

They ain't no sense, es I kin see,
In mortals, sech es you and me,
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents,
An' lockin' horns with Providence.
It ain't no use to grumble an' complain;
It's jest as cheap an' easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather an'
sends rain,

Why, rain's my choice.
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

RENOVATE A HAT

Dear Dame Durden,—Can you tell me please, how to renovate a black felt shape, which is somewhat faded, having been worn during a dust storm then become damp in a heavy dew? Advice on above will be gratefully received.

SNOWFLAKE.
(To renovate your black hat, remove all trimming and whisk it well. Then sponge thoroughly—repeating the treatment if necessary—with a cleansing fluid made of one-half ounce borax, one-half ounce gum camphor, dissolved in one pint boiling water to which, when cool, is added one pint alcohol. Shake before using.

A good cleansing fluid for any black goods is made by adding a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia to a pint of warm soft water and sponging the soiled article well.—D. D.)

TESTING PURITY OF WATER

Dear Dame Durden,—My letters to you have all been written "in my head," and as it would be hard for me to send it along, or to do without it, you have not had the benefit (?) of them.

There is not time for letters just now, but I want a little information. To what address can I send a sample of well water for testing its purity? How shall I pack it and how send it—express or mail? How much should I send?

Water has been a scarce article around here this summer, but now we have a well and are anxious to know if it is good water. One family near has typhoid fever, so one cannot be too careful.

M. B. W.

(Put a quart of the water as drawn from the well in a sealed bottle, pack the bottle in a box with straw or excelsior and send it by express to the Director of the Provincial Laboratory, Edmonton, Alta. Put your card or a slip of paper with name and address inside the box. Write a letter and send by mail to the same address, stating that you have sent the water and that you want an examination of it for bacteria.—D. D.)

SURROUNDED BY FLOODS

The cable dispatches did not tell very much of the destruction wrought by flood in Japan during August of this year. But a correspondent of mine gives a few details of the flood as she saw it in Karuizawa. This village is a favorite summer resort for Europeans living in China and India, as well as Japan, and many of them have built small summer homes there. My correspondent says: "We are having exciting times here in Karuizawa. Perhaps you have read reports of the big floods in Japan. Well, we are having them, and when I see what a fifteen days' rain can do I am ready to believe the story of the Flood twice over. Fifty-two inches of rain fell here in fifteen days, and the harmless little brooks became raging torrents, carrying death and destruction wherever they went. This has been changed from a delightful summer resort into a scene almost as desolate as the lava beds or the valley of Dry Bones.

"The rivers on either side of the village broke their banks and came rushing down through the town, turning the main street into a foaming river, washing away houses and filling others with sand and water. The tennis courts are buried four feet in mud and you can walk directly into the upstairs of half the houses left standing in the village. Railways are blocked and at first no supplies could come in and for a few days it looked as if we faced a famine. But vegetables are being brought in from some of the villages that escaped, and the governor of the district has sent two head of cattle for 'those meat-eating foreigners.' All the canned goods that wasn't washed away was quickly bought up and Mr. D— came home with a very funny assort-

ment, ranging from canned plum pudding to Nestle's Food.

"The rain has stopped now, the waters have subsided, and repairs are being made. I hate to go down to the village because everything is so desolate. We can't see the worst results from here, for our house is set on a hill. Mr. K— had just built a new house down in the valley, and not only was the house washed away but also the site on which it rested. Everyone had advised him not to build where he did, so he is doubly suffering. We sang 'On What Are You Building, My Brother?' for his special benefit. I never realized before how appropriate the words are.

"The places below us are in much worse plight than we are. Whole towns and villages have been completely washed away. The reports say that there are 85,000 people homeless in Tokyo and that fever and dysentery have broken out. We can't get back to Tokyo yet, though it is ordinarily only a six-hour journey."

DAME DURDEN.

PAPERING TROUBLES

Dear Dame Durden,—I am going to drop in for a little while this evening for a chat. I suppose you are all rested up now after your holidays and ready for hard work again.

We have had such dreadfully hot weather this summer, haven't we? It is a wonder, I think, that any of the crops grew at all; it was so dry. But we should be thankful we have enough grain for seed and feed and flour, as so many up west have none at all on account of the drought, and others lost by fire. Our garden is very good. We have nice, big cabbage heads in spite of the hot weather.

I wonder if any of the chatterers can tell me how to prevent paper coming off the walls and ceiling that has only been on not quite two years. The walls and ceiling were cleaned about a year before papering with alabastine. If we tear the paper all off how can we treat the walls to make new paper stick on, as we want to paper again this fall?

Here is a good chocolate icing recipe. It is very good and I have used it often. It requires no cooking, so there is no fear of making it too hard: One-quarter cup of unsweetened chocolate, one and one-half cups of white icing sugar, a piece of butter, a little vanilla. Wet the chocolate with a little hot water, then add enough milk (or cream is better) to spread nicely.

A WESTERN MAIDEN.

(You will need to tear off the old paper and scrape or wash off the alabastine, then wash over with a weak solution of glue and let dry before putting on the new paper. Add a scant tablespoon of washing soda in making each pot of paste and you will find it will adhere more firmly to the wall.

I had a very restful holiday. Am hoping our girl members will give us accounts of their vacations.—D. D.)

THE THRESHING SEASON

Dear Dame Durden,—It is a long time since I wrote, so I thought I would call again on the chatterers. I suppose you are all busy nowadays. It does seem good to think we have grain to thresh, as everyone thought there would be no threshing around here a month or so ago, on account of the dry weather.

We expect the threshers in about a week. We are not going to have the cook car this fall, as we had the last two years, so that will mean more work.

Where is Grannie? I never see her letters any more. I hope she is well.

Here is a good recipe for meat sauce: Four pounds of rhubarb, two pounds of sugar, one teaspoon ground ginger, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, three-quarters teaspoon pepper, one saltspoon of salt, one and one-quarter cup of vinegar. This makes only a small quantity. I nearly always use double this amount.

MOTHER-OF-FIVE.

(It is a long time since we heard from

Grannie, but, being an invalid, writing is not easy work for her. We will hope she is able to send us one of her good letters soon. Come again, Mother-of-Five, as soon as threshing is over.—D. D.)

FOR THE SICK MAN

For making ten gallons use three-quarter pound hops, ten teaspoons ginger, one cup molasses, ten cups brown sugar, three yeast cakes. Put hops, ginger, molasses and sugar in boiler, cover with water, boil two hours. Then put it in a vessel that holds ten gallons, fill with cold water, put in yeast cakes and leave for twelve hours. Drain and put in keg. Soak the yeast cakes in a cup of water a few minutes. Ready to use in a week. A. S.

(It was impossible to use the name you suggested, as it has been claimed for four or five years. But think up another, something mysterious, that no one can guess at your identity through. Don't stop writing on any account. We can't afford to lose you.—D. D.)

FOR BIRD LOVERS

Dear Dame Durden,—I have just been reading the letters in the Ingle Nook. I think I must be tainted with selfishness. I always get the good but give nothing in return, so I am going to write now, and if this escapes the waste-paper basket I may come again. Harvesting is in full swing now and it will not be long before we hear the hum of the threshing machine. Then it will be the busy time for us farmers' wives that have no help. I wonder how many members have to do all their own work and keep children at school. Hired girls are so hard to get here; it is almost impossible to get one at all.

Well, dear members, if there are any that would like to have a canary, I have several young ones and three old female birds, all almost all yellow. One has dark wings. I will let them all go at one dollar each. I can not tell which are singers yet, but I must get rid of them; so if anyone wants to get one let me know without delay. Purchasers are supposed to pay their own express, but it amounts to very little. I will leave my address with the editor, Dame Durden. With love to all, I remain. Yours truly. Cook.

OLD IDEAS GIVE PLACE TO NEW

Dear Dame Durden,—Is it too soon for me to come again? I promised not to come empty-handed this time; so in view of the strenuous twentieth century war on the innocent (?) unsuspecting housefly, I give a few quotations from certain old writers, which these modern raiders would do well to lay to heart:

"I will not enter on my list of friends—Tho' graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility—the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

This, I think, is from an old spelling book:

"In yonder glass behold a drowning fly! Its little feet how vainly does it ply: Its cries we hear not, yet it loudly cries,

And gentle hearts can feel its agonies!" (Yes, and put it out of its misery!)

In a little talk with a group of children, a mother, or teacher suddenly exclaims:

"O look! there is a poor fly in the milk! Lift it out. Place it on this dry cloth—here in the sunshine. See how it tries to dry itself in the grateful warmth, wiping its wings with its legs! Now I think it will live. Always help, but never harm the helpless and harmless!"

"Fine feelings, but uninstructed," as Rev. Jekyl says of Nina Gordon's sentiments on slavery.

How it would grieve those dear old hearts to see the indiscriminate and

wanton slaughter of these harmless (?) creatures, now carried on with insect powder, fly pads, and "tangle-foot!" The wise ones tell us that flies carry disease germs, and must be fought to the death—banished from our homes, to have them sent to the cemetery. But by the time we learn to wage successful war upon microbes, bacteria, bacilli, etc., and the flies and mosquitoes (not to mention rats and cats), which carry and distribute them, we shall have learned so much of general hygiene, and come back to cuddle so close into the arms of Mother Nature, that the "germ bugs" can't hurt us anyway! Meanwhile, let us do our best to keep all these pests out of our homes.

My garden lemons are ripening in hundreds, and no one tells me how to preserve them. I must experiment. I also send a harvest song I wrote last year on the prairie, under the inspiration of the "yellow, mellow harvest days."

AUNT SARA

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