

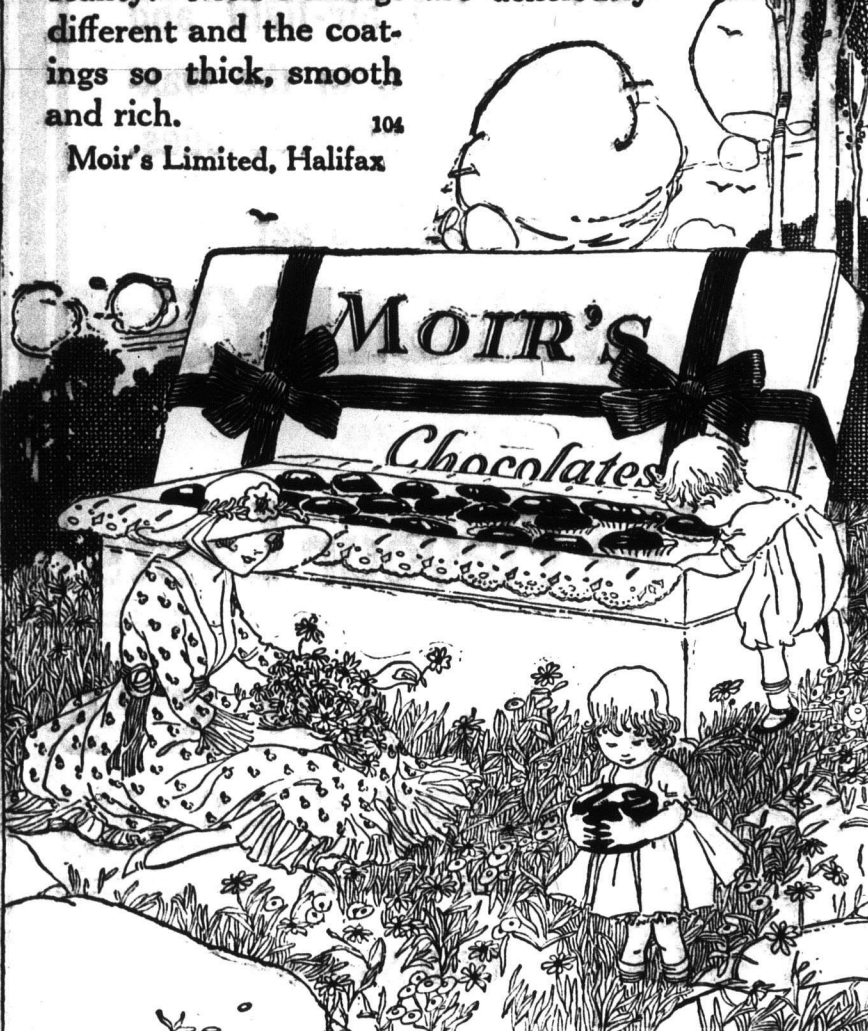
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words at all adequate, but it is in the essential difference between the life here and that of the city. Not any one thing, but a wonderful effect of space and rest. I never worked so many hours a day in my life, but it is years since I felt so rested and leisurely, so mentally and soulfully—if there is such a department of me—at ease and unhurried. I suppose College and University life are pretty crowded and that here there are fewer kinds of things to do. You will understand when you have lived here a few days. It still seems a long time to wait for you, but I know how fast they will slip away.

In love and haste, Betty.

July 13, 1918

Oh, Sis:—No letter at all last week from you, but as I missed too I have not a word to say. The way the days slip away and pile themselves into weeks is appalling. These past days seem to have been full of work and—yet it is happiness too, though I don't know just why. Physical fitness has much to do with it; the blue and white of skies, green of trees and grass, rose and gold of sunsets, sweet messages of the wind—oh, everything.

I'll meet you myself on the 17th. Can you visualize me driving a spanking team? I can do it, and without danger to your precious neck too. I have learned to use my hands and head in new ways since I have been here.

Hurry, hurry, Wednesday night, and Gwen!

Betty.

P.S.—Certainly Clarence cannot come if it depends on my pleasure. Even if you want him there is no boarding place within five miles that will take him, and that one is wretched. He would not stay there six hours.

B.

August 3, 1918.

Dearest Gwen:—I was glad to get your note saying you were safely back home and glad too that you had a pleasant time at the Royal Muskoka than here. I admit, I can't understand it, even adding the charms of Clarence to those of hotel life. However, everyone to his taste and though of course I was disappointed at the shortness of your visit here, I would not for worlds have had you miss getting the fullest possible enjoyment out of your far too short vacation.

I had a letter from Clarence the other day. I am answering it. He may speak to you of it and I want you to know and to tell him you know that I don't, can't, never did and never can love him. More than that, he really does not care for me, but is so obstinate, faithful, I suppose I should say, that he won't admit of either of these truths to his mind.

Busy! Well, I'm too tired to play or sing these hot nights and just lie in the hammock till bed time. That office of yours and also the flat will be very furnace-like I fear. It cools off here in the evening and the early morning is most wonderful. Such rose and grey at sunrise, and impossible as it must seem to you if you remember my sleepiness, I am wide awake and able to appreciate these early glories.

Just four weeks till I must come back. I dread it in many ways but no doubt will soon shake down to work again.

Lots of love from Betty.

August 28, 1918

Dear Gwen:—Well, I'll be home on Saturday on the evening train. Don't bother meeting me. You will be tired and I'll come right up.

You don't know how glad I am that you and Clarence have at last discovered what I have felt sure of for a long time. Clarence is fine even if he does not like the country, but neither do you, so you can confide in one another your doubts of my real niceness because I do love it. I do love it and intend to work so hard this winter that there will be no doubt of my graduating next spring and then I shall be ready for the country again if not as "Farmerette" as teacher or farmer. Surely a woman could learn to run a little farm, and have room to breathe in.

Till Sartuday, Betty.

The Desolate Country,

Sept. 1, 1918

Dearest Betty:—Was it yesterday you left or a week ago? It seems fully the week. You are not a very large person but your absence has occasioned an enormous vacancy. The whole district seems oddly spacious. The Choir seemed sparsely filled this morning because there was no dear, dark head in front of

me; the singing had no warmth lacking your voice; the church looked grey and cold because you were not there; The Johnstons took me home to dinner with them out of pity, I know, and their house was strangely empty and our talk pointless and uninteresting and not worth while, because we all missed you. I came home by way of our sunset seat, and there the lack of you was poignant. At this spot so dear to me now because of you, I watched the sunset alone and lingered in the twilight to live again some of the sweet hours we spent together there, only two evenings ago.

Darling, I can hardly yet believe that you love me and my country life too. I told Mrs. Johnston this afternoon as you said I might and they are so pleased though they pretend to be annoyed at me for stealing their next summer's "farmerette". May next summer come soon! With all my heart and life, your lover

John Harrington.

THE RIVER'S SONG

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lyn Tallman

The river runs complaining
Over the white stones;
She hisses when its raining,
When it shines, she drones.

She sings a plaintive ditty
With rhythm as of wings;
Even in the murky city
She pitifully sings.

And I, who in the city
For light and country long,
Find solace in the pity,
The pity in her song.

CHANGE

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lyn Tallman

O bare black tree
So softly blown,
Where have your summer beauties flown?
But yesterday you had a crown
Of giddy green,
An' ruffled gown.

Is this your soul
Comes drifting like
A nimbus o'er each withered spike?
Is it your eye that dimly glows
Through ravaged branches
Huddled close?

I think you mourn
Last May's wee nest
Stern Cold hath pillaged out your breast,
An' be unhappy there alone:
O bare black tree
So softly blown.

THE WIND

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lyn Tallman

The Wind is a beautiful boy
Who walks with his sister, the Rain;
He whispers; he whistles his joy,
And taps with his wings on the pane.

And ever with scamper and cry
There hurtles a witch at his heels
Who sweeps up the clouds from the sky,
And smooths down the grass where he kneels.

He walks with his sister, the Rain;
And when their house-cleaning is done,
When all is made rosy again,
He kneels to his princess, the Sun.

A LOST LESSON

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I have been talking about cultivating a kindly disposition, and I will now tell you a little story. Henry had a nice little dog, gentle as a lamb. He would not bark at the passers-by or at strange dogs, and would never bite. William's dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, or flying at the hens and cats, and several times he seized a cow. He barked at strangers. Now, boys, which dog would you like to own—Henry's or William's?" The answer came instantly, in one eager shout, "William's!"