

## Woman and the Home

### At Easter

A different feeling in the air, a lightening of the heart;  
A warmer fervour in the sun, a softer, wandering breeze;  
Blue violets on sloping banks, a babbling stream full brim;  
A greening cover for the earth, a budding of the trees.  
A joyful tone to pealing bells, and glad birds jubilant  
With songs that tell of all sweet things, and garden places gay  
With flame and gold and crimson blooms, and planted rich with seeds—  
All this is born anew each year when comes the Easter Day.  
A song of praise for mournful chant; anthem and jubilate  
To ring through lofty, sacred domes, and for our penitence  
A pardon, and for doubt and fear a hope that lights the way;  
For sombre robes and draperies, the white of innocence.

### Punishing Children

By Margaret Whitney.

"Here, Ralph, come back from the street. Don't put that stick in your mouth and let that dog alone." This was a series of commands that were rapidly uttered by a young woman. She was speaking to her little son, less than three years old; and she emphasized her last command with a vigorous shaking which lifted the child entirely off his feet. Just at that moment one of her neighbors who had witnessed similar scenes many times before and who along with other neighbors had been indignant at the treatment this child received, took a hand in the affair. She was braver than any of the others or the child would not have had the championship that this lonely woman, who had no home and only a few persons whom she could call relatives, now gave him, for she plainly told the mother that she should explain things to the boy, who really was a good little fellow, but who would never know what to do or not to do because his mother simply uttered a series of commands and never talked to him or tried to teach him why he should do certain things and not do some others.

Everyone who has had any experience with children knows that even with the most careful training they will occasionally do things they ought not and which they very well know are wrong, and for which some sort of punishment should be inflicted. But as sure as there are degrees of wrong doing so there are degrees of punishment, and one should be careful not to punish in the same manner for every misdemeanor whether large or small. There are in fact very few cases where a child should be whipped though it may sometimes be necessary.

A common thing among children is quarrelling. There are very few families where the boys and girls always get along harmoniously, and occasionally the thing becomes monotonous. Now it will be very easy to stop this by simply forbidding those who quarrel to play with the others. As soon as they are denied the privilege of playing together they will think more than once before beginning a quarrel and learn to get along more pleasantly together.

If a child says something that you have taught him is wrong make him say that he has done wrong. Do not make him say he is sorry if he is not, and so encourage him to tell what is not true, but see that he acknowledges that he has done wrong, and he will be more careful about doing the same thing the second time. If a boy gets into the habit of saying things he ought not, wash his mouth with soap and let him know that if the thing is repeated he will receive the same treatment.

A little girl who sometimes was fussy at the table was very easily conquered by being turned away from the table. After a few minutes of this sort of thing she was glad to smile and be good if they allowed her to turn back with her face to the rest of the family. A boy who ran off was cured by being taken

home and put to bed for a half day every time he went away without asking.

But do not get the mistaken notion that children are continually looking for an opportunity to do something they ought not, for with very few exceptions children mean to be good; and they only need to be taught what is the right and the wrong in order that they may choose correctly. And in most cases where children fail to do what is right their parents are at fault rather than the children because they have failed to teach their sons and daughters what they should do, or have not had sufficient patience, to help them back to the right, after a failure had been made.



Fern Glen, Kildonan Park, Winnipeg, Man.

Kildonan Park, Winnipeg, Man., is a most natural attractive place of about 100 acres, over two-thirds of which carries large trees—bush as it would be known back east. Sections of it are named after special features to be found thereat. Above picture gives a small corner of what is known as "Fern Glen," a section of more than an acre carrying the finest of ferns in season, many of which stand nearly as high as the individual when at their best.

### Woman Creates the Home

Man supplies the material, but to woman we are indebted for the creation of the home. The first homes were cheerless caves. Time passed, and woman presided in a tent. She searched for wood that was old and seasoned, and thus solved the fuel problem. To woman we are indebted for the chimney, the kitchen, the dining-room, the living-room and the sleeping-rooms, resulting, not only in good taste, but morality.

A home is not necessarily a house, neither is a house a home. Many a woman, poor in this world's goods, sits in the shade of her humble abode sewing tiny garments, and singing to her babies, as truly a home-maker as she who may have every possible convenience.

Do we ever pause, I wonder, and consider the great difference in homes, which viewed as houses, look almost exactly alike? It is not always necessary to enter the houses either. A

beautiful house contained a big, wide chimney that suggested an open fire one cold, dreary day in November. When the corner was turned and the chimney viewed from a different angle, the fact was revealed that the chimney was not for use at all—just for outside show; a vine that had not yet succumbed to the frost had never been wilted by heat. After hurrying home and putting the horse in the barn, the very common heater that would hardly pass muster for the dining-room another winter looked good.

One cold January day, when passing through a mining district, the car window was on a level with the cabins of the miners. A dreary outlook it was. The cabins contained one, or possibly two, small rooms, and the uncurtained windows stared drearily at one,

the children, and elbow room for themselves. One lonesome day or night of waiting in a depot of a great city sometimes plays havoc with the city microbe. A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.

### The Measure of "A Man"

An incident came to my knowledge lately which pleased me much. A young man, a mere lad when last I saw him who has a great talent for electrical matters, left his southern home a few months ago and went to a distant city to perfect his studies in that branch of learning. His advancement has been rapid, so much so, that already, by request, he has given several lectures to large audiences on wireless telegraphy. After one of these lectures, the president of an electrical association gave him a free ticket to a banquet held at one of the hotels. On taking his seat at the table, his first act was to turn down the wine and champagne glasses that were beside his plate and were then removed by the waiter.

Several of the city dailies referred to the matter, but I have not a doubt but what those present who had their own glasses filled, had more respect for that young man, because he had principle enough to defy custom, and dared to let it be known in that fashionable assemblage, just how he stood on the temperance question. Such young men as these are what the world needs, those who dare to do right, because it is right. The father referring to his son's rapid progress in his studies added, "but his mother and I were more pleased at his turning down his glasses, at that wine and champagne dinner, than anything else."

Mabs.

### Washing Clothes

My last idea was given to me, and I am grateful to the giver. It is to sit down to wash dishes. Strange that so simple a thing had not dawned on me. But so it was. When fatigued with the labor of running back and forth fifty times across the kitchen, I still thought it my duty to stand while washing the piles of dishes that accumulated at each repast. I had got so wrought up about it as even to wish we were back to the days of eating from leaves or out of one iron pot. But thanks to the dear woman from whom I got the hint, I dropped at once from a state of toil and trouble into delightful ease—and a chair. So shall the disagreeable work of washing dishes become quite comfortable and refreshing. "Oh," says one, "how can you bear to be so shiftless?" But I hold that we are more truly economical in the old-fashioned New England way, if we are very saving of our strength in common things (that is, if we do them equally well), and spare these vital forces for higher uses.

### Broken Friendship

Oh! how oft, friends lifelong and sincere,  
Will part, and parting cause each other pain.

They would undo a thousand times again—

And often from the slightest cause, a mere

Cold look, a hasty word, or given ear  
To idle talk; a rasping tone again,

May cause a heart to smart all day with pain—

Thus starts the breach for which we pay so dear.

For if not healed with that great balm of old,

We call forgiveness, it will grow

And widen ever wider, day by day:

Till hearts once loving, now grow calmly cold.

So let us ever guard ourselves, for oh!  
Life is too short, and friends too dear to

barter thus away.

Laura Leigh.

Long Standing Asthma. Many have suffered so long from asthma and have tried so many so-called remedies they think that there is no real help for them. They should read the letters received by the manufacturers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy from hundreds of cases once as desperate as their own. Even in long-neglected cases this famous preparation brings prompt help.