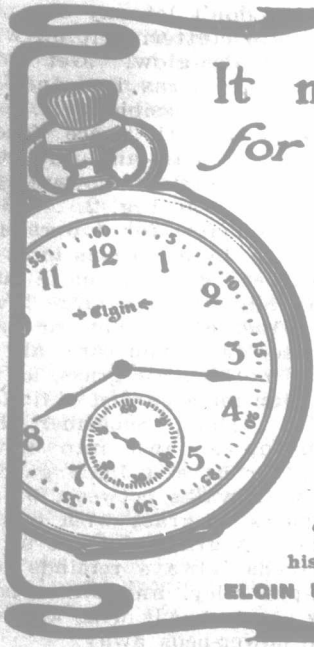


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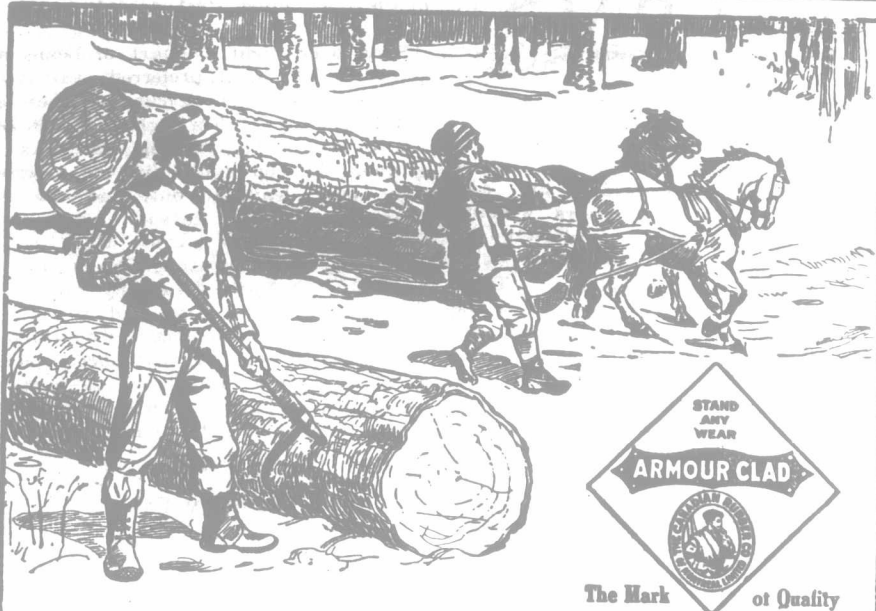
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Banbury Tarts.

Dame Durden.—In the last issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," "A Young Housekeeper" asks for a recipe for Banbury tarts. I send this recipe for Banbury filling, which may be used in tarts: Two cups chopped raisins, 1 cup hot water, grated rind and juice of one lemon, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cornstarch. Cook until thick. Let cool before using.

Ontario Co., Ont. **ETHYL WREN.**

Bologna—Canning Beef.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been an interested reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and especially the Ingle Nook chats. I enjoy them very much. As this is my first attempt, I hope you will find a few recipes I am about to send of use to someone.

Homemade bologna for summer use: Sixty-six lbs. of beef; 34 lbs. pork; 5 lbs. salt; 1 lb. black pepper; 3 lbs. of granulated sugar; ½ lb. cloves; ½ lb. salt-petre. Put meat all through a good chopper, and put all together and work well. Make cotton sacks about 12 inches long by 5 inches wide; pack the meat in sacks; hang up; dry well. Smoke slowly for three days. I have found this splendid for summer use. Also, for canning beef or sausage, I cook well, place in glass jars, pour over it half a pint of melted lard, have all very hot, and seal. Then, I turn the jars upside down, allowing all the lard to go to top of jar, and let cool. Beef or sausage will save well in this way. Hoping I have not wearied you, I remain,

INTERESTED READER.

Oxford Co., Ont.

We thank all of the above most heartily for their letters. Several are still held over, but will appear soon. **D. D.**

Songs Wanted.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have taken much interest in your Ingle Nook chats, but I have never seen any songs published. I am on the watch for three songs, and I have been thinking that you might be able to help me in getting them.

The songs are three old ones, viz.: "Nellie Grey," "The Burning of the Brooklin Theatre," the third one I do not know the name of, but the first verse is: "There's a beautiful island that lies in the West,

Where the science of bravery grows;
That green-crested island is Erin, the blest,
Where Aurora of Paradise glows."

Peterborough Co., Ont. **KITTY.**

Can anyone send the words of these songs? Many thanks for your interest, **Kitty.**

About the House.

Aunt Patsy's Meat Pie.

May I be allowed a few minutes' time, just for once, in "About the House?" The reason of my coming in this: A week or so ago I received a letter from Miss Reba Mills, Stratford, Ont., which ran as follows: "Dear Dame Durden,—If it is upon your invitation that Aunt Patsy comes to 'The Farmer's Advocate,' please have her every week. She is the very person for whom I have long been looking."

Of course, I started out at once to interview Aunt Patsy. What a time I have, to be sure, running about on errands for those Ingle people of mine! And yet, what a pleasant time, too! I found her as plump, and rosy, and good-natured as ever, and just as much interested in her housekeeping. But what a fluster she was in, when I stated my errand. You should really have seen the dear soul, when she sat down, quite overcome, and wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron.

"Good sakes alive!" said she, all in a flutter, "to think they should ha' thought so much o' my little way o' bakin' things! 'N' do you know, I felt kind o' bad when them two first letters came out in yer paper—seemed kind o' like givin' Tottie away. But then, these poor young things! 't isn't to be expected they'd know jist how to git the turn o' things like us that 's had a twenty years or more at it." And then she fell to

staring a hole in the carpet, and twisting at her apron-string.

I didn't say anything, because I knew Aunt Patsy was reaching a conclusion, and that when she had once given her word, it was to be depended on, rain or shine.

Presently she looked up, her countenance still full of perplexity.

"Ye'll not expect me to write them things?" she said.

"Oh no," I said, smiling in spite of myself, "I'll write them if you just tell me what to say."

Instantly the puckers cleared away, as clear the clouds after rain, to use a hackneyed simile, and Aunt Patsy's face shone again as bright as a sunflower; her face usually reminds me of a sunflower.

"I'm glad o' that," she said, getting up, "because, you know, the spellin' 'ud be dreadful. I'd rather git a dinner than write a letter any day. Well, how will a meat pie do to begin on? I've got one started in the kitchen, 'n' if ye'll follow me out, we'll jist finish it up. Meat pies is good in cold weather, 'n' savin'." Economy was always a strong point with Aunt Patsy.

We found the kitchen already filled with a savory smell which issued from a saucepan simmering on the lack of the stove. Aunt Patsy took off the lid, and the stew certainly looked very appetizing, and brown, with bits of red carrot here and there, not thin and pale and sloppy-looking, as so many stews do.

"This has been simmerin' here an hour and a half," she said, "an' here 's how I made it: First I put a desertspoonful o' drippin in the pan 'n' let it git jist smokin' hot, with a blue smoke comin' off of it. Then I turned into that half a pound o' round beefsteak, cut into bits, 'n' a bit of onion, cut fine—these, of course, I had all ready waitin'—'n' swished them both around with a spoon till they were nice 'n' brown. After that I shook in a tablespoon o' flour, 'n' stirred that around, too, until 'twas nice 'n' brown. Then I added slowly a couple o' pints o' water, 'n' put in some bits o' potato 'n' carrot—some likes turnip in too—'n' let the whole jist come to a boil. Then I set the saucepan back with a close cover on to simmer. Now I'm goin' to make the pastry." And she proceeded, without saying a word more, to mix up the dough.

"Haden't I better write this down?" I said.

"Oh no," she said, "It 's made the very same as that paste fer apple pie in the January 18th 'Advocate'; only tell 'em not to roll it out with a pin, jist pat it out like this, 'n' lay it on top o' the stew."

So saying, she first seasoned the stew with salt and pepper, then placed the sheet on, brushed it over quickly with a curl of white paper dipped in milk, and put the pie into the oven. "Sometimes I jist make a pan o' biscuits, 'n' split 'em, lay the bottom parts on a platter 'n' pour the stew over, then put the nice brown tops all round fer a garnish," she added.

I was still dubious. "I wonder if I shouldn't write down that pastry again," I said.

"No, my dear; jist let 'em keep their Farmer's Advocates, 'n' then they'll have things," she said. "I never did see the use o' wastin' 'specially lettin' books git tore up. Books 's great things; I know that, even if I can't spell. . . . Now, my dear, I'm glad to be able to help yer people. Tell that Miss Mills that. . . . But every week! My sakes alive, they'd be gettin' tired of Aunt Patsy! Come again in a month or six weeks, 'n' I'll see what we can do. . . . Ye won't stay to dinner, 'n' hev' some o' that meat pie? Well, some other day."

And so I left her, still smiling, in the doorway, with the prospect of another visit in the not-far-away future. **D. D.**

Recipes.

Currant Cookies.—One lb. "Five Roses" flour, ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, ½ lb. currants, ½ teaspoon soda dissolved in hot water, ½ lemon (grated rind and juice), 1 teaspoonful cinnamon. Drop in spoonfuls, and bake quickly.

Useful Cake.—One-third cup butter, 2 cups light brown sugar, 2 eggs. Beat all together. One cup new milk, 3 cups sifted "Five Roses" flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Beat well, and bake in layers.