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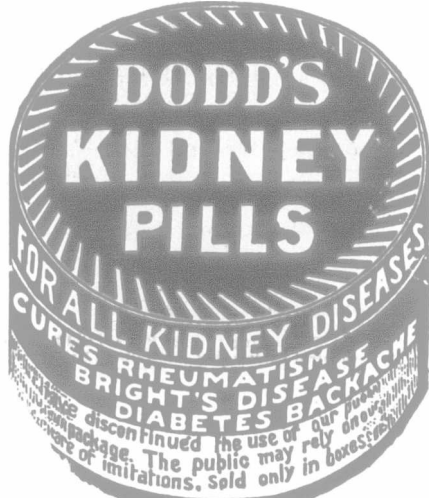
FARMER'S COLONIZATION AND SUPPLY COMPANY
6 Stanley Block, Winnipeg, Man.

AN IDEAL MARRIAGE.

(Washington Star.)

"What makes you think that Timmins is ideally married?"

"Because one day when he invited me to dinner we were late, and she merely asked whether the home team won."



NO RESPITE.

(Washington Star.)

The fierce mosquito sings all night, Rejoicing in his sins, And when he stops, with morning's light The buzzing fly begins.

ANOTHER FROM LEEDS.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have thought many a time of writing to the Ingle Nook. I have enjoyed reading the other letters and have found a number of the recipes very useful. I was interested in the letters of the Leeds members as I came from Leeds four years ago.

Ahtreb asks about Castoria. I used it for my baby when he was two weeks old, and found it better than anything else. She had two teeth at fourteen weeks and could walk when a year old.

I am sending a recipe that will be useful to some of the members, especially the bachelors. Lemonade without lemons is made by boiling two pounds of sugar in one quart of water. When cold stir in well one ounce of citric acid and a small bottle of good extract of lemon, and then bottle up. Use two tablespoons of the liquid to a glass of water when preparing the drink.

ARMLEY.

AN INVALID MEMBER.

Dear Dame Durden:—I am like the rest, I have enjoyed for many years, before I came to the prairie, as I do now, your Ingle Nook chats, and also "Hope" and Carrie M. Hayward in the Quiet Hour. They have been such a help to me. The verses "Empty Hands" were such a blessing, as I lay through all the months of last winter with useless hands, not able to stir; my hair, a beautiful light brown, now almost snow-white from one winter's sickness. Now I am not coming to help the cooks, but am going to contribute a recipe for liniment: One cup turpentine, one cup strong vinegar, (if small cups) the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all together by placing in a large necked bottle and shaking well. It is invaluable to have in the house for any use, to prevent a hurt from inflammation, or colds, sore throat, etc., but is only for external use.

I, for one, will be delighted to receive "Scripture cake," offered in the number of June 26th. I was going to ask for it, as I made it years and years ago, taking it then from the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

MOTHER-OF-TEN.

(What a terribly trying winter you must have had. We will hope that health is before you henceforth.—D. D.)

POTATO CAKES AND BOSTON CREAM.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have been a secret reader and admirer of the Ingle Nook for the past six months, having only been in Canada nine months. I come from Bristol, England; and wonder if any of the chatters know it. I like this part of Canada immensely. The country is just lovely, especially at this time of year. It was a great novelty to me in the winter riding about in the cutter. It seemed so free and jolly.

I am so glad the bachelors are allowed a corner with us. I'll tell you why. Six months ago I married just the dearest bachelor in all the world, so now I feel as though I have a warm corner for them.

Perhaps some of our friends would like a good old Devonshire recipe for potato cakes. Put cold potatoes left from dinner in a bowl and well mash. Sweeten with sugar, put currants or caraway seeds to taste; then mix enough flour to make a firm dough. Roll out and shape with biscuit cutter. Fry in fat to a nice golden brown.

A nice refreshing drink is Boston Cream.—Boil three quarts of water and allow to get cold. Beat together the whites of two eggs, one and a half pounds of white sugar, two ounces of tartaric acid, one and a half teaspoon of lemon essence. Stir all well into the water, bottle and seal. When required for use fill a tumbler half full of cold water; add half a salt spoon of baking soda and let it dissolve; then fill up the glass with the Boston cream.

I have other nice recipes. May I come again and bring them?

NANCY.

AN IRISH "HOPEFUL."

Dear Dame Durden:—I am very grateful that those people did not set the dog on the bachelors, as I am a member of that unfortunate army. This seems to be a very abrupt way of introducing myself and humbly asking your permission to be a member of the Ingle Nook corner. A lady writing in your issue of July 3rd said she was glad the dogs were chained and likely to be. She has an "Irish" husband with a large heart. All Irishmen have large hearts, and if she could find my name she would know that I was Irish too. They say "Pat" is green, and all the rest of it, but everything has to be green sometime, and if it were not for the lovely green things we behold in "good old summer time" nature would be a dead number. My nearest neighbor is also an "Emerald Islander," but he comes direct from the "auld sod" while I am of Irish descent. I must be what you would call a second-hand Irishman. I enjoy reading the Ingle Nook articles very much and wish the same might be a great benefit to every reader. I have a lovely homestead only two miles from a prosperous town, in the best wheat growing part of Saskatchewan. My improvements on it are, as yet, not very extensive, but I am doing my best and intend making it one of the model farms of the West. I had a steam plow two days getting a large piece plowed for crop next summer. There is a very beautiful little lake on one corner of my farm, with lovely green willows completely surrounding it. There are two sets of bushes, one at the water's edge and another about five feet from it, thus forming an ideal place for an evening stroll. If I can secure some suitable shade trees for my lawn I will have things to the King's taste. You may laugh at a bachelor having a lawn, but it is true. A man once asked me for a recipe for "Angel" cake, I told him I did not have any, but if he could get me the angel, he could have all the cake. Well, I must close. Being young and strong and of good spirits I will not sign myself "Lonesome" as one member, but will take a more cheerful name. Wishing the Ingle Nook readers every success I will close my first letter to you.

HOPEFUL.

(Your name is certainly a guide-post to your nationality. No one would mistake you for a Russian or a Scot with a name like that. It reminds me of a story a business man told once about an applicant for a position in his warehouse. The seeker for a job when asked his name said "Michael Kelly, me mother's name was O'Hara, and you bet she was no Eyetalian." I am glad you are locking after the ornamental as well as the useful features of your homestead. It will be a lovely home, some day, for that angel.—D. D.)

SOME BABY LORE.

Dear Dame Durden:—Here I am again, to thank you! I didn't expect much from my first letter, but it was treated so well. I noticed one of your members writing about a sick baby. Now, from her letter I judged that she had been told as I was with my first baby, "It's his teeth." He was then six months old. I know now that getting teeth does not always, nor often, make a baby sick if he is fed properly and kept sweet. The teeth will come without the slightest bother, or that is the way I have found it with the others. I pitied Ahtreb, for that's what I was led to believe was wrong with mine, and oh, such a dreadful time I had! But it turned out after much suffering and worry that it wasn't teeth at all, but I was over feeding baby to try to keep it quiet. The more he fretted the more I gave him and the worse he became, till he very nearly died. After he started to get better he weighed less than when born and he weighed 22 pounds before taking sick. But one lesson was enough for me, after I once found out what was wrong, and the rest of our boys have never been sick at all.

F. J.

(You did not know the Ingle Nook members very well or you would not have been surprised that your letter

was "treated so well." There isn't a group of women in Canada more helpful or interested.—D. D.)

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Soak a lump of camphor in brandy until it is dissolved, and sponge the mosquito bites with the mixture. This recipe is also considered good for all bites, and might be found efficacious as a preventative.

Thrifty housewives should use up accumulations in small coal thus: Soak old newspapers in water till they are quite a pulp. Squeeze into balls about the size of an orange, and roll in the coal dust till thickly coated. Dry thoroughly, but slowly, and use, one or two at a time, put on to the fire with fresh coal. They will give out a splendid heat, and last a long time. If a fire is made up with them at night it will last until morning.

Acetic acid, applied properly and persistently, will remove the most tenacious of warts. This is the proper way: Take the clean end of a dead match or any small piece of wood and dip it in the acid. On removing it there will be found about a drop clinging. Apply, or rather allow, this to drop on the wart, which, being porous, will soon absorb it. Do this every day to each wart, being careful to have the hand or any part held perfectly still. You will be surprised to see how soon the ugly things will disappear.

A BABY BOX.

An enterprising mother has the following suggestion for a baby's box:

"My baby 'box' was about three feet square at the base and two feet high. I padded it inside with strips of old carpet, letting the padding extend well over the edges. It was then ready for castors at the four corners by which it could be easily moved about the house and out of doors. I tacked some bright pictures inside of the box, put in a few toys, and baby had a playhouse always near me as I did my work. I had no fear of his creeping out the door, burning himself or picking some harmful particle from the floor, to say nothing of the difference in the appearance of his clothing. When he became strong enough he drew himself up on his feet, then walked around, holding to the edges of the box. He soon learned to stand alone, and then walked. I find the box superior to high chair, buggy, jumper or walker, as it gives freedom to all the muscles of the little body."

Soak newspapers in a paste of half a pound of flour, half a pound of alum and three quarts of water, mixed together and boiled. This mixture, which should be as thick as putty, may be forced into cracks in floors, wainscoting, etc., with a case knife. It hardens like papier maché, neatly and permanently filling any cracks to which it may be applied.

To make cloth or canvas waterproof.—Sugar of lead, ten ounces, to be mixed in two gallons of cold soft water. In another vessel mix ten ounces of alum and two gallons of cold soft water. Let them stand for one or two hours, stirring frequently until dissolved. Then get a tub and strain the liquids into it, not allowing any sediment to get into the tub. Lay the cloth in the vessel, covering it completely with the liquid. Let it remain for twenty-four hours with a weight on top to keep it from floating. Then hang it up to dry without wringing. Do it in fine weather, so there will be no delay about drying. The cloth must be all wool. No rain can penetrate this waterproof. This quantity of liquid is sufficient for eight yards of double width cloth.

THE ROSE.

Fold upon fold in close and royal red, Chanted by birds and sanctified with dew

Like some proud acolyte I stand and swing My censer in God's chapel of the blue.

The surplised lily leans within the choir Silent—with sunset's halo on her head But I in velvet vestments stand and sing Beneath God's stars my litany of red.

—ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.