

From the cellar to the attic this is our house. What do I do in my leisure time, when the baby does not need attention and the cookie jar is full once more? I read. I subscribe to several magazines and to a book club. I write a good many letters. I visit with my neighbors either by telephone or in person. I attend my church organization meetings and Women's Institute meetings and I belong to a young married women's club. Each month I look after four or five baby girls while their parents go to church together. On the remaining three Sundays we leave our daughter and we attend church.

My days are full of work and play, the nights of quiet rest. My mind is bursting with ideas and my ambitions are undiminished. Our house is not finished nor completely furnished. Our lawns are things of the future but we have our lives ahead of us and we know towards what we are building. We are a happy family and this is our home.

The Rural Home

By Mrs. Albert Cutler (Chalk River)

DRIVING down our road from Highway 17 to the river, I wonder just how much snow will fall for the Jeep to plow. The Jeep goes into the garage, still in four-wheel drive, and I walk to the house through two inches of new born snow.

Just before entering I pause to listen to the wild, strong wind forcing the tall pines to bow low before its strength. A shiver goes up and down the spine for another sound reaches the ear; higher and wilder. And I am more than glad that the Ottawa river is still not frozen enough for the wolves to cross. The hills take the sound and magnify it until the frightening noise comes from all sides. Now I can even hear them snarling and it's high time to get inside and let my hair settle back in place.

As the switch is flicked on and the room springs into lightness, I wonder how many places one could find where just a quarter of a mile distant runs a fine highway and one can shut out the thought of howling wolves in the hills by turning on the electricity, and halt the chills by going down cellar and putting another stick of wood in the furnace.

It is just six years ago that we left Buffalo, New York, to come to Point Alexander, Ontario, in order to fulfill a life's dream and find an unending delight in our surroundings.

The first job to tackle was bulldozing a lumber road into a suitable car road; next to build a two-car garage in which we lived while the house was being built. Then out came the plans worked over all the winter before. The plans called for a large living room, 15 x 23 facing the river; a 12 x 12 bedroom also facing the river. The bedroom in back is 12 x 13, the bathroom a small 6 x 7½. The kitchen measures 12 x 13 with a utility room size 9½ x 13.

I WISH, SMALL SON

By H. C. Mason

I praise whatever gods there be
I had a father who talked to me.
I had a father who told me tales
Of that Black Edward, Prince of Wales
Who smote the French in the bygone years
On the fields of Crecy and Poitiers,
And that good Joan whom Englishmen . . .

Dear God! The pity of it then!
And next the story turned
To Falstaff and his buckram crew,
To Robin Hood and Roderick Dhu,
To Bruce the bold and Wallace Wight
And many a gentil parfait knight;
And while I held the brown cow's tail
And the milk rose foaming in the pail
I lowered my visor, slanted crest
Settled my trusty lance in rest
And felt my strength the strength of ten . . .

* * *

And while we went with rope and grain
To fetch the horses up the lane

He told me how he heard it read
When *he* was little, "Lincoln's dead!"
There where the rough path climbed the hill
Above the bubbling spring
We clambered up, and took our stand
Beside the rock, and gazed our fill —
From Canada, by land!

* * *

So was it in my boyhood's morn
While yet the earth shone dew-empared.
We milked the cows and hoed the corn
And roved the world.

I wish, small son, that I might be
The father to you that he was to me.

—The complete poem from which these verses are taken appears in "Three Things Only" by H. C. Mason. (Thos. Nelson and Sons, Toronto).

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The living room greets the out of doors with a large picture window and corner windows of the same size. The kitchen has corner windows too, while the window over the sink makes washing dishes or doing the wash an almost pleasant chore. There is a window in the bathroom and utility room, with two in each bedroom so that no matter where we are we can see the river, the hills or the pines! The red tarpaper roof looks nice against the white of the asbestos shingles which cover both the house and woodshed and some day, we hope, the garage. Insul board was used to cover all the inside walls, this covered by a thick, specially made paper to hide the cracks and nail heads.

When it came to decorating, we painted the walls and woodwork alike which helps give the rooms a spacious look. As the living room and front bedroom face the North-east, we chose a warm color, dusty pink, for the walls. One whole winter was spent by my husband in building a china cupboard, a corner cupboard and a built-in desk with book shelves, in the dining end of the front room. The blue venetian blinds look lovely with the dusty pink walls. They help bring out the blue of