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you day after day; and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Why don't you send away that little gift that you've been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplished any good.

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others.

Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish?

Why don't you take more pains to be self sacrificing and loving in the everyday home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness, so that all who come in touch with you may be made better? Is not this possible?

Why don't you follow in the steps of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister?"

Why don't you?—Selected.

TWO PICTURES

An old farm house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine breathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Annie D. Green (Marion Douglas)

RESOURCEFULNESS OF THE WHEELBARROW

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolve anew and bump himself on fresh places.

A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles and is sitting down on something.

A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND

Gentle in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new,
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

—Henry Carey.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE

No baby in the house, I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse,"
No merry frolics after tea,
No baby in the house!

—Clara G. Dolliver.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG WOMEN

(By L.R.S. in the Woman's Journal)

A grandmother speaks on the march of the women, and children who need and will demand the "Vote."
"I close my open windows
And draw the jalousy-binds,
I shut out the morning sunshine
And the fresh morning winds;
For I would not hear the moving sound
The steady, ominous beat,
When the little feet come marching,
marching,
Marching up the street.

"I would not hear nor see them—
The thousand little feet
And the thousand waving yellow flags—
Go through my quiet street.
They are tramping steadily up the hill;—
I am trembling, for my part;—
They are tramping through my hearts-
ease bed,
They are tramping through my heart!"

(So she hides behind the shutters,
Alone in the sheltered gloom,
But the sound of the thousand, thousand feet
Comes into the quiet room;—
And the garden daffodils raise their heads
At the sound of the marching feet,
And think that all the hosts of Spring
Are marching through the street!)

"I'm waiting—they are passing—
And I fear for all the ill,
The harm they bring and the harm they meet—
As they climb the higher hill.
The sound of the tramping dies away,—
I peep at the quiet street;
Not a flower of all my garden beds
Is hurt by the marching feet!"

MAKING A NATION

Many recipes for making a nation great have been put forth since it was averred that "righteousness exalteth a nation." There have been ethical recipes, intellectual recipes and materialistic recipes. But it has remained for Doc. Wiley, guardian of the Yankee's health, to suggest a novel recipe. It consists of soap, sugar, and right treatment of women.

Use soap fearlessly and freely, on yourself and the house, and it will bring the cleanliness that is next to Godliness. Don't use "soft soap," for that covers instead of removing moral filth, but scour the country with the hard soap of reform.

Eat all the sugar you can digest and afford, for the doctors admit now that it is a good food, and buy plenty of pure sugar candy for the children. Sweeten social intercourse with "taffy" and helpfulness and courtesy.

Give the women the square deal, both as individuals in the home, as members of society, and as citizens of the nation, and they'll push progress forward at double speed.—Spokesman Review, Spokane.

A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR'S

By Harold Susman

I paid a brief visit
To Doctor Le Quack,
And met a few patients
Before I came back:
Miss Tabitha Tremble,
And old Mrs. Doubt,
And young Mr. Peevish,
And rich Mr. Gout,
Miss Sassafras Sniffle,
And old Mr. Sneeze,
And young Mrs. Fever,
And poor Mr. Freeze,
And fat Mr. Porpoise,
And thin Mr. Stick,
And little boy Measles,
These folks were all sick,
Each body was sickly,
And so was each mind,
These men and these women
Were all of a kind;
They talked of their ailments,
They talked of their pains,
They talked of their losses,
They talked of their gains,
They talked of their powders,
They talked of their pills,
They talked of their tablets,
They talked of their bills;
And never a thought there
Of comfort or cheer,
And never a word that
Was pleasant to hear.
I paid a brief visit
To Doctor Le Quack,
And nigh lost my patience,
Before I got back.

HATPIN HOLDERS

There are numerous ways in which to keep the necessary supply of hatpins, but this pretty article is quite the easiest

WHAT DOES 'VOTES FOR WOMEN' MEAN TO YOU?

Men say women do not want or would not use the vote if it was given to them, others say that it is only a few discontented women who are agitating for the privilege of votes for women, and that it is not desired by the majority.

It would be of great interest to know just how many readers of the "Home Page" would feel sufficiently interested in this great movement for the freedom of women from more than political bondage to write in and record their vote for or against this great question. It is not to educate the men on the votes for women so much as to make the women, whether in the city or town, realize the necessity of the woman being free to fulfil her destiny, that gives the hardest work to the leaders. Whether you are a pampered wife, or an illused wife, or a deserted wife, your will and desire will be needed in this struggle. If you do not fill in this coupon you will be placed in the ranks of those who do not want the vote. This would scarcely be fair, because while many women would not bother to fight for the rights of women, they would, I feel sure, use the power once they were educated to the necessity of women having a vote in all matters relating to the women and children. Clip this out, write your name and address and send it to "Votes for Women," Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

An Opportunity for The Grain Growers' Guide Readers to give a Vote For or Against the Franchise

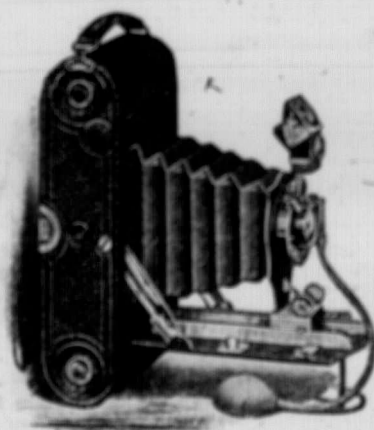
I am in favor of votes for women on equal terms with men.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
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to make, and will be ornamental as well as useful.

It is three-cornered in shape and covered with black satin, this being one of the very latest and distinctive features of the newest backgrounds for fancywork—and, certainly, the black shows up to perfection the bright colors of the holly and red berries embroidered on two sides of this hatpin holder.

To make, cut a piece of cardboard 10 in. by 12½ in., cover with the embroidered material and divide into three equal parts, pressing the edges with a warm iron. A triangular piece of cardboard to fit the bottom is then covered with the satin and securely sewn to the holder, whilst over the top opening a piece of tinsel gauze or net is stretched (and sewn round the edge) for the hatpins to pass through. A dull gold galon outlines the top and bottom of the hatpin holder, finished at the top with narrow crimson ribbon to match the red berries, tied in dainty bows at each corner.

WHISTLING GOOD FOR THE LUNGS

Boys should be encouraged to whistle. It is good for the lungs, and can be made something of an accomplishment by daily practice. It is said that whistling boys are seldom troubled with bronchitis or pneumonia. Many medical men urge patients with weak lungs to whistle as often and as much as they can without causing positive annoyance.

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