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(I, too, should like to see the Ingle Nook grow bigger and better, broadening out to include other phases of home-making as well as cooking. Ideas on home-furnishings and decorations, gardens, time-savers, care of children, social intercourse, and a score of kindred subjects. It will grow to those dimensions some day.—D. D.)

A BREEZY VISIT FROM HELMET-OF-RESOLUTION.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have wanted to write the Corner for a long time, but a multitude of "things to be done" has invariably come between me and my wishes. I always turn to your page as soon as I pick up the paper. It is like a drink of fresh water. I wonder if some of your readers—the brides at least—would care to have me make a few suggestions about the best way of doing the little things about a house that take so much time and show so little in return. I have been married a little over three years, and as I was a school-teacher and also a parson's daughter I had much practical knowledge of farm life to acquire when I married my husband. The following hints are all tried ones and born of necessity, because when you have two babies and two or three men, and all your own work to do and are not very strong, and love to have everything sweet and dainty, you have to think and plan.

1.—Keep one of those almanacs that are so freely presented us hanging by the bake-table; it saves hunting a newspaper when greasing the bake tins.

2.—Have one day for each bit of work—wash one day, iron another, bake another, sweep the house down another, etc. That is, don't have so much come on one day that you are tired out. I have been sick with fatigue sometimes, and it tells on one in the long run.

3.—Before washing, if possible the night before, cut up fine the soap you need into your soap pail (I use a five-pound lard pail), cover it well with hot water and set it on the kitchen stove where it won't boil over, until morning, when you will have the soft soap ready for your clothes. It is much easier and just as economical, if not more so, to put the soft soap in the water in both boiler and tub before you put the clothes in, than it is to rub the soap on the articles.

4.—If you are washing anything new for the first time, try putting a tablespoonful or two of coal oil in the water; it will take the dressing out like magic. I remember well the first new blankets I washed after I started house-keeping, and how sticky and grimy they looked after I had carefully washed them. Not until my aunt told me how she washed a white flannel shirt of my uncle's, did it dawn on me what had ailed my blankets. I had hidden them away, I was so ashamed of them. She said that she washed uncle's shirt through a dozen or more waters and it simply wouldn't clean, until she ran and got a little coal oil and put it in; then the dressing simply fell out. I had the same trouble with Baby's cashmere cloak the first time it was washed.

If I am in a great hurry on washdays, I put on a boiler of water to heat while we are eating breakfast. I always do anyway hurry or not, before breakfast, and after the meal I take the warm water, put it in the tub, pour enough of the liquid soap in to make it nicely lathery and put in my fine things, table napkins, table cloths, etc. to soak; then I fill the boiler half full of cold water, put some soap in it, and put in an armful of the second selection of clothes. Then by the time the children are dressed, the clothes in the tub can be washed. When they are done, I take out those in the boiler, empty the boiler, put in clean water and soap, and those clothes just washed out, to scald. Then I wash out those just come from the boiler. But I only do that when in a hurry. I like to wash the clothes before I sell them. It is so hard to catch them just at the turn, and if they boil long the first time in I never got them really white and clean that way. I know some people wash altogether, but I don't like it.

those who have nothing else to attend to but the washing. When Jack falls down and breaks his crown and Jill comes tumbling after, and someone calls for this, and another for that, it is hard to catch everything on the "minie" as Jill calls it.

You will think me washing-mad. But, I declare, washings are the bugbear of my life, and I have made a study of them. I love everything water-sweet, dainty with lavender and rosemary and I can't have it unless I get down to the fundamentals, and schemes to cheat the washboard. My ultimate goal is a washing-machine, a real one that will really wash well.

So much for washings. I could write "heaps," but you probably have a little experience yourselves: though I seem to "hae ma doots", don't I?

Did you ever try making comforters out of worn-out blankets—or is it comfortable? Take the blanket, and patch the holes, if any, and then cover it with anything you have, art ticking, sateen, or even prettily colored flannel-ette. It makes a quilt that will last for years. I covered an old one of mine with flannelette striped white and blue. And here let me enter a protest against the patchwork quilt. Anything savoring more of lunacy never was devised by sane person, I do believe. How can anyone have the conscience to spend precious days and weeks tearing up and sewing together little "fussy" bits of cloth when they might use large strips and get done in quarter of the time and not offend all the principles of good taste. Of course, if you haven't anything else, they sometimes have to do. But it seems to me a good deal more sensible, if you can, to put them into rag mats and carpets.

Did you eve. have a pretty picture sent you and because you had no frame put it away? We had one in brown tones. I told my husband I expected he'd need to turn cabinet-maker right away because I needed a frame; and sure enough one day he presented me with one made out of pine, which I painted with mahogany stain. The rich dull red of the mahogany brought out the browns in the picture beautifully. My sister gave me a prettily toned picture she had done in oils, and for that I painted the frame with Japanese gold paint. I forgot to say that the frame for the big picture is two and a half feet by seventeen inches wide and two and a half inches broad, inside measurements. It is perfectly flat and plain. By the way, do you know that a picture ought to hang flat against the wall, unless it is an oil? And too, they ought to be hung low enough to be seen easily, especially if they are small and the subject complex requiring careful scrutiny; then they ought to be hung on a level with the eye.

Now, dear Dame Durden and Ingle Nookers, please don't scold me! You help me so much at different times that I often feel like flying to the pen and ink to thank you at once. I wonder if this will escape the W. P. Basket! My husband is shaking his head ominously. He says two pages is all I ought to be allowed to write, because when I get a pen in my hand it simply runs away with me.

By the way, I was much interested to find that English people kept Guy Fawkes Day. We always remembered the day; someone usually saying "Gunpowder Plot Day", but we did not make any special preparation for it. I will next year. But on Christmas Eve we always have Yule Cakes and frumenty for supper.

"Humph!" says he, "what are you writing!" So goodnight, dear people HELMET-OF-RESOLUTION.

(You blessed woman! I have been thinking about you lately and wondering if you had deserted us entirely when your nice long helpful letter came. We shall have to gently but firmly rebuke that husband of yours for the ominous head-shakings. I'm certain he has no desire to limit you to two pages when the letter is to him.)

Washing is a bugbear to most women. It seems to take so much more strength than the housekeeper who has everything else to do, can muster up. Hope the machine will soon be a reality. They are so much easier than the washboard, and besides, a conven-

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