

the heart of a master-mathematician. It was a back-breaking business, but it was done at last, and finally, when an army of upright sticks, bearing in their cleft tops the name of the variety of seed they represented, adorned the end of the rows, I paused for breath, and awaited developments.

But the cared-for appearance of my garden even in its initial stage put to shame the hideous board-fence, so again the delinquent parishioner was called in. He and I between us limed the disconsolate-looking fence into a dazzling whiteness, transformed our ash-barrels into veritable "whited sepulchres," and painted the back steps, until for spotlessness, our once disreputable-looking back premises were an object lesson to all beholders.

A MOST thrilling moment was when, pushing aside the brown earth, tender, green shoots appeared everywhere in long, uncompromising rows. But I will pass over the watering times, the weeding days, and the long hours when my once clear complexion showed a plentiful sprinkling of unbecoming freckles and when "the Woman with the Hoe" was also the Woman with an aching back.

Perhaps you think that a strictly vegetable garden, as mine was, must necessarily be an ugly, uninteresting place. If so, that is just where you are mistaken. By way of concession to the artistic, I had sweet peas blooming along one side of my snowy fence, and giant nasturtiums along another side, while hops clambered over side number three. But as the hops were destined to raise my next winter's bread, and as the nasturtiums were to provide capers for mutton sauce, the sweet peas were the sole frivolity.

It is not necessary, however, in vegetation, to be a flower, in order to be beautiful. I had carrots, a

green beans and peas, snowy potatoes, young onions, and a slim carrot or so.

But our appetites were growing so prodigiously under the regime of fresh green stuff, that I almost lost sight of the primary object of my garden—the soldiers! In the back of my mind, however, I was hatching up a scheme. I am, what is usually described as "handy," and, in an old shed in the yard (which now had pole-beans clambering over it), I had been hammering away, at odd moments, transforming sundry grocer's boxes, and some discarded toy-wheels of the children's, into serviceable little waggons. A coat or two of paint, and lo! I had three delivery-waggons admirably suited for my three little boys.

FOR over three months I did a thriving business among friends and neighbours who, finding themselves served with perfectly fresh vegetables instead of the often wilted variety supplied by the green-grocer, willingly paid top prices to my delivery waggons. My customers were delighted, the little boys were overjoyed to be working for their heroes, the soldiers, and as for me, every time that

I rattled into my Red Cross "Bank" was a joy and an inspiration which I shall never forget.

But this was not all. As a sort of "by-product," I started a canning branch to my venture. Often I had more corn, peas, pumpkins, rhubarb, etc., than I could use or sell. Then—on with the wash-boiler! Result—shelves groaning beneath the weight of sealers, which gleamed green or yellow or pink, according as to whether peas, or pumpkin jam or rhubarb marmalade were imprisoned therein. And so on, ad infinitum.

It was an arduous summer, but it "paid" in every sense of the term. The appetites of my family increased fifty per cent. My pantry shelves were stocked for the winter. A barrel of delicately-tinted sealers went to the Military Hospitals. The children felt they were directly helping the soldiers—their heroes! A substantial cheque found its way to the Red Cross Fund, and another to the Belgians. "Thrifty" was inculcated in our family, where merely "economy" had existed before. Last, but not least, my husband, who rejoices in the converts he makes, now became a convert himself. What more could woman ask?

HELPING THE FARMER'S WIFE

Many were called and most of them chosen

By EDITH G. BAYNE

ASK any Saskatchewan school-girl of twelve years and up the meaning of political economy and she will give you an answer that will set you thinking: "Why wasn't I taught that when I was at school?"

The same Miss can also explain the various planks in the most progressive political platform. She knows the meaning of Direct Legislation, Proportional Representation, Unrestricted Tariff, Government Ownership of Public Utilities, Mothers' Pensions, Workmen's Compensation, Farmer's Liability, Hail Insurance, and divers other terms that in our day were too intricate and erudite for the feminine mind.

Not that she learns it all in school! And not that we are trying to make a Little Miss Boston of her! She is gradually absorbing this useful knowledge, on general principles and, also, perhaps that at no very distant date from amongst her ranks there will arise a Jeannette Rankin to represent us in the Federal House.

An association recently formed for the assistance of farmers and their wives has been calling for girl volunteers to go out on the land. The editor sent me over to the Y. W. C. A. for a report and I arrived in time to see and hear about a dozen of the first lot of applicants. They were from every walk of life.

The secretary was possessed of a pad and pencil, a great stock of patience and that priceless of gifts—a sense of humour. She had need of all.

Miss Aileen Greatfox had just come to the desk.

"What kind of work are you willing to do?" asked the secretary, regarding the dainty "bundle of fluff" with a dubious eye.

"Oh, anything at all!" was the charmingly vague reply, while the speaker smiled with conscious self-abnegation.

"Housework?" suggested the secretary, instinctively ducking to avoid the expected blow.

"Oh, yes, or—or anything."

"Willing to give your services free, or do you expect any compensation?"

"Oh, dear, I couldn't think of taking a cent! It's patriotic work I want."

So the secretary filled in her application and motioned her aside. Number two walked briskly up. She was not in any doubt.

"No pottering in a kitchen for mine," she announced at once. "I'll do barn chores, dig post-holes, milk and feed cattle or run a seeder, but I won't mind kids or wash dishes."

The next volunteer was an English woman with two small children. She demurred a bit when asked if she would consider a place eighteen miles from the nearest town.

"My youngest nipper tykes fits. I shouldn't care to be so far from a doctor. 'Owever—"

Her case was left until later. The next applicant was a school teacher with incipient "t. b."

"I've simply got to have outdoor work," she said. "And a room with a window that can be opened. I understand that farmers nail up their windows from October till June."

THE next two applicants were high school girls with a very evident "crush" on each other. They refused to be separated, so were drafted in as farm help, one for indoor, the other for outdoor labour, on the same homestead.

The seventh was most agreeable. She made no conditions.

"I'll do any mortal thing that will help my country," she said.

And she looked quite capable of filling any role from "hired man" to mother's help.

Number eight looked suspicious at mention of "farmer's assistant."

"Would I have to wash the cream separator?" she demanded.

The secretary thought it highly probable.

"They always wish that job on the women!" sighed the lady. "Oh, well, put me down. I'll give it a trial."

She hadn't gone far when she returned to ask another question.

"You know I'm awfully afraid of cyclones. Have they got a cyclone-cellar?"

The secretary was unable to say.

Up sauntered Miss Geraldine Jarr. No lowbrow job for her! Geraldine belonged to the elect and at once proceeded to give a detailed account of her interrupted career. She, it appeared, had been one of those promising young vocalists who had been caught in Germany at the outbreak of the war. Fate had decreed that she return home to become merely a small town fixture, singing solos in the little home choir, casting, as it were, her pearls before swine. She was heartbroken. The Herr Professor had as much as told her that she would eventually have the great Geraldine backed off the map!

"So put me somewhere—anywhere—so that I can do the greatest good to the greatest number. I'm willing to sing in lumber camp, mining camp, or—"

"Unfortunately, what we are after is practical help—" the secretary was beginning.

"Oh, but collections could be taken up and given to—"

The secretary slowly shook her head.

"Or I could read aloud to some invalid farmer's wife. I have a very good reading voice."

"But, you see, there 'ain't no sich animal."

"Pardon?"

"There are no invalid farmers' wives or farmers' invalid wives. Invalidism is all very well for the



dream of beauty from their feathery tops to their orange-hued tapering root. The light green of spinach mingled with dark green parsnip leaves. Cabbages, with their heavy heads, nodded to the cauliflower, which peeped out shyly from among their sheltering leaves. Richly-red beet-tops and crimson tomatoes gave a necessary splash of colour. Mottled melons and bright yellow pumpkins trailed their vines everywhere, and the white corn-tassels waved gently in the sunshine, while scarlet-runners climbed riotously over the verandah, giving beauty meanwhile, and offering promise of "baked beans" to come. In truth, my garden was a triumph of beauty and artistic delight.

Even my unbelieving husband admired it cursorily from his study-window. But when it came to admiring my mealy potatoes, cool lettuces and green peas in the homely setting of vegetable dishes, or testing them from his own dinner-plate, it was another matter. He speedily forgot his own spiritual gardening in the joy of my material harvest, and gave himself up to such a course of delightful vegetarianism, that our butcher was in despair. Butcher-bills! Why, they were reduced to a minimum! The veriest morsel of meat is sufficient, if ably supported and deliciously augmented by luscious heaps of