



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at four 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 advertisement inserted for less than 60 cents.

BREEDING COCKERELS FROM HIGH-RECORD HENS TO CLEAR. White Leghorns \$1.50, Barred Rocks \$2 each. Guaranteed. G. W. Grieve, Parkhill, Ont.

CHOICE BARRON S.-C. W. LEGHORN COCKERELS bred from best trap-nested egg-producers in Canada. \$4 each. C. Dickinson, Port Hope, Ont. R.R. 3.

FOR SALE—CHOICE COCKERELS, BRED from heavy-laying, non-setting hens in the following varieties: Andalusians, Brahmas, Anconas, Orpingtons, Rocks, Leghorns, Wyandottes, also Pekin and White Runner ducks and drakes, African, Emden, Toulouse and China geese. M. Shantz, Ayr, Ont.

FOR SALE—LARGE TOULOUSE GEES— Exhibition quality. Write for prices. E. E. McCombs, Fenwick, Ont.

INDIAN RUNNER, MUSCOVEY, WILD Mallard ducks, White Guineas, Barred Rock, Rhode Island Red cockerels. Mrs. John Annesser, Tilbury, Ont.

PEDIGREE COCKERELS, BARRED ROCKS, \$5.00, from 260 and 254-egg hens. Ten pullets laid 2,034 eggs in eleven months. F. Coldham, Box 12, Kingston, Ont.

PURE-BRED SCOTCH COLLIE PUPPIES— Intelligent and good companions, \$8.00 each. Apply Urias Cressman, New Hamburg, Ont.

PEKIN DUCKS, 9 TO 11 LBS., \$5 AND \$6. Light Brahmas, S.-C. Black Minorcas, Canada's best strains, \$4 each. Chas. Gould, R. 1, Glencoe, Ont.

Crate-Fattened Poultry

We are open for shipments of crate-fattened poultry. Highest market prices paid, according to quality.

HENRY GATEHOUSE & SON

Fish, Oysters, Game, Poultry, Eggs and Vegetables.

344-350 West Dorchester Street, Montreal

WANTED Crate Fed Chickens

Also

Large Hens Alive or Dressed

Write for price list.

WALLER'S 702 Spadina Ave. TORONTO

ANNUAL SALE

OF

Pure-Bred Stock

The Annual Sale of pure-bred stock (beef breeds), will be held in the Winter Fair Building, Guelph, on

Wednesday, 3rd March, 1920

The sale is under the auspices of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and the management of the Guelph Fat Stock Club.

Entries close 15th January, 1920

For further particulars apply to:

**C. L. NELLES, President
J. M. DUFF, Secretary, GUELPH**

One of the Best Farms

in the Eastern Township for sale, consisting of 300 acres of very fertile land, of which 90 acres is covered with very valuable timber. Brick house, cement cellar, sugar bush, large barns, silo and drilled well. Three miles from Lennoxville, Que. Price \$21,000.00. Apply to

F. M. Passow,

Eustis, Que.

comic had been flashed upon the screen; and men and women and children, Italians, Jews and Irish, jammed in close about him, a dirty and perspiring mass, had burst into a terrific guffaw. Now they were suddenly tense again and watching the screen in absorbed suspense, while the crude passions within themselves were played upon in the glamorous dark. And Roger scanned their faces—one moment smiling, all together, as though some god had pulled a string; then mawkish, sentimental, soft; then suddenly scowling, twitching, with long rows of animal eyes. But eager—eager all the time! Hungry people—yes, indeed! Hungry for all the good things in the town, and for so many bad things, too! On one who tried to feed this mob there was no end to their demands! What was one woman's life to them? Deborah's big family!

Edith came to the house one afternoon, and she was in Deborah's room when her father returned from his office. Her convalescence over at last, she was leaving for the mountains.

"Do learn your lesson, Deborah dear," she urged upon her sister. "Let Sarah pack your trunk at once and come up with me on Saturday night."

"I can't get off for two weeks yet."

"Why can't you?" Edith demanded.

And when Deborah spoke of fresh air camps and baby farms and other work, Edith's impatience only grew. "You'll have to leave it to somebody else! You're simply in no condition!" she cried.

"Impossible," said Deborah. Edith gave a quick sigh of exasperation.

"Isn't it enough," she asked, "to have worked your nerves to a frazzle already? Why can't you be sensible? You've got to think of yourself a little!"

"You'd like me to marry, wouldn't you, dear?" her sister put in wearily.

"Yes, I should, while there is still time! Just now you look far from it! It's exactly as Allan was saying! If you keep on as you're going you'll be an old woman at thirty-five!"

"Thank you!" said Deborah sharply. Two spots of color leaped in her cheeks.

"You'd better leave me, Edith! I'll come up to the mountains as soon as I can! And I'll try not to look any more like a hag than I have to! Good-night!"

Roger followed Edith out of the room.

"That last shot of mine struck home," she declared to him in triumph.

"I wouldn't have done it," her father said. "I gave you that remark of Baird's in strict confidence, Edith—"

"Now father," was her good-humored retort, "suppose you leave this matter to me. I know just what I'm doing."

"Well," he reflected uneasily, after she had left him, "here's more trouble in the family. If Edith isn't careful she'll make a fine mess of this whole affair."

After dinner he went up to Deborah's room, but through the open doorway he caught a glimpse of his daughter which made him instinctively draw back. Sitting bolt upright in her bed, sternly she was eyeing herself in a small mirror in her hand. Her father chuckled noiselessly. A moment later, when he went in, the glass had disappeared from view. Soon afterwards Baird himself arrived, and as they heard him coming upstairs Roger saw his daughter frown, but she continued talking.

"Hello, Allan," she said with indifference. "I'm feeling much better this evening."

"Are you? Good," he answered, and he started to pull up an easy chair. "I was hoping I could stay awhile—I've been having one of those long mean days—"

"I'd a little rather you wouldn't," Deborah put in softly. Allan turned to her in surprise. "I didn't sleep last night," she murmured, "and I feel so drowsy." There was a little silence.

"And I really don't think there's any need of your dropping in to-morrow," she added. "I'm so much better—"

honestly.

Baird looked at her a moment.

"Right—O," he answered slowly. "I'll call up to-morrow night."

Roger followed him downstairs.

"Come into my den and smoke a cigar!" he proposed in hearty ringing tones. Allan thanked him and came in, but the puzzled expression was still on his face, and through the first moments of their talk he was very absentminded. Roger's feeling of guilt increased, and he cursed himself for a meddling fool.

"Look here, Baird," he blurted out, "there's something I think you ought to

know." Allan slightly turned his head, and Roger reddened a little. "The worst thing about living in a house chock full of meddling women is that you get to be one yourself," he growled. "And the fact is—" he cleared his throat—"I've put my foot in it, Baird," he said. "I was fool enough the other day to quote you to Edith."

"To what effect?"

"That if Deborah keeps on like this she'll be an old woman at thirty-five."

Allan sat up in his chair:

"Was Edith here this afternoon?"

"She was," said Roger.

"Say no more."

Baird had a wide, likable, generous mouth which wrinkled easily into a smile. He leaned back now and enjoyed himself. He puffed a little cloud of smoke, looked over at Roger and chuckled aloud. And Roger chuckled with relief. "What a decent chap he is," he thought.

"I'm sorry, of course," he said to Baird.

"I thought of trying to explain—"

"Don't," said Allan. "Leave it alone. It won't do Deborah any harm—may even do her a little good. After all, I'm her physician—"

"Are you?" Roger asked with a twinkle.

"I thought upstairs you were dismissed."

"Oh no, I'm not," was the calm reply. And the two men went on smoking. Roger's liking for Baird was growing fast. They had had several little talks during Deborah's illness, and Roger was learning more of the man. Raised on a big cattle ranch that his father had owned in New Mexico, riding broncos on the plains had given him his abounding health of body, nerve and spirit, his steadiness and sanity in all this feverish city life. "Are you riding these days?" he inquired.

"No," said Roger, "the park is too hot—and they don't sprinkle the path as they should. I've had my cob sent up to the mountains. By the way," he added cordially, "you must come up there and ride with me."

"Thanks, I'd like to," Allan said, and with a little inner smile he added dryly to himself, "He's getting ready to meddle again."

But whatever amusement Baird had in this thought was concealed behind his sober gray eyes. Soon after that he took his leave.

"Now, then," Roger reflected, with a little glow of expectancy, "if Edith will only leave me alone, she may find I'm smarter than she thinks!"

To be continued.

Questions and Answers.

Miscellaneous.

Removing Stain from Table.

What will remove a white stain, caused by a hot plate, from a fumed oak table? W. M. F.

Ans.—Fold a sheet of blotting paper a couple of times (making four thicknesses of the paper), cover the place with it, and put a hot smoothing iron thereon. Have ready at hand some bits of flannel, also folded, and made quite hot. As soon as the iron has made the surface of the wood quite warm remove the paper, etc., and go over the spot with a piece of paraffine, rubbing it hard enough to leave a coating of the substance. Now with one of the hot pieces of flannel rub the injured surface. Continue the rubbing, using freshly warmed cloths, until the whiteness leaves the varnish or polish. The operation may have to be repeated.

Sale Dates.

Dec. 16, 1919.—Urba Johnson Strathfordville, Ont. Holsteins.

Dec. 18, 1919.—Southern Counties Ayrshire Breeders' Club Sale at Woodstock, Ont.

Dec. 18, 1919.—Brant District Holstein Breeders' Sale, Brantford, Ont.

Jan. 8, 1920.—North & South Bruce Shorthorn Breeders' Sale, Paisley, Ont.

N. C. McKay Walkerton, Sec'y.

Jan. 15, 1920.—Ontario Duroc Jersey Breeders' Sale, Chatham, Ont. Jno. Noble, Essex, Sec'y.

Feb. 4, 1920.—Miller & Dryden.—Shorthorns.

Feb. 18, 1920.—I. N. Howe, R. 2, Mossley, Ont. Holsteins.

March, 3, 1920.—Guelph Fat Stock Club, Guelph, Ont. J. M. Duff, Sec'y.

Forestall Colds, Chills and Influenza

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BOVRIL

Use Bovril in your cooking. It flavours, enriches, nourishes more.

The Body-building Power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific experiments to be from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

WANTED

Married Couple for Farm Convenient to Toronto

Man to act as working foreman, and must have thorough knowledge of general farming and stock raising. Wife to be capable house-keeper and dairy woman. Highest wages paid to couple filling requirements. Also good residence with modern improvements and other allowances. Write, giving full particulars and references as to past employment, to

**Box 68, Farmer's Advocate
London, Ont.**

WANTS FOR SALE

COLLIE PUPS (ENGLISH) FROM EXTRA good pedigree dam. Write J. A. Campbell, Glanworth, Ont.

SCOTCH COLLIE PUPPIES—MALES TEN dollars, females five. Bred heelers. Wm. Stock, Tavistock, Ont.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED SINGLE MAN to work on farm by the year. Highest wages to willing worker. Robt. Houston, R.R. No. 5, Chatham, Ont.

WANTED—SINGLE FARM HAND TO EN- GAGE by year; must be able to do all kinds farm work. Apply, stating experience, age and wages expected, to David A. Ashworth, Denfield, Ont., Middlesex Co.

SALESMEN WANTED

Lubricating oil, grease, paint, specialties. For immediate or spring delivery. Part or whole time. Commission basis. Men with car or rig. Deliveries from our Ontario station. **Riverside Refining Company, Cleveland, Ohio.**

Winter in Algonquin Park.

As a winter panacea for coughs and colds Algonquin Park cannot be equalled. Two thousand feet above the sea it is always dry and cold, and usually bright, and no matter how cold it is the man with a sweater will never suffer. Days spent in snow-shoe tramps, through primitive forests, in the breathless flight of the toboggan or ski, and in the ring of steel against the ice-bound waters of some lake; together with evenings spent in social converse around the cosy warmth of an old fashioned log fire; these slip away unnoticed but those who have once experienced them return to their avocations with renewed energies, with hardened muscles, and a grateful memory that forever blots out all thoughts of the relaxing South. The "Highland Inn" owned and operated by the Grand Trunk Railway offers comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates. For all particulars apply to N. T. Clarke, Manager, Algonquin Park Station, Ontario.