

of a far-away shot in his ears and darkness veiling his eyes.

He was awakened by Don's voice anxiously calling him.

"Are you hurt much, Hughie? Did he squeeze you?"

Hughie sat up, blinking stupidly.

"What?" he asked. "Who?"

"Why, the bear, of course."

"The bear? No, Man! It's too bad you weren't here, Don," he went on, rousing himself. "He can't be gone very far."

"Not very," said Don, laughing loud. "Yonder he lies."

Hughie turned his head and gazed, wondering, at the great black mass over which Don's black dogs were standing guard, and sniffing with supreme satisfaction.

Then all came back to him.

"Where's Fido?" he asked, rising. "Yes, it was Fido saved me, for sure. He tackled the bear every time he rushed at me, and hung on to him just as I climbed the tree the second time."

As he spoke he walked over to the place where he had last seen the dog. A little farther on, behind a spruce tree, they found poor Fido, horribly mangled and dead.

Hughie stooped over him. "Poor old boy, poor old Fido," he said, in a low voice, stroking his head.

Don turned away and walked, whistling, toward the bear. As he sat beside the black carcass his two dogs came to him. He threw his arms round them, saying, "Poor old Blackie! Poor Nigger!" and he understood how Hughie was feeling behind the spruce tree, beside the faithful dog that had given him his life.

As he sat there waiting for Hughie, he heard voices.

"Horo!" he shouted.

"Where are you? Is that you, Don?" It was his father's voice.

"Yes, here we are."

"Is Hughie there?" inquired another voice.

"Losh me! that's the minister," said Don. "Yes, all right," he cried aloud, as up came Long John Cameron and the minister, with Fusie and a stranger bringing up the rear.

"Fine work, this. You're fine fellows, indeed," cried Long John, "frightening people in this way."

"Where is Hughie?" said the minister, sternly.

Hughie came from behind the brush, hurriedly wiping his eyes. "Here, father," he said.

"And what are you doing here at this hour of the night, pray?" said the minister, angrily, turning toward him.

"I couldn't get home very well," replied Hughie.

"And why not, pray? Don't begin any excuses with me, sir." Nothing annoyed the minister as an attempt to excuse ill-doing.

"I guess he would have been glad enough to have got home half an hour ago, sir," broke in Don, laughing. "Look there." He pointed to the bear, lying dead, with Nigger standing over him.

"The Lord save us!" said Long John Cameron, himself the greatest among the hunters of the county. "What do you say? And how did you get him? Jee-ru-piter! he's a grand one."

The old man, the minister and Don walked about the bear in admiring procession.

"Yon's a terrible gash," said Long John, pointing to a gaping wound in

the breast. "Was that your Snider, Don?"

"Not a bit of it, father. The bear's Hughie's. He killed him himself."

"Losh me! And you don't tell me! And how did you manage that, Hughie?"

"He chased me up that tree, and I guess would have got me only for Fido."

The minister gasped.

"Got you? Was he as near as that?"

"He wasn't three feet away," said Hughie, and with that he proceeded to give, in his most graphic style, a description of his great fight with the bear.

"When I heard the first shot," said Don, "I was away across the swamp. I tell you I tore back here, and when I came, what did I see but Hughie and Mr. Bear both sitting down and looking coolly at each other a few yards apart. And then Nigger downed him, and I put a bullet into his heart." Don was greatly delighted, and extremely proud of Hughie's achievement.

(To be continued.)

I am delighted to see that some of our Maritime Province people are at last coming to the fore. Now, Quebecers, wake up! I am also so glad that two among our shut-ins have come to us this week. Only once before did a shut-in write to us. We hope she is better now, and able to be out. It is so hard to be obliged to stay in month after month through illness, and yet how often do the cheery faces of those under such conditions prove a reproach to us who are able to go about—and still complain! We are glad if our shut-ins find pleasure in reading the Ingle Nook, and a little more. In writing to it, and I am sure all of the other Chatterers will, with me, give them a hearty welcome.

DAME DURDEN.

Take Notice!

In future, at most but two or three answers to any question, and not more than one unless the methods differ very materially, will be published; hence, when writing the answer to a query, put in a little letter too, about something else, so that if your answer is left out your letter may still be published. D. D.

From an English Woman.

Dear Dame Durden,—Is your very cordial invitation for Canadians only?—or may I draw up my chair into your cosy corner too? I don't want to sail in under false colors, and I am "only English," so hesitate, doubtful of my reception.

I tried your "Scotch Roll," and we all liked it very much.

Lime in Kettles.—This is how I clean mine. I fill the kettle with cold water and put in two heaped handfuls of common washing soda, let it boil a minute or two, empty, and tap sharply on outside of kettle with hammer (a wooden potato masher I use if kettle be tin, but if iron, hammer), rinse, and usually find it quite free. If, however, there is yet lime on kettle, I would repeat process, and this invariably frees it quite.

Do you think "Banberry" should have read "Barberry," which is a small red fruit, so acid that birds will not eat it, but boiled with sugar makes a nice jam or jelly, and could be used for tarts? It makes a nice sweetmeat preserved, is a pretty garnish, and is also good pickled in vinegar. If it is the barberry tart Young Housekeeper wants, I will be pleased to tell what I know of it. This is, of course, if I am allowed to come in, and if I were in the Circle, I would ask for a nice menu for a simple farm men's supper for six, with true Canadian dishes.

I would like a simple menu because I am alone; my help left just before Xmas, along with the extra hands, and I would not like to attempt more than would be a success. Is this imposing on your good nature too much? and especially as I am a NEW CHUM.

York Co., Ont.

Bar you out because you are English? Aren't you joking? Don't you know we



Canadians are British to the backbone? I know of a Canadian who settled in Los Angeles, but who invariably signed his name "John ———, BRITISH SUBJECT!" Was he "humptious?" Perhaps; but when hearing of him one feels a tickling of the British blood, which makes one feel like shouting, "Hooray for him!" Welcome, and come again, with your barberries. We've done our bit, but are ready for barberries. See? I could have made some shift at writing you out a menu, but have thought it more interesting to leave the question open for our Chatterers to answer. Do you mean a supper for six men who are working on the farm, or for six men at some special function? This is not quite clear to us. Send a line right away, will you, please? Then the matter will be open for discussion.

A Shut-in Answers Forget-me-Not.

Dear Dame Durden,—I've long been a delighted reader of your Ingle Nook Chats, and am so glad every week to read the interesting letters and the help they give. May I come in for a wee chat too? We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" over a year, and were delighted with the nice letters, especially of the "City Farmer's Wife," of April 15th, 1905. I wished to write then, but poor health stopped me, for I have been a shut-in for many years. I sincerely thank you for the beautiful poetry, especially some, and hope again to see the poetry of the "Lil' Brack Sheep." Can you some time write it again? It is cheering to us shut-ins to know that the Good Shepherd cares for us so tenderly, and shields us from harm if we trust Him. I hope your paper will continue on in the good way of trying to cheer us along.

In February 15th issue, I see Forget-me-Not asks for receipt for good pudding sauce. This way I find is lovely: You put in a cup of brown sugar and a piece of butter, say a tablespoonful; put in a granite dish on back of the stove, where it will melt and get brown, but do not burn it. Stir well, and when it is nicely browned, pour a pint of boiling water on the melted sugar and butter, then add 2 tablespoons of cornstarch, wet with a little cold water. When all boils nicely put in a little salt. I hope you can understand how it is made, it is so simple and good. When you bake pies, instead of greasing pie tins, rub a wee bit of dry flour over the tins; it is far ahead of greasing them. Try it, won't you?

Please can you tell me what to put in flour for salt-rising bread? In my young days I made it often, and we like it for

a change, but have forgotten how it is made. Can you help me out?

I trust my letter is not too long to publish, and will close for this time, wishing your Ingle Nook every success.

A LANKSHIRE LASS.

Wellington Co., Ont.

Will publish "Lil' Brack Sheep" as soon as I have time to look it up. Can anyone send a good, tried recipe for salt-rising bread?

New Brunswick to the Fore!

Dear Dame Durden,—Do not think the Ingle Nook Chats are not appreciated in New Brunswick. Mother and I enjoy them so much, and it is the first page we read on the arrival of "The Farmer's Advocate." I wrote a short letter about a year ago, when the breadmaking discussion was at its height, but have been silent ever since.

I wonder where Polly (N. S.) has gone, and all the boys who were starting house-keeping? Have the latter laid their burden on fairer shoulders?—as a few new housekeepers have written lately. We will have to hold a grand reunion around the hearth.

The plan of asking information in Ingle Nook is splendid. Many, I think, will come who, otherwise, thinking they had nothing to say, would be silent, but now they are really helping others by writing. I am sorry, Dame Durden, I cannot help you with your difficult problems, and hope I will not be adding to them by asking if you can give me a recipe for making and cooking dumplings for soup. I have tried so often, and they are always like balls of lead.

You ask for a good recipe, and these cookies are splendid. The first I make in summer, and the last in winter, when eggs are on the top shelf:

Sugar Cookies.—1 cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water (scant), 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon of soda, nutmeg. Sift about a cup of flour, soda and cream of tartar together; rub the butter into this till thoroughly mixed, then add eggs, water and spice, and enough flour to roll out very soft.

Buttermilk Cookies.—1 cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of currants, 1 cup of buttermilk, 2 teaspoons soda, a little cinnamon and ginger. Mix the same as Sugar Cookies.

Hoping these may be useful to some of our friends.

A NEW BRUNSWICK GIRL.

King's Co., N. B.

These dumplings are really good, but you mustn't let the soup boil at all after

they go in, or they will go to pieces. Just keep it simmering: 2 small cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely-chopped suet, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-spoons chopped herbs (sage, parsley, etc.), a little pepper and salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-spoon baking powder. Make into a stiff dough with cold water; make into balls; drop into soup and cook one hour, turning over at times.

Your suggestion about a reunion is a good one. Perhaps we can work it up for Empire Day.

I think our boys are silent, not because they've all given up housekeeping, but because we've neglected them a little lately. Perhaps they'll come back. We don't want to shut them out of the Ingle Nook. By the way, have you read Ten-nyson's Princess?

The "Paw" from P. E. I.

"An Extended Paw" writes that she can no longer let the "Ontarioans" do all the chattering. She sends recipes for Banbury tarts and lime in kettles, which we do not insert, because so many other recipes had come in before hers, but we thank her all the same. Our members will be interested—and sympathetic—at knowing that our P. E. I. friend has been in bed over a year. Now for a bit from herself:

"This is the first time I have ever written to any paper, although I am always glad to read letters from others who have done so much for my benefit in your much-esteemed journal. . . . And here I may add a little confession. I am lying on my back doing all this scribbling. Just now I told the nurse I have about cleaning a bottle about the shoulder inside with the salt and vinegar which I read about a short while ago in "The Farmer's Advocate." She took it out of my sight, and said "no." I then asked her to hand it to me. I got her to put 1 tablespoonful vinegar in, also coarse salt, and let it soak in a basin. In half an hour I had all clean; I let it lie only about ten minutes, then took a small piece of cotton, fastened a cord to it, took a small, limber piece of hardwood, cleaned it out to all the corners. My hand is trembling so I will stop.

"AN EXTENDED PAW."

P. E. I.

Cleaning Straw Hats—Chocolate Icing.

Dear Dame Durden,—Although this is the first time I have written to the Ingle Nook, I have been a reader of the Chats for over two years, and have been interested. Would you kindly tell me a way how to clean a white straw hat that has been worn and become soiled; and also a recipe how to make chocolate icing?

AUNT CLARA.

Huron Co., Ont.

Brush the hat well, rub with lemon juice, then with sulphur, let dry, and brush well again. Repeat if necessary.

For the icing, grate half a cake of chocolate fine, add two-thirds cup sugar, half a cup of sweet cream. Boil and beat to a paste. When half cold put on cake.