

The Ingle Nook.

A Noted English Authoress.



Miss Beatrice Harraden.

A few years ago, you may remember, the bookstores were deluged by a book, small, blocky, you could read it in an hour or two, and the chances were that if you began it, you kept on without stopping until the last page was turned. "Ships That Pass in the Night" was the name of the book, and varied indeed were the criticisms in regard to it. To some it seemed rather "queer" for a writer to choose a resort for consumptives as the scene of a novel. Others, again, criticised the abrupt literary style, while yet others could not understand "The Disagreeable Man," or see why he should be evolved as the hero of a story. Last of all, there were those who found fault with the disastrous ending, a rather common criticism of any book that does not bring things all out to peaches and cream for some of its characters, while administering a judicious dose of the bitter pill to others.

However, notwithstanding all these criticisms, the little, blocky book proved popular. Everybody read it; everybody asked everybody else, "Have you read 'Ships That Pass in the Night'?" and although, by some mistake, the publication only netted the author about \$700, the publishers made a fortune out of it. Indirectly, however, the venture brought Miss Harraden much more than appeared as her rather disappointing immediate share from it. It recommended her to future publishers and to the fiction-reading public, and henceforth she was not likely to stand in want of a profitable market for anything she might write.

And now, just a few words in regard to the life of this pleasing little authoress herself. She was born at Hampstead, on the 24th of January, 1864, and received a most liberal education, her school record showing courses at Dresden, Cheltenham College, Queen's College and Bedford College, with a final taking of the degree of B. A. from London University. She also travelled extensively in Europe and the United States. Her first book, "Things Will Take a Turn," was written for children, and was published in 1891. Two years later "Ships That Pass in the Night" appeared; then, at intervals of from one to three years, "In Varying Moods," "Untold Tales of the Past," "At the Green Dragon," "Hilda Strafford," "The Fowler," and "Katharine Frensham." This year she has published another, "The Scholar's Daughter," which, although not as strong a story as "Ships That Pass," has been described as "bright and buoyant, full

of outdoor sunshine and the scent of flowers."

Miss Harraden's home is at present in London, England. She is a talented musician, is very fond of society of the right sort, and takes a keen interest in English politics; and an invitation to her home is a guarantee of being splendidly entertained and of meeting people prominent in the affairs of the day.

Oil Stains—Request for Tarts.

Dear Dame Durden,—It has been a long time since I visited your circle. I noticed in one issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" an inquiry, how to remove cod-liver oil stains. By experience, I find frequent scalding with Pearline and a final wash-out with Surprise soap the best I have tried for cotton; but for the little woollen garments, I simply use borax and a wool soap, as they shrink so badly with Pearline. The fruit salads were just what I was wanting to hear about. I am very much interested in the chatters' letters and useful hints published from week to week.

Could someone give me a reliable recipe for bakers' tarts (not home-made)? There is a vast difference in our pastry. Please give me one or two names of Toronto dealers in live poultry; I have a number of fine ducks to dispose of. I have very often been tempted to answer some of the chatters' letters on Institutes, and how to make money for the church, and many other letters, but being a busy mother of four the time is employed in other ways from morn till eve. Trusting my letter is not too long. Wentworth Co., Ont. JUANITA.

We shall be pleased to hear from you again. You will find the addresses of poultry dealers in the advertising columns of "The Farmer's Advocate." Why not write to Flavelles, London (see page 1747), who have established killing stations at many points in Western Ontario?

Answer to Jack's Wife.

Dear Dame Durden,—Now that there is a direct opening to make a suggestion, I think I will write to the Ingle Nook, and at the same time help, if I can, Jack's Wife. If her house is large, or a fairly good size, I think "Homeward Hall" as pretty and as cozy as any, or, if she would rather, Homeward Farm. Summer Hill Farm might be very appropriate.

I have often thought of writing to the Nook, but have kept putting it off from time to time, until this sunny Saturday morning, when I have suddenly picked up courage. I might say, Dame Durden, that is, if you and the chatters care to listen, that my home has not always been on the farm; 'tis nearly three years now since I exchanged my city home for my present one, and there never was a more perfect "greenhorn" in regards country life than "yours truly"; but I have accomplished a great deal, and my liege lord often jokingly remarks that he would never be afraid to marry a city girl again.

The first winter after I was married was my first experience with a country winter, and it was the record-breaker of 1903-04. We were snow-bound here for twenty-eight days, with not even a line from the outside world. But why dwell on such hardship? I love my country home, and would not exchange for another in the world. We live close to town, part of our farm and the house being inside the corporation. I have two babies, aged one and two years respectively. We have a large farm, and manage a great deal of work.

"Wrinkles" has not sent in any wrinkles for a long time, has she? I have her "wrinkle" re a superannuated bedstead treasured away in my memory, but some summer day in the near future I am going to put it into execution.

Now, dear Dame Durden, if I have not written too long and too tiresome a letter, I will ask permission to call again. Au revoir. HELEN.

Bruce Co. I think we shall have to establish a telepathy school, if the Ingle Nookers keep on calling one another up from the "deeps," as they have been doing lately. You speak of Wrinkles, and who should appear on the selfsame mail but Dame Wrinkles herself! Try it again, won't you?

Wrinkles with a New Wrinkle.

Dear Dame Durden,—I feel it is time for me to make my best bow to some of the Ingle Nook friends who have alluded so kindly to Wrinkles.

I hope to send an account of my poultry to the "Poultry" column very soon, but in the meantime I would like to whisper to Forget-me-not that my pullets are laying and have been for some time. My ducks and turkeys are beautiful to behold.

One more wrinkle I got this summer from "A Summer Girl": To launder a lawn waist, after washing, dip in borax and water instead of starch, and let dry, then dampen and iron. A tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water is sufficient for one waist. The borax seems to keep the article a good color, and there is no sticking to contend with. We tried the same for white linen centerpiece, and liked it very much, as it made the linen look like new—just the right stiffness. When ironing, we find a piece of sandpaper an excellent thing to rub the iron on. It is an original idea, and a good one. York Co., Ont. WRINKLES.

Garden Huckleberries—Cooking Squash—Christmas Pudding.

Dear Dame Durden and Helpers,—May I put in a word too? I have long felt like joining your circle, but lack of time kept me from spending my time and taking up space which might be filled with much more interesting matter from someone else. Perhaps "Alpha's garden huckleberries" drew me out. I wish she would tell us what time she put them in her garden, and how she treated the plants when up. They are my favorite berry, and so hard to get. They are generally all picked up before the wagons reach our town.

I would like to say to Ruby that I think I have an easier way of preparing pumpkin and squash for the table and pies than steaming them. I cut the pumpkin in two, scrape out clean, turn each half on an old tin cover of any kind, and put in a hot oven, and, when soft, scrape out, season with salt, pepper and butter. If for the table, mash very fine—better put through a colander, of course. The squash, I bake whole, and use same as the pumpkin. We are very fond of them, especially the small table pumpkin.

I would be delighted to see more on the training of children in your columns, a subject I feel I need a lot of help in, for I have a goodly number to train, and feel the responsibility very keenly.

Am I taking up too much valuable space to give Ruby some ideas for inexpensive Christmas gifts? One that touched my heart was from a busy, careful woman, a dear friend of mine. It was a group of pin balls made of soft white yarn (the center can be any ordinary soft stuff a pin will go through) covered with a pale blue crocheted covering, hanging from a blue baby ribbon, with bows, and stuck full of dress pins; each ball hung a little lower than the other. The balls are three in number, and they are useful, hanging from your dresser, as well as dainty. Hair-pin holders can be made of white and yellow, or blue, or any shade of wool by making it in a chain very loosely, and looping up in different lengths and fastening with a bow of ribbon to match, and sticking in a few hairpins.

I, too, would like a few suggestions of how to make inexpensive gifts for Christmas from Ingle Nookers, also a recipe for a real boiled Christmas plum pudding. My recipe has no soda or cream tartar, and I am afraid to use it. Hoping I have not been too tedious. FAITH.

Very few of the Christmas-pudding recipes call for soda or cream tartar. Would you be afraid to use one in which breadcrumbs take the place flour? Here it is, anyway:

Half a pound stale bread (grated, about three cups), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef suet (chopped fine). Add to the suet 2 cups seedless raisins, 1 cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thinly-sliced citron, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, and 1 cup sugar. Mix together thoroughly, then add the bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 1-3 teaspoon mace, and as many chopped almonds as preferred. When well mixed again, add the well-beaten yolks of 4 eggs, with half a cup milk, and, lastly, the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Steam 2 hours in a well-

buttered mould, and serve with liquid sauce. Garnish with holly.

A Mistake Corrected.

Dear Dame Durden,—Will you excuse me for bothering you so soon again, but I wonder if anyone has tried that chocolate-cookie recipe yet? I must have made a terrible mistake, folks, for it is just $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated chocolate, in place of the $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Can you forgive my mistake this time? I am in a big hurry, as my "little mother" is away on a visit, and you know what that means, girls. We girls have to try to look after things in her absence. How glad we girls should be that our mothers have taught us how to "keep house," and when she goes away, of course, things won't be done as mother does them, but, still, in a way that will bring credit to her kind teaching. But I must away, so bye-bye, dear Ingle Nookers, for this time; kind love to you, dear Dame Durden. DARLING.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

Re Thanksgiving.

Mr. H. V. D., Huron Co., Ont., writes: "I am very much pleased with the new story, Bob, Son of Battle. Would you kindly tell me some reasons for holding Thanksgiving in October or November?"

The idea of a national thanksgiving day seems to have arisen out of the feeling that the Creator (the gods of the ancient nations) should be especially honored at a time when the grain and fruits were gathered in, and the land filled with plenty. In ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, harvest festivals in which offerings were laid upon the altar of the gods of fruitfulness were regularly observed. The Jews also had their thanksgiving, their great annual Feast of Tabernacles, which continued from seven to fourteen days. From these nations the custom has spread to almost all civilized nations.

There is no arbitrary reason for setting the day either in November or in October. The first Thanksgiving Day observed in Canada was on the 28th of September, 1763, when the day was set apart as one of rejoicing because peace had been established between Great Britain and France. The day, it seems, must suit the convenience of the times, the only necessity being that it shall be held when the crops and fruits are garnered in.

The Artist.

By Frank Roe Batchelder.

There came an unknown artist, sweet and shy,
Into old Nature's studio one day.
April was sketching there, and June
and May;
With careless glance they passed the stanger by,
But Nature kindly bade her come and try
Her skill among them; so, without delay,
She set to work; and first she
sketched a gray
And cheerless landscape, with a frowning
sky;
Then with deft brush she laid fresh colors
on,—
Crimson and gold and green and russet-
brown,—
And over all the living sunlight shone.
"Who art thou?" cried the students,
looking down
Upon her work, which put their own to
shame.
Blushing, she murmured, "Autumn is my
name."

An English Farmer's Toast.

Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state,
I envy them not, I declare it.
I eat my own lamb,
My chicken and ham,
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have lawns, I have bowers,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer;
So my jolly boys now,
Here's God speed the plow,
Long life and success to the farmer.