

of a church here. It is pleasant to hear from you about books you are reading, —when the choice is good.

Falling Hair.

For "Country Girl", Oxford Co., Ont. Massage your scalp with your fingers every night, and apply a good hair tonic to the scalp, rubbing it in well. Hair must be kept clean to be healthy. It should be washed at least once a month. Use tepid soft water and a good, mild soap, rinsing it out well and drying quickly by shaking and fanning it. This treatment should in time prevent your hair from falling.

Mountain Ash Berry Jam.

Some weeks ago someone asked me if jam could be made from mountain ash or rowan berries. Since then I have heard that jam can be made of these by boiling them, putting through a colander and adding sugar for the re-boiling, as usual. The jam is said to be somewhat bitter, like that from bitter oranges.

While Grapes Are In.

Grape Catsup.—Wash and stem the grapes. Heat them very slowly and when soft put through a colander. Return to the kettle, and for every 5 lbs. of grapes, weighed before cooking, add 3 lbs sugar, 2 cups vinegar, 1 teaspoon each of black pepper, cinnamon and allspice. Boil for 1 hour, then bottle while hot.

Grape Jam.—Separate skin from pulp, keeping them separate. Put the pulps in a kettle with 1 cup water. When soft put through a colander. Add the skins to them (some put the skins through a chopper) and weigh. To each pound add 3/4 lb. sugar and enough water to keep from burning. Cook slowly 3/4 hour. A delicious jam. If the grapes are not too ripe they thicken better.

Grape Jelly.—Use grapes that are not too ripe. Heat until soft then mash and drain through a thin jelly bag. Measure, and to each pint allow 2 cups sugar. Heat the juice in a kettle, boiling rapidly for 20 minutes, then add the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, stirring until dissolved. When it comes to a boil take off and fill the glasses, which have been dipped in hot water. When cool cover with melted paraffin.

Spiced Grapes.—Spiced grapes, to use with cold meat, can be made by adding a little vinegar and spices to either grape jam or jelly.

Grape Cobbler.—Pick the grapes, wash them, separate pulps, then soften over the fire and put through a colander to remove seeds. Add the skins to the pulp. Line a deep pie-plate with good pastry, put in the grapes and sprinkle with sugar to sweeten. Put on the top crust; cut slits across the top and fold back to have an open square in the middle. While the pie is baking make a sauce of butter, sugar and a teaspoonful of boiling water. Stir well over the hot water and flavor with lemon, cinnamon or nutmeg. When the pie is nearly done pour the sauce in the hole in the top and finish baking. Serve very hot.

The Scrap Bag.

Garden Notes.

Fall spading or ploughing helps to kill the white grub, as exposure is fatal to it.

Endive roots may now be dug up and stored in sand for winter forcing. Green salads in winter help to keep good health.

Dig up some parsley roots and plant them in pots. They look pretty in the kitchen window and provide a garnish when needed.

Plant rhubarb roots and mulch with a dressing of straw manure. Rhubarb may be forced for winter pies in a light cellar.

Leave some parsnips, salsify and artichokes in the ground for use in early spring.

Dig up canna, dahlia and caladium bulbs, dry them off, remove the frozen tops and store in a cool place.

Put protective material, leaves, straw or loose, strawy manure, over tender roots. Put brush over to keep the leaves down.

Geraniums for the garden will keep until spring in a cool cellar, if taken up and hung up by the roots. Or they may be cut back somewhat and potted.

Roots of plants for next year may be planted now, or moved to another place in the garden if necessary. Sometimes it is quite necessary to divide roots. The iris, in particular, needs dividing frequently.

Start Bulbs.

Procure paper narcissus bulbs and set in a glass dish of water, with small stones or moss fibre to hold the bulbs in place. Keep in the dark for a few days then bring to the light. They will grow quickly and bloom splendidly. By starting them at intervals of 2 weeks a succession of bloom may be kept up, with no more trouble than to add a little warm water from time to time. Freesias also may be grown, preferably in soil, without putting them away for root development. The other bulbs, hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, jonquils, crocus, lily of the valley need to be left growing in the dark in the cellar, or buried outside in the yard, from 6 to 8 weeks, to develop roots. If brought up too soon they fail to flower properly. Among the prettiest vessels for flowering bulbs are those of dull green, blue or yellow pottery.

Flowers for Winter.

A country home can rarely indulge in costly palms and similar decorations for the winter. It is not necessary, because a few fresh bouquets of Christmas roses (hellebore), with clippings from your barberries and your evergreen mahonia and your hemlock hedge will carry you well into midwinter. Our best preparation for the white months is to dig a few of our common May-flowering shrubs in November, place them in a cool cellar or outbuilding for a few weeks to rest, and then, as needed, bring into the house. It is not necessary that these shall have anything more than simple boxes to hold them during their residence in the kitchen or family room. After three or four weeks of waiting in a sunny window they will burst out into bloom quite as gloriously as in May when out of doors. The best shrubs for this forcing purpose are the common lilacs, some of the spireas, the mock oranges, deutzias, and the Judas tree. About three weeks before you desire bloom, bring a plant, well-boxed and watered, into a warm, light room. Keep it well watered and occasionally turned before the window, and the buds will soon begin to show themselves. I have lilacs in mid-winter that perfume the whole house. The yellow-flowered ribes, or native currant, is specially good for our purpose.

After the flowers have decayed, set the boxes back into the cellar, and in the spring into the ground. It will take a year of recuperation before they will again be strong enough to make flower buds and be fit for another winter forcing. Of course we have to select small bushes, and this is our chief trouble. Lilac bushes are generally too large, or else mere suckers, but a row of these can be had in preparation along the side of your garden. It is not quite easy to determine flower buds from leaf buds on the lilac, but as a rule flower buds are much rounder and fuller. In addition to shrubs, be sure to dig one or two clumps of hemerocallis fulva, or yellow day lily. This plant is peculiarly good for forcing. It gives a succession of richly-perfumed, lemon-yellow flowers during a full month or six weeks. I have had over eighty flowers in succession, upon a single box." E. P. POWELL, in "The Country Home."

Little Sydney had reached the mature age of three and was about to discard petticoats for the more manly raiment of knickerbockers. The mother had determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The breakfast-table was laden with good things when the newly breeched infant was led into the room.

"Ah!" exclaimed the proud mother, "now you are a little man!" Sydney was in ecstasies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged close to his mother and whispered "Can I call pa Bill now?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Dollar Chain

For the soldiers and sufferers because of the war.

Contributions from Oct. 12 to Oct. 19: "Toronto," \$2; "A Friend," \$5; "One Interested," \$5.

Previously acknowledged \$4,939.30

Total to Oct 19th \$4,951.30

Kindly address contributions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

From an Artillery Laddie.

[This letter, from Corp. Dan McArthur to his brother, will also be read with much interest: Corp. McArthur, who is with one of the Batteries in France, is the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. Peter McArthur.]

35th Battery C. F. A., France, 30, 8, 1917.

Dear McKellar:—

We are still in the same billets from which I wrote my last letter—but what a change from then! For three days we have had rain, not a continuous down-pour, but half-an-hour of shower, and half-an-hour of sunshine, so that you can never be sure just what is going to happen, I wish you could see our horse-lines, a sea of mud would not do it justice; it is more like the Asphalt lake of Trinidad. The whole brigade has its horse lines in a field, which was hard and dry when we came here. The road runs along one side and a small creek on the other from which we water our horses. The horses are picketed on ropes stretched between the guns and limbers. Each subsection (one gun) has its own lines, about twelve horses on each side of the rope. We have a pump and troughs made of iron sheeting, and the hay is fed in nets and the oats in the feed-bags. So far so good—but the ground is of a fine, chalky clay. When wet it keeps the rain from soaking in, so that it slips and slithers all over the place. Where the horses churn it up it is a foot deep; we have to shovel it out behind them in heaps. The horses themselves are plastered with mud, and so are the men. In order to get it out of our clothes we have to use a steel brush that we use for cleaning harness. Ankle boots and puttees get into an awful mess; thank heaven I have a pair of high boots. I had an extra sole put on them before coming over, and steel heels and toes. So far my feet have been as dry as bone, which is one of the greatest comforts one can have. Even if you are cold and wet it does not seem so bad when your feet are dry. So I just slither and slop around as if there were no mud at all. When we go up to our billet it takes ten minutes of brushing, standing in the creek to get the mud off, it is so sticky. The French call it "boue"—"beaucoup de boue ici!"

I have been in two billets since we came here. Our first was in a barn, very handy to the horses, but it turned out to belong to another battery, so we had to vacate. The people there were very decent to us; the old man had learned English from the soldiers and gave us lessons in pronunciation, which is what catches us most. For instance I was telling him that we had been in England one year—"un an"—but my pronunciation made it mean "one mule". Most of them talk so fast in the same tone all the time, that you can't make head or tail of what they are driving at. I can make myself understood pretty well, and am picking up my vocabulary all the time.

Our present billet is a medium-sized room in a cottage owned by an old couple. They didn't want us at first on account of some Australians having raised a row here at some previous date. However, I answered them that we were "très docile" and would not disturb them. There are fifteen of us in the room, but we are comfortable enough. These French people have peculiar tastes. Instead of flower gardens or lawns they prefer a big, juicy manure pile in front of the door. The aroma is "très délicateuse" after you acquire the taste. Our room is situated on the "bord du lac" so that we could take a dive out of the front door if so inclined. There is a beautiful rock well here—thank God, it's about a hundred feet deep! Our grub is cooked and eaten down at the horse lines. Now

that we are used to the mud and the country things are not so bad.

The Major, Lieut. Banallick and all the Sergeants (including Harry) have gone up to the line for a few days to prepare the way for the battery. We expect to move up shortly. It must be some mess up there when it is so muddy here. People who spout about "our gallant soldiers marching gaily into battle" should come and do a two-step through our horse lines!

Love to all.

DAN.

Current Events.

Toronto's contribution in the recent Red Cross campaign amounted to \$823,974. The school children collected \$22,000.

Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, has declined to enter the Union Government.

Hon. J. D. Hazen is to be appointed to the new office of Canadian High Commission at Washington.

On Oct. 17th a test train went safely over the new bridge across the St. Lawrence near Quebec, the longest bridge in the world.

On Oct. 19th the American transport "Antilles," homeward bound, was torpedoed and sunk, 70 lives being lost and 167 saved.

During the week 11 German airplanes were brought down by French flyers.

Over 14,000 cattle and hogs perished in the big stock-yards fire in Kansas city last week. Incendiarism is suspected.

A Petrograd despatch says that Gen. Korniloff has been acquitted of the charge of attempting to overthrow the Provisional Government.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, who is an aviator, has been awarded his fourth medal for valor.

There is a great shortage in the grain crop in Italy.

"Mata-Hari," a Dutch dancer whose real name was Marguerite Gertrude Macleod, was shot in Paris last week for espionage.

At midnight of Oct. 20th, 7 German Zeppelins raded the east and northeast counties of England, dropping many bombs. On their return to France 4 were brought down. Reprisals for the many air-raids on England seem to have begun. During the week the British airplanes dropped bombs on a factory near Saarbrücken, 40 miles from the German frontier. Bombs were also dropped on the canal and waterworks at Bruges.

No event of especial importance has been reported from the Western front during the week. Sharp artillery duels and air-fights continue as usual.

The news from Russia is anything but reassuring. With the taking of Oesel and Moon Islands in the Baltic the Germans have practically gained a commanding position over the Gulf of Riga, and it is reported that the Russians are evacuating the fortified town of Reval and preparing to move the Government from Petrograd to Moscow. Twenty of the Russian vessels, however, have got out of the Gulf and have secured harborage in the Gulf of Finland. Notwithstanding Kerensky's impassioned appeals, the Russian fleet failed to do its duty in opposing the German warships, only a small section of it going out to battle. Needless to say the result was disastrous, and the battleship "Slava" was lost. Anarchy, indeed, seems to be rife almost everywhere in Russia; the unlettered peasants in many places, understanding nothing of the war and intent only on their own affairs, are busying themselves with razing the manor houses, leaving the country to take care of itself. Evidently the policy of centuries of misgovernment in which the mass of the people were practically compelled to live in ignorance, unable either to read or write, cannot be undone in a year.