

GOSSIP.

A rather simple-looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way from school, and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you'll give me half a dollar, I'll lick it," said the lad. The smith took from his pocket half a dollar, and held it out. The simple-looking youngster took the coin, licked it, and slowly walked away, whistling.

Mr. Geo. Rice, Currie's Crossing, Ont., breeder of Holstein cattle, writes under recent date: "Inquiry for stock is very large this fall, and amongst other sales, I have to report the sale of a fine young bull, Sir Pietertje Posch's son, to J. W. McCormick, Morewood, Ont. This is not the first sale made to Mr. McCormick. Like many other customers, they come and come again. In this young bull he has one of the finest bred, his sire being the great bull, Sir Pietertje Posch, one of the highest-priced animals of the breed. His dam, Alta Posch, sold for \$1,500, after making a record of 87 lbs. of milk a day and 27 lbs. butter a week at two days under three years old, which is the highest record ever made at that age. Mr. Joseph Dickout, Salford, Ont., also got a fine one from this same great sire, from which good results are sure to come. Mr. John Brent, of Port Arthur, New Ontario, paid a visit to us a short time ago and selected three good cows for the foundation of a herd. He took Woodland Iosco, a model of a dairy cow, and full sister to Iosco Pride, winner of sweepstakes at Toronto and the Pan-American. She created a great sensation at both places, and her full sister, Woodland Iosco, is as great a cow. Mr. Brent also took Dewdrop Clothilde, Advanced Registry record of 16 lbs. butter in 7 days; also Clarice Clothilde, a granddaughter of hers, with a record of 251 lbs. of milk and 9½ lbs. of butter a week at two years old. There is a great inquiry for females as well as for males, but we cannot part with any more cows."

HONEY SUPPLY AND PRICES IN ENGLAND.

The London (England) Grocer, for September 19th, contains the following: "Reports reach us from Scotland as to the prospects of a poor honey harvest there this season. For the second year in succession, Scotch bee-hands have to be content with a crop which will reach only about one-half that of ordinary seasons, owing to an abnormally cold and backward spring, being followed up by an equally adverse early summer. At Ayrshire, a town famed for the industrious bees, the outrun of honey will once more be very limited. Various other parts of the west of Scotland report that the produce of honey will be short. Comb honey of good quality is scarce, and those who possess such ask for a further increase in prices from those of a year ago. Pressed heather honey in bulk and in bottles will no doubt be more plentiful; but with the failure of the crop of 1902, the price of this article will have an upward tendency, so that we are safe in assuring those members of the trade who deal in this article that there will be a very restricted supply this season. In the south of England, the honey harvest is over, and reports state that the crop is no better and the quality not so good as last year. Chemists are now retailing honey at 32c. per lb., against the grocer at 21c., for the same quality. Honey is an article which meets with a ready sale in the grocers' and oil-men's business, more especially during the winter months. We presume the Pharmaceutical Society will not deem the grocer a trespasser on the preserves of the chemists by the sale of honey, simply because chemists use honey largely in making up their remedies for the cure of winter colds. They have for many years encroached upon the tea-dealers' trade by selling tea, upon which they make a large profit. Why, then, should not the grocers push the sale of an article within their legitimate trade, which is as justly renowned for its value as pleasant to take?"

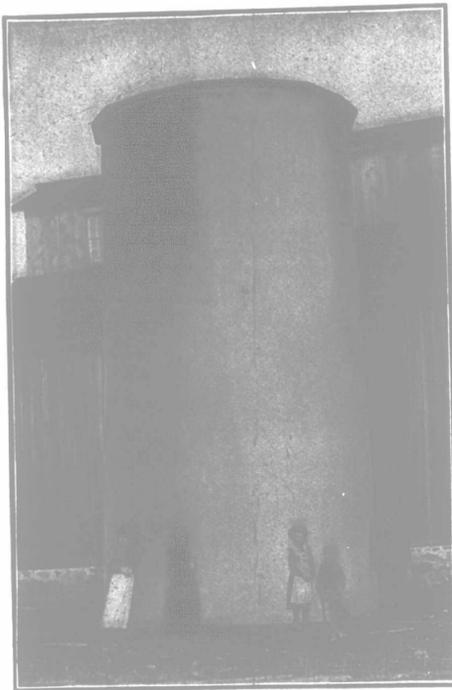
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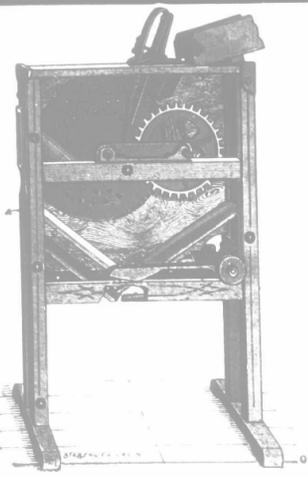
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GOSSIP.

Canadian buyers secured a round dozen of heavy harness horses at the Old Glory sale in New York last month, Mr. S. A. Fowler, St. John, N. B., taking six, including the black horse, Exioneer, by Boodle, at \$400, which he sold at a profit an hour or two later. Jas. Wetherill, Galt, Ont., bought the mare, Cressida, by Palo Alto, for \$300. W. S. Pierce, Stanstead, Que., got the mare, Novelist, by Norval, for \$260. Dr. A. Machan, Mitchell, Ont., the filly, Regina, by Sable Wilkes, at \$210, and J. A. Kerr, Perth, Ont., the chestnut colt, Monomaniac, by Monbell's Manzanita at \$950.

Mr. N. C. Maris, in North Pacific Rural Spirit, writes: "These city editors must have a hard time fillin' up their papers with things they don't know nuthin' about. Us farmers ought to be more kind and thoughtful 'bout sendin' in a line occasionally, as how we can raise big crops of hay and pumpkins, and how to make the calves and pigs git big quick. Yes, that's all we're here fur, and there ain't much good a livin' if you can't give a helpin' hand and be kinder naborly."

"The editer allers says it don't make enny difference 'bout the eddication—gist send in a few lines and he'd fix up the spellin' and the grammar and the punctions, and that's real kind of 'em. You don't hardly know your piece, sometimes, after they put in a lot of high-sounding words and kinder stretched it out like."

UNDIGESTED SECURITIES.

When Opie Read, the veteran humorist, lived at Little Rock, in the early days of the Arkansaw Traveller, which he afterward made famous, he had a love for fine raiment, which his resources never allowed him to gratify with more than one gorgeous garment at a time. One summer he had a beautiful white waistcoat with red rosebuds on it, which was his pride and delight. The rest of his clothes were indifferent, but the waistcoat was a joy.

One day a man came in and handed him a ten-dollar bill on an advertising contract. Mr. Read immediately sought the local bank and got it changed into one-dollar bills, which, with four he already had, he rolled up and tucked into the pocket of his precious vest. He then walked about town, stopping and talking to every friend he met. Casually during the conversation he would draw the money from his pocket, and, without looking at it, unroll it abstractedly, and then carelessly stuff it back in the pocket. Before he had gone far, a friend asked him to go on a little hunting trip. He hurried home, hung the waistcoat in a closet and joined his friend.

"It was two days before I got back," says Mr. Read in telling of the occurrence. "My wife met me at the door. I saw something was wrong. 'What has happened?' I asked anxiously."

"Your vest—I put it in the wash. The laundress hung it out on the line an hour ago, and a stray cow came along and ate it up."

"Merciful stars," I cried, "what about the money in the pocket?"

"It must have gone, too. I didn't know there was any there."

"But why didn't you look?"

"My dear, I've been looking in your pockets for money for five years, and have never found a cent. I gave up six months ago."

"I hunted up the owner of the cow, and demanded that the beast be killed and my property secured. He refused on the ground that he was a poor man, that he had just bought the cow and that all his money was in her. My obvious reply was that all of my money was in her too, but it failed to move him."

"I went over and abused the cow roundly, she gazing mildly at me. I searched her ribs, and even thought I could detect a slight hump, but that was all the satisfaction I ever got. My beautiful vest and my hard-earned roll were gone. It happened too soon."

"If it had been now, I could have told the cow to cough up, but the expression hadn't been invented then. I have never fully recovered from the blow."—[Saturday Evening Post.

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