

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Invested Funds
\$23,300,000.00

Head Office
Toronto Street
Toronto

President: GEORGE GOODERHAM.
1st Vice-President and Managing-Director:
J. HERBERT MASON.
2nd Vice-President: W. H. BEATTY.

DEPOSITS

received in sums of

ONE DOLLAR

and upwards.
Interest paid or
compounded twice
a year at

3½ PER CENT



IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

To use Pedlar Steel Ceilings.

The entire surface appears to be one beautiful combination of curves and angles, without beginning or without ending—a veritable triumph of the interior decorator's skill.

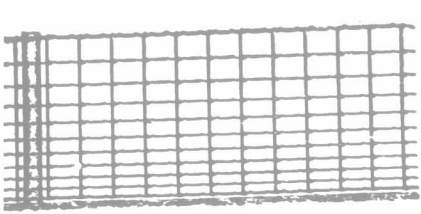
Churches, dwellings, meeting halls, stores, and offices when fitted up with Pedlar Steel Ceiling and Wall Patterns present an appearance of richness and stability that cannot be duplicated in lath or plaster. Besides they are economical.

When we know you are interested, we'll send our handsome catalogue.

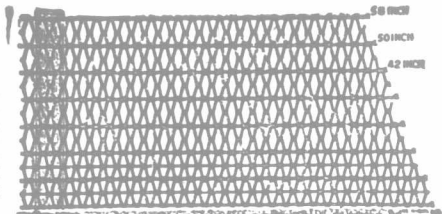
THE PEDLAR PEOPLE, OSHAWA, ONTARIO.

IT'S UP TO YOU

to use not only the BEST, but the CHEAPEST
WOVEN WIRE FENCING.



American Field and Hog Fence.



Elwood Field and Lawn Fence.



Hinge Joints and Tension Curves.

Any farmer can stretch 300 rods of our American Fence in one day. Don't buy a fence that it takes you all summer to build. If your dealer doesn't handle our fence, write to us. Farmers and railroads from Halifax to Vancouver are using it.

MADE
BY

The Canadian Steel and Wire Co., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

See our exhibits at the Fair at Brandon.

Sewing Machines Free

For 20 days' trial. We send out all machines on 20 days' free trial before we ask you to accept or pay for them. If not satisfactory, send them back at our expense. We sell a 5-drawer, drop-head sewing machine, handsome oak woodwork, for \$17.50; a better machine, same pattern, guaranteed for 20 years, sells for \$21.50; machines with ball bearings and extra fine woodwork cost a little more, but only about half what others charge. Our sewing machine catalogue, fully explaining our different styles, will be sent on application.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

WEDDING INVITATIONS ANNOUNCEMENTS AT HOME CARDS VISITING CARDS

All the latest specialties and up-to-date styles. Write us.

THE LONDON PTG. & LITHO. CO.
London, Ontario.

Ladies' \$1.50 suits and up to \$12; also waists and skirts. Send for fall styles and sample cloths. Southcott Suit Co., London, Canada.

FOR SALE:

Farm of 100 Acres

LOT 7, CON. 7, LOBO.

11 miles from London, Ont., property of the
LATE J. WAUGH.

Soil clay loam, well underdrained. 25 acres are in timber, and remainder in high state of cultivation. Buildings and fences in good repair. House is a two-story brick, with basement and furnace-heated; surrounded by wide lawn on which are beautiful shade and ornamental trees and shrubs. Water good and plentiful. Post office, school and churches convenient. Stage to city of London three times per week. For terms, etc., application may be made on premises or to

J. A. McARTHUR, Lobo, Ontario.

WILLOW BANK STOCK FARM

Established 1855.

SHORTHORNS AND LEICESTERS.
Young stock, by Rosierucian of Dalmeny (imp.) and Christopher (imp.); heifers bred to Scotland's Challenge (imp.).

JAS. DOUGLAS, Prop., Caledonia, Ont.



I have been much struck, in reading the letters which have come to our Nook this summer, with the repeated references to bits of home scenery, to beauty by brook and wayside, which they have contained. I have been glad to see these references, and to know that our Ingle folk do not need to go to foreign lands to find out that there are beautiful and good things in this grand old world. It is a great privilege, certainly, to travel in far distant countries, to feel, upon the crisp mountain steep, the thrill which forced the poet into song as he looked down upon the Vale of Chamounix; to watch, from the deck of the ocean steamer, the lines of phosphorescent foam run off into the darkness over the curling water, and realize the vastness and strength of the great sea; to thread the plashing waterways of Venice, Bride of the Sea, or be hushed into silent awe in the dim aisles of great cathedrals, from whose walls look down the masterpieces struck into being by wizard hands long since cold. Yet, everyone cannot go abroad to see these things, least of all, perhaps, the farmers' wives and daughters, into whose homes the "Farmer's Advocate" comes. So the best these can do is to read the delightful descriptions of these places as written by "Mollie," "Eleanor," and others—and learn to enjoy the humbler, yet still peerlessly beautiful things right about home.

Yes, I firmly believe there is as keen a pleasure to those who have entered the secret of it, in sitting upon the old home hillside at sunset and watching the gold-green change to purple and gray as night draws on with silent footsteps; in lying full length within sound of a "hidden brook in the leafy month of June," with the cool, soft ferns nodding in one's face, and the soft light falling from above through beneficent green branches, among whose leaves one can look up, and up, and up, seeing, as Charles G. D. Roberts has said, in this little vision, something of the "wonderful perspective of the forest"; as vast a joy, as one knows how to get at the nectar of it, in watching the wave after wave of bloom pass over the prairie as the seasons wear on with their ceaseless change; in letting enter one's heart the sapphire and emerald and silver sheen flitting over the little lake of which, perhaps, none save you and your neighbors have ever heard; in following the mazes of the bush-road where the shadows lie deep and the shy sheep stand watching you, half in trepidation, half in interest at your coming; in leaning from your bedroom window to see the pink and gray steal up from the early morning horizon, or in taking a little walk out all by yourself when the "moving moon goes up the sky" full-orbed, flooding the vast levels with brightness, or tipping branch and chimney and housetop with glints and ripples of silver.

It is so easy to get into the spirit of feeling all these things too; just a little opening of one's eyes, and being thankful, and realizing what a blank and weary world this would be were any of these things lacking, the moonlight, or the glorious coloring of sky and water, or the infinite variety of vegetable life. One can imagine that a condensed food might have been created for man and beast, to be taken by the capsule. We should have had no grain-fields then, nor shocks of rustling corn, nor the trouble of attending to these things. But an eternity of food for the aesthetic nature would have been lost forever. Yes, it is quite possible to

train ourselves to appreciate all the beauty and mystery of it; still more is it our privilege to help the little ones with whom we come in contact to understand. Children are so easily taught to see and feel, you know, if they are taken in hand early enough. If you see a boy who, at fourteen, would rather in his heart of hearts look at a grinning clown on top of a circus wagon than wade knee-deep through wild-rose and meadow-rue beside a trout stream on the 24th of May, depend upon it there has either been something missing about that boy's training, or there is something constitutionally wrong in his make-up.

The impressibility of children was illustrated in a little incident which occurred the other day, and may be worth the telling. "It" was all coming up street together, a nondescript bunch of little dirty-faced ragamuffins, a little wagon, and a little dog attached to the wagon by a tangle of clothesline. Sometimes the urchins were to the fore, sometimes the wagon, and sometimes the dog—just a bit of a black puppy it was, with the baby tone still in its yelp. Presently one of the lads jumped on the back of the wagon, upset the puppy, and ran a wheel over its foot. The little creature immediately turned on its back, howling and wriggling with pain, and the young savages laughed. "Whoop! See 'im wiggle!" shrieked one.

Then a lady passing by stopped. "Poor little doggie, is he hurt?" she said, and there was a world of compassion in her tone as she stroked the little black morsel that found time between yelps to wag his stump of a black tail. Immediately the "tone" of the group altered. One by one the ragamuffins dropped down beside the puppy, and the grumpy faces became serious and sympathetic. "Say, Mike," said one presently, "Take 'im home! Better take 'im home an' give him sumpin' to eat." Happy thought! Panacea for all ills! The next moment a small figure with an armful of black fur was making off down the street, and a stubby black tail was wagging more vociferously than ever. "No," I thought, "not savages—just thoughtless little chaps in need of a bit of guiding." Yes, children are impressible, wonderfully so. Let them see habitually refinement and kindness in others, and the sentiment will grow in them. It is never too early to begin to lead them toward appreciation of that which is beautiful and kind and true.

I'm afraid I haven't kept to my text. When I began at Chamounix I had no idea of landing at a little black puppy on the hot granolithic pavement of a dusty city—but let it go.

DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

Humorous.

The following conversation is said to have taken place in a Boston elevator: Old Lady—"Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?" Elevator Boy—"Yes'm." "Is it the motion of the going down?" "No'm." "The motion of going up?" "No'm." "The stopping?" "No'm." "What is it, then?" "The questions."

The "Farmer's Advocate":

I enclose \$1.50 for one new subscriber to the "Farmer's Advocate" and Home Magazine. Please send to Mrs. S. Cox, Humber Bay, Ont. Send me the lady's wrist-bag for premium.

MRS. JOS. RUSH.

Humber Bay, Ont., August 2nd, 1904.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.