

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



7830 Girl's Dress in Russian Style, 10 to 14 years.



7839 House Gown or Nurse's Costume, 34 to 46 bust.



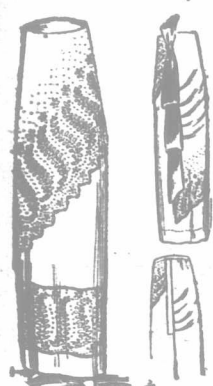
DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7816 Draped Evening Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



7829 Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 years.



7837 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.



7841 Two-Piece Skirt with Over Drapery, 22 to 30 waist.



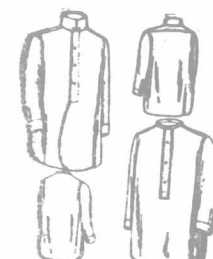
7830 Boy's Suit, 2 to 6 years.



7845 Fancy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.



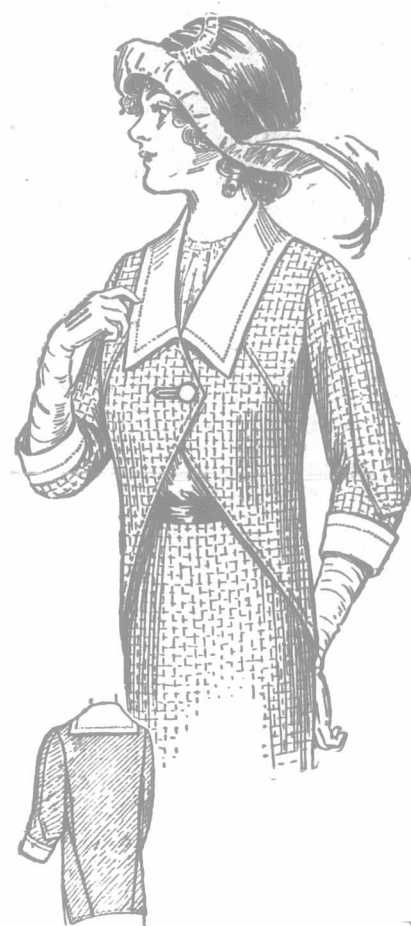
7846 Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 years.



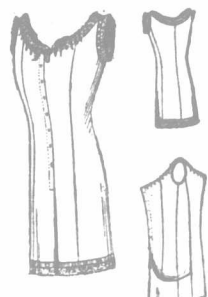
7844 Men's Negligee Suit, 34 to 44 breast.



7825 Closed Drawers for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7828 Fancy Short Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



7814 Combination Corset Cover, Drawers and Petticoat, 34 to 44 bust.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state issue in which design appeared. Price ten cents PER PATTERN. If two num-

bers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence 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 If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published.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.]

We were sitting in the woods, two of us, on that delightful Saturday of which I told you last time, just drinking in the beauty of it and catching glimpses of the other two as they flitted about between the tree-trunks, armed with the telescope, in search of refractory birds.

They were bent on the identification of a certain songster, were these two, and as, from time to time, their faces came into view, interested, eager, the thought came to me, and I said it: "I have no sympathy whatever with those who say that knowing about nature spoils one's appreciation of it."

"Oh, no," returned my companion, eagerly acquiescent, "I am sure that the more one knows the more one enjoys," and her eyes followed her sister, one of the bird-hunters, as she spoke.

She "knew," and so did the sister, the scientific one, to whom every flower of the vicinity is a friend, known by name.

"'Tis murder to dissect," said a poet, but that poet did not know. How can one understand the marvels of the flower world without dissecting one here, one there, enough to discover the wonderful construction and establish the interesting relationship between plant and plant? This, too, I have noticed a score of times: It is the unlearned in the flower-story, the mere unintelligent admirers, who carry off our wild flowers by the armful,—you have seen it as well as I,—huge bunches of trilliums and anemones and wood-violets carried off, but to draggle and die and be thrown out, all their brave endeavor to seed-production frustrated. The Understanding One, the "botanist," if you will, cannot thus desecrate. A few flowers she may pause to dissect, a few she may carry home as a souvenir of her wanderings, but she loves the fragile things far too much to help in the work of sweeping them off the face of the earth wholesale. It was not botanists who have so rifled the woods where they once grew plentifully, of the beautiful trailing arbutus. It is the botanists who are now agitating that steps be taken to prevent its extinction.

And so with the birds: It is not the one who knows the birds by name and can fix the bird-song to the bird, who can calmly sit down to a meadowlark pie or wear the body of a scarlet tanager, or the wing of a bluebird on her hat. It is the one who knows—and so loves—who agitates to have laws passed for the protection of these sweetest of wild living creatures.

And so with all nature: It is not the one who stands aside who loves and is interested, but the one who knows, the one who has found that acquaintanceship with the things of garden and field, brook and wood, can make the world more interesting and life so vastly more worth living.

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It is so often a source of wonder that mothers with little children about them do not take more pains than they do to see and know the "common" things all about, in order that they may "add to the eyes" of the little ones, who are always so ready to be interested in bugs and birds and flowers and little fishes.

"No time!"—Oh, dear, dear, always no "time"! Surely we ought sometimes to make time, and usually we can if we try. It might be worth while.

A teacher whom I know, a most enthusiastic nature-lover, while teaching in a schoolhouse near a swamp, used to have her class, a primary, come every morning at eight o'clock to get lessons—in the swamp. Bulrushes and wild asters grew there, Joe Pye weed and boneset, trailing clematis and bitter-

sweet, with watercress and arrowheads in the river, and turtle head and cardinal flowers along the banks; over all flitted woodpeckers and warblers, nut-hatches and blue jays, with red-winged blackbirds calling out over the marsh, and meadowlarks and plovers from the field across the way.

Were the children interested?

One morning a friend of mine met a little weeping figure trailing along the road that led past the school. "What's the matter?" asked my friend. "I can't go to school—boo-hoo!" wailed the little disconsolate. "I've got to stay home to get clothes made!—Boo-hoo!"

All of a sudden she stopped, tears arrested, face full of interest, and pointed with a grimy finger towards the neighboring field: "There goes a killdeer plover!" she exclaimed.

Was this teacher wasting time? Did she make a mistake in not keeping those small tots always down to reading, 'ritin', and 'rithmetic? If you think so, I am pleased to be able to tell you that three years later the principal of this school stated that he could invariably know those pupils entering his room who had begun under Miss M., so thoroughly alert, so well-grounded in essentials were they.

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Mothers may surely help in stimulating this interest as well as teachers. If there is not time to take many trips to the woods, the field and the orchard are near, and above all things, the garden.

And just here may we quote you a few paragraphs from an article written for "The Ottawa Naturalist," by Prof. W. T. Macoun, of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. It may serve to emphasize the point that before the mother can teach or inspire, she must be at least an enthusiastic "amateur" nature student.

"The writer's main purpose in presenting this article is to show, if possible, that the amateur gardener, as a student of nature, combines the love for nature with the practical, in an almost ideal way. I do not refer to the amateur as opposed to the professional, but to the man, woman or child who grows and cares for plants mainly for the love of it; and it seems scarcely possible that one can be a true lover of nature unless, as far as his circumstances will allow, he prepares soil, sows seeds, and cares for plants; for it is only in this way he can come into closest communion with nature, and become best able to understand and appreciate the growth and development of the wild flowers and forest trees. From personal experience, he finds that some plants succeed best in heavy soil, and some in light; that some require much moisture and others comparatively little. His observation becomes keener, and he soon perceives that when growing in their native homes, some species of plants will be found under certain conditions of soil and moisture, and others under different conditions. From his experience with beneficial and injurious insects, he appreciates far more than he could otherwise do, the effect these have on the growth and development of plants. He is brought into daily and closer relation with the birds, and soon becomes familiar with their appearance, and can identify all commoner species.

"It is a small garden, indeed, in which a robin, or at least a chipping sparrow, does not build its nest. Hence, there is an opportunity for nearly everyone who has a garden, to study the habits of birds. On their arrival in spring their song delights him; then there is the mating and building of the nest to observe; the laying of the eggs, and the habits of the birds when brooding; the hatching, feeding and rearing of the young; the vacating of the nest; and finally the flight of the fledglings. What more delightful nature studies can we have than these? And these are what will draw us to the woods, where hundreds of such bird studies await us.

"The smaller animals, also, receive a share of the amateur gardener's interest and observation. A certain gardener found one morning this autumn that something had been digging holes in various places in his garden. He thought, at first, that some cat had done this, but when night after night new holes were made, he decided to investigate the matter further. He looked