

Scientific Treatment of the Soil Pays Big Returns

Haphazard Methods are Costly.

You may save a little on the cost of producing your crops by slighting the various farming operations—but when you figure up at the end of the year you'll be out of pocket.

Thorough preparation of the soil; good seed, and careful seeding pay big dividends on whatever the additional expense may be.

The Massey-Harris Line of Implements includes everything necessary

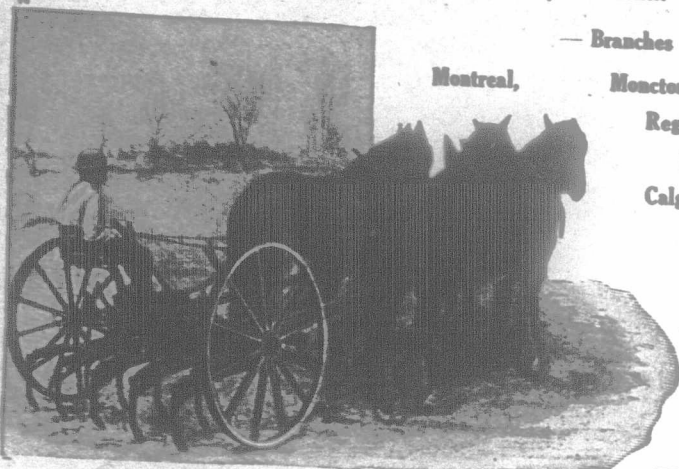
to enable the progressive farmer to handle the soil in the way which will yield the best returns.

Plows of all kinds, Disc Harrows, Drag Harrows, Spring-Tooth Cultivators, Stiff-Tooth Cultivators, Land Rollers, Packers, Fertilizer Sowers, Manure Spreaders, etc.

Time has Proved the Worth of Massey-Harris Implements.

Massey-Harris Co., Limited.

Head Offices—Toronto, Canada.



—Branches at—

Montreal, Moncton, Winnipeg,
Regina, Saskatoon,
Swift Current,
Calgary, Yorkton,
Edmonton.

—Agencies
Everywhere—

SOLD THE FARM

Unreserved Auction Sale of FARM STOCK and IMPLEMENTS

TO BE SOLD ON
March 17th and 18th, 1914

The following Stock and Implements to be sold March 17th

82 HORSES.—One Imported Clydesdale Stallion, four years old, *Barclimming* (Imp.) = (14605) = (16469). 6 matched teams imported and home bred. 4 mares in foal, two 2-year-olds and two colts. 15 Hackneys Imp. and home bred. Imp. Hackney Stallion, Warwick Albert, Imp. (14553). 1 extra fine carriage team, four years old, thoroughly broke, single or double, four 3-year-olds, broken to harness and saddle, two 2-year-olds and two colts, three mares in foal.

HARNESS.—6 set heavy team harness, 1 set carriage harness, 3 set single harness. English riding saddle, blankets, robes, carriage sleighs, cutter and a full line of farm implements.

The following to be sold on March 18th.

60 HEAD OF CATTLE.—Shorthorn and Shorthorn grades. Stock Bull, Robin = 79431 =, 20 cows, some fresh and giving a good flow of milk, some with calves by their side, others in calf, balance ranging in age from one month to twenty months old.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums of \$10 and under cash, over that amount eight months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes, or discount of 5% per annum off for cash on all sums entitled to credit.

Oak Park Farm is situated between Brantford and Paris, and can be reached by the Grand Valley car from either town, which runs every hour by the farm. Sale starts at 10 o'clock. Lunch at noon.

OAK PARK STOCK FARM CO., LTD.

COL. WELBY ALMAS, Brantford } Auctioneers.
MAJ. E. R. ALMAS, Norwich }

Prop. BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Persons seeking investment

for surplus money or who desire a new home, an estate I must sell 800 acres, situate on the Assiniboine River, 4½ miles from Alexander Village, on C. P. R. main line, 15 miles from Brandon City, Manitoba. Exceptional buildings in excellent state of repair; good land; good fences; school about 50 rods away; close five elevators. This property may be purchased with or without complete equipment, such as horses, cattle, machinery, etc. Further particulars on application. Also must sell 160 acres, 7 miles from Antler, Saskatchewan, and also small house with lot in Elva, Manitoba. I am an executor of a will and must sell. These properties will stand investigation in every way. Write to-day. JOHN CAMBRIDGE, 224 Dundas Street, London, Canada, or U. A. BUCHNER, Solicitor, London, Canada.

then, very wisely—"Of course, I don't try to explain everything. If I did, there would be no opportunity for the play of fancy. Too much explanation directs the child's attention to words and sentences, so that he fails to get the thought as a whole."

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As a last point,—Dr. Montessori considers it very important to have the child express his thoughts clearly, easily and correctly; expression, she recognizes, helps thinking itself. Miss Sullivan discovered the same thing in working with Helen Keller. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hopkins, after describing the interest of her walks with her pupil, she concludes, "We go home about dinner-time usually, and Helen is eager to tell her mother everything she has seen (perceived). This desire to repeat what has been told her, shows a marked advance in the DEVELOPMENT OF HER INTELLECT, and is an invaluable stimulus to the acquisition of language."

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There are many more points of resemblance which you must have noticed, and which, you must have concluded, are due to the fact that both Dr. Montessori and Mrs. Macy, instead of starting from an outside theory and trying to work it out, started from intimate study of the child himself. "Let Nature be your teacher," has been the watchword of both.

I have been wondering if these two remarkable women ever met. If they did, what intensely interesting conversations they must have had! What a meeting of mind with mind, experience with experience, and sympathy with sympathy! I have never had the privilege of seeing Dr. Montessori, although she visited very near us a few weeks ago, with our cousins just over "the border," but to look upon her sweet pictured face is to love her, and to know that she lectured on anthropology in the University of Rome is to know that she is a conversationalist of no mean order. Mrs. Macy is one of the most attractive women I have ever seen, and the very best (woman) public speaker. I wish you could all have seen her as she stood there in her pretty dress of silver-gray with a touch of blue,—her animated face filled with the intelligence that comes only with much thought, her unaffected manner, her graceful gestures, her sweet smile growing ever more tender as she talked about or looked at her wonderful pupil. More still I wish you could all have heard her eloquence, her clear and logical reasoning, her cultured and expressive voice.

It is so hard to convey clear mental pictures to you through this printed page; it is so hard to give, within the space allotted to a magazine article, more than an echo of all the things one wants to tell. But it is, thanks be, so easy to recommend books that shed a great light and help to fill these lives of ours with interest. We can speak no more at length of either of these women in these columns, but again may I say that those who wish to learn of them or be helped by them, can do no better than secure the books referred to in the articles of the last few weeks in this department. . . . That is one of the delights of good books, is it not?—they suggest things to us, they make us think, they lead us to make comparisons and set us off on trails of exploration on our own account, they open up new worlds to us, they knock us out of our own little ruts and our own little neighborhoods, and set us travelling on the broad highway where walk the great souls of the earth. As a great man said, "Good Lord! the world is so full of delightful company in books that I am ashamed of being so grievously bored."

"If you have two loaves," runs the Chinese proverb, "sell one and buy a lily to feed your soul." "If you can't afford both," one might render the thought in modern paraphrase, "do without the new parlor carpet and buy books."

J.

RIPE PEAS.

I am informed that there is a method of canning garden peas after they have become ripe by first soaking in some solution before boiling them. Could you

give me the formula used and method of canning followed?
Oxford Co., Ont.
A READER.

We have heard that ripe peas may be improved for use by treating them with a solution of lye, but we have no information in regard to the method. Perhaps one of our readers will be kind enough to supply it.

"EGGLESS" RECIPES.

Dear Junia,—I have received much help from the Ingle Nook of the widely-known "Farmer's Advocate," and, as is natural, I come for more. A short time ago some very good recipes for "Eggless Cakes" appeared in your columns. Would you kindly publish some more? I should also like a good recipe for coarse oatmeal gingerbread. I notice that I am not the only one who has come to the end of the egg supply. What contrary creatures those hens are to be sure! The members of my feathered flock seem to think it utterly beneath their dignity to lay eggs when most needed. They seem to have taken example from affairs across the water, and are on strike! Thanking you for your help at all times.
Simcoe Co., Ont.
ZOE.

Eggless Fruit Cake.—Two cups butter-milk, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups raisins, 2 cups currants, ½ cup butter, 1½ teaspoons soda, 4½ cups flour, spice to taste.

Cake Without Eggs.—One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon lemon or vanilla. Beat well, and add, last of all 5 tablespoons melted butter.

Good Plain Cake.—Take dough enough to make a small loaf, and work into it ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, and some caraway seed. When well worked, pull into bits and work again. Do this three times, let rise, and bake.

Do you think your hens can manage a one-egg cake occasionally? If so, you will find some recipes elsewhere in this paper.

Can anyone send a recipe for oatmeal gingerbread?

LETTER FROM JUANITA.

Dear Junia and Chatterers,—Just a few words to say "how do you do" to everyone, and ask where all the old friends have gone? Nearly every name is new in the Nook now. Of course, I know the new ones are all welcome, but like the words of the song, "Make new friends, but keep the old," we would certainly like to keep the old. I hope you all had a merry Christmas, and will have a very happy and prosperous year. I went to Montreal for my Christmas, and found it was not all holiday. My husband had sent to his aunt and cousins three turkeys, and until the afternoon before Christmas they had not arrived. Knowing that he would be disappointed, I set out to find them. I phoned the butcher. He sent the remainder of the flock, too, and he told me if I'd come to his shop he would give me three, but he could not send anyone with them, as all his boys and delivery carts were rushed already. Before going up I went to the Express Company to see if they were there, but was only bluffed, and told they were on their way, and would be home before me. I was doubtful, and went to the butcher's and phoned my friends to see if they had come. They had not, so there was nothing left to do but to carry 38 pounds of turkey from one end of the city to the other. I thought the butcher would make them up in a neat, brown-paper parcel, but no; he brought in a big bran sack, and just dumped them in one after the other, heads and tails sticking out in all directions.

"Oh, Mr. W." I said, "could you not put a paper on them?" "Och, missus," he said, "they'd only burst it all; shure an' there's lots worse parcels than that goes on the cars." He sent a boy to the car with me, and for a time all was well. Then I had to transfer, of course, had to walk a block, carrying my unwieldy load in front of me, it being too bulky to carry in my arms. My car was not there, so I set it down as close to my feet as possible. A man running to get another car caught his toe on one corner of it and went headlong in the snow. I expected him to say all sorts of wicked things, but he had no time, never stopping to see what tripped him. My car came, crowded, of course, all