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The best Red Cedar in the world grows in the great forests of the Canadian Pacific slope of British Columbia. That's what our shingles are made from.

Stored in every shingle is a generation of forest life—natural oils that defy decay—solid texture that resists shock and all attacks of weather.

The Red Cedar Shingles made by B. C. manufacturers are the best on earth. Every shingle is "straight grain"—"strictly clear"—"free from sap"—and manufactured under grading rules that give you a perfect roof.

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Allies, and their withdrawal from the war, advances against the Austrians and Turks in the East are almost a walk-over. Uskub has been entered by the French, and Gen. D'Esperay announces that very soon a blow will be directed against Constantinople. Albania is being rapidly evacuated by the Austrians, with the Italians fiercely following at their heels. In Palestine Allenby's troops have taken the city of Damascus, securing 7,000 prisoners.

—Since the above was written Germany—under pressure, it is said, of Austria—has sent a note to Washington, through the Government of Switzerland, asking for an armistice, with the aim of bringing about an end to the War on the 14 peace terms previously stated by President Wilson. At time of going to press the reply the Allies will give is not definitely known, but may be announced before this reaches its readers. In the meantime the Allies continue to smash forward on the Western front.

According to the estimate of the Colonial Gazette there are in the vicinity of Archangel in Northern Russia 20,000 British, French, American and Serbian soldiers, assisted by 7,000 Russian and Finnish volunteers.

The Ingle Nook

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this Department for answers to questions to appear.]

The Chautauqua Courses.

DEAR Ingle Nook Friends—Before it is crowded out of my mind by more immediate things, I want to talk with you a little while about the Chautauqua courses.

Many years ago I first heard about them, and wished I could avail myself of them, but at the time connected them altogether with the summer school at Chautauqua, N. Y., which, by the way, is still very much in existence.

Subsequently I learned that the courses were not confined to that one spot on Chautauqua Lake, but were radiated out to every part of the United States, even the farm-folk flocking in from five, ten and even twenty miles, in buggies and motor-cars, to attend the meetings. Then I wished, very much, that we could have something similar in Canada, and was very much delighted when a quite famous lecturer from New York who chanced to come over here on a lecturing tour assured me that, on con-

dition of my giving publicity in our paper, he would send a man "inside of two weeks", who would set the "Chautauqua" going here. Perhaps the lecturer was merely being polite—he was surely a politician in the making—at all events I heard no more of him nor of the man he was going to send, and so again my dreams of a Chautauqua for Canada had to simmer.—All this time I had connected the courses solely with lectures.

My next enthusiasm in regard to the matter came with meeting a young girl with glorious red hair and a still more glorious voice, who had been travelling about with a Chautauqua troupe for over two years. She told me much about the music worked in with the courses.

"Why can't we have Chautauquas in Canada!" I exclaimed. "You Americans have us trimmed to a finish" (that was very slangy, I know) "when it comes to getting hold of such things and pushing them."

THAT was two years ago. This year—was it because the war has drawn us and our neighbors over the border closer together?—the Chautauqua really arrived in Canada.

When I was away up in the country for my holidays almost the first thing I heard was that it was "on" in a neighboring town. One night we motored in, and found the huge tent—so large that it requires 350 tent pegs to anchor it down

—filled to capacity. We were fortunate enough to hear, that night, Dr. Bohn's lecture on "The Mind of Germany," remarkable for its psychological insights. —But then why should not Dr. Bohn understand? He is a German by birth, his father having left Germany, on a quest for liberty, and come to America in 1849.

Other items on the programme were some solos by a very good baritone, some violin selections by a pretty as well as talented violinist, and two piano solos by a young woman who vibrated with music from the top of her pretty head to the very tips of her wonderful fingers.

"Hurrah!" thought I, "the Chautauqua has really come to Canada! Heretofore country folk have often rebelled at being shut away from the privileges so open to city folk.—Here this blessed Chautauqua has come to bring those privileges to their very doors!"

—For one short week, it is true, yet that means something; and I have not the slightest doubt in the world but that when the public demands it, the one week will be extended to many in a year.

I could not find it possible to attend all the lectures that week, and was sorry to miss Col. Russell H. Conwell's famous lecture on "Acres of Diamonds", which, according to a writer in a recent issue of *Journal of Education*, "has probably set more people a-thinking about missed opportunities than any other one thing that anyone has said or written in half a century." The famous "Ben Greet" Shakespearean players I had heard before, and knew what a treat they were to all privileged to see their acting in that incomparably funny comedy, "Comedy of Errors."

Upon the whole, considering the talent, we were not surprised to hear that the big, airy tent was "jammed" for every session, or meeting, or performance, or whatever it should be called—during the entire week.

The manager, moreover, said that similar audiences had greeted the artists in every town in Western Ontario so far visited, and that every place had signed up for a return of the Chautauqua next year.

AFTER that the company came to this city—but, as ill-luck would have it for me, during Fair-week in Toronto, when I had to be away.

—And now I'm going to "tell something on" London and vicinity:—the audiences in this place were smaller than those at any other point in Ontario hitherto reached! I don't know what was the reason of that. Perhaps the particulars hadn't been advertised enough,—perhaps the lines of pretty little pennants in red, blue, green and yellow, inscribed with the mystic word "Chautauqua" and hung liberally about the streets were not sufficient to enlist the curiosity of Londoners. Somehow the people didn't seem to understand.—A policeman on the main corner told someone the pennants were up to advertise "some Italian show"; a woman who had been a school-teacher thought it was "some sort of religious sect."—One was surprised to find such lack of understanding on the part of London citizens. However, next year will be better.

NOW the point I'm getting at is this: Next year the Chautauqua will come to you. When it does remember that it is bringing to you just such entertainment and instruction as city folk pay high prices to hear. It gives them to you most reasonably,—\$2.00 for a ticket that covers all the meetings,—if you only go one night you have to pay 75 cents. Save your pennies and buy a course ticket; you will not miss them and you will be glad afterwards.

Many times the Home Department of this paper has urged for Canada University Extension—as it is carried on from Wisconsin University in the United States. The Chautauqua is somewhat—a very little, it is true—along the same line. Perhaps it will open the way to the other too.

War-Time Cookery.

(Suggestions from the Food Controller's Office.)

Cornmeal Griddle Cakes.—One cup milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cornmeal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 egg. Add the beaten egg to the milk and add to dry materials, well mixed.

Cornmeal Muffins.—One cup sour