

right to any privilege she can make a good use of. But how can she prove her ability without trying her hand?

But here comes a woman who says, "Women would not use the ballot if they had full liberty to do so!" WOULDNT WE? Some would not—would despise their birthright as some men do. There are men who vote ignorantly, unworthily, falsely; men who even sell their votes—the freeman's heritage. Yet, would we women disfranchise our brother if we could, or tell him he had better leave the ballot alone? I have known men who valued so little their privileges that they would not take time to go to the polls! But these instances are no reason why men should be denied the ballot; and the same is true of women.

But facts show that women do use the ballot, and worthily too, where they have the privilege. Will anyone come forward and assert that where women vote right along the results prove them unfit for such a trust?

One writer, assuming that all women are married women, says, "Nearly every woman would vote as her husband does." That is a bold and sweeping assumption, but does not necessarily follow. Husbands and wives often differ in thought and opinion on other matters—disagree without quarrelling about many things. Why not in the matter of voting? Often, too, the husband is won over to the wife's way of thinking, when his own opinion is not very decided. But when the other half (called by many men the "better half") of mankind holds the franchise; this matter will take care of itself. Now, what of the army of women who have no husbands—maiden, young and older, widows, yes, and divorced women, many of whom have homes and pay taxes? Here we come to the root of the matter: Will anyone deny in this twentieth century what King George III. had to learn in the eighteenth, that taxation means representation, that the franchise is the inalienable birthright of the taxpayer? And women are taxpayers. Thousands of single women named above are taxed on property in their own holding, and should help decide how and by whom the tax money is expended. Then millions of married women share with their husbands the burden of taxes on their joint property; property for which the wife has worked as hard and faithfully as the husband, and sharing his burdens she feels it but fair that she share his privileges. Then, too, she is a citizen. We are all citizens, amenable to laws we have no hand in making, and we want to have a voice through the ballot, in choosing the law-makers.

How long would our land, or our sister land over the line, be cursed with the blighting drink traffic if we had our say at the polls in regard to it?

Are the "lords of creation" afraid to let us try? It would seem so. And why should we have to beg for what is our own? While I can have no feeling but pity or disgust for certain fanatics called "suffragettes," who are turning the cause of woman's suffrage into a hissing and a by-word, I have no patience with the time-serving twaddle (excuse plain English) indulged in by some folks who have thought very little, or to very little purpose on this great question.

When woman comes to see—as she will in time—this matter in the clear light of twentieth-century common sense, to see in the franchise for herself a mighty power to be used for untold good to the commonwealth of which she is a part, she will step modestly forward and claim what is her own. And clad in her new armor, wisely wielding her newly acquired weapon, she will strike telling blows upon the powers of evil; while her brother, panting to keep pace with her, will cry, "Long live woman! Our sister has at last come into her inheritance!"

I am not likely to see the fulfilment of this prophesy, but some of you may, sooner than you think. And now, thanking you all for kindly lis-

tening to me so long, I withdraw for the present.

AUNT SARA.

HOME REMEDIES THAT HELP

Remedy for Burns.—Dissolve an ounce of powdered alum in half a pint of hot water. Saturate a cotton cloth and apply it to the burn. As the cloth dries moisten again with the solution.

* * *

For Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism.—Take equal parts of fresh beef gall and alcohol, ninety-eight per cent strong. Apply to the affected parts with a sponge or cloth.

For Insomnia.—When you find it hard to get to sleep, fill a hot water bottle and place it beneath the ankles. In another rubber bottle put a small amount of very cold water and lay it on the head. The cold water may have to be renewed during the night.

* * *

For Diphtheria.—Spray the throat with a preparation of ox-blood called bovine and follow it by a spray of peroxide of hydrogen.

* * *

For Wrinkles.—First cleanse the skin thoroughly with rain water as hot as can be comfortably used, and good pure soap, then rinse in clear, tepid water, and wipe on a soft towel. Having a good cold cream, we will begin with the forehead. Anoint the forehead liberally with a good cold cream, then place fingers of the right hand on right temple and with fingers of left hand describe a circular motion, from right to left, beginning at the middle across to the left temple. Repeat this a dozen times, then reverse hands and use same movement on right side of forehead. Now for the laughing wrinkles at the corners of the eyes. Anoint well with the cream as before and smooth with the tips of the fingers outward and upward. Now we turn our attention to the cheeks and see what we can do to cultivate a pleasing rounded contour. Use cream as before, place tips of fingers at corners of mouth, smoothing upward and outward. If the cheeks are thin massage gently with circular motion; if too fleshy, rub hard, which tends to make firm and reduce the flesh. The chin must have a little rotary motion all its own to preserve its firm roundness. For the lines coming below the ear rub crosswise. If this treatment is persevered in, the results will be most satisfactory.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

This beautiful phenomenon is



WATCHING THE BIRDS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have written to the Wigwam twice before, and as I like very much to read the other letters, I am going to write again.

Well, I guess spring is coming now, for numerous birds are showing up, and my brother and I have shot twenty-seven gophers this spring. I have seen a lot of ducks and quite a few geese. To-day there came to our garden fence one of the bluest birds I ever saw. It was a solid blue except under the bottom part of the breast, which was of a grey tinge. I think it was too small for a bluejay, as it was just a little thing. I would like to know if any of the Wigs could tell me what bird it is.

The place where we live is surrounded by bluffs, and in the summer we are nearly eaten by mosquitoes. One morning when I woke up I look-

known variously as "The Merry Dan-cers," "Aurora Australis," "Aurora Polaris," and "Aurora Borealis." Although Northern Lights is the most popular name, probably "Aurora Polaris" is the most apt, as they occur at the South Pole, and in southern latitudes as well as in northern. They are sometimes seen in the Old Country. In Canada they occur occasionally in summer, and as a rule are more brilliant when the nights are not extremely cold. They assume many shapes, and are very varied and beautiful in color. But whatever the general shape may be—bow, arch, serpentine or rayed,—the individual rays forming that shape are invariably perpendicular, though appearing to us to converge towards a point in the zenith.

Observers, and polar explorers differ in opinion as to whether these displays are accompanied by any sound or not, some maintaining that they have heard a crackling and hissing noise while the light lasted.

Again opinion has varied as to whether the disturbance is the result of magnetism or electricity, and magnetism is generally accepted as the responsible agent. Everyone knows that the earth is a great magnet. As such it is a subject to magnetic storms—sometimes of great intensity—and it is during these storms that auroras are seen to greatest advantage. There is, moreover, a close connection between terrestrial magnetic storms and sun-spots. It is a well-known fact that violent storms in the sun, and the appearance of large sun-spots have upset telegraphic communication on this little world of ours very considerably, even to the extent of sometimes obliging operators to stop work.

While the average height of an aurora is over 100 miles, they have been known to take place at a height of 300 miles. As the display grows weaker and less brilliant the more air becomes rarefied, it is almost incredible that it can take place at such a great height. Much patience, many experiments, and great scientific investigation and research seem to show that the sun, moon, our earth, and other stars are all interconnected by electricity, and the earth is in this way supplied with electricity, from without, and in this theory lies the probable explanation of how it is that we are able to see an aurora that is taking place in highly rarefied air.

E. W. L.

robbers was shot, and the other got away. A large store burnt there the night before last. I am not going to school now, because the roads are pretty bad. We have from about three to six feet of snow in the biggest drifts. Well, I guess I will give the rest of the Wigs a fair chance.

CHIEF DONACONA (10).

Sask. (a).

DISCOURAGING WEATHER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My papa has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" for some time, and we think it is a fine paper. I always read the Western Wigwam, and I think that is a good name for the club. I have been going to school all winter, but have not been going this last few days, for it is Easter holidays. We have a good school here. Kenville is a small village, and is just a mile and a half from us. There are two trains a week here. This has been a very backward spring, for when some snow goes away more comes. It is pretty cold to-day, and looks more like winter than spring. We have got our wood cut up, and papa is fanning wheat to-day.

CLIFFORD M. WOOD (12).

Man. (a).

ALL BUT POOR ME

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Please excuse me for writing two letters in such quick succession, but, really, I want that button very much. I hope I can write a good enough letter to earn one.

What do you think of a school where only seven names are on the register and three pupils are just leaving. After to-day there will only be four children of school age in the district, and three of them girls. The school has only been in existence five years; but once, three years ago, there were twenty-five going, and great times we used to have at recesses and noons. There were seven pupils in grade five alone then, to which class I belonged, but now six of them are gone—all but poor me. The school will likely be closed at vacation.

We have rural telephones in this municipality now. There are five subscribers on our line. Every time anybody rings the bell everyone else on the same line can hear. They are very convenient, and I do not think any of us would like to be without them now.

We have over two miles to go to school now. We have been driving all winter and spring, but when the spring work sets in, we will walk.

I'm afraid I won't get that button, for I can't think of anything interesting to say, but, perhaps, if I tell you I have almost lost count of the numbers of letters I have written to you (though I think this is my seventh), and add that I have been a member for three years, you may think of me as an old member and forgive this poor letter.

Man. (a).

ORIOLE.

VERY SHORT

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I would like to join your club. I like to read the letters in the "Advocate." My father has taken the "Advocate" for four years. I like to go to school. I have two brothers and three sisters.

Sask. (a).

JACK PINE.

A LOVELY PAPER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the "Farmer's Advocate." I think it is a lovely paper. I go to school every day, but we are having our Easter holidays just now. We are having very bad weather, but the snow is nearly all gone. I have three sisters and one brother. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on June the 11th.

Man. (a).

EMILY GREEN.

FOND OF SCHOOL

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I thought I would try my luck at writing. I go to school every day

and I like it fine. take up are arith composition, histor ing and writing. horses and twenty tle. I live on a half miles from the and we live one-half Cypress River, wh our farm.

KATIE C.

P. S.—Will any about my own age spond with me? Man. (a).

(Many thanks for card. It was swe member me.—C. D.)

DUCK SH

Dear Cousin Dorc first letter to the and I hope to see expect to start f week. I have a ge ducks on the lake, mile from our h brother is working I am not going to My brother works WEARY

Man. (a).

MORE ABOUT

Dear Cousin Dorc interested reader c Advocate." I am Golden Dog," and Don't you think, that it would be members would te vorite birds when red-breasted robin This morning w was one singing in of my window. It to hear it. It se gay, and as if tryi the best it could th its joys, was I pleased to know t can get buttons.

RE

"If I was dust: I tould weach, bu to det a bots," so toddled away in "bots."

Truth to tell, lit ing tired of the had been her play she could remembe meadows which the piazza were fa ing.

Around in the b an old chair with which she immedi What did the baby Why, to reach the gate, of course. than it takes t swung open, and sunbonnet disapp corner.

"Where did M Mrs. Nelson ask later. "Laws! about the child woman hastened o was doing. In a t turned with uplift ma'am! the garde an' she had done

In half an hou was out, and w year-old brother, from his grandmo he had been stayi found the old bl piazza in a great anxiety. "What Phyllis?" he ask could make out ing, for she was he exclaimed, "V Rex on her tra magnificent collie and strength, and tolligence. Ned his collar, and May's sunbonnets out to the gat creature was soo close to the grou behind. Ned's heart lea