

The Ingle Nook.

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 If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published.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

Perhaps some of you read, a fortnight or so ago, the account of the investigation into conditions at the Isolation Hospital, Toronto. Although the hospital officials were exonerated, as you may remember, it yet was made evident that some of the servants in the building had but little idea of the deadliness of bacteria or "germs," or the necessity of thorough disinfection after all exposures. Truly, it seems to take a long time to make people in general understand the constant necessity there is of guarding against harmful bacteria.

One's hands may look clean after waiting on a patient suffering from contagious disease, but they are not clean; they are poisoned, unless one takes care to wash them, after each service, with soap and water, with some disinfectant added to it.

A scratch or cut may seem but a trifling thing, yet the germs of blood-poisoning may be there, and the prompt use of disinfectant may save much trouble.

And so the list goes. Every house should contain in its medicine chest a few disinfectants. Carbolic acid is good, mixed with water before application. Iodoform is a splendid disinfectant, constantly used in hospitals. Listerine is of use in an emergency. There are many others.

Again, drinking water may look clean. But if it is in the slightest degree "smelly," if it is close enough to barnyard or cesspool to have any chance of drainage into it, if there is a case of typhoid in the close vicinity, that clean-looking water may be dangerous. Remove every possible evident source of pollution far from it, then, if there is still suspicion, but not proof, send a bottle of the water to an analyst, or to Frank T. Shutt, Chemist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Write him for directions and all information.

Winter is coming, and with it another danger. Have you ever been astounded to note how many people there are who seem to have no grasp whatever of the idea of ventilation? I know people right in this city, people who look as if they should know better, too, who never think of keeping their bedroom windows open at night, and who seem to imagine that an airing of the house once a day, in the morning, is quite enough. When, oh, when, will everyone understand that pure air at all times is as necessary to perfect health as is food itself, and that more colds are caught through sitting in over-heated rooms, or cold rooms filled with bad air (which are quite as injurious as hot ones), than in any other way? You readers of this column can at least be apostles of the gospel of fresh air. You can preach it in your own neighborhood, and so do more good than, perhaps, you well imagine.

Some people will say they "cannot stand draft." But it is quite possible

to have fresh air without draft. Every house should have a screen or two, but if it does not, screens may be very readily made to suit the occasion, a shawl thrown over a chair-back often being all that is necessary. Windows, too, may be drawn down a little at the top, and up a little at the bottom. Some fit a board at the bottom, to deflect the current upwards into the room, instead of letting it come straight in so that it blows upon people. The method is immaterial. Let the truth of the matter be grasped and devices will form themselves, and that truth may be expressed in very few words: "Impure air is poisoned air, and pure air must be admitted somehow from out-of-doors." Arrange the ventilation so that the poisoned air will be driven out and the pure air will take its place. If you have no perfected ventilation system built into your house, throw doors and windows open three or four times a day; keep windows open as widely as possible at top and bottom, contracting the openings only as the air becomes cold and the wind blows strongly in. "Ainsi-soit-il."

D. D.

A Trip to Niagara.

Sometimes I see in this paper descriptions of a pleasure trip that some of the readers have taken, and I should like to tell you about one I had to Niagara Falls this summer, and don't know that I ever enjoyed a trip so much.

We took the train about 6.30 a. m., and arrived in Toronto at 10.30. It was a special excursion train, and took passengers on at nearly every station; the ten coaches were packed full. It was raining when we started, but as the day wore on, the sun came out, and our ride to Toronto, mostly along the lake shore, was all we could wish for. We just had time at Toronto to catch the boat for Lewiston. Our boat was a fine one, the "Chippewa," and the sail on Lake Ontario and up the Niagara River was delightful.

We reached Lewiston at 2 p. m. Of course, we were on Uncle Sam's territory now, but opposite Lewiston is Queenston Heights, and about the first thing to attract your attention on landing is Brock's monument looking down on you.

We took the electric car from here to the Falls, around by what is known as the "Gorge route." I do not know how I am going to describe to you the trip along the river bank, with its magnificent scenery of rocks on each side, and the water dashing down through them like little falls. As we pursued our journey, we noticed the current getting swifter and swifter. Soon we come upon the Whirlpool rapids, and then from this point you catch a glimpse of the Falls in all their glory, pouring over the rock at a height of one hundred and sixty feet. The sight was grander than I had expected, seen through the mist that overhangs it all.

On reaching Niagara, we went over to Goat Island, and along Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side. We stayed there about an hour, and some places the spray was so thick, our clothes were nearly wet. About half-past three, while we were there, a man committed suicide by leaping over the Falls at Prospect Point. It certainly gave me "thrills." I have often heard that a spell comes over you at this place, and you want to jump in, but this man came from Syracuse purposely to do this.

As we had a great deal to see in a short time, we thought it better to move on. We did not do much sight-seeing in Niagara. We saw there, though, the only

woman who went over the Falls and came out alive. She has a stall on one of the streets, and sells photos of herself, taken just after she had made the descent. If you buy one, she will explain all about her trip. She is a very common-looking woman for such a daring deed.

We saw quite an amusing scene on the cars coming over from Lewiston. An engaged couple (I am sure) sat directly across the aisle from me, and, in order for her to get a good view, she thought it was necessary for her to sit on his knee part of the time. Finally, they took to kissing each other, and using those endearing words that only they know how to use. At last I felt I would have to say something or "burst." Although the things I said to my companion were quite suitable to the occasion, the engaged ones did not think so, and if looks would kill, I should not be alive now to tell you about it. I was hoping they were Americans, but, shameful though it is, they were my own countrymen, and almost neighbors at that. It nearly spoiled the effect of the Falls.

Next we took a car for Buffalo, a ride of about twenty-five miles. We got in Buffalo about six o'clock, and went to spend the night with friends. That night we went to a good show and visited a few other places. Buffalo is a fine old city. We took in some of the principal places the next morning. We saw McKinley's monument, and the house where he died. At 11 a. m. we took the car back to Lewiston, and the boat to Toronto. We got in Toronto that afternoon and stayed until the next day—for as yet we had seen nothing of Toronto.

That night we went out to Scarborough Beach, and I got on all the scenic railways and water-chutes I could. Some, I suppose, think I am silly, but I thought it was fun, if I am a grown-up young lady.

A gentleman of the city had promised to show us about next morning, and we were to meet him at nine o'clock. I stayed with a friend that night, and did not awaken next morning until my sister came over from the hotel at twenty minutes to nine for me to go down town, and I was in bed yet. Well, I hurried that time, for sure. I had some four or five miles to go by car to reach that appointment, but you know the old saying, "More haste, less speed," and I proved it true, for in my efforts to run and catch the car, I stepped on my skirt and tore a jagged piece out, right in front. Of course, that did not add any to my appearance. However, we reached the place just as our crowd was moving off.

Well, we visited the noted places that forenoon, and I was beginning to think our fun was about over, when I awoke to the fact I was no longer in possession of my purse, which contained my return ticket, besides my money. When you know you must do a thing, somehow you manage to do it, and I knew I had to find it. At last I remembered I had been at the hair counter in one of the stores last, so I rushed in and began tossing rats and puffs at an awful rate, much to the clerk's consternation; but I found it, and then I tried to explain. Rats and puffs seem very suggestive to me now.

We took the noon train from Toronto, and arrived home tired and rather delapidated, but happy. The next time I go on an excursion I shall wear a very short skirt, and carry my purse in my stocking, if necessary.

[From a correspondent who forgot to sign name, or pen-name.]

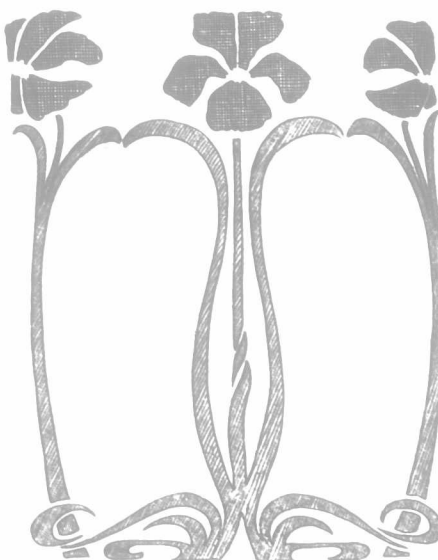
Some Extra Hints on Stencilling.

The following points have been gained from an authority on stencilling:

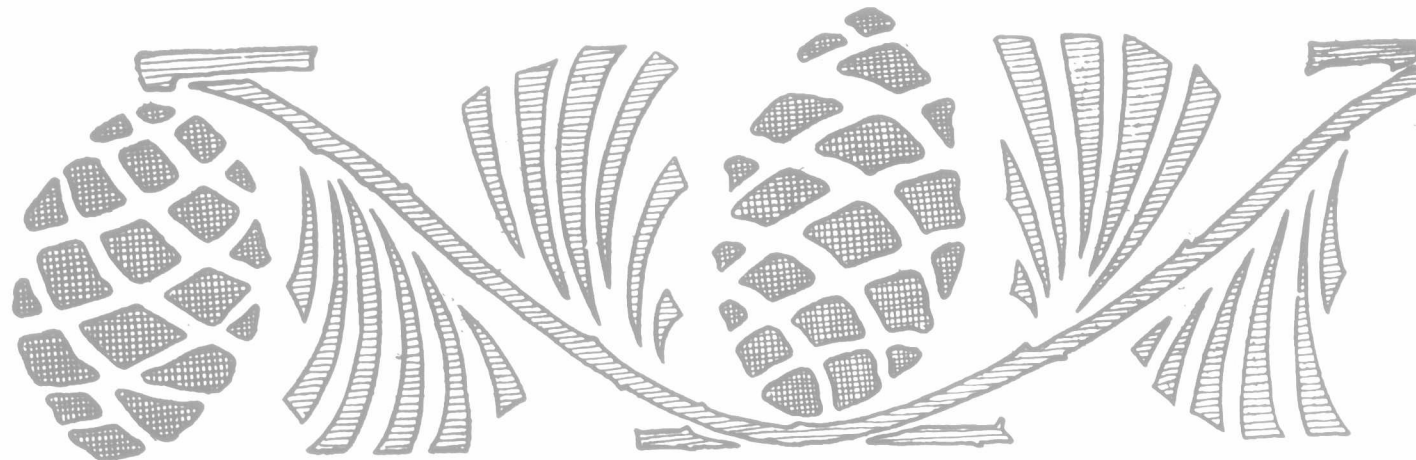
Have two or three oil brushes, with medium-stiff bristles, and try all colors, after mixing with the turpentine, on an extra piece of the material. By so doing you will get the right proportion of paint and turpentine, and be able to avoid having the color run, or having it look painted. The paint should never show as paint, but should have the appearance of colored textile.

As a rule, have colors dull. Have the green a dull green. To make it, mix yellow and blue, adding burnt sienna, and, perhaps, a little Vandyke brown, if a dull olive is required; or white, black, and a little extra blue, if a dull sage-green is liked. Blue may be given the pretty, old-blue shade, by mixing it with white and a little black; indeed, most bright colors may be softened by adding white and a little black. For a pleasing dull red or terra cotta shade, use Indian red.

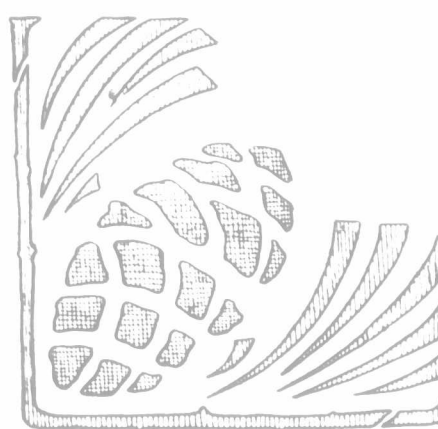
All of these paints may be procured at a hardware store. Ask for artists' tube paints. With a selection of white, Prussian or permanent blue, burnt sienna, Vandyke brown, chrome yellow, black, Indian red, and crimson lake, you can have nearly all the shades you will ever



Designs for Dull Purple and Dull Green.



Pine-cone Design for Cushion Cover, Curtains, Table Cover, Etc.



The Corner.