

the patient, making the bed look like an oasis in a desert of filth, then she goes away after promising to come to-morrow with fresh sheets and pillowcases. She has set the ball of cleanliness rolling, and there is nothing like making a beginning. Next day she will probably find the floor swept, the dishes washed and put tidily on shelves with clean shelf paper under them, the stove swept up, and, possibly, cleaned. Cleanliness and orderliness are attractive and infectious, and kind neighbors are pretty sure to drop in and talk the visitor over, lending a hand when they see what she has begun. Then they go back to their own rooms and tidy up there, opening the windows and washing the children. They get interested in the improved look of things, and possibly are even inspired to sweep the entry and stairs, or even to wash them—not before they need it. So the nurse has worked a greater reform than she dreams of by one short visit.

In some cities big "nurses' baskets" are kept filled by the women of the various churches. They contain "bedding, night gowns, old linen, infants' clothing, jellies, canned fruit, breakfast foods, bouillon, soaps, toilet articles, and dozens of other useful things which abundantly stock both the loan-closet and the gift-closet of the nurse."

But it is not only in the cities that the visiting nurse is found. She is an established and much-needed ministering angel in some rural districts also. I will quote again from my magazine:

"It takes the strength and courage of a heroine to go out on a Christmas night in a blinding snowstorm for a lonely eight-mile drive over the hills; and, finding a family of seven living in one room in indescribable squalor, a room of one bed, upon which three of the five little children were ill with diphtheria, and the mother, helpless from a broken arm, caring for the pale sick baby upon her breast—to remain there in that hovel of disease and misery, far from neighbors and friends, for days and nights—with no where to rest her head."

One nurse made two calls each day on a sick child who had only been in this country a week. The father, mother and child had escaped death only by hiding for three days in a cellar—this was, of course, before they left Russia. Everything they owned, but the clothes they wore, had been stolen. A large majority of the people living in the streets around me are Russian Jews—there are two families from Russia in the house where I am living, at least, I think so—the people in the basement don't talk English, so it is not easy to learn anything of them.

Dirty tenements, bad air, overcrowding and dark rooms provide good soil for consumption germs, and a grand battle is being waged against that plague. Free exhibitions are constantly being held, which are advertised in all the

schools. I attended one of these a short time ago, and was greatly interested in the models of tents and shacks for open-air treatment of tuberculosis. Some of the little airy dwellings had dolls in bed with their heads outside the window and their bodies inside the room. There were photographs of terrible, crowded sweat-shops, where workers bent over machines, and dirty little bedrooms, lighted day and night by flaring gas, where human beings sew all day long. Some of them were evidently far gone in consumption, and in one picture, the woman had wrapped around her, for warmth, part of the garment she was making. Then there were contrasting pictures of bright, airy model workrooms and tenements. There was also a life-size bedroom built in the exhibition hall. This was labelled, "The Wrong Kind of Bedroom," and it looked very like the average—or a little below the average—bedroom in these streets. The old bedstead was partly covered with a ragged, dirty quilt, there was a chair with a carpet seat, very dirty and partly torn off, an old rag of a carpet was spread crookedly in front of the bed, two or three glaring pictures were hung—or tacked—to the wall, and the window was shut, and the blind down. Beside it was another room of the same size, labelled "The Right Kind of Bedroom." It was clean and dainty, with a cheap, flowered wall paper, white iron bedstead, with clean, white quilt, clean floor—no carpet—little iron washstand with big granite bowl and pitcher (the other room had no washstand arrangements at all), there was a wooden rocking-chair, and the window was wide open. I don't see how anyone could look at those two rooms, and then go contentedly home to one of the wrong kind. An object lesson like that must do more good than any amount of lecturing. As I said, cleanliness is infectious and one clean tenement in a district is an inspiration to the neighbors—that is a very valuable kind of "neighboring." When seeds with life in them are planted, it is not necessary to wait around for years to see if they are going to grow and increase. Beauty and purity only need to be seen to be desired. That is the reason we cannot help trying to be like God if our eyes are fixed on the beauty of His holiness.

We can all do something to help a neighbor—don't let us waste the opportunity now at hand by idly dreaming of the things we should like to do if we only had a chance.

"Friends, in this world of hurry,
And work, and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
A kindness to a friend,
Do it in that very minute! Don't put
it off—don't wait.
What's the use of doing a kindness, if
you do it a day too late?"

HOPE.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

NOT MANY GIRLS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I hope to see my letter in print as I saw my other one. I go to school. My teacher's name is Mr. B. and I like him. My cousin, my brother and I are each writing a small letter. My brothers' names are Jack and Earl. My sisters' names are Annie, May and Vera. Vera is three months old. Earl is the baby boy. I live in Brownsman. There are not many girls here.

(Age 11 years.) LILY METCALFE.

A LITERARY BABY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have never written to the Children's Corner before and I thought I would write. I have a little brother twenty months old and he wants the ADVOCATE as soon as he sees it. My father has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE as long as I can remember. I have three sisters going to school. We have 320 acres of land. I have a little pig.

JACK W. METCALFE.

(Age 10 years.)

TWO MILES AND A HALF TO WALK.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have seen so many letters in the Children's Corner that I thought I would write too. I am nine years old. I am going to school. I have one brother going to school. I have two and a half miles to walk to school. I have three brothers and two sisters. And now I will tell you how much stock we have: five horses, and nineteen head of cattle, one pig, and about seventy hens. We have two dogs and cats.

GEORGE A. METCALFE.

(Age 9 yrs.)

A GREAT READER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have been reading the letters in the Children's Corner of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and enjoy them very much. I did not see any from here so thought I would write one. I have four sisters and one brother. I go to school and am in the fifth book. We have half a mile to go to school. I live on a farm about half a mile north of west Kello Station. We have three little colts which we call Fritz, May and Rab. I will tell

"A Miss is as Good as A Mile" and a Minute Off is often A Miss

When a minute counts have an

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Discovered

you why we call them Fritz and Rab. We used to have a team long ago named Rab and Fritz. They were great favorites. They were born the year of the rebellion. One was named after Reil and the other after Middleton. I am learning to milk now. My birthday is on the 24th of January and

I was eleven years old last birthday. I have read several books, some of them are "Alice in Wonderland", "Through the Looking-glass" and "What Alice Found There", "Elsie's Girlhood", and I am busy reading "Little Women" now.

FOUR M. NIXON.