

## Cuts Cleaner--Turns Soil Over Better

In the design, the style and the **get up** of this Disc, the parts are all in the right proportion. As a result it has wonderful capacity.

The "Bissell" Harrow goes down deep and stays there without the need of pressure Springs. It cuts even, clean, turns the soil over, and pulverizes it better than any other Harrow made.

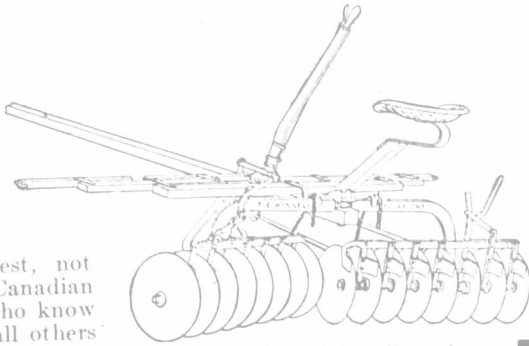
The frame is evenly balanced, lessening the weight on the horses' necks. This gives the "Bissell" lighter draught and makes it easy running and easy to handle.

In hard, tough soil the "Bissell" does its work clean and satisfactory. It is simple, easy to control, nothing

to get out of order.

We want to prove that the "Bissell"

Harrow is the best, not only for Canadian Farmers who know it, but for all others farming in the West. Our free booklet tells why. Send for it today. Dept. A.



John Deere Plow Co. Ltd.  
Sole Agents Winnipeg

## The "Bissell"

T. E. Bissell Co. Ltd.  
Elora, Ont.

## You can make more money with your cows the I-H-C way

**Y**OU are doing a vast amount of useless work and losing a big lot of money if you are skimming milk "the same old way" your grandparents did.

**Better turn over a new leaf and try the I. H. C. Cream Harvester way.**

That means you'll get all the cream—and you can't do that by hand-skimming. Every morning and evening you are feeding good cream or butter-fat to your calves. That butter-fat is worth 25 cents a pound and upwards. Can you afford such high-priced feed for the calves, pigs and chickens when skim-milk and corn meal will do just as well?

You can find hardly a trace of cream in milk separated with an I. H. C. Cream Harvester, which separates to a ten-thousandth part. And that's not half of the story.

**Four or More Cows Make a Cream Harvester Pay.**

It will pay because it practically cuts in two the work of keeping cows. It does away with washing numerous pans, crocks and strainers. You skim right at milking-time and have done with it all. You have only pure cream instead of a wagonload of whole milk to haul to the creamery. You have fresh, warm, sweet milk—that has life in it—for the calves. You can keep more cows and greatly increase your profits without any increase in labor.

You are not keeping cows for the fun of it; but for the money you can make out of them. The I. H. C. way is the money-making, labor-saving way. There are two I. H. C. machines—the Bluebell and the Dairymaid—each made in four sizes. Both are easy to turn and easy to clean.

Investigate by calling on any International local agent. Or, if you prefer, write to nearest branch house for catalogues and further information.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg.

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA**

(Incorporated)

CHICAGO, U. S. A.



# THE I-H-C LINE

LOOK FOR THE I. H. C. TRADE MARK. IT IS A SEAL OF EXCELLENCE AND A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

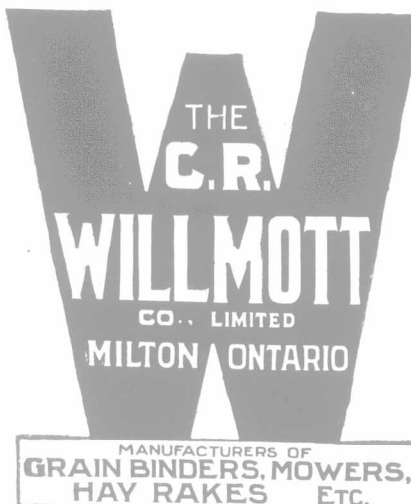
## MR. FARMER



If your Binder bears this name it is O.K., if not, you have not got the best. This may seem tall talk, but it isn't. We can back up all we say. We are not novices in the Farm Implement business. The C. R. Willmott Co., Ltd. is manned by experts who have studied every other make on this continent, and are willing to back up the statement that they are producing a Binder which has greater wearing and lasting qualities than any other Binder on the market. A Binder that is "easy on the horses" as well as the farmer's pocket. Let us tell you more about it and ourselves. Drop a post card to us and we will write you fully.

### YOU, MR. DEALER,

can't afford to trifle with the Farmer. It is natural you should cling to the old makes that you have in stock, but the *Farmer wants the best and most up-to-date farm machines, and, what is more, he will have them.* If he cannot get them through you he will go elsewhere. We have a proposition that is fascinating because it pleases the Farmer and Dealer alike, and makes a friend for you and ourselves every time a sale is effected. Get in touch with us right away. Drop a card to the C. R. Willmott Co., Ltd., Milton, Ont., and we will do the rest.



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recesses of which she knew lay the Chateau, her agitation grew intense. She knew at that hour La Corriveau must be in the presence of her victim. Would she kill her? Was she about it now? The thought fastened on Angelique like a wild beast, and would not let go. She thought of the Intendant, and was filled with hope; she thought of the crime of murder and shrank now that it was being done. It was in this mood she waited and watched for the return of her bloody messenger. She heard the cautious foot on the stone steps. She knew by a sure instinct whose it was, and rushed down to admit her.

They met at the door, and without a word spoken, one eager glance of Angelique at the dark face of La Corriveau drank in the whole fatal story. Caroline de St. Castin was dead! Her rival in the love of the Intendant was beyond all power of rivalry now! The lofty doors of ambitious hope stood open—what! to admit the queen of beauty and of society? No! but a murderess, who would be forever haunted with the fear of justice! It seemed at this moment as if the lights had all gone out in the palaces and royal halls where her imagination had so long run riot, and she saw only dark shadows, and heard inarticulate sounds of strange voices babbling in her ear. It was the unspoken words of her own troubled thoughts and the terrors newly awakened in her soul!

Angelique seized the hand of La Corriveau, not without a shudder. She drew her hastily up to her chamber and thrust her into a chair. Placing both hands upon the shoulders of La Corriveau, she looked wildly in her face, exclaiming in a half exultant, half piteous tone, "Is it done? Is it really done? I read it in your eyes! I know you have done the deed! Oh, La Corriveau!"

The grim countenance relaxed into a half smile of scorn and surprise at the unexpected weakness which she instantly noted in Angelique's manner.

"Yes, it is done!" replied she, coldly, "and it is well done! But, by the manna of St. Nicholas!" exclaimed she, starting from the chair and drawing her gaunt figure up to its full height, while her black eyes shot daggers, "you look, Mademoiselle, as if you repented its being done. Do you?"

"Yes! No! No, not now!" replied Angelique, touched as with a hot iron. "I will not repent now it is done! that were folly, needless, dangerous, now it is done! But is she dead? Did you wait to see if she were really dead? People look dead sometimes and are not! Tell me truly, and conceal nothing!"

"La Corriveau does not her work by halves, Mademoiselle, neither do you; only you talk of repentance after it is done, I do not! That is all the difference! Be satisfied; the lady of Beaumanoir is dead! I made doubly sure of that, and deserve a double reward from you!"

"Reward! You shall have all you crave! But what a secret between you and me!" Angelique looked at La Corriveau as if this thought now struck her for the first time. She was in this woman's power. She shivered from head to foot. "Your reward for this night's work is here," faltered she, placing her hand over a small box. She did not touch it, it seemed as if it would burn her. It was heavy with pieces of gold. "They are uncounted," continued she. "Take it, it is all yours!"

La Corriveau snatched the box off the table and held it to her bosom. Angelique continued, in a monotonous tone, as one coming to a lesson by rote,—"Use it prudently. Do not seem to the world to be suddenly rich: it might be inquired into. I have thought of everything during the past night, and I remember I had to tell you that when I gave you the gold. Use it prudently! Something else, too, I was to tell you, but I think not of it at this moment."

"Thanks, and no thanks, Mademoiselle!" replied La Corriveau, in a hard tone. "Thanks for the reward so fully earned. No thanks for your faint heart that robs me of my well-earned need of applause for a work done so artistically and perfectly that La Brinvilliers, or La Borgia herself, might envy me, a humble paysanne of St. Valier!"

La Corriveau looked proudly up as