

INGLE NOOK

INGLE NOOK NEWS NOTES

One member of our botany class called at the office to share his discoveries of the three-flowed avens after flowering, the yellow puccoon and the hare-bell, all of which our friend, H. M. S., has described so faithfully. I wish you could all do the same, but you can report by mail what you are finding out about the flowers this year.

FROM IRISH MOLLY

Dear Dame Durden,—Your little corner has been so interesting that I can't keep silent any longer. I have seen many queries in it which I might have answered, but seemed always to be too slow and someone else would reply before I could get my mind made up to write. I am a very poor writer, and it is labor for me to sit down to write a letter. When I see busy mothers who have children to look after and who, yet, get time to send many recipes and useful hints to the Ingle Nook, I feel ashamed, as I have no children—just my husband and one hired man to look after.

I am very fond of little children, and take great interest in reading the Western Wigwam. I am always anxious to get the "Advocate" and the first of it I read is the Ingle Nook, Quiet Hour and Western Wigwam. Once I get them read I am contented to let someone else have it for a while.

I am not a suffragist, but I do think men have things too much their own way out here in Western Canada. A woman should have some rights in what she has helped to earn for them both. Who is it has the care of the children in the home? The mother, of course. For there are not many farmers who keep a nurse for the tender little baby; it is always the mother who takes the greatest part of the trouble the babies bring with them at their birth. There are many men who grumble if they are asked to hold the baby or stir the cradle while the mother is trying to get a little of the work done which she had to neglect because baby was cross and fretful. Then the husband can turn round and sell all she had worked so hard for, and not even ask her if she is satisfied. It is strange there is such a law now as no sensible man calls it fair. My husband says that when a woman is good enough to marry a man and help to make a home for him, what is his should be hers. Of course, there are weak-minded women, but there are weak-minded men as well. You might as well abuse one part of the body for the protection of the other.

Do any of the readers ever have trouble with lice on their little calves. Here is a sure and easy way of getting rid of the pests: Take a little dry sulphur and dust it along the backs, necks and heads of the calves and it will drive them all away, but if the calf is very thin-haired it will be necessary to put on the sulphur a second time, about two weeks later so as to get all the nits that are hatched out. It is not necessary to rub the sulphur all over the animal as it will work down by itself. It is good to put a little sulphur on the setting hens, and dust a little in their nests, as it will prevent vermin getting on the little chicks. I seldom lose a chick after they are out of the shell. I feed them bread and milk for the first few days, and then mix a little oatmeal or rolled oats in the bread and milk. For the first month they need an occasional meal of soft food. I feed the hen on wheat or screenings from the grain that is fanned for seeding.

I see in the Ingle Nook that there is a woman asking for a girl to help or a boy. She seemed to have her wish satisfied through the paper, so I would like to know if any of the readers could tell where I could get a nice little girl to adopt. I have

no children, and we are both fond of them. I do not want her for her work, but for her company, for I always hire help in busy seasons. I would like a nice little girl of decent parents that I could adopt and bring up as my very own. We live just a mile from school, and I often say that it doesn't seem fair for us to be so near a school when we have no children to go to it, when there are so many children so far from school that they cannot go. If you, Dame Durden, or any of the readers know of a little girl who would be suitable for me to claim as my own, please let me know, and I will guarantee that she will have the attention a mother gives to her own child and a good home.

IRISH MOLLY.

ON CHILD-TRAINING

Dear Dame Durden,—After reading the article in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," "The Boy in Training," I thought I would accept your invitation to write. I am laid aside from active work, with acute muscular rheumatism, and it will help me to forget my discomfort while I write.

I have only had five children. Three lived to manhood and womanhood, but when my eldest boy, a strong, active fellow, was fourteen months old, a most trying time for a young mother, for you cannot imagine what mischief they will be into, my husband's sister came to pay us a visit before going to Muskoka—where her husband had taken up land, and had gone to build a house for them. There was delay upon delay in starting them. One of the children—she had four—fell into the creek and was nearly drowned. Another had a gathering in the ear. Then the second boy had inflammation of the lungs, and, lastly, the mother took ill with bronchitis, and died, leaving four children, the youngest a puny, sickly babe. I never hesitated about keeping the children, and it was not the clothing and feeding them, but I was so ignorant and inexperienced to have the care and training of those children. It is all over. They are all doing well in homes of their own, and the poor, sickly, motherless babe, grew to be a strong man, and has three boys of his own; but our bright, strong, happy boy died, when seventeen months old, with cutting teeth.

I had only one boy of my own to bring up, but many other boys have come under our care, some bright, cheerful, obliging fellows, a pleasure to have them; many are now in good positions. Others were disobedient, careless, disagreeable fellows, and a great trial of patience. One boy we had in our early married life was a particularly trying boy. He was very dirty, both with his clothes and person, and would get out of washing every time that he could, and then he would only half wash. One day when I sent him back to wash again, he said, "What's the use of bein' so particular; wait till summer comes and I'll wash in the creek." I love to wash in the creek. This was midwinter, and I could not wait till the creek thawed. He would get into trouble, and, not liking to be scolded, would go off and come back again. At last he went away, and we heard nothing from him for thirty years. Early this spring the bell rang, and when I opened the door, there stood a tall, well-dressed, grey-haired man. He did not speak, but looked at me intently for a time. At last he said, "You don't know me," and then he told his name. It was our bad boy back again. He had drifted to Montana, had been married twenty years, was well off. His wife's home was near Montreal; they had come on a visit to her friends, and he had come to see us. How pleased he was to walk about the place, and how pleased and surprised he was to see the trees he had helped

to plant, grown so big. Many things that we had forgotten, he remembered, and with tears in his eyes he thanked us for our kindness to him when he was a wilful, troublesome boy.

Another of our "bad" boys whom we had not heard from for fourteen years, wrote from Westminster, B. C., thanking us for our kindness to him when he was a "stupid, troublesome boy." These are just two cases. Never regret being kind and patient. "Cast thy bread on the water, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Now, as to the training of my own children: I have sought for grace and wisdom to act justly and lovingly with them, and taught them to regard each other's rights and things, never to take or borrow anything without asking and returning it again. When they were quite young an old minister was billeted with us, and, in talking with me, he said: "In mercy to your children, make them obedient." I never forgot it, and, shortly after I read in the Montreal Witness an article, "Rule with Diligence." It said, so much discomfort in homes, and wrongs to the children, were caused by the parents giving orders and never seeing that they were carried out. This caused endless scoldings and naggings. If you give an order to your child, that it can do and ought to do, see that it obeys, and promptly. This greatly influenced me in dealing with the children.

Your first question, "Do you believe in whipping disobedient children?" Yes; when other means fail. For example, I was sitting sewing one afternoon; my little daughter had eaten a cake and made some crumbs. I told her to go and get the dustpan and handbrush. She did so. I swept the crumbs up and threw them out of the window, and told her to take the pan and brush and hang them up again. It was what she could do, and had done many times. She sat at my feet; never offered to move. I waited some time and repeated the order, still she did not move. At last I laid down my work and stood on her feet. Yet she would not go. I reasoned with her, asked why she did not want to do it, if she thought she ought not to hang them up; still she would not speak or move. Then I said, "If you don't go and hang them up I shall whip you." Still she did not move to do it. Then I took her hands and slapped them hard. At last she picked them up and ran and dashed them down beside the cupboard door. "Hang them up," I said. She would not. Just then the bell rang, and I had to go to the door. It was our minister. I showed him in, and asked to be excused for a few minutes, and went back to my rebel. "Hang them up," I said, and she took another hard whipping before she did so. "You're a naughty girl," I said, "go into the corner," and then I went to the caller. He was greatly concerned about the trouble. In a few moments she turned around and stretched out her arms and cried, "Mamma, mamma!" and ran to me. I took her on my lap, kissed and cuddled her up, and she soon went to sleep. This was the first time she ever acted so, and I think if I had not conquered her then, there would have been more trouble. Only once again I whipped her. She took to ringing the front door bell, but it got to be a stale and troublesome joke. I explained that it was not nice or kind to take me from my work. Sometimes my hands were in the flour, busy baking, and I had to wash to go to the door, only to see her stand laughing there. So I told her if she did it again I should whip her. Some time passed. One day two ladies called. They had a little girl who stayed out on the lawn with my little girl. We had just been seated and had begun to chat when the bell rang. When I went to the door I heard little feet running away, and went around the corner of the veranda, where the girls were laughing. "I told you I should whip you if you did this again, and I

must do it." I took her hands and slapped them. She never did it again.

I always tried to act justly with them, and never deceived them. When they were old enough, each had their little work to do before they went to school. The youngest girl fed and cleaned the birds, the eldest filled and trimmed the lamps. The first job the boy did was to get the kindle wood, and as they grew older they had other things to do.

I allowed them ten cents a week for pocket-money. Of this, each had to give a cent for church, and one for Sunday School collections. This gave them money for anything they wanted for school, and they saved up for birthdays and Christmas presents, and I know they had just as much pleasure in getting their little five- and ten-cent presents, as now, the more costly ones. When they got older, they had twenty-five cents a week, and when the girls left school, they each had two dollars a week to buy their clothes, and this enabled them to dress neatly, and as well as any girls in our neighborhood. They have good underclothes, but they make all their own clothes but their coats, and a good plain coat will last two or three years.

My youngest daughter was only thirteen when she made her first dress. I had been away, and brought them some pretty percale for a dress, and said they must make them. I showed her how to cut them out. I heard her telling not long ago how she cried making that dress, she made so many mistakes, put the sleeves in wrong, and had to take them out; but she was praised for it when it was done. I always remember them on their birthdays and at Christmas with something extra, and after housecleaning I get them something, one year a waterproof each, another year a tweed to make shirt-waist suits, etc., and now my baby girl is away, and getting \$400 a year and board, so she sends us presents home. I tried to teach them, as far as I was able, how to spend money. I think children, when old enough, ought to have their own money to get or give anything they want to, without asking for every cent, and telling what they want it for. It might be some little gift to a friend, and to have to explain it all, is like pulling a rose to pieces to find where the scent is.

Question 2. It is very wrong and cruel to frighten a child with "the dark," "doctor" or "teacher"; they ought to be taught that they are friends. Our doctor once said to me, "What a wicked thing to frighten a poor child with the doctor!" When he was sent for their temperature would go up, and their hearts beat, so that it was hard to find out the real condition. There is something decidedly wrong with the parents when they have to resort to such methods to enforce obedience. A few days ago, my husband was dining at the hotel, and a well-dressed man and woman, with a boy about three years old, were dining, too. He did not hear what the man said to the boy, but the boy, in a clear, ringing voice, said to his father, "You shut up!" They seemed to think it cute and smart, but I think there is trouble ahead for both parents and child.

I have heard Dr. Gilmore, Warden of the Central Prison, say that the young men that drift into jail are those who have had no parental control, and have never been taught self-control, respect, or obedience. It is a grand thing for a child to love and trust its parents, but this cannot be unless the parents act in a way to inspire love and respect. Don't make playthings, but playmates, of your children. Don't treat them as inferiors, but as junior members of the firm. A horse that has been well-trained and is reliable, is very valuable. A child is worth more than a horse. One of our ministers defined "love" as "helpfulness." Give the little ones a loving, happy childhood; but in mercy to them, make them respectful and obedient.

HELPONABIT.

FRIENDS AND FOES

A recent issue of "Advocate" contains remarks on the destruction of our trees and the great service many birds in nest and their eggs, grub and tence, however, some qualification, a hopeful sign that the line of vision is out, etc., etc." city of Winnipeg least, this is certain. For the last seven years has been continually ruthless destruction of all kinds by young "there does not appear diminution of this cruel slaughter. I feared the habit is over the country. M boys, and even me constantly in the habit of the wooded banks of and other streams, among pieces and small the purpose of securing preservation, or for a aim, but merely for the thing. Anyone by the expenditure of and careful observation of this assertion.

It is, undoubtedly, a teach boys to handle a pleasant sight to see in a sensible and h. But it is obvious that teaching must go along with the use of Arming a boy with capable of destroying small scale, is only a pium on cruelty, unless instructed as to the pur he may, legally and h ploy it. Any boy into gun will naturally, and shoot at anything, b tial that a little com struction should accom mission to handle s tools.

The "cadet corps" with schools, "boys" "boy scouts," and a schemes for encouraging take a live interest in the empire, are wise other directions than in tarism," and should be giving the rising generation to the undoubted bipline, a power of self unconscious dignity un training of our young d ment of character ther the best kind too.

And, just here, at a gical moment in the young citizens, is the op instil into their youthf imperishable truth th and cruelty cannot exist person. It should add the work of the teacher to their pupils the ines vices which nearly all b the farmers' crops, as w trees of the forest; or of their drill instructo the fact that they may fend their country and without indulging in the struction of harmless beasts. Gather all our boys and girls, into or ciety of Friends of the the Field, and we shall do a mighty service to preserving the greatest national resources, now at an alarming rate. W to hear what our natura realize, imperfectly, it immense debt we owe to birds; the experiences of perts and rangers will o to the enormous destruc the free development of ir tails upon our forests and verv, very small propor birds do any actual h farmer, and even that is terbalanced by their services.

It has been the delight