

The Ingle Nook

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

A baby slept—
The mother kept
Love-watch in pondering lost,
For at her side,
With arms flung wide,
The wee form marked a cross.

She thought, perchance, with anguish keen,
Might Mary so her babe have seen—
By fearful intuition, then,
Foreglimpsed His fate who died for men.

The small arms fall—
From sun-lit wall
The golden beams creep down,
They ring with light
The soft curls bright—
And lo! He wears a crown!

The prayer of all Earth's motherhood
Was in her heart as rapt she stood:
"Dear God, on us look down, look down;
Grant me the cross and him the crown."
—VALANCE PATRIARCHE.

(Mrs. Patriarche is now a resident of
Winnipeg and adds one more to the
list of clever women of the West.—D. D.)

A NEW MEMBER

Dear Dame Durden:—I read with
interest the letters in our club, and
thought I would venture to write and
see if our clever sisters could solve a
couple of my difficulties, which I will
ask later.

line in washing silk gloves, waists, and
mull dresses?

I would be greatly indebted to any-
one who could provide me with a
shirred waist pattern or the whole dress.
I would like one shirred at the elbows,
yoke and yoke of skirt. I would like
to secure the latter and would pay or
agree to send something in return.
Hoping, Dame Durden, that I might
find help in your columns, I will sign
myself.

EIGHTEEN SUMMERS.

(In using gasoline work with it out of
doors if possible. If necessarily in a
room see that there is no fire and no
light other than daylight and so avoid
great danger of fire. Use plenty of gaso-
line and dash the garments up and
down in it as in water. Do not rub,
except very soiled spots. Rinse in
gasoline and hang in the open air.
Small articles can be put in a jar with
gasoline and shaken until the dirt drops
out.)

I used your stamps to write you about
one pattern I knew of, in case no mem-
ber has just what will suit you. You
are very welcome to our group.—D. D.)

ROYAL WEDDING SONG

The following poem was written by
Jean Ingelow, on the occasion of the
late King's marriage to Princess Alexan-
dra of Denmark:

Come up the broad river, the Thames,
my Dane,
My Dane with the beautiful eyes!



HOMELIKE SCHOOLHOUSE AT MARNY, SASK.

How many members were frightened
of Halley's comet? Our astronomers
were out quite a bit, weren't they?
It did seem queer to me that it could
be such a dazzling sight. At any rate
we are still here, toiling on with our
duties—that is those who have not been
frightened to death over the prophesied
results of so many. I will send a few
recipes if they will be of any value to
anyone:

MORE CANDY.—Two cups granulated
sugar, one-half cup milk, one-half cup
molasses, one tablespoonful of butter,
vanilla to flavor. Stir occasionally
while cooking. Before taking off add
one-quarter teaspoon of soda. Then
beat in a dish and cut in shapes.

MARBLE CAKE—Light Part.—One
cup white sugar, one cup butter, one-
half cup milk, two cups flour with two
teaspoons baking powder, white of three
eggs. **Dark part:**—One-half cup brown
sugar, one-quarter cup butter, one-half
cup molasses, one-quarter cup milk,
one-half nutmeg, one-half teaspoon
allspice, one teaspoon cinnamon, yolks
of three eggs.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Carefully crack
the nuts so the kernels can be taken
out whole, then blanch the almonds by
placing them in scalding water. Have
ready a pan of fine salt, and when the
nuts are all blanched place the warm,
wet kernels in the salt and set away
the pan until next morning. Next day
remove the kernels from salt and place
them in a clean pan. The salt which
clings to them will soon drop off. Place
the pan of nuts in oven to brown and
stand by, as they require constant at-
tention. Stir often and bake quickly
to a light brown. When done pour
them into a cold pan and let cool.
Serve in any pretty fancy dish.

Can anyone tell me how to use gaso-

Thousands and thousands await thee
full fain,
And talk of the wind and the skies.
Fear not from folk and from country
to part.

O, I swear it is wisely done:
For (I said) I will bear me by thee,
sweetheart,

As becometh my father's son.

Great London was shouting as I went
down,

"She is worthy," I said, "of this;
What shall I give who have promised
a crown?"

O, first I will give her a kiss."
So I kissed her and brought her, my
Dane, my Dane,

Through the waving wonderful crowd;
Thousands and thousands, they shouted
again,

Like mighty thunders and loud.

And they said, "He is young, the lad we
love,

The heir of the Isles is young;
How we deem of his mother, and one
gone above,

Can neither be said nor sung.
He brings us a pledge—he will do his
part

With the best of his race and name;"
And I will, for I look to live, sweet-
heart,

As may suit with my mother's fame.

AN ESSEXITE FOUND

Dear Dame Durden:—May I, too,
join your little nook? I read your
column with much pleasure every
week, but somehow I never seemed to
have time to write. What finally de-
cided me this time was your reply to
Lenora, saying you were from Essex
county.

I, too, am from Essex county; and I
often miss our fine fruit orchard at
North Ridge, but, still we can not have
everything, and this country has its
own advantages. I think we live busier
lives in Manitoba and have less time
to enjoy life, but this may not always
be so. At present I know I live a busy
life. I have four little children, four,
three, two and ten months, so they,
of course, take quite a lot of time; still
they are a great comfort, though they
do require a lot of care. I would like
some of the members who have children
to tell me how to overcome the habit of
crying. One of my little girls cries so

easily and is so hard to comfort. The
others are all right.

I would like to correspond with
Lenora, if she has time to write.

LIZBETH.

(I hope some member will help you
solve the problem of the little girl's
crying. Poor little lass with the sensi-
tive skin! You will be doing her the
greatest kindness possible if you can
help her to overcome her extreme sensi-
tiveness while you have her with you,
for out in the big world there is little
consideration for tender feelings. Come
again, won't you?—D. D.)

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