

## Ingle Nook Chats.

My dear Guests,—

We have had a fall of snow. This in itself is not by any means an unusual event; in fact, it is of such common occurrence in this dear Canada of ours that we have almost ceased to regard it as the miracle it really is. "Miracle!" do you say incredulously? Yes, is it not miraculous that those fairy-like, tiny, and seemingly helpless crystals, falling one by one, have almost the power of the philosopher's stone—power to transmute all that might be called gray and unlovely into visions that delight the most fastidious eye? The leafless branches that looked so bleak when shorn of their gala autumn dress, robed in this soft ermine are artistically beautiful. Every panel of the old zigzag rail fence, and every old gnarled stump has donned new graces, while the blustering wind, so madly chasing its downy playfellows, has piled them into marvels of statuary whose delicate curves shame the sculptor's skill. But it is the children, the merry, light-hearted children, who get most pleasure from the first snowfall, just as they, unwitting philosophers, usually get the lion's share of all good things, simply because they guilelessly open their hearts to receive them. What a picture our Royal visitors would have seen had they waited a little longer to visit Our Lady of the Snows! Little men and women—their future subjects—with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, gaily climbing on passing sleighs or coasting on every little incline afforded by the streets, would have given them another very pleasant memory to bear across the sea.

Now just a tiny chat about our competitions, and then when next we meet it will be in our grand Christmas number, which is intended to be even more beautiful than before—if that be possible. A few days still remain before the closing of Contest XV., and already a goodly number of papers have been received. I fear this contest has been too easy, as several have sent correct answers: in this case neatness, correct spelling, etc., will assist in determining the winner. Contest XVI., announced in last issue, will prove instructive as well as entertaining to all who try it, and their number will, I trust, be large: indeed, the prize obtained in any of these competitions is but a minor affair; the principal benefit is the brightening of intellect and broadening of mind that invariably follow mental exercise. Then come, my friends, to the cosy Ingle: there are seats in plenty and warmth and welcome to spare for all.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

## A Word of Explanation.

The editor of the "Home Magazine," feeling that an apology is due both to "Mollie" and to the readers of her very interesting and instructive Notes of Travel for the want of sequence in their insertion in its pages, offers this apology now, and with it a word of explanation. The position is this: While Mollie was flitting about from one spot to another, barely stopping at any for more than a day or two at a time, but taking copious notes of all she was seeing, the "Advocate," remaining quietly at home, could only give to its readers a comparatively small portion of the messages she sent, the remainder having to be pigeon-holed for a more convenient season, and sometimes they had to make way for notes of timely visits paid to places of special momentary interest, such as the Glasgow Exhibition. Thus it would occasionally happen that "Mollie" would be ahead of the "Advocate," and sometimes it would be vice versa. This time it has to be vice versa—for we want our readers to know that although "Mollie" is "in winter quarters, and has given up gadding for awhile," before she did so she took a share in the "welcome home" given to the Royal wanderers, and also had a taste of a London fog. We can afterwards, in more leisurely fashion, make room for what lies in the editorial pigeon-hole, of "Mollie's" notes written as from Scotland and Ireland.

## Man, Poor Man.

He cannot put a puff 'round his elbow when his sleeves wear through.

His friends would smile if he disguised a pair of frayed trousers with graceful little shingle flounces.

The poor thing must shave every other day at the outside or pose as an anarchist.

He has to content himself with sombre colorings or be accused of disturbing the peace.

He may not wear flowers or ribbons in his hair, or matter how bald he may become.

The feathers in his cap are as nothing from the decorative standpoint.

He can't edge his coat sleeve with a fall of lace to hide a scarred or maimed hand.

A pink veil is out of the question, no matter how muddy his complexion may become.

As for covering up the stain made by a careless waiter with a jabot—no!

Moral: We're glad we're a helpless woman—Philadelphia Record.

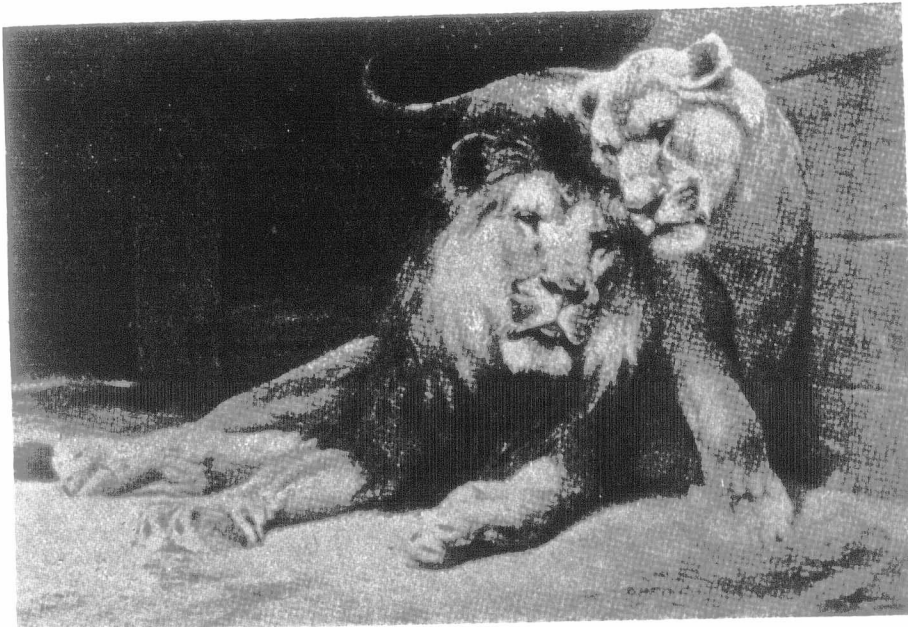
## "The Lion Pair."

Poor caged captives! Poor royal forlornities! Poor hopeless, dejected prisoners! How well the artist has made them, both by position and attitude, mutely tell us their tale of sorrow. King Leo, by drooping jaw, watery eye, flaccid paw and ragged mane, is a very picture of despair. Queen Leona is trying to comfort him, as a good wife should, although her lot is as hard as his, and her memories of a lost past just as vividly tormenting as his own. But to comfort is the prerogative of her sex, and Leona can but do her best. She interposes her body, pillow fashion, between the bowed head of her lord and the hard boards of the partition which confines them both alike. She bends her ear to his oft-repeated complaints, and whispers, in lion lingo, what consolation she can. By extended tail, by firm grip of the floor with her big forefront paw, she shows that there is fight in her yet, and that if she can only arouse his kingship out of his condition of hopeless despair, all is not lost. They may never roam forest or jungle again, they may nevermore enjoy the bliss of perfect liberty, but between them they may taste revenge, and revenge is sweet. When their keeper comes, presently, we venture to predict that these monarchs of the forest will give him, in spite of present appearance, a very warm reception. H. A. B.

## Different Ways of Cooking Potatoes.

(From Canadian Housekeeper.)

**MASHED POTATOES.**—Boil in salted water, and strain. Then dry, mash quickly with a wire masher until light and free from all lumps; add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a quarter cup cream, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Beat with a fork until very light. Serve in a heated, uncovered dish.



"THE LION PAIR."

**POTATO PUFFS.**—Prepare the potatoes as directed for mashed potatoes. While hot, shape in balls about the size of an egg. Have a tin sheet well buttered, and place the balls on it. As soon as they are done, brush over with a beaten egg; brown in the oven. When done slip a knife under them and slide them upon a hot platter. Garnish with parsley, and serve immediately.

**SARATOGA CHIPS.**—Peel and cut into thin slices; make dripping quite hot in a frying pan, put in the potatoes, and fry them on both sides to a nice brown. When crisp take up, place them on a cloth before the fire to drain the grease, and serve hot, after sprinkling with salt. These can be cooked more evenly and made more appetizing by slicing as near the same size as possible.

**POTATO SNOW.**—Boil, mash, and prepare as directed for mashed potatoes. Rub through a heated colander into a deep dish, that it may fall lightly and in good shape. Put in the oven a few minutes till heated, and serve hot.

## Special Offer to Subscribers.

We would again call the attention of the readers of our Home Magazine, in common with the other readers of the "Farmer's Advocate," to the offers made within.

ANY WHO SUBSCRIBE NOW get not only Dec. 1st number, but also the beautiful Christmas number included in their subscription for 1902.

What better Christmas gift could our readers give to a friend than a year's "Advocate"? Several have done so already, and others are thinking of doing so. Why not you?

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child. And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

## Travelling Notes.

Tunbridge Wells. Not knowing just at what fragment of my jottings the "Advocate" of the 15th November enabled me to leave my dear Canadian readers, I think I had better take up my story at its present stage, filling up the chinks later on as room in the pages may offer.

As you will see, I date this (on the 8th November) from Tunbridge Wells, where I am settled down for the winter with the very dearest, brightest, cleverest old lady in the world, about whom I must just tell you a little, for she is a remarkable character: the only daughter of a clergyman who, besides this daughter, had twelve sons (consequently she had twelve brothers), many of them scattered all over the world, in Australia, India, New Zealand, the United States, England, and Canada, one of them being no less than the late worthy and noble founder of the "Farmer's Advocate," and we all know how thoroughly he did his part in trying to make the world better for his having lived in it.

This dear old lady, though now a confirmed invalid, unable to stand on her feet, with hands and limbs drawn up with rheumatism, and suffering with a patience beyond all praise, yet has a mind active as ever, and finds scope for much philanthropic and missionary work. Besides what she does for suffering humanity in general, she keeps in touch with herself, and with one another, the parted and scattered members of a once large family, thus forming a link of love and sympathy which is of itself a benediction, for who can measure the influence of a good mother, sister, or even aunt? I hope the power may be granted to me to be of some comfort and help to this dear old friend and relative during the winter we expect, God willing, to spend together at Tunbridge Wells.

Before coming here I spent a few weeks by the sea at Hastings, on the south coast of England, where a goodly number of dear relations were assembled, and very happy times we had, making little excursions here and there, some of us crossing occasionally to Boulogne. The days were fine and warm; in fact, the whole summer has been exceptionally fine in England. But it is quite time I should tell you of what will probably be my last trip of importance for some time to come. You had your turn in Canada, and now it was mine. You saw the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in Canada. I have seen them in England, for, like the pussy cat in the children's rhyme, I have "been to London to see the Queen,"—and not the Queen only, but the King, and all the Princes and Princesses, little and big, who took part in one of the most wonderful pageants (with the exception of that of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria) which England has ever seen. It was a pageant, too, which was full of meaning—a pageant which was of itself a heartfelt expression of the love and loyalty of the people of Great and Greater Britain, for representatives of every part of the latter were present on the occasion of this public manifestation of joy at the safe return of the son and daughter of the beloved Sovereigns of the Realm. Every incident of this most unique journey of 50,000 miles, during an absence of eight months, had been followed by the people of England with the most intense interest. They had realized how it had drawn forth from over seas spontaneous and unbounded expressions of loyalty, and had cemented a spirit of fidelity to the Crown which not even England's most bitter foe or most jealous rival could gainsay. Could one wonder at this outburst of national joy at their home-coming! Indeed, I would not for worlds have missed the sight. It was well worth the fatigue and strain of standing for hours on tiptoe, with barely room to breathe, as the throng swayed to and fro, until, as with one voice, the vast multitude took up the shout of welcome and joined in that heart-stirring melody, "Home, Sweet Home."

The papers will have told you of the magnificent decorations along the line of route from Victoria Station to Marlborough House, a distance of three miles, garlands of flowers making one entire street into a veritable bower for the Royal carriages to pass through, with our dear young Duchess wearing her Canadian sables. I wonder if they have also told you of the pretty story of one of the little children of the Duchess having been "so imperatively insistent to be taken to 'my mummy' that the King laughingly decided she should have her way, and so at ten o'clock the Victoria and Albert moved out with the Royal children in a great state of gleeful excitement on deck, dragging their laughing grandmother with them as they sought one point of view after another from which to see better the saluting ships and sights of the harbor."

Now, here's a companion picture, of an incident a little later on. "As the shining cavalcade