

morning and the hens will get to work right away. These instructions are not guaranteed to cause all hens in all circumstances to lay eggs in winter, but it is by managing their flocks along the line suggested that poultry keepers have attained the largest measure of success in winter egg production.

Finely ground oats with the hulls sifted out is about the best grain for fattening and should form the basis of all fattening mixtures. The oat meal may be mixed with shorts or a little finely ground wheat mixed with milk, preferably. In fattening roosters it is best to have them confined in crates, three or four roosters in a crate of just sufficient size to accommodate them comfortably.

Lemon Pie. — Bake the pie shells first. Make the filling as follows: Put in a saucepan on the stove 1 cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, a teaspoon of butter, the grated rind of one lemon. Blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch with a little water and stir in. Boil till cooked, take off, and immediately stir in a well beaten egg. Then stir in the juice of the lemon. Fill the pies, cover with a meringue of whites of eggs beaten with a little sugar. Brown in the oven.

Black is, above all, the color for trimmings on navy blue, to lend it an air. Black silk braid and buttons or black taffeta silk in narrow bias strips would look very nice. If black does not appeal to you, navy blue silk of the same shade as the dress would look pretty, or if you want a touch of brightness have a plaid silk whose main color is navy blue. Hope this is not too late, but your letter did not get here for twelve days after you wrote it.

We have some Norwegian members, and any number of readers from Norway, so if those potato cakes are a Norwegian dish, some one will be sure to send it along. The letters have not come along so plentifully for the last month, but being harvest time and the threshing season, I did not expect many. Everybody will have a little more leisure now to visit the Ingle Nook with accounts of the summer's experiences and plans for Christmas. Emerald Eyes will probably come along with the rest. — D. D.)

GOOD CHEER FROM NAMELESS

Dear Dame Durden: — It is really bedtime, but I am going to write you a few lines anyway. What is my opinion of giving Christmas presents? I can't think that we should give except where love prompts the giving. To give simply because it will be expected, or because we have received or will receive, seems to me to be altogether out of the spirit of true giving. Christmas giving commemorates the great gift of the Saviour, which gift was prompted solely by love.

Granted we give only to those we really love, there are for most of us a long list of names to be considered, and the question of expense must have our attention. What dollars we could spend (if we had them) and never grudge a cent of it! But we have them not. If there is no actual need that our gift would supply, would not a loving message be as appreciated as a handsome present where true love exists between friends? I have in mind a relation of my own who made a practice of giving me always a very substantial if not handsome one, and always there was a something that chilled me — I could never say what, but an intangible something about the giving. Then came the hard year when we lost our home in the spring and had no crop in the fall, besides losing a fine team of horses. I dreaded, actually dreaded, that Christmas and the inevitable present, but — my friend was also in straits. I received a gift, certainly, but it was worth only cents (in money) and it was accompanied by an invitation like this: "And do come over to-day; I'm going to make that candy you like." Also there was "a something" always lacking before.

God gave his Christmas gift to those He loved and to those who needed it. Let us do likewise. There may be those among our near and dear who need not only our love and sympathy but our money as well. Let these have the preference. And there are so many — especially little ones to whom \$5.00 does not come "easy" — who need

sadly in need of material help, especially of the love that prompts it. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Isn't it most appropriate that our gifts should be presented to the One whose birthday we celebrate?

Make Christmas the happiest, jolliest day in the year. It is essentially a children's day so give chief attention to the little ones. Let there be no lack in your giving to them, but be wise. Don't let them learn to look for a multitude of gifts; don't let them be selfish. I should say don't make them selfish, for I believe a good many children are forced to be selfish by unwise parents, who will not let them indulge their unselfish desires and who continually keep before them their own wants and needs and wishes. Teach them to give as well as receive. Their pleasure will be much greater.

May I tell you another story? "A little boy I know, whose nickels are like hen's teeth, has been taught that there are other less fortunate children than he. Last Christmas he wrote Santa on this wise: "Dere Santy, please bring me a toy (he named it) and if you meant to bring me anything else, take it to some little boy who hasn't a good papa like mine." Before Christmas his auntie gave him the desired toy, and he wrote again to Santy not to bring him anything "except an orange and some candy." And that's about all Santa did bring, but in the very toes of his stocking was a doughnut which turned out to have five cents in the centre! How his eyes shone and how he shouted, "The very thing I wanted to buy

and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

NAMELESS.

(You always get to the heart of things and give us something good when you do come, and I wish you were not too busy to come oftener. — D. D.)



SENDS A STORY

Dear Cousin Dorothy, — Quite a period has elapsed since last I wrote to you, but when I come I bring a story, too. I would like to see the others write a story. The Wigwam seems to be nearly full of letters though. There must be a great many papooses in it now.

There was a fairly fruitful season this year around here. We got eleven quarts of wild plums. I think if they were cultivated that they would be as

Apple Jelly. — How many have ever made jelly from apple parings? It is just as good as make from whole apples. Save the parings, core and seeds. Put in a kettle, cover with water and boil until soft. Strain, and to every cup of juice add one cup of sugar. Boil until it will jelly. — SENT BY DAPHNE.

The stockers follow behind the binder and set the sheaves butt downward in the form of a large cone. This is to shed the rain.

When the cones or stooks are dry, the sheaves are made into stacks containing eight or nine loads. They are usually stacked in couples, or sets. If there is a little over it is stacked up beside the other stack and called "pup."

The threshing machine comes next and the boys and girls say, "Oh, mamma! please let me stay out of school!" The ladies of the house are cooking from morning till night. Every one is glad now, because the fruits of the hard spring labor are being garnered.

The engine which runs the separator is set back, and the separator is set between two stacks. The belt joins the two, and is the main belt. The men engaged around the engine are the engineer, fireman, strawman and tankman. The work of each is thoroughly explained in their names. The separator is run by a "boss," a bagger and a feeder. There are also four pitchers, whose work is to pitch the sheaves off the stack into the self-feeder. If there is a man to feed, there are two band cutters by him who cut the twine from round the sheaves. The straw is forced out the blower by fans and the wheat goes out the bagging apparatus, and is taken into the wagons, and soon in bins or sometimes even to the elevators. But it is the custom in this part of Manitoba to wait till after the rush is over and get several teams to take the grain and ship it on cars; and thus the grain which was but a few months ago a sprouting kernel is on its way to England or even to Australia.

We all enjoy harvest time, because we are sure that our grain cannot now be damaged by hail or frost which is dreaded so much here. The children think it is almost akin to Christmas. I have heard some people say, "Autumn is the saddest part of all the year," but the question is, "Why should it be?" CANARY.

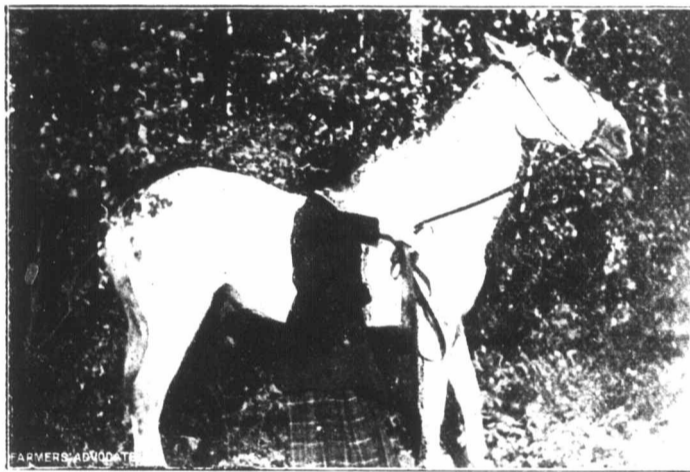
FORTY LITTLE PIGS

Dear Cousin Dorothy, — Father reads THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE every week, and I have noticed that Cousin Dorothy has a great many relations. It has made me very curious to know who she is. I expect she is the kind lady who edits "The Wigwam" page weekly. I had the pleasure of living on a farm two seasons, 1907 and 1908, and I fully enjoyed the farm life. We had so many different experiences. We had a large flock of hens, a number of cows, but what amused me most were the forty little pigs of different sizes. They were so cute and cunning that we were greatly amused by their antics. As this is the first letter I have written you, you will excuse me if I make it short. Probably you will hear from me again. VIOLACAE.

Man. (a).

A CURIOUS STEED

Dear Cousin Dorothy and Wigs, — After trying several times I have at last succeeded in writing to my Cousins of the Wigwam. I go three miles to school, and find it rather tedious work



OFF FOR THE MORNING CANTER.

stamps to send my picture books (last year's) to the poor children! There never was a happier boy. He hadn't known that Santa made money and fried doughnuts — and he isn't an extraordinary boy in any way. Any boy, almost, would be as unselfish and as happy, if he had the chance. It isn't what one gets but what one values that gives pleasure. Moreover no child can thoroughly enjoy a host of things at once. One thing that he really wanted will mean more to him than a dozen he didn't know he wanted. Let them believe in Santa Claus as long as they can, and when they grow too old for the fairy tale teach them the beauty of the ideal — a love that gives without desiring thanks or returns.

And if you have very little to make merry on, do not be discouraged. You can surely please the little ones anyway, and let us hope the older ones can take their pleasure from the joy of the tots. In the aforesaid hard year, my small boy took untold pleasure out of a rope braided from twine and my girlie from a doll's nightie and bonnet.

My Margaret E. Barager, whose poem appeared in the Ingle Nook recently, would let me have her address I would be very much pleased. I think I am one of those "old chummates," and I have kept track of so few it would do me a world of good to meet one, even on paper.

I'm a busy woman these days, Dame Durden, and won't be likely to write again before Christmas, so I'll wish you

niche as the Ontario plum. There are very few ducks or geese here this year, and also very few prairie chickens. The game was pretty well shot off last fall.

The threshing machines have nearly all retired for the season. They did not have much to do this year anyway. I will close my short chatter now, hoping to see my story in print, and wishing the Wigwam every success. CANARY.

Man. (a).

HARVESTING IN MANITOBA

The harvest season of Manitoba is different to that of all the other provinces of Canada. It is not a gathering in of the plums, apples and nuts, like the harvest of Ontario or British Columbia; nor a gathering together of herds of horses or cattle like the greater part of the other two prairie provinces; but it is a gathering in of fields of rich and golden grain. We also gather in the products of the garden, such as roots, pumpkins, citrons, beets and cabbage.

The first thing we think about is to make preparations. We repair the binders, make bins for the grain, and get food handy for the horses during this season of hard labor. Then when the grain is ripe we start out with three or four horses (whichever the binder requires), and cut down the golden fields of grain. The wheat is taken into the binder by the canvas, and the knottier ties the band around the sheaves. The carriers dump them out on the ground.