JANUARY 7, 1904

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THE FARMERS ADVOCATE.

GOSSIP.

In his early days, Lord Russell, Chief Justice of England, had a good deal to put up with from older men who thought to prune his exuberance. One day, Sir Dighy Seymour, Q. C., kept up a flow of small talk when Russell was speaking. " I wish you would be quiet, Saymour," said Russell, with his Irish accent. "My name is Seymour, if you please," replied the learned gentleman, with mock dignity. "Then I wish you would see more and say less," was the rejoinder.

Dr. Gillespie, the present moderator of the Church of Scotland, tells how he was nonplussed, the other day, by a ragged urchin who declared that he was alone in the world, his father and mother having died some years ago. "Have you not a sister, then ?" asked Dr. Gillespie. "I niver had yin." "But surely you have a brother?" "Yes, but he's at Glasga College." "Well, cannot he spare some time from his studies to look after you a bit?" "Na, sir," replied the urchin, mournfully, "for he was born wi' two heids, and they keep him in a bottle."

Chauncey Olcott tells about two city youths of his acquaintance, who, having hired a horse and trap for a day's outing, found themselves at the close of the expedition confronted with the bewildering problem of reharnessing the animal. The bit proved their chief difficulty, for the horse made no response whatever to their overtures.

"Well, there's nothing for it but to wait," said one.

"Wait for what?" grumbled the other. "For the horse to yawn," replied his

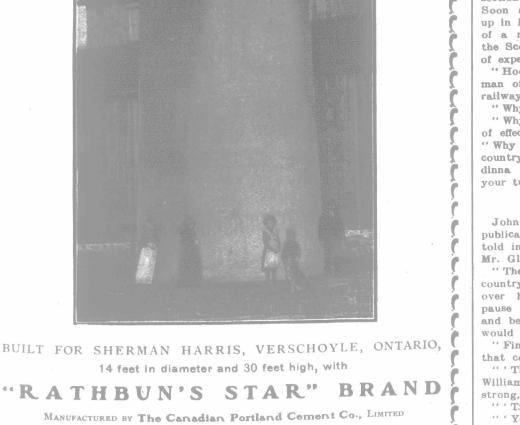
companion.

Messrs. Bawden & McDonell, of Exeter, write us that they have just sold and delivered to the well-known horseman, Mr. J. M. Gardhouse, Weston, the imported two-year-old Shire stallion, Sand Boy. This is an exceptionally choice colt, with the best of legs and feet, combined with quality and quantity, and we consider him one of the very best colts we have imported. Although he is very thin in condition, we expect to see him a winner in the near future, as we consider him a more promising colt than Newham's Duke was when Mr. Gardhouse purchased him.

A Scotchman, who had been employed nearly all his life in the Highlands of Scotland, went to the United States in his later years and settled in a new section on the plains of the far west. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railway through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.



3



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"Hoot, mon," said he to the spokesman of the scheme, "ye canna build a railway across the country."

"Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not," he repeated, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not? Dae ye no see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye dinna hae ony place whatever to run your tunnels through."

John Morley, a few days after the publication of his "Life of Gladstone," told in a speech at Sheffield a story of Mr. Gladstone's boyhood.

"The lad," he said, "was in the country. A farmer was showing him over his estate. The farmer would pause before each field to describe it, and before every cow, horse and pig he would make a brief biographical address. "Finally they came to a small field

that contained a large black bull. "' That is a fine bull there, Master

William,' said the farmer. ' A very fine, strong, two-year-old bull."

"' ' Two years old ?' said the boy.

"' Yes, two years, sir.'

"' How do you tell its age?'

"' Why, by its horns."

" The little boy frowned. He mused a moment Then his countenance cleared.

"'Ah, he said, 'by its horns. I see. Two horns-two years.' "

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