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Caught in the Act

BY CLIFFORD CLARKE

"I MADE a good haul to-day," said Serg. Lindstrom, as he displayed twenty-three bills to his wife.

"I think, dear, you had better be honest at your job, Jack; you will be found out some of these days, and then there will be trouble," replied Jack's wife.

"Well, darling, that may be so, but they all do it, from the chief down, and I don't see why I shouldn't get a little rake off like the rest. Besides, there is a new chief of police to be here tomorrow to take charge."

"Well, I don't want you to roll any more of these drunks, because if you were to be found out, you would certainly go to the penitentiary, and then I would be left with little Johnny and Nellie all alone."

"Now, Helen, you are taking things too seriously. How could they find me out? And more than that, I might as well have the money as well as let those silly booze-fighters give it to the hotel-keepers. You know, dear, that there are seven hotels in this town, and they are just coining money, and we might just as well have some of these ill-gotten gains as they."

"That looks reasonable enough," replied Helen, slowly, "but they get it legally and you don't. They have protection and when you are caught you won't have any protection. So, please, don't take any more money by that way, even if the magistrate rolls drunks."

"You are a wise adviser, but I will promise you I will only roll one more drunk, and then we will have \$4,000 saved—that is to say, if the next fool has twenty-eight dollars or so more than he should have in his pocket."

Jack Lindstrom's wife said no more about it, and sat down to supper and discussed the happenings of the day. Next morning Jack left home for work, after being begged not to roll any drunk; but Jack was not to be advised, as money was easy that way.

"Good morning, Chief," said Jack to the retiring chief of police, and in a few minutes more he was introduced to the new chief of police, and received his orders to stay on duty in the station.

Down in the bar of the Royal Hotel little "Shorty" and his pals were drinking heavily, and things were shaping to a head for a scrap.

"No you can't!" shouted "Shorty." "I saw you!" replied his pal. "If you say that again I'll knock your head off" snapped "Shorty," his eyes flashing with anger. But the "pal" did say it again, and in a second "Shorty" was at him.

"Go it 'Shorty!' Go it, 'Shorty!' Give it to him!" ejaculated some of the rough crowd. And "Shorty" did go it, and in half a minute his pal lay apparently lifeless on the bar-room floor. "Shorty" was not content with knocking out his pal, but immediately set to and commenced a rough house, swearing and blaspheming.

In another minute the proprietor of the hotel rushed in to the bar and warned "Shorty" to keep quiet, but the little drunk only replied by smashing half a dozen glasses on the floor and walls.

Five minutes later Sergeant Lindstrom appeared, in reply to a telephone call. "Who are you!" shouted "Shorty," as the police sergeant advanced to arrest him. "Never mind who I am!" retorted the sergeant, as he proceeded to handcuff little "Shorty."

"No you can't!" shouted "Shorty," and with a struggle he released himself from the constable's grip, only to receive a baton across the head, and the brave little rough fell unconscious to the floor. Sergeant Lindstrom was not content with laying his man out, but proceeded to black and blue his arms and body. "Throw a pail of water over him," said the constable, after he had handcuffed the two prisoners. This being done "Shorty" began to come to, and it was not long before he and his pal were on the road to the police station. The two prisoners who were yet intoxicated received the customary search, and Sergeant Lindstrom

put the twenty-eight dollars in his pocket and booked up ten.

"Shorty" was pretty sick after his breaking up with the baton, and the doctor was summoned, and after examination he ordered the prisoner to be sent to the hospital, while the pal lay apparently drunk, and fast asleep.

Ten minutes later Sergeant Lindstrom received a message to come to the chief's office, and on entering he was confronted by "Shorty" and two constables, and after being searched Detective "Shorty" was taken to the hospital.

"For God's sake be lenient!" cried Lindstrom; but this was of no avail. He was escorted to the cells, where he broke down. Next morning the "Pal" detective gave his evidence, which was corroborated by detective "Shorty's" sworn statement, and the evidence of the chief and two constables brought Sergeant Jack Lindstrom four years in the Kingston Penitentiary.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

GENERAL

Questions of general interest to farmers are answered through our columns without charge to bona-fide subscribers. Details must be clearly stated as briefly as possible, only one side of the paper being written on. Full name and address of the enquirer must accompany each query as an evidence of good faith but not necessarily for publication. When a reply is required by mail one dollar (\$1.00) must be enclosed.

TURNIP FLY

What can we do for turnips to keep the flies from eating them down?—A. C.

Ans.—Paris green and land plaster, one pound of the former to twenty of the latter, dusted along the rows of young turnips, if possible, when they are covered with dew, is said to be an effective remedy against this troublesome insect. Late sowing is the most common reliance in guarding against damage by the turnip fly.

FOUR-CROSS REGISTRATION

Have a Clydesdale mare whose great-grandam was a registered Clydesdale mare by the name of Black Bess (imported and owned at one time in Ottawa). The sire of her (my mare) grandmother I do not know, but am told her grandmother was the first filly out of Black Bess. The last two crosses are by registered horses. Could I get my mare recorded? Would the registered cross on her great-grandmother's side be the same as a cross on the sire's side?—C. O.

Ans.—If the great-grandam of the mare is registered, and her dam and grandam are eligible for registration, she is eligible. If the great-grandam is not recorded in the Canadian book (she may be in the Scotch book only), she will have to be, as well as the dam and grandam. If you do not know the sire of the grandam, that ends the matter, but a granddaughter of your mare, if she has one, may still be registered, providing she and her dam are both registered. The granddaughter would be recorded as a four-cross mare. A Canadian-bred Clydesdale mare is eligible for registration as a four-cross mare, providing her sire and the sires of her dam and grandam and great-grandam are registered Clydesdale horses.

A BAD WELL

I dug a well last fall and the water has not been good. It has a very bad odor. Can you tell me what is wrong with it, and whether anything can be done for it? The well is 25 feet deep, and the last ten feet are dug through hard clay. It is stoned all the way up.—A SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—Send to Frank T. Shutt, chemist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, for instructions how to procure and send a sample of water for analysis. Then forward such a sample to him with particulars. The result should inform you what is wrong, and this information may point to a remedy, though it looks as if a new well would be needed. We take it for granted that no surface water runs in to spoil the well water.