

turning them as they require to bake evenly.

#### RECIPE FOR POTATO YEAST.

Put one square inch of pressed hops and one gallon of cold water into a kettle and boil till the water is reduced one half. While the hops are boiling, grate four large potatoes. When the hops are boiled sufficiently, strain the water on to the grated raw potatoes; and one cupful each of salt and sugar, set aside to cool. When it is still lukewarm, add one cupful yeast; bottle in quart bottles; filling them almost half full; cork; set in a warm place to rise. Watch them well, as this yeast, if properly made, should be very lively, and is apt to shoot the cork.

#### A Rich Man.

One of Thoreau's quaint sayings was, "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." On this basis there surely never were such opportunities for wealth as at the present time, when we are surrounded by beautiful, attractive and tempting objects which are freely bought and used by our neighbors and acquaintances. To be able to resist temptations to buy things which we are just as well off without, and to indulge in amusements and recreations which are not for our physical or moral well-being; to be able to limit ourselves in regard to creditable indulgences—these are evidences of a strong character. One of the first and most important lessons which the mother of to-day must teach her child is to let things alone. When the baby has learned to admire the pretty flowers without picking them, to see candy, fruit or other things which he knows "taste good" without putting them in his mouth; when the child has learned not to do things simply because "the other boys and girls" do them—then he can be trusted to go out into the world alone, for he can resist temptation. When such a boy grows to manhood his wants will be so few, his desires will be so well under control, that he will be indeed what Thoreau would call "a very rich man."—[The Congregationalist.

#### Humorous.

**QUITE THE CONTRARY.**  
Old Mrs. B—, a lady notorious for her saving habits, one morning entered the doctor's surgery, leading by the hand a stoutly-built boy of nine years of age and of exceedingly healthy appearance.  
"Well, Mrs. B—," said the doctor, "who's our patient? I don't seem to recognize his face. Not a village boy, is he?"  
"No, doctor; my neveu from town," Mrs. B— replied.  
"Not much wrong with him, I should say," laughed the doctor, pinching the red cheeks of the boy.  
"It's about 'is appetite, doctor," said the boy's aunt, in a low voice.  
"What!" exclaimed the doctor, staring at the well-fed young patient, "Surely he doesn't need an appetizer?"  
"Good gracious, no, doctor," replied Mrs. B—, in horrified accents. "I want you to give me summat to make his appetite less. 'E'll eat me out of 'ouse an' 'ome afore 'is month's 'oliday if up 'is appetite ain't cut down!"

#### QUEER EPITAPHS.

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Round, Who was lost at sea and never found."  
"Here lie the bodies of two sisters dear, One is buried in Ireland, and the other is buried here."  
Near by, in the same cemetery, is the joint tomb of three wives of a farmer who formerly resided at that place. His first wife was originally buried in the neighboring village of Palmer, and during the removal of her remains a portion was lost. The bereaved husband, being a very exact and accurate man, would permit no deception, even in an epitaph, so after the stone was erected, he had carved upon it the following:  
"Here lies the dust  
Of the second and third wives of  
William Blount  
And part of his first."  
Another:  
"Here lies the body of Susan Jones, Who lost her life on a heap of stones; Her name was Smith, it was not Jones, But Jones is put to rhyme with stones."

#### A Hospital Episode.

It was during the latter half of my second year in a training-school for nurses near Boston. Hours on duty were from seven a. m. to eight p. m., and as it was now seven p. m. I hurried my remaining duties that an engagement to attend the theatre that evening might not be delayed longer than necessary.

How my heart had swelled with pride on realizing that I was head nurse in a male surgical ward. My dainty white cap and apron received special attention, and no opportunity was lost to impress upon my "junior" and "probationer" that the example of their "superior" might well be emulated.

At seven-fifteen I was in the midst of an evening "sponge" when Miss C—, the aforementioned probationer, appeared behind the screen with:

"A new patient, Miss A—. What shall I do with him?" at the same time handing me a permit.

"Always the way when I have a little outing in view," I thought with chagrin. "That means that I won't get off duty until half-past eight, and the first act missed." But professional dignity must be maintained, and turning to Miss C— I said,—

"Does he look very sick?"  
"I should think that there is nothing in the world the matter with him," was her reply.

"I'll look at him," I said, with a hasty glance at the "permit," at the same time following Miss C— to the ward sitting-room.

A distinguished-looking man of about fifty years arose at our entrance, but before he could utter a word I motioned him to be seated and placed my finger over his pulse, at the same time eying him critically.

"I presented a permit, nurse," he said, with a puzzled look.

"And I received it," was my reply. I did not tell him that all I saw on it was the superintendent's name at the bottom.

Now, an inflexible rule in all training-schools is that each patient on his admission must take a bath—a tub—unless otherwise ordered.

This gentleman's appearance was immaculate, neither did he have any extra apparel, and I wondered at his having been admitted as a ward patient. But time was passing, and I told Miss C— to proceed as usual, at the same time assigning him a number in a low tone to Miss C—.

Rushing back to complete my task, I had barely reached the patient's bedside when Miss C— again appeared with an expression which beggars description.

"Well," I said impatiently, "what now?" She pushed the permit under my nose and I read,—

"Admit bearer to see number 7 after visiting hours."

"Great heaven! where is he?" I exclaimed, growing hot and cold by turns.

"Sitting on the edge of the bathtub." In desperation we rushed to the bathroom: there, sure enough, with an angry glitter in his eyes and fiercely twirling his shining beaver, sat our man on the rim of the bathtub. He greeted us with:

"This is my first experience in a hospital, and, God helping, it will be my last! You hospital people are a lot of cranks! Make a man take a bath before he is allowed to see his protegee! Now, see here, my time is limited and I flatly refuse to comply with this rule."

Explanations followed. Mr. B— was a wealthy manufacturer of Boston who had run out to see one of his injured employees. He has a true Yankee appreciation of the ridiculous and readily agreed to keep the affair a secret; but that stupid probationer did not, and though undoubtedly my consequent discipline was beneficial, it required great courage to meet the laughing reminder:

"If a refractory patient refuses to take a bath, interview Miss A—. She'll settle him!"—[Elizabeth H. Gray, in Lippincott's.

Mr. Summerboard—"What are you up to now?" Mr. Hay-Seed—"Jist a-settin' this hen." "While you are about it couldn't you set that rooster, too?" "Set th' rooster? If that ain't a good one! W'y—?" "As I was saying, could you not set him for about six in the morning? I am tired of being waked at daybreak."

#### THROUGH THE POST OFFICE

No matter where you live, our Savings Department is made accessible to you without the slightest inconvenience. Avail yourself of the security our great strength affords.

Send your address for our Booklet,

SAVING MONEY BY MAIL.

#### CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

#### MELOTTE CREAM SEPARATORS

have the separating bowl suspended from a hardened steel spindle, which revolves in a socket fitted with ball bearings. It hangs quite freely, and thus is not only practically frictionless, but cannot possibly get out of balance. The gear wheels turn on ball bearings, which are always completely covered with oil. For close skimming the Melotte is unexcelled.



Frictionless Self-emptying and Self-balancing Bowl.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET No. 7 F.

R. ALISTER & CO. LTD.

679 & 681 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

\$2.25 FOR THIS Beautiful \$4 JAPAN TAFFETA SILK WAIST.

direct from our Waist Factory. Any color or size, made with large or small tucks, as preferred, tucked back nice full sleeves, fancy strapped box pleat, button trimmed; same waist in luster \$1.50, velveteen \$1.95. The above waists lined or not as desired.



Linen waists, same style, all colors, \$1.25. Lawn waists, same style, all colors, \$1.00. Chambray waists, same style, all colors, \$1.25.

We have the same waist as shown in Linen, Lawn and Chambray, trimmed with insertion. State which preferred. Give Bust measure and sleeve length under seam, add 15 cents for postage. Money refunded if any waist not satisfactory. Mention this paper, and its date.

Southcott Suit Co., London, Can.

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE.

Last

\$8.10 PER ACRE.

TERMS EASY.

Mountain

Prices will be raised on June 1st.

STRASSBURG, ASSA., 50,000 Acres for Sale.

Valley

WM. PEARSON & CO., 383 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Lands.

Write for descriptive pamphlet.

#### STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, CANADA, for the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. Dr. W. J. Arnott, Superintendent. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. om Write for particulars.

#### Five Tamworth Boars

READY FOR SERVICE. These boars are well bred and of grand quality. One yearling and 4 under year; sired by Imp. British King. Write at once for price.

A. O. Hallman

5 BRESLAU, WATERLOO CO., ONT.

#### AN UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE OF

Registered **Shorthorns**

and High-grade Cattle, will be held at

MR. JOHN KELLY'S, within 2 1/2 miles of Shakespeare, on Wednesday, June 1, '04, as follows:

12 registered females, 1 registered bull calf, 4 grade cows. Sale to commence at 1.30 p. m.

TERMS O' SALE.—8 months' credit upon approved security; 5% per annum off for cash. Positively no reserve.

Conveyance will meet 9 o'clock train from the west; also noon train from the east, at Shakespeare on day of sale.

JOHN KELLY, Shakespeare, JAS. K. CAMPBELL, Palmerston,

Proprietors. THOS. TROW, Auctioneer, Stratford, Ont.



You might as well turn your labor into money as lose it.

Do you know that three barrels of Bordeaux mixture, costing 26c., and 8c. worth of Paris Green, at a total cost of 34c. each barrel, through a SDRAMOTOR, will prevent both the blight and bugs, and change your yield from practically nothing in a bad year to 400 bushels per acre? Full particulars free.

SPRAMOTOR CO., 68-70 King St., London, Ont.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.