

13. Who married them?—"Jack in the Pulpit."

After a limited time, papers are collected and prizes awarded.

The ladies were now given parts of hearts, which they pinned on their dresses. These contained parts of well-known quotations. The men went to a box and drew the other half, and sought a new partner by completing the quotation.

Supper was then announced, consisting of cold chicken, salad, bread and chocolate. The table had long trailing branches of woodbine and Jacob's ladder, gathered and kept in the cellar for decorative purposes. The bright-tinted leaves of the woodbine entwining the dark green of the Jacob's ladder, on the snow-white cover, made charming effect. After refreshments, each was asked to tell his or her best story. This was not the least enjoyable feature of the evening, as everyone enjoys a good story well told. Music was then provided, and, finally, all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

In conclusion, let me note a few benefits to be derived from such an evening. Literary taste is quickened and deepened. A creative power is infused. An independence of thought is cultivated. The beautiful in our own nature cultivated, and, lastly, we practice the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult art—the art of being or becoming good talkers. J. F.

Spoils of War.

There is something very pathetic in this picture. Chairs out-of-doors generally suggest a cool veranda or pleasant lawn, but here, what a difference! Possibly the victory was a just and glorious one, but the sight of all those "household gods" lying around in confusion goes to the heart. One wonders at the free-and-easy attitude of the elderly officer, seated in his enemy's chair, and at the jubilant air of the young soldier who is showing some of the "spoils" to the other. Look at these quaint little teapots, perhaps not so long ago held by fair hands as they poured the refreshing tea into dainty cups. The ornamental clock, too, how many long years has it ticked the hours and minutes? Then the guitar—is the hand that swept its strings cold in death? And where is the little child that innocently played with that funny toy dog on wheels? One soldier's face looks a little sad. He is looking at a picture, which possibly brings back some memory of home, of mother, wife, sweetheart—we know not.

Some of the sombre-looking group in the right background seem to be prisoners, and one can imagine what is in their hearts, although they are too proud to let their enemies see into them.

Alas! the "Spoils of War" mean untold misery to so many that we may well afford to give some sympathy to the vanquished, even though they be our enemies, and try to imagine the shattered homes and those grieving ones who mourn their dead and their absent, even as we mourn our dear ones.

Long shoulder effects are shown in every garment, and promise to remain in fashion for some time yet. The shoulders on the newest dresses have more of a decided slope than ever, and have entirely done away with yoke effects. The vest front is taking the place of the yoke.

Hair ornaments and combs occupy a very important place in the fashionable wardrobe. The sidecombs, pins and barette should match the color of the hair as nearly as possible, and for general wear should be very plain. The carved ones and jewel-studded are pretty for evening wear. The tiny barette has again taken the place of the large one worn during the past season, and is pretty, as well as useful, in keeping up the short hair at the back.



Dear Friends,—

I have to apologize to Mossback for having kept her letter back so long. However, here it is at last, and I know our Ingle folk will be much interested in it. I am very sorry you are so homesick, Mossback. It must seem a long way from home away up there in New Ontario. But, if, as you say, the "land is good," you may be sure settlers will soon find it out, and trust that before very long you will have better roads, and buggies to ride in, and neighbors to wave your hat to when you are putting out the washing in the back yard. I am glad you notice and are interested in the animals and birds. If you could only have some of John Burroughs' books, now, they would help you to see so many more things than you dream of, and to love every wild thing better. I have been reading "Wake-Robin," lately, and am enjoying it very much. Do you know, Mossback, I was never so homesick in my life as when I was in the heart of one of the largest cities in the world. The roar, and the smoke, and the hurry of it! And those dreadful street-hawkers, who came screeching around about bananas or rags or something before one wanted to wake up in the morning! People everywhere, and yet as far off from one as though an adamant wall were between. How I used to long for old Canada then, for the sound of an axe in the bush, or the whirr of a mower in the hay-field, or the shrill, far-off chorus of frogs in the swamp down where the red willows grow! I think I should have been glad then to go to New Ontario, or anywhere else where I could get my feet on British soil, and see the green of trees and grass, and catch a glint of clean, blue sky. Yes, clean—you never see the sky rightly in a large city. But homesickness is an awful feeling, isn't it? Yet, it wouldn't have been best for the children of Israel if they had gone back to Egypt, would it, Mossback? We can't always see, you know.

MOSSBACK'S LETTER.

Four Years in the Woods Along the White Fish.

"Yes, by the time one lives four years in the woods of New Ontario, one can look back to the children of Israel without wondering that they longed to turn back to Egypt. We can remember the time when we, like others, sang 'The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.' Yes, it certainly is, but some are not brave enough to face it more than two or three years.

"The land is good; it is not that, but being out of civilization, that kills; going without apples; no beef; paying \$18 a car for 25 miles on green birch; no stations; no roads. We are longing for wings to start up with, so that we could go over the tall trees and peep in the old home. We wonder how the little church is getting on; we think of the buggy rides; we wonder will the Government ever come to our aid, and will it be soon. Cow bells are the rage, you wake up and hear six or eight go by at midnight.

"But the birds singing gaily that come at my call. Yes, they do; the lumber jacks get so tame as to light on your fingers and take a bit of bread out of them; the chipmunks learn to hunt for nuts in your hand, or up your sleeve; the partridge drums on the log; you may hear the moose splashing in the water on a hot day in August; two young owls sit on a limb and blink at you; a black fox tries to coax the pup to play with it; you plant seeds, and the mice take them out and put them in little clumps where you do not want them. There are no snakes. Was St. Patrick here? Once in a while there is a bear caught in a trap, but they are very hard to see, as they will run sometimes even when the cub is shot. The rabbits sit up and look at you, and wonder what you are; they turn quite white in winter. The wild honeysuckles climb up the underbrush—such pretty yellow and red blossoms! The speckled trout have had their day, that is, the two or three pound ones. . . . My husband thanks you for the compass he won for getting new subscribers. MOSSBACK."

FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Miss M. Ebercouser writes:

"How nice it is to live in the country, where you can have everything to your heart's desire! Green fields and flowers are my delight in summer, and skating and coasting in winter. But please do not think I do nothing else. I do a good share of the housework, and take it as exercise—rather enjoyable, eh? But I love to bake, and do everything pertaining to housework. Some day I hope to tell you about my 'cosy corners,' of which I have a number."

Certainly, Miss Margaret, come again, and tell us about your cosy corners. They are just the thing in an Ingle nook, you know. Thanks, for your words of praise, which were so very flattering that—well—really—I didn't like to publish them. Thank you, all the same; I am glad you are enjoying the Ingle Nook.

I am going to ask a favor of the correspondents in this Department—will you kindly adopt a distinctive pen-name, and send it to me along with your own. Only your nom de plume will be published, unless you desire your own name to appear, in which case kindly say so. But choose some "land-mark" better than your initials. Our numbers are increasing, so that the initials are in danger of getting all mixed up, and I would rather have each member take some striking name, which will serve to mark him or her out as a distinct personality every time he or she comes. "Cheer-up-dist" is a fine one, also "Tenderfoot." We all remember these much better than J. G. M. or V. W. T., or anything of that sort. So, kindly see that we have no more initials. Now, then, I must introduce another newcomer. Members of the Circle, stand up and make your best bow to

A STRATHCONA READER.

"Dear Dame Durden,—Having read in your issue of Jan. 7th a letter from 'Tenderfoot,' asking for some recipes which do not require eggs or milk, I will send the following, which I have tested fully myself. My husband used to be a cook in the log camps and used these recipes,—being, like our friend 'Tenderfoot,' without eggs or milk. Hoping these may prove useful,

"I remain,

"A STRATHCONA READER."

"MEAT PIE.—Take any small pieces of beef that have been left over from dinner; cut in small pieces about half an inch square in a baking-dish that will hold about a quart; about half-fill it with meat; then take some cold boiled potatoes; cut them in with your meat; set on the stove and let come to a boil,



Spoils of War.