

whole gamut of conditions necessary to health: pure air, sunshine, rest, recreation and exercise; proper food, properly prepared and eaten, cleanliness, etc.

The second chapter is devoted to the care of the sick-room and general questions of nursing; the third, to appliances, disinfectants, etc., necessary to the cure and prevention of disease; the fourth, to bed-making, changing of sheets and pillow-cases on the sick one's bed, turning the invalid in such a way as to cause him least discomfort, etc.; the fifth, to personal care of the invalid,—bathing, lifting, cleaning the teeth, and kindred subjects.

After this, detailed directions for concrete cases are given: foods suitable for patients suffering from various diseases and how to prepare them; symptoms of disease and how to detect them; home treatments—enemas, mustard plasters, cold compresses, sweats, and hot-air baths; giving medicines and injections; contagious diseases; what to do in case of various accidents, with an illustrated chapter on bandaging.

Two or three chapters are also devoted to care of infants and their mothers; then the book closes with a number of recipes for dainty dishes for sick folk.

From the above, you will understand, I think, that the little volume is one likely to be of great use to any woman who has the care of a home on her shoulders. But whether under the responsibility of such a charge or not, we should all know all we can about the care of the body, in health or in sickness,—don't you think so? For our own sakes we should know how to keep well; and not for our own sakes only, not one of us can live, or wishes to live just unto herself. Each of us should have, moreover, some well-defined idea of what to do in cases of emergency. Accidents may happen, sudden illness may befall someone near us at any time, and life itself may depend upon the first measures taken. One should be prepared to know what to do to tide over the time until the doctor comes, and, if necessary, how to help him most efficiently after he has taken charge of the case. It is, of course, quite impossible for the most of us to spend three years in hospital training, but the next best thing is open to all of us, viz., to keep always in our homes, books, written by experts, on hygiene and nursing of the sick, and to read them so that we shall not be entirely at sea when the time of necessity comes. Only so can we be capable and useful, instead of useless, fussy and nervous, likely to do more harm than good when the time for cool-headedness and quiet action arrives.

And so I am glad to recommend to you this book. There are many good works on home nursing, but this one is as comprehensive as any that I have seen, and very reasonable in price, too, considering the number of subjects dealt with and the numerous illustrations given that no misunderstanding may occur. It is published by the W. B. Saunders Publishing Co., Philadelphia, but may be bought from the Canadian agents, J. F. Hartz Co., Ltd., or through this office. The price is \$1.50 net, or \$1.65 postpaid.

A WORD FROM "LANKSHIRE LASS."

Dear Junia and all Nookers,—How are all of you getting along? Now in the flowery month of June, month of weddings and flowers gay, picnics and pleasures in many ways, I haven't forgotten you; bless you all, no, I could not do that when day by day you all are so kind and help me so in many ways, and so often I peep over the Nook and enjoy the helpful chats, and am glad not to be forgotten. But, oh, by the way, there are two of us now. I nearly forgot that, and, like Dame Durden used to be, I fear we will be getting mixed up often. I had a good reason for my name, and I believe I'll stay a while and tell you why I used such a pen-name. Well, to begin right, I will have to confess it was spelled wrong, but I was so tired then I thought I had it rightly spelled. You see, I am a genuine Lancashire lass, really, truly English, came out with my parents when quite small, the only one of the family born in that part of it, and all my life, to this day, my father calls me his "lass," and I kind of had a feeling that would be a nice, homely pen-name, so I will still cling to it.

Kindly pardon me, each of you, won't you? for not writing my thanks to each one for all kindness, and so many kindly sent the recipes asked for, to my home as well as to the Nook. I tried to thank you all before, but really could not, as it is not every day I can hold a pen, so send heaps of thanks to each one in this way. I appreciate all your kind letters and every kindness to me, and you don't know how cheering it is to hear from so many of you. Dear

so beautiful now, cheer many, I am told. A show of delight is my bay window, and I thank dear Jesus for blessings sent my way. It cheers me when I'm lonely, just to trust Him every day, and I am glad so many old and young are so kind to me. A Western Lassie surely had a lonely time, and I am glad to know she has better times now; but poor M. S.! We are all wondering what part of this Canada of ours did she get into? Perhaps that one she spoke of having her

She believes one can make a little go a long way in baking and cooking, and still have it good, and I have had much of it to do. I was fond of it, and like having it all turn out so well, and those cookies are fine and healthful as well as cheap. So many good things are in the Nook. Poor Junia surely must have to puzzle her brain to answer all, and some take such long answers. What a lot of good she is doing, and what patience she must have, to be sure. I don't want to stay and wear out my welcome, so will again thank one and all hoping to see letters every week in Ingle Nook. Your grateful shut-in friend,

LANKSHIRE LASS.

Wellington Co., Ont.

We are glad to hear from our shut-in friend again. . . I wondered, when your first letter came, "Lankshire Lass," whether I should change the spelling of "Lankshire," but, you know your spelling in general was so correct that I thought you meant, for some pet reason, to have it that way. However, no harm is done. If you are afraid of confusion, "Lancashire Lass" will, I am sure, be very willing to take another pen-name should she chance to come again. She is one of our "comets," I think; she seldom appears. Now, dear "Lankshire Lass," we all wish you all the happiness these summer days can bring you. It has been cold, to be sure, but the fields and trees are beautifully green. Your flowers must be very lovely. Aren't you afraid of making "Hope," "H. A. B." and myself proud, by giving us so much praise? As for the questions asked in the Ingle Nook—why, it is usually a pleasure to answer them, or—as occurs very frequently—to spend several hours in finding the answers.

LETTER FROM NORFOLK CO.

Dear Junia,—I cannot resist saying a few words in defence of Norfolk County, my birthplace and my home.

I feel that Western Lassie has made an impression so black on the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" that it will be difficult to erase from their minds; so I have appeared on the scene for a few minutes to make a few statements to see if I can remove the dark cloud and show the silver lining.

Do you know we usually find what we look for; if we are looking on the dark side, and trying to pick out the faults of other people, we will find many of them, and also make ourselves very miserable, but if you want to be happy, pick out the good qualities, and you will find them by the score, and life will be worth living, whether you are in the "Great West" or any other part of the world. I know two ladies in the church I attend who always have a pleasant smile and some encouraging and friendly words for strangers, and, in fact, for everyone, and I wish we were all as good Christians and as friendly as they, but I have never heard of any circumstance like "Western Lassie's," where strangers were entirely forgotten by their neighbors. I'm sure we all try to be sociable in our church, and just last Sunday evening I shook hands with three Indian women who were attending our service. They were strangers to me, and I told them I was glad to see them. You will find all classes of people the world over, and Norfolk is not an exception. Then, in regard to M. S., I would say I am really sorry for her. I was a farmer's daughter, and married a farmer's son, and we are very comfortable indeed. We live in a large brick house, have a mattress on every bed; we have a telephone and rural-mail delivery, and many farmers have motor-cars, and their homes are lighted with gas, and have a good water supply handy. It seems to me the majority have nearly every convenience. Of course, it is human nature never to be quite satisfied.

Now, in regard to going, I think most women go as often as the men, and some women I know as a fact carry the purse, and are the managers of the "ranch" and family. We are not all like that, of course, but I always have free access to my husband's purse, and take what I need for sundry accounts, but when I need a new coat or hat I always ask him for the money, and he never refuses. It depends on how we deal with a man to get results, and love is the weapon with which to work.



Zinnias.

(Photo by Vera Hazlewood.)

Hope and Dear Junia, and H. A. B., need special mention. It is not often one up in years does so much good to others as H. A. B. Where is the dear Grandma who used to write? I have always been so fond of old people, and their lovely silver locks, though not gray myself. They have had hardships, many of them, and deserve cheer and kindness. Give them the flowers now, when they

one hat so many years was like me—did not need one—I haven't for many years had one,—was not out to wear one; but all the same I enjoy seeing others with their pretty hats and cheery faces. I hope she has got into a better neighborhood by now, and happier, and can look on the bright side wherever she is. Every cloud has a silver lining if we keep looking up and try to find all we



A Tea-Party in the Orchard.

(Photo by Vera Hazlewood.)

can enjoy them. There is no use giving any when too late. Even a kind word, or a visit to older ones, makes life pleasanter, to think they are not left out or forgotten. We only go this way once. I would so love to be able to go about doing good; that is my heart's great longing, but then it surely must be right to be here at home. The Lord hath a need of me and even my flowers,

can. Time is hastening on. How pleasant the glad summer is, and there are so many pleasure trips for any who can go and enjoy them. All too soon it passes away, and the cold weather comes again. I hope this will be a pleasant summer for all. I must thank Housekeeper, of Peel, Ont., for ginger cookie receipt in November 30, 1911. They are real good, and, as she says, so inexpensive.