

narrow lane, deep mud in wet weather, hot and dusty in dry weather, or a yard where a few old wagons used by ragmen are kept, not a single tree or blade of grass to relieve the glare of the hot sun.

In a little narrow street near-by, another family may be found living in a tiny hovel, the kitchen having sunk until everything is at an angle, reminding one of a sea voyage. Here we find several small children. Two of the boys earn a little by selling papers, but the income is very scanty. When school or work is over, they may join the smaller ones in the alley. On one side is the wall of their little house, and on the other ashes and garbage, the only shrubbery to be found in the ward. But not only in the ward are the candidates for fresh air found. South of Queen street, a case recently visited, brought to light a family living in a deplorable state, no—not living, for such existence can scarcely be called "living." A father and two young boys occupying two rooms, one as a sleeping apartment, where a few old coats composed the only bed they had. In the outer room a little stove was found, one chair, and half the remains of another, a basket of garbage, and a box, the scanty meals being served on a little table made of rough boards. The mother is dead, and the two little girls are being looked after by neighbors. The father has been unable to obtain steady work, and has only been able to earn sufficient to keep his boys from starving. One could not help but think how that pale-faced little lad wearing an old pair of girl's boots would enjoy a few blissful hours at some swimming hole. A few blocks south of this, just off King street, a mother was lying ill; from her room she superintended the family affairs. A little girl of nine years was doing the washing and looking after the little brothers and sisters. As meal time approached she began to watch for the brother and sister coming home from work, who are scarcely more than children. Such is the life of many a child. Are these little ones not to share in the pleasures which are rightfully theirs?

One of the nurses, while walking through the ward carrying a bunch of flowers, met a little girl who looked longingly at the bright-colored beauties. How those big eyes sparkled when she saw that she too was really to share such treasures. A long drawn, "Oh! my!" and then the happy, dirty little face was lost to sight in the flowers that were "really truly" hers. Think what rapture it would be for such a child to revel in the beauty of a daisy field.

The more one sees of the daily life of many of Toronto's children, does one realize how much must be done to teach our boys and girls to live healthy, moral lives, and surely a trip to the country would help very materially.

What can I do to-day?  
Not gold, or ease, or power, or love, to gain  
Or pleasures gay;  
But to impart  
Joy to some stricken heart,  
Bring to the fold again  
Some lamb astray;  
To brighten life for someone  
Now and here,  
This let me do to-day.

#### What We Ask of Our Friends Who Take the Boys and Girls.

- To take them for two weeks' holiday.
- To be strict, and not withhold correction when it is necessary.
- To notify children's parents of their home-coming.
- To kindly write Secretary as to children's conduct (good or otherwise).
- We desire to send them all out in July, commencing Tuesday, the 5th.
- Friends to meet the children at the railway station, and see them safely on the train on their homeward journey.
- We send the children two by two, so as to prevent homesickness.
- We pay their railway fare both ways.
- We ask only for Christian homes, where the children will be received for the Master's sake.
- We try and send our best-behaved and most-deserving boys and girls.
- Kindly say whether boys or girls are preferred.
- We cannot send their names before going out.

If the same children are desired again, kindly let the Secretary know.

In your correspondence, please state whether Miss, Mrs. or Mr.

State post-office address and nearest railway station.

We wish to have by June 20th, the names of friends who desire to take our children.

Please join us in earnest prayer that, above all, our boys and girls may learn to know and trust Jesus as their personal Saviour.

Chas. D. Gordon, Superintendent; Miss Florence Roberts, Secretary, 21 Scarth Road, Toronto; Martin Love, Treasurer, 186 Spadina Road, Toronto.

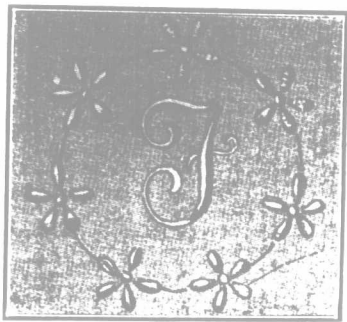
The Leaders of the Fresh-air Mission are very grateful to readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" for homes offered and money sent in past years. Will you do your part again—and promptly? If each of you sent a contribution in money, or offered to take two children for a fortnight—if not too far from Toronto—what a lot of happy little people there would be! Our Lord still says: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth Me."—S. Matt. xviii: 5.

## The Ingle Nook

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

#### Initialling Linen.

Have you ever noticed the daintiness, the little air of refinement and personality that initialling gives to linen and lingerie? Embroider a pair of plain



linen towels with prettily-designed lettering, and immediately they become, not merely towels, but the personal property of a dainty woman. So with tablecloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc.

The accompanying designs may be easily drawn by anyone who will take the time, and made smaller or larger, as the size of the article to be embroidered demands. An authority says that initialling is best done working without a hoop, although the padding-stitch may be done with the linen drawn over a hoop. If one has not a hoop, all that is necessary is to hold the linen over two fingers, slightly parted.

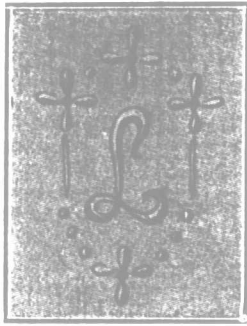
The design should be first padded by strands of flax laid on carefully and evenly, then worked over and over in fine satin-stitch. The work is quickly and easily done, and the results are worth while.

At one time, the initial was invariably embroidered in the corner of towels and napkins; now it is more usually placed in the center of the end of the towel (above the hem, of course), and in the center of the end of the napkin, which is folded to bring it into the middle of the square as laid on the table. Personal taste must, however, largely govern in regard to the matter of position, as fashions are continually changing.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the girl who is preparing her trousseau, invariably embroiders the initial of her maiden name, never that of the name she is to have when married. In these days of moon-broken engagements—note the pity this would seem to be a very wise precaution.

#### A Welcome Letter from Jack's Wife.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—If you knew how eagerly I looked forward to "The Farmer's Advocate" night, you would know that I mean it when I call you "friends." In this far-off land, the old names and home papers are very welcome. I am more than glad that the little paper I wrote on "Care of Babies" has been so helpful. It more than repays me for several years of more or less serious study along that line—and here I will tell you what I have never before told "Advocate" friends: Many years ago a little son came to us, and while I do not feel it was because of my ignorance we lost him, yet I do feel that had I known even a little bit of the needs of a child, I could have made his short life less painful. After his death, I determined that if I ever again became a mother I would know something, at least, of the care of a child, and so I



read everything I could on the subject. We have a baby girl of two years, the brightest and healthiest "doodle head," as our Mexican friends call her.

I wish I had time to write a real "article" for you, telling all the things we have seen and heard since leaving Canada last October,—but you remember I always told you I was busy. Well, now I am busier, for we have a small stock of merchandise on a cross-road, forty miles from Phoenix, the capital city, which boasts about 20,000 people. About one-half our customers are Mex-

cans, and the majority of them cannot speak English at all. Some of them understand a little, but cannot speak it, while many do not even "savvy." For once in my life I appreciate the old "Latin roots" I worried through at the age of ten.

I suppose you wonder if it is hot out here. Well, the thermometer has been from 100° to 110° several days in the last two weeks, but it is like Manitoba cold, "you don't feel it." We have had two wet days since January first. Strangers are always thinking how much a rain would cool the air, but rain is the one undesirable thing here, as it only intensifies the heat. The strawberry season is now over (written May 24), and apricots and cherries are in the market. The first crop of hay is taken care of, and the second is nearly ready to cut. We have had roses in bloom since March, and oleanders are now in their glory.

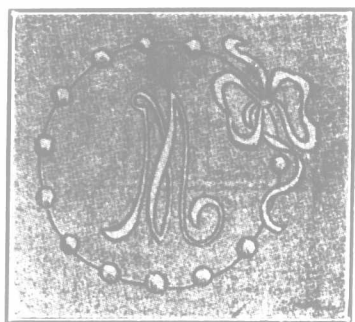
Some day I hope to be able to write you more of this country, but just now you will just forgive me—but, I hope, not forget me. A dios.

JACK'S WIFE.

Palo Verde, Arizona.

#### Another Old Friend.

Dear Dame Durden,—Just a year has passed since I was in your midst, and this morning I feel that it would be a great pleasure to shake hands with you all again. I have been a silent, though none the less ardent, reader of our dear Nook all this time; now I come to tell the old, old story of how much comfort and benefit I derive from reading your letters, and from our editor's talks. I cannot see how we can help living better lives every day. Let us be patient, prayerful, earnest and true, forgive those who need to be forgiven, and cover their failings with the mantle of charity and love. We all make mistakes as we journey through life, therefore, I think we should not be uncharitable in regard to the errors of others. This world would be much happier were we all to be a little more generous with praise and less so with faultfinding. There is plenty



of flattery—that is not what is wanted. A word of just appreciation would cheer the heart and strengthen the hands of many a discouraged worker. Let us devote our time to making home happy and cheerful. The great love that moves the heart is love; it is the basis of all excellent thought. Happy is the home governed by the spirit of love, each member striving to avoid giving offence and studiously considerate of the others in every way. Your heart will grow with love stronger as time rolls on.

Many of our young people launch out too early upon the matrimonial sea—that is one great reason for so many unhappy marriages. Such an alliance is not to be entered into thoughtlessly, as one goes to a dance or theater, nor to be dissolved with as little concern. Perhaps you will think I am preaching what I did not practice when I tell you I married at the age of twenty-one, and that it is now thirty years since "Will" and I set our feet in the same path. Don't think that all has been smooth travelling—no life is without its trials; yet I think few would have less complaint to make. I try to be all he needs, and he thinks a woman has all she can do in the house. I should like to take each and every troubled sister of the Nook by the hand and speak a word of cheer, but as this is impossible, I will trust that the future holds abundant prosperity and multiplied happiness for all, and that the mantle of charity may cover all shortcomings.

Bread fit for Your King.—Set a quarter of a Royal yeast cake in a pint of water