

This is my e. We have uite a while, like to read rcle. I have small I could also have a ch. He is a and take the ming, and he em at night. ave not time ave two miles

My teacher's d I like her rd Class.

long I will ather wings, ur no great

success. L, age 11. t.

y first letter As I enjoy e Advocate, am going to school was he influenza. d mother and t. I worked e farmers in ther is a car- ys I help him I have nine see that they I wish the as my letter t with a few

t importance a fish-hook? eel feel. 4th Class. ario.

ter Box.

This is my e Farmer's home for a ainly like school every enior Second e is Miss e. She has le with her. ffville. My sheep, and ducks. Our unt of the the apples. year; had a n the Grand ber. Now

at no other ss, age 10.

This is my ing Circle. y letter father has as long as o prizes at ing a map nning a ny own; I vegetables, Gladiolus, asturtiums,

rd Class.

This is my o not go to u. I went k one mile ave a good s Herries. l I am the p feed and ther keeps ay too, and water rn for the er name is

red reading ry success. age 8.

Scharman,

Junior Beavers.— Verna Parker, Vivienne Jeffs, Laura Locking.

Beaver Circle Notes.

The following wish some of the Beavers to write to them: Dorothy Scharman (age 13), Port Carmen, Ont.; Verna Parker (age 10), R. 1, Formosa, Ont.; Hazel Bellisle (age 12), Craigmont, Ont.; Vivienne Jeffs, Bond Head, Ont.; Agnes Collison (age 13), R. 1, South Mountain, Ont.; Annie Brown (age 13), Musgrave Town, Newfoundland; Laura Locking (age 11), Emo, Ont.

Riddles.

When is a farmer cruel to his corn? Ans.—When he pulls its ears.—Sent by Donald Thompson.

What day in the year is commanded to go ahead? Ans.—March Fourth.

Why is the letter "K" like a pig's tail? Ans.—Because it is the last of "pork".—Sent by Evelyn Bailey.

Our Serial Story

The Forging of the Pikes.

A Romance Based on the Rebellion of 1837.

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CHAP. VIII.

The Sore Day.

July 14, 1837.

I HAVE had a sore day. To begin with it was hot enough to make ice sizzle, and I awoke in the morning with the air in my room so close that I could scarcely breathe.

But there was no dawdling, for the hay was to be faced, and that in the worst end of the hay-field, in the part where the stumps are not yet cleared away, behind which we shot at the wolves last winter, so that at last they slunk off without more ado.

Since the hay has been in cocks long enough it was now ready for hauling, so I lost no time in putting the yoke on Buck and Bright and fixing them to the wagon, after which my father and I rode to the field. I do wish we were rich enough to buy a mate for Billy, for this hauling of hay and grain with the oxen is a mighty slow job. In the meantime, Billy, the lad, has altogether too fine a time, and grows sleeker every day, and almost too fat, so that I think I shall have to ride him more for exercise. This day, however, he had run enough!

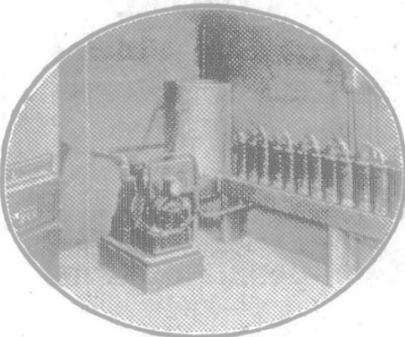
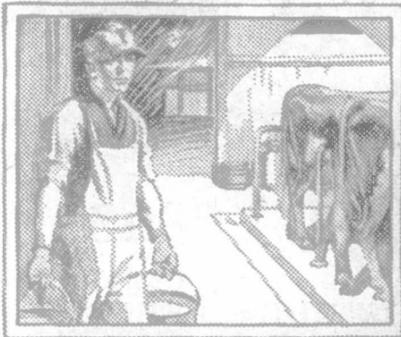
All morning we worked in the boiling sun, and were at it as soon as we could in the afternoon, for such sultry weather as this often brews a storm and the hay must be stacked. But at about three o'clock there came a break, for which that rascal Blucher well deserves a thrashing. And yet perhaps not altogether, for the oxen were in devil's mood all day. The flies were at them, and it may be that that made them more awake than usual and more anxious to lunge off from side to side whenever a clump of green grass was to be seen among the hay stubble.

I was in no best humor, nor was my father, who said little as he was building the loads, but mopped his face and got rid of his discomfort by an occasional growl at the weather—aye! Then, at about three, as I have said, the climax came. There is a wasp's nest in the end of a log where the raspberry bushes grow, which I have been intending to set fire to, but have neglected, and nowhere would do Blucher but nosing about in that part of the field. Twice or thrice I whistled him and he came back, but finally I forgot him and he got into the wasp's nest.

With that he didn't forget me, on my word, for he came to me on the mad run, making such a howling and hullabaloo that the oxen were frightened and tossed up their heads as far as their yokes would allow, and switched their tails. After that the wasps must have got on them as they did on me, and my father too, for the next moment they were off across the field on the gallop, with Blucher at their heels, barking like mad—whether out of a sense of devilment or duty I do not know—and the wagon bumping over the hummocks, and lurching, and knocking into the stumps.

After one glimpse of my father wildly waving the top of a haystack about his

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head to defend himself, I after the oxen; but all my running did not catch me up with them, nor yet did it rid me of the wasps, for they stung me on the neck and on the lip, so that it swelled up in fine style.

At last at the pine stump fence the brutes came to a stop, with the wagon almost on its side over a log so that the tongue was broken and the irons twisted.

This was a fix, with no time to waste, so I loosed the oxen, and my father came up and together we examined the damage.

"There's no tying it up to do, Alan," he said. "You'll have to take the irons up to the blacksmith shop to have them straightened. I'll get another tongue ready. Where's Billy?"

It took some time to free the irons, but Billy came quickly enough at my whistle, and so I on his back and off down the road on the gallop, hoping that, as I passed the tavern, Barry would not be in sight, because of my lip. Indeed for a minute I hesitated whether I should not go to the shop at the Corners instead, so as to go in the opposite direction, but that seemed too foolish, in the middle of haying-time, since the distance is so much further.

Good luck was with me, for when Billy and I passed at a canter there wasn't the sign of a skirt; but evidently some travellers had arrived, for in the yard a man, strange to me, was rubbing down

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