

EVENTUALLY

The "PREMIER"

CREAM SEPARATOR

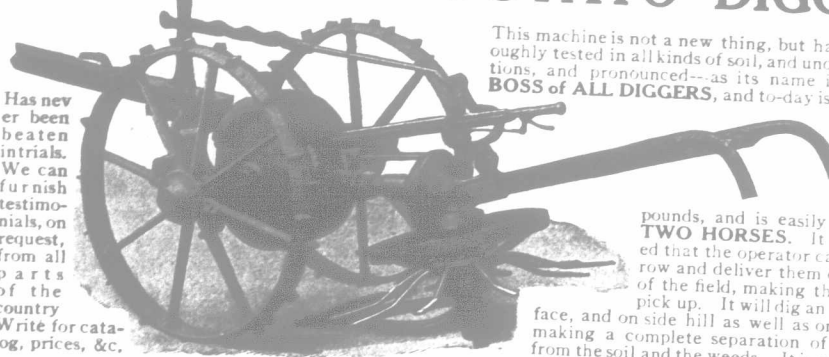


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The Premier Cream Separator Co.
Winnipeg, Man. TORONTO. St. John, N. B.

THE "BOSS" POTATO DIGGER



This machine is not a new thing, but has been thoroughly tested in all kinds of soil, and under all conditions, and pronounced—as its name implies—the **BOSS of ALL DIGGERS**, and to-day is in use by the best potato raisers in the country. It weighs about 500 pounds, and is easily handled by **TWO HORSES**. It is so adjusted that the operator can dig every row and deliver them on one side of the field, making them easy to pick up. It will dig an uneven surface, and on side hill as well as on the level, making a complete separation of the tubers from the soil and the weeds. It is made strong, durable, will do good work on stony ground.

E. R. ALLEN FOUNDRY CO., CORNING, N. Y.

Has never been beaten in trials. We can furnish testimonials, on request, from all parts of the country. Write for catalog, prices, &c.

Please Mention The Advocate



"STANDARD"

CREAM SEPARATORS

ARE BUILT

- To skim closest.
- To turn easy.
- To give their users good honest returns for the money invested.

AND DO IT

We want every farmer interested in Cream Separators to know about the "STANDARD."

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The Renfrew Machinery Company, Ltd.
Eastern Branch, Sussex, N. B. RENFREW, ONT.

so forth, gives rise to inflammation of these parts, and we have various sore throats, hacking coughs, attacks of bronchitis, and the like.

These children do not hear very well either, and it is a fact generally well known among physicians, that ninety per cent. of ear diseases in children is caused by adenoids, and that this is usually the starting point of the majority of cases of deafness in adults.

Mouth-breathing seems in some way to have a very decided effect upon the general nutrition; that is to say, the body as a whole is not sufficiently nourished, even when the child is being well fed. Let me emphasize this point: the body does not depend altogether upon the food we consume for its nourishment; it is absolutely necessary to get the proper amount of oxygen. The mouth-breathing child is not properly aerated; he does not get enough oxygen, nor does he get it in the right way.

DEFECTIVE MENTALITY OFTEN DUE TO ADENOID.

A great deal of attention is being given to-day to so-called mentally defective children; that is, children whose intelligence does not keep pace with their years. This condition may show itself quite early in life by backwardness in speech. Later on, as the child attends school, it is unable to keep up with its companions, and lags behind; reports are sent to the parents that the child is inattentive, that it shows no interest in its studies, and that it answers at random. This lack of mental alertness is in a vast majority of instances caused by deafness—for when a child does not hear well, how can it display an interest in what is going on?

We find a tendency to adenoid growths in some families where the nose is so shaped that the nostrils are mere narrow slits. It is generally admitted that the real cause lies in the fact that the proper use of the nose is not recognized by parents, and that the children are notoriously neglected in this respect. In short, the nose is the chief organ of respiration, and children must be taught to breathe through the nostrils.

It is a well-known fact that in our damp and variable climate, we all suffer more or less with throat and nose catarrh; all children acquire this condition at some time or another. When we are in perfect health we never require the use of a handkerchief to free the nose from accumulations of mucus and the like, but in our treacherous climate children should not only be taught the need of blowing the nose and be shown how to blow it, but they should be provided with clean handkerchiefs and punished in some way for neglect in this respect.

"Colds" must never be neglected. There is not the least doubt that repeated colds lay the foundation for much serious and sometimes fatal trouble. A book could be written upon this subject alone. In our changeable climate the greatest care must be exercised in the bathing and clothing and the ventilation of sleeping rooms, so that the child will not be unduly exposed to atmospheric changes, nor overheated.

Sleeping out of doors is an excellent thing, and children should be kept in the

open air all day, and in freely ventilated rooms at night.

When, in spite of the best hygienic surroundings and home care, adenoid growths will develop, as they frequently do in the best-regulated families, only their removal by surgical means will free the child from this hampering condition, and give it that healthy outlook upon life which is every child's due, and which can spring only from a healthy body.

The Little Mother.

By Estelle M. Kerr.

Cuddle down, my bairnie,
For cauld and wet's the weather,
The birdie's a' hae shut their s'en,
The sheep hae left the heather,
They're sleeping safely i' the fauld
So close to ane anither,—
Cuddle down, my bairnie,
You're safe with little mither.

Our mither dear, is far awa',
She left us twa the gither,
She whispered when she said good-bye,
Tak' care o' baby brither,
And you're the bonnie little lad,
There ne'er was sic anither,—
So cuddle down, my bairnie,
Sleep close to little mither.

—Toronto.

The Homely Girl.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Mary Abby sank into the nearest seat, and closed her eyes with a little groan. She would not open them again, she resolved, until the cars started and all that pretty leave-taking out there on the platform was over. She did not want to see any more of it, not any more. It hurt. There had been no one out there to "take leave" of Mary Abby.

"I won't look! I won't look!" the girl said to herself fiercely. "If I do, I'll see somebody kissing somebody else—a mother or father or something. I can't help seeing 'em; I won't look!" She sat, clutching her shabby hand-bag, stiffly upright on her seat. Ahead stretched nearly three dreadful days of travel. And, when she got to the end of them—Mary Abby groaned again in the bitterness of her dreary little soul. For, when she got to the end of the three dreadful days, there would be no one there to kiss her and say, "You blessed!" She had watched two people meet out on the platform, when the train first steamed into the station; and they had kissed each other, and one had said, "You blessed!" Probably everyone that was getting on to this car—that she could hear going by in the aisle—would find a "You blessed" at the other end.

"Everyone but me, but just me," thought Mary Abby. Suddenly she dropped the shabby bag, and hurried her hands over her ears, for all around her people were saying things she did not want to hear.

"Good-bye, good-bye, dear."

"O, must you go now? O, good-bye. Give me just one more!" And the girl with the bitter heart had known it was one more kiss.

"Good-bye; I shall miss you dreadfully, little girl."

"I'll write and write; good-bye, daddy, you darling!" It was then Mary Abby had shut up her ears. The daddy things hurt her most. Why must other girls call their fathers by that name that had been hers, hers? What right had they?

A raucous voice shouted: "All aboard! All aboard!" in a tone that could not be shut out by tremulous little brown fingers. Then Mary Abby felt a little jerk, another ungentle one, a steady pull. They had started. The three days had begun—the dreariness, the monotony of loneliness.

Most of the people who had tramped by in the aisle must have gone on into the car ahead, for Mary Abby's car was not at all full. She got up, and moved to another seat nearer the center of the car. She wanted the "daddy" girl behind her where she need not look at her. She had known at once which one the "daddy" girl was—the one with straining neck to catch the last glimpse of "daddy" outside. Mary Abby had caught sight of her broken, tearful face. Then she had moved to the other seat.

"I want to cry!" Mary Abby thought bitterly. "I want to crane my neck to see, too! O, I want to crane my neck