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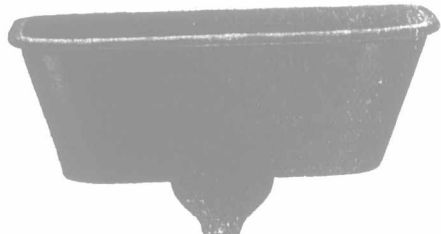
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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE

### THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A farm laborer who was getting married found that he had not enough money with which to pay the minister's fee. He promised, however, to pay him in potatoes when they were ready for digging up. The minister waited for some time, but no potatoes were forthcoming; so he called upon the man and inquired the reason.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Guvner," was the reply, "I'd like to give you the potatoes, but she ain't worth it."

The youth was in danger of drifting into bad courses, when one of the noble people who interest themselves in such cares, says an English paper, persuaded him to accept employment on a farm. Alas! a week later the lad reappeared in his old haunts.

"What, James!" exclaimed his benefactor, reproachfully. "Back again? Why didn't you stay on the farm?"

"I couldn't stand the country, sir," answered the born London guttersnipe. "Too quiet for you—eh?"

"Quiet? Not at all? Much too noisy!" cried James. "Why, crikey, sir, it was fair deafenin'! Wot w' the row of the birds in the daytime and the noise of the silence at night, I very near went off my 'ead!"

"That speech," said Bird S. Coler, anent a political address, "was ungracious. It reminds me of a Scot's speech to his wife."

"The Scot had married for the second time. His new mate was sentimental and a little morbid. She could not resist asking her husband now and then if he loved her better than he had loved her predecessor."

"She would say: 'Do I more than fill Jean's place in your heart, Jock?'"

"'Are ye sure ye're no' regrettin' Jean, laddie?'"

"'Jock, do ye lo'e me better nor her?'"

"The man bore several of these examinations patiently. Then he ended them once for all with a gruff: 'Tak' ma word for it, Betty, if Jean was livin' ye wadna be here.'"

"There was a time," said Senator Scott, of West Virginia, when my colleague Elkins was a hustling young freight agent in New Mexico. His office was a box car, and his principal troubles were in making his receipts of freight tally with his bills of lading. One day he had a carload of household furniture switched to his siding. The seal of the car door was quickly broken, as young Elkins then, as now, always liked to keep up with his work. He was greeted with the bray of an ass as the door slipped back on its rollers. The bill of lading was at once scanned, but there was nothing to show that the animal should be a passenger on this particular car. The goods were all checked out, and then Elkins wired the general office thus: 'I'm a bureau short and a jackass long on this carload of furniture.'

"After a little delay the answer came, 'All O. K. The bureau is a burro.'"

August Belmont at a certain directors' meeting, was describing a fraud that had been brought to light in a proposition laid before the board.

"These gentlemen," said Mr. Belmont, "gave themselves away. They stood convicted out of their own mouths. They were like the innkeeper's family that conducted the weekly raffle."

"In this raffle the prizes were turkeys, ducks, young pigs, baskets of eggs and such like rural commodities. A quantity of steel disks, numbered from 1 to 25, were put into a black bag, and the little daughter of the innkeeper put her hand in the bag and drew a disk for each speculator in turn. The person whose number was the highest got the prize."

"Well, it had been noticed that the innkeeper's wife got the prize pretty frequently, but nothing was thought of this by the simple, honest rural folk."

"One evening, though, the little girl, with her hand in the bag, paused. It was her mother's turn, and she did not draw forth her mother's disk in her usual quick and careless way. She rummaged about. The other rafflers looked at one another oddly. The innkeeper said:

"'Come, come, child. Hurry up!'"

"'But, father,' said the little girl, 'I

"Gold is a costly metal, but iron is far more useful. Genius may dazzle us, but it is everyday goodness and plodding patience that keeps the world sweet and healthy."

Wise people use discretion in telling the plain truth about their opponents, but foolish guys assume the role of knockers, and then wonder why they get into trouble.—[Live-stock World.]

Heroism is not alone in the dash of chivalry or the heroic charge of the battlefield. The one who stands faithful to the ordinary humdrum duties of life is also great, for these are the most important duties at last.

"Poor fellow! His doctor tells him the only thing that will cure him is a course of mud baths, and he can't afford to go to the mud springs."

"But surely he can go into politics, and let the mud come to him."

The Arkansas Traveller man, who did not mend his roof when it rained because he couldn't, and didn't mend it when it was not raining because he didn't need to, was an aggravated type of the man who lets troubles settle themselves; but did you ever stop to think how many things do straighten themselves out in the best way when you give them a chance?

Among examples of American humor recently given in the Nineteenth Century and After is a story which a bright ornament of the English Bench is said to have told more than once.

A speaker in a western town had started out to show that there might be great differences between national and local reputation. He had said, "A man can't always tell what his neighbors think of him," when he was interrupted by one of his hearers.

"I came mighty near knowing once," said the man, with a reminiscent look, "but the jury disagreed."

"During the taking of a religious census of the district of Columbia the past winter," relates a representative from Tennessee, "a couple of young ladies who were engaged in the work stopped at my home on Capitol Hill, and when the bell rang it was answered by the negro boy I brought from Tennessee with me. The ladies asked him: 'Will you please tell me who lives here?'" "Yessum; Mistah Johnsing," was the answer. "Is he a Christian?" "No, ma'am. He's er congressman from Tennessee."

### NOTHING TO HIM.

It is told of a certain New England farmer that he one day set forth to purchase a cow from a neighbor who had one to sell. The negotiations had reached a point where the would-be purchaser had about agreed to take the cow, when her owner said:

"I really think that I ought to tell you that this cow has one failing. She is all I have said that she was in regard to the quantity and the quality of her milk, but I will own up that she is hard to milk because she is such a kicker. You never know when she will kick you over."

"Oh, that is all right," said the would-be purchaser. "You see, my wife does the milking at my place."

In a village in Maryland an old deacon in shaving himself on Sunday prior to church time made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quickly calling to his wife, says the Philadelphia Ledger, he asked her if she had any court plaster in the house.

"You will find some in my sewing basket," she said.

The deacon soon had the cut covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed everyone smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"Well, I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon your nose?"

"Court plaster."

"No," said his friend; "it is the label from a spool of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards.'"