

The Washing done before the day's begun

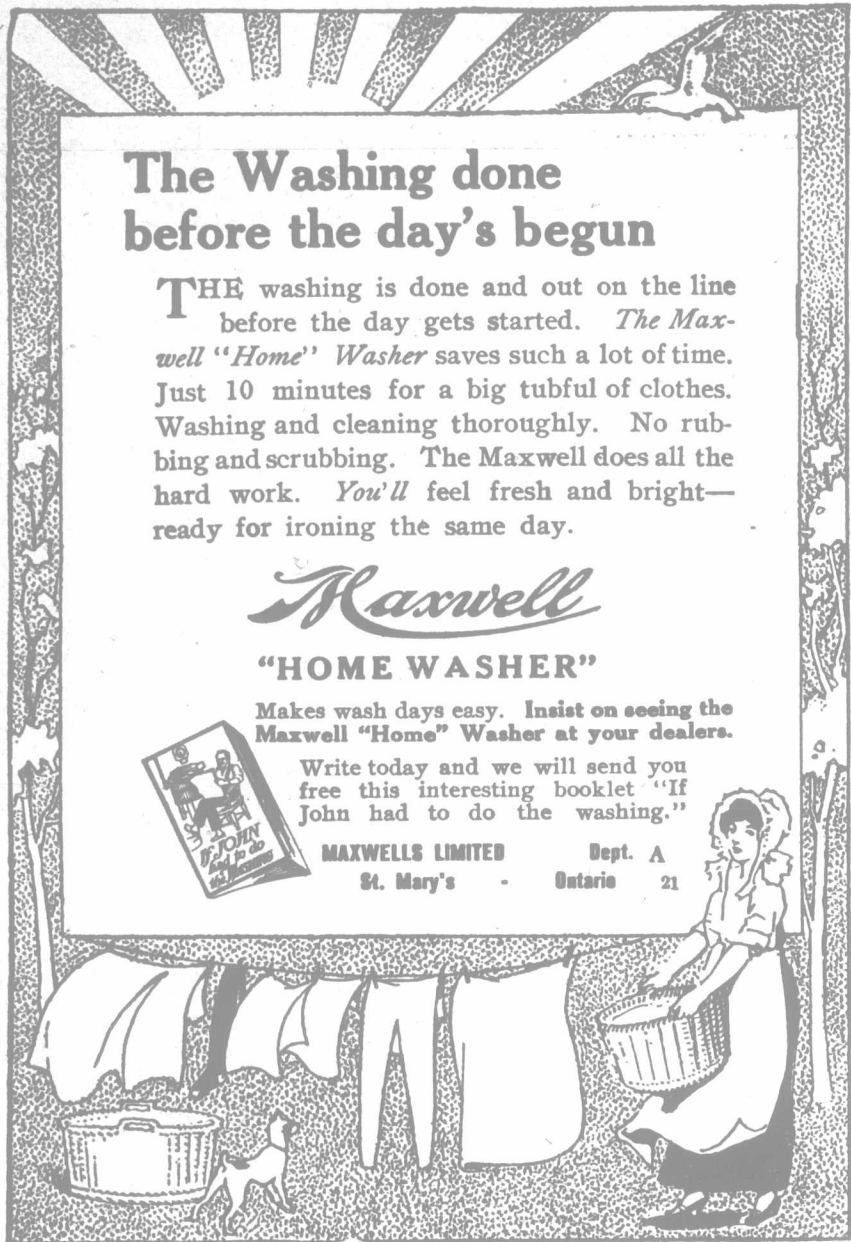
THE washing is done and out on the line before the day gets started. The Maxwell "Home" Washer saves such a lot of time. Just 10 minutes for a big tubful of clothes. Washing and scrubbing thoroughly. No rubbing and scrubbing. The Maxwell does all the hard work. You'll feel fresh and bright—ready for ironing the same day.

Maxwell
"HOME WASHER"

Makes wash days easy. Insist on seeing the Maxwell "Home" Washer at your dealers.

Write today and we will send you free this interesting booklet "If John had to do the washing."

MAXWELL LIMITED Dept. A
St. Mary's Ontario 21



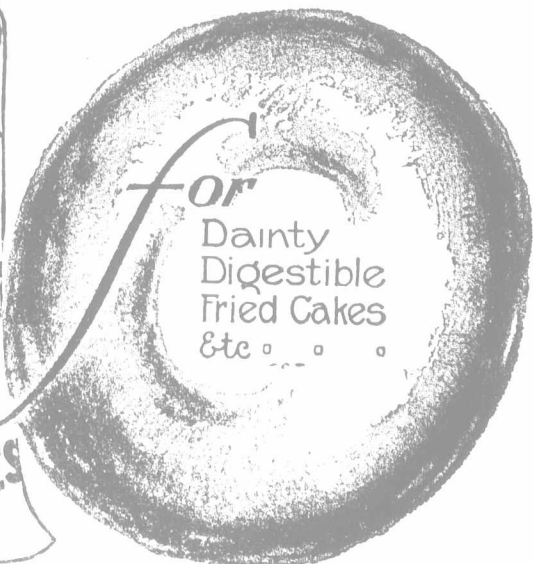
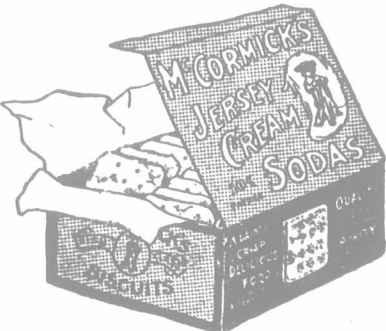
McCormick's Sodas

JERSEY CREAM

So good that butter seems unnecessary

What could be more appetizing than fresh, crisp, McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas which have been baked in white enamelled revolving ovens, by men in snowy white suits?

Sold fresh everywhere in 5c, 10c and 25c packages.



When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate.

bed, and when his kind master was no more, grieved for weeks, almost refusing to eat. Happily for Caesar Queen Alexandra also loves dogs, and so, before long, he began to follow her about, and received plenty of petting.

I can't see how anyone can be cruel to dogs—they are so wise, and faithful, and loving, if given half a chance. Do you not know how wise a dog is? Then just talk to one, every day, and see how soon he will begin to understand many of the things that you say. They think, too. Only this morning I read of one that saved a passenger train on the Lackawanna Railroad, N. J. The dog, a little fox terrier named Toots, belonged to a man who attended one of the switches. There was only a single track. One day a mistake occurred. A westbound train was coming in and the switchman dropped his red flag and ran to throw a switch. At the same time an eastbound train was rounding the curve. Toots saw the danger, seized the flag in his teeth and ran up the track. The engineer saw him, and was wise enough to stop the train, and so an accident was averted.

Then think, too, of all the wonderful dogs that are serving at the front. They have been well trained, and can be depended upon to do their duty in any danger. They carry assistance to wounded soldiers and do lots of other things. When they are wounded the doctors who chance to have time attend to them just as they would wounded men, as our picture shows.

Just one word more: If you have a dog be sure to give him plenty of water to drink. You know how you yourself need water, particularly in summer. Your dog needs it, even more; so keep a clean dish of cool water where he can find it at any time.

Now Beavers, I think I have written you a long letter. Write to me, some day, won't you?

PUCK.

Little Bits of Fun.

For a five-year-old, Margie had travelled a great deal. One day her aunt remarked, "Through all her travels Margie seems quite happy and contented." "Yes'm," answered Margie. "No matter where I go I always find some dirt to play in."

A little boy only six years old was boasting that he worked in a blacksmith shop. "What do you do there?" he was asked. "Do you shoe horses?" "No, sir!" he answered, promptly. "I shoo flies."—Our Dumb Animals.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Honor Roll—Bessie Brown, Delbert Peterson, Fred Stork, Muriel Jamieson. Fred Stork (age 13) R. R. 1, Pickering, Ont., wishes some of the Beavers to write to him.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

[For Beavers up to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. May I enter too?

I go to school every day. I am in grade VI. We have had two teachers this term; the first one took appendicitis and so we had to get another. Her name is Miss Bissett.

They fish oysters on our shore. We have water on every side of us but the West.

My father is a farmer. Papa's father took the "Farmer's Advocate" until he died and now papa is taking it.

Since this is my first letter I guess I will close with a riddle: If soldiers of every nation were shut into a locked car which would get out the quickest? Ans.—British, because they have the khaki (car-key).

Hoping this will escape the w. p. b. ANNE CLARK, age 11 years.

Bayhead, N. S.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter in your Circle. I am eleven years old. I have one box to drive. My father has read the Advocate for two years. We are Dutchmen and have read this paper as long as we are

here. I'll close with a riddle: First it walks on four legs, then on two and then on three. What is it?

WILLIAM Y. OLIE.

Selma, Hants Co., N. S.

Junior Beavers' Honor Roll.—Harold Price, Laura Whitteker.

Harold Price (age 10) wants some Beavers about 7 years old to write to him. His address is R. R. 3, Cobden, Ont.

Phoebe Lymburner sends this riddle: What is the difference between a cat and a match? Ans.—A match lights on its head and a cat lights on its feet.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence 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.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends.—As I came to the den this afternoon the rain was coming down in sheets—not that that is anything new this season. What I am thinking of is how comfortable we can manage to be here in Southern Canada, no matter what the weather takes into its head to do. With rubbers, raincoat and umbrella, one could saunter along, even enjoying the sound of the drip from the trees and the sight of blooming spires bending gracefully over and shedding rivulets from every branch. On the way, perhaps a dozen automobiles passed—every one closed in with mica walls. Also there was a limousine or two. "How we coddle ourselves up lest a breath blow on us," one thought,—and then, of course, one's roving imagination could not but go off to the trenches where our boys are braving all the blasts that blow,—weather and shells, and all the horror and din of war.—"Our boys," many of them accustomed, all their previous lives, to just such coddling as that possible to these folk in limousines. And how finely even they have measured up to the day of necessity! Truly war is a great revealer as well as a great leveller.

I think that some of these lads will come back rebellious all the rest of their lives at too much luxuriousness. True, for a time it may seem like heaven to bowl off in a limousine, or to sink into yielding upholstery in a drawing-room. "War is hell," and none know it so well as these lads in the trenches. At the same time those among them who, before going to the front, knew nothing but "downy ease," are getting some sharp and clear-cut revelations. They are learning what it is to taste man's work; they are seeing that people can get along with very much less than they had thought; they are realizing that men who have never had anything to do with luxury may be very fine fellows indeed, willing to shoulder the burdens of weaker brothers, and ready to give and take in the splendid camaraderie of a common cause. Best of all will be the lesson that people cannot live unto themselves; a new sense of brotherhood; a new sense of service towards humanity; a new understanding that in self-sacrifice in a good cause there is, in the end, a deeper satisfaction than can ever be gained from self-indulgence. Perhaps one of the most astounding things, to those who come back from the war, will be that their sense of values will be thus shaken. Things can never look just the same again.

Speaking of simplicity in living makes one think of all the people in the world who, in peace time, find it possible to be happy with comparatively few possessions, provided only that they live close to the heart of Nature. It seems only natural that city people should want "things." They have only brick walls to look out at, for the most part, only hard sidewalks to walk upon; therefore, they must secure their meed of beauty by buying ornaments for the home,—beautiful rugs, and upholstery and pictures. In the country conditions are somewhat different. In every country home there is—or

should be—a picture of trees, hills, grass, a varying color to fall. Less indoors.—Painted woven and color places; broads on the sill; simple and brass candle able chairs; plenty one can see in coziness and h comparatively li Good cheer, to as artistic as the glorious, through the win

A perfectly dropped into t She lives on the and, of late, sh for gardening. of delight in Potatoes and d growing both, a gives rise to as other. Much a abbreviated gar she has devised, that it is abso a bit more so, pe costume in wh disport at every she is right. S simply to suit short, trim gard a pair of garden ing cushion, such of "The Farme night or so ago any woman to gardening, or or spoiling good And surely, i in one direction so in others.— wearing gloves a Why can't we throw convention ever it conflicts venience, and e sense? I fancy, so we should w end. Sincerity a dignity all the ridiculous.

Simplicity! A gorgeous in sun beneath the blue clean in verdure very sane, and . . . Away in campers and pro tents, become r and taste the r the trees and rippling rivers; provided only and flowers, and many men and girls, find life some day, wher us much, city go back to a simple life, w things are to-c and we others the cities, are superfluity of w daily the chains

A Question

I would like readers of the think about k soldier boys o be doing wron knitters that hav knitting during we would like must be getting Our boys have on Sunday. Sur all we possibly have to go w heard this ques and have been my knitting on done so.

INTERESTED R It seems to m which everyone own conscience. many of the b knitting on Sun to fight, and ma socks on Sunda footwear gives suffering enoug the doctors and