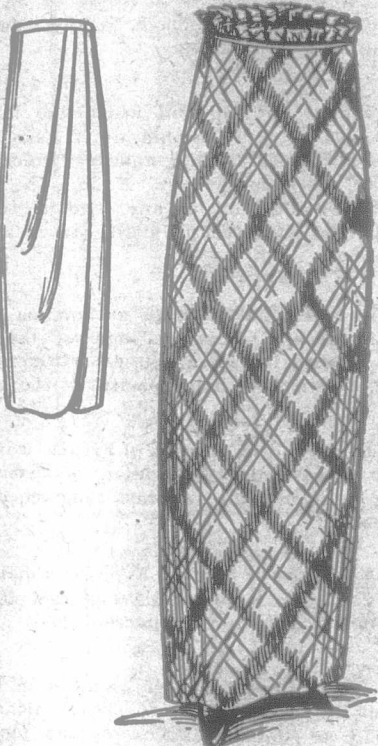




8073 Two-Piece Draped Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.



8002 One-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
8069 Coat with Empire Front and
Belted Back, 34 to 42 bust.



8167 Boy's Box Coat or
Reefer, 4 to 8 years.



8161 Bath Robe for
Misses and Small
Women,
14, 16 and 18 years.

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 If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published.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.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Now that gardening and all the happy problems and suggestions of the open fields are in the air, it has occurred to me to tell of a book that I have been reading, lately, published, by the way, by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, at the price of \$1.25. The name of the book is "The Valley of the Moon,"—attractive that, isn't it?—written by Jack London, who has forged his way ahead as one of the most popular novelists of the day; a writer of the open air, and the open road, and the wild things of field and forest,—worthy to rank with such lovers of animal life as Chas. G. D. Roberts, W. J. Long, and Ernest Thompson Seton, as those of you who have read "White Fang" and kindred volumes will recognize.

In "The Valley of the Moon," however, Jack London confines himself most of all to humans, after all, the most fascinating of life studies. It is a story of California, a story that revolves about a class of people of which you, on your farms, and I in my office, know next to nothing. The scene opens in a reeking city laundry, where girls, smothering in steam and heat, sweat over ironing dainty white things for more fortunate women to wear. It shifts to the street, to a sordid home, thence to a Bricklayers' picnic and dance which come as a breathing space into many workworn lives, and where, incidentally, the two main characters of the story, Saxon and Billy, meet, as young folk will.

Billy has been a prize-fighter, and he talks all the slang in the calendar, all that has been invented up to the very last Twentieth Century minute, as, indeed, do nearly all of the men and women who float through these first pages, before "the valley of the moon" is reached; but you recognize him at once as one of Nature's gentlemen, and you are prepared to find that before long he gives up prize-fighting.

Saxon, too, is a fine woman to the core—in fact, quite the finest character in the book. With few opportunities, she knows and feels the "fine things" of

life, and when Billy for a time lapses—for Jack London is too true to life to bar out the possibility of that—she stands "game" and is his saving angel.

There are horrible events following upon a strike, so realistic that one seems to be in the midst of it. Indeed, from start to finish, the book breathes real life,—there is not a stuffed figure in it. The men are real men, the women are real women, and the circumstances are such as might occur in any large city of to-day.

Inevitably, during and after the strike, everything connected with this reeking phase of city life falls, for a time, into chaos. Saxon is sick of it all, and thus it is that she proposes to Billy, now her husband, that they go "over the hills and far away" in search of land.

Like two precious innocents they start out, with a knapsack, a kettle or two, a few dollars, and a ukulele, heading straight for the country, and the latter half of the book is given up to an account of their wanderings and their revelations as they go on under blue Californian skies. They pass through the farming districts taken up by Portuguese, Japanese, and Chinese, where the land is given over to intensive culture and so enriched, and worked, and cropped, that ten acres yield as much as fifty cultivated by ordinary, wasteful, American methods. They notice how, in the vegetable gardens, crop is made to succeed crop, in the same season; they are impressed with the constant tillage,—the people seem to be "always turning over the land,"—and they learn much, especially from a Mrs. Mortimer, who has made a small fortune by using her head even more than her hands. Eventually they drop among a crowd of simple-living folk, artists and great writers, to whom intellect means more than possession of mere things. Everywhere they learn, and strike balances, and so, eventually, they reach their "Valley of the Moon," as sane as people may be who have seen all sides of life.

One wishes, toward the end, that Billy would drop a certain favorite expletive that comes to his lips all too frequently, and one wishes that Mr. London had not made things quite so easy by bringing in a convenient landslide to expose a hillside of "paying" brick-clay; nevertheless, the book is one of exceptional interest. If you think you are tired of country-life, read it. It may be salutary,—and suggestive. Incidentally, it may help you with your gardening.

JUNIA.

LIVING-ROOM FURNITURE.

Dear Junia,—Please state in "The Farmer's Advocate," what furniture should be found in a living-room, and oblige

A FRIEND.

Halton Co., Ont.

Put in a living-room anything that adds to comfort and enjoyable living: comfortable chairs, a couch with cushions, a good, strong table for books and papers, a bookcase for favorite books, and the piano. Have sash-curtains, a "fireplace" if possible, and a few pots of flowers, also a few good pictures (paintings or prints) on the walls, but eschew bric-a-brac and gimcrackery as you would poison. Fragile vases, junk, and footstools that fall over at the sweep of a skirt, have no place in a living-room.

TO REMOVE TAN.

"An Interested Person," Parry Sound, Ont., wishes a recipe for an application to remove tan—"March-wind tan." Wash the face every night with a mild soap and warm water, rinse well, dry, and apply at once a little lemon juice mixed with a little buttermilk or cream. Before going out into the wind, rub a little good, cold cream into the skin, and dust with powder. . . . A few drops of tincture of benzoin added to the water in which the face is rinsed is very good; a still stronger bleach is peroxide of hydrogen, applied pure or very slightly diluted. The latter, however, has a tendency to dry the skin if used too often. It should never be permitted to touch hair or eyebrows, as it will take the color out of them.

BUFFALO MOTHS—COCOA PIE.

Dear Junia,—Housecleaning time will soon be here, and I come to you for help. Can you tell me what is a good thing to use in wiping out wardrobes and dresser drawers, etc., to prevent

buffalo moths from making their homes there?

Here is a recipe for cocoa pie. I have not noticed it in the paper. One cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons cocoa. Cook. Use white of egg for top.

Can you give a pattern of crochet bedroom shoes, with soles crocheted, too? Peel Co., Ont. B. C.

I know of no preparation which, used as you say, will keep out buffalo bugs. The best security against them is to pack the clothing in tight cedar chests whose covers fit very closely. I had one of these made at a planing mill last year, and found that it cost less than those made ready for sale, which run at about \$18. Cedar boughs and plenty of moth-balls scattered among the clothes will be found helpful against buffalo bugs, and certainly against ordinary moths. An uncorked bottle of chloroform is also recommended, but I should be much afraid to use that lest someone might forget about it and be overcome by the fumes. By the way, I have been assured that the constant use of a vacuum cleaner in a house will effectually eradicate all kinds of moths, the buffalo species included.

A plentiful use of benzine or gasoline will kill both buffalo bugs and their eggs, should they appear, but if you use it, do be careful that doors and windows are open, that there is no fire or light about, and that no one is permitted to light a match or come in with a lighted pipe or lamp until the fumes have been completely evaporated. The fumes of gasoline are very inflammable, and explosions causing death and suffering, and much loss of property, have often occurred through just neglecting to be careful in this particular. The application may have to be repeated at an interval of about a week to catch any stray specimens that may hatch out.

I have no pattern of bedroom shoes with crochet soles, but should imagine that the soles could be very easily done in plain, tight crochet.

FROM SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.

Dear Junia,—Hello, once more! Although I have not written for some time, I have read with interest all the letters. I was a school teacher for eleven terms, and can sympathize with the teachers in their little trials and tribulations. Girls, keep your mind on your "Sun," your duty, that which regulates your day's life. Of course, our duty as teachers is a pleasure when we have God's hand guiding; if not, why are you pretending it is your duty at all?

If ever at our daily task the Sunshine is not on our faces, we should be careful what we do. It is in our dark hours of darkness, when anger, hatred, bad temper, cloud the countenance that evil things are said and done which cause bitter heart-rending and penitential tears.

In the course of my wedded life I have found this to be comfortably true: As long as the Sunshine glows and beams on my face, troubles keep their places behind, where they worry not, nor make me stumble. Also, each dark cloud has a most beautiful silver lining.

After the excitement and the busy worry and toil of the day comes the beautiful twilight, and although mother is tired and weary, the voice and prattle of the little ones cheer her on her way.

We should all prize our teachers if they are faithful to their duty. Our child's character is moulded by the teacher at the day school, as he spends most of his time in her presence and the happiest part of his life is at school.

I had a very busy fall, and our home has been sadly afflicted, my husband's mother being paralyzed, entirely helpless and speechless, and O, how it makes us stop and think why these things should be! But God moves in a mysterious way. He gave us strength to bear the Cross, no matter how heavy to bear, and the neighbors all gave a helping and willing hand, and I believe, although Old Onslow is behind in not having a telephone, daily mail, or train service, she can boast of having the most God-like people I know of anywhere. We have proved it twice. When we lost our little darling, Kenneth, aged two years, we were all as one family, and now this fall we are the same old family again, so many willing hands to help. So, readers, always lend a helping hand when your friend needs it, to care for the helpless, that is in sitting to care