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In every time belt between New York and San Francisco—Eastern, Central, Western and Pacific—the Elgin Watch is the standard timekeeper.

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ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

What Would YOU Do

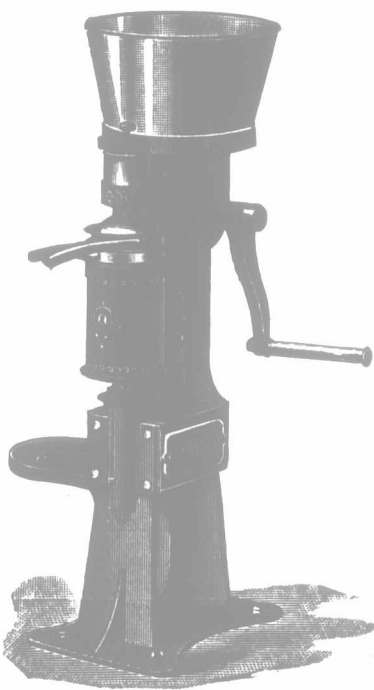
without bread, or if the bread you had were poor? Your meals would seem tasteless and unsatisfying, and you would soon lose both appetite and health, for poor bread is worse than none at all. It is, therefore, important that you eat only the best bread obtainable. This is made of "Five Roses" Flour, and will make a tasteless meal seem dainty, and plain food appetizing.

Ask your grocer for a 7-lb. bag to-day.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED.

SAVED \$55.00.

A MAGNET user wrote us that he wanted to get a larger size, owing to the increased number of cows in his dairy. We informed him that he did not require to change his machine,



that his present one would do, and that we could increase the capacity, by changing the skimming device in his present bowl, which would only cost him a few dollars. We made the change, and after a full trial he writes us:

"I am more pleased than ever with my MAGNET, it skims the increased quantity, turning as easy as it did before, and cost me just \$55.00 less than my neighbor paid for exchanging his small machine for a larger one; of course his was not a MAGNET, and the whole machine had to be changed."

C. C. Diefenbacher, of Hawkesville, Ont., writes us on June 6th, 1907:

"I have used a MAGNET in my dairy over eight years. Never missed a skimming, and no cost for repairs. Takes all the butter-fat out, and turns easy. I like the double support to the bowl. The square gear suits me; would not buy a worm-gear machine at any price. Desiring to get a larger machine, I was glad to find it was not necessary to get

a new machine, and that I could get the capacity of the present MAGNET increased at the cost of a few dollars, which I have done, and it is working fine."

Remember the MAGNET Cream Separator will not wear out in fifty years' use.

THE PETRIE MFG. CO., LIMITED.

FACTORY AND HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.
Branches: Winnipeg, Man.; St. John, N. B.; Calgary, Alta.

The Ingle Nook.

Notwithstanding the cold, unpleasant spring, is there a farmer-woman anywhere, I wonder, who is not glad to be living in the country during this season of growth and freshness of verdure everywhere? The softness of the tender grass, the satiny texture of the crinkly leaves, bronze or delicate green, seem so much more appealing, somehow, than anything that can come later. There is the glory of the autumn, to be sure, but it is a sort of glory which gives one a feeling of pensiveness, almost of sadness. "Beauty sleeping on her bier" cannot arouse one's gladness of life as can beauty alive, radiant, laughing in spring rains, and throwing apple and lilac blossoms everywhere. Poor little apple blossoms—they have had a rather hard time this spring, and yet they have come out, fresh and sweet as ever, teaching us that there are things which cannot be discouraged, even by cold winds and adverse days.

Speaking of enjoyment of rural life, have you noticed how steadily, of late years, a little fairy has been whispering of it in the cities? The time was when all happiness (among city folk, of course) was thought to be locked up in the towns. People never dreamed of having a "little place" out somewhere in the woods, to which they might repair for freedom and quiet, and unless they could afford to take a yachting trip or a jaunt to Europe—to visit more cities—they stayed in town, summer and winter. Nowadays, even in our Canadian cities, which, notwithstanding their rapid development, are, as yet, mere infants among the metropolises of the world, people are simply not in the fashion at all unless they can go off somewhere for the summer months, to cottages or summer hotels far from the jangle of street cars and sound of whistles.

In the larger places, the fashion obtains still more strongly. Writing of it in Harper's lately, as it affects Old London, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, a well-known society leader of the great metropolis, said:

"Reversing the old order of things, people are beginning to let their town houses for the summer, that they may enjoy the natural beauty of the country in preference to the hot, dusty, and noisy pleasures of the town. The summer season is gradually becoming shorter, and being shorn of many of its glories. Two principal reasons can easily account for this: one is the material discomfort of London with its increasing traffic and noise, and the second is the growing love for open-air life and pastimes. Motors have made the country so accessible that it has opened the eyes of all sensible people to the folly of wasting weeks, if not obliged to, in a hot, evil-smelling, and noisy metropolis. Even during the few weeks when the Season, with a big 'S,' is at its height, the fashionable world flies from it every Saturday to Monday. Innumerable are the week-end country-house parties, with golf, lawn-tennis, or the river to amuse and keep one out-of-doors. Mothers with broods of unmarried daughters find this kind of entertainment a better market to take them to than the heated atmosphere of the ball-room, which the desirable partis shun for the greater attractions of fresh air and exercise."

A different sort of life this, of course, from the life of the farm, and yet are not the best things that these people find in their rural haunts free to all, the pure air, cool shade of the trees, the murmur of the brooks and splash of waves by the lakeside, the green of earth and blue of heaven? And in their work to keep amused—for it is a work—there is, perhaps, not so much more pleasure, after all, than in that of the little woman who loves to putter about in her garden, watching the tulips and forget-me-nots and warm June roses spring into beauty under her hand. You remember the passion of Elizabeth for her German garden? Yes, and I'll warrant you have understood it, too, in your own passion for your own little plot. You may not be able to play golf as those "summer" folk over on the hillside are doing. But you might not like golf anyway. You may be taking far more real pleasure here in your garden, or in the rollicking picnic "got up" now and again among your neighbors, or in sit-

ting with a book back by the brookside, with a green tree over your head. You see, it is hard to judge of just how enjoyable things may be. There may be some very much bored or very jealous and unhappy people among those golfers as well as some very merry and joyous ones. So is not the best way to be just as happy as we can wherever we may be placed, living our own lives without envy and not slighting the things we may enjoy?

By the way, does not that concluding sentence in the quotation from Mrs. Cornwallis-West amuse you? I wonder how those mothers feel who know that they are thus peddling their daughters out to "market,"—and the daughters, too, who feel that they are being thus put on exhibition.

It's a queer old world, and I suppose many mothers feel that this is the very best thing to do, but really it seems as though the girl who can go on her way independently, without being a part to such machinations, must be the one who can have the most self-respect. Do you not think so? DAME DURDEN.

"The Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

OUR SCRAP BAG.

For our scrap bag this week I have picked up but two hints: (1) For blacking stoves, put equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil in a bottle, shake well, and apply to the stove with a soft cloth. I have never tried this, but have heard that it answers very well for the kitchen stove, which is so hard to keep clean. If any of you try it, will you be kind enough to report? (2) Have any of you ever tried making corset covers out of old shirtwaists? If not, just try one the first time you have any apparently ready for the rag-bag. Take out the sleeves, which are likely to be the most worn, cut down at neck and back to the required curve, and edge all around with beading and lace or embroidery. Last of all, run white ribbon through the beading, and draw into place.

Address Wanted.

Will Miss Amy F. Wilkinson kindly send her address to this office? D. D.

I trust the Chatterers will not forget to come with their difficulties to the Ingle Nook. I am here to find out things for you, and when I fail in obtaining the answer to a question, some other Chatterer is almost sure to be ready with it. So it is all the same in the end, isn't it? I will also be pleased to launch any topic or discussion which any chatterer would like to hear threshed out. In short, I am lonely for some of my Chatterers. They have been forgetting us all lately.

COMMON THINGS.

The sunshine and the gentle rain,
The clear bird song that hails the morn,
The meadow land with flower stain,
The swaying banners of the corn,
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these!

The broad, blue mirror of the lake
That smiles back at the sleeping sky,
The billows, too, that leap and break,
And fling their foamy jewels high;
The silver clouds that one by one
Toss back the lances of the sun;

The stars that blaze as jewels blaze,
And make the world old mystery,
While they, on their appointed ways,
Go speeding through eternity
Across unfathomed seas of space
On paths that we but dimly trace—

All these are common—brook and bird,
And rose of red, and meadow green;
So common that they seem unheard,
So common that they seem unseen,
And yet there is no day or night
But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart
From us, or pent with lock and key,
But in the goodness of His heart
They are all made for you and me.
It always seems God loves the best
The things he makes the commonest.

—W. D. Nesbitt.