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## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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## What do YOU think the Farmer's **Advocate and Home** Magazine?

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## **Dressed Poultry** Wanted

Weare open to receive shipments of crate-fattened, dressed poultry of all kinds. Highest market prices paid, according to quality. Write for quotations.

The Spice of Life. "How much vas dose collars?" "Two for a quarter," "How much for vun?" "Fifteen cents."

"Giff me de odder vun."

"I thought you had given up burnt-wood art, dearie," said the young hus-

"Why, Ferdinand, how can you be so heartless? This is a pie."

Doctor (to tattooed Tommy) .-- "Hallo, my lad, who tattooed you like this?" Tommy.—"Me father, sir!" Doctor.—"Ah! I see. Sort of ill Doctor,—"Ah! I see. Sort of illus-trated by the author, eh?"

Farmer Swett.—"You say you belong to the army of the unemployed? Well, my friend, I guess I kin give you some-thing of a job to-day." The Wanderer.—"What! An' have me be a deserter from de army? Ye don't know military ethics, do ye?"— Puck.

Puck.

The minister of a small Missouri town called the grocer on the telephone the other day and gave him the following

order: "Send a dollar's worth of meat out to my house. If there is no one at home, just poke it through the key-hole."

"Here you are, sir!" cried the hawker, extending a bouquet. "Buy some beauti-

ful flowers for your sweetheart?" "Nothing doing," responded the young man. "I haven't got a sweetheart." "I see!" was the prompt rejoinder of the hawker. "Buy some flowers for your wife?"

"Wrong again! I am not married." "Well, then, guy'nor," exclaimed the resourceful hawker. "Buy the lot to celebrate your luck!"

A little girl spent half an hour trying to capture a big miller that was flying about the room.



