



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, Pet Stock, and miscellaneous advertising.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

FOR SALE, or to let on shares—320 acres of No. 1 improved farm land, six miles from the city of Moose Jaw. Price \$20 per acre; \$2,000 cash, balance in half crop payments. Stock, grain, and implements are on the place. Address Western Realty Bureau, Moose Jaw, Sask. Box 219.

FOR SALE—150 acres, Ancaster Township, 10 miles to Brantford, 15 to Hamilton; convenient to church, school, post office, telephone, railway station. Soil clay loam; high state of cultivation; well fenced and watered; orchard; modern farmhouse and barns. For particulars apply to Wm. C. Vansickle, Jerseyville, Ont.

KAMLOOPS, British Columbia—Ranching and farming properties for sale in all parts of the interior. Write for lists to Martin Beattie, real estate Kamloops, B.C.

SITUATION wanted by married couple on farm. No children. Good references. T. Oulton, Chapman, N.B.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

To take charge of house and four children. Everything convenient; no milking. Permanent situation to suitable person. Richard Wilkin, Box 60, Harriston, Ont.

32 head of full-blooded

PERCHERONS

Consisting of stallions and mares. We have them with size and quality. Our prices are right and terms easy. All horses sold on a gilt-edged guarantee. Address: I. A. & E. J. WIGLE, Kingsville, Ont.

Long-distance phone in residence.

DISPERSION SALE OF A. J. C. C. Jersey Cattle

Horses and Farm Implements, The property of GEO. LATSCH, Freeport, Ont. Six horses, 13 cattle and all the implements will be sold by auction on his farm, 5 minutes' walk from the Preston & Berlin St. Ry. road, on TUESDAY, JAN. 30, 1906, commencing at 1 p.m. JOSEPH MICKUS, Auctioneer. o GEO. LATSCH.

Valley Home Stock Farm

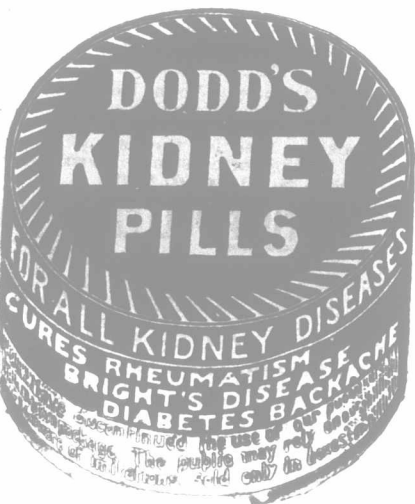
For sale: Seven young

SHORTHORN BULLS

and some choice females. Also 25 Berkshires of different ages, bred from show stock, and of prolific strains. S. J. PEARSON, SON & CO., Meadowvale, Ont. Stations—Streetsville and Meadowvale, C. P. R. Brampton, G. T. R.

"SHOW HIM THE PAPER."

A short time ago some men were engaged in putting up telegraph poles on some land belonging to an old farmer, who disliked seeing his wheat trampled down. The men produced a paper by which they said they had leave to put the poles where they pleased. The old farmer went back and turned a large bull in the field. The savage beast made after the men, and the old farmer, seeing them running from the field, shouted at the top of his voice, "Show him the paper!" Show him the paper!



Dear Chatterers,—Back again to the Ingle Nook, and a new year's work. I don't feel exactly like Farmer John:

"His good clothes off, and his old clothes on."

"Now, I'm myself," said Farmer John.

There isn't any "pup," you see, to jump up to meet me—bless the darlings, how I'd love to keep one of them right here in the Ingle Nook Corner if it were not so dreadfully impracticable!—and the old horse and cow at the gate are absent quantities; but the ink bottle and maulage pot look "kind of" friendly, and then there are the memories of a host of Ingle friends who are likely to come again. . . . In a word, I have come straight from the farm again after a five months' holiday, am more in love with the country than ever, but, paradox of paradoxes, am enjoying getting down to work again too.

You will be sorry to lose my proxy, Dame Durden Number Two, who has been such a good friend to us all, and who has thrown herself into our cozy corner with the true Ingle spirit; and, I am sure, you will join me in a hearty vote of thanks to her, and wish her, with me, the very happiest and most prosperous of experiences in her new field of work.

And, now, down to business. I hardly know what to begin talking about this morning. In the very first place, perhaps, I may say that I hope to see all of the old Ingle folk back in short order. We shall still keep the Ingle a place for social chat, and I shall feel quite lonely if the old friends do not all come—and soon. We shall hope, also, to meet a great many newcomers during the present year. Housekeeping and "homey" things will, I suppose, be, as heretofore, the principal topics, the more especially as we are taking the step—a good one, it would seem—of throwing our Life, Literature and Education page more fully open to our readers.

So, how will this do for a start? Send me a postal card, or a letter, whichever you choose, asking any question which perplexes you in regard to housekeeping or the home life. I here and now promise you faithfully that if running around this town and questioning people can supply an answer, the thing shall be done. If no help appears here, then the request shall be thrown open in our paper, and surely someone among our hundreds of thousands of readers will be able—and ready—to supply the required information. Kindly begin sending in your questions at once. They will be answered, as far as possible, in order of their arrival.

I wanted to talk to you awhile about—but never mind, there isn't room this time anyway. . . . Did you have a jolly Christmas? And have you made a whole heap of New-Year resolutions—to be broken before the month is out? But, truce to that! An odd one may stick, and it's a very great deal better to be making good resolutions than none at all, isn't it? What is it that the poet—somebody, who was it?—said about aiming at a star, and striking higher far than if one only aimed at a tree?

Now, don't forget to step in to see us—and soon. . . . With very best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to you all. Very cordially yours,

THE ORIGINAL DAME DURDEN.

The following letter I found peacefully awaiting me in my desk. . . . We have out knitting, and are with you already, Julia. Invite us in again whenever you are lonely, won't you? Your fire looks very tempting. But you never have it (the temperature, I mean) forty degrees below zero up in your country, do you?

An Evening in the Northern Woods

Dear Dame Durden,—Now, if the chatterers will draw their chairs closer, and make room for one more, we will bring our knitting again, for the "beige lord and master" is away in the lumber camps, and we must confess to paying a debt of loneliness, bordering on de-

spondency. You spoke of the Ingle Nook members relating something of the manner in which they spend their evenings. For our part, there is so little worth telling, still so much to enjoy.

While living a life of isolation with range of vision limited, we are permitted to enjoy close relationship with nature. What a wonderful inspiration to live in touch with such purity! Well has Byron said: "There is a pleasure in the pathless wood." Yes, that tranquil peace and charm of the wood, as we breathe the pure air in the depths of the forest. We find expression in Holmes' words: "All nature assumes one tone of love." Though disappointment often overtakes us, and bereavements leave the heart desolate, we feel nearer Him when we behold his handiwork.

When the short days are so soon overtaken by the dark mantle of night, we follow Cowper's suggestion "and stir the fire and close the shutters fast, and welcome peaceful evening." It matters little if it is forty below zero outside, if we can shut everything out with the cold that is unpleasant, and everything that is of the "whatsoever things are lovely," into the warm room that answers for parlor, library, dining-room and kitchen. However, the light shines just as brightly, and we have our "favorite rocker," while the glowing fire is just as cheerful as it would be if we were able to build it in "the next room."

Now comes the children's hour, and as we have no musical instrument, our music is all vocal, and the children all seem to enjoy singing. It is astonishing how soon the wee tots begin to sing. Our little two-year-old boy can carry a tune quite well.

After the babes are tucked away for the night, and the older children have told of the happenings at school, they begin to study.

I have a sermon tucked away for the Quiet Hour. Among those I prize most are those prepared by "Hope." May her words of comfort and instruction continue to visit our secluded libraries. What a blessing and inspiration the bright thoughts and words are when conveyed to people who so rarely hear sermons, and depend largely upon written ones for their spiritual instruction. Well, it is about chore time, besides my welcome must not get threadbare.

Now, this is "Home, sweet home," in a little log cabin in the woods, where the proud mother is.

JULIA.

More Help for Mollie Bawn.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have not written before to the Ingle Nook, partly because I am so busy and partly because I would much rather read others' letters; but, noticing Mollie Bawn's request in regard to beef dripping, thought I might help her out, as I have been using it all the time of late. Our beef this winter is quite fat—more than we can use in gravies—and after it is cooked (I make pot-roasts), before making the gravy, I pour off what I don't need, and when it cools, it makes very nice shortening. When I have suet, I boil it well in water, and when done, set it away to cool. It will rise to the top, and will work evenly into the flour. Wishing Mollie and all the chatterers a very Happy New Year.

DAISY.

P. S.—I may come again.

Come again? Why surely—come soon and often. We have had a welcome waiting for you for ages, and you have only now come to claim it. If everybody "would much rather read the others' letters" what an empty Ingle Nook we would soon have. A Happy and Prosperous New Year to you also. D. D.

A Woman-writer's Opinion.

Remembering our little chat on country walks, I was interested, and thought you would be, in this item taken from an exchange:

"Amelie Rives, the noted author, who is said to look like a girl in her teens, recently told of her reply to a physician

who wrote her to send him the secret of what he called perpetual youth. 'I wrote back that he must consider the cost,' she said. 'It is a cost that few of his fashionable patients would make, for I rise at 7 or 7.30, ride or walk in the country roads, live close to my books, see few people, and retire at 10. What fashionable woman could endure my life? I remember thinking about it one winter morning, when I was walking alone, the crisp, crackling snow under my feet, the fairy outline of a gossamer frost revealing every twig of bush and tree, and I was so invigorated and happy I could have whistled like a boy with delight; but if I had been a woman of fashion I couldn't have endured the silence, the empty distance, the quiet; why, a woman of fashion would die in my place, and I am quite sure I should in hers.' It is in such solitude and close communion with nature, in the home of her childhood—an old-fashioned, rambling country home in Albermarle County, Virginia—that much of Amelie Rives' literary work is done."

DAME DURDEN.

Recipes.

New England Cake.—1 cup butter (creamed), 2 cups brown sugar, 3 eggs (beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, 2 tablespoons fruit-preserve juice, 4 cups "Five Roses" flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream tartar.

Gems.—1 egg, small piece of butter, 3 cups Graham flour, 1 cup "Five Roses" flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, milk to make a stiff batter.

With the Flowers

"A Constant Reader" writes:

"Will you kindly tell me what is the proper treatment for a Maidenhair fern, whether they do best in the sunshine or shade, warm or cool place, and if they require much water? I think a great many of the hints given in 'The Farmer's Advocate' are very helpful."

Ans.—Put your Maidenhair fern in a pot large enough to afford plenty of root room, and see to it that the drainage is good—a large enough hole in the bottom of the pot with fully an inch of broken crockery or such drainage material next to it. Give the fern a rich soil, consisting of good loam and leaf mould in equal parts; keep in a partially-shaded position, and moderately moist. The temperature should be from 60 to 65 degrees.

St. Martin's Summer.

It was a bleak, bitter day in November. The sheep huddled close in the fold; But homeless and friendless, a beggar Crouched down in the rain and the cold By the great brazen gate of the city. As Martin, the soldier, came by— Brave Martin, whose marvellous weapons Nor demon nor man durst defy!

Yet tender his heart as a woman's, And, seeing the beggar, he cried: "Poor brother! no gold can I give thee, But look, I will gladly divide Than none on this pitiless day!" And, seizing his sword, he cut it In twain—so the legends say.

And wrapping the half of his mantle About the poor shivering form, The beggar forgot he was hungry. Forged the bleak wind and the storm, For down on the rain-sodden pavements Where only the dead leaves had been, And over the mist-shrouded mountains There came a strange glory just then.

The summer retracing her footsteps, Touched all things below and above, Till the whole gloomy world was transfigured.

Because of that one deed of love. And now when in dreary November There comes a warm sunshiny day, The Normandy peasants will tell you "St. Martin is passing this way." —Theresa R. Barry, in Lutheran Young People.