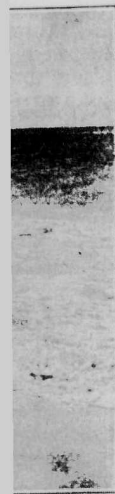


Vict labor about 1842. slaves, convicts and ges, life in the little been, to say the least,

ers is always referred r of the colony, but i that the Islands were paniard named Ferdi-o landed on the south a Island in 1543. We d the date rudely cut cliff, and surmounted after the manner of rers.

ns are, taken all to- l and hospitable, but, s, they have suffered on of the too-eager any beautiful places individuals are closed aply because the own- rbed at all hours, and the privilege of eating racy.



K

lant life, to get an ink nism of a plant and o of its color, shape and ; know all there is to most of us know very we all know something y more. So this class interchange of knowl- t life, particularly of provinces of Western

l to be nearly 4000 rowing wild in Canada, ur prairies in summer that a goodly portion sand have their homes We cannot hope to be of them, but through meet some new flower etter acquainted with

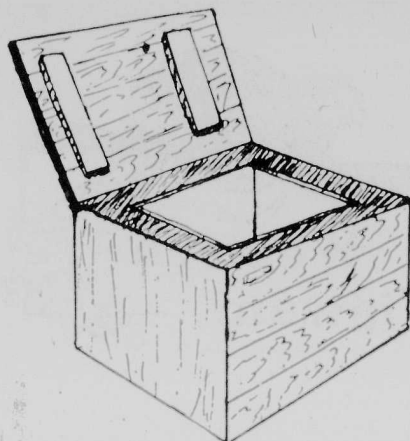
winter seems an in- to begin discussing preliminary talks will liarize us with "flower with the technical essential even in the f botany study. We ur memories of the st year, make a list of es we know and des- ild not name. If this ccess it will not be due o are very much inter- eing said. The credit se who have found out flowers around them, enough to pass it on. ccess, will you?

DAME DURDEN.

ID REFRIGERATOR

during a hot spell I ut it away to use in the It was in regard to ly of ice for use on the eed was felt in August e to do anything then. e thermometer trying t at the bottom of the

bulb, the ice crop for this year seems to be sure; and even if you find it hard to believe that anything will ever need to



A HOME-MADE REFRIGERATOR.

be set on ice again, the dog days will come and you'll be longing for a chunk of that coldness that seems so super-fluous now.

Some farmers harvest a crop of ice as regularly as they do their wheat. But these are the minority. Most people in the country seem to regard ice in summer as a luxury for city folk. Not a bit of it. Ice can be preserved without an icehouse at all if it is well covered with sawdust and then with a heap of straw. But a simple building that will answer the purpose just as well as an elaborate one is a small house made of two thicknesses of boards with paper between and the air space filled with dry sawdust. A drain to carry away the water is a necessity also. If this is set up near the house, no refrigerator will be necessary as the food and milk can be set directly on the ice. Poplar poles instead of lumber can be used and is recommended as practicable by one writer. Make two studdings of the poles, one within the other leaving a space of ten inches. Stuff this space closely with straw or hay, and cover the ice with sawdust in generous quantities.

When the supply has been put in and hot weather comes for using it, a refrigerator is the next want. Of course the ones you buy are the nicest, but don't despair if you can't have one. Here is a homemade box that can easily be made by a handy man, and if you have a handy man about the place, set him to work at it now when he is not too busy. Two boxes are needed—the larger one at least three feet square, the smaller one three inches smaller in every dimension. Line the small box with zinc, bore a hole in the bottom of both boxes and insert a piece of 1/4 inch lead pipe for a drain. The space between the two boxes on bottom and sides should be filled with sawdust and charcoal. D. D.

INGLE NOOK NEWS NOTES

Mrs. Berry kindly sent the words of "In the Shadow of the Pines," and accompanied it with New Year wishes for the Ingle Nook's prosperity.

A "HOMELY" SPOT

Dear Dame Durden:—I was very pleased with a letter sent by "Nameless" in a recent issue of the Ingle Nook. I, for one, appreciate the Ingle Nook very much and think there is nothing like it. It has such a "homely" look and tone to one who is far from relations and parents. I am the happy possessor of six grown-up sisters in England, (some married and some not) and they often write to me and unburden their mind to the sister so far away, far more than they could to anyone nearer, knowing I cannot and will not betray confidences. So with "Nameless" I believe it is very nice to unburden the mind of opinions and ideas sometimes. I am quite agreed with "Nameless," too on the Woman's Suffrage question. I was very interested in the fiscal question in English politics and I wonder sometimes if the Free Trade of England is the best thing for the poor. As the dower arrangement is out here at present, it is manifestly unfair, and unless the women agitate in the matter, I think it unlikely that anyone else will. Like many others, personally I have no grievance in

the matter, but we must not be selfish and forget there may be many others of our sisters suffering through it.

I have lost 7 fowls through the recent severe frosts, although we thought we had a warm poultry house and have never lost any that way before. We spent a happy Christmas and hope all the Ingle Nookers and Dame Durden did also. EVANGELINE.

CORRECTING AN ERROR

Dear Dame Durden:—You will begin to think that I am one of those people that write for their own convenience but although I do not write very often I am a constant reader of your page and find it very helpful.

You made a small mistake in printing my last letter, which was in your issue of Aug. 26th. In the recipe telling how "to save the perfume of the roses," it read "extract juice by washing," which should have read, "extract juice by mashing." A very small mistake, but it would spoil it altogether. I noticed that in Dec. 30th issue you asked for the words of "In the Shadow of the Pines," so I am sending them as I know them.

There are so many nice letters that I don't want to crowd any of them out so I will close with a recipe for cream pie that is easy to make when fruit and eggs are scarce in the winter.

Cream Pie.—4 tablespoons sugar mixed with 3 of flour, a little grated nutmeg, add 1 cup cream and 1/2 cup milk. Stir all together and cook well in a double boiler. Flavor with vanilla when cooked. Have an undercrust baked ready and pour on as soon as cooked. It takes about 20 minutes to cook it. I cook it in a bowl set in a pot of boiling water.

SILVER HEELS.

(It was kind of you to write out the words of the song, but "May Rose" had already supplied them. I'm sorry about the typographical error for which there is no satisfactory excuse I can give you. But one good thing about it—and this is not to my credit either—the recipe did not appear until the rose season was over, and now the correction is made by you before another season begins. Don't hesitate to write because others may be writing. I'll find room for them all or make trouble in the office. D. D.)

PICKWICK PAPERS

I have the works of Kipling, and My groaning book-shelves carry Beside a stout and stern Carlyle, A set of J. M. Barrie, Sir Gilbert Parker, Conan Doyle Are fully represented. So, when I have the will to browse, I ought to be contented.

But there are lazy, idle times When I would simply nibble. Ah, then I feel disposed to kick, To criticise and quibble Concerning modern novelists And their dramatic power, Times when I feel disposed to read For only half an hour.

Ah, then I reach for Pickwick, that Inimitable book, And read again of favorites With interested look. And though the maids of nowadays Most certainly are beauts, I love sweet Arabella, with The fur around her boots.

I see the tights and gaiters of A veritable sport. 'Tis true he loved the steaming punch, The glass of crusted port. But what a heart within him lay, So big it strained his chest. Oft do I see those "four large tears" A-coursing down his vest.

And thou, the prince of serving men, With anecdote in store, I joy to see thee lose thy hat Behind the kitchen door, When Mary joins thee in the search And gets a chaste salute. Audacious Sam, give me thine hand, Thou art a foxy coot!

Pickwick! The very name brings up A group of loving friends Who are entwined about my heart Till life's long journey ends. The modern novelist may draw With touch exceeding free, But can they give their characters Such immortality? —The News.

WHAT WILL MY GARDEN BE ?

I want to have it a little extra the coming season. Vegetables grown in the home garden cost so little, are fresh and taste so good. Best food and medicine. When we have a good garden, I don't worry what's to go on the table for a change. So I'm going in for a good garden.

WHOSE SEEDS WILL I BUY ?

I want them to be good—I can't tell by looking at them. I want them to be the right varieties. I see So-and-So is advertising pretty big, but when it comes to "Seeds for Canada" I've always found STEELE BRIGGS safe. They've been at the business about 35 years, and I know for a fact that they test every variety each year in the open ground to see that the stock is kept right up to the mark in purity and type. Their motto is "Seeds from fully matured crops of selected early, hardy, prolific varieties," and that combination is hard to beat, especially where the growing season is short. You see, perfect maturity gives great vitality for a quick start in the spring and this, coupled with a proper variety, places success almost beyond a doubt as far as the seed is concerned. Steele Briggs are true Seedsmen—not simply dealers—and when they bring out a new thing, I have found their statements reliable. Last season they introduced a new strain of cauliflower called "S. B's. Earliest Snowball." They stated it was a superior strain and I now learn that this cauliflower has acquired in the one season a wonderful position—every Market Gardener at Winnipeg who tried it wants it again, and at the great Horticultural Exhibition at Toronto last November, it took first prize over all competitors. In fact, I learn that at that Exhibition, which is considered both in number and quality of the exhibits, second to none on this continent, the vegetables grown from Steele Briggs' seeds have practically swept the Prizes in all classes each year for the past five years.

Besides their general select list of vegetable seeds, they have their new "Honey-pod" Wax Bean—the first and only variety originating in Manitoba. It is the earliest of all and equal to any in quality and productiveness. Their new "Kildonan" cabbage has a great name, and I hear they are offering \$30.00 in Prizes to the school boys and the school girls of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta for growing the heaviest. John and Willie and Gertie will want to try for that and they will be greatly interested in the garden, and next year we will see who all get the prizes.

Then there is their large list of tree seeds for the West, their new Orloff Oats, new Silver King Barley, Premost No. 25 Flax, Russian, Turkestan and Montana Alfalfa and Red Clovers with a reputation for purity and quality, that brings large purchasers from Great Britain, Germany, France, United States, South America and Australia; also their new Kursk Millet, Japanese Millet, and all kinds of Grasses, &c.

Yes, I'll send my seed order to Steele Briggs.

I'LL WRITE TO-DAY FOR THEIR CATALOGUE

(it is free), and I'll have no worry about varieties or quality, and besides their catalogue tells how to plant and cultivate in the West for best results.

Steele, Briggs Seed Co.
WINNIPEG, MAN. Limited.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE ADVOCATE.

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