

A Refuge in Distress.

A fellow's father knows a lot
Of office work and such,
But when it comes to things like what
A boy wants, he ain't much.
For when it comes to cuts or warts
Or stone bruise on your toes,
A fellow's father don't know, but
A fellow's mother knows.

A fellow's father, he looks wise
And says: "A-hem! A-hem!"
But when it comes to cakes and pies,
What does he know of them?
He knows the price of wheat and rye
And corn and oats, it's true,
But if you got the leg ache, why,
He don't know what to do.

And if you burned your back the time
That you went in to swim,
And want some stuff to heal it, why,
You never go to him,
Because he doesn't know a thing
About such things as those,
But you just bet, and don't forget,
A fellow's mother knows.

And if your nose is sunburned, till
It's all peeled off, and you
Go to him for some healin' stuff,
He don't know what to do.
He's just as helpless as can be,
But when a fellow goes
And asks his mother, for, you see,
A fellow's mother knows.

A fellow's father knows a lot,
But it ain't any use,
So if a fellow's really got
The leg ache or a bruise,
Or if there's anything he wants
He gets right up and goes
And asks his mother, for, you see,
A fellow's mother knows.

—J. W. Foley, in N. Y. Times.

Mother.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many playthings are strewn in the
way?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many thimbles and spools has she
missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and
kissed?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many stockings to darn, do YOU
know?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many little torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of work must she
spend?
What is the time when her day's work
will end?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many cares does the mother-heart
know?
Nobody knows but Mother.
How many joys from her mother-love
flow?
Nobody knows but Mother.

How many prayers by each little white
bed?
How many tears for her chicks has she
shed?
How many kisses for each darling head?
Nobody knows but Mother.

Little Wife.

I care not for the rising storm,
I do not heed the cold,
Nor listen to the angry wind
That roars around the world.
I only know my journey's o'er,
For just ahead I see
The light that tells my little wife
Is waiting there for me.

My gentle wife! my darling wife!
My soul's own joy and pride!
Ten thousand blessings on the day
When you became my bride.
I've never known a weary hour
Since I have held your hand—
I would not change my worldly lot
For any in the land.

So sweetly from her loving lips
The blissful welcome falls!
There is no happiness for me
Outside our humble walls.
I had indeed would be my heart,
And dark the world would be
Without this dear, little wife
Who ever waits for me.

—George Cooper.



I had written a big elaborate thing for this week's Ingle Nook, but now I'm not going to publish it. Because, you see, I want to give you chatters all the space I can. The Ingle Nook is the one little spot in which we may gather and talk away without any especial subject, about whatever we choose, and pity would it be were I to monopolize all of the time.

I am glad to see the chatters gathering back in force. Didn't we have a fine grist of them last week?—one coming, and then another, with her perplexities. And I do so hope that you will, all of you, help me in straightening out especially knotty problems—just as though we were all sitting around the grate with our sewing, or our fancywork, each one ready to tell what she knows. . . . I think I made a great sally at the business last week (you see I'm blowing my own horn since there's no one else on hand to blow it for me), but I got completely stuck on those Banbury tarts! And not a soul has come to the rescue yet either! I hope "A Young Housekeeper" isn't getting uneasy, for I know I am.

However, nonsense aside, I am very, very glad, indeed, that our readers are availing themselves of the Ingle Nook as a knot-loosener. We'll try as hard as we can, and if all the knots aren't loosened, why no one will be to blame.

Here's another plan I've been thinking of, which I think may be carried on very well along with the question-asking. Along with your question (or without any question at all, if you choose) send your best recipe—just one, and your very best one. In this way we'll soon gather up a fine collection, and it will be so interesting for some of us here in Ontario to try a recipe sent by some one, say in Nova Scotia, or away up among the dear old Laurentians of Quebec, or vice versa. Besides, there is a very interesting plan afoot for our "About the House Department." We wish to put something beside recipes in it sometimes, and having good, tested recipes in the Ingle Nook occasionally, will leave just the opportunity. . . . Now, don't be curious, but keep watching "About the House."

Of course, I don't mean to tie you down to cookery in the Ingle Nook. Chat away in it, about whatever you like. In that way we'll get better acquainted with you; but the question and recipe plan is just one to work in with other things.

Just a word more—it seems dreadfully hard to stop talking to-day—I'm getting completely out of patience with our Maritime Province and Quebec people. They let us Ontarians (wasn't it "Ontarians" the Toronto News had it a while ago? What a mouthful!) jabber away as much as we please, and seldom even venture to put a word in edgewise. We really wish to be friendly, but how can we be if there's no response at all from the people of the East? . . . There, we're reaching out our hand as far as we can. Don't you see it? And won't you folk along the St. Lawrence and the sea give us a chance of seeing a big, hearty answering "paw" come back to us with the sunrise?

Well, this time, I'm positively "through." Don't forget the Banbury tarts—and—oh, yes, cleaning out tea-kettles, if you know anything sure to be good.

DAME DURDEN.
"The Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

From Forget-me-not.

Dear Dame Durden,—Allow me to take advantage of your cordial invitation to step into your cosy corner in order to elicit some information. I have been a silent admirer of your circle for a year; and why not before, you will ask. To which query I may reply: We only then entered our subscription for "The Farm-

er's Advocate," and but a few months previously I had abandoned the teaching profession, and accepted, "for better or for worse," a farmer as a husband. How does that sound, Dame Durden—what would you infer the result to be? To my mind, "human words are frail" to express the superiority of my present life on the farm over that of my former occupation—though also a very ennobling profession.

But oh, the daily routine of a farmer's wife! What pleasant variations! What opportunities of assisting and communicating with one's husband! What true domestic happiness in the cheerful evenings spent with our much-loved music!

But pardon my wandering from the subject in question. Thus far I have accomplished several of the mysteries of housekeeping, but yet lack the degree of excellence which more experienced farmers' wives have attained.

May I ask how to make nice roast-beef gravy, also a good pudding sauce? Doubtless, both are very simple, but have presented difficulty to an amateur cook.

Have I not written to considerable length for a newcomer? Hoping I am not usurping a former nom de plume in your charming circle, I shall choose

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Dear Forget-me-not, I have enjoyed every word of your little letter, and feel that I know you very well indeed. You see I have taught, and did not love the work tremendously, as I imagine you did not, although, like you, I recognize the necessity and dignity of the profession. Also, like you, I love the farm and the country, which has never been for one minute monotonous to me. So all these things are enough to stir up the "fellow-feeling," aren't they?

Now for your questions: 1. Brown Gravy.—Stir gently over a slow fire, until a golden color, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, mixed with two tablespoonfuls flour. Pour a pint of boiling water on the pan in which the meat was roasted, let cook a minute on the stove, and add gradually to the butter and flour. Cook, stirring all the time; season; put through a colander or potato-ricer, and serve.

2. Brown Sauce.—Cut a few bits of carrot, turnip, onion and tomato into a saucepan with a piece of butter in it. Fry until brown, then add one tablespoonful flour, letting it brown also. Now add the beef gravy as above; stir well, and let boil. Season, and put through a colander, adding a few drops of lemon juice, if desired.

3. Pudding Sauce.—(a) Mix together 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, and 1 tablespoonful flour. Pour over this, beating briskly, 1 cup boiling water. Flavor with nutmeg, if liked, or with a tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Let cook a few minutes. (b) Lemon Sauce.—Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 egg and a bit of butter. Pour on 1 pint boiling water, and let cook. Last of all, stir in the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. (c) Rich Plum-pudding Sauce.—Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water to a thick syrup. Add a piece of butter, juice and rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon, and $\frac{1}{2}$ nutmeg (grated). . . . Of course, since you are just housekeeping for two, you may alter the quantities for all these to suit yourself.

When the young husband reached home he opened the parcel he was carrying and displayed a number of placards, some of which read, "For Show," and others "For Use."

"There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I flatter myself that I have at last solved the problem."

"Solved the problem!" his wife repeated; "what in the world do you intend to do with those cards?"

"I am going to give them to you," he replied, "so that you can put them on the various sofa cushions about the house!"

Horse-sense Reminders.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't think that because I am a horse that weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself too. Try it yourself some time. Run up hill with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it.

Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food.

When I get lean it may be a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't ask me to back with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't forget the old book that is a friend of all the oppressed, that says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."—[Farm Journal.]

Men Who Carry Great Policies.

King Edward VII. is one of the most heavily-insured men in the world. No one can estimate what amount the insurance companies will be called upon to pay at his death.

Lord Rothschild's premiums are about \$40,000 annually for a total insurance cover of about one and a quarter millions.

The Earl of Dudley is insured for nearly a million dollars.

Mr. George Vanderbilt's assurances aggregate about five millions.

The late King Humbert of Italy cost the insurance companies seven millions and a half at his death. It is said that the present king carries \$3,500,000.

The German Emperor is a participator in life assurance to the extent of five million dollars.

The Czar of Russia is known to carry four millions, but he is also a continual "risk," for temporary assurances taken out by panic-stricken Russian stockholders. His eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, is insured for two and a quarter millions, the Czaretsa for a million and a quarter.

Many distinguished ladies carry large policies. Lady Curzon has about half a million.—[The N. Y. Insurance Journal.]

Go to the Flea, Thou Athlete.

As an illustration of industry the ant has, in compliance with the scriptural injunction, been held up as a shining example to the sluggard. As a proof of the saying that "practice makes perfect," science offers the flea in evidence. The flea's gait is a hop; he never walks, nor canters, nor runs. As a supreme result of his long and persistent practice as a hopper we are told he is now able to hop two hundred times his own length. Ye boastful college athletes, to the woods! If the average broad jumper among our athletes should achieve the success of the ordinary flea he would be able to jump about 1,100 feet while, as it is, he has never yet, even with a running start, encompassed twenty-five feet. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" go to the flea thou athlete!—[Four Track News.]