

ONE SHALL BE LEFT.
By FARNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.
Grown are all the others, some of them almost old;
But the one that died when a baby is mine to cuddle and hold.

Married away are the others, into their worlds apart,
But the laughing baby that died lies cradled upon my heart.

Life is crueller than death, for life is a subtle thief,
Stealing by slow degrees, till tall past the heart's belief.

The men and the women go—yea, even the memories
Of childish faces and forms are stolen by slow degrees.

But the laughing baby that died, the one little child I gave
Into death's outstretched arms, is the one little child I saved—

Kinder is death than life—oh, lone is the twilight grey,
With empty arms would I sit had my heart not broken one day!

—Truth's Companion.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.
Dear Dame Durden:—You will be surprised at my coming again so soon, and I would not trouble you now, but in reading my other letter in June 10th issue of the *Advocate* I noticed that the recipe for Cream Pie contained a misprinted word which would entirely spoil the mixture, and, woman-like, I could not contain myself in patience till I had corrected it. Instead of "a quart of sweet milk" it should be "a cup of sweet milk." I hope no poor trusting mortal tries it with "a cup" of milk or she will never take any stock in "Ingle Nook" recipes again, and especially those sent by "Manitoban."

As to the question of admitting bachelors:—I say welcome to them by all means! I think most of them deserve all the help we can give them and they have more of my sympathy than the selfish girls who are afraid to marry them for fear of being made a "drudge" of. Although I have read several letters in the page setting forth the drawbacks of a farm life and the unenviable life of most farmers' wives, still I think women of such views are in the minority.

Farm life is what we make it, and some certainly do make a drudgery of it; nevertheless there is no woman worthy of the name who would hesitate to marry the man of her choice because she might at some future day be obliged to milk a few cows and possibly feed a few calves and pigs once in a while. In fact, a woman who considers herself above doing a little of such work in a busy time, when help is hard to get does not deserve a husband of any kind, and an industrious man is better off without her. Moreover the woman who goes out and milks and feeds calves, pigs, etc., while her lord and master sits in the house and smokes is as much to blame as he is if she allows herself to be imposed upon so; and if he is so thick-headed that he cannot see that such work is a man's duty except at specially busy times he deserves to have her go off and leave him for a spell, to meditate and do her work as well as his own.

My pen is running away with me and I must close, thanking you for the clipping about point lace.

MANITOBAN.
(That was a provoking mistake, and none of the members need lay the blame on "Manitoban." She was not responsible. I agree with you in your ideas about the so-called drudgery of the farm life. Many women in town are drudges too. It is the woman, not the work that makes the drudge.—D. D.)

A NEW MEMBER, NOT A NEW READER.

Dear Dame Durden:—This is my first letter to your Ingle Nook. My husband has taken the *FARMER'S ADVOCATE* for three years. I see that quite a few of our friends are English. I came out from England nine years ago this summer. I am glad to see them

here, though I must say I felt a little homesick when I read the letters from some of them telling us how they kept Christmas in old England. I like Canada; the people are very nice. I will call myself

OXFORD LASS.
TREATMENT FOR BUTTER BOWLS.
Dear Dame Durden:—Will you admit another busy wife and mother, who would like to help and be helped? I have been reading all the letters for the last six months and often thought of writing, but as I never had much schooling I did not like to begin. In our last number I saw that D. T. P. had been having trouble with her butter bowls cracking. Now, I have had just the same thing happen until one time I found by accident that you must soak both sides at once. First take your bowl and scrape it smooth with a piece of glass, then put in a tub or large pan and fill both full of water (I like cold the best) and leave for nearly a week. The bowl must be covered with water or else it will swell more on one side than the other and so will crack. I paint the outside of mine and always keep it in the cellar so that it will never get very dry at any time.

Trusting this will be a help to our friend and that you will forgive all mistakes, I will close, thanking the page for all the help I have received.
LILLIAN E.
(Never mind a few mistakes. You busy wives and mothers provide the idea and it is part of the reason for my existence to do the "reading over again" that you have no time for. Many thanks for helping D. T. P. Others will be glad of the same suggestion.—D. D.)

ENJOYMENT IN THE INGLE NOOK.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have taken courage to come into your corner. I enjoy reading the corner very much and get many useful things out of it. The *Advocate* is very interesting, especially the Ingle Nook Chats. I am glad you let the bachelors in. It is all right as long as they keep to the rules.

Do any of you know how to make mushroom catsup? We have lots of mushrooms, more than we can use. I have tasted the catsup and liked it but never found out how to make it.

Here is a recipe for ginger cookies without eggs: one cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup black strap, one teaspoon cinnamon and cloves, one teaspoon baking soda, one tablespoon ginger, flour enough to roll out. Bake in hot oven.

MEG.
(A recipe for mushroom pickles appeared in the Ingle Nook if the June 12th issue, and here is one for mushroom catsup: Put the mushrooms in layers with salt sprinkled on each layer, and let stand for four days. Mash them fine and to each quart add two-thirds teaspoon of black pepper, and boil for two hours in a crock set in boiling water. Strain the liquor from it without squeezing; boil the liquor, and let it stand to cool and settle; then bottle and seal securely.)

We are glad you like us so well. Do not stop with one visit now that you have your courage "screwed to the sticking point."—D. D.)

AN AFTERNOON CALLER.

Dear Dame Durden:—Will you allow a reader of Ingle Nook to call this afternoon with some recipes called for in your corner? Thanks! Here they are: "Lonely one" in June 5th issue asks for cream pie.

Cream pie (with cream in it).—One pint of good sweet cream, one egg, one level tablespoon flour, three tablespoons sugar. Stir the dry flour thoroughly with the sugar; you'll not be bothered with lumps. If too sweet less sugar can be used. Flavor to suit and bake in one crust; bake the crust first.

Golden Cream pie (fine).—Bake crust first. Take one cup of milk, yolks of two eggs, half cup sugar, two table-

spoons of corn starch or flour. Cook in a double boiler, stirring till thick, then flavor to suit. Pour into crust, spread whites of eggs on top when sweetened and well whipped. Brown in oven.

In June 12th issue "A Leeds Loimer" asks for preserved pumpkin recipe. Here is Mrs. Rorer's: Pare off the outer skin, cut in halves, remove the seeds, each half into pieces about two inches square. Put them in a stone jar and add half cup salt to every five lbs. of pumpkin. Cover with cold water and let stand aside five hours; then drain and cover with fresh cold water. Soak two hours, changing the water three or four times. Bring the pumpkin to boiling point in the water; drain in a colander. Put two and a half pounds of sugar, one and a half quarts of boiling water in a preserving kettle, boil and skim. When perfectly clear, put in the pumpkin, cook gently until you can pierce it with a wooden skewer or straw. Then lift each piece carefully with a skimmer and place it on a plate. Stand in the sun two hours to harden. Chip the yellow rind from one large lemon; add to the syrup; add the juice of two lemons and a small piece of ginger root cut in thin slices. Boil ten minutes and stand aside to cool. When the pumpkin is hardened and cold put in glass jars. Bring the syrup again to boiling point; strain it over the pumpkin and when cool, fasten or seal.

If these escape the W. P. basket and help your Nook readers, I may call again with cream chocolate pie and a few other (to me at least) choice recipes. Up here we are unable as yet to grow pumpkins, so have to use carrots, golden ball turnips and swedes instead. Trusting I have not tired you out, I'll bid you good-afternoon.

SPRING BROOK.
(Glad to hear from you and hope you will visit us again when you have a leisure afternoon. The chocolate cream pie recipe will be sure to please some person.—D. D.)

USE THE MACHINE IN RUG-MAKING.

Dear Dame Durden:—It seems rather soon for me to call again, but seeing Alberta A's request re making rugs of old stockings has made me call again a little sooner than I might have done. I shall be only too glad to help in this if I can only make it plain. Simply cut the stockings in lengthwise strips, say about two inches wide as a general rule; then ravel out, leaving a half inch or less to sew on by. When sewing on the strips should overlap each other some, so as not to leave or show a space. Any change in color should be made before the stocking is cut and I would advise using a fairly good foundation as the rug will last a long time. I made one last winter using a different color for each corner; then filling in with hit and miss. This looks very well and makes a change from all hit and miss. I sew on with a sewing machine, using a long stitch, as it is quicker.

I see someone has difficulty with a butter tray. I had the same trouble, but received help through the Ingle Nook. I tried oiling a new one on the outside with ordinary paint oil and have not had any trouble for a year or more. I hope these suggestions may be of use. If the rug hints are not plain I shall be pleased to answer any question.

MARTHA.
GARDENS AND GOPHERS.

Dear Dame Durden:—I thought when I saw my other letter in print I would try another. I like to read other people's letters, and I think you could not get any better weekly paper with so much information in it as the *FARMER'S ADVOCATE*. I know we are well pleased with it. We get some most useful hints out of it.

Well, I must tell you about my garden. I don't think that the gophers know that I have one. I have lettuce

and onions and radishes ready to use. I think it is so nice to have vegetables again. I have very poor luck with chickens this year. I guess anybody can beat me raising chickens this year. I had better close or you will be giving me a walking ticket.

RED ROSE.
(Perhaps if the chickens had turned out better the garden would not have had a chance to be so good. Chickens are as detrimental to gardens as gophers are.—D. D.)

REMEDY FOR CRACKED BUTTER BOWL.

Dear Dame Durden:—I trust you will pardon me for calling you "dear," for I have followed the example of the others and I am sure my little wife will not be jealous. I trust also you will pardon my intrusion, but I saw the trouble one of your friends in the Nook had with butter bowls, and remembering the trouble my little wife used to have, I thought I would tell you what I did with the butter bowls. D. T. P., get your husband to buy some boiled linseed oil; have your butter bowl thoroughly dry; then get him to rub the oil well on, both inside and outside of the bowl two or three times. Let it dry well each time it is rubbed on, and your bowl will last for years, and also you will find it smoother, and the butter will not stick to the bowl so much.

INTRUDER.
(If the "little wife" does not mind, be sure I do not. We do not consider any one an "intruder" who comes in to help, so your chosen name is not very appropriate.—D. D.)

WANTED—RECIPE FOR VINEGAR.

Dear Dame Durden:—Being an interested reader of your "Ingle Nook chats" which I generally turn to when I open the *Advocate*, I thought I would just take up a wee corner this week to ask if any kind reader could give a recipe for home-made vinegar. We are very fond of salads and being so far away from the town find it a little inconvenient not to always have everything ready when needed, especially after being used to living in a large city.

We came out from England last August and everyone tells us we have had an exceptional winter. We all thought it very bad, but think the mosquitoes worse, as they torment us very much, raising great lumps wherever they bite. But I suppose we will get used to them when we are more acclimated. The Canadians tell us they like juicy Englishmen. We would rather they didn't.

I am enclosing recipe for buns which we all like and are very simple to make: Ten spoonfuls of flour, seven of sugar, one egg, a large lump of butter or lard, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix to a batter with milk and water and bake in a brisk oven. It is also nice made in a large tin and then cut open with jam between.

MOLLY.
(I have no trust-worthy recipe for home-made vinegar, but it is usually safe to appeal to the Ingle Nook on such matters. The mosquitoes may prefer "a juicy Englishman," but I can testify that in lieu of better fare they will nibble at a native-born Canadian who isn't particularly "juicy." I prefer the cold of the winter to the attentions of the mosquito.—D. D.)

A model advertising agent was talking the other day about the disappearance of the reading advertisements. "Some of these reading advertisements were enough to fool a wizard," said he. "In fact, I know of one case"—he paused and chuckled. Then he went on: "Old Aunty Cornsilk, of Corydon Four Corners, said to her husband one night: 'Ephraim, did that there story you were readin' end happy?' Uncle Ephraim answered heartily from his rocking chair beside the stove: 'Gosh, yes, Huldy! The beautiful heroine got cured of an incurable disease and the story gave the name and price of the pills what done the trick.'"—*Kansas City Star*.