

power"

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman"

the little birds are fairly bursting their throats in the trees. Can one feel anything but happy on such a morn? God's presence seems very near, when we look about us and behold the beauties of nature he has so generously bestowed upon us. How thankful we ought to be; it might always be thanksgiving day in our hearts.

I might say a word about our flower gardens, girls. I'm sure that is something every girl will find interesting. I have my seeds planted and am daily to be found searching for a peeping plant. I haven't much patience I'm afraid, but how I do love the flowers. Not every girl can have a garden, but every girl may have flowers. We see them blossoming everywhere by our roadsides in the fields, although probably most of our Manitoba fields are so well tilled as to forbid the flowers there. Yet there are plenty elsewhere we may have them for the plucking. What a nice old world it is!

I think this is all for this time, Dame Durden, hoping the girls will respond to your kind request, I am ever, sincerely yours,

SEVENTEEN.

(It was good of you to write a second letter so promptly in response to my call, but we're sure you wouldn't want to stay out when the girls were rallying. How do you like the look of the page today?—D. D.)

AN OFFER TO A SINGING GIRL

My Dear Dame Durden:—What a number of girls belong to the Ingle Nook! I was indeed surprised to find the list so long. We must be a large family, all told.

Here it is the nineteenth of the month and you requested all letters to be in by the twenty-first—as usual, I am late. Mother says that procrastination is my besetting sin!

Would one of the girls, who is fond of music, care for some songs? I have several, of the popular music of the-day kind, that I should be glad to send to someone. They are sent to me through a music club, and, sad to relate, I do not sing, so they are lying here unused. I am very fond of music, but have neglected mine fearfully—since coming West. The people, who come to our house, do not care for the class of music I was taught, and I have gradually lost all but two or three of the lightest pieces. It is a pity, I know, and I make brave resolutions to pick it up again, but some way I never do it. This winter, while away amongst people who knew and cared for good music I felt greatly ashamed, for my lack of practice was very evident and I came home filled with a wild desire to retrieve myself. So far, however, I have not been able to settle down to scales and finger exercises, but mean to before I go abroad again, that when I am asked to play I may sit down at the piano with confidence.

Every letter, but the first, that I have written you, has been prefaced with an apology, dear Dame Durden, and, although I owe you one, I mean to make this letter conspicuous by its absence. I am indebted to you for your many helpful suggestions regarding my winter duds, and hope you will forgive this very careless chatterer.

MADELEINE.

HELPFUL HEALTH HINTS

Dear Dame Durden and Friends of the Ingle Nook. In answer to the roll-call:—A good thing for weak, or inflamed eyes is boracic acid, dissolved in water, a teaspoonful or more to a small cup of soft water. Put a drop or two in the eye and bathe often with it. Harlem oil is also very good for weak eyes, a little in the eye at bed time. By continuing its use for some time it strengthens the eye.

A good plan for hot fomentations is to have several thicknesses of flannel, wring out of hot water, and put in a steamer. Have two, one warming while the other is in use. They may be used as hot as needed without burning the hands with the wringing. When stopping the use of them have ready a woollen cloth, dry and real hot from the oven, to put on the parts. It feels so good.

For neuralgia and rheumatism, bathe

in very hot water, and rub with oil of wintergreen and alcohol equal parts. Keep warm.

Ingrowing toe nails may be relieved by scraping the nail all along the middle until it is very thin. A better cure is to pour a little boiling tallow from a spoon on the middle of the nail. The latter I did for a friend some years ago and it has never troubled since.

When children's stockings get very thin in the knee, cut off the worn part, put in needles and knit a piece upwards. It is good, too, when the legs grow too short, as they can easily be made a few inches longer.

A good way to salt a small cheese for home use, after it is pressed, is to rub

hard; one generally has a good-sized yard in the country.

Well, I hope to be able to send something next time that will help.

MODEST MEMBER.

(Lack of space is the chief reason for not putting music in our paper. To be any use the notes and print would need to be of good size and only very short selections could be got on a page. But have you noticed the music we are offering as premiums? The offers appear in March 9th, 1910, page 387, and March 23rd, 1910, page 471. A new subscriber or two would provide you with a supply of good music with very little trouble on your part. We will be glad to have you come again.—D.D.)



A BEAUTY SPOT NEAR HIGH RIVER, ALTA.

the salt on outside for a few times when turning it.

Corned beef sliced and soaked for a day or two in skim-milk, is very good if rolled in flour before frying.

With good wishes for one and all.

Dear Dame Durden, please make this shorter, if you wish, or leave it out for another time. I did not mean to say so much.

NORAH KILLEEN.

(Not a bit too long, my dear, for it is all good.—D.D.)

A MUSIC LOVER

Dear Dame Durden and all the Chatterers:—Seeing such a cordial invitation for all the youngest of those who enjoy the Ingle Nook, I thought I would send you a few words. I enjoy reading the letters from the other chatterers immensely. I am sure that page is a great help to all who read it. I wonder how many of our members are interested in music. Are you, Dame Durden? I could listen for hours to a good player on a piano or almost any musical instrument. Music seems to lift one's thoughts above this earth. It seems to bring out a person's inner soul; the best of him or her is exposed. Then think when playing, how one can express one's feelings, transfer them to the notes and enjoy the company and solace they provide. I can only play the piano a little, but would love to be able to play real good. My mother used to be a music teacher, and I love to listen to her playing when we go and visit uncle out in the country. You see we have not got one at home yet, or of course it is likely I could have been a better player. Dame Durden, don't you think it would be delightful to have some of our good old songs printed with the music in our corner? I think some kind of music ought to be in every home. Don't you think this would help to do so, if space could be made? I always think a home is so much happier when there is music in it, and I feel sure most of the chatterers agree with me.

I have lived on the farm about half my lifetime, so have some idea of country life as well as city, and I believe country life suits me best. I like to see the flowers and birds so well.

Could any of the chatterers help me in fixing a flower bed? I hardly know what would be suitable for a small front yard. In town it seems to me it is so

DECLINING PRISCILLA

Dear Dame Durden and Girls:—Very exclusive, am I not? But, indeed, I do not mean to be, for we always consider our mothers the very dearest of girls, don't we?

What a nice idea of Dame Durden's to ask us all in to-day—and how pleased we are to be here, aren't we, girls?

I suppose most of you girls are, like myself on "the dear old farm," at "home sweet home."

Do you ever sigh for a larger sphere of usefulness, girls, where you might really feel you were advancing in other lines beside "the daily round" of housework? Of course it is splendid work helping to make home a real happy and "homey" place for father and the boys, and it is a high calling, too, if looked at in the right way. It is so full of responsibilities and opportunities. No girl need ever feel that her life does not count for much just at home; for the influence of her life—lived well—goes echoing goodness down "the corridors of time."

But, dear me, I have almost frightened myself. I must pause to get my breath, please!

I suppose most of the girls are interested in music! That happens to be my chief hobby or delight. Little did I think when I was young and foolish, rather despising and neglecting my practice, what a wonderful comfort and help it was going to be to me, and others too—in these my "declining" days.

I thoroughly agree with Dame Durden about using one's music in a practical way. This seems to be greatly needed in the West. Mendelssohn is one of my favorite composers. There is such a depth of feeling in those grand old masters' work, isn't there?

I had hoped to try my intermediate examination this summer, but—dishes and things positively refused to allow of such a thing.

Reading is another one of the many blessings and comforts we have, isn't it? Books are so reasonable nowadays, too, that we can get lots of splendid "silent friends" at a very moderate price.

I like Dickens' books very much when I get nicely into them. I think Dame Durden's nom de plume must come from his Bleak House. Am I

right, Dame Durden? Some of Ralph Connor's books are splendid, I think. I simply love (father would look over his glasses rather sternly at me now) "The Sky Pilot." We had the part about about Gwen read at our Christian Endeavor meeting one week, and it seemed to be greatly enjoyed.

Emerson's essays are fine, too. There is lots of good thinking matter in them, which one enjoys while washing dishes, making beds and doing all those multitudinous little things which can almost be done without thinking of them. Lately I have enjoyed J. R. Miller's little book on "Girls: Faults and Ideals." What high ideals he sets before us! It makes one almost tremble at their responsibility. But it certainly helps you wonderfully to overcome your faults.

I fear I am selfishly taking too much room, and methinks I hear Dame Durden say, "Time's up," so farewell to you all.

PRISCILLA.

(You and Western Maiden and Modest Member seem to have many tastes in common. Yes, "Dame Durden" came from Bleak House. Have you read "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Little Dorrit" yet? They are my Dickens' favorites. Nice girl to write such a plump letter!—D.D.)

THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he.
"As you are big for you."

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

* * *

PRUNE AND PECAN NUT SALAD.

Soak the prunes over night in cold water; let cook on the back of the range until tender (and no longer), when the water should be pretty thoroughly evaporated. When cold cut from the stones in neat lengthwise pieces. Cut the nuts in slices, lengthwise. Mix the oil, lemon juice and salt and pour over the prunes and nuts. Mix and turn upon the lettuce. Serve with roast meats or with bread and butter. Ordinary salad dressing may be used.

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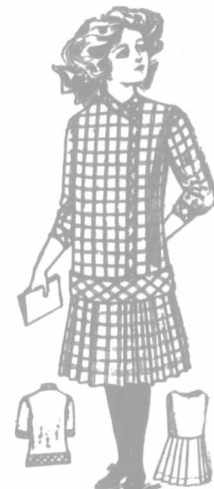
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