

POOR DOCUMENT

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Grows Her Own Vegetables

Mrs. C. J. Doherty Endorses The Home Garden Movement



MRS. C. J. DOHERTY,
Wife of the Minister of Justice.

"A few practical and patriotic women in each community—women who are thorough housekeepers—were to give demonstrations on the proper use of substitutes, and on how to buy and prepare food in the most economical manner. It would reach women who are not touched by newspaper or platform publicity, and I believe it would have very practical and far-reaching results. The spirit and efficiency of the home under human welfare and the very life of the country. The women who undertake the administration of a home without understanding it is on a par with the man who establishes a home without being able to support it."

MRS. C. J. DOHERTY.

What, after all, are luxuries in food? One man's necessity is another man's luxury. To a certain percentage of the community meat and fish are luxuries. It is a luxury—not to be had except on very special occasions. To others it is a commonplace on the table.

"Everybody agrees that we must do without luxuries in food as in everything else at the present time," says Mrs. Doherty, "but everybody cannot agree as to what luxuries are. The term is relative to one's means."

"After all it's the financial pinch rather than the patriotic motive that pulls a great many people up short on this issue. Money only goes half as far as it did formerly, and it's a problem for most housewives to run their homes comfortably even on a greatly increased salary."

"That is not to say that they are not governed largely by patriotic motives also, but in the poorer classes, especially, you find that things are cut so fine that little margin is left for needless extravagance. Again, people of means, who are dominated by purely patriotic motives, are glad to curtail their usual food supplies, and I think that the example that has been set us all by Government House is excellent."

"It would be a good thing, I believe, if knowledge were more generally diffused on the use of substitutes. There are so many women who are both ready and willing to economize, but they don't know the best way to set about it. They are heavily handicapped because they haven't the necessary knowledge of food values."

"What would you suggest as being the best means of reaching all the women?" Mrs. Doherty was asked.

"If a few practical and patriotic women in each community—women who

are thorough housekeepers—were to give demonstrations on the proper use of substitutes and on how to buy and prepare food in the most economical manner, it would reach women who are not touched by newspaper or platform publicity, and I believe it would have very practical and far-reaching results."

"When I was in the States recently I visited the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago, where great work along this line is being carried on. Their motto is one that applies to Canada quite equally well: 'The spirit and efficiency of the home under human welfare and the very life of the country. The woman who undertakes the administration of a home without understanding it is on a par with the man who establishes a home without being able to support it.'"

Mrs. Doherty is a firm believer in the virtues of brown bread, declaring it to be good not only for the body, but also for the brain. Canadian war bread is much better than the war bread in the United States, she asserts.

After what she heard at the women's conference with the cabinet, Mrs. Doherty thinks that it would be impracticable to attempt to enforce rationing in a great, sparsely populated country like Canada, with eighty per cent. of her people in the country and the small towns and villages.

She believes that the recent conference will have a marked effect in linking the women of the country together on the food issue and that great good was done by the explanations made by Henry B. Thomson, chairman of the Canada Food Board. Having conditions frankly laid before them would have far-reaching effects with these patriotic and practical women, she was sure.

Mrs. Doherty heartily endorses the home gardening movement. She believes that everyone should have some kind of a garden, and she knows from personal experience what it is like for the family of the Minister of Justice grew all their own vegetables last year. Except for the heavy digging, they looked after it entirely themselves, and although they started out in a lukewarm frame of mind they ended by being quite enthusiastic as the results of their labors became apparent. Their health was benefited, too.

"It kept us in vegetables right through the season," said Mrs. Doherty. "Some of our meals were made entirely from home produce, for we kept chickens and we baked our own bread."

Mrs. Doherty thinks that the more advertising given to the food question the better and that the general distribution of posters and doggers in public places serves to keep continually before the minds of the people the need for restraint and self-denial.

The American Bell Telephone Company's earnings last year increased \$80,000,000.

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Women and The Farms

Halifax Writer Says Duty of Every Nova Scotia Woman, Every Nova Scotia Girl is to See That the Men Folk Fight or Farm; Women Must Show the Way to Loafers, Funkers, and Pink Tea Tango Boys!

(Written for the Halifax Herald by Isabel M. Ross.)

While it is undoubtedly the right and patriotic thing for women to go on the farms this year yet it is only natural that they should ask themselves "Am I taking the place of a soldier or am I standing as a shield between the man who fanks his duty in the great outdoors and the work that is awaiting him there?"

Many western women are farmers from force of necessity. When help was not to be had they put their shoulders to the plow literally and worked with night and main.

Think of the wide expanses of the west and the puny efforts of men, for lack of numbers, to cope with them! Then vision of city streets with its conventional crowd of carpet-treaders—the men who flock in and out of offices and stores as if the safety of the world depended on their making entries in a cash book or selling things over a counter! Hundreds of men are engaged in useless, non-productive work and there is great need of a weeding out process that will mean better distribution of labor on the farms.

The "farm slacker" is no better than the man who would not get into spuds when the call for recruits came. The ravages of famine can surpass anything that a human foe can do in weakening our morale, and food must be supplied for men's bodies as surely as ammunition for their guns in time of war.

It's the fault of the pseudo civilization of the twentieth century that there are men who shrink from soiling their hands with good old mother earth. They live on her bounty yet they balk at paying her debt. Our debt to the land is the original heritage of man. It is the basis of the life of nations. Men begin on the land. Too many leave it to cluster together in cities. But in the end they return to the soil for food and for sustenance they have. That is what is happening today.

It takes time to free people from the shackles of habit, however. The enervating life of the city has its grip on many a man who would be a thousand times better if he were on the land. It is frequently a sign of physical deterioration and corresponding mental decline that a young man will hang around a store from preference, doing namby-pamby work behind a counter and spend his nights in the pool-room or the moving picture house. This state of affairs is not peculiar to the city. Every community has its percentage of loafers. In the village and small town there is always the man who wastes his time at the corner grocery store. This spirit of idleness is the kind of thing that breeds dry-rot in a nation.

The time has come when the man who cannot serve in the army, and who is not engaged in other essential industries, must go back to the farm. He is needed for the second line of defence. There is no use blinking at facts. Every thinking person must now be aware of the salient features of the food situation of Europe. And anyone with a conscience must ask himself, "How does this affect me? Am I a parasite or a producer?"

There are two distinct classes. No man of spirit waits to see a woman working in the fields to feed him while he continues to sit, moth-like, among the city amusements which lure him. Yet that is what many of the parasitic class are doing. This feeling was voiced at the recent Women's Conference with the cabinet at Ottawa by a woman whose name has come to be known all over Canada. Mrs. Buchanan of Ravensara is a staunch and able fighter of the hard work and an engaging candor that gives weight to her words in any manner.

"It makes the country woman mad to come to the city and find husky men running the elevators and holding a yard of ribbon over a counter. It doesn't make us particularly anxious to go back and help those lazy duffers in the city," she declared.

Mrs. Buchanan knows what it is to rise at 5 o'clock in the morning and be used to spending the live-long day in outdoor work so that she has some right to the speak. Most of the farm women do the same way. They don't begrudge one iota of their labor for the man in khaki, but they do want to have men doing what they do. Men who are better fitted for outdoor work than they, reap the rewards of their toil.

It was never known how much the women of Canada had to do with sending our brave four hundred thousand overseas. Behind nearly every man there was a woman. He went for love of her and for her defence as surely as for the sake of his country. She was his immediate inspiration. In the first recruiting appeals that went out cheerfully and bravely. And they did.

Once again—if they only will—they can supply the inspiration and help to fill up the ranks of the re-education army. Only the other day one of the wisest men in the cabinet remarked: "The cry of the world for food now has a positive pang in it."

Can a Canadian woman listen to that and not be hurt and touched by it? Doesn't it clutch the heart with its grim portent of worse to come? If a starving child were waiting outside her doorstep—a haven of warmth, nourishment and safety within, a howling wilderness without—would she go on having dinner and let its cries grow feebler till they were no more? Allied Europe today is like that waiting child, and we, in the midst of our plenty, should have a sense of responsibility infinitely greater than anything we feel now.

The chairman of the Canada Food Board would enlist the services of all the women of the Dominion in a mighty and immediate effort to clear the pool-rooms, to sweep the street corners clear of loafers and to fill the 'dells—with men. It can be done from the home. Every woman has an influence over some man. She can shame, if not inspire him into doing his duty.

There are hundreds of men all over the country nodding down "soft jobs." It is time for the women to make themselves felt on this question and to have no compunctions about taking up any kind of work that they can do as well as men, ousting the latter if necessary. The man who is 'the woman's work must go. He is wanted in the fields of Canada.

The farmer is in dire need of his assistance. It is no longer fashionable to be a lily-fingered Beau Brummel. It is a matter of reproach, of contempt. It is necessary to do something. Be something, create something—above all, produce something. And last something is food for the women are going to do it. They are making their plans now, but there is something else they must do. They can, figuratively speaking, "white feather" the man who continues to live idly, dawdling through the day and dancing through the night. There are some men who have not even the pretence of an ambition. Life is still more or less of a plaything to them. To such as these a woman should have but one message: "Get out and farm. Justify your existence by at least growing the food you eat."

Then there's the doubling up process in which every woman might have a hand. For instance, few have as yet come to realize that every time they order a small parcel to be sent to their homes they are adding to the complexity of modern trade conditions and, incidentally, helping to raise the price of the commodity. It seems a little thing at the time, but when you multiply the individual purchase by thousands of similar purchases on the part of other women it means that you are literally binding down in nonessential service a small army of men, not to speak of horses and wagons.

If women come to advocate "union delivery" in each community—and advocate it hard enough—they will get it. Already it has been tried and proved a great success in many places. In one city with a population of 30,000, seventeen wagons are now carrying on the work of delivery which formerly required seventy.

For smaller purchases the "cash and carry" system is the best of all. Instead of reaching for the telephone and ordering goods to be sent it is true economy for the housewife to do what her grandmother did—that is to say, to get her market basket, see what she is getting before she pays for it and then carry it home.

There are countless other ways and means by which women, with the exception of the telephone, can simplify modern trade conditions, lessen the complexity of the industrial system and release man power and energy for the place where they are most needed—on the land.

And why they have done their duty in this regard yet another responsibility rests on them—one that should be pleasant rather than onerous.

The Canadian Food Board has sent out a S. O. S. call for 25,000 boys. "S. O. S." signifies Soldiers of the Soil. These boys are going to render service that will make their mothers and everyone belonging to them proud of them for all time. Most youngsters have sighed in vain as they watched their big brother marching off to war, wishing with all their hearts that they, too, could go forth on the grand adventure to do big and glorious things for their country.

Their chance has come and the Soldier of the Soil, by the close of 1918, will rank alongside of Jack Canuck in khaki. He will have his badge of honor testifying to the fact that his bit in the war was to provide food—no mean share at a time like this. There isn't a boy who won't want to enlist in this service. So it's up to mother and big sister to clear the path of obstacles and to send their sons and brothers out with all good-will and cheerfulness. The boys will benefit. It will be the finest thing in the world.

Here, early in the sixth century, a celebrated monastic establishment was founded by St. Kevin, and here may still be seen the remains of what are known as "The Seven Churches" and the picturesque slender round tower, which is still in a state of perfect preservation. History says that St. Kevin's dwelling on the northern shore of the lake was a hollow tree, and on the southern shore a cave, only accessible by boat, as a perpendicular rock overhangs it from above. The monastery was founded by St. Kevin and was repeatedly laid waste in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the valley bore an indifferent reputation as a veritable den of robbers. The foundations of the old broken walls of several churches still remain, but the most interesting building is that known as St. Kevin's kitchen, or house, a little church-like building. The addition of a bell turret and chancel has practically changed the structure into a church, though these were probably added at a later date.

The round tower, similar to others in Ireland usually found in connection with ecclesiastical structures, is very interesting. Professor Petrie, who is regarded as an authority on old Irish architecture, says that they were probably designed to serve the twofold purpose of bellfries, and strongholds in which the monks could retire in case of sudden attack. The earliest seam from certain evidence to have been built about the ninth century. The ornamental dwellings are almost always placed well above ground and the tower is divided into stories twelve feet in height, each lighted by a small window. The lowest story has no window and is often built as a solid structure. The walls are from three to five feet thick. Some seventy of these towers still remain in Ireland, of which thirteen are perfect. That at Glendalough is over sixty feet high.

Nine hundred cases of eggs from China have arrived in New York.

Beauty is more dependent upon a clear complexion than upon regular features. A woman may have a pug nose and a large mouth but if her skin is clear and her teeth good she will be attractive. The dentist can remedy defective teeth and a short treatment with our Alternating Method of an Oil Cream for use at night and a Facial Cream for the day will make a wonderful change in a few days. Ask your druggist for Seely's Face Cream. If he cannot supply you send us \$1.00 and we will mail you a postal order booklet and samples of Mahalia Face powder and Seely's.

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VALE OF GLENDALOUGH

(Christian Science Monitor.)

The vale of Glendalough is known as one of Ireland's beauty spots. It is in the heart of the Wicklow mountains and in these days of motors is easily reached by road. The road from Rathfarnham winds along the valley, at the bottom of which the cheery little river, fed by the stream which forms the Glendalough lakes, bubbles its way to the sea.

The little village, which takes its name from the vale, lies round a bend of the road just as it drops down to the lake level. Where the valley widens out at the foot of the mountains two lovely lakes have formed and it is at the lower end of the second lake that picturesque Glendalough nestles under the hill.

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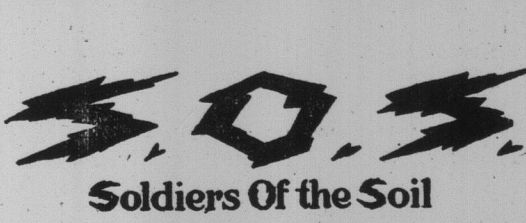
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Unselfish Service



Men may go to the front and fight but boys can go to the farm and help raise the food for the fighting men.

You see the war is a circle of duties.

It is the duty of the fighting man to fight, but he must have food or he cannot fight.

And it is the duty of the farmer to grow crops and produce the food but we must help to do it.

So Canadian boys have a chance to do their part to help the farmer who grows the food to feed the fighting men.

The Canada Food Board has organized this army of boys, and it calls for 25,000 sturdy, clear brained Canadian lads from the cities and towns, from the villages and the farms to join this army of food growers.

Every boy of 15 to 19, inclusive, is eligible

It is a national army just as truly as that of the soldiers who go to France. The young Soldiers of the Soil who serve their country on the farms of Canada this summer will be presented by the Dominion Government with Bronze Badges of Honour, just the same as the soldiers who go to the front are decorated with service medals.

Enrollment in the Soldiers of the Soil begins on March 17 and will continue for a week following. By April 18 Canada wants an army of 25,000 boy Soldiers of the Soil.

Enroll with High School Teachers, Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, Boy Scout Masters, and others in your neighborhood.

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