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Wade—They say the turnips are as big as footballs down south.

Cam.—That's nothing. I saw three policemen asleep on one beat in St. Louis.

Freddie—What's the difference between a politician and a statesman, dad?

Cobwiger—Well, when they run against each other, the politician gets elected.

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#### The Farmer's Wife.

Dear Dame Durden.—This is my first letter to the Ingle Nook. The position of the Illinois woman is in some manner like my own, so that I naturally longed to write and say what I thought about the country life. I must confess myself to being a born lotus eater. I could dream all day over a painting by Sandro Botticelli, and spend hours going over in my memory a sentimental nocturne by Chopin; or, in fact, I could continue musing indefinitely over all the beautiful beloved things in which there is no money. But Canada is a country for workers, and not for dreamers. When we choose the strenuous, eventful life of a country where there are no "records" to "moon" over, we must let our dreams be our recreation, and choose to do the noble deeds, which may possibly be no more than filling in the daily round.

I am sorry for the Illinois woman from my heart, because I too have to feed pigs and calves, and toil round the farm. I am building up a splendid poultry business, and attending to the washtub, and doing the thousand and one distasteful chores, while the "boss" is building houses, chopping trees, clearing land, and doing all the terribly hard work that even the most determined woman could not hope to accomplish. Fortunately for me, I am not like her "mated to a clown." I believe that if I were to suggest that I should spend the rest of my days in a hammock, my husband would shrug his shoulders and fix up the hammock, and take up my packs and carry them uncomplainingly with his own. It is I that am too hard a master to myself. I was reared in the lap of luxury, and when adverse circumstances turned me out into the cold world, I felt that on the farm and out in the country was a wider and better life than even Art or Literature could offer. To be one of the workers, to rise every morning with the feeling that there is something to be accomplished, some difficulty surmounted, is better than dreams. I think that I should have grudged myself the money laid out in stationery just to write letters to my friends; but there is a brisk demand for useful copy here in Canada, and by snatching an hour or so on quiet afternoons my pen supplies us with \$36 for advertisements every month. Of course those who have genius could do even better than this. Many a great author has been able to make his voice heard from the depths of an obscure farm. Never grumble at the farm life for not giving you the chance that you deserve. If there is anything in you, there is no better place for you to hail from.

There is one other point in your letter, dear Dame Durden, that I have so very often ruminated on. Why should women be so afraid of their husbands as many of them are? When a woman has done a fair and square day's work, and she knows it, she should not be afraid to take up a book or piece of needlework, or to visit a friend. If women only had a little more good temper, and a little more calm courage! Even the inhuman brutes that some women would prove their husbands to be, know that a wife is more valuable on the farm than even their best cow or pig, and they would not care to smash her up or mutilate her as they do in the London slums. So I would say to sum up: Do a fair day's work, and then stop. Don't be goaded on by sarcastic remarks. Take care to earn a little independent money, to show what you are worth commercially, and if you do make a mistake in choosing your mate, never own it. There is a quaint little tale that we have all read and smiled over. We ought to learn the chief sentence in it on our wedding morn, and by heart, and to repeat it as often and as earnestly as we possibly can from that day forth as long as we live. "Whatever the old man does is Right."

OCTAVIA.  
B. C.

#### Our Badge Again.

Dear Dame Durden.—As this is such a beautiful day, yet too wet "under foot" to call on my friends, I shall go, like Cousin Dorothy, on an "imaginary walk" to the Ingle Nook.

I have been much interested in the "town girl comparison" chat which the Nookers have been having. I think we should have more pity on our town sisters, and invite them during their summer vacation to visit our country homes and enjoy our pleasures of freedom unknown to them. Of course, I say the town girls exercise more taste than the majority of country girls. Why? Because they have their clothes to match—not a supply of all colors, like the country girls. I deem this the only feature the country girl may be jealous of. I shall now turn my attention to something more beneficial, I hope—a few hints from my experience.

A very fine soup is made from the water which pork, not too salty, has been boiled in. Cut turnips and potatoes in small squares, also a couple of onions. Put into the pork water; add half cup of rice, previously boiled, and allow to boil one hour.

A very good stove blacking is made by putting one "dome" and one teaspoonful of "tiger stove polish" into a bowl, with water to cover. Let remain over night. Mix thoroughly in the morning, and apply to a warm, not hot, stove. Brush well, and a beautiful satin polish will be produced more cheaply than by using all box polish.

Stovepipes are simply and well cleaned by applying a very little boiled oil on a cloth. This system will not dirty the hands. It is best to let dry a little, then start a gentle fire. This will not cause any smoke as the varnish does.

Stale soda buns dipped in a cup of cold water, then put in a hot oven for 20 minutes, are as nice as when freshly made. To be eaten hot.

Where has our badge system gone? Has it been entirely forgotten by all? How I should like to meet one of the "Chatters" at Guelph next June, and how shall I know her in a crowd? I hope Dame Durden, you shall decide on one before then. MICAMAC.

Victoria Co., Ont.

As Micamac will probably remember, I left the question of the Ingle Nook badge to the members of the Nook. As only about half a dozen wrote about it, I concluded the suggestion did not command enough popular attention to carry it through. However, if it is really the wish of the Ingle Nook members to have a badge arranged for before June, we shall be quite ready to come to a decision. When the question was mooted before, someone suggested that a small marguerite (ox-eye daisy) made of white and yellow ribbon, would be very pretty. Personally, I was quite taken with the idea. If that were decided upon, each member could easily make one for herself, and so all might be supplied with very little trouble at any one quarter. What do you say? I should think many pleasant acquaintances might be formed in this way at Guelph, or at other farmers' conventions held in any part of the country.

#### Household Notes.

Dear Dame Durden,—I longed to come in and talk with you, and seeing your invitation, I have to say just a few words. I have a few household notes, which are as follows: A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be easily removed. A good remedy for chilblains is to apply turpentine to the affected parts. Windows may be kept free from ice and polished by rubbing the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol. When sweeping carpets, dip the broom into a basin of lukewarm water into which has been put table salt—about a handful. It will make the carpet look clean and bright. When grease has been

spilled on an unpainted floor, pour on cold water to harden it, and then you can scrape it up easily. In cleaning lamp glasses, try ashes; it makes the glasses shine and stay clean longer.

My dear readers, who have hard work to do, try sitting down when drying the dishes. When washing the dishes, just try Pearline in place of soap, and stand on a good, thick rag mat; it is less tiring. Also sit down when paring fruit of all kinds.

If, when ironing, the starch persists in sticking to the iron, try rubbing the latter in dry salt, and put salt in the starch when making it; it makes the linen shine, and iron more easily. Rub dry salt on insect stings. If some soot has fallen on the carpet, sprinkle salt over it well, then brush all up together, brushing it with the grain of the carpet.

Will send a few recipes for cakes:

Circle Cake—One egg; one cup of sugar; two cups of flour; one-third cup of butter, one half-cup of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; one-half teaspoon of soda, and flavor with lemon.

Cream Sponge Cake—Beat up two eggs in a teacup; fill up cup with sweet, thick cream; add one cup of sugar; one cup of flour; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda.

If cake begins to burn, set a dish of cold water in the oven. In chopping up potatoes, use a nice clean baking powder can; place six or seven holes in end of can for the steam to escape. I hope my long letter will escape the W. P. B., and if welcome, I'll come again.

A BACHELOR MAID.

Nipissing, Ont.

You are very welcome indeed, girlie.

#### The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs  
Encased in scarlet hose;  
A pair of little stubby boots  
With rather doubtful toes;  
A little kilt, a little coat,  
Cut as a mother can—  
And lo! before us strides in state  
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,  
And search their unknown ways;  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a nation's light—  
Those eyes that now are wistful bent  
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell  
In solemn, secret state;  
Where fierce ambition's restless strength  
Shall war with future fate;  
Where science from now hidden caves  
New treasures shall outpour—  
'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt,  
If two and two make four.

Those lips that in the coming years  
Will plead, or pray, or teach;  
Whose whispered words on lightning flash  
From world to world may reach;  
That, sternly grave, may speak command,  
Or, smiling, win control—  
Are coaxing now for gingerbread  
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—  
So sticky, small, and brown;  
Those hands whose only mission seems  
To pull all order down—  
Who knows what hidden strength may lie  
Within their future grasp,  
Though now 'tis but a toffy stick  
In sturdy hold they clasp!

Ah, blessings on those little hands  
Whose work is yet undone!  
And blessings on those little feet  
Whose race is yet unrun.  
And blessings on the little brain  
That has not learned to plan.  
Whate'er the future holds in store,  
God bless the "coming man!"

A helpful hand and a word of cheer;  
A gift of bread from your own repast;  
Such deeds as these make answer clear  
To the long dead times let a laugh be cast,  
Hold hope, keep busy, be never glum,  
Make each day better than was the last—  
And joy shall be yours in the years to come.

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