



THANKS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Dear Dame Durden,—As I have enjoyed the many letters in the Home Magazine for over four years, and never felt that I had anything to write about until the subject of farm and city life came up for discussion, I think that I must give my opinion, along with the rest of my country friends. Perhaps they will have some idea of how much I have been helped by the many really good letters written by them on how to do housework on a farm, when I tell them that I was born and brought up in one of the largest cities in the United States, and had not the slightest knowledge of farm life, until after ten years of city life my husband began to long for the home of his childhood, and decided to return to the farm, where he had spent twenty years of his earliest life.

Six years ago we came to one of the most dilapidated-looking farms one could see in Canada. My husband had frequently sent money for improvements, but none had ever been made, and everything had gone to rack. I sat down and viewed the house in dismay, and such a longing for my city home, with all its conveniences, came over me that I think I should have died right there had it not been for the encouraging words of my husband. He pointed out the possibilities of making it an ideal home. This could readily be seen, but as it was then the first of November, nothing could be done in the way of renovating the house until spring.

Luckily, the house was substantially built of brick, and when that dreary winter had passed, we moved everything into the woodshed, took all the partitions out, and changed the plan of the house entirely. Everything was made as convenient as possible, but still the longing for my city home remained, for the barns and fences were just as dilapidated as the house had been. That same fall the barns were overhauled, and repaired inside and out, and cement basements put under them. Some of the fences were repaired too, and a day's work prepared our front yard ready for sowing lawn grass seed in the spring.

All this improved the appearance of our home wonderfully, and the longing for my city home gradually began to fade away. All this time I had been trying to learn the ways of doing housework on a farm, for I found it very different from city housework. I could make bread, and knew how to cook, but there is a difference between getting a meal for three or four, and cooking for fourteen or fifteen threshers, as we sometimes have to do. We found help in the kitchen very hard to get, but succeeded at last in getting a girl at \$2.00 a week. I had great hopes of learning something from her, but soon found to my great disappointment that I knew as much as she did, and at the end of a month found her rather an expensive luxury, so I decided to learn from experience. My husband's people all lived within a short distance of us, but I was a stranger to them all, and it seemed they always pitied my husband, because he was foolish enough to fall in love with a city girl, so I looked to them for nothing, but determined that I would show them I could do farm work as it ought to be done, and set my whole mind on learning to do it thoroughly. About this time (our second year on the farm) an old gentleman called, for the purpose of getting subscribers for the "Farmer's Advocate," and our name was added to the list, and I am sure if the writers of those helpful letters could have seen how eagerly I read every word, they would be fully rewarded for writing. I have learned how to make butter that brings the highest market price, and cooking for threshers has no terrors for me now.

There is no doubt about there being more work to do on a farm than in the city, but if we do have to dress our own fowl and make our own butter, we know they are fresh, and we know our children are drinking good, pure milk, and

breathing fresh air, and enjoying freedom and pleasures that they cannot possibly have in the city; and if we have a little leisure, we can study the beauties of nature to their fullest extent, instead of sitting and counting the bricks in the next building, or looking out on the dusty pavement. Six years of farm life have made me love the country, and nothing would induce me to return to the city to live.

I hope this letter is not too long to publish, as I would like to write again on farm life as I have seen it for the past six years, and tell why I think so many poor farmers fail.

A CITY FARMER'S WIFE.

Norfolk, Ont.

We shall be pleased to hear from you again.

A REQUEST: GINGERSNAPS.

Dear Dame Durden,—In looking over Dec. 22nd number of the "Farmer's Advocate," I notice where Aunt Marjorie says she has had excellent bread from a recipe taken from a former number of the "Farmer's Advocate." Would some one kindly give the recipe referred to again, please?

We have been taking your magazine for nearly a year, and I enjoy the "Ingle Nook Chats" very much. I like to learn something new about housekeeping, and am pleased to hear of other housekeepers' methods.

Aunt Marjorie describes the "kitchen cabinet" splendidly; it is a very useful article to have in a kitchen. We were burned out two years ago. When we built our new house we did not add a kitchen, and have but a small pantry. I thought a kitchen cabinet would be handy under the circumstances, and so it is, as well as a pretty piece of furniture.

I would like to add a gingersnap recipe which I have used for years: Bring to a scald 1 cup molasses, and stir in 1 tablespoonful soda; pour it while foaming, over 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful ginger, beaten together. Then add 1 tablespoonful vinegar, and flour enough to roll, stirring the latter in as lightly as possible, by degrees.

I find a salmon can (with a hole made in the bottom, and the top taken off by setting it on the hot stove until the solder is melted) to be an excellent potato chopper. I also use large salt and pepper shakers on my range. They are very handy when cooking. Mine are nickel silver, and when cleaned once a week with whiting look very attractive. Further, I would like to add that a good cooking range is a great assistance to housework. I would like to express my appreciation of the "Home Comfort Range," which I think superior to all other ranges, as regards durability, good cooking qualities, and convenience, and if any of our readers contemplate purchasing a new range, I would, without hesitation, recommend the "Home Comfort," which will lessen the cares and troubles of a busy farmer's wife. I will close, wishing Ingle Nook every success.

AUNT MATILDA.

Halton Co., Ont.

ANSWER TO MARIE.

Dear Dame Durden,—In answer to Marie's letter of March 15th in the "Farmer's Advocate," I will just say it is different in my county. I have two brothers. They do all the milking in the winter, and always in the morning the whole year round, but I help them in the harvest time and all other busy times. I don't think their wives will have slave drivers for husbands. I do not think a farmer's wife has a harder life than any other man's wife. I am a farmer's daughter, and know just how hard the work is, and I prefer country life to town life. I think the boys know how to consider their mother and sisters, and that they will respect their wives, and not make slaves out of them. In my county there are so many im-

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provements in the house that it lightens the work. I would just as readily marry a farmer as any other man, and I think farmers' wives have just as easy a time as those who marry hired men.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Perth Co., Ont.

ORANGE MARMALADE.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been a silent reader of the Ingle Nook Chats for some time, and enjoy them very much. That is the page I always turn to first.

Now, I have a splendid recipe for orange marmalade, which some of the readers might like to try just now, when Seville oranges can be had. It is both better and cheaper than the bought marmalade. To every four oranges, take four pints of cold water, four pounds of sugar and one lemon. Put the quantity of water required into a granite pan; take the skin off the fruit, and cut into very thin strips, and with the fingers shred the pulp into very small pieces; put the pips into a cup and scald; when cold, strain the liquid into water along with fruit, and let stand over night; boil slowly for an hour, or until the rind looks transparent; then add sugar, and boil another hour from the time it begins to boil up the second time.

Manitoba.

YORKSHIRE LASS.

RE BUTTER BOWLS.

Greetings to the Ingle Nook readers: I have long been a reader, but not a contributor of the Ingle Nook Chats. Now, I wish to answer "Martha's" query regarding the best kind of a butter bowl.

Without doubt a regular butter-worker, as made by Wortman & Ward, London, is the best, especially if you have much butter to handle, and any handy man can make one. However, should your buttermaking be on a small scale, there is another kind that is a great improvement on the old round bowl. Get a cooper to make you a small hardwood tub with bevelled bottom. For handles, make slots in two of the staves, which should project above the tub proper.

This bowl has three advantages over the ordinary round one: it sits firm on your table, the water runs into the ditch as you work your butter, and it has a flat surface on which to print your butter.

HOLLY.

Oxford Co., Ont.

ANSWER TO MARTHA.

Dear Dame Durden,—May I reply to Martha's query regarding her butter bowls cracking? Butter bowls should not be scoured or even wet on the outside, as the wood swells and in drying cracks. My mother painted a new bowl on the outside with hot linseed oil or paint oil, and then it could be washed as much as the most cleanly could desire. After a year's wear the coat might be renewed.

Your interested reader,

Carievale, Assa.

GIRLIE.

MORMONS COMING TO ALBERTA.

The Calgary Herald of recent date states that the Mormon Church of Utah are the purchasers of the Cochrane ranch, the sale of which was reported in this paper some time ago.



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