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OCTOBER 30, 1918

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

1899

in Greek and Hebrew lexicology, and gave what was once his country house and garden in old Chelsea Village to the theological seminary of his professorship. How many people remember this, or his scholarship? But before the old rooftop was laid low, he wrote beneath it, quite offhand, a little poem, 'The Night Before Christmas,' that blends with childhood's dreams anew each Christmas Eve—a few short verses holding more vitality than all his learning.

"If my book ever takes body, my friend, it will be under your roof, where you and yours can vitalize it. This is no fishing for invitations—we know each other too frankly well for that. What I wish to do is to come into your neighborhood next spring-time, without encroaching on your hospitality, and work some hours every day in the library, or that corner of her charmed attic that Barbara has shared with me. It is bewitching. Upon my word, I do not wonder that she sees the world rose-color as she looks upon it from that window. I, too, had long reveries there, in which experience and tradition mixed themselves so cleverly that for the time I could not tell whether it was my father or myself who had sometimes proudly escorted the lovely Carroll sisters upon their afternoon promenade down Broadway, from Prince Street to the Bowling Green, each leading her pet greyhound by a ribbon leash, or which of us it was that, in seeking to recapture an escaping hound, was upset by it in the mud, to the audible delight of some rivals in a 'bus and his own discomfiture, being rendered thereby unseemingly for the beauty's further company."

"January 20, 19—....

"Thank you, dear Richard, for your brotherly letter. I make no protestations, for I know your invitation would not be given if you felt my presence would in any way be a drawback or impose care on any member of your household, and the four little hearts that Barbara drew, with her own, Evan's, and the boys' initials in them, are seals upon the invitation.

"Do not deplore, however, the lack of nearness of my haunts in Astor and Lenox libraries. Times are changed, and the new order condemns me to sit here if I read, there if I take out pencil and pad to copy—the red tape distracts me. The old Historical society alone remains in comfortable confusion, and that is soon to move upward half a day's walk.

"But, as it chances, you have collected many of the volumes that are necessary to me, and I will use them freely, for some day, friend of mine, my books will be joined to yours, and also feel the touch of little Richard's and Ian's fingers, and of their sons, also, I hope.

"I declare, I'm growing childishly expectant and impatient for spring, like Barbara with her packages of flower seeds.

"You ask if I ever remember meeting one Lavinia Dorman. I think I used to see her with a bevy of girls from Miss Black's school, who used sometimes to attend lectures at the Historical Society rooms, and had an unlimited appetite for the chocolate and sandwiches that were served below in the 'tomb's' afterward, which appetite I may have helped to appease, for you know father was always a sort of mine host at these functions.

"The girls must have all been eight or ten years my junior, and you know how a fellow of twenty-three or four regards giggling schoolgirls—they seem quite like kittens to him.

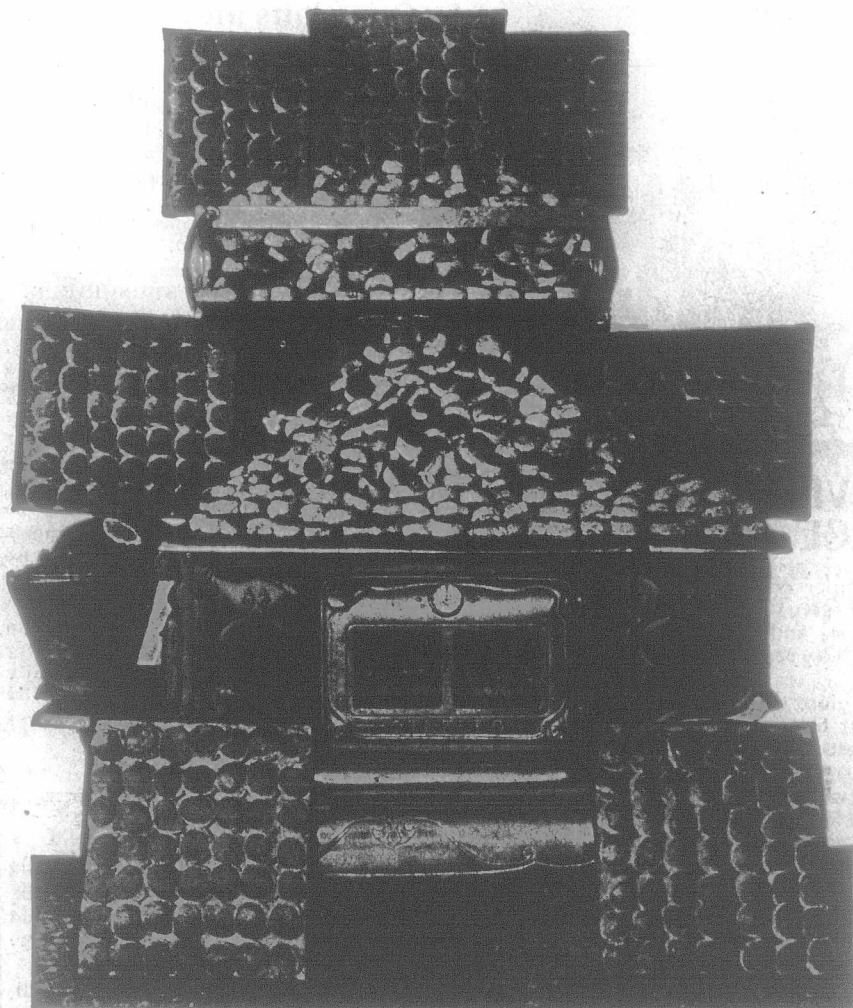
"Stop, was she one of the older girls, the special friend of—Barbara's mother? If so, I remember her face, though she did not walk in the school procession with the other 'convicts,' as the boys called them; but I was never presented.

"I'm sending a small birthday token to the boys—a little printing-press. Richard showed no small skill in setting the letters of my rubber stamp. It is some days late, but that will separate it from the glut of the Christmas market. Ask Evan to notify me if he and Barbara go to town.

Gratefully,

"M. C."

(To be continued.)



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THE FUEL
SAVER

The illustration shows a test we made with the Othello Treasure, baking over two thousand biscuits with one filling of coal. The flues are so constructed you get all the heat from the fuel. No heat wasted. Large oven, and large firebox for coal or wood, large reservoir, glass or plain oven door. Every Othello Treasure has a thermometer.

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What's YOUR idea of a GOOD Stanchion?

Isn't it one that will never bulge or sag, one that will last you a lifetime, one that will lock and unlock as easily a year from now or ten years from now as on the day you bought it—and one that holds the cattle surely?

The O. K. Canadian Stanchion comes up to all these requirements—because we've been making Stanchions so long that we're on to every wrinkle in the business and we know just how to make every part best and what to make it of.

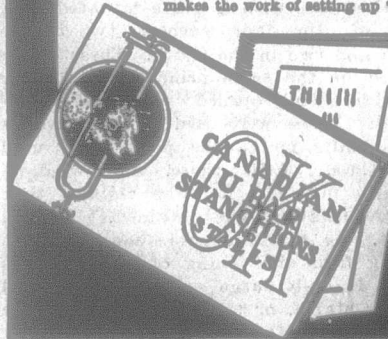
Frames of the best U-bar or channel-section steel—so strong and rigid that they simply can't bulge or bend.

Swing bars hinged high instead of at the bottom—so they will always be easy to lock and unlock—and fixed so that they cannot fall to the floor when open, to be tread on and bent.

A lock that's so simple that it can't get out of order in years of use, easy to work, and proof against the "slickest" cow.

The arched post design of O. K. Canadian Stalls prevents the cattle's walking through into the feed trough or pulling feed back into the stall and still leaves plenty of room at the top for operating the Stanchion, without sacrificing strength or increasing the cost. Our patented clamp makes the work of setting up "O. K. Canadian" equipments simpler and quicker than any other.

We have a couple of booklets that are check-full of interesting points for dairy-men and they'll show you how to figure just what an "O. K. Canadian" equipment will cost for Your barn whether you want just the Stanchions or whether you want to put in complete metal stalls. They're yours if you'll ask for them. Department A



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Something You'll Enjoy!

A steaming plate of Symington's Soup after an energetic day.

There are no soups so fine, or so rich in food properties—no soups so excellent in flavour. Eleven varieties equally good and enjoyable:—

Mulligatawny Tomato Lentil
Green Pea Ox Tail Onion
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BUY THEM! TRY THEM!

Canadian Agents: Messrs. F. E. Robson & Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto.



When Writing Please Mention Advocate

Gossip.

A. Groff, Elora, Ont., in ordering a change of advertisement, which came too late for this issue, states that he has no Berkshires to offer just now. Look up the advertisement in this issue. Short-horns of both sexes, all ages, and Yorkshire swine, are for sale at reasonable prices.

Robert Miller, of Stouffville, Ontario, writes: "Since I wrote you last I have sold quite a number of bulls, and heifers, too. They seem to suit the demand for they are of the short-legged, thick sort, that feed easy, and I have not a poor back or a mean pair of horns in my stable. I make the price moderate, and have no trouble to sell to almost every man that comes. Have had a lot of inquiry from the advertisement in 'The Farmer's Advocate,' and I sell to most of those that write. Have plenty of choice young bulls, awfully well worth the money. Three from great milkers."

WRONGS OF THE POOR.

Departures from the old way in things educational come in for hard raps, first and last, but not often are they assailed as in this letter which a glowering boy handed to his teacher the other day:

"Madin you kepe telling my con to breathe with his diaphragm I sepose rich boys and girls all has diaphragms but how about when their father only makes 2 dollars a day and there a younger I tel you its enoug to make everybody socialists first it one thing and then its another and now its diaphragms. Its too much."

OVERLOOKED.

She had just returned from a shopping tour, tired, but radiant.

He had just returned from the office, tired, but—well, tired.

Quivering with delight at the array of samples snipped from rolls of dress-goods, she emptied the contents of her purse into her lap. There was a metallic sound. A look of dismay crossed her face.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I just knew there was something I had forgotten to buy."

"What was it, dear?" he asked, with an assumption of interest.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, petulantly; "but I find I have a half-dollar left!"