

going over the same old ground, and then—well, one has to think about new subscribers who might not be informed on this important subject, and who might have no library, no Women's Institute near from which to learn.

By the way, if any of you wish to find out still more about bacteria, you will find Conn's "Moulds, Yeasts and Bacteria" a most valuable little manual.

JUNIA.

An Experiment in Economy.

Dear Ingle Nook Folk,—Just a word more,—I scarcely know how to stop talking to-day, but really must tell you about a dressing-sacque that I made last week. I made it of six-cent factory cotton, finished it with Torchon lace at neck and sleeves, then dyed it blue with Maypole Soap. The experiment was a decided success, and I have thought since what fine working-dresses could be made in this way,—factory cotton is so very durable, and costs so very little. This may be an idea that some of you would like to work out.

RAGS FROM OLD CARPETS.

Dear Junia,—Do you know of any place in Canada where old carpets are re-woven? Some years ago I saw a very nice rug which had been made out of an old, all-wool carpet. It was done in Hamilton, but I have been unable to get the address, so the weavers may have left Hamilton.

I have been an interested reader of your department ever since my first acquaintance with "The Farmer's Advocate," and hope the Ingle Nook can soon be given a few extra pages.

Sincerely thanking you for any trouble my question may cause you.

"NAN."

Can any reader answer this question about re-weaving old carpets?

LETTER FROM WENTWORTH COUNTY.

Dear Junia,—For a number of years I have taken pleasure in reading your paper, but have never written before. After reading a letter, in your issue of May 23rd, on "Farm Life in Eastern Canada," I thought I would like to say that not everyone has had an experience like our friend M. S. I am sure she must be speaking from a very limited experience.

I, being a farmer's daughter, have always lived on a farm, and I do not know of one farmer's wife who has worn a hat for fifteen years. If there are such cases, it will be found to be the wife's own fault, as she will be just as miserly as her husband. I also think that I do not know of one farmer's wife who has not had her kitchen floor painted if she wished. I wonder in which part of this "Fair Canada of Ours" M. S. has lived? Surely there is no civilized country where the men just change their shirts once in six weeks.

She speaks as though it is just the farmer who has all of these faults. We must not forget the city man; he is just as likely to let his wife climb into a buggy with a baby in her arms as any farmer.

One would almost think that all of the farmers were mean and stingy. I will admit there are some, but do not judge the whole because of that few.

Speaking of old straw beds, I think if our friend will examine a few of our country homes, she will find just as many mattresses as in any other place, and not many beds of straw. There was a time, I suppose, when there was nothing else, but that time is long past. Perhaps our friend lived in the country at that time. If so, I would take great pleasure in piloting her through our homes now, and letting her see the great improvements.

JUNE ROSE.

Wentworth Co., Ont.

LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

Dear Junia,—Having just been reading M. S.'s letter in "The Farmer's Advocate" of May 23rd, I feel called upon to take up the cudgel in defence of our Province, as well as that of Ontario, and lastly, of our men and boys. I am glad to say we have none of as bad a type here, to my knowledge, as where M. S. lives. I have lived in different parts of

Ontario and Quebec, both on farms and in towns. I am speaking from experience also, as I have been a farmer's wife for about fifteen years, and it is my opinion that the situation M. S. describes is covered by one word—mismanagement—of a woman's home and husband. Do not think for a moment I refer to the disgusting form of management called "bossing" or "henpecking"; the diplomatic and persevering wife can have her own way, to a very great extent, without giving that impression. A man hates to be ordered around by a woman, but that is unnecessary; if she first decides what she needs, and they can afford it, a man thinks far more of a woman if she insists in a quiet, yet decided manner, upon getting such things.

To be sure, a great deal depends upon the man, and here one must also "manage" wisely, and not marry in haste and repent at leisure. I am sure I should know such a man as M. S. describes, he is ever so gallant, for a man or woman's nature will not change perceptibly by a change from country to town, or vice versa. I always maintain that a man is pretty nearly what his wife makes him. If I cared enough for any farmer to marry him, I would not worry about the consequences.

I think, also, if a woman were a good manager of the home, she would not have her clothes on the line at church time, or when she made up her mind to go to town.

As for conveniences, I think the most of the farmers around here have all they can well afford, and save anything. All farmers' wives know that it is by the outside improvements the money is made; still, I think there are not more than two or three houses near here without a food-chopper, and from one to half a dozen clothes-closets. We also have other labor-saving devices in common use, such as carpet-sweepers, kitchen cabinets, and sewing and washing machines, bread mixers, and love, which, we are told, lightens labor. I have never yet seen a kitchen floor without paint or other finish—that I can remember.

As for sinks, most farmers here have them; also steel ranges, rural telephones, and one or more daily papers. As for mattresses, I would much prefer sleeping on a nice, clean, sweet-smelling bed of straw, than a mattress of doubtful filling.

I do not think there is any question about the eggs around here; the women have always claimed them. I know I should not feed and care for young chickens all summer, and be foolish enough not to assert my right to them.

Some people seem to think a little extra outward polish makes a gentleman. Personally, I can never find any cause for complaint. I never have to get in or out of a carriage alone when men are around. Too many women, anyhow, never think to say "Thank you," when a man goes out of his way to wait upon them.

Now, Dear Junia, I must apologize for taking so much of your valuable time and space, but I could write upon this subject "till further orders."

Wishing your Ingle Nookers every success, I will sign myself,

HAYSEED BETTY.

River Beaudette, P. Q.

LETTER FROM DUNDAS CO.

Dear Junia,—In the Ingle Nook Department of "The Farmer's Advocate" of May 23rd, appeared a letter from a "Western Lassie" regarding her unhappy experience of farm life in Norfolk Co., Ont., also another along the same line from "M. S." P. Q.

It would not be right to let these pass without a reply from one who has had a happy experience of farm life. I have lived most of my life on a farm, and have thoroughly enjoyed it. My early years were spent on my father's farm, while I was taught to do all kinds of farm work. My education for a teacher was received in a town, and my Normal training in a city. For six years I taught in a rural school, then married a farmer, and, having spent more than ten years as a farmer's wife, I can say I would not exchange my life here for that of any woman in village, town or city.

The statement that "the farmers of Ontario are not sociable," does not apply to this locality, nor to any neighborhood in our county. The people here are very



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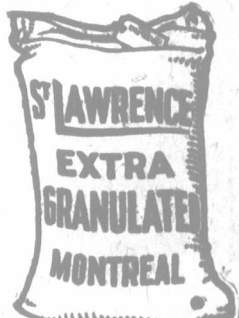
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