

Frog. "I know what cruel monsters boys are."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Water-rat, "but the fish ought to know enough to let the hooks alone. Well, if a boy catches a very small fish, he wrenches the hook out of its mouth, and throws it back into the River. I have always tried to do all I could for these wounded fish, but many of them die for want of care. Now, I am going to start a hospital in the River bank, and I want you for head nurse."

Dr. Water-rat looked eagerly at the Little Brown Frog, who did not seem able to make up her mind, and asked for a few hours to think about it. So he went out, and while she was thinking about it, he was talking with a great many frogs, who told him so much of the little nurse's goodness and cleverness, that he began to think he could not start his hospital without her.

What a sad frog-pool it was, when at last the Little Brown Frog said she would go! The one who missed her most was Johnny. After she had gone, he stopped playing games in the pool, and spent his time sitting in the old hospital. He got very thin, and at last on day he disappeared. The wise old frogs nodded their heads, and said, "He is gone to the River!"

Well, one day Johnny came back, and with him the Little Brown Frog, who had taught someone else to be head nurse of Dr. Water-rat's hospital, and come back to marry Johnny. So there was a joyful wedding, and all the other frogs in the pool were almost as pleased as Johnny was. And there is very little

doubt that the Little Brown Frog lived happy ever after.

So now you must see that it is as pleasant to be useful as handsome, and even the ugliest people need not be miserable.

COUSIN DOROTHY,
52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

The Letter Box.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have enjoyed reading the letters sent to you by your many cousins, so I thought I would write one too. I go to school regularly. I am in the Fourth class. I am ten years old. We have about 50 hens and chickens. I have four sisters and one brother; their names are Maudie, Minnie, Lily, Evalina, and Burtey. I like my teacher very well. We have one horse; her name is Polly. We have two cows, and two canaries, and one pet cat, and his name is Peter.

Canard, N. S. MINNIE GIPSON.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the Children's Corner before. Papa has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty years. I have two sisters and a little brother; their names are Hildred, Audrey, and Roy. We have a dog named Bounce, and a cat named Daisy. I go to school every day. I am in the Fifth Grade. My studies are: Reader, Health Reader and Geography. We have a Band of Hope every Friday after school, where we have reading and recitations on temperance.

FREDA BISHOP (age 10).
Round Hill, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a farmer's daughter. I haven't very far to go to school. I live on a farm of 260 acres of land. We milk 80 cows. I have three brothers; their names are: Ralph, Eric and Frank. We have sixty pigs. We have four houses, counting the house we live in. We have six horses; their names are: Rose, Bess, Tom, and Dick. We had a good garden this year. For pets, I have a little kitten named Daisy. I think I will close, wishing my letter will escape the waste-basket.

MARION N. CASSELMAN (age 8).
Chesterville.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." For not quite a year we have taken your paper. We have 5 pigs, 2 cows, about 50 hens and 26 ducks, 1 pigeon, and 1 cat; his name is Peter. So, goodbye.

EVEALENA EDNA GIPSON (age 9).
Canard, N. S.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your Corner. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some years. We have one hundred acres of land. We have one hundred acres names are: Jim, Mag, and Topsy; eight milch cows, four young cattle, five calves, eighteen pigs, and sixty hens and chickens. We have a dog; his name is Bob; and two cats. I go to school. I am in the Junior Fourth class. I live about three miles from school. I like to read the Children's Corner.

FRANK W. BURTON (age 13).
Kintore, Ont.

Post-card Exchange.

Most of the collectors must have their albums pretty nearly filled by this time, and some are finding the amusement a little too expensive, so perhaps we had better call "Time!" After Dec. 1st no more names will be printed, and after the first of January the exchange will be closed. That is, no one must exchange cards with anyone whose name has been printed in this column, after the New Year, unless he first writes privately to the collector, and finds whether he is willing to go on exchanging. I hope you will all think this is a good arrangement. Here are the names of some more collectors:

Myrtle Taylor, Lefroy P. O., Ont.
Alison Elder, 4201 Sherbrooke St.,
Westmount, Montreal.
Blanche Thornton, Elliott, Ont.
Etta Kelly, Hagersville, Ont. (burnt-leather cards only).

From a Collector.

Thanks for all the lovely postal cards I have received. I am answering them as fast as possible. Hope you are not getting impatient, as I see some are complaining that they have not received theirs. I do not wish to exchange any more. A cousin,—

LILLIAN M. MOTT.

Post-card Collectors.

Gertrude Moore, Mt. Albert, Ont.
Alta French, Mt. Albert, Ont.

The Ingle Nook.

Our "Miss Darlington" Discussion.

I am glad to see that our Chatterers are turning out in full force to do justice to the Miss Darlington discussion. Will any others, who have thoughts on the subject, please write as soon as possible so that we may close this topic and begin another? It's very interesting, but we mustn't keep on it too long. D. D.

Sunglint Heard From.

Dear Dame Durden,—I always want to write on your topics. Sometimes I can resist, but at other times I have to give in and set down my say—not that I always send you my words of wisdom, far from it, but it gives me relief just to write down what I think, then I lay away my little effort to look at it again only when there is a new subject for thought. There were no less than three very clever (?) letters to be destroyed before I could feel as if I had a right to trouble you with this. Are you not glad I did not send them to you?

But, I must talk a little bit on the October 4th subject. It is my opinion that never in the world's history was there so little of the "love blind to all deficiencies of its idol" as to-day, or so much good comradeship between man and wife. The sensible wife sees the faults in her good man, of course she does, often more clearly than she sees her own; but she forgives and loves him in spite of everything, as we used to say after our old child-quarrels with our chosen chum, just as she expects him to love her when she has been "naughty" and shown her own feet of clay.

I am glad you gave us a chance to say something on the passage you quoted in the October 25th issue from Miss Darlington's remarks on the position of the Canadian farmer's wife. It set me taking a little mental trip up and down the concessions and sidelines of our own town-ship, and holding a review of all the farmers' wives known to me, and, for various reasons, I either know personally, or know of, the majority of them. After a careful scrutiny, I cannot find one specimen of the "wife treated as a thing to be used hard till it is done." Of course, there are many hard workers among them, but it is because it is in their own natures to work hard. They would have their "noses to the grindstone" no matter what position they occupied. We do not raise that kind of farmer in this part of Canada; here, they help in milking, turn the separator, and do a great many other things that in

the old days used to be accounted "woman's work." I know more than one farmer in this neighborhood who has helped with the washing, when his wife has been not strong, and no help could be got. I think that is an evidence of sprouting wings!

There is no question but most farmers' wives have more work than their town sisters of equal wealth. There are no bakers' shops in the country to fall back on when one takes a lazy streak. It is less easy to get hired help; but there are compensations—many of them, and not the least is the sympathy of the good farmer husband. Who so faithful as he? Where there is one unfaithful, there are fifty in the same class in towns, whose wives carry bitter broken hearts. "Them's my sentiments," and I was brought up in town, and should know a little whereof I speak.

I hope I have not exceeded the limit of space. If I have, do, please, use your scissors, dear Dame, and cut out my "redundancy." SUNGLINT.
Simcoe Co., Ont.

Another Aspect of the Case.

Dear Dame Durden,—I am sorry to come so soon again and take up so much of your valuable space. But the subject on which Miss Darlington has written has always interested me. While to some extent it is true, the part that impresses me is why such conditions exist? Why a prominent farmer's wife has to do, besides doing all her housework, laundry work, with the additional work of harvest and threshing time, and often with few labor-saving conveniences? Why farmers' wives must also engage in the work of the poultry and dairy, and in some cases are compelled to make money, and are, in part, breadwinners, for many women keep the house and themselves on the money they make? While the wife of a prominent man in the city, who has started out with equal, or it may be not equal, advantage, has her servants or help of some kind (and these servants work just one-quarter as hard as a farmer's wife), and has time to enjoy life and do her duty to everyone, and knows what it is to live in the fullest sense of the word. For what tired, over-worked and irritable woman can do justice to herself, her home, and her children? It is the right of every child to be well born and well reared, and a mother who trains her children well, not only confers an inestimable boon upon them, but at the same time benefits the world in general. If men in the city honor and respect their wives, and make companions of them, why can't farmers, to some extent, at least, relieve their wives of so much hard work? As people become more civilized and enlightened, woman's

position is more exalted and elevated. Surely, with the wealth of the fields, better conditions ought to be, if brains were used—and brains count, especially in this progressive age. Or, if it is true that the men, for years, have expected their wives to act in the capacity of wife, servant, dairy woman, and the many other things required of them, till it has become second nature to them, it is time the wives went on strike and revolutionized affairs. If the farmers could see themselves as others see them, it would doubtless cause a complete reformation. Or, it may be there is some other solution to the problem. Now, I am not referring to women who have taken up farming, poultry-raising, etc., to make some extra money for themselves, or for a livelihood, or those who have met with misfortune and find it necessary to make money some way; but to farmers' wives in general. I was raised on a farm, but all my relatives live in the different large cities, and I have spent months in the cities, and have studied the conditions of both, so speak from experience. A CANADIAN.
Middlesex Co., Ont.

What Forget-me-not Thinks About It.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers,—It was my firm resolve to indefinitely absent myself from the Ingle Nook, lest I might merit your censure for being somewhat garrulous. However, in the face of that disparaging article concerning Canadian farmers' wives, I cannot refrain from voicing my indignation.

We have been taught to expect nothing from the position of wife, but to be drudges of the money-earners and raisers of large families! Oh! Oh! Oh! To all our noble Canadian women I appeal: Is it not exasperating? Yes, and presumptuous? It would be interesting to learn from what source the writer derives her evidence which occasioned such a strong declaration. I should like to enquire, too, how the English farmer treats his wife, or why countless young men and women emigrate to Canada, and present to our mental vision glorious pictures of "the days that were," in which immense farms, a retinue of servants, gorgeous display, etc., figure conspicuously. Where is all that grandeur now? Vanished into oblivion, I presume. I shall not enter into a discussion of the proverbial extravagance of English farmers, as the inevitable result tells its own tale.

"Drudges of the money-earners and raisers of large families," should those two accusations be placed upon a level? Dear Chatterers, is there not an unchristian taunt implied in the latter epithet? Why should the rearing of large families devolve solely upon farm-

ers' wives? Or, I might ask, "Do they raise larger families than the wives of our townsmen?" If so, I think the number of farmers' wives in heaven will be greatly in the majority. To my mind, the raising of large or small families depends upon a higher power, and should not be mentioned on a par with the "drudgery" of the farm.

Now, wherein does this so-called "drudgery" exist? 'Tis true we must wash and bake and churn, etc., but what would occupy our time had we not those tasks to perform? Are not stenographers, bookkeepers, milliners, editors, and all the rest of them, occupied from morning until night, and have not even the privilege of pure, fresh air, which a farmer's wife may have at any of her various occupations?

I have lived in the city, in town and in a village, and, since I became a farmer's wife, I have been happier and healthier than in any other position. I am intimately acquainted with hundreds of Canadian farmers, and I have yet to meet one who "treats his wife as a thing to be used hard until it is done." I know of exceptional cases where the farmers have been blessed with unusually large families, and where it is impossible to secure assistance, and I have seen the husbands do everything in their power to lessen the work of the house. In my opinion, very few Canadian farmers' wives are obliged to work nearly so hard as the farmers themselves.

I sincerely hope that this important controversy may be thoroughly discussed, for we would not be loyal Canadians to allow such an unjust accusation to pass without retaliating.

Busy Bee, allow me to thank you for your splendid notes. The spice cake is lovely.

Hillside Daisy, I fear I cannot conscientiously accept your pretty compliment. My poor efforts would surely pale into insignificance before the brilliance of some of our Chatterers, to say nothing of our presiding genius, Dame D.

By the way, was there not a striking contrast between the views which Darling and Canadian presented regarding "the affection of a wife"? They should launch upon the sea of matrimony, and then give us the benefit of their experience.

I cannot but agree with Pansy in challenging Jack's Wife about that butter-and-egg money. What do the other Chatterers think?

Dame Durden, let me tell you how I enjoyed your Thanksgiving talk; I heartily endorse every word of it. I thank you, too, for the practical hints; for the home-made butter-worker. My husband has completed it, and, oh! buttermaking has