

## Guarantee Against Unsatisfactory Harvesting

WHEN you purchase a Deering binder you secure insurance against unsatisfactory harvesting. It's just as important to insure your crops against unprofitable harvesting as it is to insure your property against fire loss.

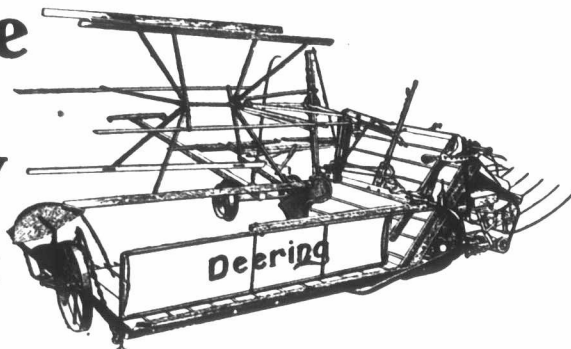
Harvesting a good crop with a poor binder will hardly be more profitable than harvesting a poor crop with a good binder.

You see how essential it is to have a good binder. You must have a machine that will harvest all your grain quickly and economically so that you will be able to realize every dollar possible out of your crop; in other words, you need a Deering.

The Deering binder is built to cut, elevate and bind all the grain, no matter in what condition the field may be.

The reel will bring tall or short, down and tangled grain to the sickle without fail; the elevators will handle it whether it be light or heavy, and the binding attachment will throw out nice even bundled bundles.

When a field of grain is harvested with a Deering, you won't find crow's feed scattered all about; you won't find the grain lying in



patches where the reel never picked it up. The Deering is built to harvest the crop in the right way.

Deering binders can be purchased with either a 5, 6, 7 or 8-foot cut.

The 8-foot binder is equipped with a tongue truck, which materially reduces the neck weight and draft.

The Deering line of harvesting machines is complete and includes, besides grain and corn harvesting machines, a complete line of hay machines—mowers, tedders, various styles and sizes of rakes, hay stackers and loaders.

Call on the Deering agent and let him explain to you why a Deering machine harvests in the right way. These local agents are found everywhere, and will be pleased to give information and a catalog concerning the Deering machines.

CANADA BRANCHES: Calgary, London, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Regina, St. John, Winnipeg.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA,

(INCORPORATED.)  
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



## GRAHAM BROS.

"Calrnbrogle," CLAREMONT,

IMPORTERS OF

HACKNEYS and CLYDESDALES

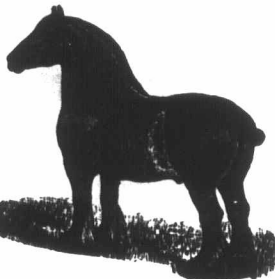
Established 30 years, and winners at all large shows in Canada and United States. Best of stock always on hand for sale. New importation of Royal winners just arrived.



## Graham & Renfrew's CLYDESDALES and HACKNEYS

Our Clydes now on hand are all prizewinners, their breeding is gilt-edged. Our Hackneys, both stallions and mares, are an exceedingly high-class lot. We also have a few high-steppers and carriage horses. Yonge Street cars pass the door every hour. Phone North 4489.

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Scottish and Canadian winners at the leading shows of both countries. The Clydes represent the blood of such noted sires as Baron's Pride, Up-to-Time, Royal Favorite, Ethiopia and Acme. They combine size, quality and action. The French Coachers are a big, flashy, high-stepping lot, and are winners in both France and Canada. Our prices are right, and our horses as good as the best.

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Long-distance Telephone.



## SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

9 heifers, yearlings. 4 bulls, yearlings.  
29 heifers, calves. 27 bulls, calves.

All out of imported sires and dams.  
Prices easy. Catalogue.

JOHN CLANCY,  
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H. CARGILL & SON,  
Cargill, Ont.

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We offer about thirty extra good yearling rams of our own breeding, among them some ideal flock leaders; also a few home-bred yearling ewes. Twenty imported yearling rams and thirty imported ewes the same age. Bred by Buttar, Farmer and other breeders of note in England. All are for sale at moderate prices.

JOHN DRYDEN & SON, Brooklin, Ont.  
Stations: Brooklin, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R. Long-distance telephone.



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sociable when opportunity offered. Twice he forced his way into funeral processions, where he was not at all wanted. Was there a crowd about a travelling faker's wagon in the market square, Fiddler, if not closely watched, would push into the thickest of it. On one occasion he followed a stream of carriages into the fair grounds, and Proggins was brought to his senses by an indignant ticket-collector who charged him with being a beat.

It was always Proggins who was blamed for intrusiveness. No one ever seemed to suspect Fiddler. Even Proggins himself, unwilling to credit the horse with anything more than brute instincts, was not suspicious. He was puzzled, however, when one Sunday, after starting for town under the impression that it was Saturday, he woke from a brown study to find himself in the carriage shed of the Calvary Baptist Church just as the morning service was concluding. Proggins, who particularly disapproved of churches and church-going, had the humiliation of being compelled to drive home in the midst of the Sunday procession. Some say Fiddler wore a broad grin, but probably it was nothing more than his normal expression.

From that day, however, Fiddler was no longer trusted to find his way into town and back. At cost of much mental effort Proggins did the guiding and avoided places where he had no wish to go. Fiddler had to submit, although he eyed longingly every group and gathering.

As Proggins's dislike for the horse deepened, he began to dread the three visits which he must make every day to Fiddler's stall with feed and water. The persistence with which he was followed about by the searching stare of inquiry disturbed and upset his mind. But Proggins was not an inventor for nothing. Resolutely suspending his tinkering on the perpetual-motion machine, for nearly a week he measured and hammered and worked about the barn. Fiddler watched and wondered, but he could make nothing of it.

Then one morning Proggins did not come to the barn at all. Yet the water-bucket in the manger was mysteriously filled, the usual two quarts of grain miraculously appeared without a sign of hands, and a big forkful of hay was noiselessly pitched down from the loft. At noon and again at night the phenomenon was repeated, and without sight or sound of Proggins, Fiddler stared and listened, but solve the puzzle he could not.

Still, considering the genius of Proggins, the thing was no great marvel. He had simply built a series of troughs from the pump to the water-bucket, hoisted the grain-box into the loft, and dropped a chute with a string-regulated slide into the manger, and contrived an automatic hay fork. This last, it must be admitted, was really a clever device. The whole arrangement worked perfectly. The result was that Fiddler's isolation was complete. The lonely monotony of stall-standing was not unbroken even by the brief visits of the unsociable Proggins. It was the most absolute solitude which Fiddler had ever experienced. The farm was a lonesome place at best, and the silence that hung about it like a pall was almost unbroken. In barnyard or pasture were no lowing cows, not a hen cackled cheerfully; there was not even a dog or cat about the place. The only sound to be heard was the muffled hammering of Proggins in his distant workshop.

And Fiddler didn't like it. He soon became tired of being fed and watered by machinery. He wanted to see someone, even if it were only Proggins. So he revolted. He backed against the barn door until the rusty latch gave way. Then he walked out into the barnyard and began to hunt company.

Thus it was that Proggins, conscious of some unusual presence, looked up from his work to see the solemn face of Fiddler framed in the open window, and those big, curious eyes fixed upon him with disconcerting stare.

"Get out of here, you beast!" Proggins fairly shrieked. "Get out, you long-faced son of Satan!" and he waved a hammer threateningly. Arming himself with a long pole, he undertook to drive Fiddler back into the stable. But the horse was enjoying his liberty too well to go tamely back into the hateful stall. A merry chase they had of it, through

the neglected orchard, about the weed-grown garden, into the road, and back again.

Then Proggins had an inspiration. He would drive Fiddler down to the highway and lose him. That would end the business, would rid him of this troublesome animal. As for Fiddler, he seemed glad enough to go, and Proggins saw him disappear over a hill with a sense of thankfulness. Two hours later, however, a boy from a neighboring farm led Fiddler back in triumph and demanded a dollar. Proggins grumbled, but paid the reward and put a new latch on the barn door.

This was the beginning of a game which progressed from day to day. Fiddler's part was to find the weak spots in the old barn and to go through them. Proggins undertook to repair the breaks and to thwart new attempts. It was a spirited contest.

At first, Proggins tried to gain an advantage by putting a halter on Fiddler, and tying him to a stout stanchion. Fiddler promptly gnawed through the halter rope and declined to allow a repetition of the handicap. His outbreaks were bold and ingenious. Once he forced the door of the cow shed. Another time he backed through the side of the barn, ripping off two loosened boards. And after each escape he went straight to the window of the workshop, as if to taunt the defeated Proggins and challenge him to another prance through the orchard.

Having endured this sort of thing for several days, Proggins became desperate. He had reached what he believed to be a critical stage in his life-work. At any moment he expected to see the various wheels of his machine start into endless motion, and he was working with feverish enthusiasm. But apply himself he could not with that long, white, solemn face leering at intervals through his window and that disturbing stare following his every movement.

"You've done it again, have you?" he growled, as Fiddler made his last appearance. "Want to drive me crazy, don't you, you four-legged old Slippery Jack? But I'll fix you. I'll fix you this time." Here Mr. Proggins shook a futile fist, while every wiry hair of his sandy whiskers bristled with anger. "I'll fasten you up now, you blamed old white fool, so you can't get out. I'll do it if I have to build the whole barn over with walls a foot thick."

With this threat, Mr. Proggins impetuously grabbed his hat and started on foot for the nearest sawmill to order a load of lumber.

Reproachfully, Fiddler watched the bent form of Proggins dash down towards the County House Road. Then he stuck his long head into the open door of the workshop and sniffed curiously about. Next to the window was a carpenter's bench littered with tools and shavings and odd pieces of machinery. On the other side of the door was a hand forge, a coffee-pot, and a fryingpan resting on the gray coals.

The rest of the room was largely occupied by a huge, flimsy-looking affair that suggested the combination of a grandfather's clock with a threshing machine. It had wheels and weights and arms and levers and ropes and springs and pulleys. Such a contraption Fiddler had never seen before, and it attracted him. Cautiously he approached the thing, stepping carefully over the creaking floor boards, his neck stretched out, ears pricked forward, nostrils expanding and contracting, and patient upper lip working tentatively.

All might have ended well and no mischief done had not Fiddler planted one of his hind feet on a saw. The thin steel snapped with a sharp report. Fiddler snorted in alarm and jerked upwards his long nose, striking a projecting lever. There ensued a whirring of wheels, a creaking of pulleys, a confused buzz of cogs. The thing was alive, then? It was some monstrous insect?

Fiddler reared in fright. His head struck the ceiling, and down he came with a grand crash. The machine toppled towards him, and the next that he knew he was hopelessly mixed up in the thing. So he went plunging madly about, his legs twisted and tangled with ropes and springs, his iron-shod hoofs smashing and bending parts at every jump.

This is how it really happened. Mr. Proggins's theory that Fiddler deliberately

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