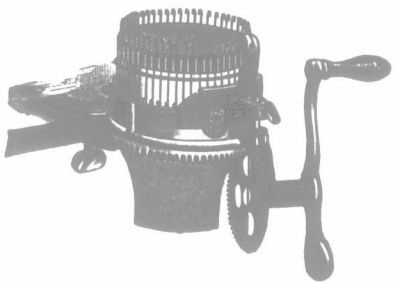


SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd's Syllabic No positions, dots, shades or dashes. 112 syllables. WRITE the English language: the most simple, legible and speedy system in use to-day. Students write to us in shorthand after their first lesson. Many pupils placed in less than 30 days, at a salary from \$400 to \$600 a year. Instruction and dictionary, \$1.50, mailed to any address, postpaid. Write for our circular, Moon's Correspondence School, Barn Hall, Mont-real. W. T. Moon, Pres.

FAMILY KNITTER.



Plain, \$8; Plain and Ribbed, \$12.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
DUNDAS, ONTARIO.

\$2.50 CHINA SILK WAIST DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY.

Supplied in any shade. It's a regular \$4.00 waist, is lined, has a box pleat in centre and a box pleat on each side, small tucks between tucked back, new sleeve, collar and cuffs. Waist trimmed in fancy buttons. Same waist in Black Taffeta Silk \$2.95.

All other shades, \$3.50; all shades Lustre, \$1.50; all shades French Flannel, \$1.75; Black Satin 95c. Add 15 cents for postage. Give Bust Size. Send to-day.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., LONDON, CANADA.

19 Market Lane, Above waist in any shade velvet, for \$1.95.

FARMING PAYS IN NEW ONTARIO.

Write for descriptive pamphlet and maps

ALGOMA, THUNDER BAY, RAINY RIVER, NIPISSING, TEMISKAMING,

to

HON. E. J. DAVIS,

Commissioner of Crown Lands, TORONTO

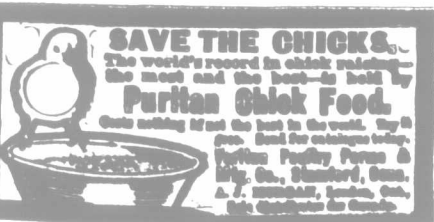


You should own an incubator—the best incubator—the

CHATHAM INCUBATOR

There is big money in raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator. We are receiving letters every day telling of the successes it is bringing to farmers and poultry raisers all over Canada. We sell the Chatham Incubator on the best terms ever offered. We ship it to you and prepay the freight; we give you three years to pay for it in. Write us for full particulars and catalogue.

THE M. CAMPBELL FANNING MILL CO.
Dept. 301 Chatham, Canada



SAVE THE CHICKS.

The world's record in chick raising—An incubator and the best—Is sold by Puritan Chick Food.

BARRED ROCKS and PEKIN DUCKS
We can supply show and breeding stock this season at reasonable prices. Write:
H. GEE & SONS, SELKIRK, ONT.



THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Puzzles and Riddles.

XVI.

Part of a plant.
An article of wearing apparel.
A girl's name.
A gum used in making varnish.
An extinct bird.
Three fifths of a stream.
Completed.
One of the wonders of the world.
Very useful in the family.
Something we must carry away with us when we die.
A mineral substance.
A domestic animal.
One who lives near.
A period of time.
A part of every house.
The initials read downward, and the finals upward, give the name of something the children enjoy, and the place in which it is found.

XVII.

In streams and rivers I am often sought,
And yet, when found, am rarely to be bought.
I'm not confined to our dear land alone,
Far distant countries claim me as their own.
Behold me, and more noisy I appear,
The lads and girls rejoice when I am near.
At Christmas I'm looked for by the gay,
Who oftentimes turn night into day.
Again behold me, and you then will find
An adverb only will be left behind.

XVIII.

A river that its banks o'erflows;
A town where races oft are held;
A city everybody knows;
A country where the cork-tree's felled;
A place where the vine freely grows;
The last town that King John beheld.
A name all English hearts hold dear,
If you guess right will be found here.
The initials, read downward, give the name of a great Englishman.

XIX.

Why are clouds like coachmen?

XX.

What will be yesterday and was tomorrow?

XXI.

What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime?

dress of competitor. Address as usual to COUSIN DOROTHY,
Box 92, Newcastle, Ont.

FROM SOME OF THE CORNERITES.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—We have only been taking the "Farmer's Advocate" a little while. I was looking at the last copy, when I found the "Children's Corner." It was so nice that I hunted up the other papers to read them. I like the little poems and stories so much. I have written a story, and if you would like to have it, I would feel honored by being allowed to put it in your paper. I am looking forward for the next paper, so must close now.

Yours very truly,
ALINE HARGITT.

Send your story to me, Aline, and I will try to find a corner for it, if it is not too long.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I enjoy very much the Home Magazine part of the "Farmer's Advocate." The stories are good, and the illustrations superb. I hope they may long be continued. I noticed in one of the numbers that Dame Durden gave a long list of subjects for letter-writers. Don't you think if you would give a similar list, it would add interest to your already charming "Children's Corner"? I think it would be very nice to have the next competition for drawing. Hoping you will not think me presuming, I remain,
Yours respectfully,
"HILDRED."

I am always glad to receive suggestions from any of our readers—old or young—and will try to follow out your ideas in the near future. But I think our next competition must be a Christmas story, for we must soon begin to prepare for our Christmas number. Look out for results of the "Picture Story" competition next week. C. D.

The Reason Why.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—



A Well-broken Team.

No puzzles or riddles will be published next week. If you are not able to answer all the October problems, answer all you can, numbering them correctly. The boy or girl, under sixteen years of age, who sends in the neatest and most correct list of answers will receive a prize. Don't be afraid to try.
All MSS. must be postmarked not later than November 15th, and must be accompanied by the name, age and address of competitor.

I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

Little Scotch Granite.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play, when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "ten." When Aleck understood that he was to say ten, if he had not whispered during the day he replied: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Aleck.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Aleck.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnny that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Aleck. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Aleck. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Aleck, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "nine" and "eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Aleck Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of his disgrace. Aleck never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Aleck's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect' in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

Drudgery.

Any labor is drudgery when it lacks qualification or applied brains. Although it is generally so considered, housekeeping is not a drudgery unless it is made so. No matter what the occupation, it may be made either a pleasure or a drudgery. We have all seen women with small families make it perfect labor of even looking over a small house, while a more intelligent housewife with a large family had hours of leisure. Like every other profession, housekeeping is easy or hard according to the amount of brains put into the work, if there is the proper interest and preparation for the work. Any work is drudgery to the lazy, indifferent, thoughtless person.—[Sel.]

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