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ber being to raise the spring each time before boiling, as otherwise the jars may burst.

If you choose you may add a teaspoonful of salt to each jar at the last boiling.

Some simply wash the jars thoroughly, put in the vegetable, fill jars up with cold water and put cold water in the boiler, then proceed as before, depending on the triple-boiling to do all the sterilizing necessary.

Seasonable Recipes.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Sift together 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, a pinch salt, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Sift four times, then rub in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. Lastly, make to a dough with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk. Bake in three layers in a quick oven. When done, butter each well, spread with mashed berries and sugar, and pile layer upon layer. Put whole berries on top. Serve with cream.

Cherry Tart.—Line a pie-tin with pastry. Fill with a mixture of 1 cup stoned cherries, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, and 1 egg beaten very light. Make a lattice-work of pastry over the top, and bake.

Banana Pudding.—Put 1 pint milk over the fire in a double-boiler. Beat 2 eggs with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar into which has been mixed 1 teaspoon cornstarch. Stir the mixture into the boiling milk and let cook. When done, remove from the fire and add juice of half a lemon. Line a dish with slices of stale cake, put in a layer of bananas, then a layer of cake, and so on, until the dish is full, pouring a little of the custard over each layer. Pour the remainder of the custard on top and let stand in a cold place, or on ice. Serve with whipped cream.

The two following paragraphs have been taken from University Farm Press News, a publication connected with the University Extension movement, Agricultural Department, of the University of Minnesota:

Canned Strawberries.—A dark-colored, firm variety of strawberry is most desirable for canning. Fill sterilized jars as full as possible without crushing, with firm, clean berries. Then fill the jars with a syrup made by using sugar and water in the proportion of one cup of sugar to one and one-half cups of water. Set the jars, with the covers laid on loosely, in a steamer, or on a rack in a kettle of water and cook until the contents of the jar are scalding hot. Seal, and set away for future use. The filled jars may be set on a rack in a dripping-pan containing a little water, and set in the oven to cook; finish as before. It is well to have extra syrup to use in filling the jars if they see not quite full after cooking.

Two teaspoonfuls of pineapple juice added to a quart can of strawberries improves the flavor. The same amount of lemon juice improves the flavor for some.

A very delicious strawberry sauce is made by sprinkling the washed and hulled strawberries with sugar, three-fourths of a cup of sugar to one quart of prepared strawberries. Allow them to stand over night. In the morning, set in the oven and bake until boiling hot, put into sterilized jars, and seal. Do not allow the fruit to cook to pieces, but simply become boiling hot.

Canning Greens.—Why not can a few jars of beet greens or spinach for winter use. Beet greens are easy to prepare, and plenty of tops are usually available at thinning-time.

Select them when young, and if small beets have been formed the greens will be better. Wash the greens thoroughly free from foreign matter, rinse in several waters, and cook in a small amount of water, or steam them. When cooked enough, usually from twenty to thirty minutes, put into sterilized jars, press down until the liquid covers the top, and seal, and set away for use when desired.

Spinach may be canned in the same manner. If the greens are steamed there will be a small amount of liquid present. Scalding vinegar may be poured on after putting the greens in the jars.

Try at least one can of greens this year. They are cheap, easily canned, and furnish a pleasing and wholesome variety.—Mary L. Bull, Extension Domestic Science Specialist, University Farm, St. Paul.

The Scrap Bag.

PAINT WORN OIL CLOTH.

If the oil cloth or printed linoleum is hopelessly worn, but without holes, give it a coat of paint, then, when it is dry, give it another; then, when the last one is dry, give it a coat of good floor varnish.

PIES.

To prevent the juice of pies from running out, make a small cornucopia of writing-paper and insert the small end in a hole in the middle of the top crust. Sprinkling flour over the fruit before putting on the top crust will often prevent overflowing, as the flour soaks up superfluous juice.

ECRU CURTAINS.

When washing ecrú curtains, add 1 teaspoonful of yellow ochre to every quart of the rinsing water. When dry they will look like new.

BLEACH FOR TAN AND FRECKLES.

Two simple bleaches are buttermilk and sweet cream. Use several times a day, allowing to dry on the skin. After coming in out of the hot sun, pat your face with a rag soaked in the milk or cream. After a time, wipe off with rose-water or rain-water to which tincture of benzoin has been added, 12 drops to the pint.

REMOVING A STAIN.

When I wish to remove a stain from any article without giving it an entire washing, I always stretch the portion containing the soiled place over my embroidery hoops, pulling it taut. The ease with which I work under this condition is remarkable.—Miss E. C., Wisconsin.

SETTING COLOR.

Spirits of turpentine, properly used, will set the color, in practically all wash materials. Use a clean wash-bowl; put into it $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon cold water and 1 teaspoon turpentine. Wet the goods in this thoroughly, wring them dry and hang them up in the shade. When perfectly dry, sprinkle and iron as usual.

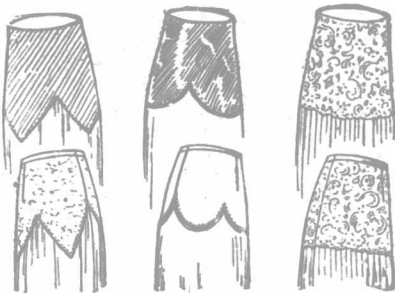
Fashion Dept.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

When ordering, please use this form: Send the following pattern to:—

Name.....
County.....
Post Office.....
Number of pattern.....
Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....
Measurement—Waist,..... Bust,.....
Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....

Address: Pattern Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ontario.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7676 Dress Skirt Yokes,
22 to 30 waist.



7764 Fancy Blouse,
34 to 40 bust.
7689 Gathered Blouse,
34 to 40 bust.



7705 Girl's Tucked Night Gown, 4 to 12 years.
7855 Shirt Waist or Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.



7838 Girl's Bathing Suit, 4 to 12 years.



7832 Blouse with Body and Sleeves in One, 34 to 42 bust.
7700 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.

The Children of the Forest

By Blanche M. Boyd.

[The following chapters are the first instalment of the record of a young teacher's experience in Northern Ontario. Every word is true; nothing has been invented, nor even changed—except the names of the characters who figure in the story. In the simple, directness of narrative, in the charming naïveté which appears from time to time, those who have read "Marie Claire" will detect a strong resemblance to the style of the French writer, Marguerite Audoux, who a year or so ago attracted so much attention in Europe.]

Chapter 1. THE JOURNEY.

The train was moving slowly northward on its way to North Bay, or slowly it seemed to me as, not having a watch with me, the only way of telling the time was by listening for the conductor to shout the name of the coming station, and by examining the time-table, see at what time the train was due at that particular station. We had left Toronto at 5.30 on the Saturday afternoon, and at each station had dropped the passengers until at length, at mid-night, only one other girl remained in the car. She sat in a seat opposite to myself at first, but feeling rather lonely came and sat down beside me. Sleep for us was out of the question, so we whiled away the time, watching the other passengers.

There was an old Dutchman who was on his way to his home in the West, and a rough-looking old fellow he was;

then one man sat with his mouth wide open snoring vigorously, his head thrown back and his feet on the opposite seat; others had their heads hanging over the side of the seats in imminent danger of landing on their heads on the floor. Every other passenger was sound asleep and snoring, and as each station came around the conductor would come with his lantern and arouse a passenger who he knew had reached his destination, and then he would kindly come and talk to us, thus shortening the tedious hours by giving us considerable information about the country, settlers and life in the north.

At 3 a.m. my companion left me to continue my journey alone. The time went slowly on, and when the dawn began to break I enquired of the conductor several times what body of water lay to our left, but he smilingly told me it was naught but a dense fog over the forest which exactly resembled a small lake. Indeed that part of the country contains a great many small lakes and creeks. About seven o'clock in the evening we had stopped at Allandale, a small town on Lake Simcoe, and when the electric lights were lighted it was so pretty to look across the waters and see the lights in the town on the other side of the lake.

At 5.35 a.m. the train moved in to Powassan, and as I stepped out of the car a rough-looking man came up, enquiring if I were the new teacher, and introducing himself as one of the trustees who had come to meet me. I followed him across the station yard which was filled with logs and chips over which we had to pass, until we arrived at the inn where the landlady gave me a tiny sofa in the sitting-room upon which to rest until breakfast was ready. Curling myself up as comfortably as possible, sleep at length came to my relief, and I slept until 8 o'clock, when breakfast was announced. When this was over I went out upon the verandah upstairs to take a view of the village. Four church spires were visible, which was a sure sign of christianity and somewhat reassuring, for when leaving home I was totally ignorant as to the state of the circumstances, and expected there might be Indians among the scholars, having been told that it was a Hudson Bay trading post village. All the houses were frame and not very plentiful, the main street upon which the hotel stood consisting of about a dozen stores and thrice as many houses.

About 10 a.m. we began our twelve-mile drive in an old muddy buck-board, my companion being considerably the worse for liquor. Strange as it may seem this did not trouble me very much, as the novelty of the scenery was so interesting. On we went through forests and across the bridges formed of rough logs, across the clearings, along the rough winding road, over rocks, roots, and sand, for that part of the country is very rocky and woody. My companion interested me with stories about hunting, shanty life, and about the neighbors with whom I was about to dwell.

"If my son Sam offers you an Indian turnip and asks you to taste it, be sure not to do it, as he is a mischievous boy, and that is one of his favorite tricks." This son Sam I soon learned was a very wonderful boy in his father's eyes at least. The Indian turnip is a deadly poisonous plant, (a mistaken idea.—Ed.) and even touching it to the lips will cause them to swell to an alarming size.

All along the road as far as the eye could reach lay the forest, with here and there a lonely log-cabin with a small clearance around it, but strange to say there were very few fences to be seen, consequently the cattle wandered at leisure where they would, one or two belonging to each settler, however, having a cow-bell tied around its neck in order that the owner might be able to find them.

At one of the creeks we stopped to water the horse, as it was a warm day, and we had been travelling several miles. My companion also threw himself down on the ground and took a refreshing drink. It looked so comical, but that is the way they all do, and at this same spot in the winter time a pail is left to draw water for the horses, and