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Born With Club Feet

"He gets about as well as any of the boys," says father in letter below. John Bauguss was 11 years old when brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Although deformity was extreme, result shown by photos was accomplished in 8 months. No Plaster Paris casts were used.

Father writes: My son John was born with club feet. I tried other doctors but without success. Being advised to take him to the L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, which I did. After being treated a few months his feet are perfectly straight. He gets about as well as any of the other boys. G. M. Bauguss, Mooringsport, La.

For further details write Mr. Bauguss or the Sanitarium.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly-equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," sent free.

The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
9498 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.



Our School Department.

The Story About Honey.

BY MORLEY PETTIT.

This is a story of flowers, sunshine and bees, rain and good rich earth, and of the sweetest thing that children ever eat.

When warm and moist, rich earth grows healthy flowers, which produce sweet nectar. Bees fly in the sunshine, gather nectar from the flowers and carry it home to make honey. So that is what flowers, sunshine and bees, rain and rich earth have to do with the honey boys and girls like so much.

Some flowers do not secrete nectar, and many that do are so rare as to be of little value to bees. There are a few, however, of which the bees are very fond, and I am going to tell you about some of these and how they are affected by sunshine, rain and soil.

In the early spring, as soon as bees can fly, they begin to hunt for nectar. About the first they find is in the "pussies" of the willows down by the creek or in the swamp. There are so many kinds of willows that no one has been able to name them all. They keep on blooming all through the spring, and bees get a great deal of nectar from them.

Soon after the earliest willows, and before they have any leaves at all, the maples show their red-brown glow of blossoms, and if it is warm enough, the bees are as busy as can be carrying home their nectar. Next come the fruit blossoms—cherries, peaches, pears, plums, and all the rest, till last of all the apple orchards turn one glorious mass of pink and white. Now it all depends on the sunshine whether the bees get nectar, and whether the trees set fruit. For if it is cool and cloudy bees cannot fly, and if they do not visit the flowers to scatter the life-bearing pollen, there is no fruit. So you see the bees are not the only ones who need the sun.

After the fruit blossoms come the beautiful dandelions, which spread a mat of gold over lawns and meadows, making one think King Midas must have touched everything with his "golden touch." These also need the sun for they go to sleep at night and only open their bright eyes when the sun appears.

Now if there is warm sunshine and frequent showers bees gather nectar from all of these, but the boys and girls do not get the honey. Let me tell you a secret. In each hive the mother queen is daily laying hundreds of eggs. The nurse bees keep them warm, and from each egg after the third day a baby bee appears. It doesn't look much like a bee though. It is just a tiny white grub called a larva. These baby bees are great eaters, and the nurses are kept as busy as can be feeding them. All the nectar brought in during the spring is used in preparing this food, which is something like milk and something like jelly. Each larva lives in its own little cell in the comb, feeding and growing faster than any boy you ever saw. When it is six days old the nurses help it cover itself up, and for twelve days while it is hidden from sight wonderful changes take place until it becomes no longer a helpless worm, but a busy bee with bright eyes and gauzy wings and active legs and a sting, and energy enough to chase you off the place if you don't watch out. These workers which are hatching by hundreds—yes, thousands—daily in every hive usually eat all the nectar brought in during spring; but when the main harvest of summer comes they make up for it by storing the kind of honey we want most.

By the first of June the beekeeper is watching out for the first white clover blossom. When he sees one he knows that in about ten days the main "honey flow," as he calls it, will begin. There are three common kinds of clover, the big red heads, the little white Dutch and the pink alsike. Red clover keeps most of its nectar for the bumble bees, because its flower tubes are so deep that the honey bee cannot reach the bottom with its tongue.

The White Dutch and alsike clovers are by far the best honey plants in most parts of Ontario, and the nectar they produce will depend on the kind of soil in which they grow. They do best in heavy clay with lots of lime and good drainage.

They also like lots of rain while they are growing, and as much heat as possible while they are producing nectar. They are called two-year plants, because they grow and get strong the first year, then blossom and give nectar the second. If they have plenty of rain the first year while they are growing, they seem to store up a great deal of the material from which honey is made. Then bright sunshine and hot days and nights at the right time help the blossoms to give large quantities of the sweet liquid which bees gather and make into honey.

Perhaps it will help you to understand this if you remember the kind of summers we had in 1915 and 1916. The former year it rained and rained, so that the farmers had the hardest time to save their crops. But while it was raining so hard and people were afraid the whole country would be ruined, the new clover was growing big and strong all over the fields and down the lane and along the roadsides. Then the next spring it started and rained again, and it rained and rained until lots of spring seeding was not done at all; but all the time those same clover plants were growing bigger and stronger and storing up material for making nectar, and in June great big blossoms came out all over them everywhere.

Then what did it do but turn dry and so hot that you could hardly do anything but look for a shady place, and then you could not possibly keep cool. But how those bees did work! They were out in the morning as soon as they could see, and at it until dark at night. They even worked nearly all night evaporating the nectar and making it into honey, and the roar in the hives of many thousands of wings fanning to ripen the honey was like distant thunder.

Some years the basswood trees with their creamy white blossoms give nectar after the middle of July; but if it is hot and dry then they are spoiled. The same may be said of buckwheat and other fall flowers. You will see then that sunshine, rain and good rich earth have much to do with flowers, bees and honey. In the next story we shall tell you how the honey is really made.

To be continued.

Teacher's Salaries.

This subject is the live question of to-day and, as this journal is a farmers' paper, I am writing this short article for it to set the ball a-rolling.

Are our teachers paid a good, honest, living wage to-day? Some of our country masters and mistresses still are receiving the minimum \$600 with no prospects of a raise. Some boards of trustees rather than raise \$100 will simply take chances on a change. However, many boards realizing the "high cost of living" have come forward like "men" and offered liberal increases. They believe in the adage "Live and let live."

Which is worth more to our community, a member of parliament (either Dominion or Provincial) or a teacher? Be honest now in your decision.

I claim a teacher does more honest and devoted work for any community than any member ever elected. But, look now at the financial reward. An M.P. gets \$2,500 plus extras, and an M.P.P. gets \$1,500 plus extras, while your teacher receives the sum of \$600, \$700 or in rare cases \$800. Is that a square deal? Besides the teacher has no extras coming in, but many going out. Cases are on record where teachers (even ladies) have to pay one dollar a day for board.

Compare the teachers with the laboring man working by the year. Some married ones receive \$500, free house and garden, horse and cow kept (and perhaps a porker and some hens). What does that amount to? Besides, such men are at no outlay for their education, nor have they any insurance, taxes, etc., to pay.

I wish to see the question discussed pro and con. The teachers are agitating all over the country for better pay. One dollar of their money to-day is worth no more than thirty-five to forty-five cents of pre-war days.

Write your thoughts, ratepayers and teachers, on this vital question.

A TEACHER.