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"Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the strain may be glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure."

How Royalty Spends Sunday.

When King Edward and Queen Alexandra were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the following interesting account of how they were in the habit of spending Sunday appeared in The Quiver. The writer says:

"Sunday with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales is passed in much the same quiet way as with Her Majesty the Queen, inasmuch as religious ceremonies are faithfully observed, and the household and servants are spared all unnecessary duties. The guests wend their way, as the hour of eleven approaches, towards the little Church of St. Mary Magdalene in the park. There is a private foot-way direct from the house to the church gate; by this, the royal family and guests often proceed, driving round by the road only in case of unpropitious weather. Sunday afternoon is quietly spent in the house or park. Dinner is served at half-past seven. Occasionally, however, dinner is a little later, as the Prince and Princess may be attending evening service in one of the village churches near. The small station some two miles away, where the royal family have their own waiting rooms, is closed on Sunday, as no train whatever is run on that day. By this means, the church is kept clear of an attendance prompted by curiosity, and also the men employed have the entire day's rest secured to them. In fact, no unnecessary work in any shape or way is performed on Sunday in any one part of the Prince's domains.

"Sunday at Marlborough House differs slightly from Sunday at Sandringham, but the day is spent in comparative quietude. In the morning their Royal Highnesses attend divine service held in what is known as the German (Lutheran) Chapel. After luncheon, the Princess and her daughters may possibly attend one of the West End churches to hear some popular preacher, or to be present at a children's service. It is not only at Sandringham and Marlborough House that Sabbath observances are rigidly adhered to by the Prince and Princess of Wales, but also in any of the Continental places where they may be staying. There is an old saying, that when you go to Rome do as the Romans do, but our Prince honors this rule in the breach, for, although he has ever been a constant visitor to Paris, yet he has never seen the French Derby, for the simple reason that it is run on a Sunday. In a matter where hundreds and thousands of Christians have followed the fashion of the gay capital they are visiting, and indulged their love of horses and of pleasure, the Prince has set a good example and absented himself. In every way, the Prince and Princess have always faithfully observed the Sabbath, and we, as a Christian people, may congratulate ourselves that our future king and queen will steadfastly uphold the sanctity of the day of God and the doctrines of the Christian Church."

A recent quotation from the St. James' Gazette, of London, England, saying that the King had refused to travel from Scotland to London on Sunday, and has "stunned society by putting all social functions and entertainments on Sunday under the royal ban," would seem to indicate that His Majesty's accession to the throne of the "mightiest empire that has been" has not led to the relaxing of his scruples as to how Sunday should be spent.

If there is any truth in the rumors that are rife about Sunday yachting excursions, mounted paper-chases, and the like, starting from Rideau Hall, it would seem that His Majesty's example has not much weight with society leaders generally at the Dominion capital, where only a few months ago the domestics formed themselves into a mutual protective association in order to get deliverance, among other things, from seven-days-in-the-week bondage through having to dance attendance at Sunday dinners, suppers, etc., as well as on all the other days of the week. Society is fond of following the lead of royalty in many things. Why not also in the observance of the Lord's Day?

A man going by train selected a comfortable first-class compartment, put his bag and stick in one of the corners, and went to buy some papers. When he got back he found his things had been removed and that a lady occupied the corner he had chosen. He requested her to move, but she would not; he asked her again and she refused, so he stormed and raged, and so did she, but he insisted on having his corner. At last the lady said: "Sir, do you know who I am? I am one of the director's wives." "Madam," he replied, "I should not mind if you were the director's only wife!"

"The Orphan."

Probably the original of this picture, with color, light and shade to relieve it, may have even greater artistic merit than some of those which the "Advocate" has from time to time presented to its readers, but apart from its merit as a work of art, who could honestly admire it as a picture? One is thankful to know that it must be wholly imaginative, for had the artist really seen that poor forlorn little object bleating its hopeless tale of woe by its dead mother's side, he must have snatched it up in his arms and driven those murderous-looking crows away. The writer, who has often seen a somewhat similar scene upon the veldt of South Africa, when the very air was darkened by the cloud of vultures watching the dying throes of a wounded wildebeest or larger animal, still, while powerless to help it, is well aware that the picture is true to nature, but to look at it within even an hour of bedtime would be, in the case of one of an emotional temperament, a veritable invitation to bad dreams, with a downright "shouting nightmare" as its climax. But perhaps this is the highest possible tribute which could be paid to the genius of the artist. We pay it gladly, but we do not think we desire to add his "Orphan" to our list of favorites.

H. A. B.

To Renovate Feathers.

Feathers that have become dead and heavy from age or any other reason may be renovated



"THE ORPHAN."

and made light and fluffy by the following process: Choose a bright, clear day, when there is a good breeze stirring for the work. If there are three pounds of feathers to renovate, make a bag out of thin muslin that will hold five pounds; stitch all around with the exception of one-half across one end; now rip a seam in one end of the pillow which contains the feathers to be renovated, of the same size as the one left in the bag; then sew the edge of the bag to the edge of the pillow, and then shake all the feathers from the pillow into the bag. Sew up both the openings. Shave a third of a bar of some good white soap into a bowl, add a tablespoonful of powdered borax and enough boiling water to dissolve the whole, and then pour the mixture into a boiler of soft cold water. Place the boiler on the stove and put the bag of feathers in and boil for five or six minutes; with a clothes-stick turn and lift the bag up and down constantly while it is in the boiler. Take it out and rinse in two waters. Use cold water and plenty of it. Do not rub or wring it, but drain and squeeze out all the water possible and hang in a shady place to dry. While drying shake the bag frequently.

Launder the pillow-tick right side out; then rip open the seam, turn it wrong side out and pick off the little balls of down and feathers. Put the feathers back into the pillow in the same way that they were taken out. If handled in this way there will be no down and feathers flying around while the work is being done.

If feathers have the least smell of decomposing skin or flesh, it indicates that they ought to be steamed and probably dried.—Mary B. Keech.

Second Prize Essay in "Christmas Cover" Competition.

"Ich Dien" is a fitting title for the design on the 1901 Christmas number of the "Farmer's Advocate," since service best describes the life-work of its various elements. A midnight scene furnishes the background, while old Father Time in the foreground represents the passing of another year in the records of the ages. Our lesson here is plain, for the flight of time should spur all workers to vigorous action. The picture suggests four epoch-making events, which, arranged chronologically, are: The birth of Christ, instituting the Christian era; the inauguration of the "Farmer's Advocate," heralding a new era for the agriculturists; the founding of the Canadian Dominion, now taking a vanguard position among the nations; the accession of King Edward VII., marking a new epoch in the world-wide British Empire. The artist's conception is sublime, for no loftier thought could occur to any mind than to illustrate the significance of the greatest motto ever given to man. "I serve" knows no peer as a motive-power to true and noble living. It has been the pole-star of man's greatest achievements. It sparkles in the monarch's diadem; it renders the peasant's task royal and divine.

The design is especially appropriate for a Christmas number, for to best express such a lofty motto, the artist must think of the one personage whose life best embodied the principle of service. Christmas suggests that Divine personality. Jesus of Nazareth both enunciated the

dignity of service and perfectly exemplified it in His life. He spent His life for man, and in His command, "Follow Me," He indicates the way to the highest glory possible to the human race. Having selected the ideal, the artist could but select the nation which has followed it most perfectly. That nation is Great Britain, whose destiny is now guarded by Edward VII., King by the grace of God.

The maple leaf represents the brightest jewel in the British crown. By the deeds of her sons, Canada shows her loyalty to the motherland. She serves Britain, as the latter follows the ideal.

The fourth element in the design is the "Farmer's Advocate," the most efficient servant of the major part of Canada's population. The entire globe is explored that its columns may contain the best material for aiding the farm and home. Its influence, after more than thirty-five years of steady progress, is still advancing. A loyal patriotism permeates it. It works for Canada, Britain, and the Right. The picture contains material for hours of deep thought. It is a clarion call to all to work. Farmers, work for the journal which serves you so honorably and well. Work for the welfare of your young country. Be loyal to the British crown. Follow Christ.

M. W. SHEPHERD.

A poor old laborer lay dying and his wife waited on him with homely care. "John, dear," she said, "do you think you could eat a bit? Is there anything you fancy?" A light came in his eyes. "I seem to smell a ham cooking somewhere," he said. "I think I could eat a little bit of ham." "Oh! no, John," said his wife, "you can't have that; that's for the funeral."