

passing out without ealed stone. e body is like we can only under-ich fit into our ownobably S. Peter andad seen their Lordhe mountain, realizede appearance of thet His body was nowd disappear, accordand was unfetteredn of the earth or the

ie to speak more onept to remark thatthe possibility of athe ground that it isand that "miraclesare speaking very un-uxley said that theie Bible were meree the miracles ofat the question wasof evidence. We, whoolid bodies by they, can listen to thewho have long beenof a phonograph, andousands of miles in-not to speak of-ly impossible com-ry day—should hard-that anything is im-

INCOMB (HOPE).

Y SOCIETY

ERS OF THE SEASON

nber an old schoolsing with more vigorended with "The laste game"? That linecontest of this seasonmbers and interest,leasing prophecy forour Literary Societyway, if an idea strikesat you think wouldLiterary Society nexte of it or drop a cardt while it is fresh in

rs in this last contestrs who had no errorsThey are Mrs. D. G. Miss Clara Shorman,iss Annie Garnett,rdie Gill, Manitoba,their preferences inention, I think, aree three errors or lessd these are Miss A. itoba; Miss Pansy;a; Stanley Fuller,J. Hunter, Ontario;lum, Saskatchewan;Manitoba; Miss I.an; Miss M. Lackey,. Tallant, Saskatche-orn, Manitoba; Mrs.atchewan.

es for a prosperousfor a grand reunioour pleasant com-ory used in the con-

OF TRUE LOVE

ne was Maud Mullerhis story. She wasd Village and was asas a Fairy Queen.of educating theirts left their nativey where they rentedven Gables. Here daughter wouldhed of some worthybe able to furnishy of Hard Cash;ed to carry out theirily for a while hadd of having theirrealized. Her mosta beautiful blondeEyes and was calledy had some artisticd to keep a Sketchthem much amuse-so a young man toten showed it, andur Mutual Friend.

Soon our heroine became suspicious that the young man was more attentive to her friend than to herself, so she began to play The Spy upon him. Put Yourself in his Place and you can understand how he felt. Her worst fears were soon realized, for she saw the young man give her friend The Ring and heard the young lady say he might call in The Little Minister. As they lived in a seaport town, the couple took one of the Ships That Pass in the Night and at once started Westward Ho. Meanwhile the parents of our heroine

were compelled to keep The Old Curiosity Shop for a livelihood, and finally returned to their native Hamlet. The girl was alone in her room one evening when she heard someone singing, "Come into the Garden, Maud," she obeyed the request, and found the singer to be a young man known in the village as Sentimental Tommy. Not very long after a friend met them at the station waiting for a train. "Quo Vadis?" he said to them, and with a smile and a blush they told him they were on Their Wedding Journey.

INGLE NOOK

THE HOUSEWIFE'S SPRING

SOME HINTS ON THE SEASON'S WORK WHICH WILL BE FOUND HELPFUL TO HOUSE WIVES

What is it? Surely you can guess, for every woman is thinking about it even if she be not yet actually plunged into the middle of events.

Housecleaning! Dear me, yes, pretty soon now the howl of the housecleaner will ascend to the very heavens, and the thump, thump, whack, whack of the carpet beater will be heard in the land. We can once more get ready to don dust caps, old wrappers and a worried expression, and armed with a broom, a pail and a mop, make war upon dusty corners and cobwebs. Not an agreeable subject is it, nor one on which to enlarge and expound. Nor am I going to do much of either. Perhaps though, you may find something useful among the various little ideas and suggestions in the following lines.

When the first warm days come and we feel the housecleaning fever throbbing through our veins, it is a good plan to just let our extra force expend itself in setting to rights the bureau drawers, trunks and boxes. As likely as not the next day will be cold and stormy and the "housecleaning fever" will have abated somewhat. If you have accumulated a lot of useless stuff around you, like old clothes, hats, etc., and really have no use for them, then give them to someone who would have. Many poor children could be properly clothed on some of the dresses which have been stored away to mildew with other rubbish.

"Needless waste makes woeful want" is an old saying which grandmothers told our mothers, a bit of wisdom which we gladly hand down to the rising young Canadians. But is it always advisable to save everything? nor it is not right to waste anything, but there are women who will save two inches of lace, which is never used in this wide world for anything but help fill a rag bag. They save old scraps, even the sleeve clippings when making a dress and nine times out of ten if a clipping of a particular dress is needed, it is like hunting for a needle in a haystack to find it.

Old papers, magazines, useless books, pieces of worn, old clothing and many articles too numerous to mention find their way into drawers and boxes which would be better in ashes. In the spring when housecleaning is being done the wardrobes look like the upheaval of a department store. It is all due to the desire to save, and the economical part of the housework is supposed to be in filling ragbags instead of saving in other respects. Have you any painting to do? Disagreeable, isn't it? Every time you enter the house you are greeted with an odor of turpentine and oil, so strong that it almost drives you out again. To stay indoors long almost surely results in a headache. It is said that chloride of lime left in a newly painted room will soon remove the odor. That's all right if you can tolerate the smell of the lime. Large vessels filled with water will be found efficient, especially if the water is changed frequently. I have heard that a wisp of hay put into the water made the treatment more effectual. Don't ask me why, for I don't know.

What is your spare room like, and what are you going to do to it this spring? It is one of those dreadful cold, clean, comfortless apartments with a never-used, don't-touch-me look,

Where everything is so exceedingly immaculate, from the pin-cushion, so fine that no guest would dare punch its puffed up glory with a pin, to the pillow shams that are so brave with starched ruffles that one fears to touch them. Have you ever stayed in a room of this description? Then you know what I mean. Do have your guest room so comfortable that it would be a pleasure to visit in it yourself. Let there be one comfortable chair, one that would invite one to remain in it for some time. A waste paper basket is something that will be appreciated by the occupant of the room. Let there be books, readable books and varied to suit different tastes. Nothing gives a room such a home-like, habitable air as a shelf of books, and believe me your guest will bless you for your thoughtfulness. How dreadful it is to lie awake for several hours on a strange bed, counting sheep and thumping the pillows to woo slumber, with not a scrap of printed matter in sight, when fifteen minutes of a soothing story would bring sleep. Don't forget matches either, also a lamp.

It is wonderful what a difference little things like these make to one's comfort, and the hostess who remembers them will find that her friends know how to appreciate the thoughtful acts. Are you going to be very ambitious and undertake to recover a piece of upholstered furniture that has grown hopelessly shabby. It sounds rather like an undertaking indeed, but if one goes at it carefully it is really not so difficult after all. It is wise to practice upon something one can afford to spoil, as upholstering is among the things easier said than done.

Here are a few hints that may help: In re-covering anything, as a chair or sofa, first remove the tacks which hold the edging-gimp, then remove the buttons, noting how they are applied. Loose all the edge tacks, take off the old cover, mark the middle of it, brush it well, and press very smooth.

Spread out covering flat and smooth, doubling it lengthwise, right sides together. Fold the old cover likewise, and lay it on as a pattern, taking care to have the threads run the same in the old and new. Cut with very sharp scissors and sew up wherever seams are needed.

Next, put the middle of the new cover to the middle of the frame, tack it lightly with temporary tacks along sides and arms; then begin tufting straight down the middle, taking pains not to pull the new cover away. Thread a darning needle with strong twine, double and knot it, then stick it from the back through the top middle tuft, press the cover in with the fingers, arrange it in proper folds, pass the needle back, draw it tight, then bring it out again, thread a button upon it, and again pass it back. Fasten there and go on to the next tuft.

Work straight up and down, taking care not to draw the new cover so it will not reach. When the tufting is finished, lay the edge in proper pleats, tack down, and cover with new gimp.

Speaking of upholstering reminds me that cretonne is yearly becoming more popular. It has been in use for a long time, more than fifty years, but the lovely designs and colorings seen to-day are very different from the crude stiff material with outrageously ugly patterns that used to answer to the name. Especially is this material appropriate for bedrooms. It may be used for curtains, cushion covers, ottomans,

cosy corners, shirt waist or shoe boxes, and even the walls may be covered with it.

Most housewives are banishing the stuffy carpets and substituting rugs. This is a blessing at housecleaning time if at no other, for anyone who has ever pursued the doggedly resistant carpet tack, all the way round a large room with a dull-edged screw-driver knows what to think of carpets. If any knows better than she, it is the woman who has tried to hammer the tacks in for the second time.

Rugs are undoubtedly an improvement, whether viewed from an artistic or healthful standpoint. When large rugs are used put newspapers underneath just as would be done when laying a carpet. This not only protects the rug but makes it warmer in winter. Be sure your kitchen has lots of sunlight for the gleam of sunshine in a bright, cosy kitchen will make any woman work with a lighter heart than if she had to spend hours where all is cheerless in appearance.

If you can possibly afford it have linoleum on the floor and if not paint it a nice yellow.

Not long ago I was visiting a farmer's wife whose kitchen, though on the north side of the house, almost an affliction to any woman, but by taking special care was made to look cheerful and bright. The walls were papered with paper having a nice red color, the floor was painted yellow. The one window had curtains of white cheese cloth as neatly put up as though they had been of costly material. A lounge made of two long boxes placed end to end and nailed together. A mattress made the right size and filled with straw; over this was draped a cover made of red and white bedticking. There were two pillows to match. The covers would not fade and when washed and ironed would look as good as new.

Having a lounge in the kitchen, where you may spend the few waiting moments between the acts, as it were, in rest, is a splendid idea, for, while you are watching the cakes, bread pies, and the like, why not rest while you wait for your baking to brown. If you cannot afford to buy a lounge especially for that purpose make one. You will be surprised how much refreshment you will gain even for one minute's relaxation upon this improvised lounging quarter.

DELL GRATTAN.

HOT CROSS BUNS

Dear Dame Durden:—for some time past I have been a very interested reader of your very helpful page and have found a great many useful hints and recipes in it. It is a splendid idea to have a weekly paper like the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, which is useful to the women folk as well as the men.

I do not wish to be too much trouble but would like to secure a real good recipe for Hot Cross Buns for Easter. I hope you will be successful in getting one which I would like to have in at least two weeks' time.

With many good wishes for success in your column.

Sask.

S. A. D.

(I am afraid this recipe will not reach you in time, for your letter apparently was delayed in transit. Then, among the thousand and one recipes I have, there was not one for hot cross buns among them. Finally a friend supplied this one and I intended to send it to you by mail, but that was rendered impossible by the fact that you neglected to give your full name and address. So this is the best I can do:

Hot Cross Buns.—Set in the evening a pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, three tablespoons yeast and flour enough to make a thick batter. Warm the milk and butter together and add the yeast and flour. In the morning add two eggs, four tablespoons sugar, a half-teaspoon of mixed spice and enough flour to roll in the hand, not on the board. After mixing let stand till quite light, then make into buns, letting them stand four hours before baking. Just before putting in the oven brush the tops with sugar dissolved in a little milk and cut a cross on each bun with a knife. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes. I'd like to hear the results. D. D.)

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