

A Money - Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It must be Bovril.

S.H.B.

The airtight package preserves their oven freshness, crispness and purity.



McCormick's

Jersey Cream Sodas

Factory at LONDON, Canada.

Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

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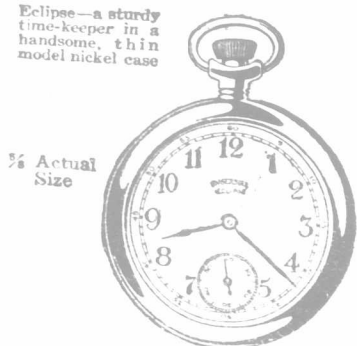
Sensible men need an extra watch!

Particularly men who go in for sports, or whose work isn't all "white collar"

Ingersoll Watches

are accurate, sturdy, good looking and low in price.

Eclipse—a sturdy time-keeper in a handsome, thin model nickel case



1/2 Actual Size

Radiolite—tells time in the dark. The hands and figures are coated with a substance containing real radium.



1/2 Actual Size

When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate.

Keeping Finger Nails Clean.

Most farm folk find difficulty in making their finger nails look presentable, but the use of a box of cutex (we are not paid for this bit of advertisement) will show a way out of the difficulty, it makes the nails white and clean. Filling the nails with soap will help, when any dirty work has to be done. As a rule keep them cut rather short, then it will be much easier to scrub them with the nail brush.

Current Events

Peterboro was the first city in Ontario to win the Prince of Wales flag in the Victory Loan Campaign.

The Prince of Wales spent the last five days of his visit to Canada in Ottawa, where, on Nov. 7th he visited the House of Commons where all the members were presented to him.

Mr. Wm. Proudfoot, of Huron Co., Ont., has been made a Senator.

At a convention of the Manitoba Conservative party at Winnipeg, W. G. Willis, a farmer of Boissevain, was unanimously chosen as Provincial leader.

The flotation of a Victory Loan for returned soldiers, proposed by Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Peterboro, was discussed in Parliament at Ottawa last week.

The U. F. candidate in the Provincial by-election in Cochrane, Alta., Mr. Moore, won over Mr. Thompson, Liberal and Government candidate, by about 125 majority.

Dec. 9th is the date set for the by-election in Northern Ontario for the Commons.

At the request of His Majesty King George, Armistice Day, "at the eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month," is to be celebrated by an entire cessation of all activities throughout the Empire.

A hydroplane invented by Prof. Alex. Graham Bell and F. W. Baldwin, has been successfully tested near Baddeck, C. B. The body of the boat rides 3 feet above the water, and the speed already attained is 71 miles an hour.

Lord Curzon, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has declared that the policy of the Government re Palestine is to leave it as a perpetual home-land for Jews.

An 8-year naval program costing \$824,000,000 has been decided upon by the Japanese Government.

Lord Byng has retired from the Army to become chairman of the United Services Fund.

The Reds in Russia, assisted by Von der Goltz, have pushed back Gen. Yudenitch's army from Petrograd to the point at which he began his offensive. It is also expected that Kolchak's Siberian forces may have to make a stand before Omsk.

A Word for the Defense.—The young man crawled into the august presence.

"I should like to speak to you on an important matter, sir," he said.

"Well, what is it?" growled the father of the girl, in no encouraging tone.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir."

"What?" The old man's face grew purple. "Marry my daughter? I am sir? You—"

"Now, now," soothed the youth, seeing defeat looming near and waiting to get some sort of satisfaction out of the interview. "don't talk that way. You are prejudiced against the girl. She's all right, really."—Tit-Bits.

Serial Story

"His Family."

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The central figure in this story is Roger Gale, sixty years of age when the story begins. He had grown up in the country, but at seventeen had drifted to New York, where he finally got into business, became fairly prosperous, married, and became the father of three daughters: Edith, who, when the story opens, has been married for some years, and is the too-devoted mother of four children; Deborah, a teacher, principal of one of the big schools of the city; and Laura, the wild, capricious one, who announces her engagement to a young man named Sloane. With time, at last, to rest somewhat on his oars, Roger Gale finds himself, at sixty, a somewhat lonely widower living a life apart from that of his children. He realizes suddenly that he does not even know them. He determines to "find them out," and the story is carried on in a fascinatingly interesting way. Chapter IV gives a conversation between Deborah and her father, in which her suspicion of young Sloane as a suitable life-partner for Laura is unconsciously intimated. The father is worried, and, to distract him, Deborah takes him to a concert in Carnegie Hall, from which they go to Edith's for supper. The talk turns on the approaching marriage, and Edith says Deborah may find the house too much of a burden after Laura has gone. Roger feels that the home may be given up, and that his whole life is being upset.

CHAPTER V.

One afternoon a few days later Roger was riding in the park. He rode "William," a large lazy cob who as he advanced in age had so subtly and insidiously slackened his pace from a trot to a jog that Roger barely noticed how slowly he was riding. As he rode along he liked to watch the broad winding bridle path with its bobbing procession of riders that kept appearing before him under the tall spreading trees. Though he knew scarcely anyone by name, he was a familiar figure here and he recognized scores of faces. To many men he nodded at passing, and to not a few alluring young dames, ardent creatures with bright eyes who gave him smiles of greeting, Roger gravely raised his hat. One was "The Silver Lady" in a Broadway musical show, but he thought she was "one of the Newport crowd." He liked to make shrewd guesses like that. There were so many kinds of people here. There were stout anxious ladies riding for figures and lean morose gentlemen riding for health. There were joyous care-free girls, chatting and laughing merrily. There were some gallant foreigners, and there were riding masters, and Roger could not tell them apart. There were mad boys from the Squadron who rode at a furious canter, and there were groups of children, eager and flushed, excited and gay, with stolid grooms behind them. The path in several places ran close beside the main road of the park, and with the coming of the dusk this road took on deep purple hues and glistened with reflections from countless yellow motor eyes. And from the polished limousines, sumptuous young women smiled out upon the riders.

At least so Roger saw this life. And after those bleak lonely years confronted by eternity, it was good to come here and forget, to feel himself for the moment a part of the thoughtless gaiety, the ease and luxury of the town. Here he was just on the edge of it all. Often as a couple passed he would wonder what they were doing that night. In the riding school where he kept his horse, it was a lazy pleasure to have the English "valet" there pull off his boots and breeches—though if anyone had told him so, Roger would have denied it with indignation and surprise. For was he not an American?

It had been a wonderful tonic, a great idea of Laura's, this forcing him up here to ride. In one of her affectionate moods, just after a sick spell he had been through, his gay capricious daughter had insisted that he have his horse brought down from the mountains. She had promised to ride with him herself, and she had done so—for a week. Since then he had often

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