

**CREAM FOR THE
CRESCENT
CREAMERY**

**MEANS
MONEY
FOR THE
FARMER**

Farmers' Interests
are our Interests

We Originate,
Others Imitate

Not ONE, but THOUSANDS of cans
containing cream are received at our
Factory from Manitoba Farmers

Highest Prices
Prompt Payments

Accurate Tests
Trial Solicited

Crescent Creamery Co. Limited
WINNIPEG and BRANDON

LET THE MANITOBA WINDMILL AND THE MANITOBA GASOLINE ENGINE

DO YOUR WORK FOR YOU



They will do it
effectively,
economically,
cheaply.



Do you doubt our statement? We can
show you. Send for catalog.

Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co. Ltd.
Box 301, BRANDON, Man.

When the foul air is swept out, allow the fresh air to get warmed and then the children can return and allow the room where they have been to be ventilated.

To maintain health and prevent disease adults require 3000 cubic feet of air every hour, while children should be allowed an average of 2000 feet, as they require more proportionately than adults, because the vital functions are so much more active. To procure this amount the air of a living room must be changed several times an hour. This entrance of fresh air should go on night and day. Indeed, night air is purer than day air, containing less organic particles and

carbon dioxide, because of the cessation of traffic and less combustion of wood, coal etc, for domestic and manufacturing purposes. Space will not permit the discussion of various methods of ventilation or their comparative merits. The simplest, and one that can be used by everyone, is to have a board 6 inches wide and as long as the window is wide. Raise the lower sash and put in the board. The air passes up between the sashes and is directed towards the ceiling. Drafts at the body level and consequent chills are thus prevented. It is most important to remember that drafts must be avoided, especially if children or debilitated or aged persons are in the room.

Remember that letting in air from another room or from the cellar is not ventilation. Cold air is not always pure air. Do not rely on the air supplied by the furnace, but bring in the pure, untainted air from outside; see that it is properly directed, and sufficiently warmed. In winter the air should be warmed to a temperature of from 50° to 60° Fahr. for sleeping, 65° for working and 70° for children, the aged, and those not in active employment.

Artificially heated air is nearly always too dry, hence irritating to the delicate air passages, especially those

POPULAR POEMS BY DR. DRUMMOND.

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE."

(A legend of Lac St. Pierre.)

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.
De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck, too—
He call de crew from up de hole
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.
De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',
De sout' win' she blow, too,
W'en Rosie cry "Mon Cher Captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre.
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.
De night was dark lak' wan black cat.
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie, dear,
I go drown for your sak'."
Nex' morning very early,
Bout ha'f-pas' two-t'ree-four,
De captinne, scow, an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storme,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan big farm,
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

LITTLE BATEESE.

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' you poor
gran'pere,
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to
lay?
Leetle Bateese!
Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow.
Sickin' de dog till dey jump de wall,
So de milk ain't good for not' ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!
Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night
Never min'; I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow
Leetle Bateese!
Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane.
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get
pain,
Leetle Bateese!
But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm undernest' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here.
Leetle Bateese!
Jus' feel de muscle along hees back
Won't geev' heem moche bodder to
carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees bods
too,
Leetle Bateese!
But, leetle Bateese! please don't forge
We rader you're stayin' de small boy
vet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scar-
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ob-
gran'pere,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be
dere,
Leetle Bateese!