



What the Farmers' Daughters Have to Say About the Problem of Domestic Service.

With reference to an article in a previous issue upon the subject of the Problem of Domestic Service, the *ADVOCATE* willingly makes room for some remarks from the point of view of the farmers' daughters. That their mothers should say, "Do not tempt our girls away from us into the city—we want them at home," is not only the expression of their natural affection for their children, but it is also the outcome of the exigencies of their own position. How can the toil-worn mother who has had the strong young arms to help her in her weary round of heavy daily duties contemplate with equanimity the moment when she may be deprived of them. She probably has tried to spare them in every way possible; she has taken up the heaviest end of the load herself; she has given them what little relaxation she could; but to part with their services altogether is too much to ask of her; and so she cries, with piteous persistence, "Don't take my girls from me." Well, what is to be done about it? Is there not some way by which the natural instincts of young girlhood for freedom, for expansion, for an occasional sight of the larger world outside the limits of the apple orchard and the farmyard, and the claims of the mother can at least in some measure be reconciled?

One daughter says: "Why could not father recognize how much of the year's profit depends upon mother's work and ours? He does not seem to see that if mother drops in harness, as sometimes we girls think she will surely do before long, that he must then get paid assistance—too late to save her. She has often done women's work and men's work too. She has slaved morning, noon, and night; made the children's clothes as best she could by lamplight, when our men folk were comfortably tucked up in their beds; cooked meals for the hired men (for men have to be hired and paid); got up early to churn the butter (no patent churn and separator for her); has risen before daylight to wash for a family of ten (no washing machine and wringer for her); and this she has done for years, with only, latterly, such help as we children were able to give her, neither father nor even the bigger boys realizing how heavily the burden was pressing upon her. It is for mother's sake we girls are stopping on the farm: it is for mother's sake we do not go, as we would dearly like to go, into the city and be able to earn a little money for ourselves. We know we should not have to work so hard there, and we know that we should have many opportunities for self culture which we could not possibly have in the country; but we do not go, though we are sorely tempted to do so, for mother's sake."

And this is what another daughter says: "I don't know that I have such a banking after improving my mind by going into the cities, where I can have lectures and libraries and all that kind of thing, and I don't particularly want to leave home; indeed, it would be pretty difficult for me to do that anyway, because I am the eldest girl, and mother could not get along without me; but I cannot see why a girl who bakes, cooks, washes and irons, and looks after chores generally inside and often outside the house, and who, if she worked half as hard in any family in the city, would get good wages, be able to buy all her own clothes, and perhaps put a little by in a savings bank for a rainy day, I cannot see why, I say, she should not have a certain sum given her every month regularly, so that she may feel a little more like other girls who are free to earn an independence for themselves. If father had to hire a girl, as he would have to do if I went away, he would have to pay her, and pay her pretty well, too, with not half such willing service as I give for mother's sake. So, why could he not find some way, perhaps by means of a share in the profits which we make in butter, cheese, eggs and poultry, to give us a regular monthly allowance? By us, I mean mother and I, for, after all, farming is a partnership, and though the man may hold the purse-strings, it does seem hard that the women folk should have to beg and almost cringe for every copper of spending money, which they have themselves helped to earn."

And lastly, a mother from a farm says: "Perhaps, if our work could be made easier for us within the home by improved appliances, as the outside farm work is lessened by the purchase of the latest inventions in machinery, we could manage to get along alone for a while, and give our daughters their chance of earning a little for themselves. We mothers do not want to be selfish, but it looks like it when we say 'No' to the natural desire of our girls to better themselves." The remedy lies, we venture to think, largely in the hands of the head of the household himself. If he would keep his daughters at home, he should recognize the justice of the claim of every young girl, as she grows into womanhood, to a certain measure of independence.

The farmer's daughter will repay in increased love and respect, as well as in willing service, this kindly concession to her very natural aspiration, and she would also be the less likely to desert her own home for one in the city.

H. A. B.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

Neddie and Jennie were two little puppies,
The jolliest doggies that ever were seen.
They went for an outing one day in November,
Sent out by their mother so trim and so clean.
But the rain began to fall,
So they crouched beside a wall.
Little Jennie started to cry,
Said Neddie, "Oh, this won't do;
Your crying won't help us through;
We must wait till the clouds roll by."

An old green umbrella just then he discovered.
Though tattered and torn, 'twas some shelter, you see.
"What fun we are having," said Neddie, undaunted.
"Now cuddle up closer; it's warm beside me."
Though the rain came down like hail,
His brave heart did not quail.
Soon appeared a bit of blue sky.
Said Neddie, "I told you so,
We'll soon be able to go;
Let us wait till the clouds roll by." C. D.

Between Ourselves.

I promised you a nice, easy competition, didn't I? Well, you had better look over all your favorite story-books, for I will give three prizes for the three best stories sent in before the end of the year. They must be *short children's stories*, and you may either copy them out or send clippings. Stories that have already appeared in the *ADVOCATE* or are in the school readers will not be accepted. This competition is open to all boys and girls under sixteen. Write your name, age and address on the back of the story, and send to "Cousin Dorothy," Box 92, Newcastle, Ont.



"WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY."

I hope the winners in the last competition will let me know whether the prizes reached them safely.

You are probably much interested in the home-coming of our soldiers from South Africa. Do you know, a little Canadian girl, aged eleven, wrote a letter to the Queen a few months ago. In it she said: "If I were a man, I would go to South Africa and fight for you. If I were a big girl, I would be a Red Cross nurse. I should dearly love to see you, but I suppose I never shall, as I live so far away. But I can tell you that we love you, and all the Canadians do too. We would rather be British than anything. I hope none of your great officers will prevent my letter reaching you. Papa said that perhaps they might not think it worth while. But if you knew it was coming, I know you would not let them disappoint me." You will be glad to hear that the letter did reach the Queen, who, with her usual gracious kindness, sent a very nice message in return.

Are you at your wits' end to know what to make for Christmas presents? I saw something the other day that would make a splendid present for your mother or big sister. It was a contrivance to hang dress waists on, and was made of a piece of barrel hoop covered with strips of cotton. It was just long enough to reach from shoulder to shoulder, and had a loop in the middle to hang it by. When the waist was on, it looked exactly like the frames on which waists and jackets are hung in the stores. Such a present would be very useful, as it would keep a nice waist from being crushed when hung up in the closet. It costs nothing, which is an important consideration when money is very scarce. Don't make it too long in the arms.

Aren't those little dogs, under the umbrella, dear little chaps? Perhaps you think that animals never know enough to make an umbrella of their own. Birds make very neat little nests, but a roof would sometimes be an advantage. There is at least one bird, however, that understands roof-making. It is called the "oven" bird, because its house looks like an old-fashioned oven with a rounded top. There is a story about it which is a very good lesson in manners:

"It was a hermit, some believe,
That taught the birds their nests to weave,
Long, long ago in days of yore,
When none had ever built before.
But ere the hermit's words were said
Each silly bird would toss his head
And cry: 'Oh, pshaw! We know the way.'
And flap his wings and fly away.
The only one that stayed behind
Was the 'oven' bird, polite and kind.
So when the summer days were come
And each would make a little home,
Just half a nest built every bird,
For only half the way they'd heard,
But only one was weather-proof—
The 'oven' bird could make a roof."

Although this bird lives in an oven, it is not wise enough to build a chimney. I hope your chimneys are nice and clean and ready for Santa Claus. How busy the poor old fellow must be these days, like all the rest of the world! May he fill your stockings up to the top and running over! Is it too soon to wish you a very happy Christmas? Perhaps there will be no room in our Christmas number, so I will do it now, to make sure.

A merry, merry Christmas
To all my children dear!
Oh, don't you love December?
Best month in all the year.
Christmas is coming, coming!
It's very hard to wait.
Dear Santa, hurry, hurry!
Oh, please don't be too late!

COUSIN DOROTHY.

PRIZE ESSAY—CLASS I.

BY "CHRYSAEIS."

Canada--Why Do We Love Her?

On the northern part of America's continent, bounded on the east and the west by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, her northern extremities reaching far into the regions of perpetual ice, and her southern ones terminating where flourish the peach and the plum on the shores of the Great Lakes, there lies the Dominion of Canada—our Canada, land of the maple—the fairest of Britain's daughters. Her acres are broad and rich; her sons are hardy; her future is bright with promise; and we, in our loyal Canadian hearts, are justly proud of this heritage that is ours.

Our Dominion is a land of beauty. The variety of aspects in which she presents herself are legion, for from the ice fields of the far north to the rolling hills and lake shores of southern Ontario there is constant variation of landscape and climate. Mountain and valley, forest and plain, lake and streamlet—they mingle in the delightful separation, yet union, of nature; while over them, in the midnight winter sky, there climb the weird lights of the Aurora borealis, and, on summer afternoons, the sunshine ripens the corn and wheat upon the hillsides. What special vistas and wonders there are, too!—the Rocky Mountains, Muskoka, Niagara, the Thousand Islands, Saguenay River, and a hundred others we could enumerate. The passing seasons, too, add their charms. Spring, summer, autumn, winter—each has its especial delights; but the fairest time of all the year, perhaps, are those hazy, uncertain days of Indian Summer. Then the smoke from the Manitou's pipe of peace lies purply over all the landscape, and the woods are tinted by hidden artist hand. Through the still air comes the call of birds, and in the twilight, it may be, the whip-poor-will—

"A wandering spirit, breathing yet
For parted joys a vain regret;
So plaintive thine untiring trill,
Oh, whip-poor-will! oh, whip-poor-will!"

Canada contributes liberally also to our daily wants and necessities, and is a country rich in resources. In many parts, the land yields great crops of grain and other farm products annually. Our orchards bear luscious fruits in abundance. Our lakes and rivers abound in fish. It is long since our forests began to help to supply the needs of the nations, and yet, "still stands the forest primeval." Minerals are among the most important of Canada's resources, but, as yet, mining is in its infancy, compared with what we hope it will eventually be as our country increases in wealth and civilization.

True beauty is a thing of the soul: and when coupled with outward loveliness, how potent is its power to inspire love and reverence! So it is with our country. Her soul, her inner life, as it were, render her doubly dear to us. Her laws are strong and just and pure over all her subjects alike—Protestant and Catholic, Gentile and Jew. We have freedom of thought and will, freedom to worship as our conscience dictates and for this, let us bear in mind, our forefathers suffered and died in the dark ages of England's history. We have an excellent educational system; and by it (for, as Wordsworth says, "The child is father of the man") Canada is, in a great measure, shaping her future.

We love our country because of her lineage and her history. Her sons are the descendants of good old stock, and it is the Anglo-Saxon blood flowing in their veins that gives them those sterling qualities by which they are characterized as a nation. Canada, although "the youngest of the nations," has had her martyrs, her heroes, and her clever men of all callings. Among those martyrs the Jesuit Fathers Jogues, Salement and Bréboeuf were the principal; but the redmen, although treacherous savages, had also their examples of noble manhood. Chief of these was the great