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TOO MUCH TROUBLE.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise;
For the house of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings;
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order,
And kept all the day.
He had never had companions;
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet, yet.

Every room is set in order,
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
With a lily on his breast.

I do hope that those verses do not
apply to you—to any one of the readers
of this paper; but I know of a mother
to whom it does apply so truly that I
send it, trusting it may be the means of
bringing a ray of sunshine into one
little life—of cheering the heart of even
one "lonely little fellow."

To-day my own heart is sad. Across
the street from my own home is a
veritable "House of Too Much Trouble."
For three years I have watched a little
boy there, as he grew from dresses into
kilts, and then into the tiny "pants"
of which the little men are usually so
proud. I never saw him with a toy—
he never had a playmate. Sometimes
he sat on the steps, his garments
spotlessly clean, with his small hands
folded and his grave little face turned
toward the street. Sometimes, not
often, and never until I had first called
him, he came across to see me. Once
I gave him some prettily colored tin
soldiers, coaxing to his face a smile that
reminded me of sunshine on a bank
of snow. I showed him how to set them
up and he laughed merrily, as he took
the little package home with him.
In a few minutes he came back and
tapped softly on the door. There was
no smile on his poor little face now,
and the brown eyes were heavy with
tears that had not fallen. He held up
the little tin soldiers, "Mamma says
they are too much trouble to have
around," he said, "so I brought them
back for you." Poor little fellow,
Don't laugh if I tell you I fairly ached
to take him into the yard and soil
those clean, dainty, smooth clothes
of his with wholesome dirt—to play
mud pies with him and for once give him
his fill of candy and jam tarts. Once I
offered him some bonbons, but he shook
his head. "Mamma does not allow me
eat those," he said. To-day there are
streamers of white crape and ribbon
tied to the handsome front door oppo-
site, and my head has ached and is
aching with the memory of that lonely
little life that has gone out. Somehow,
"somehow, somewhere, sometime," the
lack of joy in his babyhood would be
made up to him—as perhaps it is; who
knows? And as I sat with a lump in
my throat, trying to sew, I remembered
the verses I had read and resolved
to send it to this paper for the benefit
of any who may require its teachings.
For this mother loved her little one
dearly—she was proud of him, of his
gentlemanly ways, his clean, pure face
and curly hair, and congratulated
herself that he was not like other boys
and now that he is lying

"In the House of Too Much Trouble
With a lily on his breast."
she is heartbroken, overwhelmed with
grief.

Mothers, mothers, do try to give your
children a happy time. Better that
they look back upon baby days with
loving memories than that the house be
always in order, and the children noti-

ced for the immaculateness of their
clothing. Happiness is our birthright—
if we miss it it seems to me we had
better have missed life altogether.
A child into whose life comes no joy
is like a plant in a dark place thrusting
its pale, puny tendrils, always in search
of light and warmth. We may not
have money to give—often it is better
not to give it anyway; but we may all
be the means of bringing a little happi-
ness to some soul every day.

DELL.

OUR UNFORTUNATE MEMBERS.

No Canadian newspaper for the last
few weeks has lacked a news note on its
front page, describing the distress
being caused all through the West for
want of fuel. No coal, no wood—and
the snow so deep and the thermometer
resolutely low! In the fortunate places
where fuel is sufficient, if not abundant,
we who read feel a general sympathy
for all who are suffering the deprivation
of a necessity of western life, and a very
particular anxiety for the individual
welfare of those who are our friends,
and who may be in the greatest discom-
fort.

As each report of the famine of wood
and coal comes in, I invariably think
of the members of our Ingle Nook living
in that vicinity, and wonder if they
are having to endure the hardship of
being cold. And the worst of it is,
sympathy is all that can be given, not
a bit of direct aid.

The men do not feel it quite so much.
They are hardy. A great proportion of
their waking time is spent out-of-doors
attending to the stock, and the house
feels warm in comparison with outside
when they do come in. But the women
and little children—ah, all hardships
seem to rest more heavily upon them!—
are forced to stay all day in the chilly
house and grow every hour more
benumbed, while the few lumps of coal
or the bits of wood obtained by breaking
up a box or keg, are carefully hoarded
to cook the meal.

The maddening feature is that all this
suffering is not caused by poverty.
There is the money—but it is useless
to offer it. The railways plead lack of
cars, but the railway companies are
rich and could easily put on more cars
if they wished, to relieve the coal
shortage primarily caused by the strike
of the Alberta miners. Besides the
misery entailed upon the people who
have made their homes here, the harm
done to the country's reputation must
also be considered. The newspapers
all over the world copy these news
items and add their own comments, so
that the intending settler is discouraged
and gives up the idea of coming to such
a country. The people to blame for
this condition of affairs do not seem to
realize that they are giving the country
"a black eye" (as an expressive phrase
puts it) when it is all to their interest
to make her reputation among other
nations as favorable as possible.

DAME DURDEN.

ANOTHER YORKSHIRE MEMBER.

Dear Dame Durden:—I see in the
FARMER'S ADVOCATE that you are
asking how an English Christmas Day
is spent. This was how we spent it
in Sheffield, Yorkshire. Christmas Day
begins at midnight and we always
bought a yule log to burn on Christmas
Eve. Open fireplaces are built in all
the homes there, and the log would be
put on the fire about 10 o'clock. The
table would then be set with pork pie,
mincepies, cake and cheese, and a
bottle of wine. Then all would gather
around the fire to watch the log burn
and wait for the bands and choral
singers. As soon as the church clock
struck twelve the carol-singers would
start up that old hymn

"Christians, Awake! salute the happy
morn
When on the Saviour of mankind was
born;
Rise to adore the mystery of Love
Which hosts of angels chanted from
above.
With them the joyful tidings first
began
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's
Son!"

It was always our practice to enter-
tain the first party that came to the

door, and then go to bed; but some
people sit up and entertain all night.
There would be brass bands and carol-
singers around until Christmas Day at
noon, and there are also services in
most of the churches in the morning.
Then comes the dinner of turkey or
goose, and plum pudding. The after-
noon is usually quiet, everybody being
at home. In the evening every theater
is crowded to hear "Handels Messiah,"
which is rendered by choirs every year,
the theater not being allowed to open
for their annual performances on Christ-
mas night. It is quite a change for me
now to spend Christmas quietly on a
homestead, but, if we can't have brass
bands and oratorios we can still sing the
old hymn together. Hoping this may
be interesting to some.

AN ENGLISH HOMESTEADER.

(You would find it a quiet Christmas
after the celebration to which you had
been accustomed. We hope you will
not be too lonely in the new life. D. D.)

A LANCASHIRE CHRISTMAS.

Dear Dame Durden:—You did not
ask me to come again, but here I am.
I will try to supply the wants of "Lan-
cashire Lass," as I am a Lancashire Lass
myself. I will measure my own two
girls and draft a pattern which I will
enclose. If it be not what she requires
you can let her have my address, and
I will try and meet her needs in some
other way.

Our method of spending Christmas in
the Old Country began with cleaning
down, putting clean draperies and
curtains up, and decorating all the
pictures with holly. Then we made
mince pies and plum puddings; and on
Christmas Eve we went to look at the
shop windows, as they were well worth
a visit, even if there had not been a row
of stockings hung up waiting for Santa.
The band went to play at the shops and
all the big houses; they turned out at
8 p. m. Christmas Eve and played till
noon on Christmas Day. For dinner
we had a chicken of our own rearing;
then after dinner we went to the Christ-
mas tea-party at the Sunday-School,
where they distributed the prizes for
good attendance for the year. After the
singing, reciting, and dialogues were
over we went to mother's for supper and
returned home about eleven.

RUTH.

(No, I did not ask you to come again
because I remembered you were one of
our old members. Weren't you "New
Comer" before? And haven't you all
sorts of right to be here without any
invitation whatever? But you know
we are always glad to have you come,
and your helpfulness to the other
members makes you doubly welcome.
I sent the pattern and your address to
"Lancashire Lass," and you will no
doubt hear from her directly. D. D.)

**VALUABLE HELP FROM PIONEER
LASS.**

Dear Dame Durden:—I make my
bow to you and all the chatters, as I
have been standing like a bashful little
girl peeping from behind the curtain
for some time, only waiting for some one
to tell me I might be a help, and now
I have just read "Lancashire Lass'"
request for help in children's under-
wear. I am afraid my hints will be
rather late for most of the members
but perhaps a stray one may not have
finished sewing. For drawers I take
the lower part of the leg of the large
woven drawers and cut them off the
right length for the child's drawers.
I am careful to cut them down far
enough for the body part, and cut off
enough, so that when they are sewn up
they will be snug around the waist. A
square piece sewn in diamond way by
putting one corner into where the leg
begins and letting the two sides run up
on the body part, keeps them from
tearing. The top may be finished to
suit the age of the child. For young
children I find a piece of elastic all
around with a button hole directly in
front and behind the most convenient,
as it makes only one button to unbutton.
while for larger ones it would do to
open them down the sides a little way
and face with cotton. I often make
drawers out of stockings in the same
way. For petticoats I take the middle
part of a shirt, by cutting it off below
the arms, and then cutting some
off the bottom if it is too long. I b
it up with some of the fancy stiches

with fine red yarn, gather the top to a
cotton waist, and have a petticoat
which for warmth and wear is hard to
beat, and not too bad for looks. I
generally turn the shirt upside down,
as the bottom is often the thinnest.
As everyone knows how to make little
stockings out of big ones I need not
write of it, but did you ever try making
a pair of socks for your "hubby" out
of two pair of old legs? If not, try it, by
just cutting them off on an angle to
form the heel, and then rounding the
toes. Take small seams, and overcast
them closely.

Please excuse mistakes as I have no
time for a second writing, and may not
have made directions very plain.
PIONEER LASS.

MR. DOOLEY AND 1906.

"Nineteen hundred and six was a
good frind an' compnyon iv mine.
But he was rough. He was rough.
He cudden't take a joke. I'm all
marked up fr'm him now. An' all th'
years that I've known have left their
signs on me. That wrinkle under
me eye was made in eighteen hundred
an' sivynty-wan. Eighteen hund-
herd an' sivynty-two, three, an' four
sandpapered me hair off me. Eighty-
wan injured me hearin'. Eighty-three
almost put out me eyes. I got this
stoop in me shoulders fr'm eighty-
five. Nineteen hundred, wan iv
me best frinds, knocked most iv me teeth
out iv me, I bear him no gredge. May-
be they're goin' off somewhere an' tellin'
ivrybody what they done to me. I
can see nineteen hundred an' six snick-
erin' behind his hand, whin he hurries
away to qualify fr' th' Association iv
Dooley's Years. He's got a right to.
I don't care. They think they've de-
faced me. Maybe I do look like a fence
in a school yard. They can laugh an'
say: 'Look at that bald head! That's
Dooley. Look at him weak legs! Mar-
tin Dooley. That's what we've done
to him. He's a tough old fellow an'
we've been in a hurry, but we're sendin'
in an apprentice that'll shave him down
to a wishbone."

"But, d've know, Hinmissy, I've got
a feelin' they haven't reached me.
'Fools,' says I, 'I've deceived ye. Ye-
've been shootin' at a decoy fr' th' best
part iv a cinchry. That figure,' says
I, 'was not Martin Dooley, but a scare-
crow that I put on th' breastworks to
draw ye'er fire while I,' I says 'set
down here safe an' sound in th' trench
an' smoke me good seegar an' laugh
ivry time ye blow a limb off me ripti-
sintative,' says I. 'Ye've niver touch-
ed me,' says I. 'I'm younger thin I
iver was, says I.' 'Th' oldest I've iver
been was forty years ago whin I had all
th' weight iv th' wuruld on me should-
ers. I've been growin' younger iver
since. In thim days I cud do th' long-
est hop, skip, an' a jump iv annyman in
th' ward. To-day th' on'y way I cud
do a hop, skip, an' a jump wud be to do
it off th' top iv a buildin'. But I can
do other things. I can fly, I can—'
F'r Hiven's sake, Hinmissy, close that
dure. There's a tur-rlbe dhraft. Why
ye'll be th' death iv me with yer care-
lessness."

"What was I sayin'? Ah, about th'
New Year. I welcome it, mind ye,
but it's like anny new customer. I
won't give it much credit. Th' pitcher
papers have pitchers iv th' New Year
as an innocent prattlin' child, but don't
ye believe it. Th' New Year is a grown-
up son iv th' old year an' has been
thurly coached before comin' in. Ye
can't fool him. He's a dark, myster-
yous strhanger, with a slouched hat
pulled over his eyes an' something that
looks like a knife up his sleeve. I'm
goin' to be as socyable to him as I can.
He may be a nice fellow. But I've
had a lot iv expeeryence with th' years,
an' I've seen what they've done to
some iv me frinds. This fellow may
be all right, but he may have designs
on the cash draw or me life an' I think
I'll watch him."

"It won't do anny good," said Mr.
Hennissy. "He'll do as he likes anny
how." "Thru," cried Mr. Dooley. "Thin
all bets ar-re off, an' I'll do as I like."

* * *
Doct.—Does your husband com-
plain much of thirst?
Wife—Yes, at first, but I offered
him a glass of water each time, and
now he doesn't say anything more
about it.