

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

To my friends who read this page is passed on the hope expressed on personal greeting cards sent out this Yuletide, namely "That the end of the war may find Canadians, individually and as a nation, saner, better poised, wider in their outlook, more tolerant. May they think more, work more and talk less."

As a nation, hitherto we have been noisy and boastful. We have resented it when outsiders have intimated as much, but in our heart of hearts the real sting has been that we knew the accusation to be true. We have been like a houseful of

noisy, ungoverned children in all stages of growth. Suddenly we have been thrust into the full responsibilities of nationhood. No thinking person imagines for a moment that our men have gone to war, merely because we are a part of the British Empire. We are fighting on that account of course, but if by any conceivable combination of circumstances Britain had drawn back from her pledges, Canada would have been forced to take up the gauge of battle on her own account or forever bow to the rule of the German war lords. We are at war because Freedom is in peril, and the fact that Britain and freedom are synonymous only adds to our obligation to fight.

To be in any one of the western cities where the second contingent is being mobilized and see day after day the thousands of young, strong men in khaki drilling on the streets, and think that hundreds, nay thousands, may go down the "long trail" never to return, or to return wounded and maimed, shorn of their splendid strength, is a solemn and sobering thought. Canada can never again take her nationhood lightly. It is receiving the baptism of blood and tears. The United States of America was never in any real sense a nation until after the Civil war. Canada has been provinces, more or less closely united in east and west but always with that gap between; but even at this writing, before any Canadian regiment has received its baptism of fire in this awful war, the east and west have drawn closer together than ever before. The thought that the lads from the prairies and the old farms of Ontario and Quebec are working, fighting and, alas it may be, dying side by side will bridge the gap round the north shore of Lake Superior as nothing else could do. We will be no longer east and west but "Canada" welded by the heavy hammer of adversity and common sorrow into a NATION.

Many of my readers will have noticed in the daily and weekly papers reference to the great conference held at Regina on the closing days of November, to discuss some form of closer settlement of the rural districts of the west. It is not necessary to go into the scheme actually propounded, because it was finally recognized, by even its promoters, to be impractical. The conference was, however, both interesting and illuminating.

CLOSER SETTLEMENT

There were 250 delegates and almost every phase of commercial and agricultural life was represented, save and except the work of women. The women were not entirely forgotten or ignored, though they had not been invited to attend. Nearly every speaker deplored that farm life was hard on women and a number seemed to recognize that something must be done to make farm life more attractive to them if the country was to prosper. The writer of this page was the only woman present at the seven sessions held, and at the last session, but one, was asked to speak.

It seemed too good an opportunity to miss so she endeavored, at a moment's notice, to voice some of the things that make women discontented with life on the farm, and ventured to suggest that it would have been an excellent idea to take the women of the Homemakers and Home Economic clubs into the conference and ask them what could be done to make life on the farm better for the women. The need of the dower law was pressed home as strongly as possible also the need of granting the women the right to homestead. It was also suggested that the easiest, simplest and sanest way to give the women the protection they need in their great work of creating homes and rearing families, was to give them the vote and let them secure the reform legislation for themselves. The speaker was given a fairly sympathetic hearing and it was encouraging to note that apparently her effort bore some fruit, for when the result of the conference was given concrete form

in the shape of the "Canadian Rural Advancement League," it was decided to put a woman representative from each province on the executive of this league, which is to be a body to study the wants and needs of the country and act in an advisory capacity to the Dominion Government when called upon.

There is a good deal of debate in the minds of women as to whether they should seek to push for reform legislation during the war. Personally I think there should not be much in the way of active campaigning or anything that would tend to suggest

THE DOWER IN SASK.

Activities however, should not be allowed to cease. The writer has occasion to know that many of the legislators of Saskatchewan are feeling very differently on the subject of the dower law to what they did even a year ago. Real estate is not changing hands so fast and the claim that the right of dower would serve to hamper such transactions would not be so potent as it has been. Quite a few men inside and outside the legislature have come to realize that it would have been money in the pocket of the country if it had not been quite so easy to transfer real estate. It is my firm conviction that a good sized petition on this subject presented to the Attorney General of Saskatchewan before or during the next sitting of the legislature would not be without effect. It certainly could do no harm.

The Grain Growers of Manitoba and Alberta will meet in January and those of Saskatchewan early in February. May it not be that

GRAIN GROWERS the time is opportune to induce these important bodies of electors to move in the matter in each province. A petition backed by them would carry much weight, for are they not "VOTERS!" There is to be a woman's section at each of these conventions and it would be an easy matter to get together on such a reform.

Friendship

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

In human hearts there is a chord responsive Which yields to touch of character sincere, And consciousness of worth in object cherished, E'er binds the friends who hold each other dear.

'Tis not impulsive sentimental tribute Of passing admiration that they pay, Who deal in friendship's golden coin untarnished, Shall covenant keep throughout eternal day.

With friendships based on knowing what is valued, Deep rooted, firm, and being what they seem, All actions tally with the word of frankness, And faithfulness to duty prompts esteem.

True friends will understand reproof or praises, As each holds others in sincere respect; In homage paid to all good gifts and graces, No atom of alloy shall they detect.

The world possesses much that's pure and lovely; At times reveals repulsive shades of life; Yet, friendship's bond confirms our faith in goodness And strengthens souls for duty and for strife.

How often has the battle pressed severely, And hearts have failed through absence of a friend, When timely word or touch in face of danger Had kept the wavering strong unto the end.

To friends is given then, a trust most precious, To be imparters of true hope and strength, That weak ones in the way may gain new courage, And helped and heartened reach the goal at length.

Did not the Master teach, a cup of water Would not in any wise lose its reward? 'Twould be as wholesome draught from living fountain, Refreshing those who found the journey hard.

Be ours to prove of service to the friendless, Extending helping hand to weakest one, So shall we save the lives that might have perished, And hear the Master say at last, "Well done."

Thus shall the New Year yield a wealth of gladness, The wounded world inspiring vision see— The Friend that sticketh closer than a brother Amidst the throng, with healing sympathy.

HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

Told In a Simple Way

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Heals Day and Night

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all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

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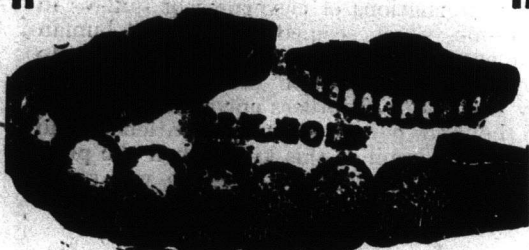
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