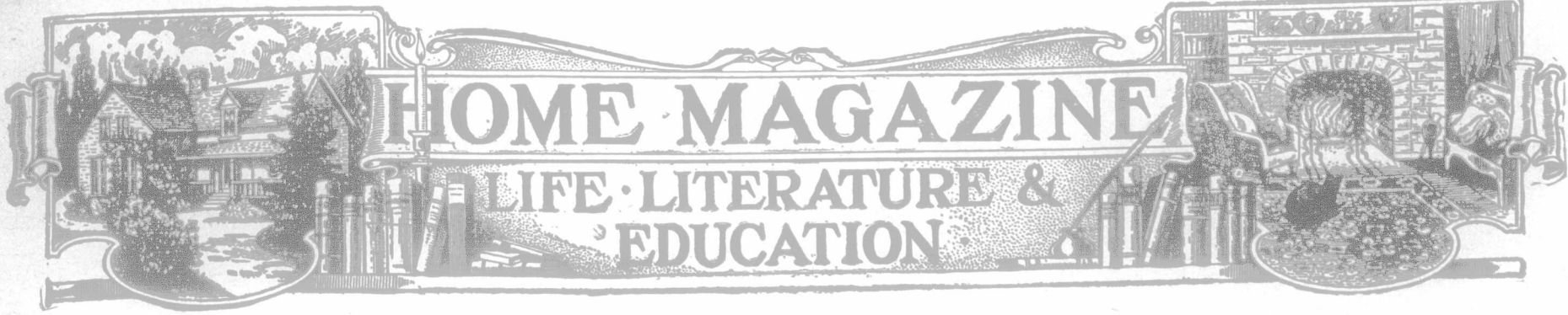




The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

BY W. B. YEATS

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin built there, of clay and
wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive
for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for
peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning
to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon
a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night
and day
I hear lake water lapping, with low
sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

The Farmer's Wife.

SO often the "hard" lot of farm women
has been ranted over, and so much
unasked pity has been lavished upon
them by people who have never known
an hour of actual farm life, that it is
rather refreshing to read the outcome of
a recent investigation in the United
States, where conditions are very much
the same as here in Canada.

Some months ago the home editor of
Farm and Home, Springfield, Mass.,
asked the women among the subscribers
of the paper to write letters telling what
they thought about reports that the
"poor farm woman on lonely farms toils
wearily with scant reward, and grows old
and gray before her youth is gone."

Here are some of the replies:

"How many women living in crowded
quarters in cities, with scarcely room to
breathe and no real freedom, would ex-
change places with me and many others
situated as I am? As I write, my bonny
baby of fourteen months lies asleep in his
crib on the screened porch free from noise
and dust. The older children are play-
ing in the yard with their dog, kitten and
dolls. They have oceans of fresh air to
breathe and unlimited freedom. Pro-
viding meals is no problem, for I have
fresh vegetables growing right at hand, a
tender young chicken prepared from my
own flock (no cold-storage products for
us!) We have plenty of fresh milk and
butter, and many other good things to
eat and grow on. I can look out on fields
of ripening grain and beautiful flowers
and thank God for his blessings."—Mrs.
C. E. Plummer, a farmer's wife of Okla-
homa.

"Lonely? Where is there such an
abundance of life as in the country?
There may not be crowds of people, but
nature makes a grander showing. The
trees, the grass, the flowers, the birds,
the horses, and cattle—even the crickets,
locusts, katydids, and frogs—all add to
the grand symphony of nature. And
then there are the beautiful bright moon
and the shining stars at night, when God
seems so near.

"Where are the members of the family
nearer and dearer to each other than on
the farm? Where do they understand
each other better? How many wonderful
evenings are spent together with neigh-
bors around the piano and victrola, sing-
ing and dancing! How many pleasant
hours are spent driving through the
country, going to band-concerts or picnics
or to church on Sunday! And then there
are the telephone and the daily visits of
the letter-carrier with magazines and
newspapers.

"It is city life that is lonely, where one
may travel all day through crowded
streets and be among strangers; where one

may see so many sad-eyed women, and
dirty children playing in dirty streets!

"Work hard? Of course we work hard,
but honest work is praise and prayer.
No other woman on the face of the earth
is so much a partner and chum to her
husband as the farm woman, and no-
where is there such clean, wholesome
family life as on the farm."—Mrs. H. F.
Woodrich, of Illinois.

"Believe me, there are no farm women
around here who work from 4.30 a.m.
until 10 p.m. I rarely ever get up before
six o'clock and am usually through before
eight at night, even though I do all my
own housework, make all my own clothes,
even underwear and coats, and very often
hats, too.

"I have four in the family all the time
and sometimes more, also have quite
a lot of company. I do lots of canning
of fruits and vegetables. In our 'Lizzie'
I carry the milk three miles to the cream-
ery every morning, Sundays included.
I do not consider myself overworked in
the least, neither am I bent or faded,
neither are my hands reddened or work-
worn. I have time to go for pleasure
rides, and once or twice a week we go to
the 'movies' in the nearest town, which
is nine miles away. Occasionally we
spend a day at the lake. Fully 75 per-
cent. of the farmers in this locality own
their own motor-cars. We nearly all
have telephones and almost without
exception are great readers, and when
weather permits we have weekly club
meetings all winter. There is no such
word as lonesomeness in our vocabulary.

"I am sick and tired of being-pitied
as a farm woman, when I don't need it,
because I truly think we are happier
than any other class of women in the
whole United States. We have work
enough so that we can appreciate our
pleasures, and we have pleasures enough
so that the work never becomes drudgery.
Personally, I would rather be hanged
than to have to wear some of the 'latest
fads and fancies of fashion.' Neither
would I change the 'same familiar land-
scape' for the side of some one else's
house, as people, living in city houses
have to do, if they look out of their
windows at all."—Mrs. A. Hewins, Mass.

A school-teacher who worked and
lived among farmers adds her testimony
as follows:

"I am an unmarried woman, a teacher
in the public schools. Last year I
taught a rural school, and I never had
a happier year. The children were good
and kind and sincere and intelligent.
In fact, the school as a whole was the
finest class of children that I ever taught.
I went there to get experience that
I had never had teaching in city and
village schools. I am in a position to
compare the children in the country with
those in the city. What I think is proved
by this fact is that I will never willingly
teach in the city again. In the country
we have parties, community sings, com-
munity picnics, and other community
social affairs, and I never met with such
hearty co-operation as I received from
the parents of my country pupils.

"I remember one home distinctly.
One of my pupils, a bright little girl
in the fifth grade, invited me to her home
to spend the night. It was as beautiful
a home as I have ever been permitted
to visit—a home, not a house only.
It was lighted by electric lights, and
when I looked out of the windows it
was upon a beautiful orchard. The
mother was a graduate of the Ohio
State University, the father had been
one of the professors of agriculture there,
and the children were well trained. The
father is now raising registered Guernsey
cattle.

"I venture to say that there are few
city homes that could compare with this
country home in culture, refinement, and
happiness. However, that was not the
only happy home. Happy children can

not come from unhappy homes. The
boys and girls were all happy and con-
tented. Of course, I realize that it
was an unusually beautiful and rich
farming region, but I will always re-
member my first year there as one of the
happiest of my school-teaching years."

It is true that, in Canada as well as
the United States, farm folk are con-
tinually trying to lessen their work by
procuring labor-savers and working out
step-savers in the house as well as on the
farm, but the pity lavished by outsiders
upon the farm and its home are usually
quite uncalled for. Even to work hard,
early and late, may be a pleasure, when
the place is one's own and the work is
all for improvement.

Your Health.

By "MEDICUS".

Hardening of the Arteries.

FOR "X. Y. Z." Your condition
should be carefully investigated to
make sure that there is no other
disease present in addition to hardening
of the arteries. We formerly thought
that if a person has high blood pressure
he was in a serious condition. Now
we believe that it is Nature's solution of a
difficult problem. Nature can maintain
a more efficient circulation, when the
arteries are hardened if the blood pressure
is high. The patients as a rule do not
feel as well when their blood pressure
has been lowered by drugs as they do
when their blood pressure is higher.
In fact we have no drugs that will perma-
nently lower blood pressure. The
treatment, then, is to regulate the general
health and habits of the patient.

Most patients are hearty eaters, so
advise them to eat less in amount
but do not restrict them to any particular
foods,—the quantity, not the quality
of the diet is the essential thing. Of course
you should not eat meat more than once
a day. On the other hand, I do not think
it is wise to stop eating meat altogether.
Your body needs a certain amount, and
you should take some every day or two.
It is better to undereat meat than over-
eat meat.

Your daily life should be regulated—a
quiet, sane life, without excesses of work
or worry, plenty of sunshine, "a mile of
oxygen a day," a love of flowers and
chickens and music and children. Your
arteries will not stand up very well under
sudden strains, either physical or mental.
On the other hand, if you use a certain
amount of care and common sense, your
hardened arteries will not necessarily
shorten your life.

If you could give me some additional
information it is possible I might be
able to tell you more about your condition.

Kidneys—Up night to pass water?
Swellings of hands or feet or beneath
the eyes? Do your rings get tight on
your fingers? Are your corsets tight or
loose?

Eyes—Do your glasses suit you? Can
you see as well as you did six months ago?
Specks in front of the eyes?

Rheumatism in Hips and Back—
Teeth—pyorrhea? Crowns? Tonsils—
repeated attacks of sore throat? Appendix
—attack of appendicitis? Shortness of
breath on going upstairs hurriedly?

Fainting Attacks — Time of day?
Number in a week? Or month? Any
previous warning that an attack is coming
on? Any vomiting? Do they follow
excitement?

Nasal Polypi.

Mrs. L., Peel Co., Ont.: "I have had
a discharge from my left nostril ever since
I was a child. At 17 I was taken to a
doctor and had a polyp removed. It
gave me much relief, but as time went on
I found it necessary to cleanse my nostrils
and throat from time to time with salt

and water, soda and water, and sometimes
a solution of water, salt, glycerine and
carbolic acid, because the mucus hardens.
The discharge now seems heavy and
yellow; also my right eye runs a sticky
water every morning. During last spring
I awoke every morning with pains in my
back, between my shoulder blades.
With the return of cold weather the
aches have come again, in my legs this
time. After my fifth baby was born
my doctor said I had valvular trouble of
the heart. I take nervous spells every
month."

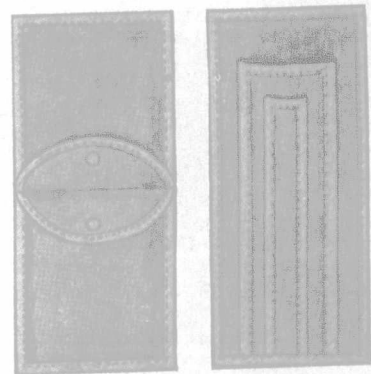
Ans.—I would recommend that you
consult a competent nose specialist.
In the meantime continue your douche
of salt and water. You have done wonder-
fully well to have tolerated your dis-
comfort for such a long time (twenty-
five years). It would appear as if the
infection from your polypus has travelled
up the tear duct and affected your right
eye. Your "rheumatism" should dis-
appear following treatment of your nose.
It is possible the poison from your nose
may account for your heart condition.

Christmas Gifts.

SOCRATES, the old Greek philosopher,
one of the wisest men who ever lived,
declared that no gift is worthy which
does not truly benefit as well as please
the recipient. If everybody remembered
that, when making Christmas gifts, the
world would be spared a lot of junk.

Two gifts which are sure to please,
—if given to the right person, of course,
—are a travelling-case and a pair of
candle shades.

The travelling case may be made
of denim, cretonne, chintz, etc., nicely
bound about with braid. The compart-
ments in the first figure shown in illustra-
tion are for toothbrush and comb. The
second figure shows the top that is
fitted on and fastened along one edge.
The top, as you see, is equipped with



Picture Shows Both Sides of a Hand-
some Travelling Case.

two compartments, fastened with dome
fasteners, for the wash rags. An ap-
propriate card to enclose with this gift
would be:

If on a journey you should go
To Timbuctoo or Kokomo,
In fact to any earthly place,
Be sure to take this travelling case.

—But even for a week-end visit the
travelling-case will be just as much ap-
preciated as on a trip to Timbuctoo. Of
course, it is only appropriate for someone
who goes about a great deal.

The little candle-shades make a delight-
ful gift for anyone who has candlesticks,
—for what can be prettier on the tea-
table, if one wants to have it especially
pretty, than a pair of candles with pretty
pink or amber-colored shades? And
what can be more cosy, on a stormy
winter night, than a room with a bright
fire in the stove or grate, and no other
light, perhaps, but three or four

Markets.

Market, on Saturday,
best Eastern cheese sold
At New York, State,
held, average run, sold
c.; fresh, average run,