

# Home and Family Saved



## One of Tens of Thousands

Not a miracle. No home protected as this one is ever *was* destroyed by lightning. It is made safe by

## The DODD SYSTEM of Lightning Protection

### How About Your Home?

Are you still taking chances? Can you afford to risk the lives of your dear ones and your property, when you can insure their safety for a small sum of money invested once in your lifetime?

You insure against fire to receive compensation in case of loss.

Safety is better than compensation. And remember, there is no compensation for life taken by lightning.

### The Safe, Sure Way

Get safety from lightning and fire insurance, too. They go hand in hand. Get both for the cost of one. Lightning causes nearly all country fires. The Dodd System controls and prevents lightning.

Insurance companies grant low rates of insurance on buildings protected by the Dodd System. The decreased cost of fire insurance quickly repays the cost of your lightning rods, erected once for all.

### The Lesson of Insurance Companies

Over 2000 Fire Insurance Companies specially endorse and urge the protection of buildings by the Dodd System, because it is to their interest to do so. The Dodd System of lightning rods prevents all lightning losses, which means prevention of *three fourths of all fire losses*.

Our men are trained and skilled. They are able to rod your buildings correctly. That is all-important. Our personal, binding guarantee is issued to you on their work. Don't wait until it is too late. Send today for fine, large book on lightning, its laws and how to control it. Gives Prof. Dodd's great lecture, many vivid lightning scenes, resolutions of insurance companies, guarantee, etc. Free.

### DODD & STRUTHERS

465 Sixth Avenue  
Des Moines, Iowa



Benjamin  
Franklin  
Originator of  
Lightning  
Control.



West  
Dodd  
Who Perfected  
the Dodd  
System.

## DOUBLE THE MILK

The flow of milk is greatly increased and often doubled by adding

### Farmer Brand Cotton Seed Meal

to the ration. It's a remarkable feed—just what the animal system needs. Six times more valuable than corn. Costs less. Contains 55% protein and fat. Present price lowest of year—\$32.00 per ton f.o.b. Windsor, Woodstock or Toronto. Book your order now for October shipment and save \$1.00 to \$5.00 per ton. Terms C. O. D., or payment when meal reaches you.

Can you make up a carload among your neighbors? Ask for car-lot prices and booklet, "Feed Facts," free. Mail postal to-day. Ask for protection on to-day's prices.

THE BARTLETT CO., - 410 Hammond  
Detroit, Michigan.

PERFECT health is necessary for best results from study, and wholesome recreation plays an important part towards this end.

Our extensive campus provides for tennis, croquet, basketball, golf, etc. Seven courses of study: Preparatory, Collegiate, Music, Fine Arts, Business College, Elocution, Physical Culture and Household Science. Students may pursue an Elective course, choosing studies from two or more of the above departments. Handsome calendar and full information free.

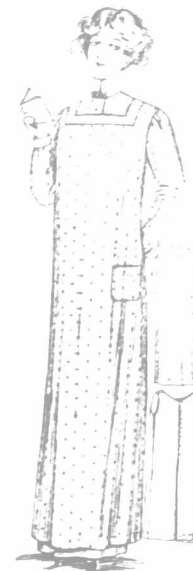
FALL SEMESTER OPENS SEPTEMBER 11th

# Alma (Ladies) College

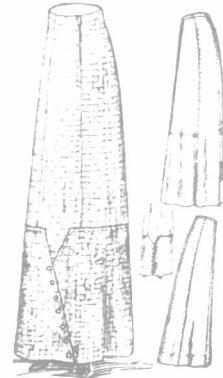
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

## "The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



7088 Work Apron,  
34 to 44 bust.



7072 Six Go-ed Skirt,  
22 to 32 waist.



7074 Child's Dress,  
4, 6 and 8 years.



7069 Child's Yoke  
Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years.

Please order by number, giving age or measurement, as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Price, ten cents per pattern. Address, Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

## A Deed and a Word.

A traveller on the dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time  
To breathe his early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore;  
It stood, a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well  
Where weary men might turn;  
He walled it in and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that all might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues  
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,  
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monitory flame;  
The thought was small, its issue great;  
A watch-fire on the hill;  
It shed a radiance far adown  
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid the crowd  
That throngs the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O gone! O fount! O word of love!  
A thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.

## The Trail of "The Last Hope."

By Honore Willise, in Youth's Companion.

While we were at the Oro Mesa Mining Camp in the spring of 1908, Jim Hasbrook rode in, after six months of prospecting in the desert far to the north.

Although he had samples of ore that he should have carried with a joyful countenance, the old prospector was distinctly rueful. He had been examining a mine which had been slightly worked ten years before, but which lack of water had evidently forced its owner to abandon. The indications of ore, however, were so good that Jim had "located" all the surrounding claims, and then ridden back to show the ore to Billy.

"Gee!" cried Billy. "I'd like, to see that mine! I believe that with the new magnetic process it could be worked to advantage."

"You'll be a millionaire, Mr. Hasbrook," I said, with a smile.

But Jim shook his head sorrowfully. "The fellow that sunk the shaft got the best of everything round there. And what's more, he knowed it, for he got a patent from the gov'ment on it. That means that it belongs to him forever, and no one can jump it."

But Billy's enthusiasm would not down. That north desert had long tempted him. He wanted to study the region, and he wanted to see what the process could do with that unusual ore. So we left the camp at Oro Mesa, and went across country to the little town of Sunset to "out-fit." We left Sunset in the early dawn of an April morning. Jim Hasbrook, meanwhile, had come back to Horse Spring, where he was working a tiny mine that gave him a tiny living. That, however, was not far away; he could come often to the abandoned mine.

It was dusk of the fifth day when we reached the dilapidated iron shack which marked the abandoned mine. The place was a day's wagon-ride from Horse Spring, and nearly as far from the nearest water-hole. Evidently no one had lived in the little camp for years. Yet solitude and the desert had kept everything untouched. The frying-pan still hung on a post of the shack, the pick still leaned against the shed that protected the idle shaft. It was a little uncanny, this taking up the thread of living dropped by that forgotten miner.

We were up with the early dawn the next morning to examine our surroundings. The shack received our attention first. It was really little more than a roof with supporting posts. Billy soon had a great tent-fly over it, stretching out on every side, so that we had a double-roofed dwelling, surrounded by a canvas porch.

Then he left the domestic arrangements to me while he explored the mine. The two wooden bunks I covered with our Navajo blankets. The sandy floor I levelled with a bunch of sage-brush for a broom. The frying-pan, the coffee-pot, the two stew-dishes I hung with the canteens on the posts of the shack. Beneath these I placed the Dutch oven, and on a shelf made of a sheet of tin I put the tin plates, knives and forks and candles. In boxes round the edges of the tent I placed the canned stuff and provisions. The boxes made excellent seats. In the middle of the room I put the rough table, with its two benches. On it went our writing materials. Billy's drawing instruments, my sewing-bag, two or three books and the camera.

Billy came up the ladder from the mine full of enthusiasm. He declared that if the process was used, the mine would really be a wonderful one.

"But," I reminded him, "Jim can't have this mine, and maybe the veins will pinch out by the time they reach his claims."

At this Billy looked a little disconsolate; but when old Jim came, the following day, they decided that while Billy made tests with the process and explored farther, Jim should send word into Sunset to start a lawyer on a hunt for the owner. While that was going on, Jim drove over from Horse Spring twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, with a barrel of water for us and alfalfa for the horses. How we hoarded it—that water. Even the dishwater we saved, strained, and used for washing clothes.

Week after week passed, and no trace was found of the former mine-owner. It seemed a pity for the rich mine to lie