

Wakefulness in Children.

Some Causes of the Trouble and Its Proper Treatment.

We cannot, or surely should not, give children medicine to make them sleep. Yet sleep is necessary to health and life as food itself. Young children grow most rapidly while asleep, and it is then, also, that the waste of the body is repaired. When possible, children should sleep in separate beds in a room by themselves, where plenty of pure air and sunshine are sure to enter.

There is a simple but excellent remedy for wakefulness, which is well worth trying, since it can do no possible harm, and usually much benefit will be derived from it. Having tried everything to make a nervous child sleep, a physician recommended the following, which has worked wonders. Fill a large pitcher with very hot water, as hot as the child's skin can bear, and with a soft sponge dipped in the water, sponge off very slowly and gently down the entire length of the spine, beginning at the neck, and wetting the sponge each time, keeping the water as hot as may be borne. Continue this until the skin is red, or, as the doctor said, "until he howls." After this treatment, dry the spine gently, and put the child to bed warm.

A week or two of this treatment will usually effect a permanent cure; however, should signs of a wakeful night appear, repeat the use of the water, and in nearly every case a satisfactory result will follow.

One common cause of wakefulness in children is the habit of burning a light in the room at night. Plants and animals require some hours of darkness, how much more do the little children.

Telling stories at night is a fruitful cause of wakefulness. The stories tend to excite further the already too active minds of the little listeners, and sleep cannot come at once, however willing the little ones are to go to bed. If a story must be told (which comes from habit, not necessity), let it be an aimless, drowsy tale, with no striking features and nothing particularly worth remembering.

Teach a child to lie still on getting into bed. Try a good rubbing, warm feet and hands, a loving and not hurried, "good-night," and sleep should not fail to come to the little tired child. Scolding and hurrying do no good, but rather irritate the nerves, and produce that which you are seeking to avoid.

If, after trying faithfully these ways suggested of producing sleep, the child still continues to pass many wakeful hours, the mother should at once consult the family physician, as the matter is sufficiently serious to need his advice and attention.—[Grace Turner Adams, in Home Science Magazine.]

Humorous.

Aunt Julia brought Fred a present. Fred said, "Thank you." Aunt Julia answered, "Don't mention it!" So the next time his aunt brought him a present he did not say, "Thank you." After aunt went away mamma asked Fred why he did not thank her.

"Last time when I said 'Thank you' to aunt, she said, 'Don't mention it,' so this time I didn't mention it," Fred explained.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

General Howard was an invited guest at a dinner given by a boys' patriotic club. His attention was called to a little fellow who gave evidence of greatly enjoying the dinner. The Mail and Express gives the conversation that took place between them:

"You eat very well, my son," said the old soldier.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, if you love your flag as well as your dinner, you'll make a good patriot," General Howard's eyes beamed on the boy.

"Yes, sir; but I've been practising eating twelve years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months," was the laconic reply.



PRIZE POEM.

First Summer Days.

(By Miss A. L. McDiarmid, Ormond, Ont.)

From some unseen garden where lilacs are blooming
Faint whiffs of their perfume is borne on the breeze,
And all through the long weary days I am dreaming
Of a little low cottage 'mid blossoming trees.

A little white farmhouse with woodbine grown over,
Where the swallows, in spring, come to build 'neath the eaves,
The sunlight sifts down through the tall lilac branches,
And the wind whispers softly among the green leaves.

I can hear the faint murmur of bees in the orchard,
A drowsy refrain through the long summer noon;
And blithely the robins are trilling and calling,
And building their nests 'mid the pink apple bloom.

'Way down by the river, the bare-footed children
Are wading knee-deep in the lily-fringed stream;
The osel swings high on the branch of the willow,
And the minnows dart by with a glimmer and gleam.

I know in the cool fragrant glens of the woodland
There are dim shady nooks where the white lilies blow,
And frail little star-flowers and low trailing gold-thread
Are hiding in hollows where green mosses grow.

I'm tired of the hustle and glare of the city,
You people who like it are welcome to stay;
But from woodland and meadow I hear voices calling,
And I'm going back to the country to-day.

There is a slight mistake in the rhyme of the third stanza, as "bloom" does not really rhyme with "noon." The orchard picture is, however, so prettily described that we have permitted the stanza to remain.

PRIZE POEM.

June.

(By Mrs. W. Buchanan, Ravenna.)

Some poets sing of early spring,
When snowdrifts melt away,
Of early flowers in shady bowers,
And later ones in May;
But I would sing of fuller joys,
When everything's in tune,
Of nature's charm when days are warm—
The leafy month of June.

Oh, June, it is a lovely month,
'Tis then the roses blow,
And summer flowers in sunny hours
Their fragrance sweet bestow;
And if the sun be rather hot
About the hour of noon,
How sweet the shade down in the glade
In the sweet month of June.

We're glad when spring returns again
With promises so sweet,
And when the autumn's bounteous store
Is lying at our feet;
But nature's now, like blushing bride,
Whose beauty fades too soon,
And she is drest all in her best
In the sweet month of June.

The following poem, although sent in long before the competition was announced, has been deemed well worthy of a place on the same page with our prize poems:

The Child's Plea.

(By A. B. C.)

"Come out, mamma, and play with me,"
My darling said one day;
"I can't, my dear, I'm busy now,
So run away and play."

"I've played alone the whole long day,
I guess a hundred hours;
Do put your work away, mamma,
And we will go for flowers."

"I know they're waiting for us there,
The red, the white, the blue,
They smell so sweet and look so bright—
Please come with me, now do."

"When will your work be done, mamma?"
He asked, and gently sighed,
"My work is never, never done,"
I wearily replied.

"I've beds to make, and floors to sweep,
And pies and cake to mix,
And many, many things to do
Ere the men come in at six."

He watched awhile with wondering eyes,
This lonely little child,
Then suddenly with joy looked up
Into my face and smiled.

"If you will leave the cakes and pies,
And come and play with me,
I'll eat just bread and milk, mamma,
This evening, for my tea."

"I'll never ask you for a cake
For one whole long, long week,
If you will come to gather flowers,
And walk beside the creek."

Could I resist the earnest gaze,
The tender pleading tone,
And bid him leave my side again
To wander forth alone?

I kissed the loving little face,
And quickly donned my hat;
We started out, a happy pair,
With loving laugh and chat.

As hand in hand we roamed the wood
And plucked the flowers gay,
My darling said with joyous laugh,
"Oh! What a happy day."

Oh, mothers, who may read this o'er,
E'en tho' you've work to do,
Play with your little darlings now—
They'll soon be gone from you.

"THREE-HOUR" BREAD.

Dear Dame Durden,—Having read some modes of making bread in the "Farmer's Advocate," I thought I would like to send you one, as it is the quickest I have heard of yet. I have used it over two years, and know it to be good. Have made bread after six o'clock at night, and had it baked by ten. It is a good recipe for bachelors, as they can make their bread after they come in from their day's work in the field.

Take two dippers mashed potatoes and one dipper potato water; when just warm add two cups flour, one cup sugar, one-half cup salt. Stir this together, then add five dippers warm water and one Royal yeast cake dissolved in half a cup warm water. Stir all together, cover, and set in warm place to rise for five hours, then stir, and the yeast is ready for use. Make warm what yeast you need and salt; have flour warm. Mix soft, set, rise one hour, put in pan, let rise one hour, and bake. Must be kept warm while rising. Must not make yeast hot.

A READER OF THE "F. A."

A DRAWING COMPETITION.

Our Ingle Nook poets have had their "innings," hence it is only fair that our artists should now have their turn. Our next competition, therefore, will be an "original drawing" contest. Three prizes will be given to the three sending in the best original work in pen, pencil or Indian ink drawing. Water or oil-

paintings will not be considered in the contest. The choice of subject will be left entirely to the competitors, as will also the size of the drawing submitted. It should be understood, however, that a small one will have quite as good a chance as a large one, provided the conception be equally artistic and the work as well done. Lastly, all drawings must be mailed to us not later than August 20th. Kindly address them to

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

"A subscriber" writes: "Dear Dame Durden,—I have been very much interested and benefited by some of the questions and answers in your corner of the 'Farmer's Advocate.' Could you please inform me as to whether any of the Canadian correspondence colleges teach a course on story-writing, and if so, what college? If not, where would one get a course on that subject?"

Write to the Canadian Correspondence College (Ltd.), Toronto, Ont., for information on this point.

Mother's Boys.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman,
I like my house orderly, too;
And I am fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise!
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

Domestic Economy.

Avoid sleeping in an undergarment that has been worn during the day. If the change from woollen underwear to a cotton nightdress produces a chilly sensation, then provide one of soft, light flannel.

The biggest laundry in London has seven miles of drying lines, all under cover. Eighty thousand pieces can be dried at once in the space of half an hour.

To expel mosquitoes, take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and not one will be found in the room next morning, even though the windows should be left open at night.

BILIOUSNESS.

The juice of half a lemon squeezed into a glass of water, taken night and morning without sugar, is one of the simplest and best remedies for torpid liver and biliousness. Daily headaches, which medicine has failed to cure, will disappear, and the appetite will be considerably improved.

TO KEEP MOTHS OUT.

Benzine will drive away moths from upholstered furniture. Sprinkle with benzine; it will not spot or stain the most delicate silk, and the unpleasant odor soon passes away in the air. Where it is known that the moth miller has entered, burn a teaspoonful of gum camphor in closets where the clothes hang.