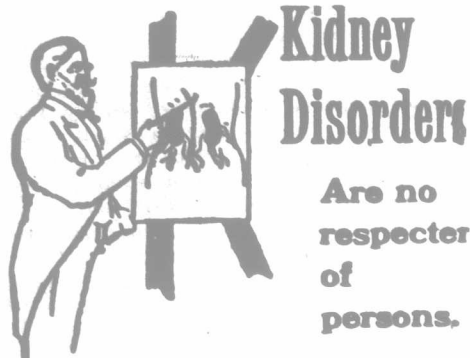


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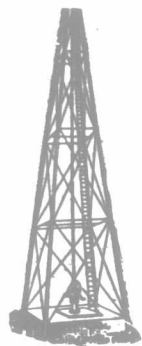
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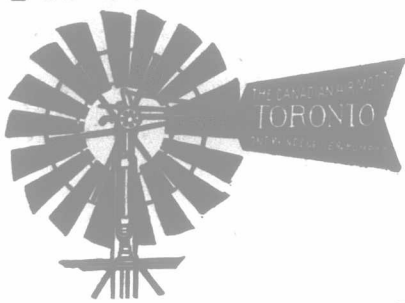
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when fitted with GRAPHITE BEARINGS. They run without oil; no more CLIMBING TOWERS TO OIL BEARINGS.

Grinders, Pumps, Tanks and Saw Benches.

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on the farm is better

THAN A HIRED MAN.
Never Tires. Never Sleeps.
Will Save You

MANY A { DOLLAR,
LIFT,
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Quality Guaranteed.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co.,
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Dear Friends,—

Before speaking about anything else to-day, I wish to thank the many Ingle friends who have written wishing me a pleasant holiday. I have, indeed, enjoyed the short rest very much. It seemed so good to get out among the farms and farmers again, and hear, instead of the rattle of wheels over the pavement and the zim-m-m of street cars, the rush of the wind in the tree-tops and the mellowed whirr of the harvest machinery. Verily, I never heard music sweeter than that of the first binder that hove into view after we left the last station, and I vow a peculiarly friendly feeling dominated my heart as I saw the first "pig" run snorting away at the approach of the train just outside the city limits. Vulgar? Perhaps so; yet, don't condemn me utterly. Didn't even such a personage as Southey condescend to write a "Dissertation on Roast Pig?" And isn't it politic, if not reasonable, to foist one's shortcomings off upon the example of a great man?

But to my holiday again—it's personal, I know, but sometimes I feel like writing personal letters to you, just as I enjoy receiving them from you—I wouldn't like to tell you how many hours I spent just lying on my back in the grass, looking up through the leaves at the sky. You can't lie about on the grass in a city, and you seldom notice the sky. A blue ribbon of it can never take the place of the sweep from horizon to horizon to which one is used in the country, and which comes as a luxury when one has been deprived of it for a while.

One thing is likely to amuse you very much when you go back to the land life after an uninterrupted year in the city. You may not have absorbed even a little bit of the latter into you, you may not have acquired an idea in advance of those which your country life has given you, nor learned to love the broad fields less, but more, yet you will certainly find that, all unconsciously, you have, to a certain extent, donned city glasses. When you go back among the farm folk again you are astounded at many things. Such mountains of butter! Such heaps of fruit and vegetables, and how lavishly everyone cooks them! And the milk and cream—above all, the cream! You almost gasp at the lack of reverence with which people dash it on things. For a moment your mind takes a theological turn, and you think of the "land flowing with milk and honey," and then, rather limply, you begin to wonder if the farmers are growing extravagant. In a few days, however, your city glasses begin to wear away, and this plenitude comes again to seem the right and natural order of things.

Speaking of milk, when I got back to the office I found on my desk a most interesting bulletin from the New York Experimental Station. It treated of no less interesting a subject than "cottage cheese," an article of food described as being a "familiar table dainty in thousands of New York homes," and yet seldom seen on Canadian tables, more seldom, perhaps, than would be the case were the fact more widely known that, as stated in the bulletin, cottage or Dutch cheese "has proved, in digestion tests, to be more readily digested than cheddar cheese." The nutritious qualities of cheese are well known. Since, then, cottage cheese is more digestible, while being equally nutritious, and very much more easily made than

other varieties, it seems a pity that it is not a more universal article of food.

For the benefit of those who have never tried making this delicacy, the following method, as outlined in the bulletin, may be given: First, prepare a starter in this way. Put some clean, fresh separated milk in a well-cleaned vessel; cover it carefully, and bring it to a temperature of 90°, then let it stand from 20 to 24 hours at a temperature of from 65° to 70°. Throw away the upper portion of the starter as thus made, and use the lower portion, straining it into the milk (skim milk) from which the cheese is to be made next day. Stir the starter well into the milk, and keep the whole at a temperature of 70° to 75°, until well curdled, a process which will require from 24 to 48 hours. Break up the curdled mass, and raise the temperature very slowly to 90°, taking 30 or 40 minutes in doing so. The whey should now separate clear in 15 or 20 minutes, and should be run from the curd. Place the curd in thin muslin bags to drain, and when no more whey will run off, take the curd out, add salt to taste, and mix in some thick cream, about one ounce for every pound of cheese. Make the whole into balls, and wrap each one in oiled dairy paper. If your cheese has been properly made it should have a "soft, smooth texture, being neither mushy nor dry and sawdustlike. The flavor should be that of mildly-soured milk or well-ripened cream, with an entire absence of bitter taste, flavor of stable, or other objectionable qualities." The cheese may be used at once, but if kept in a cool place where the air is pure, it will keep nicely for two or three weeks, or even longer.

So much for cottage cheese. Now, then, I must make way for Polly, from whom you will be delighted to hear again, I am sure.

DAME DURDEN,
"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

POLLY TELLS HOW TO MAKE ICING.

Dear Dame Durden,—I did not intend writing so soon again, but when I saw "Busy Bee's" request for a plain icing, which would set, I thought I would send the one I use; I always find it satisfactory. Take one cup granulated sugar and five teaspoons sweet milk, put in a saucepan, and put on the back of a range to dissolve, stirring frequently; boil exactly five minutes, timing it when it commences to bubble; when done, take from the fire, and beat till the consistency of thick cream. If not beaten enough, it will not set, and if beaten too much, it will set before you can spread it on the cake. I was much pleased with "A New Brunswick Girl's" suggestion about the yeast, I think it a great improvement. Her recipe for brown bread is excellent.

This has been the hottest summer Nova Scotia has experienced for many years; for the past two or three weeks the weather has been very oppressive. The hay crop has been almost a complete failure, and, if rain does not come soon, the roots and cereals will be ruined. Berries, of all kinds, are very scarce. As yet, save two dozen cans of strawberries, our preserve closet is empty; but we hope to fill up with jellies. But I must not take any more of your valuable space. Wishing you and the Ingle Nookers success, I remain, sincerely yours,
POLLY.

Pictou County, N. S., August 4th.

While we are about it, here are a few more recipes, which Busy Bee, perhaps, would like to try:

1. Icing-sugar Icing.—Thicken one

tablespoonful of sweet cream or milk with icing sugar. Flavor with almond flavoring, and spread on cake while warm. Increase quantities according to size of cake.

2. Lemon Icing.—Put white of one egg, well beaten, and one teaspoon lemon juice in a bowl. Add a small cup of powdered sugar, and beat five minutes.

3. Caramel Icing.—Mix one cupful of brown sugar with one teaspoon of water, one of butter, and one of sweet cream. Boil three minutes. Take off, and beat till half cold. Add flavoring, beat a little, and pour on cake.

4. Granulated-sugar Icing.—Boil one cup sugar and one quarter cup of water until it hairs. Take off and beat in the white of an egg which has been beaten stiff. D. D.

RE DRAWING COMPETITION.

An explanation is due to "A Reader of the 'Farmer's Advocate,' who asked information regarding the Drawing Competition. Dame Durden was out of the city when Reader's letter arrived, and did not receive it early enough to have the answer set up for the press before the date of expiration of the competition. Had "Reader's" name been given, a personal answer would have been sent by mail, but as the name was omitted this could not be done. If correspondents would remember to send name and address with every communication many disappointments of this kind might be avoided.

A Seasonable Fellow.

By Frank L. Stanton.

I'm mighty fond o' winter, when the frost is lyin' gray
On the gardens where we frolicked with the flowers o' the May;
When they have the candy-pulkin's, an' the cider's sharp an' sweet,
An' the music o' the fiddle makes a fidget in yer feet!
Then you'll find me shore
On the creakin' cabin floor,
A-dancin' ev'ry quadrille an' a-coaxin' 'em fer more!

I've got a friendly feelin' fer the spring, so rosy-dressed,
With the wind in all her ringlets an' the blossoms on her breast;
When the mockin' birds air singin', an' you hear the honey-bees,
An' the robins an' the rabbits air as happy as you please!
Then you'll find me shore
Just a-th'owin' wide the door
To the sunshine an' the singin', an' a-whistlin' out fer more!

An' then I like the season when the summer comes along,
An' the drowsy, dreamful weather's like a sigh that's in a song;
When the cattle-bells air clankin' on the dusty hill an' plain,
An' the lilies air a-holdin' of their silver-cups fer rain.

Then I takes my ease
In the shadders o' the trees,
While the partridge in the medder whistles lively fer a breeze!

An' I like the fall time, bretherin'—when the leaves air gold an' gray;
When all's so still 'pears like the wind has sighed itself away
From the scented shadders o' the night, an' from the sleepy day—
When, if you'd only listen, you'd hear all the angels—Say!

Then you'll find me shore
Just a-th'owin' wide the door
An' lettin' heaven come down to me, an' askin' 'em fer more!

—Collier's Weekly.

Climbing.

He who would reach the summit
Must turn not to left or right;
He must keep up heart and courage,
And keep the heights in sight.
Little by little the summit
Grows bright in his steadfast eye,
And at last he stands with the victors.
As you may, if you try.

—Eben E. Rexford.

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