es preferred re for milk, t made with patient is eturn to his e is able to least a part G. OWEN.

NDED 1866

d be any t of home topic with he Home iders would or help, she will make tating such attention ess, Editor ner's Advo-

Table. rel, Assa

is upon us, rward to a gs, fried eggs with butter. hey do probut, whitether simply izing dishes very little lected a few will help ty to your

oly be the ave chosen t, which, if that most d palatable nd of salt

ht in cold rain, cover er until it sily. Drain not mashed c, a tableaten eggs, Beat all tered dish,

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squeeze of ingredients into flat rge round in beaten ackers, or o, boiling

a can of e utilized be served on, finely ay leaf, a n is soft itter with tomatoes, d with it dash of who pret procure of celery e proporle can of ients can

tomatoes sh over g water, rain, and melting stirring slowly, a onstantly ce to a and a rd-boiled e flaked

use up it and ing dish, d so on, having ver each ed onion le with enough hly. If s, sweet

cream, or milk, is a very good substitute. Bake about twenty minutes.

Pressed Salmon.-Two eggs, a tablespoon of melted butter, two cups of rolled bread crumbs, and a can of salmon, or its equivalent in fresh salmon. Mix thoroughly, press into a buttered mould, and steam thirty minutes. Cool, and serve sliced, with pickled cucumbers

Creamed Salmon.-Flake cold salmon, and mix with a sauce made like the one for creamed cod, but adding two tablespoons of dried parsley, instead of the eggs. Boil one cup of rice in salted water, drain and arrange about the edge of a hot platter. Pour the creamed salmon in the center and serve.

Stuffed Whitefish.—Clean, split, and stuff with a dressing made of one cup of bread-crumbs, a tablespoon of butter, one small chopped onion, a dessertspoon

of minced parsley, and salt and pepper. Put a little water and a tablespoon of butter in the pan, and baste frequently. Fried Halibut Steaks.-Dip each steak in a thick batter of flour and water, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fry till well browned, in butter or pork fat. The addition of a beaten egg to the batter, though not necessary, will much

improve the fish.

Halibut Steaks, Roasted.—Cut a steak an inch thick, lay it in a bake-pan, and spread it with a thick layer of dressing, made as for the stuffed whitefish; then place another hallbut steak on top of that. Pour a little vinegar over it, and sprinkle with pepper, salt and breadcrumbs. Dot bits of butter over it, and bake thirty minutes, basting with water and butter.

under the apple tree.

She ran into the house as fast as she could, and told grandmother the whole story. "You were dreaming, child," said grandmother, smiling. 'Oh! no, grandmother,' said

Ruth, "my eyes were wide open just like they are now."

Grandmother shook her head doubtfully, but Ruth was very sure, and

looked around; she was sitting for many days she would go and sit under the old apple tree in hopes of seeing Merry-bell, but she never came

To our younger readers:

All correspondence relating to the Children's Corner should be ad-COUSIN DOROTHY. dressed to Newcastle, Ont.



## When the Sap Begins to Flow.

By R. S. G. A.

When nights are clear, and frosts are keen,

And the day is warm in the sun, The snow wreaths vanish like a breath, The sap begins to run.

And thro' the bush with shout and song The merry toilers go; For the boys are out for work and fun

When the sap begins to flow. When trees are tapped, and the pails are

hung For the nectar of the spring, Then over the blazing maple logs The giant kettles swing; And the dipper that stirs the bubbling

From lip to lip doth go; For there's nothing so sweet as the syrup that's made

When the sap begins to flow.

But it's best at dusk by the light of the flame.

In the bonfire's smoky breath, Where shadows weird by the cauldron

Like the witches in "Macbeth"; Shadows that gibber and clutch and writhe.

With laughter echoing full; For it's work to carry the amber juice, But it's fun at the taffy-pull.

When night is clear, and the frost is

And the sap has ceased to run, And the sugar is caking clear and crisp,

The work of the day is done, And thro' the bush with shout and song The weary toilers go;

But they'll play it again on the morrow morn When the sap begins to flow.

## Ruth's Visit to Doll-Land.

By Ellen M. Kennedy.

Ruth wanted a new doll. She had been thinking about it for a long while. Elsie Dean, the little girl that lived across the way, had one with golden hair and rosy cheeks and blue eyes that would open and shut, and Ruth was wishing for one just like it.

Eliza (Ruth's doll) was a great, clumsy, old-fashioned rag doll, and Ruth never liked rag dolls, they were so stupid, but when she spoke to grandmother about it grandmother 'I cannot get you one now, child. Wait until Christmas, and if you are very good perhaps Santa Claus will bring you one." But Christmas was so far off, Ruth did not see how she could wait so long;

she wanted one now. But grandmother was very busy, and did not have time to talk with her, so Ruth took Eliza and went out under the old apple tree in the

garden to think about it. It was very quiet in the garden, and Eliza was soon fast asleep, and Ruth had just leaned back against the tree to rest a little, when, all at

once, she heard a merry little laugh. It echoed all through the garden like a lot of little bells ringing. Ruth jumped up in surprise, and looked all around, but there was nobody there. "Who could it be?" she thought. "Surely grandmother never laughed

"Why, it is only I," said a tiny voice, right in her very ear.

Ruth looked around in astonishment, and there, standing by her side, was the most beautiful doll she had ever seen. "Oh, my!" said Ruth, opening her eyes very wide, "where did you come from?"

"Oh!" said the little stranger, laughing merrily, "I came from Doll-Land. My name is Merry-bell. I was going to be packed away in a bag with a lot of other dolls for Christmas, and it is very tiresome to stay packed in a bag for months and months, so I ran away.'

"Are you a real doll?" Ruth asked, very much surprised.

"Yes, indeed," Merry-bell answered; "my head is made out of wax and my body is made out of kid. There are a great many of us in Doll-Land. Did you ever see Doll-Land?" she asked.

Ruth shook her head. "I wish I could, though," she said.

"Well, come with me, then," said Merry-bell, "and I will take you there. 'Is it far?" Ruth asked, anxious-

ly.
"Only over there in the grove," said Merry-bell, pointing to the woods just back of the house.

Ruth followed Merry-bell, and they beautiful grove. Ruth had never seen anything like it before. She along. I don't like preaching to empty could see dolls, of all sizes and descriptions, everywhere among the trees. They all bowed and smiled as Ruth passed by, and when she came to where they were dancing she afraid to venture,' was the reply. joined hands with Merry-bell and the rest of the dolls, and they danced 'round and 'round and in and out, and Ruth was having a delightful time, when she saw Santa Claus coming along with a bag of toys on his back. Ruth recognized him at once, for he looked just as he did in her picture book; he was short and plump, and wore a round cap.

"So this is the little girl who could not wait for Christmas," he said, smiling, when he saw Ruth.

Ruth was so bewildered she could scarcely speak.

"Well, it is a long while," said Santa Claus, "and you are a good little girl, so you can have Merrybell.

Ruth thanked him as well as she could, and was just looking around for Merry-bell, when a row of tin soldiers fired a salute with tin guns. There was a terrible report and a dreadfully frightened.

When the smoke cleared away, she Mr. H-s had concluded the opening ex-

Dear Friends,-

at last decided upon the prizewinners in the last competition. Never have we had such difficulty over any of the previous Ingle Nook competitions; however, that is scarcely to be wondered at, as our subject, "The Most Amusing Thing I Ever Heard Of," was capable of subdivision into as many subjects as there were individual writers. However, after submitting the essays to several judges, a consensus of opinion was arrived at, and the following were chosen as prizewinners, the prizes all being equal: Class I. (married people)—"Joker," Ashgrove, Ont., and "Sunny Jim," Eramosa, Ont. Class II. (unmarried "grown-ups" over eighteen)—"Nellie Plunkit," Toronto, Ont., and "Thelma," Avonbank, Ont.

The Honor List, exclusive of prizewinners, is as follows: Miss M. Ebercouser, Allan Walker, Mrs. D. McHardy, Edith Hooper, Mrs. B. H. W., Miss C. C., Sara Smallman. These names are not necessarily in order of merit.

PRIZE ESSAY-CLASS I.

How I Got Paid for My Generosity.

"Well, it happened like this," said the Rev. Mr. H-s. "I had only preached some four or five times on my new circuit, and was just beginning to get acquainted with the members of my congregation, when I noticed that the homes were not represented by all the members of the household. Sometimes Sister Jones would be absent. Then, again, it would be Sister Smyth. Sometimes it would be Brother Jones or Brother Smyth. On making pastoral calls for the first time, I determined to find out the cause. I was told by Mrs. Jones that their fifteen-months-old baby was pretty lively, and it might disturb me while I was preaching. Mrs. Smyth, soon came to the little mossy path and other members of the congregation, that led into the woods. After had the same excuse. I said, 'Never walking awhile they came to a mind that; you and Mr. Smyth can come as well as not, and bring those prattlers pews. Besides, you will never develop spiritually nor built up strong Christian character if shut in like this.' 'Well, we will see, but we are almost

"At the close of my sermon the next Sunday, I thought I would pave the way for the shut-ins, if there were any kickers in the congregation. I expressed sympathy for the ladies of my congregation who were living in voluntary exile all this time, and wound up by giving them a hearty invitation to come to the church, and bring all the members, young and old, stating that the babies could have all the latitude they wanted. But just there I made a blunder, and had to pay for it afterward."

Leaving off Mr. H-s' account here, I will proceed to tell what resulted from his invitation. It is needless to say that empty pews no longer greeted him-for a time. The young element of the congregation conducted themselves fairly well, until the novelty of the sanctuary wore off, but there was one amongst the number who would not be restrained, either at home or abroad, when she took the notion. "Helen's Babies" would great cloud of smoke. Ruth was not "be in it" with her for down-right mischief. One Sunday, after the Rev.

ercises, this "queen of the castle" be-After much deliberation, we have gan to tear up the hymn-books within reach. For this, she was put in the aisles, where she would run up and down, giving an occasional crow, which amused the younger members of the congregation. Turning around toward the pulpit, where the minister had announced his text and got fairly into his subject, she made a bee-line for him. When she was about to ascend the pulpit, he closed the door. Then, turning round suddenly, she spied the railing in front, where she began to play peek-a-boo with the minister, and sometimes with the congregation. In doing this she stuck her head through the railing, which was a little wider in some places than in others, and when she stepped off the altar her head wedged fast. Then the fun began. By yelling she attracted the attention of her parents, who tried to extricate her, but in vain. Some of the people said, "Run for a saw and cut the railing out," but some of the strong men managed to spring it enough to release her. By this time, as will be imagined, the congregation were smiling all over their faces. The minister, likewise, had lost the thread of his discourse, and was not in a very devotional frame of mind, so he kindly told the congregation it was impossible for him to close the services in the regular way. Henceforth, he gave no more standing invitations for people to bring their babies to church. JOKER.

## PRIZE ESSAY-CLASS I. A Halloween Prank.

One Halloween, a few of the lads in the locality in which I lived congregated for the purpose of indulging in the usual Halloween pastimes. Arriving at the home of Mr. B., a somewhat slovenly and easy-going farmer, whose implementhouse was the broad canopy of heaven, we found everything ready to our hands. Taking the reel from the reaper, we speedily and quietly placed it on the ridge of the barn, then threw the buffalo robe over it. Now, it chanced that Mr. B. was the owner of a very breachy horse named Jack, that no fence could restrain. On the following morning, when Mr. B. rose and looked out in the gray dawn and descried the strange object on the barn, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Rushing back into the house, he called excitedly to his hired man, "Frank! Frank! get up; Jack is on top of the barn; he'll go anywhere now!" SUNNY JIM.

PRIZE ESSAY-CLASS II.

The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw. It is a very difficult thing to decide

which is really the funniest thing one has ever seen. Actions and accidents which at the time of their happening seemed overpoweringly funny, somehow, apparently, lose their point when told again under different circumstances, con-

ditions or moods.

However, I will try to tell an incident which, to me, even though it happened quite a long time ago, still holds in my mind "the funniest place." One Sun day morning, in the country, a group of boys were standing outside the church waiting for the minister to come, when a flock of turkeys, belonging to Mrs. Bates, who lived just across the road, came up the road, picking at the grasshoppers as they came. One of the boys, about fifteen years of age, said to his