

itself in their stale and spiritless play. On the other hand, the Twentieth were as fresh as ever, and pressed the game with greater spirit every moment.

"Play out toward the side," urged Dan, despairing of victory, but determined to avert defeat, and at every opportunity the ball was knocked out of play. But like wolves the Twentieth forwards were upon the ball, striving to keep it in play, and steadily forcing it toward the enemy's goal.

Dan became desperate. He was wet with perspiration, and his breath was coming in hard gasps. He looked at his team. The little Reds were fit enough, but the others were jaded and pumped out. Behind him stood Jimmie Ben, savage, wet and weary.

At one of the pauses, when the ball was out of play, Dan dropped on his knee.

"Hold on there a minute," he cried; "I want to fix this skate of mine."

Very deliberately he removed his strap, readjusted his skate, and began slowly to set the strap in place again.

"They want a rest, I guess. Better take off the time, umpire," sang out Fusie, dancing as lively as a cricket around Jimmie Ben, who looked as if he would like to devour him bodily.

"Shut up, Fusie!" said Hughie. "We've got all the time we need."

"You have, eh?" said Jimmie Ben, savagely.

"Yes," said Hughie, in sudden anger, for he had not forgotten Jimmie Ben's cruel swipe. "We don't need any more time than we've got, and we don't need to play any dirty tricks, either. We're going to beat you. We've got you beaten now."

"Blank your impudent face! Wait you! I'll show you!" said Jimmie Ben.

"You can't scare me, Jimmie Ben," said Hughie, white with rage. "You tried your best and you couldn't do it."

"Play the game, Hughie," said the master, in a low tone, skating round him, while Hec Ross said, good-naturedly, "Shut up, Jimmie Ben. You'll need all your wind for your heels," at which all but Jimmie Ben laughed.

For a moment Dan drew his men together.

"Our only chance," he said, "is in a rush. Now, I want every man to make for that goal. Never mind the ball. I'll get the ball there. And then you, Jimmie Ben, and a couple of you centers, make right back here on guard."

"They're going to rush," said Hughie to his team. "Don't all go back. Centers fall back with me. You forwards keep up."

At the Drop Dan secured the ball, and in a moment the Front rush came. With a simultaneous yell the whole ten men came roaring down the ice, waving their clubs and flinging aside their lightweight opponents. It was a dangerous moment, but with a cry of "All steady, boys!" Hughie threw himself right into Dan's way. But just for such a chance Jimmie Ben was watching, and, rushing upon Hughie, caught him fairly with his shoulder and hurled him to the ice, while the attacking line swept over him.

For a single moment Hughie lay dazed, but before any one could offer help he rose slowly, and, after a few

deep breaths, set off for the scrimmage.

There was a wild five minutes. Eighteen or twenty men were massed in front of the Twentieth goal, striking, shoving, yelling, the solid weight of the Front defense forcing the ball ever nearer the goal. In the center of the mass were Craven, Johnnie Big Duncan and Don, fighting every inch.

For a few moments Hughie hovered behind his goal, his heart full of black rage, waiting his chance. At length he saw an opening. Jimmie Ben, slashing heavily, regardless of injury to himself or any others, had edged the ball toward the Twentieth left. Taking a short run, Hughie, reckless of consequences, launched himself head-first into Jimmie Ben's stomach, swiping viciously at the same time at the ball. For a moment Jimmie Ben was flung back, and but for Johnnie Big Duncan would have fallen, but before he could regain his feet, the ball was set free of the scrimmage and away. Fusie, rushing in, had snapped it up and had gone scuttling down the ice, followed by Hughie and the master.

(To be continued.)

Ingle Nook Chats.

Aunt Patsy's Meat Pie—Chocolate Cake.

Dear Dame Durden,—Here is another lover of Ingle Nook chats, I enjoy them so very much. And now I want to thank Aunt Patsy for her meat-pie recipe. It is delicious. I hope she will soon tell us how she makes her puff-pie paste. I think there are a good many "Totties" who need lessons on making good pie-crust.

I was just thinking to-day that our dear Dame Durden must require a great deal of patience to be so considerate of everybody, and she certainly deserves credit.

I wonder can someone tell me how to fry beefsteak so as it will be nice and tender. I have tried nice tender beef several times, and it would always be tough.

I have not noticed a recipe for chocolate cake in your columns, so will give mine, which I think is very good, and it may be a benefit to someone.

Five cents' worth of baking chocolate, 1½ cups raw sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, with 1 teaspoon soda and 1 of vanilla.

Grate the chocolate in a granite dish. Put yolks of eggs in that, also ¼ cup sweet milk. Cook on the stove until it thickens; then take off, and add butter and rest of the milk. Mix well, and add the rest. Bake in layers.

Icing sugar, mixed with a little cream, makes a nice icing.

Now, Dame Durden, I shall not be at all offended if this letter is laid aside for one of more importance.

MOTHER'S HELP.

Grey Co., Ont.

A good method for cooking beefsteak will be found in this issue in "About the House." I think you must be a jewel of a "Mother's Help."

Cider Vinegar.

I have read in "The Farmer's Advocate" of March 1st and of March 22nd, recipes about making cider vinegar. We saw a recipe two or three years ago, and have made cider vinegar since, and always get the best of vinegar. It is strong and very nice and clear-looking. Here is the recipe as it was in "The Farmer's Advocate": To every 10 gallons of fresh cider add one gallon of fresh soft water (boiling hot). Teast a large, thick slice of bread; soak thoroughly in good, fresh yeast; put into the barrel with some mother vinegar. Keep the bung-hole open with a piece of cheese-cloth tacked over the hole to keep out dust and flies. Not good in less than two or three months. Try it, it will make very good vinegar. This recipe alone was good for "The Farmer's Advocate." MRS. JOHN COOK, Stanstead Co., Que.

Macaroni—Charlotte Russe—Rhubarb Wine—Pancakes.

Would you please give me, through your columns, the following recipes: Macaroni cheese, Charlotte Russe, rhubarb wine, also a good recipe for pancakes? Smith's Falls, Ont. M. C.

Macaroni and Cheese.—In this recipe, the ham may be omitted, if preferred: Half a pound ham, 2 ounces grated cheese, a little onion and parsley, and some boiled macaroni, pepper and salt. Grease a mould. Chop onion and parsley, grate cheese, chop ham. Put some macaroni at bottom of mould, then a little ham, cheese, parsley, onion, pepper and salt. Repeat this until the mould is full. Then whip up three eggs with half cup (or more) of sweet milk. Pour in, and steam one hour. Turn out, and serve with a little tomato sauce poured round.

Pancakes.—(1) One quart sweet milk. Add crumbs to make a thin batter, 3 eggs (beaten), a little salt, and 2 table-spoons flour. Mix, and fry by spoonfuls on a hot, well-greased griddle. (2) Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups sour (thick) milk.—From Boston Cooking School.

Rhubarb Wine.—Cut stalks, and boil in proportion of 6 lbs. to the gallon of water. Add 4 lbs. sugar, or 6 lbs. raisins, to each gallon of strained liquor. Boil again. Put in crock or keg; cover the opening with cheese-cloth, and set in a warm place until fermentation ceases; then bottle, seal, and put in a cool, dark cellar.

Can anyone send a good recipe for Charlotte Russe?

Stains in Clothing.

Dear Dame Durden,—Can anyone tell me what will take the yellow stains from clothes, caused from boiling in a brass kettle? SUBSCRIBER.

Stanstead Co., Que.

We do not know what will remove this kind of stain. Can anyone answer?

"A New Canadian Friend."

Dear Dame Durden,—I have long been a reader of your Ingle Nook chats, and am so delighted to read your interesting letters. Glengarry School Days is very interesting. May I come in for a wee chat with you? We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for over three years. We were delighted with the letters the Alberta Nurse put in, and the answers. I don't think I missed one of them. I have tried the flour on pie tins, and find it far ahead of greasing them. Please, can anyone give me a good recipe for making Johnnycake?

Wishing your Ingle Nook every success. A NEW CANADA FRIEND.

A Good Recipe for Johnnycake.—One large cup corn meal, 1 small cup flour, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 table-spoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon salt, milk to make a thin batter. Bake in a biscuit tin.

Raising Money for Church.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers All,—I have been enjoying the Ingle Nook chats so much that I would like to help a little if you will permit me. It is my first attempt. I will talk a while to Trix in regard to raising money for church purposes. We were once in need of money for our church, and the members were unwilling to collect. No one made any move to help, and I felt worried, and thought out a plan to raise the needed money. Two of the members had already said what they would subscribe, so I asked if they would sign their names to a subscription list, and pass it on. It took a few weeks to get around the neighborhood; other kindly neighbors helping as well as members. A member would take the list and ask the neighbor or friend if they would like to help. The result was more than was asked for. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. 3: 10.

Giving brings with it a blessing richer than pen can describe, and I never felt any blessing result from raising money by ice-cream socials and parties for God's House. I believe in church members having social gatherings and very happy times together, but let us be careful how we raise money for God's House. Fearing I have written at too great length, I will thank you all for your nice recipes and helpful suggestions. I have been shut in, but am raised up again to minister to my family. Those verses were beautiful, by "A Farmer's Wife." I am also—A FARMER'S WIFE.

From Another.

Dear Dame Durden and Ingle Nookers,—I did not intend coming again so soon, but as Trix is asking for suggestions along the line of raising money for church purposes, our experience may help. Our Ladies' Aid held a handkerchief bazaar. We bought 100 post cards, had them printed with verses from a copy-card. Distributed these among the members and others, asking them to send them to their friends. Those verses asked the friends to send a handkerchief for our bazaar. They were sold at reasonable prices, and amounted to \$73. I would gladly correspond with Trix, sending her a copy of the cards, if she thought best to allow you, Dame Durden, to give me her address. I may, some time, send a recipe for bread house, but must hurry away now. RUBY, Middlesex Co., Ont.

A Good Suggestion.

Dear Dame Durden, Now that the momentous question of Banbury tarts is satisfactorily settled, may I venture to introduce another topic, and if it will arouse one-half the interest which they did, I will be pleased. My! what a rallying there was to the rescue of "our chief" over these tarts.

Why! they acted as that veritable "touch of nature" which stirs up our kinship in such a general way, you know, and our cousins from "over the border" heard the call, and furnished their quota, and even our friend, Wingham, "sat up and took notice."

I have wanted to write for some time, but I really felt it would not be quite "the thing," unless I could bring a Banbury tart in my hand—sort of a passport, you know, and certain sure I was, that I knew of nothing of a Banbury nature (pretty name, too, is it not?) except the old nursery rhyme we used to sing. And if I attempted to conjure up a recipe different to the variety already in, I fear it would tax the skill of the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer. So you will understand my reason when I inferred that, perhaps, there had been "enough said."

Now, my query is this: Would someone kindly say what she has seen or even thought of as a practical, instructive and really interesting "special attraction" at a country fall fair?

Something of interest to women in general, and the "farmer women" in particular. We have had practical demonstrations of cooking at times, and they were excellent, but a suggestion as to something different will be most acceptable. A plan that has pleased you and others at some fair, perhaps your own, or if your idea has never been tried, why, tell us anyway, please. BRUCE CO., ONT. BERNICE.

Cream Puffs.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have taken much interest in your Ingle Nook chats, but have never seen a recipe for cream puffs. I would like to have the recipe very much, and would be most obliged if you could help me. GERTRUDE, Huron Co., Ont.

The following is a very good recipe for cream puffs.

Put 1 cup of boiling water in a granite saucepan on the stove, and keep it boiling fast. Put into it ¼ cup butter, and when boiling again, add 1 cup flour, stirring briskly. When this seems cooked, set away to cool. When cold, mix in three eggs (without beating them first), one by one, and when thoroughly blended, drop in rough spoonfuls on a buttered baking-pan, and bake in a rather hot oven for 25 minutes. When cold, cut open a little at the side and insert custard or stiff whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Recipes.

Roll Jelly Cake.—Three eggs, beaten with 1 cup sugar, 1 cup "Five Roses" flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar; ½ teaspoon soda, dissolved in water.

Tea Cake.—Break an egg in a cup, fill with sugar, beat thoroughly. Add 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 teaspoon soda, a little salt, half a nutmeg, and "Five Roses" flour to make a stiff batter. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.