

pudding, hominy or some other light food, and they are allowed nothing else before bedtime, so next morning they awake feeling bright and hungry, and relish their breakfast so well that they eat heartily, and by keeping them amused and entertained they seldom think of asking for anything to eat until their twelve o'clock dinner.

"This is a good, wholesome meal of soup, fresh meat, well cooked vegetables and fruit. The children are encouraged to eat as much as they like, and having learned by experience that they will be allowed nothing between meals, soon get into the habit of making a full meal, and then forget all about eating until the next. No coffee or tea is permitted, but they have an abundance of fresh, sweet milk. From the way children want to do after they come here, it seems they have been allowed to amuse themselves at home eating all day long. That is what makes them so cross, they are half sick all the time; you know yourself that you couldn't stand it. Our children are very good."

"But are they not bad, sometimes?" I asked. "I have seen children at home with their mothers get into a perfect rage, lie down on the floor and roll and kick, and scream at the top of their voices. Then the mother says there is nothing to be done except spank the child, which she generally proceeds to do. What do you do in such cases?"

"Somehow, the children here never get into such tantrums, they wish to be good. The nurses have a system of rewards rather than punishments. When a child is good it is allowed many privileges. For instance, some of our friends are always sending the children fruit, or some little nice thing to eat, in which the ones who have misbehaved are not allowed to share. Of course the child is naturally very indignant, and thinks itself badly used, but it remembers to be good next time, for it finds that being bad doesn't pay."

"But these are very mild measures," I replied. "What do you do when they fail—when a child refuses to be pacified on any terms?"

"Then it is put to bed," she answered. "They dislike that worse than anything—not to have any toys to play with, or anybody to talk to. A child remembers that a long time. Our children are never allowed to gain anything by crying; they are always the losers."

And this, I believe, is the great mistake made by most mothers—they actually pay their children to cry. I knew a little girl once who wanted to go somewhere with her father, but the weather was bitter cold that day and her mother refused to permit her to go out. The child, however, was determined to carry her point and went about it in a systematic way. They lived in the country where they had huge wood fires, and looking around the room for an humble seat she saw the pile of wood near the door and went and sat down upon it and began to cry softly to herself. Pretty soon her father passed by and asked what was the matter. "I want to go with you," said the child, holding up her pretty tearful face.

"That you shall," he said. "Here, wife, wrap this child up well, and give her to me. I'll take her, if it is cold." As the little girl went off to get her wraps, she murmured softly, yet still loud enough to be heard, "I thought if I cried, Pa would let me go."

Another house which I visited while in the city was called a Day Nursery. The children here were not so well behaved as at the Babies' Shelter, which the sister of charity, who had charge of them, accounted for by saying that she did not have the charge of the children all the time.

"Their mothers are poor women," she said, "who have to go out to work during the day, and having no one to leave their little ones with, bring them here in the morning and come for them in the evening. They pay us a nominal fee—five cents a day—which is not sufficient to buy milk for the child. We give them three good meals a day, and I teach them after the kindergarten system; but as I do not have the same children all the time I cannot discipline them very well."

The children had had their dinner, and were ready for their afternoon nap. In one end of the long room were rows of cribs, and one after another the children went to the nurse, who took off their shoes and lifted them gently into the cribs.

"What do you do with them when they are very bad?" I asked of the sister who stood by me.

"They are seldom bad when I am around," she said, "but occasionally they are with the nurse; then their share of the cake is withheld, and once or twice I had to slap one on its hands a little when it was perfectly unmanageable. Their mothers spoil them so at home—humor them in every way to keep them quiet. Just listen to that little girl now!" as a piercing wail went up from a baby of three. "Johnny, go sit by your sister. That's the way she does every time her brother gets two inches away from her side."

"Yes," I said, smiling, "and I see that you humor them, too."

From the above it would seem that I am an advocate for the belief that children had better be brought up away from their parents than with them, but it is not so at all. A child's own parents are its proper nurses and guardians, but it is doing a child a great injustice to allow it to grow up a perfect nuisance to those around it, as well as a sorrow to itself, and in no way can this be more surely accomplished than by alternate injudicious indulgence, and cruel, inhuman punishment.—*M. Walton in the Cultivator.*

(From our Own Correspondent.)

#### ALDERSHOT.

"Oft in the stilly night," someone began to whistle in a low key, and in a vague half-unconscious sort of way, suggesting to another the plaintive words—

"I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled and garlands dead,  
And all but he departed."

which he also began to hum after the same *distrail* fashion.

"Feels very much like it," said a third—"looks dreary enough now!"

"A little different to Thursday night," remarked a fourth.

Now, on Thursday night, there had been

"Many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the chequered shade"

(of the torches) on a platform put together for the purpose; in fact there had been a capital dance with an ample attendance of ladies from all the country side. And on Friday, though the north wind blew keen and somewhat too strong for comfort, some five thousand spectators had filled the camp ground and lined the northern hill, while three bands played the stirring tunes to which a thousand good and true men marched past, and did it too in good and gallant style and trim. But now it was Saturday afternoon (the 15th) an afternoon whose calm and warmth added lassitude to the quiet of the lately bustling ground. Half-a-dozen staff officers in plain clothes lounged among the piles of baggage, which a slow-moving ox-wagon was almost silently picking up and slowly conveying from time to time to the little station. Five or six staff-sergeants, and two or three servants were finishing the last packings-up of traps, and some boys with wheelbarrows were making the most of any debris or lumber and leavings they could pick up, and the Aldershot ground was fast settling down to its normal loneliness, so no wonder somebody whistled "Oft in the stilly night," and another lazily caught it up.

The 69th (1st Annapolis) Battalion had left at 8 o'clock in the morning. The 75th (Lunenburg) at about noon. Capt. Ryan's troop had marched off about the same time, and the 72nd (2nd Annapolis) had gone about two. At half-past four the staff got on board, and Aldershot lapsed into repose for another year. Kindly hospitality of the staff was again this year extended to your correspondent.

I had the pleasure in 1887 of testifying to the thorough order, efficiency, and admirable behaviour of the Force then in camp. I have added satisfaction in being able to say that, if possible, these characteristics were yet more marked this year. So excellent is the conduct of the Nova Scotia Militia that not a single man was, during the twelve days' attendance, sent to the guard tents.

The Deputy Adjt.-Gen., who is of that style which achieves discipline and efficiency without fuss, or worry of his officers or men, evidently increases the confidence and liking with which he is regarded at each successive period of drill, and he has, as I pointed out last year, surrounded himself with a staff of untiring energy. The place of Col. McShane, Brigade Major, on leave of absence in England, was supplied with admirable efficiency by Major W. D. Gordon, of the Fredericton School of Infantry, Col. Murray, the indefatigable, was at his usual post of Paymaster; and Col. Irving, B.M. of P. E. Island, gave his usual unflagging attention to the severe and exacting work of the ranges. The duties of Supply-Officer were in the excellent hands of Col. Chipman, of the 68th, to whom not only is the Force indebted for the thorough business management of its supplies, but his brother officers for an inexhaustible flow of good humor, fun, and kindness. Lt.-Col. Belcher (Senior Major of Col. Chipman's Regiment) performed the duties of Camp Quarter Master. Captain Chipman, of the 66th, was also on the staff as a volunteer, and added to the genial pleasantness.

The only exception to the general efficiency was in the Medical Department, to which it seemed next to impossible to impart any sense of responsibility. In this respect matters presented a marked contrast to last year, when Dr. Borden was the efficient P. M. O. This will certainly, however, not occur again.

Considering that the harvest was very late, and that there were therefore an unusual number of recruits throughout the whole force, and of new horses in the excellent Kings' Co. troop, the precision of movement attained both in the Cavalry and Infantry was astonishing to anyone of extended experience. The marching past was excellent, and the little sham-fight with which the review of Friday wound up was exceedingly well carried out.

Col. Starratt's Regiment, the 69th, was over its strength; the other two battalions, somewhat under. Captain Ryan's troop could easily be made into a squadron if the authorities would allow it, and, as it is the only Mounted Force in Nova Scotia, it ought to be done.

The 69th is a corps which owes much of its steadiness to the efficiency of its Commander, Col. Starratt, the third senior (as Col. Chipman is the fourth,) Lieut.-Col. on the active Militia List—the two senior being Lieut.-Col. D'Arcy Boulton and Lieut.-Col. Taylor, our late D.A.G., now Commandant of the School of Mounted Infantry at Winnipeg.

One disappointment attended the otherwise satisfactory proceedings. General Middleton being unable to attend, Sir Jno. Ross, who appreciates the Militia, had intimated his willingness to inspect, but was unfortunately prevented by his recent accident, to the great regret of Col. Worsley and the whole Force.

The 75th is a Regiment wanting a little more experience, nevertheless, its conduct and performances were excellent.

The 72nd also did very well, but will probably do better still next time. The first is commanded by Lt.-Col. Kaulbach, the second by Lt.-Col. Spurr.

Thanks were due, and are given by Col. Worsley to the Y. M. C. A., whose influence has come to be always acknowledged in the interests of morality and good behaviour. Some of the officers are a little elderly for their respective ranks, and it would be satisfactory to see a larger infusion of smart young men from the Schools, to whose N. C. O.'s indeed the various corps are considerably indebted. Notable among improvements was the instruction in signalling carried out under a staff sergeant.

It impresses itself on the competent observer that the Militia of Nova Scotia is all the time in the way of steady improvement, and, if only corps could be drilled every year, this would be still more marked and rapid.

Once again we suggest to the leisurely-thinking Militia Department the propriety of giving D. A. G.'s the rank of Colonel.