

GOOD FOR A COLD.

A noted specialist in throat and lung trouble, who established a camp for consumptives in the Pine Woods of Maine, and whose remarkable cures there have attracted great attention from the medical world, says that one-half ounce of the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine mixed with two ounces of Glycerine and one-half pint of good Whiskey, and used in teaspoonful doses, will heal and strengthen the lungs, break up a cold in twenty-four hours, and cure any cough that is curable. The ingredients can be secured from any good prescription druggist at small cost.

Inquiry at the prescription department of a leading local druggist elicited the information that the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine is put up only in half-ounce vials for dispensing. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case, with engraved wrapper, showing name—"Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)—plainly printed thereon. Only the cheaper Oils are sold in bulk, but these create nausea, and never effect the desired results.—Adv't.

A BIRD'S MINISTRY.

"I had travelled far From the Afghan towers of Candahar, Through the sand-white plains of Sindh-Sagar;

And once when the daily march was o'er, As tired I sat in my tented door, Hope failed me, as never it failed before. I had taught, and my teaching all seemed vain.

No glimmer of light," I sighed, 'appears; The Moslem's Fate and the Buddhist's fears Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.

For Christ and His truth I stand alone In the midst of millions: a sand-grain blown Against yon temple of ancient stone, As soon may level it! Faith forsook My soul as I turned on the pile to look; I gazed, and marvelled; how crumbled were

The walls I had deemed so firm and fair! For, wedged in a rift of the massive stone, Most plainly rent by its roots alone, A beautiful peepul-tree had grown, Whose gradual stress would still expand The crevice, and topple upon the sand The temple, while o'er its wreck should stand

The tree in its living verdure! Who Could compass the thought? The bird that flew Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew, Did more to shiver this ancient wall Than earthquake, war, simoon, or all The centuries in their lapse and fall! Then I knelt by the riven granite there And my soul shook off its weight of care, As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:

"The living seeds I have dropped remain In the cleft: Lord, quicken with dew and rain; THEN temple and mosque shall be rent in twain!"

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who are drawing you ever higher into clearer fellowship with the Friend Whose love "passeth knowledge," then keep fast hold of these messengers from God. Such a friendship is not an easy thing to hold, for true love must always be giving of itself. If you are trying to take all and give little, then you are cultivating selfishness instead of friendship. Give strong love and earnest prayers, and anything else that friendship may demand. But if you have a friend who is like Christ, and who is helping you to grow like Christ, never let him slip "unawares" out of your life though it may cost you all you have, even to life itself, to hold fast to him. For such a friendship is eternal in its nature. Though you may be far apart in body, prayer can keep you always close to a friend; and a bodily parting is a very small thing when hearts are one. "We have forever," there is no hurry. God's best gifts go on ripening through all eternity. Those whom God hath joined together in holiest friendship can never be parted by distance or death, so long as each is faithful to the other.

Then there are those other "angels" who are so hard to entertain joyously—

the angels of pain, sorrow and death. They, too, come to us carrying priceless gifts from God. Shall we let them go without making our own their gifts of patience, courage, fortitude, trust and joy? They will not force these great graces upon us, but whosoever will may take them, for God wants us to possess them, and sends His dark-robed angels to us in splendid confidence that we will welcome them loyally just because they are His messengers. Joy has often shone with dazzling beauty in a soul walking with the Son of God, through the burning, fiery furnace. As Bishop Ingram says:

"To believe that there is Someone Who is tempering the flame, Who is not letting one single throb of agony be too much or too great, that this is not a matter left to mad chance or to the spite of some devil—it is this which takes away the bitterness from pain. Lie still in the furnace, if the kind face of God is looking down on you; lie still in the furnace, because the moment that the silver is so bright as to perfectly reflect the face bent over it, that moment it will be taken from the furnace." Hope.

INGLE NOOK CHATS

WANTED — RECIPE FOR LEMON CHEESE.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have been peeping into your cosy corner for a long time, not daring to come in because I had nothing to bring and I wanted your advice. But I have at last a recipe of my own manufacture to bring to you. I have been without eggs all winter and thought I would try to make a cake without them. I was so sure it would be a failure, but it turned out well, so I send the recipe.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.

One cup granulated sugar, a large cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon soda, a little salt, 1 teaspoon lemon and enough flour to make pretty stiff. Bake in jelly tins.

For Filling.—Spread any kind of jelly between the layers and cover the top with an icing made of icing sugar softened with a little sweet milk.

Would any one kindly tell me how to make lemon cheese? Is there a way to keep eggs when they are packed in the summertime for the next winter's use? We get so many eggs in the summer and very few in the fall. What is the recipe for preserving eggs with water glass? How do you use it? May I come again and bother you? You may call me

MOTHER OF SIX.

(Surely you may come again and as often as you wish. Don't wait again for something to give in return for information. Ask for the help just when you want it and send us your new ideas any time it is convenient. I posted to you the issue containing in detail methods of preserving eggs. If you have not received it before this let me know, will you? I cannot find a recipe for 'lemon cheese', but an appeal to the members in cases of this kind is rarely in vain.—D. D.)

NOT A BIT TIRESOME.

Dear Dame Durden:—Here I am again for help! I am sure you will think me tiresome. But I was quite taken with the idea "Pioneer Lass" suggests about making "hubby's" socks out of old stocking legs, so thought I would ask you if it would be possible for me to communicate with "Pioneer Lass" asking her for a pattern? I should be much obliged for her address—that is if she wouldn't object. I will willingly send stamps to pay postage.

Oh! how I should like to have been in Dame Durden's shoes, when she was listening to the Besses' o' th' Barn Band. They used to stay a few miles from my old home in Lancashire. Please thank "Yorkshire Girl" for

her recipe in last issue. The "Chatterers" have been very kind indeed to send so many recipes.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

(You will have the address you wanted by this time.

I'm selfish enough not to be able to echo your desire in regard to the Band concert, but I should have been delighted to have you sitting beside me to help me enjoy it. It was the finest band music I ever heard.—D. D.)

A BLESSING TO THE SHUT-INS.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have been for three years an interested reader of your Corner, but so far have been content to read alone and let others do the talking. Now I am coming to ask for admittance for myself. We live away out on the prairie and we are always practically shut in all winter, so we hail mail days with delight, and I always look at the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, first for the Ingle Nook and the Quiet Hour pages. They both do me so much good. We made use of several of your suggestions for Christmas presents and they were well liked.

Your recipes are always good. Here is one for Ginger Cookies that never fails:—One cup shortening, a cup sugar, a cup molasses or syrup, a teaspoon soda mixed in a little boiling water and nicely blended with the molasses, two or three eggs, one desert-spoon ground ginger, and flour enough to roll easily without sticking. Please may I come again if this is not too long? Wishing you every success in your splendid work

PRAIRIE LILY.

(Your kind words are indeed appreciated, especially your mentioning the particular things you found helpful. How glad you will be when spring has come.—D. D.)

WELCOME TO ANOTHER BACHELOR.

Dear Dame Durden:—Seeing a letter from the bachelor "Pieface" I also have mustered up courage to creep into the Ingle Nook. I take the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and read it nearly page for page, giving the Children's Corner and Ingle Nook quite a lion's share. I certainly always thought that this corner was for ladies only and was glad to see that poor "Pie-Face" was not slighted. If I am also accepted, I wish to write a letter in response to B. S. on "Fathers and Children." I should certainly like to see the Ingle Nook grow bigger and bigger, not only with friendly letters but with experiences of different kinds and giving recipes that would be of service to many. Here is a little of my own

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experience:—I have "bached" it for about six years; do my own cooking, wash my own floors and black lead the stove. I can cook a joint, draw and stuff a duck, skin a rabbit and make a loaf—and all guaranteed digestible I sew on buttons and patches, but have not tried darning socks. I am of the opinion that "baching" is the making of many a young man, for more reasons than one. He learns in time what the monotony would be to a housewife, in doors day after day with practically no change in scene or duties. And when he settles down in married life he naturally gives little helps which are acceptable and comforting to the sensible woman. Of course I do not say all bachelors are such helps, but I have met some good ones. With best wishes to the Ingle Nookers and Dame Durden. LIVLANENG.

