

About the House.

To Can Green Beans.—1 gal. beans strung and broken, 1 pint pure vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar. Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in 1 gal. of water, reckoning the time after the water begins to boil. Seal in glass self-dealers which have been thoroughly sterilized in boiling water.

Peanut Sandwiches.—Spread the buttered bread thickly with cream cheese, cover thickly with chopped peanuts, then press the bread together.

Buster Brown's Favorite Raspberry Cake.—Mix as for layer cake, and bake in one sheet. Split when baked, and spread thickly with raspberry jam. Put raspberry jam on top and cover with white icing.

Cream Cheese.—The following is an English recipe for a cream cheese which is said to be delicious: Take a quart

of sweet milk, adding a cup of cream if a rich cheese is desired. Add a few drops of liquid rennet or a piece of a rennet tablet, according to directions. Place in a warm corner for 24 hours, then throw in a little salt and stir well. Wring out a napkin or a piece of linen cloth in ice water, put the cheese in it, tie up tightly and hang up to drain. Change the napkin after a few hours and leave hanging. The cheese is ready to eat in 24 hours after it has been put to drain.

Cream Dressing for Fruit Salads.—Mash in a bowl the yolk of a hard-boiled egg; season with salt, pepper, mustard and a little sugar, and add 3 teaspoons of lemon juice and a little vinegar. Lastly, fold in a cup of whipped cream.

Raspberry Souffle.—Soften 2 tablespoons arrowroot in 1 cup of raspberry juice. Add 1 cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Boil until thick, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 4 eggs. Pour into a mould

and chill. Serve with whipped cream and a few raw berries on top.

Berry Pudding.—Mix together 1 table-spoon butter and 1 cup sugar. Stir in to this the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, and 2 cups of bread crumbs soaked in 3 cups of sweet milk. Stir all together, put in a pudding dish and bake. When done, put on top 2 cups berries. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, cover over the berries and set back in oven to brown. Serve with sugar and cream.

Gooseberry Jelly.—To every quart of berries allow 1 pint of water, and to every pint of juice 1 lb. of sugar. Stew the gooseberries in the water until the fruit is broken, then strain through a sieve, but do not press or the jelly will not be clear. Boil the strained juice with the sugar until it will jelly on a plate. The gooseberries left will make a good jam by adding 1 lb. sugar for every pound fruit.

To Keep Huckleberries.—Rinse the ber-

ries (which should be firm), put in jars, cover with molasses and seal. Set in a cool corner of the cellar, and do not disturb until winter. When needed, strain out and wash off. The berries keep well this way, the flavor not being affected in the least.

A Useful Fruit-time Hint.—Some fruit never seems to get sweet when cooked with sugar. The trouble is that ordinary cane sugar, when heated with certain fruit acids, is converted into grape sugar, which has only one-third the sweetening power of cane sugar. To overcome the sourness, add a little baking powder to the sugar. This will so neutralize the acids of the fruit as to prevent the conversion of cane sugar into grape sugar.

Gooseberry Chutney.—4 lbs. green gooseberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Cayenne pepper, 2 ozs. garlic, 2 ozs. dried ginger, 3 lbs. sugar, 2 ozs. mustard seed, 2 scant quarts vinegar. Simmer in a kettle for an hour, cool and seal.

Children's Corner.

Cousin Dorothy's Letter Box.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little boy eight years old. I am in the Second Book. The schoolhouse is about one hundred yards from where I live; it is on our farm. We have ten cows and four young cattle, and one team of horses and nine hogs. I take and bring the cows from the pasture and feed the hens. We have forty hens and thirty-five chickens. We have a dog, his name is Sport. He is a good dog to bring the cows; he is pretty nearly a thoroughbred collie. I have a cat; he is quite a pet. We call him Tom; he catches lots of mice and rats. I have one brother and three sisters. I can drive the horses when they are disking and harrowing. I like to drive horses. I can milk a little; I am just learning how. We take "The Farmer's Advocate," and like it very much. I like to read the Children's Corner.

ARCHIE McCLEAVE.
Osnabruck Centre.

I have never written to "The Farmer's Advocate" before, although I have read and enjoyed the letters written by other girls. I am staying at my cousin's, beside the seashore, and they have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" about two years, and like it very much. I go to school, a mile from where I am staying. We have a fine teacher. I hope to get in the Junior Sixth book soon. Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

MARY MARCELLA DUN (age 11).
South Side, Cape George.

We have just started to take "The

Farmer's Advocate," and I am so interested in the Children's Corner. I love reading letters, but don't care so much about writing them.

I stopped going to school at Easter.

I was going to try Entrance, but as there was so much work at home I had to stop. We milk five cows. I milk two and mother milks three. My papa shows cattle. My grandpa used to show

too, but he has stopped, so papa started it. We have two farms; one contains two hundred acres and the other one hundred. We live two miles west of Roseville. We are eleven in the family, and so there is plenty of work. I intend going to Durham for my holidays; my cousin is going with me. Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

LAURETTA FRIED (age 14).
Oxford Co., Elmdale Farm.

A Farmer's Son.

This is my first letter. I hope you will print it. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate." We like it very much. We live about three miles from Brampton. I have two miles to go to school. I have two brothers and two sisters. I have fourteen rabbits; I am fond of them. We have seven horses and three little colts. Their names are Teddy, Harry and Floss. We have chickens, turkeys and goslings. I hope this won't be too long, and wish you success. WILLIE WILSON (age 9).
Brampton P. O., Ont.

A Gaelic Opinion.

"Who says the illiterate get no pleasure out of classic art?" remarked an alumnus of the University of Rochester recently. "A copy of the Winged Victory was placed in the center of our library last summer. One of the workmen, a recent importation from Dublin, surveyed the headless and armless statue with some curiosity. 'An' phat may ye call that fellow?' he asked. 'That's the statue of Victory,' said the librarian. 'Victory, is it?' said the man; 'I'd like to see the other fellow, thin.'"

much of the talking lately, and one has to fill up with something.

DAME DURDEN.
"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

A New Sweetmeat.

By the way, I heard how to make a delicious candy weeks and weeks ago, and intended to give you the recipe before this, but forgot. Here it is: Bake a mealy potato, take out the pulp and mix with it as much pulverized sugar as it will take up. Mix with finely-chopped walnut meats and a few drops of vanilla or almond flavoring, and make into balls. I should think this would make a very good icing.

An After-Holiday Note.

Dear Chatterers,—The above was written before I went away for my holidays, and now I just want to add a little note to tell you that, while away, I came across a "Farmer's Advocate" reader who has tried the hay-box described in this column last spring. She says it works perfectly with anything that needs slow cooking. She used an old trunk lined with "Advocates," then packed with hay, and has cooked stew, porridge and scalloped potatoes in it quite as well as on top of the stove. "The best of it is," she says, "that you know your dinner is cooking away without any atten-



Miss Sunshine.

The Ingle Nook.

Last night at church the minister made a statement that struck one on first hearing as rather peculiar, especially since it was followed by no especial explanation. This statement was that it is necessary for us to eradicate the tiger and the "ape" from our nature—you see, he took it for granted that we all have more or less of the nature of these two animals in us. One wouldn't like to admit that the "tiger" element is very common—there is something so suggestive of treachery, and relentlessness, and a sleuth-like persistence in cruelty about the very name of it—but one could not help thinking that in some respects the ape faculty is not as often as one might wish an absent quantity.

"To ape"—what does it mean? . . . "Ape, v. t., to imitate, as an ape," the dictionary has it. . . . And now, how many of us can, in perfect honesty, say nay to the charge of being, upon certain occasions at least, more or less of an ape?

Don't we ape in our clothes, as the continual whirligig of fashion bears witness? Don't we ape in our social customs—not so much in the country, per-

haps, as in the city, and yet, to a certain extent? Don't we ape in the furnishing of our houses and in the architecture of them, in the planning of our lawns and flower-gardens; nay, sometimes even in the thoughts we think, and opinions we form? Mr. So-and-So makes an assertion, and straightway we accept the truth of it without question, and, presently, without even realizing that we are doing so—and this unconsciousness is the very worst thing about it—we are aping the very thought of others, giving up our own personality and getting nothing in return but an increased faculty for imitation.

Of course, it is right to seize hold upon a good thought, no matter whose it is, provided that it may bring an added strength or motive power into our lives. The point is that we should weigh and balance things more than we do, take less for granted, do more independent thinking on our own account. Someone says, for instance, that it is "low" to do a certain kind of work. Ruskin says, "All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement." Yours and mine it is to pronounce judgment as to which of these assertions is right; or, better still, to have forestalled the one or the other by a fair and settled conviction of our own.

And so we would have everyone stand on his or her own feet. Don't do a

thing simply because others do it. Don't say a thing simply because others say it. Don't think a thing simply because others, no matter how illustrious, have thought it. Be a personality. Might not these be rules for you and for me?

To quote again from the great critic already referred to in this letter: "God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever."

I do not give you this as an ipse dixit. I would have you take neither Ruskin's nor any other man's word as a final settlement of any matter. But to some of us this conclusion of the matter must seem true, else life is vain, and the world and the universe of little moment.

And so we come back to the word of the preacher. Let us fill our own little niche, be ourselves, and "ape" nobody.

Have I given you a "preachment"? Well, I didn't intend to, but—! Anyway, you've been leaving me to do too