

DAUGHTER CHOOSES THE FARM

By Katharine Henry.

If you can make farm life attractive to your daughter she will love her home but she cannot live on nothing but hard work. On some farms the work is never done. The working day begins at four o'clock in the morning and ends at eight in the evening and if the sun set later, the work would keep on longer.

True, in one sense the work is never done; one can always find another weed to pick, another plant to hoe or another window to clean. But a man ought to be master of his farm and sometimes call a halt on work rather than let the farm drive him and his children. Every one on the farm is willing to work to the utmost during a period of stress like haying time and harvesting but there must be periods of fun to make up for the hard work.

Probably her work could be made much easier by the use of labor-saving machinery, especially in the house. You do not use the sickle or the grain cradle your grandfather used. You have bought two or three improved reapers since his day, but are your wife and daughter still washing with the old-fashioned wash-board in the heavy wooden tubs that grandmother had and are they still cooking over the same style of stove she used?

If your daughter has been fortunate enough to attend or even to visit a school where the home-making arts are taught, she will not be satisfied to use the awkward, heavy, worn-out tools of her grandmother's day.

A running stream on the farm will supply power for an electric plant at no great expense and save the mother and daughter hours and hours of hard work. An electric washer, electric iron, motor for the butter churn and the new sewing machine and modern oil stove, will not cost as much as one large piece of farm machinery and they will make life a different thing for your home-makers.

A well-equipped bathroom is something which every farm house needs and which the family has a right to demand. It need not be any more expensive in the country than in the city—less expensive if you can run the water under its own pressure. Health, time and labor are conserved by the installation of a bathroom.

Sometimes our farmers' daughters are deprived of pleasures they might easily have. If your daughter desires to take piano lessons, let her have them and help her to plan for an hour each day when she may be free to work on that lesson. When the heaviest summer work is over and she longs to invite a group of friends for a week-end or to go away for a few days of rest and pleasure, let her do so if you possibly can.

It would not cost much to keep a nice little saddle horse for your daughter's use (it could be used for light work too) and I can think of no other one thing that would go so far toward keeping her happy and contented with her life on the farm.

There are so many beautiful and interesting things for a girl to enjoy in the country—skating, driving, the sunsets, the wild flowers and animals, the birds, the farmyard pets—but if she is in treadmill, all heart is worked out of her and she is too tired to enjoy the wonderful beauties surrounding her. It is a small matter to bring home a pair of skates for Annie's birthday or to pick up a new book for her but how often do you do it?

I know one farmer's daughter who, in spite of many obstacles, became a stenographer. Her birthday falls during her summer vacation but she never spends it at home. For weeks before her twenty-first birthday she planned for a bit of leisure and a little pleasure on that one day; but her father chose that date for beginning work on the new shed and she spent her birthday over the kitchen stove, cooking for the carpenters. Do you wonder she vowed then and there that before another birthday she would leave the farm?

There may be a County Young Women's Christian Association in your district. Encourage your daughters to join and help the cause all you can. They will seek associates somewhere. Help them to find worthy and elevating companions. If you can get in touch with the public library of your nearest city or secure a travelling library from your state library commission you can have a supply of excellent books at very little cost. Read some of them yourself and discuss them with your children. This makes conversation worth while, at table, on the road or at such tedious work as weeding or corn husking.

If you have not already done so, read, in the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, how her father, Lyman Beecher, turned drudgery into fun by his stories, wit and conversation. At one time when the family spent a long evening preparing apples for their winter's supply of "cider apple sauce" Mr. Beecher and his boys (of whom Henry Ward Beecher was one) vied with each other to see who could tell the most about a given book, Ivanhoe or some other standard book. Mr. Beecher turned into a game even the hard task of chopping and storing the great pile of wood each autumn. Then when the last piece of wood was stored and the last chip cleared away he declared a holiday and took every one in the big wagon for a fishing trip.

The question of money is often a

cause for discontent to the farm daughter.

The fact that you provide your family with ample food, clothing and shelter does not meet the problem. An old darkey who was much poorer under the Civil War than when he was under the protection of his master, explained his happiness by saying, "Free air tastes good, sir."

Your daughter would rather have ten dollars to spend just as she pleases than to have you pay a bill of twice that amount for her. Suppose she does make mistakes and spends some of it foolishly; so do you. How is she to learn to use money if she never has any to use?

When my three-year-old nephew wanted to see my watch I showed it to him but I held on to it. He kept saying: "Let me see it! Let me see it!"

Said, "Well, look, there it is." He looked me squarely in the face and said, "I want to see it in my own hand."

Your daughter wants some money "in her own hand." Of what benefit is it to her if you have an immense farm and ten thousand dollars in bank, if she has not five cents to use as she pleases? "She will some day inherit a nice sum." Yes—but she needs some of it now.

Try to keep the way open between her heart and yours. Try to see her side of it. When you sell a tract of timber for two thousand dollars what does she get out of it? Or if you do things on a smaller scale, when you sell the cow she helped to raise or the turkeys she fed all summer, does her work get recognition? Does she feel that she has been recompensed?

Perhaps you have a mortgage on your farm and feel that you cannot afford some of the things I have mentioned. Then give her the things you can afford. There are a thousand little pleasures you can give without money and without price. Lawn swings, porch rockers, croquet sets, quilts (old horse shoes) cost little and they have great possibilities in pleasure-giving and home-making.

If you can afford nothing else you can bring your daughter a handful of wild flowers or a specially choice apple because it is her birthday; you can select a fine chicken for the table because it is a holiday. It will cost nothing for you to give each of your girls a small plot of ground that shall be her very own to plant and market. Her zeal and industry will bring results that may even give you some pointers.

Lights Out.

"Lights out!" along the land
"Lights out!" upon the sea.
The night must put her hiding hand
O'er peaceful towns where children sleep.

And peaceful ships that darkly creep
Across the waves, as if they were
not free.

The dragons of the air,
The hellhounds of the deep,
Lurking and prowling everywhere,
Go forth to seek their helpless prey.
Not knowing whom they maim or slay—
Mad harvesters, who care not what they reap.

Out with the tranquil lights,
Out with the lights that burn
For love and law and human rights!
Set back the clock a thousand years;
All they have gained now disappears,
And the dark days suddenly return.

Kaiser who loosed wild death,
And terror in the night—
God grant you draw no quiet breath,
Until the madness you began
Is ended, and long suffering man,
Set free from war lords, cries,
"Let there be lights!"

—Henry Van Dyke.

Removing a Stubborn Nut.

Scarcely anything is more tantalizing than trying to remove a nut from a bolt that turns in its socket. The following method will almost always overcome this difficulty and enable the nut to be screwed off with comparative ease: With a cold chisel make an incision in the head of the bolt similar to that found in the heads of screws. Often the chisel incision is sufficient to enable the screwdriver to get a good grip; sometimes, however, it may be necessary to deepen the incision with a file. Frequently the chisel itself answers very well for a screwdriver. Thus gripped it is a comparatively easy matter to start the stubborn nut.

Saturating the threads of the nut with kerosene a few minutes before attempting to unscrew it, often makes the attempt easier, for the kerosene penetrates quickly to the rusted recesses of the nut and softens the rust quite perceptibly.

If for any reason it is not advisable to indent the nut head with a cold chisel, opposite sides of the head may be filed away slightly so as to enable the wrench or vise to get a flat grip. With a sharp file it is only a moment's task to file away the small bit required to do this. The writer has removed very stubborn bolts by both of these methods, and can recommend them as great savers of temper and time.

China imports great quantities of old horseshoes and converts the metal into knife blades.

War times are teaching us that there is no economy in buying the cheapest goods nor the fancy high priced ones. We are depending on the solid values of the good standard brands—the brands that were good in peace time and have doubly proved their worth in war time.

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Yards of Beauty.

I was once called upon to plan the landscape gardening around a millionaire's home, and the only stipulation he made was that I must make use of the native wild shrubs. Nor was this a difficult restriction. The modest elder, the sweet brier, the stately wild rose, the unassuming pokeberry, the clinging bittersweet, the ever-gracious wild grape, the ivy, sumac, dogwood, mountain ash—all these and various other varieties of plants converted the bare grounds into an attractive estate.

Beautiful grounds need not be expensive. The most lovely flowers and plants that God ever made grow are found in the woods, along the banks of streams, in fence corners, in fields and shady nooks. They are ours for the asking and cost nothing. What is prettier and yet so rare as a large bed of wild violets in a shady place near the house? Plant generously of perennials so that they will bloom and grow year after year with little attention and give stability to your landscape effects.

Select them so that you will have blossoms from early spring until late frost. While the best arrangement of trees and shrubs on large grounds requires the services of a landscape expert, a few simple hints will serve to prevent the inexperienced person from making serious mistakes. Plant in masses, with the larger shrubs in back and the smaller ones in front. Leave plenty of open space, which is generally made into a lawn. Avoid straight lines and exact symmetrical arrangement, unless you desire a formal effect, which is generally avoided in beautifying the home grounds.

Use vines profusely wherever possible, selecting those which are hardy and not seriously affected by pests. This applies also to other shrubbery. In selecting trees consider the matter of litter and the shedding of leaves. Some trees, such as horse chestnuts, are beautiful, but have many desirable qualities, but the flowers which they shed litter the ground and will cause stains on clothing that are difficult to remove. While a great many interesting and valuable points about nursery stock may be learned from books and the pamphlets of nursery companies, observation is equally important. Consider the ultimate size of the trees which you plant.

Oaks, elms, and other large trees should not be planted near the house, as in time they will shut out too much light, unless pruned heavily, which will destroy their beauty. The improvement of one's home grounds is usually as contagious as idle gossip, once it is well under way. It is much more interesting and worthy of respect. I feel that the exterior of my own home does not belong to me alone. I have a moral responsibility to add to the attractiveness of the neighborhood in which I live, and therefore my grounds in part at least belong to the owner of every eye that gazes upon it. The architecture of the house, the decoration of the grounds, the walks, fences, and general surroundings are each man's contribution to his community. It is one way in which we can give pleasure and enjoyment to other people.

Whether the house is a log cabin or a mansion, it is, after all, a home, a place of love and adoration. It should be the most restful place on earth. To make it so costs mostly thought and play. The tenant's problem is somewhat different, but a few seeds will make a profusion of pretty plants some of which may possibly be moved. But the attractiveness even of a tenant's home is not a quality that easily dies. I have observed that landowners desire the neat and efficient tenant. Plants and flowers about the house show ideals that go with character. A pretty yard

may be the means of attracting congenial people and making friends.—Mrs. J. L. Nesbitt.

Weather-Tight Sills.

The sill for a frame house should be set in mortar on the foundation wall to prevent the cold air from chilling the floors. If that is not done the furnace will have to be forced just so much more in order to heat the rooms on the first story.

The average contractor will tell you that it is not necessary to use mortar. His argument is that the weight of the house bearing down on the sill will force a tight joint between the masonry and the wood. That is true only when the top of the wall is as smooth as glass, and would happen about once in a thousand cases.

If you wish to save on your fuel bill and obtain the best results from your furnace, see that the joint is made perfectly tight with mortar. The cost is so slight that it will not be noticed. Frequently one is in a quandary to know why the first floor cannot be properly heated, and is likely to place the blame on the furnace when the opening under the sill is the whole trouble.

A little foresight at that place when you build will avoid serious annoyance in the future.

Good Advice.

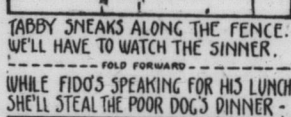
Robert Louis Stevenson was once called upon to address a Sunday school class of young girls. He told them the parable of the talents, and then went on to say that there were three talents everyone possessed and ought to make use of: "Tongues that they must use to cheer and make happy all around them; faces that they must keep bright as new shillings, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes; and hands that must be kept employed in useful work cheerfully done." Very good advice for these war days of all of us, whatever our age or sex.

A Frenchman has invented an effective silencer for aeroplane motors that is said to reduce the power but 2 per cent.

Current in a new electric iron is controlled by a button on the handle, which shuts it off automatically when the implement is idle.

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By Andrew F. Currier, M.D.

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Anaemia.

Anaemia means deficiency of blood. If a person loses a quart or more of blood by a hemorrhage, or a severe surgical operation, or in connection with childbirth, it is very evident that he or she has a deficiency of blood, for there has been a loss of a considerable portion of the normal supply of the body; consequently he or she is anaemic.

It a man cuts his throat or ruptures a blood-vessel in his brain, or a dilated artery, called an aneurism breaks there is so great and sudden a loss of blood that he dies, for blood is essential to life.

It used to be thought that because the blood carried humors and diseases over the body, it was a good plan to occasionally draw some of it off, and bleeding for hundreds of years was fashionable practice for almost every kind of ailment.

Sometimes it worked well and people were relieved by it, but very often it was mischievous and a person who had been bled several times in the course of a disease became so anaemic that he was practically or actually killed by the treatment he had received.

A vigorous sugar maple may lose a portion of its sap every spring, it is one evidence of the prodigality of nature in supplying the means which are concerned with life, but let a tree that is sickly or poor or withered, lose a similar quantity of sap and it will promptly die.

A person who has plenty of blood may be anaemic from the poverty of its quality, especially when it lacks the proper quantity of coloring material called haemoglobin which contains iron and oxygen; iron and oxygen therefore are essential to the body and to the blood.

A person who is anaemic is pale, not for a few moments only as in fright or sudden emotion but all the time, the face, the lips, the entire skin are colorless like those of the dead.

The same is true when the skin is of greenish color as is often the case in poorly developed and poorly nourished young girls or in those who are

suffering from tuberculosis, cancer, malaria or lead-poisoning.

When there is anaemia there is almost always loss of appetite, strength, and weight, and poor nutrition.

The anaemic often suffer from buzzing in the ears, dizziness, faintness, and shortness of breath. All of these symptoms mean not only that the blood is insufficient, poor and deficient in the substances which build up the body, but that the heart by the action of which the blood is kept in motion is unable to do proper work, that the kidneys cannot perform their task, that the lungs do not contract vigorously enough to supply the blood with the proper amount of oxygen, and consequently that the brain is unable to respond to the usual demands by which thought is created.

An anaemic person under any circumstances is therefore more or less disqualified from doing work and in many cases he is entirely helpless.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

X.—Please tell me how I can get rid of a very troublesome corn. Have used various means of removing it, but it has always returned. Do you think it would be dangerous to have the doctor cut it out?

Answer.—In matters like this, at least two courses are possible. You can use a felt corn plaster which protects the toe from the shoe and frequently is all that is necessary, or you can have the corn removed by a competent chiropodist. Of course, it will come back again, as long as you continue to wear shoes.

Reader.—Please tell me the course and cure for varicose veins.

Answer.—They are due to the pressure of the blood current in the veins working against gravity. This results in dilatation and weakening of the vein walls and frequently causes dragging sensations and even pain. Sometimes relief is procured by supporting the veins by a bandage or some other means of support, and if this is not effectual, it is necessary to tie the veins and cut off the circulation from the vessels which are thus diseased.

THAT "FEELING" IN THE FAMILY

"Yes there is some feeling between the Farrar sisters."

"And a very sweet sisterly feeling I hope it is," said a gentle old lady who was passing through the room. The door closed; the two women in the widow seat continued their discussion of the sisters whose feeling for each other was in no wise friendly.

Why is this "feeling" so often observed between members of the same family? A certain man who for three years has worked night and day inventing an electrical labor-saving machine meets a friend and pours forth, perhaps in more or less technical terms, his faith in the work to which he is devoting his life. He passes on, comparing his attentive, sympathetic friend with his brother, who sometimes leaves the room with a frown when he tries to talk about the subject nearest his heart. The politely attentive friend probably enough tells the first man he meets that he has wasted ten minutes that morning listening to Brown "rave over that crazy notion of his"; and that very day Brown's brother whirls round in his office chair and confides to his partner: "I don't know one thing about electricity—the subject gets on my nerves,—but I have faith in John. When he needs more cash he can call on me." Some day there will be one member of our family to be proud of!

Now, this brother does not weary John with a recital of the names and business reliability of all his customers; why should John be offended because the merchant cannot patiently listen to his "ravings"? Members of a family, as individuals, have rights that are too often overlooked.

A theological student produced several of his sermons one morning and began to read them to an admiring father and mother, and to a married brother who was supposed to be filled with admiration. As he turned page after page he noticed that his brother was nodding and grinning to the infant that lay gurgling in his arms. At last he could stand it no longer.

"I care no more about your baby than you do about my sermons," he cried hotly as he left the room. That young man had never held a baby in his arms and did not know the overpowering sensation it gives—especially when the baby is your own. The young father, an accountant, had never risen to the heights to which a man ascends when he reads the words he has written for the help and betterment of mankind. It was easy enough for "feeling" to arise; until both learn tolerance, it will not subside.

An ideal situation exists in a family in which the daughter is a writer of pleasant short stories. Her unimaginative father revels in facts but cares nothing for fiction. He considers it as his duty, however, to read his daughter's stories. One night his

daughter found him in the library so engaged.

"O father, don't waste your time over that!" she cried. "You are too tired." But her dutiful father continued to read of poor Aunt Matilda's grief when she discovered the theft of her Christmas bank. A minute or two later he looked over his glasses at his daughter, who was intent upon her embroidery, closed the magazine quietly and picked up a paper at his elbow. Aunt Matilda was forgotten.

"Eleanor," he presently demanded, "did you know that it was estimated that about seven hundred million dollars' worth of material is wasted in this country in a single year?" "No, father, I didn't," replied the young woman, about whose lips there lurked only the suspicion of a smile. She was not aware of this startling state of affairs and, after five minutes, could not have told whether the country wasted millions or billions of dollars. But she loved her father and admired him for his knowledge of many subjects that interested her not at all. She knew that her father loved her and that he was proud of her work, which others admired. There was not the slightest "feeling" between them.

A broad-minded person can live peacefully with anyone—even the members of his own family.

They Fool Themselves.

Some people think they are never talked about because they never hear it.

"I have learned that mistakes can often be set right, that anxieties fade, that calamities have sometimes compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often of itself a rich incentive to try again."—Arthur Christopher Benson.

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THE WORLD'S HOLIDAYS

Most Days of the Year Some Nations is Not Working

According to statistics drawn up by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, during the present year, there are only eighty-four days on which banks are open everywhere in the world. On every one of the other two hundred and eighty-one days some nation somewhere will be celebrating a civil or religious holiday, or observing the Sabbath. Only one of these holidays is universal. This is New Year's Day, and eleven different dates are observed by various countries as the beginning of a new year. Some countries observe more than one during the calendar year. Five Christian countries do not observe Christmas as a legal holiday.

Brazil leads the nations in the number of its holidays. It has eighty-four, and the United States is second with fifty-four.

France observes eighteen formal holidays during the year, and Italy twenty-three. Among the other belligerents, Germany, it is presumed, will observe twenty days; Great Britain sixteen; Japan fifteen, and Russia seventeen.

In most of these countries numerous local holidays ordinarily observed have been abandoned during the war.

Among the favourite months for holidays the world over, November leads, with twenty-six out of its possible thirty days. May comes next, with twenty-five.

Christmas Day is not so generally observed as New Year's Day. It has moreover, only three different dates. The only country whose holidays reveal little of its political, racial, or religious origin is Portugal. This is its calendar: January 1st, dedicated to universal brotherhood; January 31st, dedicated to the memory of all those who fought and died to establish the republic of Portugal; May 3rd, in memory of the discovery of Brazil by the Portuguese; June 19th, municipal holiday at Lisbon; June 24th, municipal holiday at Oporto; October 5th, the date of the establishment of the Portuguese republic; December 1st, Flag Day, to commemorate the independence of the country; December 25th, Family Day.

A WASP THAT USES TOOLS.

Intelligent Use of Implement to Accomplish a Purpose.

So far as known, only one small insect—a wasp of the spheg family—among the millions of creatures belonging to a lower order than man, has ever employed the aid of a tool to accomplish a desired result. The mother wasp of this family digs a tunnel in the ground, deposits her egg in it and provides a caterpillar stung to death or to a condition of paralysis for her baby to feed on when hatched. The grub subsists on this caterpillar until it passes through the pupa stage into the perfect-winged insect. Then it digs its way out of the tunnel and begins its life above ground as a wasp.

But after the mother wasp has made its tunnel and deposited the egg, it finishes its task by ramming down pellets of earth, little stones, etc., into the mouth of the tunnel. This is the race habit of these wasps. It is recorded on undoubted authority that one inventive mother, when the mouth of the tunnel was covered to a level with the rest of the ground about it, brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot, and picking up a small pebble in her mandibles, used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making the spot as firm and as hard as the surrounding surface. Then she departed, brought more dirt, picked up the pebble again and used it as a hammer as before.

The English thrush brings its snails to a certain convenient stone, on which it will crack their shells by beating them upon it. Some sea birds carry shellfish to a height and drop them on the rock to break their shells, but this brings only the anvils into use, not the hammer. The case of the wasp is the only one which records the seemingly intelligent use of a tool to accomplish a given purpose.

Suppressing Rats.

A successful poultry-keeper has found traps the best means of combating rats. He has 500 hens, housed in several buildings; and a dozen steel and spring traps, always set, keep rats out.

He adopted traps after first trying poison and then the rifle. Poison was effective, but there was such a stench from the dead rats that its use a second time could not be considered. He tried a small .22-caliber rifle. The rifle required a lot of time, and at that was ineffectual.

Then he tried traps, and he has had them in constant use since. He put a trap in the chamber of each dry-mash hopper. Next he located the points at which rats entered the pens. This was not difficult, as his houses have dirt floors. At each rat entrance he placed a cylindrical box, six inches square, and about three feet long, the ends being open and the top side, as the box was sunk in the ground, removable. In these passageways steel traps were set.

The battery of traps quickly cleaned out the rats.

The Worst of It.

John: I hear now that Sandy lost his arm in the recent fighting. Wully: Aye, man, but ye ha' no heard the worst. He was wearin' na wrist watch on the arm that was lost.