. Sale commences promptly at 1 o'clock. The noon train, C. P. R., will stop at the farm about 12 o'clock, from the west, and stop, returning, about 5 in the evening. Visitors from the east will be met at Norwood by giving notice. Catalogues on application. Terms—Ten months' credit by furnishing approved paper, with interest at 5% per annum. Auctioneers: JAMES GARDINER, Peterboro; GEORGE JACKSON, Port Perry.

ANDREW KNOX, South Dummer P. O., Ont.

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THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED

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In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

A Correction.

In some unaccountable way a mistake occurred in the printing of Mrs. J. R.'s first recipe in the Christmas number Ingle Nook: "2 tablespoonfuls of salt" should be "2 tablespoonfuls of flour; salt and pepper to taste."

DAME DURDEN.

How many tired but silent farmers' wives would not only be happier, but live longer, if they had a cozy, inexpensive resting room.

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABITS.

Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

Truly marvelous are the results from taking this remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.

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We manufacture ladies' suits. Our specialty is a \$12 wool frieze suit. We sold over 1,000 of these suits this fall at \$12 each. We have 250 of these suits now on hand. We do not care to carry them over till next fall. We will sell them \$4.50 until gone for \$4.50 a suit; were \$12. The cloth is wool frieze, black, navy, myrtle green, seal brown, dark red, dark gray. Skirts are 7-gored, bound in velvet and stitched in silk. The coat is tight-fitting back, belted at waist, with long skirt on coat—the latest style. The coat is lined in good satene. These suits all this winter styles. The suits are from a 14-year girl to a stout woman 44 bust. Any suit can be returned if not satisfactory, and money refunded. Send bust and waist measure—length from neck band to belt in back—sleeve length—under seam—also length front, side and back of skirt and around hips. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Mention this paper.

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Inhaler, together with two bottles of medicine, for only 12 cents (stamps), on or before Jan. 15. We do this to make known the wonderful merits of this noble remedy. You inhale (see above cut) clouds of healing carbolated pine vapor, etc., into every air passage of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, healing the membrane and curing the disease. Cures a cold in a day. Cures catarrh in a few weeks. For Remedy on above liberal terms address Anglo-American Chemical Corporation, 32 Church St., Toronto, Can.