



Do You Like this Style of Coat?

If you do, send for a free copy of our handsome fur catalogue. In it you will find this coat illustrated, and see that the price is reasonable indeed.

Any lady reader of The Farmer's Advocate who is about to buy furs, should certainly send for a copy of this catalogue at once. For we know that she will find in it just the coat or the muff or the stole that she has set her heart upon getting for this season.

Don't even think of buying furs until you have seen this catalogue. Send for it now. A postal will do. Address:

DEPARTMENT F. A.
HOLT, RENFREW & CO.,
YONGE STREET, TORONTO

WATER PRESSURE DOES MOST OF THE WORK NEW CENTURY WASHER

The New Century Washer solves the washing problem. It eliminates slavish, arduous toil and reduces manual labor to the minimum. The city water pressure furnishes the power that is transmitted by the New Century water motor.

There are some exclusive and patented features in the New Century that make it unique. One prevents warping of the tub, another gives great strength and rigidity. See the New Century at your dealers or write to us for full information. 103

Commer-Dowdell Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

Pres. Roosevelt's Secretary
Wm. Lusk, now gets \$12,000 a year. Geo. C. Oyster, Pres. McKinley's secretary, is paid more than \$20,000. Both owe their success to stenography.

STENOGRAPHY

The big success in business is filled by men and women trained in stenography. Put yourself in the 24th Avenue class. Let us show you how. Write for Free Prospectus.

TYPEWRITER IN YOUR HOME FREE.
Practical Correspondence Schools, 115 T. Ford St., N. Y.

Getting Christmas Dinner on a Ranch.

By Theodore Roosevelt in Everybody's Magazine.

Note:—This vivid little sketch of President Roosevelt's was written twenty years ago, and published in a paper of small circulation, now defunct. We are glad of the opportunity of republishing it now.

One December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagon load of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost, and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddle-band from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned. I was lounging out by the corral, my wolf-skin cap drawn down over my ears, and my hands thrust deep into the pockets of my fur coat, gazing across the wintry landscape. Cold red bars in the winter sky marked where the sun had gone down behind a row of jagged, snow-covered buttes.

Turning to go into the little bleak log house, as the dusk deepened, I saw the horses trotting homeward in a long file, their unshod hoofs making no sound in the light snow which covered the plain, turning it into a glimmering white waste wherein stood dark islands of leafless trees, with trunks and branches weirdly distorted. The cowboy, with bent head, rode behind the line of horses, sometimes urging them on by the shrill cries known to cattlemen; and as they neared the corral they broke into a gallop, ran inside, and then halted in a mass. The frost lay on their shaggy backs, and little icicles hung from their nostrils.

Choosing out two of the strongest and quietest, we speedily roped them and led them into the warm log stable, where they were given a plentiful supply of the short, nutritious buffalo-grass hay, while the rest of the herd were turned loose to shift for themselves. Then we went inside the house to warm our hands in front of the great pile of blazing logs, and to wait impatiently until the brace of prairie chickens I had shot that afternoon should be fixed for supper. Then our rifles and cartridge belts were looked to, one of the saddles which had met with an accident was overhauled, and we were ready for bed.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman awakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses, and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone beautifully down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch-house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sagebrush.

A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bull-berry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild

animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path; and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bobcat—as plainsmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or a prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bull-berry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer that lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning white-tails which in such a place could be hunted only by aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-shaped footprints in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed that we should find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coulee.

Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young blacktailed doe as she turned to look at us, the great mule-like ears thrown forward. The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault downhill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions.

We both laughed and called out "dinner" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side, after carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattleman carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhusbanded flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it, told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered, and had then raced down on the astounded heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstringed her with a snap of his vice-like jaws, and once down, she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and within an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and to leave patches of bare ground on the hill-sides. We left our coats with our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we peeped over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a night adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw; and about midway there was a

FACIAL BLEMISHES



The successful home treatment of Skin, Scalp, Hair and Complexional troubles has been a specialty with us for over 20 years. We treat Pimples, Blotches, Blackheads, Eczema, Freckles, Mothpatches, Discolorations, Ivy Poisoning, Ringworm, Rashes,

Red Nose, Wrinkles, Dandruff, Gray, Falling or Lifeless Hair, Alopecia, Goitre, Moles, Warts, Red Veins, Superfluous Hair, or any other non-contagious skin trouble. For Hairs on Face and Red Veins there is no reliable home remedy. Our method is assured satisfactory; consultation free and confidential at office or by mail. Our booklet "F" and sample of Toilet Cream mailed free if this paper is named.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute,
61 College St., Toronto. Est. 1892

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

USED EXCLUSIVELY BY
98% OF THE WORLD'S CREAMERIES

The only separator that is good enough for the creameryman is equally the best cream separator for the farmer to buy.

DE LAVAL DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Limited
Montreal Winnipeg

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CHICAGO AND RETURN

\$14.50 from LONDON

Account of
International Live Stock
Exhibition

Tickets good going Sunday, Dec. 1st, to Wednesday, Dec. 4th, inclusive.
Return Limit, Monday, Dec. 9th, 1912
Proportionately low rates from other points in Ontario.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg-Saskatoon-Edmonton.

Secure tickets and full particulars from nearest Grand Trunk Agent.

sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses, and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

All domesticated animals are more or less subject to or exposed to disease. Handy and efficient remedies are needed on most farms where stock is kept. It is necessary that every owner have at his command something to prevent and alleviate suffering in his animals. See the advertisement in another column of Dr. Bell's Veterinary Medical Wonder for spasmodic colic, flatulent colic, inflammation of the bowels, congestion of the lungs, colds, coughs, distemper, influenza, and many other ills. Write him for pamphlets to 110 Clarence street, Kingston, Ont.

Gerald Powell, commission agent and interpreter, Nogent-le-Rotrou, France, whose advertisement runs in these columns, and who has been instrumental in the bringing of many of the best Percheron horses to America, informs us that he is going to attend the Provincial Winter Fair at Guelph, December 9th to 13th, and will be pleased to meet his old and new customers there.