

citement, and there would be a joyful reunion, but for the present—well, it was quite dreadful to be lost.

We peeped in at the station door. There were five or six big fellows in helmets and uniforms there, and one could quite imagine some of them big-hearted enough to cuddle up the little lost boys and girls, and tell them stories, and fish out candies from the depths of capacious pockets. It is a great mistake for people to threaten children with policemen, and so create a fear of them; so very often the big fellows have to become Grandpapa Help-Alongs to little stray-aways.

We were so sorry that we missed the baby-show, but we heard about it. Perfect proportion and intelligence were the points most looked to by the judges, and very properly; it is not considered necessary nowadays for the ideal baby to be a continued bulge of fat. There were padded scales to weigh the babies on, and measurements were taken—head and all. Of course all the babies squealed, but that only made things interesting.

It always seems to me that people should watch out for helpful hints which they can apply to themselves, at the Exhibition, and this year I was pleased to note that so many of the exhibits were of especial interest to farmers.

For instance, did you see the new method of putting up a barn exhibited by the Metal Shingle and Siding Co., of Preston, and the A. B. Ormsby Co., Ltd., Toronto? Think of it!—a whole barn put up in a few days by four or five men. That appealed to me, for I have always hated barn-raising, with their constant menace to the lives of men.

And did you see the combined "emergency-sleigh," sleigh and wagon combined? If you are travelling in spring and come to bare road, in a trice you are in a wagon, drifts appear, and presto, you are in a sleigh. Verily, what an Aladdin's lamp age we are living in!

The grounds looked so pretty this year. Notwithstanding the immense crowds, the flowers did not seem to be trampled down at all, and everything looked so clean. But then, why should everything not look spick and span, considering that every night, when the grandstand performance was over, and the people were gone, and silence reigned except for the lapping of the lake, an army of 125 men crept in to pick up papers and house-clean generally?

But I must stop, or I shall be rambling on for an hour yet. I'm glad I went to the Exhibition this year, and I think, if you have never gone yet, you will be glad if you go next time. Between now and then, if I can help you in any way in regard to telling you how to manage, I shall be glad to do so.

JUNIA.

PEANUT WAFERS. DATE CAKE.

Dear Junia,—In "The Farmer's Advocate" of Aug. 21, "Annie Laurie," Durham Co., asked for a recipe for peanut wafers. Mine is as follows:

One-quarter cup butter, one-half cup granulated sugar, one-third cup milk, three-quarter cup flour, one teaspoon vanilla, 5 cts. worth of peanuts. Chop nuts rather coarsely. Mix as for any drop cakes, and drop in small teaspoonfuls on buttered pan, placing them very far apart. Do not bake more than six at a time, as they are to be doubled over while hot, and they harden quickly. This recipe is much superior, I think, to the one which contains an egg and baking powder. This quantity makes about 30 wafers.

"Subscriber" asks for a recipe for date cake. The following is a good one, but richer than the one you gave:

One-half cup butter, one cup yellow sugar, two eggs, one and one-half cups sour cream, one and one-half cups oatmeal, one and one-half cups flour, one small teaspoon soda, one-half pound chopped dates.

Trusting that these may prove of some use to you. Yours respectfully,

Middlesex Co., Ont. "PUSS."
Thank you so much for the recipes. They certainly "sound" good, and I am going to clip them out and keep them to try some day when I achieve the

bungalow that looms large in my dreams. Talking of bungalows—did you see the Kenyon Take-Down House shown by the Eaton Co. at the exhibition?—all canvas, but so complete, just the dinkiest, dearest thing for camp-time that I ever set my eyes on. With three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a living-room, it looked almost fit for all the year's living (on a pinch, of course).

Indeed, we were told about one timber-inspector, or some such official, who is having his interlined. He and his wife intend to live in it all of this winter.

CLEANING TAN SHOES.

Dear Junia,—Could you kindly suggest to me through your valuable paper how to remove grease spots off tan shoes? Thanking you in advance.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Dundas Co., Ont.

I scrub mine with castile soap and water, let them dry, then apply tan "Nugget" shoe polish. It works all right.

A CORN ROAST.

Dear Junia,—I am much interested in your question corner, and would like you to answer my question at your earliest convenience, in your next issue if possible—How to manage a corn roast for about twenty-five guests. Would like you to give me as many details about it as possible. I thought I would get the most satisfactory answer from "The Farmer's Advocate." Thanking you kindly in advance.

GRATEFUL COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.
Emery P.O., Ont.



The Wanderers Returned.

If possible have your corn-roast out of doors, in the prettiest spot you can find. Take the corn-cobs to the spot, with the green husks on, build a bonfire, and have your guests tie them to the end of sticks and so roast them. It is considered to be very lucky to be the first to come upon a red ear, and the one who is so fortunate must be escorted to a seat of state after the corn-supper and made to tell the fortunes of the crowd. Make coffee or tea by the bonfire, and have a few more good things to finish off the delectable feast of hot-roasted corn with butter. For the entertainment little will be needed. You can trust 25 young people to make fun for themselves. If dancing is customary in your part of the country a merry dance by the light of the bonfire would be delightful. If not, you will have to adopt a substitute. Perhaps nothing would be more enjoyed out of doors than some of the old romping games, blind-man's-buff, the millwheel, etc. If you want to have something very different you might ask your guests to come in costume, wearing little black masks. Of course, in this case, the roasting of the corn will not begin until there has been some time spent in the fun of identifying. A few choruses sung just before parting should end a very enjoyable evening.

By the way, I hope the corn is not all hard by this time. You see, I have just got home after a week's absence, and

your poor little letter had a long nap on my desk.

And—oh yes, don't forget to thoroughly quench that bonfire.

CAKE BAKING. PICKLES.

Dear Editor,—We have been a subscriber for "The Farmer's Advocate" for about five years, and we receive much education from it. I also enjoy reading the letters in the Ingle Nook. We live on a farm eight miles from town. We have three children; the oldest started to school last May.

I think there is no happier place than on the farm. I will try and say more next time.

I am coming for help like lots of others. I have much difficulty in cake-baking. They either don't rise, or rise right up in the centre and not at the sides. I was wondering if it wasn't in the stirring or mixing of them. My fire is generally too hot or cold. I would like to have a good recipe for layer-cake and another for a nice fruit-cake; also a recipe for cucumber pickles alone. I am great for pickles and nice things, but don't seem to have any luck. Trusting I may learn from this valuable paper, and wishing the Ingle Nook every success.

Grey Co., Ont.

Well, Rosebud, I had just your trouble with cakes at first. Now I think I really can bake a layer-cake. (I fall down when it comes to some other things—tea biscuits, for instance), and all because of a trip I once had out in Illinois. The woman with whom I stayed while there had most delicious cake, and was good enough to give me a lesson and her recipe, the one I have given

ROSEBUD.

seeded and cut raisins, one cup currants, one cup brown sugar. Now stir one teaspoon soda in one cup of apple sauce and add. Now beat in, if you like, one-quarter teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, and one-quarter teaspoon salt, all sifted with two cups flour. You may leave out the spices if you like. Peel and nuts may be added, if liked. Some put in the raisins and currants, lightly floured, last of all.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles.—Peel cucumbers, cut in slices, lengthwise, and steam. Put in sealers and cover with boiling vinegar sweetened with about three-quarter cup sugar to the quart vinegar. Seal at once.

Sour Cucumber Pickles.—Put small green cucumbers in brine that will bear up an egg, for 24 hours. Remove, cover with boiling water and let stand until cold. Drain and put in jars. Cover with a vinegar mixture made of one cup salt (scant) and one tablespoon alum to the gallon of vinegar. These will keep in an open jar.

Sliced Cucumber Pickles.—Cut the cucumbers into slices, about half an inch thick; sprinkle with salt, lightly, and let stand 24 hours, then drain for seven hours. Pour hot vinegar boiled with sugar and spice in a bag over steam. Seal. Keep jars in a warm place a while before putting them away.

By the way, I tasted delicious sliced cucumber pickles with a sort of vinegar sauce over them recently. Shall be so glad if someone will send the recipe, which, alas, I did not secure.

You touch a soft spot in my heart when you say you like the farm, Rosebud.

CANNED CORN.

Dear Junia,—I wonder if anyone reading the Ingle Nook has tried canning corn in this way:

First cut kernels off cob, pack in sterilized sealers, by pounding until the milk flows over top of sealer. Put on rubber rings, glass tops and rings. Fasten tight, place in boiler, almost cover with cold water, and boil three hours.

Just here let me say that the heat by boiling does not seem to affect the rubber rings, as corn done in this way always keeps.

I wonder if anyone can tell me of a remedy to prevent one's hair from falling out after an attack of typhoid fever.

Although I have only been out of bed two weeks my hair is falling out by handfuls, although I tried to be so careful with it.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness.

Lambton Co., Ont.

I do not think that there is anything that will keep hair from falling out after the fever. Ordinarily, massaging it briskly with the fingers for ten minutes every day and rubbing in a hair tonic afterwards will help. But don't worry. Just wear a little net cap for a while—whenever anyone is about. The hair will soon begin to grow and may be prettier than ever.

Thank you for the recipe. It is quite lovely of our readers to keep sending us helpful items as they do—and just think of the army of grateful people who read them! Am so glad you have answered my question about the rubber rings.

RE PRUNUS SIMONI.

Dear Junia,—I saw in a recent edition of "The Advocate" a request for advice on preserving "prune-somonias," a fruit which you say you never heard of. If I am not mistaken the fruit is prunus simoni, a fruit brought from Japan by a Mr. Simon (hence the name), not very prune-like in either flavor or appearance. We had some trees over twenty years ago, but did not find them profitable, as they die after a very few crops of fruit. This fruit has a very peculiar flavor, something like a wild plum, and also the brilliant color of the wild plum, but is as large as an ordinary peach. It grows on a stem like a peach. I made jam of it just the same as plum jam, and have also canned it, but the very bitter skin and strong flavor would not be agreeable to many people. If I am wrong in my supposition that this is prunus simoni perhaps someone will correct me. My authority for its origin was the Horticultural Magazine several years ago. This is a long explanation of so small a bit of information.

Peel Co., Ont. M. W. H.
Undoubtedly you are right. Thank you very much.