

DE LAVAL SEPARATORS



The exclusive choice of those most prominent on the world's list of good dairymen. Sold on the guarantee of unqualified superiority.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO., Winnipeg

Montreal
Toronto
Vancouver

New York
Philadelphia
Chicago

San Francisco
Portland
Seattle

Yes, Sir! Clarke's gloves are by far the best on the market to-day.

Couldn't very well be otherwise.

Best quality skins, tanned in our own tannery and made up in our own factory. Not a step in the making that's not watched over by our eagle-eyed inspectors. Perfectly finished to the smallest stitch.

Take our "Horsehide" Gloves, for example.

Real horsehide, remember—not cowhide.

Feel the soft, pliable skins. Note how neat and comfortable on the hands.

Beats all how long they'll wear—think they were iron.

Guarantee them to be heat and wet proof. Stand scalding and scorching without getting hard.

Look for Clarke's stamp on the gloves you buy, and make sure of best value for your money.

"CLARKE'S" GLOVES



A. R. Clarke & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

It Makes a Big Difference

which way you skim your milk. Just LOOK at those two cream pails. One is EXACTLY twice as big as the other. And both were filled from the SAME quantity of milk because—but let Mr. Shufelt tell the story.

"COHOES, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1906.

"About three years ago I was selling my milk at 2 1-2 cents per quart to a creamery, but I thought that I could do better by selling the cream and keeping the skim milk on the farm for feeding pigs and calves. I set the milk in coolers and skimmed with dippers. The best I could do was about 20 quarts of cream per day from 20 cows. I sold the cream for 12 1-2 cents per quart. I made up my mind to get and try a No. 6

U. S. CREAM SEPARATOR

By keeping an accurate record I found that with the U. S. I was getting about 40 quarts of cream per day from 20 cows, a difference of \$2.50 in favor of the U. S. Separator, making a gain of \$75.00 in 30 days. Then I value the skim milk at 33 1-3 cents per hundred quarts for feeding purposes on the farm, amounting to \$15.00 for 30 days at 150 quarts per day. As the total amount gained by the U. S. paid for it in 30 days, I will say that it is the best investment I ever made.

If those who may read my experience with the U. S. Separator have any questions to ask or want any information other than what I have given, if they will write me, I will answer and do it with pleasure.

R. A. SHUFELT, R. F. D. No. 1."

Now, the question is: How much cream are you losing? Do you really know? It will pay you well to look into it and also to look into the reasons why the U. S. Separator will stop all leaks—big or little. Cream is money—the U. S. gets more than any other separator. The U. S. holds the World's Record for cleanest skimming.

One big, handsome, new separator shows plainly all about the construction and wonderful skimming records of the U. S. You can see for yourself that the only engine in the different parts just how simple it is, how easy to clean and operate and why its new design is so perfect. It is a pity you are not reading and we'll be glad to send you a copy right away if you will just write us and send new construction data to No. 100. Write today, addressing

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Location of factory, warehouse centrally located in the United States and Canada.

452

Bob, Son of Battle.

Continued.

audibly and winked at Red Wull. "To ha' run was to ha' one—lickin'; to rin next year'll be to—"

"Win next year," Tammas interposed dogmatically. "Onless"—with shivering sarcasm—"you and yer Wullie are thinkin' o' winnin'."

The little man rose from his solitary seat at the back of the room and pattered across.

"Wullie and I are thinkin' o't," he whispered loudly in the old man's ear. "And mair: what Adam M'Adam and his Red Wull think o' doin', that, ye may remark, Mr. Thornton, they do. Next year we rin, and next year—we win. Come, Wullie, we'll leave 'em to chew that"; and he marched out of the room amid the jeers of the assembled toppers. When quiet was restored it was Jim Mason who declared: "One thing certain, win or no, they'll not be far off."

Meanwhile the summer ended abruptly. Hard on the heels of a sweltering autumn the winter came down. In that year the Daleland assumed very early its white cloak. The Silver Mere was soon ice-veiled; the Wastrel rolled sullenly down below Kenmuir, its creeks and quiet places tented with jagged sheets of ice; while the Scaur and Muir Pike raised hoary heads against the frosty blue. It was the season still remembered in the North as the White Winter—the worst, they say, since the famous 1808.

For days together Jim Mason was stuck with his bags in the Dalesman's Daughter, and there was no communication between the two Dales. On the Mere Marches the snow massed deep and impassible in thick, billowy drifts. In the Devil's Bowl men said it lay piled some score feet deep. And sheep, seeking shelter in the ghylls and protected spots, were buried and lost in their hundreds.

That is the time to test the hearts of shepherds and sheep-dogs, when the wind runs ice-cold across the waste of white, and the low woods on the upland walks shiver black through a veil of snow, and sheep must be found and folded or lost: a trial of head as well as heart, of resource as well as resolution.

In that winter more than one man and many a dog lost his life in the quiet performance of his duty, gliding to death over the slippery snow-shelves, or overwhelmed beneath an avalanche of the warm, suffocating white: "smooed," as they call it. Many a deed was done, many a death died, recorded only in that book which holds the names of those—men or animals, souls or no souls—who Tried.

They found old Wrottesley, the squire's head shepherd, lying one morn-

Think It Only
Stomach Trouble

WHEN IN REALITY THE LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS ARE AT FAULT.

DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

"It is only stomach trouble," many people say when in reality the liver, bowels and kidneys are also affected.

Such symptoms as headaches, coated tongue, disgust for food, vomiting, feelings of weight and soreness, dull pain near shoulders, muddy complexion, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, irritability of temper, are sure indications of biliousness or torpid liver.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are marvellously prompt and certain as a cure for sluggish action of the liver. While awakening the liver they also regulate the bowels and invigorate the kidney action.

In this way the filtering and excretory systems are thoroughly cleansed of all poisonous impurities and the cause of pain, sickness and suffering removed.

In every family there is need of just such a medicine as Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills to cure constipation, backache, biliousness, indigestion and prevent dangerous and fatal diseases of the kidneys and bowels. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FERGUSON & RICHARDSON

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Canada Life Building Winnipeg, Canada

Solicitors for Farmer's Advocate

R. FERGUSON

W. W. RICHARDSON

ing at Gill's foot, like a statue in its white bed, the snow gently blowing about the venerable face, calm and beautiful in death. And stretched upon his bosom, her master's hands, blue and stiff, still clasped about her neck, his old dog Jess. She had huddled there, as a last hope, to keep the dear, dead master warm, her great heart riven, hoping where there was no hope.

That night she followed him to herd sheep in a better land. Death from exposure, Dingley, the vet., gave it; but as little M'Adam, his eyes dimmer than their wont, declared huskily: "We ken better, Wullie."

Cyril Gilbraith, a young man not overburdened with emotions, told with a sob in his voice how, at the terrible Rowan Rock, Jim Mason had stood, impotent, dumb, big-eyed, watching Betsy—Betsy, the friend and partner of the last ten years—slipping over the ice-cold surface, silently appealing to the hand that had never failed her before—sliding to Eternity.

In the Daleland that winter the endurance of many a shepherd and his dog was strained past breaking-point. From the frozen Black Water to the white-peaked Grammoich Pike two men only, each always with his shaggy adjutant, never owned defeat; never turned back; never failed in a thing attempted.

In the following spring Mr. Tinkerton, the squire's agent, declared that James Moore and Adam M'Adam—Owd Bob, rather, and Red Wull—had lost between them fewer sheep than any single farmer on the whole March Mere Estate—a proud record.

Of the two, many a tale was told that winter. They were invincible, incomparable; worthy antagonists.

It was Owd Bob who, when he could not drive the band of Black Faces over the narrow Razorback which led to safety, induced them to follow him across that ten-inch death-track, one by one, like children behind their mistress. It was Red Wull who was seen coming down the precipitous Saddler's How, shouldering up that grand old gentleman, King o' the Dale, whose leg was broken.