

Ingle Nook

HOUSEKEEPING

Dear Chatterers,—In your minds' eyes you can behold a very uplifted and satisfied Dame Durden. I've gone to housekeeping! Not the matrimonial brand, but something—now, listen to the clamor of the dissenting married members!—just about as good. My chum (and her popular name is "Bill") and I have a suite of three tiny rooms and a bath, and we expect to get all our own meals and live happy ever after. Now, don't be nasty and suggest that the last two statements are not reconcilable, even though it may turn out to be true. Anyway, we can make good tea, and if you care to hunt me up when you come to town I'm prepared to prove it.

Now, I'll be able to try some of the recipes you send in, instead of having to just read them and imagine their goodness, for the kitchen is fitted up with a gas range, oven and all. We think we are going to be very happy as long as we can pay the rent.

DAME DURDEN.

BACK FROM BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, of whom I told you in the spring, is back from her long journey in the great northland. Talk about the "last west," she has been to the very final dropping-off place of Canada, and has come back successful and well, and full to overflowing with information about a part of our country of which most of us were and are in sublime ignorance. She was extremely kind to the Winnipeg press women during the week she was in the city on her return, showed us all her curios, and answered questions, as many as we could ask, without any holding back for the sake of preserving her "copy" material.

Her trip, you remember, was from Edmonton, the end of the railway, by way of Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake and the connecting rivers, to the source of the MacKenzie, then along the full length of that great river to its mouth. Her transportation on the river was by means of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, which makes the trip once a year carrying the annual mail to the various Hudson's Bay Company's posts and stores of goods for barter with the Indians and Eskimos, and bringing back the furs in exchange.

The steamer's trip is timed to reach the most northerly fort—McPherson—during the days of the midnight sun, and Miss Cameron says that for a month after leaving Great Slave Lake it was never dark enough to see the stars, and that at one fort near the Arctic Circle, the inhabitants came down to the river in broad daylight at midnight to welcome the steamer, whose coming connects them once a year with the great world outside.

The curios that she brought back would drive a souvenir hunter wild with delight. I can't begin to tell you of all of them. There was a rug about 4 feet square made of the fur of the forepaws of the Canadian lynx, a marvel of soft fawn-and-whiteness and beautiful work. There were Indian embroideries that beat ours for workmanship, bead work and quill work, Eskimo pipes and trinkets made of walrus ivory. I broke the tenth commandment when it came to a cribbage board, marked out on the broad end of a big, ivory walrus tusk. The holes ran about half the length of the tusk and the rest of it down to the point was carved with northern scenes,—a ship under full sail, a dog team and driver, a company fort and Eskimo dwellings, all done so finely and delicately that they looked like skillful etchings. Imagine "pegging up"

with ivory pegs on a board like that!

Because I was on "The Farmer's Advocate" I was allowed the first examination of a huge onion and a huge potato grown at Fort Vermilion on the Peace River—400 miles north of Edmonton, as the crow flies. Miss Cameron was much impressed with the possibilities of that country just now opening up. A curious thing, she found wild roses in blossom as far north as Fort Norman, and it is said that where the wild rose grows, wheat will mature.

The most valuable to her and to Canada of the treasures which she brought back are the hundreds of photographs of northern scenes, and the very complete collection of wild flowers and plants that she carefully pressed and mounted ready for classification. Such a collection will tell the trained botanist very much of the agricultural possibilities of a part of our Dominion which we would not have known had any possibilities if it had not been for Miss Cameron and others of her kind.

DAME DURDEN.

FOR A GIRL'S OWN ROOM

Somebody once said "show me a woman's bedroom and I will tell you what she is like." It is natural for every girl to want to own her own little nest and have it look as pretty as possible, and I think she ought to be encouraged in this. Let her have around her the books that are really hers, the photographs of her special friends, the little bits of bric-a-brac which she has picked up here and there and which were given her at Christmas or on her birthday. Put all these where they will show at their best, and do not be afraid of furnishing your bedroom with too many books and pictures. Remember though that it is your bedroom and that you must leave sufficient space to move around, to dress and undress; and that you must not lumber your dressing table with trifles of no moment, when you want the room for your brushes and boxes and bottles that hold your toilet belongings. An overcrowded bedroom is a horror and an inconvenience. Have one or two easy chairs, with a view not only of the comfort of to-day, but of the time when it is possible you may be a bit of an invalid, and want a comfortable chair to enshrine you. These chairs need not be richly upholstered ones, but of plain wood made delightful, with big soft cushions, made of pillows covered with silk wrought over with embroidery silk and tinsel thread. Now girls, think over this and make your nest as pretty as a girl's bedroom should be. Spend a reasonable amount of time on its furnishing and you will not regret it.

MRS. G. A. S. BROADBENT.

REMEDY FOR SPLIT BUTTER BOWLS

Dear Dame Durden:—I am taking the liberty of writing to the "Ingle Nook" for a little help. I feel quite well acquainted with you, yet realize that to you I am a stranger.

I was born and brought up in California, so I am in a new environment altogether. We have been in this country about five years, three of which were spent in Ontario, and two here in Alberta; and they have been hard years! We are now poor home-steaders.

I like Alberta so much better than Ontario, I suppose because it seems nearer home, but then a man's opportunities for earning a living are really much better here. If I could help any one in any way, I would be glad to hear from them.

I wanted to know if you or any member could tell me how to keep a butter bowl from splitting. My new one split from end to end, and I must get another.

DAUGHTER OF THE GOLDEN STATE.
(You must find Canada—even "Sun-

ny Alberta"—quite a change from California, but I trust that bright prosperous days are in store for you, and that you will learn to love this big, awkward, new country for the sake of what she is going to be in the not far distant future.

When you get your new butter bowl give it a course of this treatment:—Get boiled linseed oil and apply it inside and out rubbing well when the bowl is perfectly dry. Do this three or four times letting the bowl dry between the applications.

When a crack appears in the bowl—even then it is not too late for a remedy. One of our members who has been neglecting us lately, told us last year that the crack could be mended by opening it on the outside with the point of a pen knife blade when the bowl is dry. Fill the opening with shellac that has been dissolved in alcohol (wood or grain alcohol or methylated spirits). Allow it to dry and set hard. D. D.)

MOTTO FOR A GUEST ROOM

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoever thou art,
And let go mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet, good night! good night!
ELLEN M. H. GATES.

A BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION

Our friend M. F. sends the following poem as her contribution to the Ingle Nook which has given her weekly pleasure and instruction. By sending us this she is giving pleasure to the rest of the members.—D. D.

QU'APPELLE IN OCTOBER

Sweet summer lies buried enshrouded
in yellow,
Mourning trees shed their leaves now
ripened and mellow,
Their bare branches quiver with moaning
and crying
O'er the odorless grave where dead summer
is lying.
Through the gold of the leaves the shy
partridge is stealing,
The grey of the poplars her presence
concealing.
The beaver so busy wends his way to the
river
Through willows whose dropping leaves
shudder and shiver
As they're clutched by the current that's
rushing and winding,
No rest on its bosom of amber e'er
finding.
The baby stream croons in the clasp
of its mother,
Whose arms are the hills, on this side
and the other;
Its infantile murmurs she closely em-
braces
Then spreads out to hold her daughter
lake's graces
Whose bright rippling face repeats the
loon's story
Of laughter and love and sunshine and
glory.
The Indian floats his canoe in the
gloaming
By banks where the mink and the musk-
rat are roaming
Afar up the river the wild duck is sailing,
Through a luminous, golden and soft
filmy trailing,
That touches the hills with a wonderful
seeming
Of ethereal fairyland glowing and
gleaming
The alleys a marvel of tints brilliant
and sober
There's naught else in the world like
Qu'Appelle in October. M. F.

THE COSY HOME

There are all sorts of adjectives which might be called upon to describe the home; it may be grand, stately, hospitable, beautiful, merry, or crowded, little, elegant, but its endearing grace is found in the little word "cosy."

If the whole house cannot be cosy, there may be some spot within it, the mother's room, for instance, or some little curtained nook, which bears that character. Then, those who come in from the world, weary and forlorn, sit down to be cheered; the baby cuddles close to the mother with its head against her knee; the big boy forgets that he has his manhood to assert in the face of all creation. The girl grows confidential, and tells her little open secrets, which the dear mother has already divined, yet glad to hear from her daughter's lips; and hand in hand husband and wife have moments of quiet blessedness.

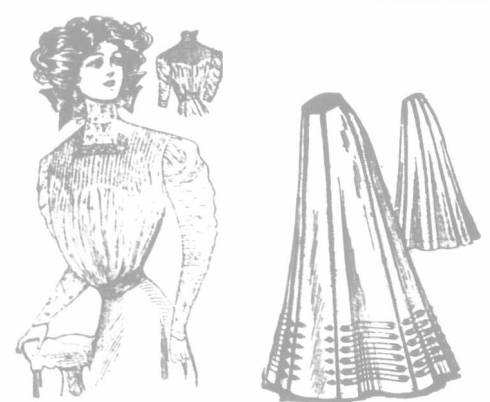
Sumptuous and splendid, the home may lack the quality of cosiness, and bare to forlornness it may possess it. For cosiness does not depend on carpets from Eastern looms or rugs from the lands of Moslem, or easy chairs or pillowy lounges, or flowers in the window or fruit on the table; it is apart from these things; it is the people who dwell in the home, and give it its tone and atmosphere.

In the cosy home there is liberty for the individual, while the general management is arranged according to a law. A cosy home must have somebody at its head, who is responsible for the comfort and well being of the family, and who sees that meals are well served and generous, that the work goes on in an orderly way, and who prevents needless friction by her own common sense and wise forethought. But in a cosy home there is elasticity, and the nervous individual or weary traveller is not compelled to rise at an early hour which taxes his strength, simply because it is ordained that an early breakfast is desirable. For many people an early breakfast is doubtful food, and in the cosy home there will be provision for those who prefer their tea and toast later, as well as those who must go early to business and school.

The cosy home gathers to itself a thousand fragrant memories, around its hearth a thousand dear associations cluster. As years go on we forget many things, and names once familiar are seldom on our lips, but the cosy homes abide in our hearts, and we wish for our children that which our parents gave to us. MRS. G. A. S. BROADBENT.

Tomato Mincemeat for Pies.—One peck green tomatoes, chopped fine, 4 lbs. brown sugar, 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons each of cinnamon, grated nutmeg, allspice, cloves and salt. Boil till tender, then seal in cans or jars.

The "Farmer's Advocate" Fashions



6143 Misses' Top and Blouse Waist, 14 and 16 years.

6135 Nine Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Be careful to give Correct Number and Size of Patterns Wanted. When the Pattern is Bust Measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. When Waist Measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. Allow from ten days to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and skirt, enclose ten cents for each number. If only one number appears, ten cents will be sufficient.

Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," Winnipeg, Man.