

"1900" Washer —Sent FREE

I'll send you a Washer on 30 days Free Trial absolutely at my own expense and risk. Does not cost you a cent. My machines Must wash clean—save labor—save time—or I couldn't make this offer year after year, could I? Write to-day for booklet and particulars of my "Pay-me-as-it-saves-you" plan. Address me personally, W. O. MORRIS, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Farm For Sale

85 ACRES IN ARKONA FRUIT BELT in good state of cultivation; 10 acres bush, mostly rock elm; good orchard; plenty of small fruit; water in abundance in house and barn; buildings large and nearly new; barn on basement; good fences. Price \$4,500 for quick sale. A snap. Telephone and rural mail route. Owner will also sell stock and machinery if desired. Apply: BEAMER FAULDS, ARKONA, ONT.



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock. TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

ALL kinds of farms. Fruit farms a specialty. W. B. Calder, Grimsby, Ont.

AIM FOR VANCOUVER ISLAND—Canada's most favoured climate; suits middle-aged and elderly people well; good profits for ambitious men with small or large capital in business, professions, fruit growing, poultry, mixed farming, manufacturing, mining, fisheries, timber, railroads, new towns, endless opportunities. Write to-day for authentic information. Vancouver Island Development League, 1-29 Broughton St., Victoria, B.C.

FOR Scotch Collie puppies, write for particulars: Roy Price, Port Rowan, Ont.

HELPFUL literature for Bible students free on application. Secy. International Bible Students' Association, 59 Alloway Ave., Winnipeg.

HAVING stopped shipping milk to the Farmer's Dairy, Toronto, my shares of stock in the company are for sale cheap. Apply to Box 5, Sengrave, Ont.

SITUATION as horseman. Competent in the care of studs, both breeding and showing. A. C., care of Ralph Pinkerton, Essex, Ont.

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

SINGLE-COMB Brown Leghorns. The kind that lays, \$1.25 for fifteen. William Barnett & Sons, Living Springs, Ont.

WHITE Wyandottes exclusively. Eggs \$1.00 per 15. Good hatch guaranteed. Theo. F. Price, R. R. 3, Ingersoll, Ont.

S.-C. White Leghorns—Great laying from special matings, \$1 per 15; \$4 per 100. GEO. D. FLETCHER, ERIN, ONT. R. R. No.

For Sale—Pure-bred Scotch Collies, extra good workers; farm-raised. Apply to CONRAD SCHMIDT, Box 429, New Hamburg, Ont.

Lincolndale Pure-breds

Four Registered Ayrshire bulls ready for service, 3 Ayrshire heifer yearlings, 4 Ayrshire bull calves, 10 Registered Holstein calves, 1 two-year-old Registered Jersey bull and one yearling Jersey bull. These are all from very heavy milkers, most of which are in the Advance Registry. For full information address:

LINCOLN AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL
Lincolndale, New York

Lice Murder Chicks
check laying, stunt growth, ruin the plumage, torture the hens
PRATT'S LICE KILLER
(Powdered) murders lice and so insures greater profits.
25c. 50c. Guaranteed. Pratt's 160-page poultry book 10c. by mail.
Pratt Food Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto

Vespers.

The robins call me sweet and shrill.
"Come out and fare afield;
The sun has neared the western hill.
The shadows slip down sure and still,
But in our meadow wide and wet
There's half an hour of sunshine yet;
Come down, come down!" Who
would not yield?

Across the road and through the lane,
Where buttercups grow tall and bright,
With daisies washed in last night's rain,—
Beyond the open bars I gain
An angle of the rude rail-fence,
A perfect coign of vantage, whence
Wheat-field and pastured stretch in sight.

The cows, with stumbling tread and slow,
One after one come straggling by,
And many a yellow head falls low,
And many a daisy's scattered snow,
Where the unheeding footsteps pass,
Is crushed and blackened in the grass,
With brier and rue that trampled lie.

Sweet sounds with sweeter blend and strive;
In its white prime of blossoming
Each wayside berry-bush alive
With myriad bees, hums like a hive;
The frogs are loud in ditch and pool,
And songs unlearned of court or school
June's troubadours' all around me sing.

Somewhere beneath the meadow's veil
The peewee's brooding notes begin;
The sparrows chirp from rail to rail;
Above the bickering swallows sail,
Or skim the green half-tasseled wheat
With plaintive cry; and at my feet
A cricket tunes his mandolin.

High-perched, a master-minstrel proud,
The red-winged blackbird pipes and calls,
One moment jubilant and loud,
The next, to sudden silence vowed,
Seeks cover in the marsh below;
Soft winds along the rushes blow,
And like a whisper twilight falls.

What Lies at the Root.
"Billy and I go upon these wayside rambles after the quiet beauty of the country." Her tone was half laughing, half vexed. We had not much more than cleared the gateposts before she began.
"Touch up your old nag, dear, and let's get somewhere," she suggested. "It's cooler, too, when you go faster." Poor Billy don't think so, but I did get him to trot a little. It wasn't much use. Helen simply fretted until I had an awful nervous feeling as if I was trying to push fat old Billy along by main force.
To cap the climax, he cast a shoe. I shall always believe he did it on purpose, in revenge for all the unkind things she said about him. Anyway, it delayed us a half-hour at the blacksmith shop, near which it luckily happened.
That half-hour killed any joy that might have survived the things that had gone before. Helen wouldn't be happy nor let me be. The next time she goes out it will be with Ned and the car. She has no time nor patience for any pleasure attained more slowly than thirty miles an hour.
Yet, after all, Helen is to be pitied. She is but one of many who, in their mad rush after pleasure pass unheeded on the way the very thing they seek. For true it is to-day as ever, that "Patience lies at the root of all pleasure." As Ruskin has said, "Alert readiness for action or decision is fine in its place; but it needs mixed in that patience that can enjoy leisurely things; that can stop to see the flower of beauty or of need by the wayside, as well as appreciate the splendid goal at the end."—Onward.

Johnnie—"I wish I could be Tommy Jones."
Mother—"Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money."
Johnnie—"Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears."

English Howlers.

The following quotations from British examination papers and themes, ridiculous as they are, might be matched from many an American teacher's experience:

The Seven Great Powers of Europe are gravity, electricity, steam, gas, fly-wheels, and motors, and Mr. Lloyd George.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

During the Interdict in John's reign, births, marriages and deaths were not allowed to take place.

Henry VIII gained the title Fidel Defensor because he was so faithful to his Queen.

A Kelt is part of a Scotchman's dress.

Cave canem.—Beware lest I sing.

A vacuum is an empty space with nothing in it; the Pope lives in one.

A vacuum is an empty space full of nothing but Germans (germs?).

A Conservative is a sort of greenhouse where you look at the moon.

Parliament assembled in September and dissembled in January.

The Habeas Corpus act was that no one need stay in prison longer than he liked.

Wolfe gained fame by storming the heights of Abraham Lincoln.

Where was Magna Charta signed? At the bottom.

Where was Mary, Queen of Scots born, and why was she born there? Mary was born at Linlithgow because her mother happened to be there at the time.

Wellington threw up earthquakes behind him as he retreated.

The religion of the people of the Ganges Delta makes them clean, but, like other things, there are some who do not keep the rules. They live an open and free life except for the few wigwags which are inhabited by the natives. These have a funny custom of throwing their babies into the Ganges as a sacrifice to Buddha.

The Hindus generally are a hardy race, but prefer to worship in their temples rather than follow much manual labor; what little they do is mostly carrying luggage and such like; the rest of their time is spent in wandering about in the shade of the various palms.

The plains of Siberia are roamed over by the lynx and the larynx.

What is the object of distillation? Describe the process and the apparatus used. Answer: The object of distillation is the making of whiskey. You have a box and a glass tube at one end and another at the other end, and if you pour water in at the one end it comes out whiskey at the other.

Little Tommy, at the "movies," saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"Indians," his mother answered, "always paint their faces before going on the warpath—before scapling and tomahawking and murdering."

The next evening, after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlor her daughter's young man, Tommy rushed downstairs wide-eyed with fright.

"Come on, mother" he cried. "Let's get out of this quick? Sister is going on the warpath!"

No Mourner Left.—"I ate a worm," said the little tot in the kindergarten.

The teacher, thinking that perhaps the child had really done such a thing, protested warmly over the undesirability of the proceeding. "Why, just think," she said, as a final argument, "how badly the mamma worm felt to have her little baby eaten up."

"I ate she's mamma, too," was the triumphant rejoinder that proved too much for the teacher.—Harper's Magazine.

In Their Steps.—"Look here, now, Harold," said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to Heaven."

"I don't want to go to Heaven," sobbed the boy; "I want to go with you and mother."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Barn Roofing

"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles

Don't Forget when you want a good roofing to use "EASTLAKE" Metallic Shingles.

They protect you from Fire, Lightning and Leaks. Made of only the best zinc-coated steel sheets.

Our patent interlocking side joints make an absolutely watertight, rust-proof roofing.

"EASTLAKE" Metallic Shingles never need repairs. Write us for booklet. 701

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Do you remember in Dickens' story "Martin Chuzzlewit" the beef-steak pudding made by little Ruth Pinch for her brother Tom?

How she fluttered in and out in her dainty way collecting and preparing the ingredients, how excited she was over the proper making of the pudding, how distressed for fear it might not turn out just right! This is all told in Dickens' inimitable manner. Now-a-days we need not be so anxious about the outcome of our cooking experiments. If we just use a little Bovril in our beef-steak puddings, soups, sauces and made dishes of any kind, we shall produce a finely flavored, appetising dish which is certain to please far more exacting critics than plain Tom Pinch and John Westcott.

No More Sore Shoulders

Ventiplex, the new collar pad, positively prevents galls and sore shoulders. Made of a new fabric that carries all sweat and moisture to the outer surface where it evaporates, thus keeping the horse's necks and shoulders always dry—comfortable and free from galls, sores, etc.

Burlington-Windsor Blanket Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario

Ventiplex

Post-mortem Chat.—Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"
"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.
"Sure you're such a liar OI don't know whether to belave yez or not."
"Well, then, OI must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if OI wor alive."—Philadelphia Record.