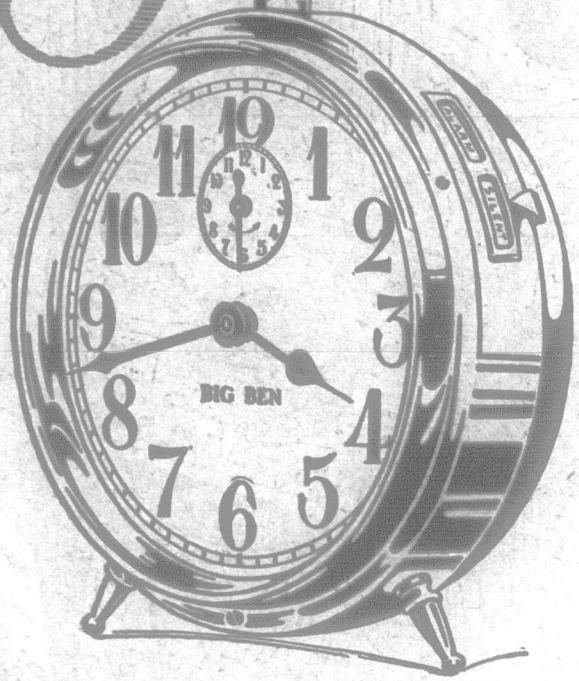


# Big Ben



## Big Ben—Two Good Alarms in One

Take your choice in Big Ben. He rings either way you wish—five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes unless you switch him off. He's two alarms in one.

If you're a light sleeper, turn on the half minute taps before you go to bed. If you sleep heavily, set the five minute call. You can slumber then without the get-up worry on your mind.

When morning comes, and it's announced by Big Ben's jolly bell, you can't help getting up at once, for Big Ben never fails to get you wide awake.

Big Ben is really three good clocks in one, two excellent alarms and a fine time-keeper to keep in any room and tell time all day by.

If you have got to get up bright and early, if you have to get your help in the field on time, ask for Big Ben at your dealer's and try him for a week. You'll never want to be without him afterwards.

Big Ben stands seven inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large, comfortable keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five minutes steadily or ten intermittently. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

He's sold by 6,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere. If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to *Watches La Salle, Illinois*, will send him anywhere you say duty charges prepaid.

should be true. Most farmers' daughters do not care to hire out; but in such cases where they do, they usually go to the city where work is pleasanter and remuneration higher. Another reason is that farmers can not afford to pay the wages girls are asking. Indeed, for the same reason, more farmers every year are doing without a hired man. What, with taxes, interest, and ordinary repairs to keep up, the average farmer finds himself hard put to pay his own year's work.

It is in such homes as these that absolute co-operation is needed. Each doing his share diligently, and each perfectly willing to help the other. If it does not make a woman unwomanly to help her husband, why should it make a man unmanly to help his wife?

Do not make too light of housework. I think, perhaps, some of our strongest men might bend beneath its burden.

Not to all of us, of course, is work so heavy given. I am speaking of the many who, lacking in worldly gear, are making up in bodily strength.

I am glad that so many of "The Farmer's Advocate" readers are in such happy circumstances. You do well to rejoice, but, while rejoicing, please don't forget that there are other women for whom the lines have not fallen in such pleasant places. Give them a helping-hand when possible. Tell them how you have made some rough places smooth; not all of us have the ability for those little inventions which help so. Believe me, such help as you may give thus, will be of great value to many a hard-working farmer's wife.

### IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

I've been reading with much interest the discussions about "Is Marriage a Failure"? "What is Woman's Work on a

Farm," etc., and thought perhaps my own experience might benefit someone. Twenty-one years ago, John and I were married. I was a delicate young city girl, knew nothing of housekeeping, cooking, or any kind of work. I was an Institute graduate, and for five years I had been bookkeeper in a large office in the city. My husband had our home all ready for me, and we went to housekeeping, and such a time as I had! But I was determined to learn, and John thought me the smartest ever, and his kind words of praise helped to spur me on, and in the end I succeeded.

All this happened twenty years ago. We lived in the town and city until eight years ago, when the doctor told me there was no hope for my husband's life unless he was out in the air all the time, and advised farm life. In a month we were out on the farm we are now on. For seven years we fought death back, but a year ago Death conquered, and now I am alone with my two lovely children, a boy sixteen and girl of five.

Before I came to the farm I thought it awful if women had to milk. Since then I've milked as many as ten cows at a time, fed the pigs, watered the cattle, and got the stable ready for his horses. Did I think it slavery? No. I was proud to think that now he was the weak one, I was strong and able to wait on him. Never fear, true love is never afraid of doing too much, or more than its share. I've worked indoors and out, driven a team on the disk harrow, roller and rake, hoed both beans and corn, helped harvest beans,—in fact, everything a man can do, except plow—I never tried that—often working late at night at my housework in order to be able to help outside the next day. He always had the choicest meals that could

# "METALLIC" Ceilings and Walls



Some of the most imposing residences in our large cities are decorated throughout with METALLIC Libraries, Dining-rooms and Kitchens. It is an artistic yet fire-proof decoration, and will save you money by reducing your insurance rates.

If building a new home, METALLIC should be put on without hesitation as you will save the cost of lath, plaster and paper, besides having a cheaper yet fire-proof and vermin-proof interior.

Or you can apply them to old rooms over the plaster. Then they are so easy to keep clean—simply wipe them with a damp cloth now and again and they look as good as when first put on.

When you want to change the color designs simply tint them over with the desired change.

Try METALLIC in your kitchen or bath-room, this is where its qualities are put to the severest test.

METALLIC is very artistic—hundreds of varied designs to select from—heavy beam effects, fancy scroll and panel patterns made to suit every room.

We shall be pleased to quote you if you tell us the size and shape of your ceilings or walls.

Agents Wanted in Some Localities.

THE **METALLIC** ROOFING  
MANUFACTURERS CO. Limited  
TORONTO and WINNIPEG

be got, and every care that could be given him. Am I sorry I worked so hard? No, a thousand times, no! Could I but have him again, I would willingly go out on the road, without a dollar, and work for us all. That is love—not what your husband or your wife should do, but what each can do for the other—not "your work and my work," but "our" work. Now, farmers' wives, if your good man is late getting home, feed and water the stock, put in hay for his horses, etc., and see how much he will appreciate your thoughtfulness. Then, some time when you come home late, in a hurry to get supper, you'll find him in the house smiling, the fire on, and the kettle boiling, and maybe (if he is real smart), the table set. Then you will know how he felt when you had his barn chores done. I cannot understand the slavery business. I've tried my hand at almost everything, from training a demon of a Thoroughbred colt to hatching chickens by the hundreds in incubators, but I've never had a man try to wipe his feet on me yet. What I believe in is, try to make your home the sweetest place on earth to your own—yes, and the stranger within your gates, also. I remember of some years ago going on a trip. I was mistaken in the distance. I had carried a heavy baby in my arms for four hours. My baby, myself, and my horse, were indeed weary. It was after the noon hour, and, as the people were strangers, I would not think of asking for my dinner. The farmer came out, helped me out of the buggy, and said, "You look tired and weary. Go right in. My wife will get you a cup of tea, and I'll look after your horse." Do you know, I've received many beautiful presents in my life, but I never felt as grateful for them as I did for that farmer's kindness. I've never since per-

mitted anyone to leave my door without asking them to put in their horse and have their dinner or tea. Husbands, be courteous to your wives. When you come in from the field, tired and hot, and your wife has a fine dinner for you, thank her for it, and let her know you enjoyed it. I get them all their meals as usual, but no one now says, "Marmie, those are dandy biscuits. No one can come up to mother making biscuits!" Or, "Mother, that apple pie tastes like more," or a pat on the arm as he went out to work, "Don't work too hard, mother, there are other days coming." Life is so short at the best. Let us all try to make everyone just as happy as we possibly can, and thus fulfil our Saviour's words, Be ye kind to one another.

"DUSKIE." Duskie, you have sent us the best patch yet received. Very many thanks. You cannot tell how many this little history of your experience may help.

## The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

## The High Cost of Living.

If the subjects treated in magazines are any index in regard to what people as a whole are thinking about, it is only necessary to pick up a dozen papers and journals at random to conclude that the question of the present high cost of living is, to-day, one of pressing, even