A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

Women Can Make Farms Pay Without Becoming Drudges

Good Money To Be Made by Attention to Garden, Poultry and Other Branches.

Under the title of "Helpmates," an interesting and timely editorial appears on the Woman's Page of the Victoria Colonist.

While farming conditions in Ontario and British Columbia are perhaps quite dissimilar in some respects, the Ontario and London woman may read the articles with benefit:

Among the lessons the people of England are learning in these days is that on the land there is need of the combined labor of men and women. Experience is showing that with all the good-will in the world few women are capable of performing the heavy labor the land requires.

What Can Women Do?

On the other hand, a woman can help to make the farm pay. By doing the things she can do not only without injury to her health but with benefit to it, a farmer's wife, sister or daughter can be of as much value on a farm as a man, perhaps more. Canadian women should know this. Yet, in this generation it has become the fashion to look upon all forms of farm work as drudgery unfit for women. Even women brought up on farms leave to men folk the care of the young animals, the dairy work, and often do not make a garden or attend to the poultry. Daughters, who do not get married young teach school, nurse or become saleswomen, dressmakers or typewriters. Not one in a hundred considers it would pay her to stop at home and help her father with the outdoor work. When the family is large and there is too much for the mother to do in the house a good daughter will refuse to leave her. If the farmer is wealthy, as is often the case on the prairies, daughters after enjoying the advantages of a college education, sometimes find in outdoor games in riding or motoring the recreation they consider suitable to their station in life. But it is seldom that such a girl considers it incumbent on her to share the labors of the farm. The consequence is that Canadian country girls, almost invariably good housekeepers, are of little help out of doors. If this is true of girls brought up on a farm, how can it be expected that girls in a city shall know how to be of the least use if their lot brings them to the orchard, the market garden or the farm? And yet the present prospect is that thousands of young women now the wives of soldiers or their sweethearts will be transplanted to the country in the not very distant future. It seems to be decided that soldiers who desire to work on the land will be given an opportunity to do so.

It is believed that many men will leave their offices and workshops for an outdoor and an independent life. Thousands who before enlisting were engaged in some capacity on the work of railroad building and other forms of development in our own province will return to find their occupation gone. The cities will not, for many a day, require new streets. Industry must find new channels. We are learning even now that there is a very small surplus of food at any time and that scarcity is a too frequent phenomenon. The world wants more tillers of the soil. They at least, will not suffer want if they know how to make the earth bring forth its fruits.

Study the Subject.

In our own city and others and in every district throughout the province, soldiers' wives have at present unaccustomed leisure. Would it not be wise for those who have any reason to think that their husbands will take up land to set themselves to learn what they can do to help them. The agricultural department of our own province, as well as of the Dominion, are continually issuing pamphlets which tell in words that any intelligent person can understand how fowls should be raised for profit, how trees should be pruned, and small fruits planted and cultivated. Bee-keeping and gardening cannot, perhaps, be learned from books, but there are not many women who in the coming season could not obtain an empty lot on which to experiment in the latter occupation. In the vicinity of the city there are orchards, market gardens and poultry runs managed by men and women who would be perfectly willing to help earnest inquirers. Would it not be wise to form in Victoria one or more branches of the Women's Institute? There are not many women who would not be very profitably occupied in studying how the land of our province could be made to support its population. At present we are sending to California and Oregon and elsewhere money which is badly needed to pay for food which could be raised at home. Much more is being raised on the Saanich peninsula than was the case two years ago. A beginning has been made, and the women of the outlying districts are doing their full share in the labor of marketing and production. It is possible that some of them would be glad to teach women without home ties who are willing to learn in return for such assistance as they could render.

Women who desire to be true helpmates of those husbands who, on their return, must seek for employment, would do well to think over the matter of preparation for usefulness on the land.

DAILY BIBLE QUESTION CLUB

By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.
(All Rights Reserved.)

The six daily studies for this week constitute the International S. S. Lesson for next Sunday. Read the Bible Story on which this study is based, as you ponder the following questions:

"Jesus, the Life and Light of Men." John, i., 1-18.

Golden Text—"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." John, i., 4.

17. Verse 15—What testimony did John the Baptist give concerning Jesus?

18. Verse 16—To what extent may a man enjoy the "fullness" of Christ?

19. Verse 17—Moses gave the law, and Jesus gives the grace to keep it, does that imply that we can keep God's law or not? And why? (This is one of the questions which may be answered in writing by members of the club.)

20. Verse 18—What do you understand from the words of Jesus, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"?

Lesson for Sunday, January 14, 1917—"John the Baptist and Jesus." John, i., 19-34.

Advertiser Patterns

A Smart and Pretty Style for Mother's Girl.

1891—Girl's Dress with Added Trimming.

Serge, gabardine, voile, prunella, checked suiting and plaid mixtures, taffeta, velvet and corduroy are nice for this style. The trimming could be of matched satin on serge or of checked or plaid suiting. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT.
Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

Measurement: Bust ..... Waist .....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 25 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from

VERSE
— NEW AND OLD —

Mamma's Boy.

(A Boer War Song, Sent in by Peggy Martin.)

A sweet little lad, came home so sad,
Tears filled his eyes of blue,
To mamma he cried, as she dried his eyes,
"I want to play soldier too.
They won't let me play, cause I'm in the way,
I'm 'mamma's boy,' they said,"
But mamma just smiled, in her arms took the child,
And said, fondly stroking his head:

Chorus.

"Don't you mind what they call you, darling,
And don't let your heart be sad,
Some day you may be a soldier,
A hero, like your dear old dad,
And perhaps, in some famous battle
We'll read of your name with joy,
And those that sneer, will be the first to cheer,
They'll be proud of their 'mamma's boy.'"

The years pass away, mamma one day
Dreams of her little lad,
In fond fancy led, she strokes his fair head,
And says "Darling, do not be sad."
She wakes, but to sigh, a letter close by,
Gives news of her pride and joy,
"Your Jack fell today, a hero all say,
We grieve for we love 'mamma's boy.'"

"The White Flour Pinch"—have you felt it? With the advancing price of wheat "the seven-cent loaf is doomed," say the bakers. In its place we have the eight-cent loaf—in many cities only the sixteen-cent loaf. A loaf of white flour bread is not a complete ration. However wholesome and pure, it does not supply all the proteids the human body needs. In **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** you have all the body-building nutriment in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. It is always the same price, always the same high quality. Eat it for breakfast with milk or cream or with fruits.

Made in Canada

CEETEE
UNDERCLOTHING
Guaranteed Not To Shrink.

Sunlight Soap
The best and purest household soap made

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letter can be answered privately.]

RESOLVE IT NOW!

Dear Readers: I was so glad yesterday to receive a letter from "Mere Young Man" and "Maw," bearing on some of the letters recently appearing in our Mail-Box. I hope everybody will read these letters over carefully, and then determine to follow their spirit. It is honestly quite absurd, this argument between our Canadian and English correspondents, for have we not all descended from British parents—English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh? And for most of us it is not more than three generations ago that our grandfathers ventured forth from the old land to try their lot in the new. We're all children of the great British family, so instead of finding fault with each other and looking for one another's failings, let us each regard the other with more toleration, thinking with pride of our common British heritage, and uniting in purpose against our common foe. Now, no more sharp letters to the page. It is still early enough in the new year to start afresh and resolve to bear and forbear. Let's all begin right now, so English and Canadian cousins, kiss and make up and greatly please.

CYNTHIA GREY.

Maw's Word of Peace.

Dear Miss Grey,—Find inclosed 25 cents for January to prisoners' fund. Have the two boys at Giessen, for whom parcels were asked, been provided for yet? If not, I would suggest that we adopt them. Through the Red Cross it it can be arranged that way, as our friend the enemy may possibly have a little more respect for that society than for our humble Mail-Box.

Now, good English folk don't get knocking. The Box is only made of tin, you'd get the sides all dented. If you want to hit, hit high, butter and eggs, for instance, or the price of beef. And Canadians, do not forget to be courteous to the stranger within the gates, remember that these people are all carrying more or less of an ache around with them for the dear homeland. Let us show them that our hearts are as large, and our minds as broad as the great Dominion to which we belong.

I wonder if a suggestion from humble me would be acceptable to Red Cross workers. The secretary is constantly calling for more socks, but there are so many who never read the reports. I would suggest that we have our knitting—like the poor—"with us always." Knit on the car, in the restaurants, at our Ladies' Aid meetings, anywhere and everywhere. The busy ones who really have little time to read or knit, will see, and remember to get that yarn while we are near the rooms. The frivolous ones who just hate either to read or knit will just have to do it to be in style. I believe it would mean at least a hundred pairs of socks a month here in London.

Ans.—Thanks, dear Maw, for your message of peace and reconciliation. I've referred to it elsewhere, as you will see. Personally, I am very much in favor of sending some of our surplus to the two men at Giessen, and shall see that it goes forward at once, either direct or through the Red Cross Society.

Your suggestion about the socks is fine, and I do hope more and more of our pageites ply the needles "in season and out" to keep our soldier lads besocked.

The conclusion of your letter, I have referred to the editor-in-chief, and he is of the opinion that just now it will be better not to resume the petition. It is almost certain that nothing can be done, and would possibly only raise false hopes.

Leap Year's Gone.

Dear Miss Grey,—Happy New Year to everyone. Leap Year has fled again, and I am "Lonely" yet. Such luck anyway; four years of—what, ahead?

Say, "Miss Limberlost Girl," your letter was very interesting, especially your prescription, but I think you forgot one ingredient. Guess what it was? I sure am glad you agree with me re cosmetics—though really I was speaking from observation, not experience, as you thought. Get me?

Re joining the colors, I have before stated my reason for not doing so, and don't like to take space here to explain again, but can assure you I'm not a shirker. Will tell you personally sometime, eh?

I notice quite a lot of criticism of the farmers. Say readers, this talk don't do any good; there are good, bad and indifferent among all classes.

Miss Grey,—May I ask a few questions? I am writing a book; is there a standard kind of paper for this?

Also have some short stories; where is the best place to dispose of them? And do you know what is the average price paid for same? And will publishers buy just a few or do they prefer regular contributors?

Is this writing good? Sincerely,

ORIGINAL LONELY.

Ans.—What an ambitious boy it is to be writing a really truly book. If you have your MS. typed, any plain unruled paper—white, tough in texture, and fairly thin—will do. Have it cut legal size, or about eight by fourteen inches.

The only suggestion I can make re the short stories is to submit one or more to magazine editors. If they show merit, you are sure to hear from the magazine. It is not a rose-bestrewn path, I warn you, that along which would-be writers tread, and do not feel too blue when your stories come back, "with thanks." The price paid depends upon the value of the story.

Fairly good, "O. L."

A Sensible View.

Dear Miss Grey,—I thought I would take this chance to renew acquaintance with the Mail-Box again, so here goes. The "Corner" has been lately (by the tone of some of the letters), a small battle ground in which the different faults, shortcomings, wrongdoings and sayings of nearly all of the nationalities represented in this country have been paraded. It seems mainly, however, between the English and Canadians that the laurel for the best (or worst) definitions of each other lie. Really, it is hard to see which of the two as yet has the upper hand of the other, in fact it looks like a dead tie.

But putting joking aside, does it not seem so foolish and unreasonable to see the Lion and its Cubs, as represented in a small way by the different writers mentioned, snapping and snarling at each other when they should all pull together and try to see the good in each one. Let's forget those petty things that come between, and so put up a united front to conquer "the common foe."

During my lifetime it has been my privilege to live in three great English-speaking countries, namely England, Canada and the United States, and to my mind there is no great, real difference in any of the people. As a Canadian, let me point out to others of the same nationality some of the good points of "those blockheads," and vice versa. Are we not, here in Canada, getting a little prone to judge people by their clothes and outside appearances instead of what is underneath? There is a soul and a depth of feeling and good fellowship and understanding under that old-looking or out-of-fashion suit, and you have got to mix with them and share the common burdens and then maybe will come to the surface that which has made the British Empire what it is today.

Then there is the view some English people take of the Canadians. I have heard it said that our people have not the capacity for real sympathy and understanding of the heartaches and sufferings of humanity at this time. In short, they say that we have no souls and are only concerned in how much we are making, and worrying about it being enough for our own pleasures, and when anything is brought up about this war or something that is a little unpleasant, the remark is: "Oh, speak about something pleasant." Maybe there is something in that, for I have heard it said myself once or twice, but is that the case in the majority of Canadians? I hardly think so, for there is a mighty lot of suffering in the hearts of a lot of Canadian-born people whose husbands and sons are doing their bit, and have in many cases laid down their lives for the "cause of humanity." Let such thoughts be banished from the minds of people of both nationalities, for such thoughts are bound to grow and will become like a cancer eating at the very vitals of this mighty Empire.

Everything that is really in the way of the successful conclusion of the war should be put aside, and if it comes to closing up on some of our amusements, let it be done, for here in Canada it hardly seems as if there is a war on at all. The sooner the dance halls, moving picture shows and other amusements are banned, the sooner the Canadian overseas army will grow in strength, and the whole Canadian people of whatever nationality they spring from will become a greater credit to themselves and an example for the world.

Well, I could say a lot more, Miss Grey, but I'm thinking you will be tired of my outburst, so will close while there is yet time. Yours for a better Canada.

A MERE YOUNG MAN.

P. S.—Hope to be with the "boys" again for good soon. Wish me better luck this time, will you.

Ans.—I am certainly glad to publish your letter, for it's full to the brim of the right spirit,—the spirit of friendliness and co-operation we aim at in the Mail-Box. So you are to join again, indeed, we do wish you "luck"—that your wish to enlist may at last be gratified—and that the New Year may bring you continued health, strength and courage.

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stands all tests of laboratory and home.
It is pure, it is delicious, it is healthful.
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RED CROSS AND C.W.C.A.

NOT ENOUGH YET—

Surely a suitable name for this column might be "Oliver Twist's Corner," for it is always asking for more. And by all signs it will be necessary for it to go on in the new year calling loudly for more and more and yet more!

The first thing that it is going to ask for will likely be a surprise to its readers—yes, actually, more socks. Those boys of ours at the front certainly do wear them out at a tremendous rate. But we can't let them go barefoot, can we?

And socks are by no means all they want. They really haven't enough of anything. Let me give you a peep into the recent report from the C.W.C.A. headquarters in London, England. Figures are generally dull things, but these, telling of all the "comforts" the women of Canada have been shipping to their husbands and sons on the battlefield, are so interesting that it is really a pity they couldn't be published here. But that would take the whole page and more. Such tons and tons of field comforts as are shipped to the boys every month! Towels, and shirts and fruit cake and insect-powder and candy and mufflers and cocoa and socks and socks and socks. Eighty thousand pairs of socks in one month is recorded, and that is not much above the average; 14,256 cakes of carbolic soap and 1,200 pairs of wristlets a month are a mere item in the huge lists.

And with the report came a sheaf of letters from officers at the front, acknowledging the gifts to their men. They all breathe gratitude for everything sent, but there is always an especial mention for the socks.

"It is impossible to get too many of them at this time of year," writes one colonel.

"They were badly needed." "A pair of dry socks is appreciated, I can tell you." "They were a God-send, believe me," are a few of the many expressions of appreciation.

It is really a pity that these letters could not all be published word for word, with their signatures. They would silence forever those weird tales about things never reaching the trenches, and soldiers paying for their socks! If, after all the proofs to the contrary, there is still one woman who has a doubt in her mind that all these socks and shirts and endless comforts are a free gift from the women of Canada sent straight without money and without price to their boys at the front, will she please drop in at Hyman Hall some day and ask to see those officers' letters. She will run home as fast as she can fly and never stop knitting and sewing till the war is over!

Now, the serious part of all this tremendous output from the C.W.C.A. headquarters in London, England, is that the money and clothing are not coming in fast enough to keep it up! Here is an alarming statement that Mrs. McLaren Brown, from the C.W.C.A. headquarters, made here in her address last month:

"We workers at the C.W.C.A. rooms dread the day when a letter will come from an officer at the front asking for comforts for his men, and our shelves are empty."

That day must not, must not, be allowed to come. If we have to go without socks ourselves, we must see to it that our soldiers are supplied. And that is why the C.W.C.A. is calling for "more, more, more!" More socks and more shirts, and more socks and more wristlets, and more socks and more trench caps, and more socks and more underwear, and more socks. As the colonel quoted above said, "it is impossible to get too many."

And the poor, wounded boys want something more, too. They need every rag and vestige of old linen and cotton you possess, for the hospitals on the battlefield. Any pieces in good condition, not smaller than 18 inches square, which you have; please wash and iron them and send them as soon as possible to Hyman Hall. Anything that is clean and whole is wanted—except lace curtains!

And our boys have still another requisition. They need very badly, indeed, those shirts and other garments which you took home last year to sew, and have not yet returned. Won't you please hurry them back, so that they can be shipped as soon as possible? Some work still out is keeping other work back.

The shipments this week are as follows: C.W.C.A.—12 boxes socks, each containing 144 pairs; 6 boxes day shirts, containing in all 241; one box, containing 400 towels; 346 handkerchiefs, 30 wash-cloths, 1 box containing 57 mufflers and 5 sweaters.

Red Cross—12 boxes grey flannel shirts, 3 boxes helpless shirts, 1 box convalescent suits, 4 boxes day shirts, 1 box bed socks, 1 box knee caps, 3 boxes sheets, 1 box dressing-gowns, 1 box towels, 5 boxes surgical supplies, 20 boxes field comforts.

MARIAN KEITH,
Press-Sec.

Daughters of the Empire

The soldiers' comfort shower in Cronyn Hall, conducted by the Daughters of the Empire during the week, has proven quite a success. Each day the members of some one or more of the chapters were in attendance to receive the donations sent in. Considerable money has also been contributed, which will be expended in the city in the purchase of supplies. The work of packing has commenced, and will be completed next week, and the boxes shipped to England. The I. O. D. E. are greatly indebted to the rector and churchwardens of St. Paul's Cathedral for their kindness in granting the use of Cronyn Hall for the purposes of the shower.

The ladies in charge of the Soldiers' Club on Dundas street, while using every effort to supply the men in training with all the comforts of a home that can be found in a well-conducted club, are not forgetful of the need of suitable amusements, such as music, games, etc. On Sunday afternoon select music is provided. A number of ladies have placed their talents at the disposal of Miss Dillon's committee for this purpose. Entertainment of another kind is found in the card parties conducted periodically by some members of the different chapters, who supply refreshments and prizes for the successful players. There is no question that all the men who avail themselves of the privileges of the club appreciate them highly.

Miss Perley, chairman of the ladies' committee of the C. W. C. A. in England, in acknowledging the last receipt of bales, gives some idea of the extent of the benefactions of this association in the matter of socks alone. She says:

"Dear Mrs. Campbell,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your consignment of October 23 (ten bales, Nos. 239 to 248), and November 4 (six bales, Nos. 249 to 254). I am directed to convey to you the very grateful thanks of the association for this generous and welcome donation, and to say that everything was received in excellent condition. We were very glad indeed to receive the socks, because now that the cold weather is here, the demands for them are very heavy. You may be interested to know that during November alone we forwarded over 78,000 pairs of socks to the men at the front."

Grateful acknowledgments have been received from the patients in the military hospitals for the Christmas attentions of the Daughters of the Empire. These letters cannot be all printed, but the following sample gives the sentiments of all:

"Dear Ladies,—I wish to express my most sincere thanks to you all for the very nice and most useful present which I received yesterday, the 21st inst. I wish you all the season's greetings, and may success crown your work through the coming year. Yours truly,

"SERGT. J. BROUMPTON."

The order in London has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mrs. C. S. Hyman, honorary regent of Lord Roberts Chapter. Mrs. Hyman's health had not been such as to permit of her frequent attendance at meetings; but she showed her warm interest in the society by practical sympathy with its work, and by generous donations to all its patriotic and benevolent schemes. Whenever assistance was needed in carrying out any plan for the benefit of the soldiers, her help could always be depended on. At the meeting of the Municipal executive on Wednesday afternoon last a resolution expressive of our sorrow for her death and our sympathy for the bereaved family, was passed by a standing vote. L. K. C.

RHEUMATISM GOES IF HOOD'S IS USED

The genuine old reliable Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the acid condition of the blood and builds up the whole system. It drives out rheumatism because it cleanses the blood.

It has been successfully used for forty years in many thousands of cases the world over.

There is no better remedy for skin and blood diseases, for loss of appetite, rheumatism, stomach and kidney troubles, general debility and all ills arising from impure, impoverished, devitalized blood.

It is unnecessary to suffer. Start treatment at once. Get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla from your nearest druggist. You will be pleased with the results.

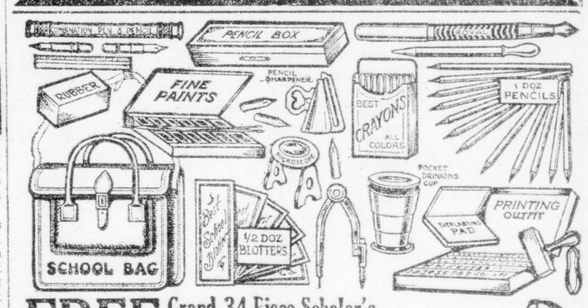
Flattering to the Original

But Imitations Only Disappoint

There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.

This is a facsimile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

EDDY'S MATCHES
Although somewhat increased in price owing to the continued high cost of potash, glue and other raw material, are of the usual high standard of quality which has made them famous for two-thirds of a century.
Always Ask For
EDDY'S MATCHES



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Send us your name and address to-day, and we will send you, postage paid, a free sample package of "Fairy Berries," the delightful, new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume, and just 32 large 10c. packages to introduce among your friends. Open your free package and ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They'll like them so much that every one will want a package or two at once. Just one little "Fairy Berry" will purify the breath, sweeten and perfume the breath, and they are irresistibly delicious. Everybody loves them. You'll sell them all in an hour. "Fairy Berries" sell like wildfire. Then return our $3.20 and we will at once send you this grand complete 34-piece scholar's outfit exactly as represented; and a beautiful full size Folding Film Camera (value $5.00) will also be sent to you for showing your grand Scholar's Outfit to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums, as you did. We arrange to stand payment of all transportation charges on your outfit. Write to-day—right now while you think of it. Address

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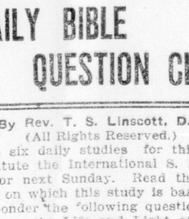

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