

should be—a picture at every window: trees, hills, grass, changing crops, flowers, a varying color-scheme from spring to fall. Less need there for finery indoors.—Painted floors and nicely-woven and colored rag rugs; big fireplaces; broad windows with plants on the sill; simple curtains; blue china and brass candlesticks; plain, comfortable chairs; plenty of cushions—surely one can see in these a suggestion of coziness and homeliness, that means comparatively little outlay of money. Good cheer, too—color combinations as artistic as may be—and always the glorious, changing landscapes through the windows.

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A perfectly darling little woman dropped into the den this morning. She lives on the outskirts of the city, and, of late, she has taken a mania for gardening. She is finding all sorts of delight in it—hence the mania. Potatoes and daffodils—she spoke of growing both, and apparently the one gives rise to as much interest as the other. Much amused is she at the abbreviated gardening costume which she has devised, but she is quite assured that it is absolutely as respectable, a bit more so, perhaps, than the bathing costume in which girls and women disport at every summer resort. And she is right. She has learned how to simplify to suit her work. With a short, trim gardening dress, a big hat, a pair of gardening gloves, and a kneeling cushion, such as shown in the pages of "The Farmer's Advocate" a fortnight or so ago, there is no need for any woman to be distracted from her gardening, or worried over soiling or spoiling good garments.

And surely, if we begin simplifying in one direction it will be easy to do so in others.—The senseless fad for wearing gloves all summer, for instance. Why can't we be brave enough to throw conventionality overboard whenever it conflicts with our ideas of convenience, and economy, and common sense? I fancy, too, that if we did so we should win more respect in the end. Sincerity and common sense have a dignity all their own; they are never ridiculous.

Simplicity! Away out on the moors—gorgeous in sunrises and sunsets, serene beneath the blue of heaven, green and clean in verdure—people manage to be very sane, and happy, even in cabins. . . . Away in the northern forests campers and prospectors make homes of tents, become resourceful in the wilds, and taste the real joy of life among the trees and by placid lakes and rippling rivers; in tiny farm homes, provided only that there are love, and flowers, and books, and refinement many men and women and boys and girls, find life worth living. Perhaps some day, when the war has taught us much, city and country will both go back to a greater simplicity—the simple life, with time to live. As things are to-day, we in the cities and we others who strive to emulate the cities, are overburdened with a superfluity of wants. And so we forge daily the chains that bind us.

JUNIA.

A Question for the Ingle Nook Readers.

I would like to ask Junia and the readers of the Ingle Nook what you think about knitting socks for our soldier boys on Sunday. Would it be doing wrong, think you, for us knitters that have not as much time for knitting during the six working days as we would like to have? The need must be getting greater all the time. Our boys have to fight our battles on Sunday. Surely our part is to knit all we possibly can so they will not have to go without socks. I have heard this question asked many times and have been tempted to pick up my knitting on Sunday, but have not done so.

INTERESTED READER OF INGLE NOOK.

It seems to me that this is a question which everyone must settle with her own conscience. I may say this—that many of the best women I know are knitting on Sundays. The soldiers have to fight, and march, and wear out their socks on Sundays; they suffer if their footwear gives out,—and they have suffering enough without that. Also the doctors and nurses must keep on

working, just the same, every day in the week. These are facts that must be considered. We are living in extraordinary days, and I think the good Lord is big enough to consider the suffering of the soldiers of greater account than enforced idleness on Sundays. However, as I said before this is a question that every woman must settle for herself.—We should be glad to hear opinions.

Marmalades and Jams.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Six lbs. rhubarb cut in cubes. (Do not peel if the skin is tender.) 5 lbs. sugar; 1 lb. figs, cut fine; 1 lb. candied orange peel, cut fine.

Raspberry, Strawberry or Blackberry Jam.—Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar to a pound of fruit. Crush the fruit and let it boil 20 minutes. Heat the sugar, add and let cook until, when tested on a cold saucer, the mixture seems of the right consistency.

Gooseberry Jam.—Four lbs. gooseberries, 1 pint red currant juice, 3 lbs. sugar. Melt the sugar in the currant juice and let boil for 5 minutes after boiling begins. Add the berries and let boil about 40 minutes, skimming as needed. Set aside until next day. Skim the berries into jars, boil the syrup until thick, and pour over them.

Tomato Marmalade.—Four quarts ripe tomatoes, 6 lemons, 1 cup seeded raisins, 4 lbs. granulated sugar. Peel the tomatoes and cut the pulp in thin slices. Cut the lemons in halves, lengthwise, and slice thin. Put all the fruit into a saucepan in layers, alternating with the sugar. Let cook 1 hour on the front of the stove, then move back and let simmer until the mixture is of the right thickness. Store in jelly glasses with melted paraffin on top.

Peach Marmalade.—Skin the peaches, cut them up and press through a potato ricer or mash fine with a wooden potato-masher. Add an equal amount of sugar to the pulp, the juice of one lemon and a dozen peach kernels. Cook very slowly for half an hour, stirring frequently to prevent burning.

Spiced Red Currants, Black Currants or Gooseberries.—For each pound of currants allow a pound of sugar. Make a syrup, using for each 4 lbs. sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 scant teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mace or nutmeg, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. When the syrup boils add the currants and let cook about 10 minutes. Skim out the currants and let the syrup boil till quite thick, then add the currants again. Put in jelly glasses, and when cold cover with melted paraffin.

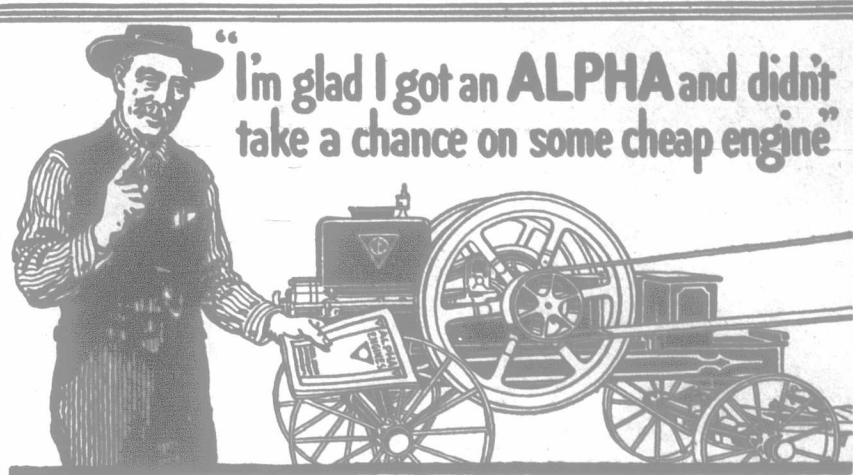
Apple Butter.—Boil 10 gals. sweet cider until reduced one-half, then add, a few at a time, 3 pecks of pared, quartered and cored apples. Stir almost constantly with a wooden utensil and let cook 4 or 5 hours. Add 10 lbs. sugar and 5 oz. ground cinnamon, and let cook again until quite thick, or until like marmalade.

Plum Butter.—Add a little boiling water to the plums. Cook slowly and press through a colander. For 2 quarts of this add 1 quart honey. Let cook until thick. Sugar may be used instead of honey.

Carrot Conserve.—Cut scraped, tender carrots into small cubes. Cook gently until very tender and the water is nearly evaporated. To each quart of carrot cubes allow $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar and the grated rind and juice of a large lemon. Dissolve the sugar in the lemon juice and small quantity of water remaining in the carrots, then add the carrots and let cook until the syrup thickens. Store like jelly.

Seasonable Cookery.

Popovers.—These are particularly nice to make in summer, as they are so quickly and easily made. They may be made in deep, patty-pans or the little aluminum or earthen cups so much used for jelly. The cups should be hot when the batter is put in. Batter.—Put 1 cup flour in a bowl and make a hole in the center of it. Drop in $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, then 2 eggs, unbeaten. Add 1 cup milk gradually and stir (not beat) gradually. Bake quickly in the hot, greased shells. Popovers need neither shortening nor baking powder. They are nice served with butter and syrup or jam.



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In considering the purchase of an engine, do not let the first cost blind you to the vitally important things you wish to buy in an engine. You want an engine that has plenty of power; that is simple and easy to operate, that is free from weak, complicated, troublesome parts; that is strong and durable enough to give you years of good service. With these things in mind, compare the Alpha, part for part, with any other engine. You will then see that for the slightly higher cost of the Alpha you get by far the most for your money.

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The Wife, The Mother and Life Insurance

MANY women, who realize clearly enough the value of life insurance, hesitate to urge upon their husbands its importance.

The reason is that the suggestion would seem to spring from selfish motives: this feeling has caused many women to oppose life insurance.

This is altogether a mistaken attitude, for a husband who is earning a fair income is worth in money vastly more than any insurance he could carry.

To persuade a husband to insure his life, therefore, is not a matter of self-interest but of self-protection, a very different thing.

If there are children still in the helpless stage, the necessity for life insurance is absolute: no feeling of delicacy should prevent a wife from pleading for protection for them.

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