

## Who Said Picnic?

Yes, this is picnic time.  
 Have you made all the necessary arrangements?  
 How about your games and amusements?  
 Next to the lunch basket come the sports.  
 These should not be neglected, or the whole outing will fall flat.

Perhaps you find it a little difficult to know **just what to do?** Then you should have our book called

## BRIGHT IDEAS FOR ENTERTAINING

It contains 235 pages of valuable suggestions for picnics, parties, social evenings, etc.

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**The Wm. Weld Co., Limited,**  
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## Don't Believe Us

when we tell you that "Five Roses" Flour is superior to any ordinary brands on the market. *Test it* and satisfy yourself that the statements we have made regarding its merits *are true*. The important place which flour holds as an article of food, renders it *your duty* to thoroughly and impartially test any brand which shows promise of rendering your bread more nutritious and strengthening. A trial order will convince you that "Five Roses" will do this.

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## IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE

Wednesday, June 20

Of Valuable Farm, 62 Acres, Situated in Elgin Co., Ont., Between Aylmer and Tillsonburg. Also Pure-bred Hackneys, 60 Berkshires and Grade Cattle.

Good basement. Twelve-roomed house. Convenient to churches, schools, post office and cheese factories.  
 Hackneys have been winners at Toronto and London.  
**R. R. Stations: Aylmer, Wabash and G. T. R.; Springfield, M. C. R.**  
 Sale to commence at 2 o'clock. Bids by mail accepted. Catalogues on application.

**L. L. POUND, GLEN COLIN, ONTARIO.**

managed to exist somehow, hidden away in sheltered crevices. Now they are on the rampage for a suitable place in which to deposit their eggs. A stable or barnyard forms just a place de luxe for this purpose, and the more moist and dirty the barnyard is the better; one that has been scraped well and had all the manure drawn from it during the winter is not half as choice a spot. Failing a stable or barnyard, the fly chooses any decaying matter, a garbage heap, a damp bundle of old weeds still left in the garden or dooryard; anything unsightly or ill-smelling. A day or so after the eggs, 150 in number, are deposited, they hatch out into tiny white maggots (larvæ), which, in about ten days more, have changed into regulation hard-shelled pupæ. A few days later the pupa-cases burst open, and the flies emerge full-grown. Flies never grow from smaller into larger ones. When smaller ones than ordinary house flies appear, it may be taken for granted that they belong to another species.

This process is repeated over and over again during the summer, hence it is little wonder that when preserving time comes there is a fine host of them ready to swoop upon the sticky preserving pans if there is any possible means of ingress.

Without doubt, clean, dry barnyards and dooryards are a great help in mitigating the nuisance of flies, and ostensibly the house that would be wholly free from them should be as far as possible from barns or stables. However, much may be accomplished by keeping everything upon which they may feed covered and out of the way as much as possible, and by the use of screen doors and windows, and that modern instrument of torture, sticky fly paper. It is said that the surprising absence of flies in most drug-stores is due to the use of oil of sassafras sprinkled about. We cannot recommend this from experience, but think it might be worth trying.

Before leaving this subject, I must add one more hint, which I found the other day in Smith's Entomology. You all know how the poor cattle suffer from flies during the hot weather, how the cows sometimes even grow thin and fall off in milk because of them. Smith says the nuisance may be done away with by rubbing the animals, wherever the tail cannot reach, with a mixture of fish oil and carbolic acid—just enough carbolic being used to give the mixture a decided odor—and the applications to be made once in every five or six days.

I suppose this suggestion belongs rather to the stock department, but as the women are the most likely to be stirred by sympathy for the suffering animals, it may not be out of place here. Anyway, I have always been so sorry for the poor "beasties"—so you'll just have to forgive me.  
 DAME DURDEN,  
 "Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

### Salad Recipe Asked for.

Please send me the recipe for potato salad, the one the London Normal School domestic science class used, and mentioned in a recent issue.

Victoria Co., Ont. BUSY BEE.  
 Will Margaret Guthrie kindly send the recipe for potato salad referred to?

In the meantime, lest you should be needing them, here are a few other recipes:

1. To 1 pint mashed potatoes add the smoothly-rubbed yolks of 3 hard-boiled eggs, reserving the white, cut in transverse slices, to garnish the dish. Slice 1 cucumber pickle, add 1 teaspoon mustard and a little pepper and salt. Heat 1 small cup vinegar, dissolving in it a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Pour the hot vinegar over the pickle and seasoning, and add the potatoes by degrees, rubbing in thoroughly.

2. Put the potatoes through a ricer, and to 2 cups add a little onion juice and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of salad dressing. Add 1 cup chopped celery.

### Notice!

Will Ingle Nook correspondents kindly remember to enclose name and address with every letter sent to us. As long as a pen name is used the real one will not be printed.—D. D.

## The Man with the Hoe.

[Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting. This painting which was valued at \$20,000, was burned in the recent San Francisco fire. The "man" portrayed was one of the down-trodden European peasants, such as might be found in many parts of Russia.]

"God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him."—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave

To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns

And pillared the blue firmament with light?

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf

There is no shape more terrible than this—

More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—

More filled with sighs and portents for the soul—

More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks or song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,

Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
 Cries protest to the Judges of the world,  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape?

Touch it again with immortality;

Give back the upward looking and the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the dream;

Make right the immortal infamies,  
 Perfidious wrongs, immodicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
 How will the Future reckon with this Man?

How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings

With those who shaped him to the thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,

After the silence of the centuries?

—Edwin Markham.

### Recipes.

**Coconut Cake.**—Three eggs (whites of two of them for frosting), 2-3 cup sugar, 2-3 cup milk, 1-2 3 cups "Five Roses" flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda. Make icing with the whites, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and grated coconut.

**Almond Cake.**—One cup butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups "Five Roses" flour. Flavor with almond extract, and dot heated almonds in the cake.