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Isaac Usher, Queenston, Ont.

place, I have good flour. I use the Royal Household. To make the yeast, I take three cups flour, strain the dinner potato water on this, and put four potatoes through ricer, and just a little salt, and beat it all together. I add cold water to make it the right heat for half a Royal yeast cake, and stand in a warm place to rise until next morning, when it will be ready for starting the bread. Put some flour in your bread pan, scale it with boiling water, and put all the yeast in. Beat it all up well, and don't have the batter very thick. Let rise until nice and light, then put more salt in, and mix. I always measure all the liquid in when I set my bread, then I can tell how many loaves it will make. Try this for six large loaves, allowing three quarts liquid. I would like very much if the Woman's Bakery, Toronto, would give a good recipe for Christmas cake; mine is always a failure. There are so many opinions about using baking powder or soda, and about the stiffness of the dough.

HELPER.

A Healing Lotion.

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been a reader of “The Farmer's Advocate” for many years, and I think it a great help to the farmers' wives and daughters, as well as the farmers themselves.

Will some of the Chatterers please send a recipe for softening and whitening hands that have become red and rough with housework? I hope I have not taken up too much space in your valuable paper, as this is the first time I have written. Wishing you every success in the years to come. **MARGUERITE**.
Oxford Co.

Have you ever tried a mixture of rose water and glycerine (half and half), with a few drops of carbolic acid added? That helps mine most. For those who cannot use so much glycerine, the following is good: Buy 2 drams gum tragacanth, put in 1 cup water. Let stand three days, shaking frequently. Add 1 ounce glycerine, 2 ounces witch hazel, 2 ounces alcohol, 1 dram tincture benzoin. Shake well.

A Topic Suggested.

Dear Dame and Chatterers,—Let us all draw our chairs around the fire this cold afternoon and “talk things over.” To our dear Dame we give the big rocker, with Wrinkles on one side and Grandma on the other, and Forget-me-not on the low stool at Dame Durden's feet, and the rest of us grouped around them. Now, aren't we “comfy”?

Aren't you mothers and sisters interested in the Northwest problem? I think it is too bad for our boys to leave dear old Ontario to “batch” it. Think of the influences for evil compared with those for good. Sometimes the nearest churches are miles away, and even if they were nearer the inclination for attending is soon lost. Should we not endeavor to do all we can to help the boys at home? Let us try to make home bright and cheery, and show them that they are appreciated. What think you, folks?

I would like to hear what the rest of you have to say about it. I will close for this time, with best wishes to you all. **ROSEBUD**.
Oxford Co.

Suggestions Asked For.

Dear Dame Durden,—Though this is but my first letter to your home circle, I almost feel as if I were addressing an old familiar friend, for the Ingle Nook is by no means one of the least departments of “The Farmer's Advocate.” Like many more of your correspondents, I come seeking information and suggestions from your worthy self or interested readers, so to get to the point without too many pros and cons, let me say that in our small community, where we all entertain the warmest feeling for our neighbors, we seldom think of doing much visiting, other than when we are specially invited. However, this state of affairs is soon to be a thing of the past, I trust, for a bright idea occurred to one of the older residents, viz., that some kind of mothers' meetings be held. So a few met at her home the other day to discuss the matter over, and it was decided that we would make an attempt to place this plan on a firm basis; so all the mothers are to be invited, and the rules, we, as yet, have found, to be put into effect.

Of course, this scheme is in its infancy, but before we come to any organization of a club, we must hear the opinions of all our people, and we look for a few hints through your columns.

Our rules are that each mother is to bring her children, for in this way the little ones will learn how to play with other children, and lose a great deal of the shyness most children have.

Then each mother, who does not feel her hands already too full looking after her bairns, is expected to bring some kind of work, and, while they work, one of the members will spend a portion of the time reading whatever the hostess of each meeting may think interesting.

The hour the meeting is expected to commence was fixed at three, and regarding refreshments we decided to serve tea in the regular way; but, apart from bread, butter and tea, only three other things are expected to be served, for if it is made a matter of work, each one might dread the extra cooking, etc., her turn would involve, or one might try and overdo her neighbor, etc., etc.

Then, in the evening, we look forward to a meeting of the heads of the families, when they will have a chance to talk over matters most interesting to themselves.

The means of conveyance does not need to be any obstacle, for Mrs. Jones can call for Mrs. Smith, and in the evening Mr. Smith can call for Mr. Jones.

We intend meeting every alternate week at the different houses during the winter; but think, perhaps, once a month will be often enough during the summer.

Judging from my knowledge in the past of the way a similar request has been treated, I beg to extend my thanks on behalf of our club that is to be to all who may offer suggestions, and extend a helping hand. **ONE OF THE MOTHERS**.
Russell Co., Ont.

Leaking Pipes.

Some time in 1906, someone asked how to stop the black liquid from running down and out of the furnace pipes on to the floor and carpets. In putting up pipe, the usual way to do is to put the top end of lower link inside of lower end of next link. Just reverse it. Put the top end of lower link outside of lower end of next upper, and so on to the top, and whatever may run down inside cannot run out. Hope the right one sees this. **G. F. G.**

The Tables Turned.

(Wordsworth.)

Up! up my friend and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow,
Through all the long green fields has spread
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the love which nature brings,
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart,
That watches and receives.

Recipes.

Short Cake.—Three-quarters lb. butter, 6 ounces sugar, 1 1/2 lbs. Five Roses flour. Mix well, and bake slowly.

Railroad Cake.—One and a half cups brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 cups Five Roses flour, cream tartar and soda each 1 teaspoon, 1 teaspoon essence lemon.