

are an antiseptic remedy in certain diseased conditions of the body. Not particularly nutritious, they are appetizing, and, from observations, I should judge that they agree with our friends the robins.

Fruit juices, with just enough sugar to relieve the tartness, are preferable to jellies with their 50 per cent. sugar. It is the best form in which to send fruit to an invalid, and will carry more of flavor and sunshine than a mould of insipid, sweetish jelly.

The pleasant, friendly huckleberry comes to us in the pause between the summer and autumn fruits. It must be eaten uncooked to be appreciated; while the cranberry, which can hardly be classed as a summer fruit, must be carefully cooked in a porcelain vessel, and not sweetened until the berries have cracked open. The cranberry is an important element among our fruits, for it requires five hundred thousand bushels to take the American market through the month of November. Grown largely in the northern parts of Europe, they formed, long ago, an important part of the food of emigrants on long sea voyages on account of their antiscorbutic and refrigerant properties.

So we find that Nature is a better chemist than with all our research we can understand, storing up such mineral salts as our bodies need to keep them in a healthy condition, and serving them to us in the most charming and attractive form.

In the near future, by the light of science, many of the present components of food will fall into disuse, and as simplicity is evidence of the highest culture, a dietary of uncooked fruit will form a very important part. Every day brings us nearer, but we still have much to learn, and it was a weighty truth stated by Sir J. Chrichton Browne at a late conference that, in the evolution of man, feeding came before education, and the inherited skill of the race depended upon their physical condition.

What power for good or ill lies in our hands—for what sad results are we accountable? But when we have learned the gospel of true and proper living, and the problem of feeding the world, in which fruit will have a large share, we shall be better able to lift the submerged element of our population to a cleaner method of living, to lessen crime and bring into domestic life a better and more tranquil spirit, that will be helpful to the Christian life.

Gentlemen horticulturists! it is in your hands to cultivate the fruits mentioned, bringing them to the highest perfection so that by your fruits you shall be known. Then you may place them with all confidence in the hands of the domestic caterer, of whom it may be said:

"She's queen of home and kitchen and yields her power to none.

The reign of good digestion is only just begun.

Her sceptre is the saucepan, when her science is unfurled,

The hand that plans the dinner, is the hand that rules the world."

SUMMER SERIES OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETINGS.

Arrangements are now being made for the regular summer series of Women's Institute meetings, which will be held from about May 24th to the 10th or 15th of July. It is the intention to send two delegates to each meeting arranged for, except those in the far northern sections of Ontario, where a gentleman and lady delegate will be in attendance. In older Ontario, one of the delegates will be prepared to give demonstrations in one or more of the following: Cooking, millinery, dressmaking, bandaging, changing of bed clothes with patient in bed, etc. This delegate will also be prepared to give addresses upon different lines of domestic science. The list of topics given herewith will indicate the nature of addresses to be given by the other member of the delegation. A list of three or four subjects will be submitted to each Institute for the delegates assigned to the district.

The water supply for the farm home.
Disposal of household waste.
Consumption and its prevention.
The importance and meaning of woman's work.

Training in the home.
Education of girls.
Poultry-raising.
Canning fruits and vegetables.
The housekeeper and her importance to the state.

The ideal home.
A young woman's accomplishments.
The influence of woman.
Buttermaking on the farm.
Kitchens: past and present.
Hints on selection and care of meat.
Everyday helps for the housewife.
The expenses of the household.
The planning of a farm house.
Bacteria: their relation to health and disease.
Sunshine, pure air and the bath.
The value of fruit in our diet.

Delegates are being sent to those places where Institutes have already been established, upon the following conditions: That the district organization advertise the meetings to be held within the riding; that they also arrange for the transportation of the delegates. The organization concerned will be required to entertain the delegates while at the place of meeting, and shall also furnish a suitable place in which to hold the meeting, free of cost to the Department. At those points where organization has not been effected, and the women of the locality have expressed a desire to have a meeting, arrangements will be made by the Department to pay all expenses in connection with the said meeting, except the furnishing of a suitable place in which to hold the same. It is to be hoped that arrangements will be made by interested persons to entertain the delegates.

We trust that each Branch Secretary will send word to her District Secretary at once as to whether or not delegates are wanted for a summer meeting. Organization of Women's Institutes has been effected in eighty-five ridings of the Province. The following ridings have not yet organized: Addington, N.; Addington, S.; Brockville; Cornwall; Essex, S.; Frontenac; Frontenac, C.; Glengarry; Grenville, S.; Lanark, N.; Lanark, S.; Leeds and Grenville, N.; Leeds, S.; Middlesex, E.; Norfolk, S.; Parry Sound, W.; Prescott; Renfrew, S.; Renfrew, W., and Stormont. We trust that those who are interested in such work will write direct to the Superintendent, asking for literature upon the work of the Institute, and, if thought desirable, make application for a summer meeting.

In those counties where no organization has yet been effected, the Department will be prepared to deal liberally in making provision for an organization meeting, or meetings, even to the extent of co-operating in advertising. It will be expected, however, that in no case will the Department be called upon to bear any portion of the expense in furnishing a suitable place to hold the meeting. All applications should be made at an early date, in order that the summer's meetings may be planned and the best speakers possible secured for the work.

It is needless to say anything in this issue as to the work of the Institutes, as much has recently appeared in former numbers regarding the work of the Institutes. Broadly speaking, the work of the Institute includes anything which tends for the betterment of home conditions and in making life in the rural sections more attractive. The membership of the Institutes now exceeds 11,000, and during the winter series of Farmers' Institute meetings, organization has already been effected at twenty-three places, and the likelihood is that a number of other points will have organizations before the present series of meetings have been completed. We wish it clearly understood that the Department is ready to extend the Institutes as the people call for them, believing that the expenditure of funds in this work can always be justified, and will be returned to the people of the Province many-fold in the betterment of conditions surrounding farm life.

Johnnie was to have a party, and his mother insisted on his inviting a boy whom he disliked. After much urging, Johnnie promised. The party came off, but Wilhe did not appear. "Now, Johnnie, did you invite him?" asked Johnnie's mother. "Yes, I did!" "Yes, ma'am, I invited him!" answered Johnnie. "I invited him," he added, reflectively, "and I dared him to come."

The Ingle Nook.

Now that the days are lengthening, probably a great many of you are looking forward to next summer's gardening with the secret satisfaction that only the amateur gardener can know. The adept in the art, no doubt, experiences a sort of professional joy in it; but he is too sure of his ground. He has far passed the stage of mere adventurousness; has probably forgotten, long ago, how it felt to be distracted as to which were the tares and which the wheat in his sprouting mass of greenery; and many moons have come and gone since he left behind the possibility of assiduously cultivating a row of lusty summer turnips only to find them develop into wild mustard of the most malignant intent—a situation which calls forth or for, as the case may be, the saving grace of a sense of humor.

After all, a good deal of the spice of life lies in novelty, and for this reason it may be advisable for every home gardener to try at least one new species of plant each year. If she is wise, however, she is likely to let this be a flower.

A flower may, it is true, be a disappointment, but it is sure to have at least some quality of beauty. If it is not stately, or sweetly perfumed, or magnificent, it may be depended upon to appeal by its daintiness or modesty. With a new vegetable, on the contrary, disappointment is likely to strike deeper. You coddle it, watch over it, coax it by every means within your power. When the day comes on which it is to be tested you fuss over it, hunt up recipes, and look forward to it as the grand piece de resistance of your dinner. Then, if the dish be a failure, you interest drops immediately. Your vegetable has proved a false friend; it has slapped you in the face. Henceforth, you will have nothing to do with it; and so the rest of the bed is permitted to grow up in ragweed and mallow and "pusley," which, if they have time to mature, finally wreak their revenge on you by sending a fine crop of seeds around to torment you against another season.

Last summer I had the good fortune to be staying where I could have a garden, as large a garden as I chose.

Stirred by a philanthropic desire to reveal some new wonders of the vegetable world (when the tale should be told) to my circle of Chatterers, and to extend the culinary possibilities of thirty thousand homes to an extent that would bring down a nation's blessings on my head, I determined to make a test of everything new or "queer" that appeared in the seed catalogues. Of necessity, the list dwindled, but it stood, finally, as follows: Kohl-rabi, endive, Brussels sprouts, eggplant, sea kale, French artichokes; to which were added, by way of variety: crimson flax, cypress vine, moon flower, and an ornamental grass with a name as long as your arm.

Had any sort of information been given about all these things in the catalogue, all might have been well, but seed catalogues have a wonderful knack of leaving you in the dark on vital topics, so I blundered blissfully forward. I started the seed in boxes in the house about the end of April, and soon the sea kale, Brussels sprouts, Kohl-rabi, and crimson flax were up in dainty lines of green, shooting higher and higher, more and more threadlike until a kind old lady suggested that I was keeping them too warm, and that they would never have any "body" to them if they were not put in a cooler place. Immediately, they were shifted, and soon the value of the opportune advice was apparent.

In the meantime, three moon flowers came up with inverted heads, gave a gasp or two, and died. Now, can any of you tell me what was the matter there? The cypress vine never appeared at all—it had been equally friendly on a former occasion—and the eggplant, it seemed, was about to follow suit. At last, however, four or five tiny, tomato-like things did make an appearance. I coddled them, and coddled them, and only found out when too late that, as they require 105 days from sprouting to mature, they should have been planted early in spring, in February, or early March at least. Here is another point in regard to eggplants: don't set them out near either tomatoes or potatoes. They

will hybridize with either, with disastrous results to the fruit.

All this time the other plants were waxing high and prosperous. The endive grew and grew. I knew it had to be blanched before using, so, at apparently the proper stage, popped an inverted box over it. About that time, I had to go away for a few days, and when I came back, that endive looked "deader" than anything you ever saw; it had all turned as black as ink, smothered out, presumably, for want of ventilation. . . . Question No. 2. How do you blanch endive, and is it worth while when blanched?

As for the globe artichokes and sea kale, we found out late in the season that we should dine from neither that year. The artichokes mature the second season (this is not the Jerusalem variety), when the immature flower heads may be boiled and eaten as a vegetable, or pickled; the sea kale would be of no use until the third year, when, early in spring, the sprouts should be blanched by earthing up, then used as asparagus. Sea kale is the oddest stuff. The tops look like great mangrel leaves, with yellow stems, and are quite handsome. The roots require a little protection over winter, but other than this need little care, and will grow up season after season for about twelve years.

The Brussels sprouts were all right, but needed a good deal of attention to keep them free from insect pests. The Kohl-rabi we did not care for at all. It grew splendidly, but had a skin like flint that made you feel like saying things while getting it off. When cooked, it was not as good as either cabbage or turnips.

And now there's the end of my garden, except for the grass and flax. The species of grass we had chanced upon was insignificant, and not worth bothering with, stunted, no doubt, by its name. The flax was a real pleasure. It bloomed a long time, and was just as cheery and bright as could be.

This summer I shall try a bed of novelties again, but I think it will be made up of flowers only. Nevertheless, I, and no doubt many others, too, will be glad to hear from any of the Chatterers who have made a real find in the vegetable world. D. D.

Women's Institute Queries.

Dear Dame Burden,—Having received benefit so often from your columns, I am coming myself this time with some queries.

Is it proper for a president of the Institute to do corresponding as regards business matters, if there is no chance to see the secretary, and there not being much time until the answer is required?

Also, if president is arranging for visitors, or other social features, should she ask the secretary to do all writing for such things?

What should a married lady sign in writing a business letter, her christened or husband's name, in order to have the answer directed correctly? X. Y. Z.

The secretary should do all the writing for the society; that is what she was appointed for. In case of emergency, however, if it were absolutely urgent that writing must be done before the secretary could be seen about it, the president might take it upon herself to do the work. In such a case, a sensible secretary would understand, and feel in no wise overlooked.

In strictly business correspondence, a married woman writes her own name, e. g., "Mary Smith." For mere purposes of address, she usually writes her husband's "Mrs. J. W. Smith."

Re Furnishing.

Dear Dame Burden,—I have been for some time an interested reader of your helpful talks on the different subjects brought before your notice. My husband has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" ever since we were married, two years ago, and we feel as though we could scarcely do without it.

I have never written to the Ingle Nook before, but I am going to ask your advice on a little matter. I have been thinking of making a pair of shadow-embroidery pillow shams.

Would you advise me to do so, or, are pillow shams used now? If not, what would you suggest for a spare bed?

I prefer something which I can make