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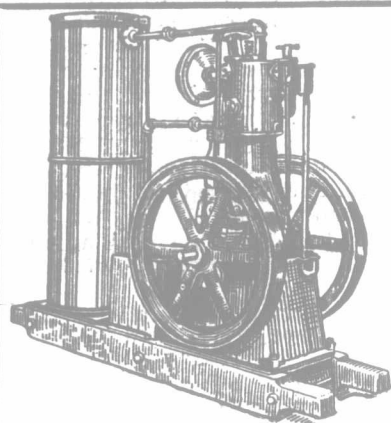
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Four imported and home-bred stallions for sale. Ten imported and home-bred mares for sale. Among these are prizewinners at Toronto, Chicago and New York. Prices reasonable. Visitors always welcome to inspect stock. JAS. J. BROWN, Manager, BRANTFORD, CAN.



#### Imported Clydesdales

I have still on hand 1 stallion, black, rising 4, by Carthusian, a Toronto winner; 1 rising 2 yrs., by Baron's Pride; 1 rising 2 yrs., by Danure Castle; 4 fillies, a Toronto first and second prizewinner among them. Every one of these is an extra good animal, and the price and terms are right. T. D. Elliott, Bolton, Ont.



#### Clydesdales

Imported and Canadian-bred. Imp. brood mares a specialty. Celebrated Clydesdale sire, Acme (imp.), at head of stud. Will stand in his own stable for mares at \$20 this season. Long-distance phone. R. M. HOLTSBY, Station and P. O. Manchester, Ont., G. T. R. Myrtle, Ont., G. P. R.

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Please Mention "Farmer's Advocate."

### TRADE TOPICS.

"GUNS AND GUNNING."—Guns and Gunning" is the title of an interesting new book prepared by Bellmore H. Brown, but edited and supervised in publication by the noted Dan Beard, artist-hunter and out-door authority. Breathing as it does the spirit of "all out-doors," vivid with illustration and pen-sketch, and replete with practical information on all phases of camping, the haunts and habits of game, and the history and use of firearms, it is bound to appeal to the boy or man with sportsmanlike instincts. It is handsomely printed on heavy paper and published in two editions, one bound in green cloth boards, with a hunting scene stamped on the cover and the title in gold letters, for 30 cents; the other bound in paper with a hunting scene in three colors, for 30 cents. It is published by J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., although it is in no sense an advertising publication, the name of the firm being scarcely mentioned in the pages of the contents. If interested, write the J. Stevens & Co., mentioning this paper.

She is a wise woman who, before leaving for her summer's outing, is thoughtful enough to take with her something that is good to protect the sensitive skin from the evil effects on it of sun and wind. What is good for one may be very unsatisfactory for another, proving quite irritable. An extra expenditure for advice is quite unnecessary, and any woman desirous of obtaining it may go to the Hiscott Dermatological Institute, 61 College Street, Toronto, and learn exactly what will best suit her skin. A soothing cream to be applied at night or after a day in the sun and wind is about all the "bud" requires, but for her matronly sister, whose skin is not as plump and firm as it once was, a stronger preparation, found in the Skin Food, is needed to prevent the inevitable lines and wrinkles. The lotion for freckles and other skin discolorations is a valuable preparation to have to remove those little brown pests that make a nice complexion rusty and dirty looking. For over sixteen years this establishment (formerly The Graham Institute) has been located in Toronto. Their preparations (the Princess Toilet Remedies) are favorably known among ladies who appreciate the value of good grooming, and would never use anything but the best means in obtaining it.

Treatments are given at the Institute to improve and make woman's "Crown of Glory" healthier and more abundant, to remove superfluous hairs, moles and warts permanently by antiseptic electrolysis, a practically painless method, and to relieve or remove without discomfort the painful corn or bunion.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

At Atlantic City a woman bather had gotten beyond her reach and was struggling helplessly in the water. A boat was soon put out, and just as the man was reaching over to grasp the lady, a sassy wave separated her from her wig, whereupon she instantly cried, "O, save my hair! Save my hair!" "Madam," responded the guard with dignity, "I may be a life saver, but I am not a hair restorer."

Little Paul had had economy drilled into him since he was old enough to "take notice." He had been taught never to throw away anything that was good or whole. One afternoon his mother and her afternoon callers were startled by the appearance of Paul at the door, triumphantly holding a dead cat aloft by its tail. "Look, mamma, see what I found in the alley—a perfectly good cat that someone has thrown away."

A gentleman bought at the post office a large quantity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, etc. Finding them difficult to carry, he asked one of the clerks if he could supply him with a piece of string. "We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply. "Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic retort. The string was supplied.

### THE BLACK FOX OF ST. VOLTAIRE

By S. A. White.

Naxelle, king of black foxes, within his barred cage in the town park, lies by the sunlit space on the floor and coaxes warmth into his feeble bones. No longer can he see the trading-post, the mission beside, or even the deep pine forest through which once filtered the blue smoke of the Algonquin camp-fires, invisible against the blue of the sky. Nor can he see the narrow trail of the snowshoe worn by the weary trapper, bending under a burden of pelts, as he came winding upward towards St. Voltaire at white dusk of a winter's day.

Instead of all that, he sees a town sprawling wide where the fort stood, and shining steeples, windowed towers and red-black chimneys looming skyward where the palings stood of old. Clanging forge and trip-hammer's clash fill the valley that long ago knew no sound but the trapper's forest call, wild night warnings from the prowling wolf or the sudden war cry of raiding Iroquois. Down where the regal pines gave back the blue lake light in summer and checked the sweep of the ice-blast in winter, angular sawmills mar the sheen of the waters, and the bare, lumber-bordered yards but eddy the wintry gusts into greater fierceness. Naxelle knows that were the patched wigwags here now, they would frighten him as of yore, flapping from their pegs in the rushing gale; that were the mongrel curs about, the biting wind would send them whimpering for cover. But these things have changed. The tribes have vanished with the forest; the trading-post has been swallowed up in the jaws of commerce, and the thrilling, barbaric pageant of the savages, fraught with danger and episode, has faded to the material present. The post is gone with those it knew. The picturesque weirdness is a dim tradition, a sort of legendary lore for the fireside and the wine. The leading actors in this wild-wood drama of years ago perished with the place in the Iroquois attack on the mission. Not one of the striking historical figures who wove their personal courage and magnetism into the web of the ever-changing years remains as a link to connect the visible with the vanished—not one, save Naxelle. Naxelle was young once. That was in the days of St. Voltaire; the St. Voltaire that dragged the reach of civilization and Christianity upon its heels, while its hands stretched into the wilderness ahead.

Among the hunters and traders of St. Voltaire none could match Ramon Gabrielle. His was the quickest hand, the surest eye, the most untiring frame. His tale of furs ran much farther than any two of the others at the moon's end. There was no inhabitant of valley, ridge or wood who could outwit him. The slinking sable, the timid beaver, the wily otter could not escape him. In the animal world there were none to match this man in cunning—not until he met Naxelle.

One evening in the quiet winter twilight Ramon was nearing the post after a day of rounds. As he ascended the slope that hid the mission from the wind, there showed, silhouetted sharply against the snow, the biggest and blackest of black foxes, the animal that carried the coveted fur upon his deceptive body. Ramon's heart swelled, for he thought of the tremendous proportions of this month's tale of pelts when this rich skin should be added to it. For, of course, it would be added. Was he not Ramon, king, the never-failing?

Ah, yes! But this was Naxelle, king of black foxes.

One was the Monarch Man, the other the Monarch Beast, and the beast was the equal of the man.

Ramon's bullet spat the snow into a powdery smoke. But Naxelle had leaped—he was not where he had stood when the trigger snapped. Instead, he was four feet to the right, a sardonic grin on his foxy features, if only Ramon could have seen it in the waning light.

The powder horn was tipped in a flash, the bullet rammed home, and again hurtled on its mission of death. Again its resting place was in the bank of white, a snowy, upward cloud the sign. This time Naxelle was four feet to the left. He opened his jaws as if in derision; then his black brush flipped over the ridge of a snow gully and he was gone.

Ramon breathed a white-shrouded oath.