

needs, its dangers, its possibilities should appeal to the noblest and manliest of our patriotic sympathies.

Forbid that this young land should fall prey to the selfishness and greed of individuals or corporations, that corruption and vicious motives should creep into her high offices, that she should be strapped into the harness of mere partyism. Forbid that class divisions and social evils should steal in to thwart the beneficent purposes of her institutions.

Yet, come they will. There will be crime and vice. Intemperance will cast its blighting shadow over happy homes. Evil, degrading influences will infest the dark places in our cities. Our best and noblest institutions will be put to the test. It is for them to prove the high principles which actuate their existence.

It is for the great Dominion to look to the well-being of this young branch of the mother-tree. It is for our representatives to stand firm in the right, to be ever watchful and faithful in the trust they hold. It is for every individual who has cast his lot in this new country to dedicate its soil to the fostering of a noble people—a people whose lives and works may tend toward the final fulfillment of the Creator's mighty purpose.

### The Last Dance.

Just one more dance! This is the last.  
The happy hours have fled.  
Which shall it be?—the maiden feels  
A sudden thrill of dread.

Why should it mean so much to her?  
The dance will soon be done.  
What can it matter which she takes?  
Her choice must fall on one.

Gay Harold pleads with easy grace,  
"Fair lady, dance with me."  
He talks so well and looks so bright,  
He must be successful be.

Yet Laura looks up in his face,  
And feels with instinct keen,  
That words and manner are assumed  
To hide a nature mean.

Poor Ralph, in eager, wistful tones,  
Pleads tremblingly his cause.  
She knows his heart is sound and true,  
What need for her to pause?

The choice is made, a final choice,  
For honesty and truth  
Win trust and love, when falsehood  
Falls,—  
Young Ralph's the favored youth.

### Be a Happy Old Maid.

If it is appointed that you should not be mated on earth, be happy by:  
Having so much to do that you cannot get morbid and lonely.

Never thinking you are unattractive, and always striving to look charming.  
Being so considerate for others that the happiness they feel will be reflected in your face.

Cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, so that you will never truly grow old.

Waking up cheerfully in the morning and closing your eyes thankfully at night.  
Believing that your life has been mapped out for you, and that, in the end, everything will be clear and right.

Doing with your whole energy the duty that lies nearest you.

Recollecting that a happy old maid can be God's own sunshine, in sorrow or joy to those of the family who have the cares and troubles of the wedded.

Always being willing to make a suggestion, or do an act which will help somebody else.

Never indulging in unkind thoughts or words about anybody.

This is the way to be a happy old maid. When you begin to think of it, however, these are the rules that would make a happy woman in any station of life. Try them!

Use a clean firebrick instead of the ordinary iron stand, and your iron will retain its heat much longer. The usual iron stand not only admits the air to the bottom of the iron, but it conducts the heat from it. The brick, being a non-conductor of heat, retains the heat in the iron much longer.



Dear Friends,—

I wonder how many of you are rejoicing with all your might in the thought that even February is wearing away, and that the cold winter can't last so very much longer? Of course there are the happy few who love the cold weather; but there are, too, the great majority (among the women, of course) to whom winter seems like a term of partial imprisonment. No matter if one does get out in a sleigh on Sundays, and three or four times a week, there is still the consciousness of being hedged in, of being compelled to walk in that one little path between the gate and the house, or the barn and the house, maybe; of being defied off one's own lawn by those great watchdogs of snowdrifts; of being shut out from field, or prairie, or woodland, towards which one can just look with a great longing to see once more the sweeps of green, the patches of dandelions, and wild rose, and strawberry blossoms; the cool shades in the woods, the wild birds, and the grasshoppers, and all the other curious little things that may be seen in summer just for the looking. And then the sounds—those country sounds! The ripple at the lakeside, the murmur of the brook, the swish of branches, the chorus of frogs in the marsh, the tinkle of a far-off cow-bell, the silvery song of the meadow lark from the hay lands, or the gurgle of the little song sparrow that sings with all his might not half a dozen rods away from you! Or perhaps one remembers the summer nights best. Those glorious nights, bright with a full moon, in which, possibly, lured by the quiet of it, you ran off for a few moments, just by yourself, and felt that you could understand what the poet meant when he wrote:

"My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,  
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,  
By each rude shape, and wild, unconquerable sound."

However, we must grant you winter-lovers that there are some pleasures which belong to your favorite, one of which, judging from the rollicking gayety described in the following prize essay written by Miss K. C. McDiarmid, must assuredly yield

the palm to few midsummer frolics. I would suggest that the ghost's parade, notwithstanding its gruesome name, might be a very pleasant sort of carnival with which to give a final "send-off" to the skating season. This essay as given has been somewhat abridged.

### A Ghosts' Carnival.

By Miss K. C. McDiarmid, Ormond, Ont.

One of the jolliest ways of spending an evening, when there is a gathering of skaters, is a "ghosts' carnival." Enthusiastic skaters will enter into the plan with avidity, as it holds the charm of the unique, and requires very little trouble in preparing for it. The skaters come dressed in their gayest costumes; fancy characters may be represented, if the extra trouble is not objected to. Over these are worn long white garments made to cover the figure, but not long enough to interfere with the free motion of the feet; also a scull-cap made to cover head and neck, small holes being left for eyes, nose and mouth. As the participants arrive, silence should rule, and every precaution be taken not to disclose identities. Each one should carry a torch, and fires should be built in a circle at regular intervals apart. Japanese lanterns may be hung where the "darkness of the shadows" overcomes even the whiteness of the snow, and add much to the brilliancy of the effect.

The ghosts should now glide through a serpentine in and out between the fires, waving their torches. If the scene is beautiful at any time, it is inexpressibly weird and grand now, the glimmering broken silver of the ice showing between the ghosts as they flit about, every icicle and frost-covered twig turned by the magic touch of the firelight into delicate sprays of coral; while like majestic witnesses on the banks, the shadowy trees like "nuns shrouded all in gray in silence stand," the delicate tracery of their branches silhouetted against a sky as deeply and intensely blue as only a winter sky can be.

When the march is ended the hods are removed, and the evening ended in whatever way strikes the individual fancy. Prizes may be given to the best skater, or to the one wearing the most original dress. A "ghosts' carnival" enjoyed under auspicious conditions (a moon lit evening, and a smooth expanse of ice) is a continuous series of delights from start to finish.

Just one thing is bothering me

about the Ghosts' Carnival, Miss K. C.—about those fires—wouldn't they crack the ice? However, if there were any danger of this, and the water were deep underneath, I suppose the fires might be dispensed with, eh?

The last prize essay, by Miss Hattie Sleep, Port Whitby, Ont., I shall not publish just now. It was so decidedly "Christmassy" that we have thought it better to hold it over, and publish it in time for the Christmas season when it comes again. I want to tell Miss Hattie, however, that her essay was one of the best, neatest, and most beautifully written that I have received. I congratulate her on it most heartily.

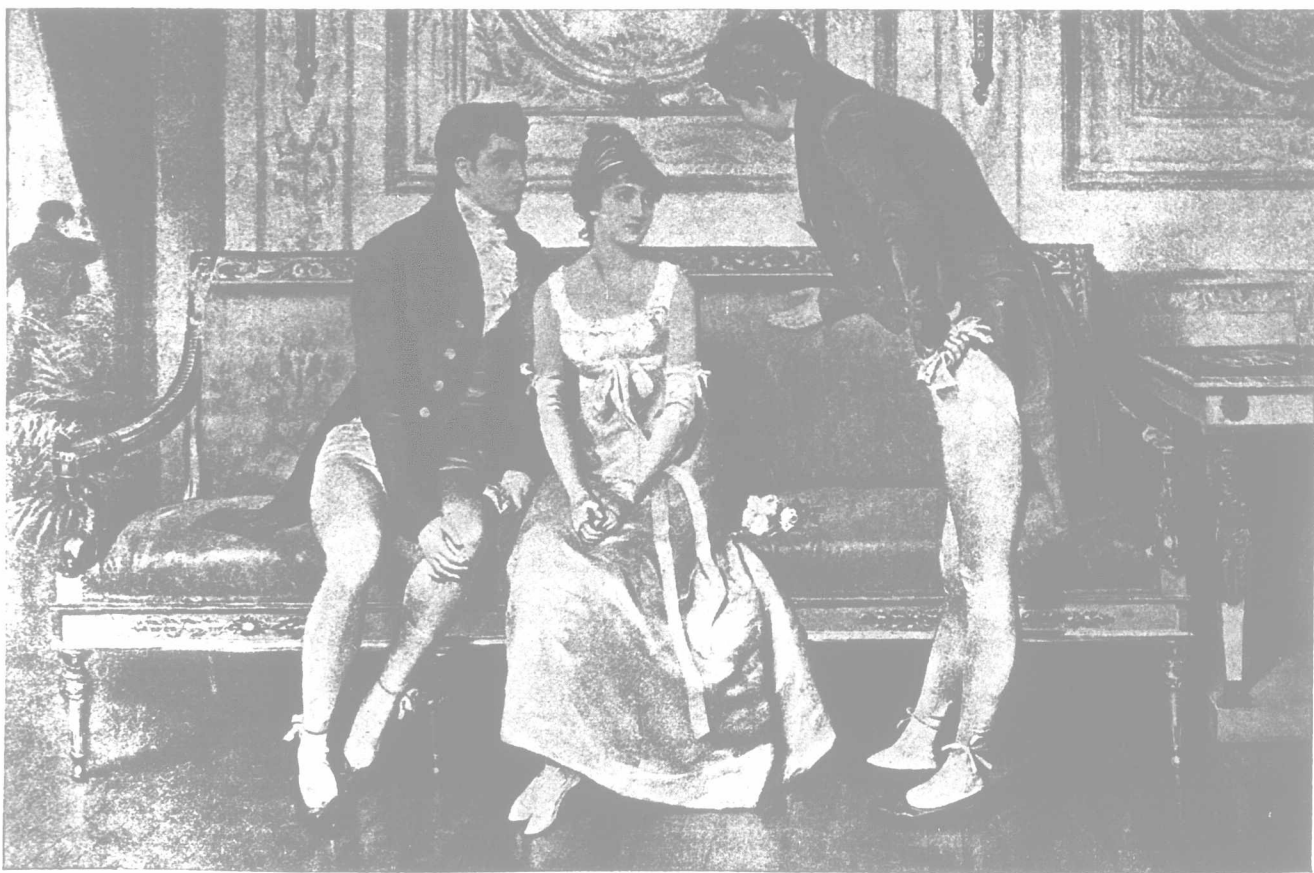
Our second letter to-day is one to date from. It is, in fact, our very first from British Columbia, and an interesting, encouraging letter it is. We sincerely hope "Pacific" will come to us again, and tell us some interesting things about her Province in the far West.

Our letter from B. C.:

"Dear Dame Durden,—Not only will the bachelors and lonely men benefit by recipes sent in by competent housekeepers and published in the 'Ingle Nook' department of the 'Farmer's Advocate,' but many a busy wife will also be grateful for hints on preparing simple and nourishing meals easily and quickly prepared."

"I notice in your issue of 6th inst. a recipe from A. B. C. for a steamed pudding. No doubt there will be a number of housekeepers (male and female) who have no steamer. To such I would suggest putting the batter in a five-pound lard pail, cover with lid, and set in pot of boiling water. Keep water boiling until pudding is cooked, the time required given in A. B. C.'s recipe. I have found borax water a satisfactory way for washing hair brushes. Dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in a half cup of boiling water, pour into one pint of lukewarm water (soft water preferred); move the bristles up and down in the water, without wetting backs of brushes; dry standing on bristles. I wish to you, dear Dame Durden, success in your special department, and to the 'Advocate,' in all its branches, with a large increase of subscribers, as it worthily deserves. I hope that any who know of easy methods of housekeeping will share with others their knowledge, and thus lighten the labors of many an overworked and weary wife, with many of whom leisure is unknown."

"I sometimes wonder if a 'farm,' free from debt, will be worth the struggles, the privations, the weariness, of these present years. When cares are not pressing too heavily, then I say, 'yes!' and I think with 'Ralph Conner' that 'the years will bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweet-



The Last Dance.