

About the Farm.

How the Kettle Sang.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of a lion slain—
Of a pirate crew on the Spanish main—
Of a clipper ship on the sea way, high,
With a cabin boy, and the boy was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do,
Of a little girl in a bonnet red,
Saved by a prince from a hydra head
That lurked in the corn that towered
high,
And the girl was she and the prince
was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of war's alarms,
The booming of cannon and clash of
arms—
Of a blue-clad boy where the strife ran
high,
With face to the steel and willing to
die—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do,
The lyrics it crooned and the tales it
told—
But the hearth is chill and the years
are old,
The fancies it whispered have all taken
wing,
And never again the kettle will sing
Just as it used to do!

Climb up Out of the Valley.

It is a good thing now and then to
get up on a high place and look out
over the world. We need to do it.
Living down in the valley, with fogs
and the damp, gives sheep the snuffles.
Just so with men folks. The world is
full of men with the snuffles.

It does me good, sometimes, to leave
the valley and climb away up to the
hills at the back end of my farm, and
look down. Seems to me the old place
never looks so good as when I am up
there where I can look at it from a
distance.

The house looks as neat as a pin.
The big red barn seems a perfect pal-
ace for the cattle. The trees about the
buildings give just enough of variety
to make the landscape as pretty as a
picture. Even the hens' cackling and
the rooster's crowing sound like sweet
music to me as I stand away up there
and listen. Everything is still about
me. A kind of lonely, homesick feeling
tugs at my heart, and I go down with
new life coursing all through me and
with new resolves in my mind.

Just now we are standing at the very
peak of the year. Don't you think it
would be a good thing for us to get
up out of the valley a little while and
take a look at the world from a stand-
point different from that of every day?
Too many of us dwell on the low-
lands of life. We keep our faces turned
toward the ground, digging away as
if life depended upon it, until we forget
that there is such a thing as a star
overhead or bright sunshine all about
us, or a Kind Hand leading us all the
time.

There is something about an old
mowing machine, as it stands on ex-
hibition, that makes me feel like tak-
ing off my hat. All around are the
new, bright and shiny machines that
are being made to-day. They do rather
beat the old one, when it comes to
good looks. No doubt they are able to
cut more grass in a day than the old
one.

And yet, that old one, with the paint
all knocked off, its knives all battered
up and its tongue spliced, once took
the lead in a grand procession. Do you
remember the first time you ever drove
around the ten-acre lot, with the horses
fairly dancing at the sound of that
wonderful thing clattering along be-
hind them? You never expected to
see a better machine than that, did
you?

But you have. And now, I wonder if
we appreciate the splendid machines of
the present time as we ought. Living
down in the valley we have gotten so
used to the modern, up-to-date ways of
living that we do not really know what
a great day we are in.

If a man is honest and tells what he
really thinks, he can't help seeing that
this is the best day this old world of
ours ever has seen. The trouble is, we
need to climb up out of the fog and
mist and get where we can see things
as they really are.

I had a neighbor who lived a great
deal of the time away back in the past.
He used to tell me, with a sigh of de-
light, how his mother would make up
a great lot of Johnny-cakes and stand
them on end in the old cupboard, and
when he got hungry he would go and
sharpen his teeth on a cake.

"But I tell you, these are better
times than we had then!" he said. "I
would not want to go back. There is
more fun in living now."

And he is right. Only our eyes are
dimmed so that we do not always see
that it is so.

And what has dimmed the? Ah, you
And what has dimmed them? Ah, you
shine of the dollar.

When we were children we used to
sit and look into the fire in the eve-
ning. Mother would let us pull open
the big door in front over the hearth
and poke the coals down, and we would
look at them till we could see ships
and camels and houses and castles.

But when we had sat there with our
eyes on the dazzling fire too long, and
would look up into the room, we could
see nothing except the shadows.

That is what has happened to us since
we—oh, Gee, I'm running away with
myself. I'd better ring off—Mamma's
Boy.

Prepare the Home for Winter.

Make the home warm and comfortable
for winter, but do not fail to provide
for a controlled circulation of fresh
air. Each room should have one storm
window on hinges that it may be
opened to admit air "when the wind is
right"—when it will not blow directly
in. If the house is small and the
rooms open into one another, one
hinged window on each side of the
house will answer the purpose.

Bank around the foundation if nec-
essary to keep out the frost and cold
winds, and prevent drafts along the
floor and undesired places, but for the
good health of the family provide for
a free circulation of fresh air.

Farmers are accused by the "hy-
gienic cranks" of shutting up their
houses so tightly in winter as to make
them real breeders of disease, compell-
ing the inmates to breathe the same
air over and over, the only inlet for
fresh air being the doors, often only
one door, when it has to be opened to
go out and in. Air once inhaled is ex-
haled laden with impurity and has
been exhausted of its oxygen, yet



Steep Rock Point, Lake Manitoba.

many families sleep in rooms into
which fresh air is not admitted from
the beginning of cold weather until
the returning warmth of spring com-
pels the opening of windows for com-
fort.

If necessary to protect from drafts
provide more bed covers and wear
heavy nightcaps, but sleep with the
windows open, as you value health and
long life. A screen before the win-
dow will protect from a dangerous
draft, and if nothing better is at hand
place a blanket or quilt over the
clothes frames, or two chairs, which
will answer the purpose. Use judg-
ment as to how wide the windows
shall be opened, according to whether
the wind blows in or not.

No home is properly prepared for
the winter in which some provision
has not been made for a constant cir-
culation of fresh air, which is one of
the surest and cheapest preventives of
disease. There is life and health in
every breeze that blows if the win-
dows are but opened to receive it.

Wearing Out Horse Flesh.

That the demand for first-class
horses is to continue is certain. The
very fact that fine horses are all the
time being worn out in our great
cities is proof enough that the demand
for big, heavy draft horses, as well as
good driving horses and coachers, will
never be less. The cities of Canada
are increasing in number and size, and
the miles of stone pavements are be-
ing increased yearly. The big draft
horses have to work on these pave-
ments, and they do not get much of a
vacation at any time of year.

The driving horses get a vacation
often. Sometimes they are sent to the
country and put to pasture for months.
This saves their strength. But it is
not so with the draft horses and is not
so with the expressers and coach
horses. These have to toil from one
year's end to another. Though their
work may not be excessive, yet the
feet of the horses have to stand the
constant pounding on the stone pave-

ments. Those that live in big cities
know how wearing are the stone pave-
ments on the feet and legs of the
heavy draft horses. The pavements
are not only of stone, but the said
pavements are frequently dug up and
not properly replaced. The streets are
a string of hollows and mounds, and
in wet weather the tendons and ankles
of the horses are badly strained by
missteps on such pavements. It is a
common sight to see a horse "down"
in the stone-paved streets of Montreal.
The horse rises again, generally, but
the effects of the shock remain.

Reports from London, Paris and
Berlin, say that hundreds of thousands
of these big horses are being worn out
every year. This is the reason that the
price for heavy drafters remains high
and promises to go higher. The area
of city land is increasing as are the
inhabitants of the cities. The farms
that use such horses are increasing in
number or are enlarging their opera-
tions. It does not require a prophet to
assure us that in all the coming years
of this generation the heavy draft
horses especially will be in demand.
The coachers and the drivers will be
effected more or less by the automo-
bile, but not so the drafters of good
weight.

A Happy Rendezvous.

Allow your boys and girls to sub-
scribe for good magazines and to buy
a new book occasionally. Have music
of some kind, and consider it a duty
you owe your children to give them an
education. If they have a talent for
music give them music lessons; if for
drawing, give them lessons in draw-
ing; or if any of them show a talent
for any of the arts cultivate that
talent to the best of your ability.

If you would have the farm home a
happy rendezvous have it well lighted;
oil is much cheaper than to have your
children wander off, you know not
where, for they will go where it is
bright and attractive.

Allow them to invite their friends to
their home and assist in the entertain-
ing. Do not call your children up in

"You are the man, Mr. Merchant,
who has let that woman's trade slip by
your store, and along with her, hun-
dreds of others. And the reason is the
lack of a comfortable place in your
store. A place where the wife and
children can lounge around, enjoy a
magazine, write a letter or enjoy any
other convenience the merchants care
to install.

"It is not a very expensive proposi-
tion, either, and the returns will be
many fold. Perhaps four or five of
your best minded competitors and
neighboring merchants can be induced
to maintain a general rest room. If
that is the case, so much the better.
But by all means, don't allow your
country trade to come into your town
and be forced to stay out in the street
for lack of place to pass their leisure
moments."

A recent number of Collier's Weekly
contained the following description of
a rest room visited by a correspondent,
which might be taken as a model and
be conducted by either an association
of merchants as suggested in the pre-
ceding article, or by a woman's organ-
ization, as described:

"I went down a step or two into a
beautifully clean whitewashed room.
There was a rug on the cement floor,
and muslin curtains at the windows.
Half a dozen rockers and several
other easy chairs were in this room;
the table was spread with the latest
magazines and the local papers; there
were a few shelves of books on the
wall, some more than agreeable pic-
tures, and a clock which was really
keeping time.

"Out of this room opened an apart-
ment supplied with three long tables,
twenty or more dining chairs and a
sofa. The tables were covered with
clean newspaper and on them were
spread the luncheons which the farm
women had taken from their baskets.
Opening out of the sitting room was a
large toilet, generously supplied with
clean towels, soap, combs, etc. A
motherly woman presided over these
rooms and supplied me with a drink of
water, a fan and some excellent infor-
mation.

"The idea originated with the wo-
men's club of that place, and they
maintained the rooms with funds
raised by entertainments and subscrip-
tions. The matron in charge is paid a
regular monthly salary and is employ-
ed the year around to make herself
useful to visitors. The rest room is so
popular that Oskaloosa draws trade
for miles and miles they would not
otherwise get, and when merchants are
asked for subscriptions to the rest
room now they give cheerfully and
liberally."

How to Do Things.

Many persons like the flavor of
sausage added to the bread stuffing for
turkey, along with a little onion and
parsley.

The food chopper is a wonderful help
in grating horseradish, not only sav-
ing time and doing better work, but
saving tears.

Never throw wooden clothes-pins on
the ground, as they will soon turn
black and decay. Keep them in a bag
made of ticking; sew a handle of the
same material at the top.

Musty sponges are very disagreeable
things to have about the house. Keep
them clean. After one is used, fill it
several times with clean water and
squeeze it dry. Then put it into the
sunshine a little while.

Doctor—"What! your dyspepsia no
better. Did you follow my directions
and drink hot water an hour before
breakfast?" "I tried to, doctor, but I
was unable to keep it up for more than
ten minutes at a stretch."

Never be too busy about your work
to take time to change your dress in
the afternoon. You have no idea how
it makes the heart of your husband
rejoice to find his wife, all neat and
clean, ready to greet him when he
comes in from his work. It rests him;
and, really, doesn't it rest you?

Most folks think that they must dip
the lamp chimneys into water in order
to wash them clean. Try holding
them over a kettle of boiling water till
they are well wet with the steam. Then
wipe them dry with a soft cloth. After
that they will shine like a smart wo-
man's knitting needle.

Do not forget to see that the dish-
cloth—if one is used (a brush is bet-
ter)—is thoroughly boiled; and never
use one longer than a week. The most
fastidious housekeeper may be sur-
prised sometimes if she takes a sniff
at the dishcloth, or examines it with
a magnifying glass.

Why go limping and whining about
your corns when a 25 cent bottle of
Holloway's Corn Cure will remove
them? Give it a trial and you will not
regret it.

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