



Falling Leaves.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Lightly he blows, and at His breath they fall,
The perishing kindred of the leaves;
they drift,
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aerial,
Across the hollow year, noiseless
and swift.
Lightly He blows, and countless as the
falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the hollows of Eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces
dim,
And leaves and ages are as one to Him.

The Western Fair.

SOMEONE remarked yesterday, when the Western Fair at London, Ont., was in full swing, that people never seem to get tired of a fair. Granted that the exhibits vary comparatively little from year to year, that there is very little that is really new, people still want to go. And, given a good day, a good conscience and a good companion the occasion affords, perhaps, as interesting an outing as crops up during the year. Besides there is always the chance of learning something one has not known before.

The Western Fair this year had many points of interest, and some of decided improvement. The Manufacturers' Hall, for instance, usually called the "Palace", was more attractive than ever before. The exhibits were arranged better, and the fountain somewhere in the interior, playing over banks of flowers, was very attractive. We were pleased to notice among the flowers chosen for this arrangement many "wild" things—golden rod, wild sunflowers, boneset, Joe Pye weed, purple asters from the swamps, and white snakeroot from the woods. Planted in masses in our gardens these would look quite as attractive as here in this crowded hall.

Among the exhibits we noticed particularly the Smallman collection of fall suits, with their straight graceful lines; prettier are the styles this fall than for many years. And upstairs we simply raved over some of the very newest Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets, things that help to make baking day a joy rather than a worry. As we looked at the various labor-savers in the electric department, too, we could not but look forward to the time when every farm in the country, supplied with hydro power, will be provided also with these silent, swift, capable servants—the electric washer, cooker, toaster, iron, etc., to say nothing of the electric lamps themselves with their beautiful (sometimes hideous, it is true) "fixtures."

STRAIGHT to the Horticultural Building we went next; it is always a favorite at this Fair. The fruit exhibit was disappointing. Never before, we thought, were seen so many hard, green apples, peaches and pears at "the Western". Too much cold and rain, too little sunshine, had driven away the color and richness. Without doubt this is not a "fruit year". The plums were better; indeed they are said to be a quite good crop everywhere. There were plates of big yellow ones that made one's mouth water, and we could not but remark how hard it must be for little children going through to keep their hands off. One can't understand why fruit booths for the sale of all these delicious things, are not placed near the door of this building.

Only two Women's Institutes exhibited collections of canned fruit—Wilton Grove and Thorndale—but the samples shown looked very delicious. The Thorndale folk, mindful of the scarcity of fruit,

and possibly as an object lesson of what can be done with things that do not grow on trees or bushes, had included preserves of watermelon and citron. Tomatoes, squash and carrots might have been added, for all of these are being preserved this year.

BEYOND the fruit, one strayed into the midst of the flower exhibit, where quite the finest display was placarded "St. Thomas". One expected just such a showing as this from St. Thomas, which bids fair to be known as the "Flower City" of Ontario. Most of the specimens shown here were gladioli, asters and dahlias, although several other kinds were noted, especially some fine samples of roses and sweet peas.

Another thing—all of the St. Thomas contributions were labelled with the name of the species and the grower—a very important item that is too often overlooked.

Because of this, we were able to find out that a very desirable sweet pea, of clear flaming color, is called "Fiery Cross", and that another very beautiful species, large and graceful in form, and of a glorious rose shade, is known as "Pink Enchantress".

Never before, too had we seen such dahlias. Time was when we rather disliked this flower; it was usually so hard and round and pin-cushiony looking. But times have moved with the dahlia as with most other things, and now it appears in a dozen forms—shaggy like a chrysanthemum, spiny as in the "cactus" variety, soft and rose-like in others. Just to help those folk who would like to specialize a bit in dahlias next year, we jotted down the following names, of especially beautiful varieties:

Mary McKellar—yellow stamens showing as a disk in center, petals white shading to pink on the outside.
Purity—large snowy white.
Santa Cruz—yellow with pink tips.
Souvenir—very large, bright red.
One is safe in ordering almost any of the cactus varieties, as they are all beautiful. A specially beautiful bloom was labelled "Dr. Appleton", but unfortunately, from my hurriedly scribbled notes I cannot make out whether this was the name of the species or the exhibitor. At any rate the color was yellow, shading to pink, then to mauve at the tips of the petals.

IN the vegetable department the showing was quite up to the usual standard. All of the staples looked of splendid quality, and one dared to hope that some of the giant cabbage, squash, etc., was fairly representative of the crops from which they had been taken. Occasionally, a little bird has told, people coddle and pet and pamper just a few things for show purposes, producing huge and splendid things on just a few square yards, while the rest of the garden pines away in comparative neglect. This never seems fair, neither creditable to the winner nor helpful to the general production of the country. In looking at the beautiful tables, too, one wondered why farmers in general do not cultivate a greater variety in their gardens. Creamed cauliflower is one of the most delicious dishes that ever accompanied the meat course at dinner, and yet comparatively few people grow cauliflowers. Few things are more delicious for tea than stuffed peppers, yet not many people have ever tasted them. It's the same way with egg-plant, vegetable marrows, vegetable oysters and asparagus—all more conspicuous by their absence than by their presence on most farms.

We were greatly interested in some heads of lettuce grown in pots, large as cabbage and apparently of delicious crispness; and we wondered much if it would not be possible during the winter, given a warm house and good windows to grow enough in this way to

keep salad material always on hand. A few seeds at a time might be planted in a little seed-box, and the plantlets moved to the pots whenever one chanced to be empty. Salads are so very much better when served on lettuce, and one head as large as some of those shown at the fair would be quite enough for three or four meals. By keeping up a succession one need not be wholly lettuce-less during a single week until spring. So it seems,—but perhaps the idea would not work out. It might, however, be worth experimenting with.

In an annex of the Horticultural Building was found the women's work department. Some of the fancywork was very beautiful, but it was hard to work up much interest in it this year, when war-work is still so necessary. A case of bags of all kinds seemed worth while—one has to have bags, for purses, and for shopping, and nowadays leather ones are almost prohibitive in price. These in the case were made of silk and linen for the most part, with a few fashioned from cucumber seed and steel beads. In one corner of the hall the Canada Rug Company had an exhibit showing how old carpets, useless otherwise, may be woven into quite handsome rugs—a step in economy not to be overlooked during these strenuous days.

FROM the "women's work", it was only a step to the Dairy Building, where some real women's work was in progress, a butter-making competition in which, on this occasion, three white-clad young women were taking part. Lovely butter, like golden grains, did they turn out on their mixing-boards. We just waited to see the first print deftly wrapped in waxed paper, then went back to the other part of the building to have another look at some statistics posted up by the Department of Agriculture, a sort of object lesson whereby it was shown forth that

1 pound cheese equals in food value:
2 lbs. beef.
12 oz. bacon.
3 lbs. fish.
1 doz. eggs.
1 quart milk equals in food value:
2 lbs. 4 oz. potatoes.
1 lb. 3 oz. canned salmon.
8 lb. 8 oz. bread.
6.43 oz. cornmeal.

Butter is 98 per cent. solid food.—Very effective reasons, these, for assigning full place in our daily rations, to cheese, milk and butter.

As we noted, in passing, a desk upon which lay a book for keeping conveniently a dairy herd record, my friend said, "Farm bookkeeping, eh? Farming is not what it used to be."

"No", said someone else, "Farming is not what it used to be. It is more difficult, more businesslike, more scientific—and more interesting."

THE Art Gallery at the Western Fair this year, seemed to us somewhat disappointing, especially the loan exhibit which contained fewer outstanding pictures than usual. We noted particularly a very beautiful autumn scene by St. Thomas Smith; a small figure picture apparently of an Arab, by Gerome, valued at \$5,000; and a figure painting, "Rebecca at the Well", by Hebert. The two paintings from the Detroit museum, this year, were one of an Indian in war feathers, valued at \$2,000; and a small sea-piece, "The Missing Vessel", by Rehn.

In the professional department were two very beautiful marines by A. M. Fleming, who was awarded first prize for his collection. It was interesting to note the difference between a winter scene by this artist, and another by Mr. Glen, who received second prize. The subjects were very similar—wintry fields,

a stream, and trees; but while Mr. Fleming's depicted a soft warm atmosphere, with a stream of sunshine falling over part of the snowy landscape, Mr. Glen's was cold, clear and crisp, the paint put on heavily, the snow covered with blue shadows. "It is all as one sees," as the artists say, and after all Nature wears many faces.

Miss Bradshaw, who won third prize, specialized in figure and portrait. In this collection a portrait of a dark girl dressed in white and wearing yellow beads was interesting; also two studies of a little girl—evidently the same model.

In the amateur department a daring study of a little girl, by Miss Marian O'Dell, attracted attention and was marked by the welcome red ticket, as was also another study by this young artist. Two drawings by Heaslip, each the head of a young man, also gave evidence of talent of a high order.

THEN, the Grand Stand—given "a good day and a good companion" you must spend part of the day there. We enjoyed the trotting races—which will shock some folk, I suppose—and we loved the Scotch dancers. For just once I should like to see the whole platform programme given over to folk dances and choruses, and music in general.—Greek dances, Irish jigs (in costume), sailors' dances, Hungarian, Swedish, Hawaiian, with the inevitable Highland fling—variety enough there surely, if interspersed with plenty of choruses and instrumental music. Then the stupid trapeze and ugly and invariably vulgar clown could "depart in peace"—at least to the peace of everyone else.

One of the finest exhibitions of the afternoon was a musical drill given by cavalry from the military camp. If horses haven't an ear for time, judging by the perfect step which they kept to the music, appearances are very deceptive. Afterwards there was a physical drill by the soldiers. We had not time to wait for that, but were assured it was very fine.

Next year, may it please the good fates, may there be no khaki at the exhibition grounds, but only its honored memory.

JUNIA.

Get Under the Burden and Lift.

BY M. CARRIE HAYWARD, CORINTH, ONT.

This sad old world is bending low,
'Neath a weary load of pain;
And anxious care in varied form,
Adds weight to the heavy strain.
But there's no time to fret or pine,
Though the clouds may show no rift,
There's a share somewhere for each to bear
Get under the burden and lift.

CHORUS

Get under the burden and lift,
There's no time to idly drift,
If you'd do your part,
With a loyal heart,
Get under the burden and lift.

Then away with sloth and selfish ease,
Away with graft and greed,
Let heart and hand be opened wide
At the cry of those in need.
Let petty pride be laid aside,
Count labor a blessed gift,
Oh, be a host, where you count for most!
Get under the burden and lift.

You owe it to God and your fellowman,
To all that you hold most dear,
To do your best, though the days are dark,
With a smile and a word of cheer.
Though your heart be sad, let your face
be glad,
'Twill this sad old world uplift,
Shed your secret tears, but tell God your
fears,
And get under the burden and lift.