

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this Department for answers to questions to appear.]

Vacation for Farm Folk.

Dear Ingle Nook Folk,—August, with its hot days and blue, hazy atmosphere, with the air sometimes visibly quivering over the pale-gold, shorn harvest fields, is here. There is work to do,—much work, for to the usual all-the-year routine of bread-baking, and caring for milk, and keeping the house clean, are added preserving and pickling for winter use, and extra cooking and bed-making because of the additional help required in taking off the crop.

Possibly there is a lake or river near you, beautiful enough to have become attractive as a summer resort. There are cottages and cottages, all hung with flags and pennants and bunting, and as you look through the trees you can see loiterers in white dresses sitting about in luxurious ease, and can hear care-free—or what seems care-free—laughter. Of course they are city folk, these loiterers, and as you look at them you are perhaps tempted to compare your lot with theirs, and to resent it a little that you should have to work in the heat while these people hover in the shade irresponsible as so many butterflies.

Well, it is pleasant to escape to a summer cottage in August,—no one can deny that, and yet, after spending many years in the city, following upon an early life in the country, I can see this, that the city folk, in summer, are much more restless than the country folk, and really, I believe, in much more need of a change in hot weather. It is natural to long for the free open air sometimes, and city folk really do get so tired of hot, white sidewalks, and glaring walls of buildings, and being penned up in rooms. When summer comes the most of them feel that they must escape for a while, even if it be only for a fortnight. Farm folk, on the other hand, have the beauty of green trees and broad landscapes before them all summer long, and they are busy indeed if they cannot find time for a little rest in the shade quite frequently, and for an occasional picnic or outing as long as fine weather lasts. This is, no doubt, the reason why one so seldom hears any of them express a wish to go away from home in summer.

At the same time, it must be recognized that farm folk do need holidays and change,—the more complete the change the better. People need to do something "every little while," as poor Elbert Hubbard used to say, to make them get away from themselves. If we don't do this we are likely to work out, which is almost as bad as to rust out. We need to forget ourselves completely, now and again, to find our interest centered in other things, to see something "different." If we don't, we find it hard to avoid getting into a rut, and to get into a rut often means one of two things: (1) That we lose keen interests, and become flabby, comparatively non-progressive specimens on the face of the earth,—oysters, not even "lobsters"; or (2) that we become over-inflated with an idea of our own importance, and inclined to put a preposterous value on every little thing that concerns us.

We need to get out in the world occasionally to find our true standing, and to cultivate our admiration for other people.

Now, it stands to reason that the most complete change for farm folk is either to take a good boat-trip, which can sometimes be worked in during the lull immediately after seeding and harvest, or to make a visit to the city.

The last is, perhaps, the more practicable, as it can be managed in winter when work is slack. Besides, winter is really "the" season in the city. It is then that practically all of the good lectures and concerts are "on"; also, at that time, the church choirs are in full force, and really good church music is

always a treat. It is then, too, that the best operas and dramas are likely to be available, and, in these days, folk proclaim themselves very primitive indeed who do not recognize that high-class operas and dramas are distinctly educative. Who that has seen them, for instance, can ever be other than thankful for the privilege of having been present at any of the plays given by the F. R. Benson or Ben Greet Shakespearean Companies, or for having seen Maeterlinck's "Bluebird," Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back," or any of Rann Kennedy's wonderfully elevating productions?

It is well, then, to watch the newspapers, and time one's visit to the city so as to catch the greatest number of real attractions. Personally, when on a trip of this kind, I prefer to stay at a hotel or boarding-house rather than with friends or acquaintances. One is then under no obligation to anyone, and can do as one pleases, go out when one chooses without waiting for anyone's convenience, and so see twice as much in the given length of time. If it is necessary to economize greatly, one can usually (provided one is a woman) find a room at a Young Woman's Christian Association building, where rates are sure to be fairly moderate. By having a friend occupy the same room—and one usually chooses to have a friend along on any such outing—the expense to each will be less still. Breakfast is usually served at eight, leaving the whole long day for shopping, calling on friends, a matinee, and the opera at night.

While the hot August days drag on, then, don't spend your time envying the cottagers on the lake shore, but, instead, plan for a holiday for yourself next winter. Thus you may see things evened up a little better, mayn't you?

JUNIA.

Keeping Clothes in Good Condition.

Do you know the value of hangers and cotton covers in keeping your clothes in good condition? If not, try them. Have a pole put up in your clothes-closet, far enough from the wall to permit coat-hangers to swing easily clear of it. Next make factory-cotton covers for each of your daintiest dresses, square at top and bottom, and long enough to well cover the entire dress. Sew across at the top, leaving a hole for the hook of the hanger, and hem an opening down one side, adding buttonholes and buttons for closing it. These covers are more convenient than bags when putting the dresses away or taking them out.

You will wonder how many dresses, coats and skirts may be hung on a very short pole if plenty of hangers are used. You will wonder, also, to see how grimy the covers become in a short time, and will have some idea of how much protection they are to the frocks.

Never put shoes away empty. Either put them on shoe-trees, or stuff them well with paper. They will keep their shape better and wear longer, as cracking of the leather is prevented to a certain extent.

A bottle of cleansing fluid for cleaning dark garments, and a cake of magnesia for light ones, should always be kept on hand. Also, clothes should be brushed free of dust before hanging them away in the closet. Neither spots nor frayed edges should be tolerated.

In short, the whole difference between the appearance of an untidy, down-at-the-heels man or woman, and the trim, well-groomed one, rests upon this matter of well-kept clothes, united with a well-attended hair, teeth and nails, with neatly-fitting immaculate clothes, however cheap in quality, invariably mark the real lady or gentleman.

WEDDING LUNCHEON.

Dear Junia,—Like so many other enquirers, I come to you for help regarding a simple wedding luncheon for September. Would you please give me the outline of a menu, and let me know whether I should use two sets of knives and forks (dinner and desert) and dinner plates or tea plates, or both?

PLAIN PEGGY.

A wedding luncheon for September

should be very easy to manage, as fruit and vegetables are then at their best.

For a simple luncheon, you might have cold meats—say fowl and tongue—served with a pretty salad; tomatoes scooped out and filled with Waldorf salad (chopped apples, celery and nuts, mixed with salad dressing) and placed on lettuce leaves would be nice. With this course, serve also a pretty jelly, pickles, and bread and butter. Following might come bride's cake and another kind of cake and ice cream; fruit and bonbons; coffee and tea. Olives and salted almonds may be on the table from the beginning.

If you want a hot luncheon, you might begin with hot bouillon, add hot potato croquettes to the meat course, and a hot vegetable.

Certainly, use two sets of knives and forks, as for any luncheon, and plates to suit the amount you are serving.

QUERY.

Dear Junia,—I have long been a silent reader of your Ingle Nook, and have enjoyed your helpful chats from week to week. You mentioned not being able to keep from writing and thinking of the war. Well, if I may give you any advice it will be, "Don't try to keep from writing about it."

I am sure that there is no subject that we are any more interested in just now than war, and we readers all like to hear your opinions and compare them with our own. How sad it seems that so many of our brave Canadians should have to die in a foreign land without the satisfaction of knowing the result of their work and bravery.

Well, Junia, as this is my second letter to your corner it must not be too long, as I am afraid that the waste-paper basket, must have swallowed up the first. However, before closing I will come to you with a question.

Can you please tell me to whom I should write concerning the courses of the Macdonald Institute at Guelph?

Thanking you in advance, I will close for this time, and be known to this corner as "CANADA FOREVER."

I have no remembrance of receiving a letter from you before, "Canada Forever." Perhaps it was lost in the mails. Very few Ingle Nook letters go to the w.-p. b., because, you see, so very few silly ones ever come to it. Indeed, comparing the letters that arrive with many of those published in the majority of other magazines and newspapers, I am very proud of our Ingle Nook folk. They seem to be quite superior.

Re your question, all information in regard to the Macdonald Institute may be obtained from Miss M. U. Watson, of that institution.

A NIGHT IN CAMP.

The following interesting letter has been sent us for publication in the Ingle Nook, by "Greta Jansen":

Some fifteen years ago three London families camped at Port Franks, near the mouth of the Aux Sable river. At that time the river ran for about two miles behind a narrow sand strip that separated it from Lake Huron before it emptied into that lake. This strip was in places covered with small trees, sand-cherry bushes, and other low-growing shrubs; in other parts it was just a waste of sand-dunes of varying heights. Opposite the camping-ground these dunes were rather low.

Our three tents were placed mid-way between those of the other two families, and all three encampments were pitched below the mouth of Black Creek, a narrow but very deep tributary of the Aux Sable.

In order to reach our camp we had either to row a mile and a half down the river from the village of Port Franks, or else walk a mile and row across Black Creek.

One day in August, Captain Mackie came with his two-masted fishing boat to take the three men and their boys, for a day's bass fishing on the reef at Kettle Point, some eight or ten miles down the lake, thus leaving four women and three small girls to keep house. That year I was the only one among them who had learned to handle a row-boat.

The day was a delightful one, and we

women thoroughly enjoyed the rest from the strenuous fishing and berrying excursions we had been having.

About four o'clock the lake breeze freshened and gradually rose till at seven o'clock a regular gale was blowing. The wind blew the lake water into the river so violently that the current was reversed, and white-capped waves raced up-stream towards the village, carrying innumerable pieces of driftwood that had been loosened by the rising flood.

At seven-thirty Captain Mackie's wife came across Black Creek to our encampment with two lanterns. She said, "I don't see how I'm going to get across that river to put these lanterns on the poles at the river's mouth. Mackie said I was to be sure to hang the range lights, so he could find the narrow channel to-night. Down in the village there didn't seem to be much wind, but I noticed the river was filling with lake water. My arms are so lame with rheumatism I'm sure I cannot row a boat across that awful current."

Being the only rower, I felt I must offer to go with Mrs. Mackie, although I was fearfully afraid to venture in a rowboat when the river was so rough and appeared to be full of bobbing stumps and logs. All went down to the river to see us off. Mrs. Mackie steered as best she could to avoid the floating debris, but it took me twenty minutes, rowing as hard as I could, to cover a distance I usually make in five minutes, with little or no effort.

We pulled the boat up high on the bank and started off over the sand-hills, which here were only ten to fifteen feet high.

We had to go to the lake side of the sand strip to reach the point, because the nearer shore was marshy and thickly covered with vines and shrubs.

By the time we reached the lake shore the clouds had completely hidden the last streak of daylight, so we lighted a lantern in the shelter of a sand-dune—to help us pick our way over the piles and piles of driftwood. We had expected to go along the smooth wave-washed beach, but huge waves were running far inland. We struggled along against the hurricane till we reached the end of the tree-covered sand-hills.

As we stepped out into the open the light went out and we had to return to the shelter of the shrubs to re-light it. By protecting the lantern with an apron we managed to work our way towards the river, where the wind seemed a little less violent. We hung the first lantern and started towards the point of the low sand-strip where the second pole was, but had gone only a few feet when we plunged into a swiftly-running current—the lake waves were dashing clear across the point! We waded on some distance, but soon struck a deep bed of quicksand and had to beat a hasty retreat. I proposed that we should try going on our hands and knees over the quicksand, but Mrs. Mackie said we would only be washed into the river, for the waves would be higher farther out, towards the point.

We returned to the shelter of the trees, and after vainly trying to think of some plan to reach the second pole, the captain's wife said we might as well go back, and hope that Mackie would anchor out in the lake till morning, or else run back in behind Kettle Point.

When we tried to light a lantern for our return trip we found all the matches were wet. Lest we should get lost among the sand-hills we groped our way back to the beach and walked along where the waves reached us. I don't think I shall ever forget that lonely tramp in the darkness and waves. I had always been cowardly after night-fall, and of course I recalled all the stories about wild cats being sometimes seen on that point.

At last we saw the gleam of a bonfire and knew we had reached the crossing place. The others had built a fire to guide us over the river, but the light was so flickering we could do little to avoid the floating objects. We were very thankful when we reached the home bank in safety. We had been gone over two hours.

For fear of frightening the timid members of the party we did not tell that our trip had been a failure.

Soon after Mrs. when we brother's looks that is it? success.

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