

About the "Uniform."

Dear Junia.—I have just read the article from "a hired man pro tem" and feel that I would like to air a few thoughts along that line. This brave girl has some splendid thoughts, but you know that it takes "all kinds of things and weather and people to make up this world, and I do not just agree with one of her lines of thought. I would like to ask, Why is it necessary for women to don men's clothing in order to do their work? You may say I am weak when I say that to see a woman or young girl strutting around the farm in overalls or bloomers takes from her so much of the reserved dignity and modesty that alone belong to woman kind. Some say it gives greater freedom, and is more comfortable—Oh no, I say, more un-comfortable to the real woman, one who possesses all the womanly qualities. I will just here say that I am a married girl, and mother of two babies. I am already trying to teach my little girl her first lessons in modesty, and what good would that do, were she to behold her mother, or any other girl going forth in overalls or bloomers. The idea of the bloomer outfit is better than overalls but why anything but plain neat womanly apparel? It would be a joke if some stranger came upon us unexpectedly. I should blush for shame, and feel like beating it to the house to finish dressing. I know the fashion books are full of it, but to me it seems a matter of show, or some flitting idea for a fanciful butterfly whose garden spot is 8 ft. by 10 ft. I quite agree with you Junia about the puttees—although they might ward off some thistles as the hay comes up on the wagon. I helped my husband take off 75 tons of hay last summer and did not need overalls or bloomers either. Expect to do the same this year—if the hay is a good crop.

What did I wear? Why—for outside apparel I wore a long sleeved blouse and neatly made overall bungalow aprons, high boots, (not slippers) to protect and support the ankles. (Anyone with weak ankles should note this, as a quick jump often results in a broken or sprained ankle.)—Dressed like this I would not have been ashamed to meet the King, should he be walking this way, for many indeed are the field callers we have—agents, tea-peddler, Watkin's delivery man, etc., or even the minister. These aprons are not real full, but just a sensible apron that does not trip us, when we make a quick move, or hinder us from springing up on the wagon to ride back to the field for the next load—good times. Yes, we women are doing a good work and it has been the very making of some women, for they never before knew what they could do and never realized the blessing and help that they could be to their husbands or brothers as the case may be. I speak from experience when I say that this shortage of farm help has made us more independent. Instead of bringing the boy or man from perhaps the farthest field to hitch up our horse, we have learned to do it ourselves, and find we are very happy in being able to do it.

As for our city friends seeing us in our true light, I am sure they are more and more realizing how dependent they are on the farmers ("hayseeds" as they used to say), and are not so ready to say—"they are just farmers"—We are the producers—and they are continually phoning us to guarantee them their winter supply of apples, potatoes, eggs, etc. This awful war has been a great awakening to a great many people in a great many ways. There is so much to write about these days, but I must not take any more of your valuable space this time. Many may not agree with things I have said, but it's this that makes the page interesting by inviting correspondents. Wishing all the girls success, whether they wear overalls or aprons, and with good wishes to this very enjoyable Corner.

I remain,

"YOURS FOR APRONS".
Oxford Co., Ont.

A Letter From Rose Terrace.

Dear Friends of the Ingle Nook.—It is a long time since I made my presence felt, but I have always been an interested reader. No doubt the reason we do not visit the Nook oftener is because we are knitting, knitting, knitting, and our days are full to overflowing.

I was interested in an article which appeared in the "Advocate", not long

ago, written by "A Farm Woman". Among other things, she said that the higher classes in America have begun to see that the life of the novel and the rocking chair, is neither a good nor a happy life, and the war will do great good to them, and through them to society, if it can show a means by which this knowledge can be put to practical use. Then she went on to speak of the busy lives some of our farmers' wives lead, and she enumerated a partial list of the duties which one woman discharged on a certain Saturday, and ended up by saying that after her work was done she was too tired to read, so played the piano for half an hour. "Truly", she said, "music must have charms."

I would like to ask "Farm Woman", if she ever tried sitting down to the piano, when she was too utterly tired and weary to keep going, and just let her fingers wander over the keys, with a soft caressing touch, or if she preferred it, played something lively, with lots of swing and inspiration in it, and see what a wonderful difference it will make. In ten to fifteen minutes she will have forgotten much of the pain and weariness and the tired nerves will have been wonderfully soothed and rested.

So often we hear farm women say, "Oh I never touch the instrument any more. I haven't time"; or "I have forgotten all I ever knew about music." It seems to me that this is a grave mistake. It is an injustice to the father who toiled hard, perhaps, to procure an instrument for us and give us music lessons. It is an injustice to the mother, who carefully shouldered an extra amount of work to leave us free to practice, and it is a great injustice to ourselves.

A few years ago I was embroidering a very elaborate pair of pillow cases. I was very fond of the dainty work, and took great pains with it. The last one was almost finished, and I sat looking at it one day and I wondered in my own mind if it was right for me to spend so much time embroidering those slips, when a pair of plain hemmed ones would have answered the purpose just as well. I could not see at a glance that I had improved in my work, but after all was there anything to be gained by being a skilful embroiderer? Quick as a flash the answer came from the silence of nowhere, as you know it will come sometimes, "perhaps in the years to come you may be accounted worthy to help embroider robes for the King of glory." What a fusilade of thoughts crowded thick and fast after that one. Who knows what shall be required of us over yonder? Eternity is long, and we must be busy. God does not despise embroidery, else why should he take the pains to instruct Moses to have embroidered robes for Aaron, the high priest, which were spoken of in Exodus as garments for glory and for beauty.

We are taught to believe that this life is only a preparation for the life to come. We cannot take any of the material things of this life with us, only the things which we have absorbed as we passed along and made a part of ourselves. St. Paul tells us to hold fast that which is good. In our Sunday School lesson the other day we came to the verse "To him that hath shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath". It is not a harsh tyrannical punishment but a natural law of the universe. If we cease to make use of our abilities they will in time cease to exist. In spite of the fact that we are to be changed, I believe we shall take up our lives over yonder, just where we lay them down here, and if we neglect all the finer possibilities in our nature we must expect to be the losers. True there are many things of the utmost importance which seem to demand immediate and almost constant attention, but let us contrive some way or another to keep fast hold of that which is good; let us seek to have the long vision, that sees the needs of the future, even while we are busy with the things of the present, and don't let the little bit of music, the little bit of poetry, the little bit of imagination, that gilds our lives, slip out of them, for you may depend upon it that God will find use for them in eternity, and you will be glad to have them ready for his use.

THE MISTRESS OF ROSE TERRACE.

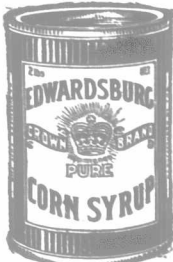
Reply to "One of the Girls."

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