

of course I always (just like a man) take a peep into The Home page ably conducted by you. I might also say that I am an enthusiast as far as the idea of having homesteads for women. Several years ago I wrote to J. G. Tarriff, M.P., urging him to make an effort (ere all the land was entered for) to have the privilege extended to women. At that time I pointed out that widows had in many cases "run a lone hand" in completing the duties of the deceased husband, and in several cases under great hardship and difficulties in the early days of this Western country. Today any unmarried woman can purchase scrip and immediately she is possessed of all the powers of entering into and fulfilling her homestead duties. Now, is money the only passport to a homesteaders' rights. Strange, isn't it? I had the idea previously that it was man's right because he was strong and able to contend with the supposed difficulties of homesteading. He may be as poor as Lazarus. He may be the greatest imbecile in the world, but, if he wears pants and keeps cool, pays his entry fee, he can get the farm. He may come from the ill-fed, ill-bred and illiterate peoples of parts of Europe. He may come from the darkest jungles of darkest Africa. He may be the greatest villain the universe produced, he can get the land, but women, cultured, refined, able to make and keep home happy—never, not on your life. Women without sufficient money to purchase scrip, or unmarried unable to make entry; women, because, like "Victoria the Good" owing to her sex, and the customs of our country, compelled to wear petticoats, debarred from homestead entry—forever in Canada—shame. Money, or the death of a husband creates the possibility of a woman gaining the coveted 160 acres of the best land God ever made. British or no British, women with money to purchase scrip or having the misfortune to lose her husband by death eligible at once. If the minister of the interior and his whole department have to keep three blocks away from the emigrant—well, he is a man and must have a homestead. He is all O.K. He is a man! His neighbors may be the most refined, intellectual, progressive British subjects who are unfortunate to have located land years before; they must either sell out or endure a great hardship by having this semi-savage as their neighbor, which will take centuries to mould into a British subject, in preference to a British woman with British pluck, endurance and everything that makes for enlightened Canadian citizenship.

Please send me a petition form as I want to get busy for the women of the West. I never could see the right or reason of women being unable to make entry for land. My own mother (owing to the death of her husband) has had two homesteads in the West, and I may say this just put her in first class circumstances. The fact of the matter, the law as at present has not a leg to stand on, only strong headed men at the head of

the department like Hon. Oliver. I advise a most thorough job this time for if the women lose this time they lose forever. Please insert the accompanying letter and send me petition form. I will do my best to secure all the names I can. I suppose merchants, doctors, hotelmen, and in fact every person 21 years of age can attach their names. I am an active member of the Wapella Grain Growers' Association, and will also canvas the town.

I am yours respectfully,
LOCHINVAR.

Wapella, Sask.

PORT WINE JELLY

Ingredients: Three-quarters of a pint of port wine.

Quarter of a pint of water.

One lemon.

Ten sheets of French gelatine.

A dozen lumps of sugar.

A few drops of cochineal.

One clove.

Put the water in a small pan with the gelatine, the thinly pared lemon rind, the strained juice, clove and sugar. Stir them over a gentle fire until the gelatine has dissolved, then let the pan stand at the side of the fire for ten or twelve minutes. Next strain all into the port wine, and add enough cochineal to make it a pretty color. Rinse out some small moulds or cups in cold water, fill them with the jelly, and leave them until it is cold and set. Dip the moulds into tepid water for a few seconds, and the jelly will slip out quite easily.

If preferred, use less wine and more water and lemon juice. Be sure and add some cochineal, as gelatine always spoils the color of the port wine.

LEMON BARLEY WATER

This is both refreshing and nourishing.

Ingredients: Two large tablespoonfuls of pearl barley.

One lemon.

One pint of boiling water.

Three or four lumps of sugar.

Put the barley in a saucepan, with enough cold water to cover it. Bring it to boiling point, let it boil for five minutes, then strain off the water and throw it away. This "blanching," as it is called removes the bitter flavor of the barley and improves the color. Put the barley in a jug with the thinly pared rind and strained juice of the lemon, and the sugar, pour on the pint of boiling water. Cover the jug and leave it until cold, then strain off the liquid, and it is ready.

N.B.—If at any time barley water is required to be given with milk, make it in exactly the same way, but leave out the lemon.

STEAMED CUSTARD

Ingredients: Quarter of a pint of milk.

One egg and one extra yolk.

One teaspoonful of castor sugar.

Vanilla to taste.

Beat the eggs well together, but do not froth them. Bring the milk to boiling point, let it cool slightly, then pour it

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gradually on to the eggs, stirring them all the time. If the milk is boiling when it is poured on, the eggs will curdle and the custard be spoilt. Add the sugar and a few drops of vanilla, or any other flavoring preferred. Well butter some small moulds or cups. Strain in the custard.

Twist a piece of buttered paper over the top of each mould. Put them in a saucepan with boiling water to come barely half-way up them, put the lid on the pan, and steam the custards very slowly until they are firm. If they are cooked at all quickly, they will be full of holes and watery.

When cooked, let the custards stand for a minute or two; they will then turn

out more easily. Serve them either plain or, if allowed, with stewed fruit or jam.

WOMEN AS POLICE

Minneapolis has now two women policemen, which I think is a step in the right direction. There are so many delicate questions the women and girls who are brought before a police magistrate must be asked in order to have a clear understanding of the cause of their trouble, and it is scarcely fitting that men should be in that position. I would be glad indeed to see Canadian towns and cities follow the example of Minneapolis, and install at least one woman on the police force in all large cities.

It is a very strange thing to notice that on all committees for the uplift of humanity the women are greatly in the minority, and in asking the reason why, from one of the men who is the president of a very big movement for purity education, I was told that the women are so hard hearted to their sisters in need, that the men preferred wherever possible to count them out. While of course, I feel this is an exaggeration, there is still a very great deal of truth in the statement. Now, I would like to hear some of my women readers answer this statement.

REAP-ROACH RESERVED

"Do you know you are fishing in forbidden water?" roared a voice from the bridge to a fisherman sitting on the bank just below. "No," said the fisherman. "It's preserved water," went on the man upon the bridge, "and it cost me a lot of money to stock it with fish." "Oh? What fish?" asked the angler, intent on rod and line. "Roach, sir—roach!" replied the owner. "Then there's no need for you to worry," said the fisherman calmly, "for I happen to be fishing for trout!"

MARRIAGE OR MARTYRDOM?

Editor: "One minute, Jones."
Reporter: "Yes, sir."
Editor: "I don't know whether it's absent-mindedness on your part or an expression of your views on matrimony, but I'd rather, when you have occasion to write about a wedding, that you did not say that Miss Smith and Mr. Brown 'underwent' a marriage ceremony!"



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