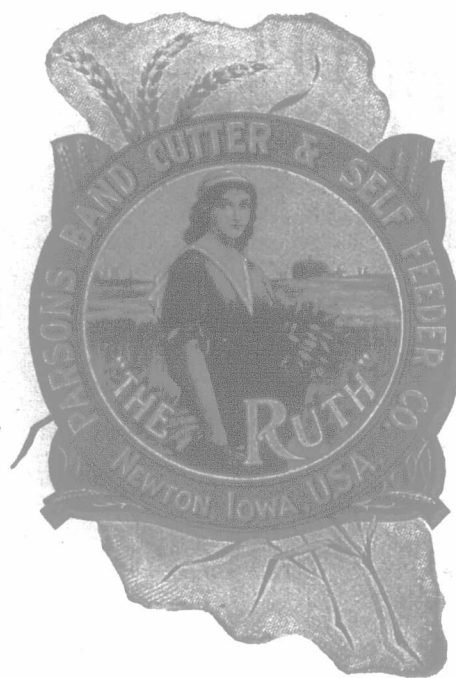




For Long Tangled Bundles

This will be a harvest of long straw. Already much grain has "lodged," fallen down. This will make rough, badly-tangled sheaves. They will make the work of feeding the thrasher slower and more difficult. A good band cutter and self-feeder will save more time and do more threshing in bad grain.

The **RELIABLE RUTH FEEDER** can be depended upon to satisfactorily feed such tangled bundles as may be expected this season.

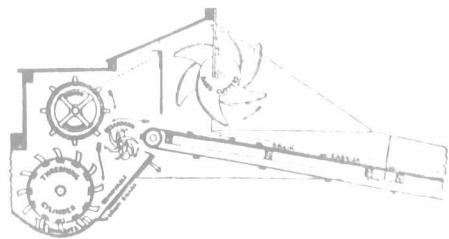
It feeds mildewed peas, long tough rye and tangled oats, and does it right.

The **RUTH FEEDER** is safely guarded against winding in tough straw. It goes right along and does its work in all kinds and conditions of grain. When the grain is long, tangled, and tough, its positive retarder and feeder cylinder hold the bundles and thin them out till they go in without slugging the thrasher cylinder.

The **RUTH FEEDER** is not simply a fair-weather and fine-grain machine. It takes all kinds and conditions just as they come, and does its work right. It is strong and durable, and stands the supreme test of the hardest work.

Get your thrasher fitted with a **RUTH FEEDER** for this season's work. There is yet time, but not too much time, before threshing will actually begin. Labor is scarce, and good hand feeders hard to get at any price, reasons why you should fit your thrasher with a reliable **RUTH FEEDER** to take the place of hand feeders and band cutters.

RUTH SELF-FEEDERS and repairs are kept in stock in London. Write for descriptive catalogue and full information to us, or ask any Thrasher manufacturers to put on a **RUTH FEEDER** for you.



PARSONS BAND CUTTER & SELF-FEEDER CO.

P. O. Box 433,
LONDON, ONTARIO.



A Few Hot-weather Hints and Recipes.

Cucumber Sauce.—Whip stiff $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream. Season with salt and Cayenne, and add gradually $2\frac{1}{2}$ table-spoonfuls vinegar. Pare and grate one large cucumber (remove seeds). Season with a little onion juice, and fold into the mixture.

Fruit Salad.—Place two or three kinds of fruit, fresh or canned, in layers. Sprinkle with sugar, pour the juice if any over, and cover the top thickly with grated cocoanut. This salad, which is a very good one for using up left-overs, should be prepared the night before using. Some like it with a salad dressing, made with lemon juice instead of vinegar, poured over.

Sticky Fly Paper. (From Ottawa Valley Journal).—Mix together equal parts by measure of resin and castor oil. Stir till thoroughly mixed, and while yet a little warm spread thinly and evenly upon any strong paper that is not porous—foolscap, catalogue covers, etc. Spread with a table knife, slightly warmed, and leave a narrow border to handle with.

Pyrethrum powder dusted about through the air and over the walls is also very effectual in killing flies.

A "Dream" Dining-room.

Dear Dame Durden,—I was much interested in your request some time ago for an article on an ideal dining-room. I wondered what response it would bring, but, as yet, I find no one has ventured forth. I am afraid that farmers' wives, as a rule, are not apt to spend much time dreaming of ideals at this busy season of the year; but if they should happen to find, accidentally, a dreamy hour, lying around, I think it would be filled with thoughts such as these: "Oh, just give me some cool, quiet, shady place; where I cannot see, hear or smell the cook stove, and its stews, fries and bakes; where I cannot hear the rattle of one pot or pan; a place where we can eat our meals in rest and enjoyment, forgetting the things that are behind, also those that are before (for instance, dishes)."

Now, I have always had a kind of dream dining-room in my mind, which so far I have been able to enjoy only in dreams. I will tell you about it. First, I want a room in some corner all by itself, because I wish to keep the table always ready for a lunch or meal at any time. I want a small hall or pantry between it and the kitchen. Next, it must face the east or south, and have an outside door on porch or veranda, with vines, of course, and two large windows. For the windows I want a few flowers. Next, we must have a smooth, bare, polished floor, with perhaps a few rugs.

Now, as to colors—I am afraid I have not studied up that subject enough. I want the room large enough for a couch—a broad, cool, comfortable one. It must have a cover, so that the walls must be some color. I would like the walls green for summer; but what about winter? Then, I do not think I would like my couch cover green. I guess I will have to come to the Ingle Nook and talk it over when we make this dream-room a reality. Now, I want a little, low table for my couch, so that when one comes in too tired and weary to sit up, one can just lie down and enjoy a little refreshing lunch, and be happy and comfortable. Our table must be extension—plenty wide enough—with always some pretty, fresh flowers or plant upon it. Then, my chairs must be comfortable, with backs just high enough for comfort. A little side table, on wheels, that will move with a touch, and some sort of sideboard or china closet, or both, will also be necessities. A

rocking-chair and a few nice pictures will complete the whole. I cannot be very definite in anything further, as this is only a dream, you know. I suppose you, dear Dame Durden, could add plenty of other "things," but as a dream we will let it stand as it is.

Just a word about color schemes: I am afraid we, as farmers' wives, do not pay enough attention to these things; our homes might be much improved if we did. If we are not up in the subject, let us study it, and perhaps our kind hostess will occasionally give us some useful hints. Hoping I have not taken up too much space,

"INDEPENDENCE."

A Tribute to Western Women.

Dear Dame Durden,—May I, too, send a short message to your Ingle Nook? I shall be glad if some of the thoughts which have helped me may also be of use to some other of the women-workers of this great Northwest. Notwithstanding the many difficulties of farm life here, I think it has a wonderfully developing effect on the natures of those women who undertake it. Even in the hardest cases one reads about, we can only "wonder and admire" when noting the many-sided ability possessed by some of our sisters, who can turn from such work as milking the cow to writing for the press, and from caring for little children to feeding the horses. Again, the cooking—to mention nothing else—that is done in the simplest of these Canadian homes is quite beyond praise. The ability, too, to do the outdoor work implies excellent health and vigor, and speaks well for the climate of the country. The thought of this work should prove a stimulus, rather than a terror, to the newcomers. Still, "moderation in all things" is a good rule, and all cannot do alike.

As a rule, women who come out here are not those who shrink from difficulty; in fact, they must have overcome many difficulties in order to get here at all. But, at home, there were those who could sympathize, encourage, and possibly admire. Here, one must wade alone through unexpected predicaments, and learn to struggle on without the accustomed pleasures and interests intervening. Necessary duties, too, must be undertaken, often under circumstances entirely uncongenial, and, for a time at least, it seems that the best of one's powers are entirely without scope. We are inclined to wonder if the coming-out at all has been one huge mistake.

No, someone must pioneer, and, naturally, only those can go forward and lead who have already made a way to the front in some line. The forging ahead must be lonely, often disagreeable and wearisome, but only so can a path be made for others to follow. A nature which has been trained to deal with many hearts, to express itself in many ways, may be compelled for a time to expend itself on vegetable and animal life mainly. But, even if these appear unresponsive (and they are not by any means entirely so), the mere fact of studying them and providing for them will greatly strengthen the powers of the worker. Ability will become stronger, instead of weaker, if the opportunity of setting it to work in solitude and without appreciation has been faithfully used. M. E.

Manitoba.
[Note.—By the way, is not Octavia going to write again to all the enquirers who have been asking for her, and referring to her?]

A Man Among the Amazons.

Dear Dame Durden,—I suppose I really have no business to address my letters to your page, considering that I am not a lady, but belong to the "worse" portion of humanity, and am not blessed with a better half yet. My only excuse is that, although I am a "mere man," still I follow the same calling as the learned matrons who write for the Ingle Nook, being the head cook, bottle-washer, manager and entire family of a small shack in Alberta. So, being in that predicament, I most religiously study the Ingle Nook letters, and, alas, sometimes make the fatal mistake of trying my hand at some of the recipes, which, after being subjected to my own special treatment, resemble paper-weights more than cakes. For this reason I should recommend all fellows starting to batch to keep a pig or two; mine actually seem to thrive, thanks to my experiments.

Dough! that awful stuff! How lovingly it clings to one! How difficult to get a finger clear when a fly happens to settle on your nose!

With what almost supernatural care buttons fly off when there is no one around to fasten them on again!

How dirty the floor looks; and how new and clean the scrubbing-brush!

How cold, dreary and miserable the whole place looks when returning home at night!

How grand to have no squalling kids around; no one to worry about you, and when you do happen to feel a little lonely, isn't there the dog to pour one's superfluous affection upon? What would we poor fellows do without a dog?

I would like to wind up with a few hints for beginners:

1. Sew buttons on with fine wire.

2. Don't fill lamp with oil just before making bread; its taste might be a little curious.

3. Never scrub the floor; it always gets just as dirty again.

4. Boil potatoes in their skins; it saves washing them beforehand.

5. Don't view marriage by the one nagging wife you happen to know; remember the others. J. W.

Your case is really pitiable, J. W. Truly, you'll have to set out hunting for a solution to all your difficulties. But wait until our competition is over; then you'll know whether to fix your binocular apparatus on a blooming maid of sixteen, or on a practiced old house-keeper of forty-seven. Your household hints are excellent—under the circumstances. Tried recipes, are they?

The Patter of Little Feet.

I sit by my table writing;
And far down the village street,
Comes the babble of childish voices
And the patter of little feet.
I know they are hastening homeward,
I know that the school is out;
And I list to the rhythmic patter
Which mingles with joyous shout.

I sit by my desk, and wonder
Where the little feet will be led—
Whether 'mid thorns and briers,
Or in flowery paths instead;
Whether in ways of virtue
And innocence, pure and sweet,
Or whether in sin and folly
Will journey the little feet.

And up to the merciful Father,
A swift-winged prayer I send:
"O, guide the wee feet safely
Till the journey of life shall end.
And, O, when the school is over,
And the lessons are learned, I pray
That the coming home be as joyous
As ever it is to-day.

O, when by the silvery waters
Of the glorious river of life,
When done is the toil and conflict
And over the noise and strife,
Then sweeter far to the Master
Than the heavenly music sweet,
Will sound the rhythmic patter—
The patter of little feet.

—[Selected.]

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