

INGLE NOOK CHATS

Dear Dame Durden:—Since I came from England last March I have been an interested reader of the "Ingle Nook Chats" and often thought I would like to become one of the Chat-terers. In your number of Oct. 31st, "Evening Primrose" asks for a recipe for "Parkin" so I am sending the following, which I think she will find very nice.

Yorkshire Parkin.—Mix with half a pound of flour, four ounces of rolled oats, one of mixed spice, six of brown sugar, and a full quarter ounce of carbonate of soda. Rub in four ounces of butter or lard, add four ounces of treacle (previously heated) and sufficient buttermilk to make a nice soft dough. Form into round flat cakes, place on greased tins and bake in a cool oven. When done glaze on the top with buttermilk.

You ask for a reliable English cookery book. Pears' Cyclopaedia contains an excellent book of cookery as well as a great deal of other useful information. The cost is a shilling and it can be bought at A & F Pears Ltd, 71-75 New Oxford St., London, Eng. Publishers, David Bryce & Son, Glasgow.

I can sympathize with the English-woman who wrote you in September saying what a difficulty she had had in making bread, as, being a London girl, I had had no experience in that line, but am now getting on much better. I hope I may find a welcome in the "Ingle Nook" and perhaps occasionally be of some use.

MERRIE ENGLAND.

(You may be sure of your welcome and we are sure of your usefulness. We hope you will come often. Every one has been so kind in recommending cook books and giving all the details. I thank you all. In this same issue you will find directions for making bread in one of the easiest ways and with least chance of failure. It is mighty good bread, too, as I know from experience.)

I wish some of you members to whom a Canadian Christmas is new, would write to the Ingle Nook describing the days as you spent it in your old homes. It would be of the greatest interest to the Canadians among us. Will you? D. D.)

MY OWN FOUR WALLS.

The storm and night is on the waste,
Wild through the wind the herds-
man calls

As fast on willing nag I haste
Home to my own four walls.

Black, tossing clouds, with scarce a
glimmer
Envelop earth like sevenfold palls;
But wifekin watches, coffee-pot doth
simmer,
Home in my own four walls.

A home and wife I too have got,
A hearth to blaze whate'er befalls;
What needs a man that I have not
Within my own four walls?

King George has palaces of pride,
And armed grooms must ward those
halls;
With one stout bolt I safe abide
Within my own four walls.

Not all his men may sever this;
It yields to friends' nor monarchs'
calls;

My whinstone house my castle is,
I have my own four walls.

When fools or knaves do make a rout
With gighen, dinners, balls, cabals,
I turn my back and shut them out,—
These are my own four walls.

The moorland house, though rude it be,
May stand the brunt when prouder
falls;

'Twill screen my wife, my books, and
me,
All in my own four walls.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

MY WORK.

My work at home lies with the olive
branches

Thou'st planted there,
To train them meekly for the heavenly
garden

Needs all my care.
I may not in the woods and on the
mountains

Seek Thy lost sheep;
At home a little flock of tender lamb-
kins

'Tis mine to keep.
Thou givest to Thy servants each his
life-work;

No trumpet-tone
Will tell the nations in triumphant
pealing,

How mine was done—
But 'twill be much, if, when the task is
ended,

Through grace from Thee,
I give Thee back, undimmed, the
radiant jewels
Thou gavest me.

—Selected.

TRUE CONFIDENCE.

"Do you know what I love you best
for?" said a woman whose domestic
burdens were almost beyond bearing,
to the friend to whom she had been
giving a partial confidence. "Because
you never ask any questions." How
many more hearts might have the
relief that comes from sympathy and
expression if only this immunity from
questioning could be assured! But
few griefs and perplexities, and those
not the most poignant, can fittingly be
poured forth without reserve. The
friendship that will respect one's retic-
ences, that will not seek, by word or
gaze or guess, to overpass the line
one's self-respect has drawn, is more
rare than it should be. To betray
a confidence is recognized as a breach
of honor. To force one is almost as
base.—*Congregationalist*.

THE WIFE.

"Nay, do not bid me go (she said),
For I must guard his sleep."

(On wall and floor the candles made
Flickering shadow, shade on shade;
Without, an April robin sung

Of tryst that Love doth keep,
But here, faint scent of violets clung
And lilies tall their censers swung.)

"Mine eyes must look their full (she
said).
They have no time to weep."

"Twoscore of years of love (she said),
And yet the half not told!"

(The candles touched with tender light
Her hair and his, so white, so white;
Her eyes, wherein the visioned Past
Lay like a chart unrolled

In whose dim seas, star-girdled, vast,
The long years were but plummets cast).
"They only know Love's deeps (she
said),
Who, loving, have grown old."

"Babes of the flesh I bore (she said),
Fair girl and lusty son."

(They prest her side with yearning
dear,
Her children brought their children
near,

Love folded her and love cared.
And yet she was alone.)

"Ye—ye have drawn life at my breasts,
But ere ye came, it gave him rest,
Mother of many I am (she said)
I was the wife of One."

"Yea,—we have lived and loved (she
said),
What counts this passing pain?"

(About her in the candle's flame,
A sudden glory went and came.)

"What counts this hour I wait until
We love and live again?
Bear out his body where ye will—
He stays—my Love, my Bridegroom,
still!"

God made us one—the living God—
Death cannot make us twain!"

EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE in *Scrib-
ner's Magazine*.

COOLING DRESSED POULTRY.

Many persons believe the best thing
for them to do is to ship the birds as
soon after killing as possible—while,
in fact nothing can be more hurtful to
their sale.

After a turkey has been dressed it
should be removed to a cool place where
it can hang for at least ten or twelve
hours. It should never be dipped in
water or be allowed to touch anything
else while the animal heat is leaving
the body.

Chickens, ducks and geese should be
immersed in a tub of water as soon as
all the feathers have been removed and
allowed to remain therein for an hour
or two—this will plump them, and in
the case of the chicken will make it look
bright and clean by, removing the
scuff.

After they have remained in the
water some time they should be hung
up in the same manner as the turkey,
where they can drain and cool thor-
oughly, which will require from six to
ten hours.

Points to be remembered.
Never plump a turkey.
Always plump a chicken, duck or
goose.

Allow them to hang until every
muscle is rigidly set.

Never allow them to touch each
other or anything which will prevent
the free action of the air around them.

Never pack as long as one drop of
water or one degree of animal heat
remains in their bodies.—S. V. THOMAS,
in *How to Dress Poultry*.

THE LAST PARKIN RECIPE.

Here is a recipe for Parkin for "Even-
ing Primrose":—

Two pounds of medium oatmeal,

½ lb. butter or beef dripping, 1 teaspoon-
ful ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful car-
bonate of soda, 1 or 1½ lb. of treacle
(molasses).

Dissolve the soda in a little boiling
water and mix with the treacle, then
add to the other ingredients. This
quantity will make three cakes. Put
on oven tin ½ inch thick and make the
edges round with the hand.

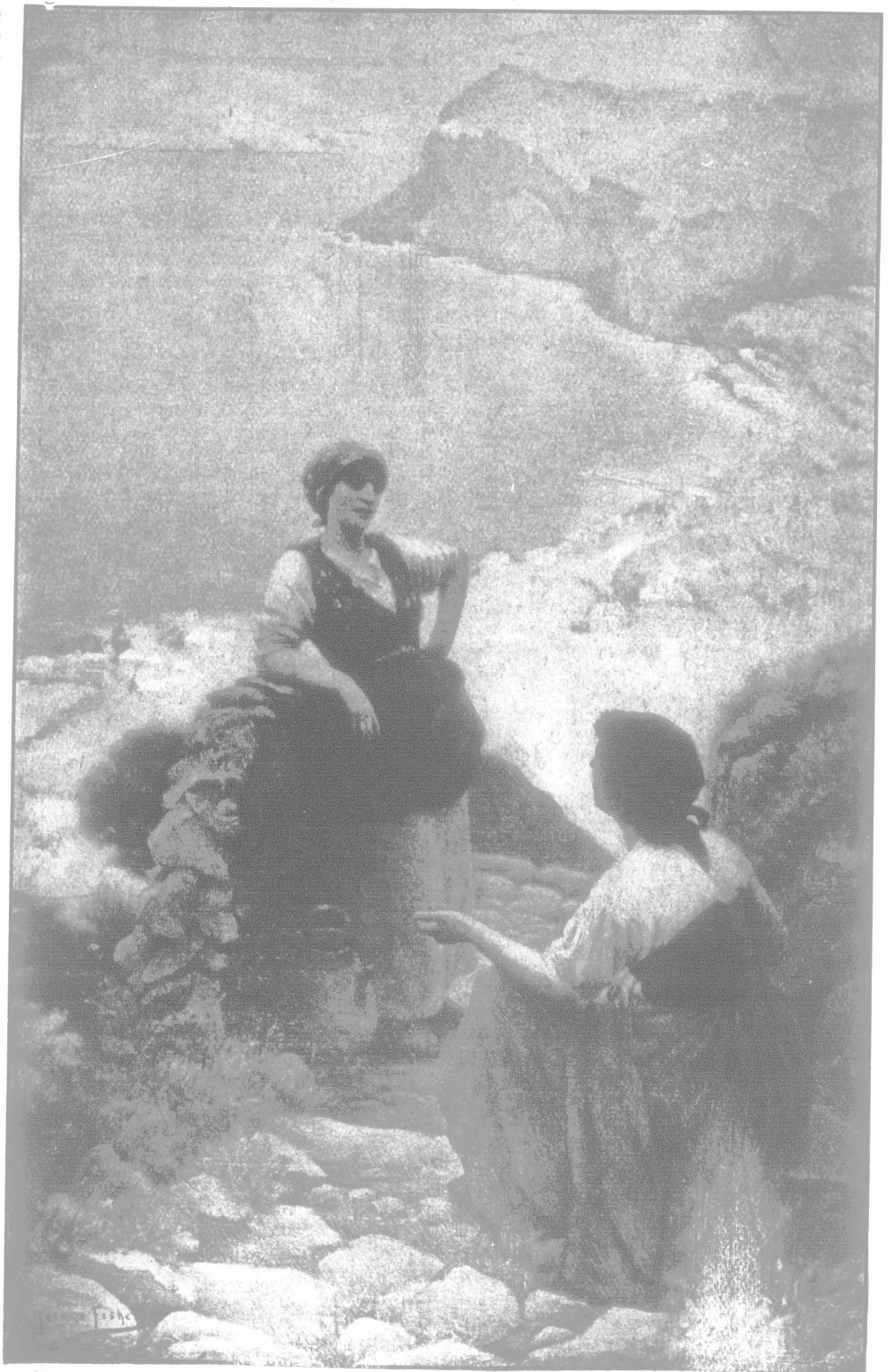
Unfortunately I cannot make this
in Canada as we cannot get any decent
oatmeal. Our store keepers only sell
rolled oats.

TWEEDSIDE.

DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY

After removing the pin feathers,
hold the turkey over the fire and singe
off the remaining hairs, says the
Housekeeper. With a sharp knife, cut
through the scaly part just below the
leg joints, lay on the edge of the table,
and with a quick blow downward
break the bone; this leaves sufficient
flesh over the point to prevent the
bones from burning, and the flesh and
skin from shrinking off the bones.
Cut off the head just at the neck; with
a sharp knife cut out the oil sask,
which will be found in the rump. Slit
the skin in a straight line over the
backbone from the shoulder up the
neck, turn it back and pull out the
crop and wind-pipe, then cut off the
neck bone close to the shoulders,
leaving the skin attached to the bird.
The intestines are usually removed
from the bird by the one who kills it;
but the housekeeper must look to see
that the lungs and kidneys are removed,
for the market man seldom does this.

The giblets are the next thing to be
seen to; insert the fingers in the lower
vent and loosen these organs; then,
after their removal, clean the bird



AND GOSSIP BY THE WAY.