

beginning of the New Year. It is true, as Jack's Wife said, that a great many have come to us for information during the past year (you don't know what scrambling about among books and after experts some of you gave me—but it's great fun), but that all too few have come with the chatty, homelike letters—such as those that have appeared since I resurrected you all at the Conference—which all love to read. . . . This year I shall expect you to mix them up—the questions and the chats, I mean.

Now, little lady from Muskoka, I haven't had a photo taken for years, except snap-shots—and when I look at them it is either to laugh or be "mad"—so there!

Yes, Jack's Wife, I think there should be mothers' meetings in the Ingle Nook now, but please put me in as Secretary, will you not? You see, as I haven't "done had 'sparence," I shall have to listen while the "learned" among you do the talking.

And Forget-me-not!—Don't you believe her, Chatterers; she is a gay deceiver. . . . Oh, you awful girl, don't you see what you have committed me to? What fussing over my hair and bother over my hats! I'll be positively afraid to appear in an old one for fear of meeting an Ingle Nooker—and anyway I always hate my own headgear, although I know what I like on anyone else well enough. . . . And mercy me! What a time I'll have plastering out the wrinkles so that no one will ever guess you have been fibbing over that sweet "twenty-one"—how I love the "allegation," even unto never thinking of defying the "allegator." . . . I wish all the world could think as "these," dear, but I have my doubts, awful, awful doubts! . . . Yes, I was at Toronto Exhibition. Am so sorry I missed you. Come again, all of you, s'il vous plait. This is jolly. D. D.

Re Wedding Presents.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers,—While the young people have been discussing the "Young Man and Young Woman" question with great interest, I have thought of a subject which might very well go hand-in-hand with that one, and which the older folk, who usually control such things, might very well take up, viz.: The question of wedding presents.

Now, I think it is very nice to make a wedding to which one's nearest relatives and bosom friends are invited—just those who would give presents anyway. But for a long time I have thought that nothing can be more vulgar than to make a big wedding, to which people not especially friends, and often were acquaintances, are invited. The only thing, it seems to me, that could redeem such invitations from vulgarity, would be to add a line to the invitation cards, "No presents accepted," but this is seldom done. If it were the rule, the chances are that big weddings would soon be a thing of the past.

Just think of it—inviting people to your house for an afternoon or evening, and expecting them to pay for the invitation, whether it is possible to attend or not, at a rate of anywhere from \$3 up! Think of it—depending upon other folk, virtually strangers, to help furnish your or your daughter's house, when, possibly, many of these same people find it hard enough to get actual necessities for themselves! "Silver" weddings, etc., are just as bad. After all, what are they but a scheme to get something for nothing?

"Showers," however, are very different from mercenary weddings. A shower is usually given by one of the girl-friends of the "bride-to-be," never by herself or her mother, or any of her relatives. To it the bride-elect is invited, also all of her girl friends, each of whom brings some little thing, useful, though inexpensive. There are "granite showers," to which pans and kitchen utensils of all sorts are brought; "linen showers," which call for linen articles of all kinds; "cup-and-saucer" showers, etc. These little remembrances do not cost much, and yet carry more love with them, as a rule, than the expensive gift which is so often "hard" to get, and which is really demanded with every invitation to a wedding.

Perhaps some of you will not agree with me. At any rate, I should like to hear what the rest of you have to say about it. You will understand, of course, that what I have said does not refer at all to rich people. The rich can buy what they choose without missing it. I have been thinking just of the people who are not rich, and who have a hard enough time just getting along—the people to whom every cent counts.

ALPH. BETA.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

Our Scrap Bag.

A friend uses her old stockings to make tights for her little girl. The stockings are slit at the sides for a few inches from the top, and sewn together to form the front of the tights. The other two raw edges are sewn together to form the back, and slits are again made at the sides and faced about neatly. Finally a band and buttons are added and the tights are completed.

In very cold weather clean windows with cloths moistened with kerosene instead of water.

A writer in Harper's says that, when making cake or pancakes in winter, if eggs are scarce, a tablespoonful of snow will take the place of one egg. Beat it in at the last minute, just before baking.

A reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" contributes the following: Kerosene is excellent for cleaning enamel ware.

RECIPE FOR HOMEMADE WHITE OIL.

Take 2 cups best vinegar, 1 cup turpentine, and 3 eggs, shells and all. Dump together in a quart sealer and shake occasionally for a week. Then strain and put in bottles. This recipe, costing but a few cents to fill, will make three or four times as much as is sold in the drug store for seventy-five cents. It is an excellent liniment.

Note to "Another Traveller."

Will "Another Traveller" kindly send me her address? Unfortunately, I have lost it, and I have received a letter from Moose Jaw, N. W. T., asking for it. This correspondent says, "As my ancestors all came from near Vinegar Hill, I am interested."

"The Farmers' Advocate" Fashions.



6221 Boy's Suit.
6 to 12 years.

6221.—For the above suit for mid-winter wear, serge, wool cheviot, shepherd's check, and materials of the sort are favorites, while cotton and linen materials are always in demand, and khaki, galatea, linen, and the many inexpensive printed wash fabrics can be utilized for the thinner suits.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 5½ yards 24, 4½ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of narrow, 1½ yards of wide braid.



6208 Boy's Suit,
4 and 6 years.

6208.—The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 4½ yards 24, 3½ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide.

The above patterns will be supplied at the rate of 10 cents each. Kindly state age of boy when ordering, and address orders to "The Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

But neither happiness nor innocence was suggested by the look of the Chateau itself, as it stood bathed in bright sunshine. Its great doors were close-shut in the face of all the beauty of the world without. Its mullioned windows, that should have stood wide open to let in the radiance and freshness of morning, were closely blinded, like eyes wickedly shut against God's light that beat upon them, vainly seeking entrance.

Outside all was still; the song of birds and the rustle of leaves alone met the ear. Neither man nor beast was stirring to challenge Colonel Philibert's approach, but long ere he reached the door of the Chateau, a din of voices within, a wild medley of shouts, song, and laughter, a clatter of wine-cups, and pealing notes of violins struck him with amazement and disgust. He distinguished drunken voices singing snatches of bacchanalian songs, while now and then stentorian mouths called for fresh brimmers, and new toasts were drunk with uproarious applause.

The Chateau seemed a very pandemonium of riot and revelry, that prolonged the night into the day, and defied the very order of nature by its audacious disregard of all decency of time, place, and circumstance.

"In God's name, what means all this, Master Pothier?" exclaimed Philibert, as they hastily dismounted and, tying their horses to a tree, entered the broad walk that led to the terrace.

"That concert going on, your Honor?"—Master Pothier shook his head to express disapproval, and smiled to express his inborn sympathy with feasting and good fellowship—"that, your Honor, is the heel of the hunt, the hanging up of the antlers of the stag by the gay chasseurs who are visiting the Intendant!"

"A hunting party, you mean? To think that men could stand such brutishness, even to please the Intendant!"

"Stand! your Honor. I wager my gown that most of the chasseurs are lying under the table by this time, although, by the noise they

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Write for free booklet.

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Acadian Pride Homespun Pants A.P.H.

Is pure Nova Scotia sheep's wool, dark in color, neat appearance. There is nothing so durable.

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Enclose \$3.00, with leg and waist measure, and we will deliver a sample pair, charges prepaid, to any address in Canada.

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Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.