

The Ingle Nook.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM "ISLANDER."

Islander, Bois Blanc, has very kindly sent not only a picture of her home, but an invitation to visit her at it. I, for one, Islander, will not forget to avail myself of the privilege if ever I have a spare hour on the Detroit River. Many thanks for the invitation. . . . Don't you think a few letters from "Farmer's Advocate" readers living near other points immortalized by the old '37 Rebellion would afford interesting reading? Montgomery's Tavern, St. Denis on the Richelieu, St. Eustache, Navy Island, Windmill Point—surely we have subscribers living near these places who could send us interesting notes, if they would be so kind.

Dear Dame Durden,—You asked me to write concerning the pictures I sent you. The blockhouse was one of three which were built on the island after the close of the Patriot War of 1837, and is the only one now standing in its original form; one other since has been converted into a summer home, while the third was burned for a giant bonfire when the Provinces were united in 1867. As the war was over before they were built, they have seen no actual fighting, and, after some ten years' occupation by the troops, were finally abandoned. My father said that, as a lad, he remembered twenty-seven families living in the one shown in the picture.

The lighthouse is of a different type from the one you visited, its light being obtained from seven lamps, with large silver-plated reflectors behind them, five showing in a group out toward the open lake, while two show up the river. It is necessary to keep these lights carefully curtained, as the rays of the sun striking the reflectors would soon cause the lamps to become lighted. When the light was built in 1837, fish oil was used instead of kerosene; and, on cold stormy nights, grandmother kept the oil melted, while grandfather changed it in the lights. The tower itself is about 60 feet high, and is built of stone, which was brought from Kingston, which must have been quite an undertaking in those days, this, I think, being one of the first lights established by the Canadian Government on the lakes.

You asked me to tell you of the excursion points along the river. There are a number of them. Those who take the trip through this neighborhood should certainly not fail to visit Belle Isle, lying between Detroit and Windsor, which is indeed a beauty spot, with its zoological garden and its aquarium, which is said to be one of the finest on the continent. Then there is Tashmoo Park in the St. Clair River, and the St. Clair Flats, with its many hotels and summer cottages built out over the water and called "Little Venice," after the famous city it resembles. In the other direction, out on Lake Erie, are a group of islands; the principal one, from an excursionist point of view, being Put-in-Bay, with its many interesting caves into which one may descend and travel long distances underground, and though they are some two or three miles inland from the shore, the waves from the lake wash about in them. Then, last, there is our own Bois Blanc, with its many stately buildings. The organ in one building, the "merry-go-round," was made in Germany, and cost many thousands of dollars. If you or any of the Chatterers ever visit Bois Blanc, you must come and see us, so that we may have the pleasure of meeting in person those whom we know through the Ingle Nook.

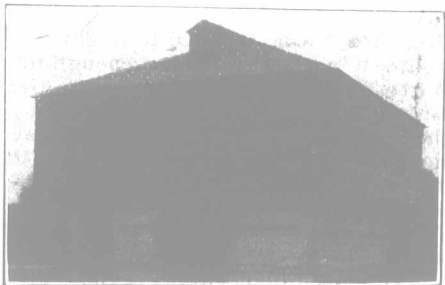
Bois Blanc Island.

A LETTER FROM 'FORGET-ME-NOT.'

My Friends of the Ingle Nook,—In renewing our subscription to our indispensable "Farmer's Advocate," it is simply an impossibility not to call at the Ingle Nook. Dear Chatterers, I have a most delightful surprise for you, and I know you will positively envy me. I was appointed as a delegate from our Women's Institute to the Guelph convention, and as well as enjoying the various splendid addresses, I had the extreme pleasure of meeting our presiding genius, Dame Durden. Oh, Margaret

Guthrie, I can scarcely resist the temptation of giving a pen-picture of her, but must refrain, lest it be contrary to her wish. Suffice it to say, that she still enjoys "single blessedness," and is consequently not "burdened with household cares." Another point I cannot but mention is that she is by no means "an aggressive female, with a monocle, a violent plaid skirt, and a bank-clerk walk," nor does she wear an automobile veil.

In glancing over some old "Farmer's Advocate" recently, I accidentally came upon Helen's first letter to the Ingle Nook. It gave me such an insight to her home and personality that I feel as if I know her very well indeed. Then, too, the fact that you, as well as I, Helen, were inexperienced in those profound mysteries of domestic science when abandoning city life for that of the farm arouses quite a sympathetic feeling. How are those two little cherubs you mentioned, Helen? I think I shall be necessitated to follow Miss Laura Rose's counsel, given at the



Old Blockhouse, Bois Blanc Island.

Guelph convention. She was presiding at one of the sessions, and in making some allusion to home conditions, she incidentally spoke of children, and added, parenthetically: "I am taking it for granted that you all have children; if you haven't, you should buy some."

I was wondering whether any of the other Chatterers were delegates; Dame Durden told me that Katharine Blink-bonny was present, but I had not the pleasure of meeting her.

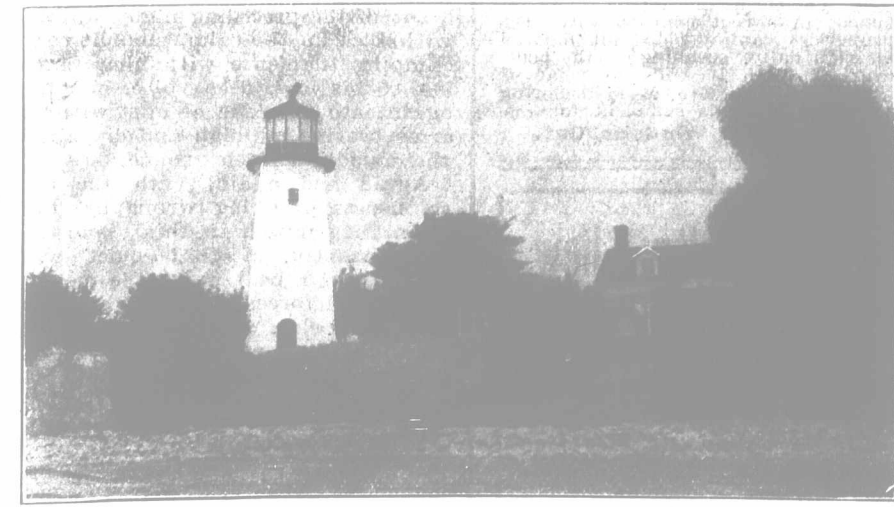
Dame Durden, do you remember our flying trip to see the famous cow? Did you secure her record afterwards?

I assure you that one of my most treasured and delightful reminiscences of the convention is the pleasure of having made your acquaintance.

My most profound courtesy to you, Peggie! Am I accurate in conjecturing that you derived your nom de plume from our popular serial, Carmichael?

Now, dear Ingle Nookers, allow me to conclude by extending New Year's greetings to all. FORGET-ME-NOT.

Perth Co., Ont.



Lighthouse, Bois Blanc Island, Detroit River.

The above letter was received after my last week's screed, re the Guelph convention, was on the press, otherwise it would have been incorporated at that time. I assure you the pleasure of our meeting was not confined to your side, Forget-me-not. My only regret was that I was so "hurried" that we hadn't time to get really acquainted. . . . Can I ever forget our trip to see the cow! You have already read our humble apotheosis to her, in which you, doubtless, shared in sentiment, if not in word.—D. D.

Hydrangea.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been a silent reader of the Ingle Nook for a long time, and enjoy reading all the nice letters; but now I have a little trouble to bring before you; it is about my hydrangea. I put it in the cellar last winter, and in the spring when I brought it up I cut it down; then it grew very fast, and looked very healthy. In the summer I set it out in a shady place on the east side of the house, and the sun shone on it for a short time in the morning, but it never grew any more. Early in the fall I brought it in the house, but the large leaves got yellow and dropped off, and it has not grown since. The stalks look quite healthy, and have little green leaves ready to shoot out; but it has been that way since spring, and they have never opened out. I water it regularly; it was a slip about two years ago. What seems to be the matter with it, and what had I better do with it? DIMPLES.

Wellington Co., Ont.

Probably you have been starving your hydrangea. If I were you, I should rest it again this winter in a cool cellar, giving it just enough water to keep it alive. In the spring take out of the pot, shake off the old soil, and repot carefully in new soil: a rich mixture of loam, leaf-mold and sand, with a little old dried cow manure added. Bailey says to cut back to one or two pairs of buds at this time. Rexford would not cut back at all, except to prune into symmetrical shape, when growth is being made. Give plenty of water all through the summer, also occasional applications of liquid manure; you may keep the plant in a partially-shaded place, until flowering time, then expose to full sunlight. Hydrangeas require plenty of pot-room and good drainage.

About the House.

WHEN THE FRUIT GETS "LOW."

Carrot Jam.—To 2 lbs. carrots cooked and pressed through a colander, add 1 lb. sugar (or more if desired sweeter), and the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons. Cook slowly until of the proper consistency.

Pumpkin Preserves.—Take pumpkin, either green or ripe, peel and cut out the center. Cut the firm portion into pieces about half an inch square. Put into a stewpan 1 lb. pumpkin to 4 lb. sugar, a little piece of ginger root, and some lemon peel. Place on stove, stir gently until sugar is dissolved, then let it cook slowly until tender. Dried pumpkin will do for this if first steamed until soft.

Sweet Apples.—Pare and core the apples, dropping the pieces into a little

ture is of the consistency of honey. It should simmer, not boil. Keep in a cool place, and use for tarts or as marmalade with toast or biscuits for breakfast.

Apple Ginger.—2 lbs. hard apples, 2 lbs. crystal sugar, 1 pint water, 2 ozs. preserved ginger. Boil sugar and water till it forms a thick syrup; then peel apples and cut into quarters, and boil with the ginger in the syrup until transparent.

Dates.—Wash dates, remove the seeds and fill the space with nut meats. Stew gently in a little hot water, adding at the last a very little sugar and lemon juice. Serve with cream, or whipped cream.

Dried Fruit.—Wash the fruit—figs, dates, peaches, prunes, apricots, or whatever it may be—put in a granite saucepan, cover with cold water and let stand 12 hours. Pour off the water thus saturated with fruit juice into another pan, add sugar according to taste, and boil 15 or 20 minutes. Now put in the soaked fruit, and let simmer (not boil) about 2 hours, or until tender. Let cool gradually. Lemon or orange peel may be added if liked.

Carmichael.

BY ANISON NORTH.

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CHAPTER XI.

In the Midst of the Battle.

They were all at breakfast when I went down next morning, Chris, Miss Tring, and my mother. Miss Tring had to hear all about the party; but my mother kept glancing at me nervously—while I could not look her in the face at all—and said never a word until Miss Tring had gone to school, and Chris had hobbled out to do his choring.

Then she sat down, as though unable to go on with her work until rid of that which was on her mind.

"Dick Carmichael would be at the bee?" she remarked, interrogatively. I felt the hot blood surge to my forehead and bent my head.

"Yes, mother."

"He didn't try to speak with ye?"

"Yes, mother; he came home with me."

"Oh, Peggie, after yer promise to me!"

My mother got up and walked to the window, with a look of bitter hardness on her face, and I flew to her.

"He came home with me, mother," I repeated, "but we didn't plan for it, mother, neither he nor I, and it just seemed that it had to be that way!"

Having begun, it seemed as though I must go on and confess all, if that would loosen from me the terrible sense of double-dealing under which I was burdened.

"And I let him carry me over the plowed ground," I went on, feverishly. "And mother, I needn't have done that, and now I know it was wrong, wrong to you. But, mother, it seemed so natural, so much like old times, I just drifted into it, and I think Dick did, too. I didn't mean to do wrong to you then, mother, indeed I didn't—and I only came to think of it all in the right way afterward!"

My mother had listened to me, standing very erectly, and with that hard expression on her face which I had observed on it when she had addressed Henry Carmichael.

"You let him carry ye," she repeated, with bitter scorn. "The son o' the man that killed yer father!"

Not a word more could I say, and, dropping into a chair, I put my face in my apron, and wept.

Presently, and much to my surprise, she knelt beside me, and, pushing back my head so that she could see me, looked long and anxiously into my face. Not for many a long day afterward did the meaning of that long, anxious look dawn upon