

**PLANNING TO GO HOME**

Dear Dame Durden:—May I come in for a little chat? But, alas, I am coming for help, not to give it!

Can you or some of the readers give me the recipe for rhubarb wine? I have got a great deal of information from the *ADVOCATE* from time to time, and as I came from Scotland it has come in very handy to me, seeing I was a stranger to the Canadian ways of cooking. I have been in Canada thirteen years and am planning a trip back to Scotland this coming winter.

I have a big garden and everything is doing well. Now I had better not make this too long, but if I am welcome I may come again.

I will close wishing Dame Durden and the Chatterers success.

MOTHER OF TWO.

**RHUBARB WINE.**—Cut in bits and crush five pounds rhubarb; add the thin yellow rind of one lemon, and one gallon of water. Let stand, covered, for two days. Strain off the liquid and add to it four pounds white sugar. Put into a small, clean cask, with the bung-hole uncorked but covered with white muslin. Let it work for three days, then put in the bung, and let stand in the cellar four months, when it is ready to draw off and bottle.

**TO GET RID OF INSECT PESTS**

Several questions have been asked during the last week in regard to getting rid of one or other of the insect nuisances that are so irritating.

**Mosquitoes.**—To keep off mosquitoes rub the exposed parts with either kerosene or oil of citronella. To re-

**The Ingle Nook**

thing possible with boiling water. Then go over all suspected places with coal oil or turpentine applied with a strong feather—beds, woodwork, window frames, corners of trunks. Then take 4 ounces sulphur, put it on a dish and set this dish on another as a precaution against fire. Close every aperture tightly except the door to let you out, set fire to the sulphur, leave the room immediately, closing the door after you and stuffing the keyhole. Leave 4 or 5 hours and then air thoroughly before occupying. A coat of fresh paint as a next step will help wonderfully. Fill up any cracks in floor or woodwork before painting by making a paste of  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound alum, 3 quarts water, and tearing into it bits of newspaper until the whole is about as thick as putty after being boiled all together. Fill cracks up full and smooth off with a knife. Put mattresses out in the sun and throw scalding water over them. After this strenuous treatment nothing more would be necessary than to go over the room once a week with coal oil or turpentine and to use red oil of cedar on mattresses.

**FEELS BETTER NOW**

Dear Dame Durden:—Allow me to thank you very very much for so kindly answering my many questions. I will

music that I think, like Modest Member, it would be a good thing to have a page for music, but I see you say lack of space prevents you.

Perhaps some members are fond of cream puffs. We all are, and I have a recipe that is so much easier than others that I enclose it for the benefit of anyone who is as fond of them as I am: Put one-quarter pint water and two ounces butter on fire to boil. When boiling stir in two ounces flour till it comes from the side. Now take off stove and beat in, half at a time, two well-beaten eggs. Drop in dessertspoonful on greased tin, and bake in moderate oven till set, or a pale brown. When cool cut with sharp knife, and fill with whipped cream or blanc mange.

Had the worst storm yesterday I have ever seen, hail the size of half a hen egg. Did it reach you, Dame Durden? How are the members' gardens? Ours is doing fine.

Wishing members every success with this year's crop, and hoping I may come again.

RUPA.

**A VISIT WITH AUNT SARA**

Dear Dame Durden and Sisters of the Nook:—It is long since I made you a call; but the corner being nearly always full—for I peep in to see—I have not pushed the door open. I hear what you say, however, and am always interested. Last week the voices were fewer, so I come again. Since my last visit, my son and I have sold our prairie farm in Saskatchewan and are making a home on a sunny hillside in sunny British Columbia, in the beautiful Okanagan Valley, and in sight of the lake of that name. The scenery around our home is delightful: from our windows we can see miles of the fruitful valley, with its wealth of orchards and gardens, farms and pretty homes, fringed with clumps of forest, and sheltered on every side by mountains, far or near; or watch the pretty steamers come and go on the sparkling waters of the lake. We very much enjoy the change from the monotonous sameness of the prairie—not that we would disparage that noble country; may it never want for hands and brains to till its soil and garner its wealth! We also enjoyed to the full our trip over the "Ridgepole of the Continent," the "Canadian Alps." But abler pens have described that wonderland, and I am wasting paper and your time with idle gossip.

We are starting a fruit and truck farm, and among my vines I have planted garden lemons, of which I know very little. My friends tell me they are "no good," but I have heard them highly recommended, and it costs little to try. We are also trying sweet potatoes, which are only an experiment as yet, and peanuts, which have been successfully raised here.

Can any of Dame Durden's family tell me the best way—or several ways—to prepare my garden lemons, both for immediate use, and for winter?

Next time I will try not to come empty-handed—try to give, as well as ask favors.

AUNT SARA.

P.S.—I copy below some lines, by my brother (a New Brunswicker) in Buffalo, written upon the death of King Edward:—

**VIVE LE ROI!**

(By a Canadian in Buffalo)

The King is dead! Go spread the sable pall;  
Drop to half-mast the nation's banner red;  
Toll slow the bell; step softly; bow the head,  
From sternest eyes let brimming tear drops fall;  
Earth's mightiest monarch has obeyed the call,  
The summons grim that may not be gainsaid,  
Lay him to rest among the honored dead,  
And carve his glories round the ancient hall.

Around the world from sun to distant sun,  
Let dirge and knell attest the nation's grief;  
Then turn to face the morning just begun,  
And hail with chastened joy a new-made chief.  
Fling out the banners! Let the glad bells ring!  
The King that was is dead! Long live the King!  
C. E. JAMESON.  
Buffalo, N. Y., May 7, 1910.

(It seems good to hear from you again. Don't I envy you the mountains these hot days! I do like Manitoba winters, but when a Manitoba summer really gets down to business I have to give in and merely exist till the mercury drops again. Am sorry I can't help about the garden lemons, but some reader is sure to know and will answer promptly. Many thanks for letting us have the benefit of your brother's fine, strong verse.—D. D.)

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THERE IS MONEY IN RAISING GEESSE  
Photo by Miss Alice Johnson

lieve the pain of bites bathe with baking soda dissolved in a little water.

**Bee Stings.**—The pain of bee stings will be diminished by bathing with baking soda dissolved in water, or by applying mud to the sting.

**Flies.**—Full directions for dealing with these filth and disease carriers was published in a recent issue. Keep them out; kill every one you can; provide them with no nourishment; use formalin solution, but remember that it is poison.

**Fleas.**—Wash dogs and cats with carbolic soap every other day. Give them the run of the house to attract the fleas to them. Gasoline in crevices of floors and baseboards is good, but no light or flame should be used until the room is thoroughly aired after using. Scatter fleabane and wormwood around, and sprinkle the beds with pennyroyal or oil of lavender. To wash clothing and body with sulphur soap is often a preventive. See also page 202, Feb. 9th issue, 1910.

**Ants.**—Alum powdered fine and sprinkled on floor and shelves is good, but a better way is to dissolve 2 pounds alum in three quarts boiling water and apply with a paint brush while hot to every spot of their haunts. Turpentine, sulphur, sage, camphor and borax are all said to be objectionable to ants.

**Bedbugs.**—These are the most objectionable of the insect pests and hard to get rid of. Even when once cleared out eternal vigilance is the price of immunity. In the first place, don't think that because you are in a new house that no bugs will appear. They come in wood. You can see them in new cut logs and in lumber piles. In any house they will get in cracked woodwork and floors, and even under cracks and blisters in the wall paper. Tear off the loose pieces of paper, clean every-

never again feel that dreaded nervousness I have always had when I had to serve a meal when strangers were present.

The book you sent came all right and there are many helpful things in it, but your answers to my questions in the *ADVOCATE* have helped me most. See how very well your little paragraph on hospitality has "justified its existence," for had I not seen it I would not have had the courage to have written and asked all those simple questions. My letter seemed very selfish and I will try and send in some helpful things when I can.

You will probably be taking your holidays before very long and I hope you may pass them very pleasantly.

I also wish you every success in your work of love, for it is certainly that when one's work is helping others.

ALEXANDRA.

(I was just wishing for a trip through your district the other day when studying the map. But there doesn't seem any prospect of it this year. I'll be sure to announce it when I can come.—D. D.)

**GLAD TO KNOW YOU**

Dear Dame Durden:—We receive your paper from a neighbor, and the first place I turn to is your little corner.

In your June 1st issue I see that "Madeleine" offers some songs she does not want to anyone who would be pleased to have them. As I love music and should be glad to have some new songs, I shall consider it a favor if you will forward the enclosed to "Madeleine."

I think that the page for the girls was just fine and trust there will be another soon. I am not twenty yet myself, so of course enjoyed reading their letters. So many of us are interested in