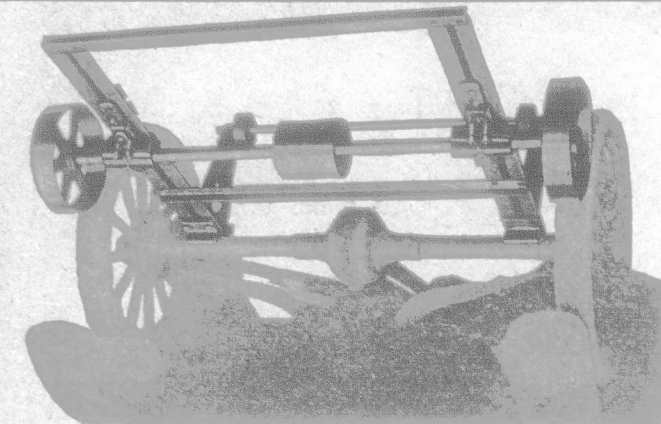




There is no better or cheaper Power Plant for cars made.

Price, \$44
F. O. B. Toronto

We have a good opening for a few live dealers. Do it now.

THE HANDY POWER PLANT
Will give you good, honest value with the least outlay.

THE WEBBER MACHINE CO.
848 Dupont Street TORONTO, ONT.

WANT and FOR SALE

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

COLLIE PUPS BRED TO HEEL AND DRIVE.
A. B. Van Blaricom, Morganston, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—GOOD BUILDINGS
first-class land, tiled, plenty of water and timber. F. H. Orris, Springfield, Ont.

FOR SALE—BIG, HANDSOME COLLIE DOG,
fifteen months old; registered; sable and white. B. Armstrong, Morganston, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—200 ACRES IN BEAN
district, Kent, Harwich Township, 4 miles east of Blenheim, on Talbot Road, one mile from church, school; 20 acres bush, 35 acres fall wheat, 2 fine brick dwellings, one tenant house, natural gas, pneumatic water system, 3 artesian wells, telephone, bank barn, cement silo, garage. Apply L. D. Mitton, R. R. No. 2, Blenheim, Ont., phone 162.

HERDSMAN, MARRIED, OR FARM SUPER-
INTENDENT, or rent 100 acres; life experience; two sons, good milkers; wife dairy and poultry woman, by first of March. State particulars first letter. Box H, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

WANTED—AT ONCE, A SINGLE MAN,
about forty years of age who understands working on a farm and looking after cattle; a Scotchman preferred. Please state wages by year. Apply to A. J. Fox, Harrow P.O., Ont., R. R. No. 3.

WANTED—YOUNG GIRL AS MOTHER'S
help. Nice, comfortable home. Apply, stating full particulars, to Mrs. H. P. Mackenzie, cor. Avenue Rd. and Glencairn Avenue, Toronto.

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

BARRED ROCK SPECIALIST TWENTY
years. "Winter layers, heavy weighers." Choice cockerels \$3.00 each. Earl Bedal, Brighton.

FOR SALE—ROSE-COMB BROWN LEG-
HORN cockerels and pullets, bred from our tested layers, and are very vigorous. Galloway & English, "Box A," Ingersoll, Ont.

ROSE-COMB RHODE ISLAND RED
Cockerels from good winter laying strain. Alex. McKinney, Erin, Ont.

WANTED TO BUY OR EXCHANGE—WHITE
Chinese gander. Mrs. M. A. Howard, R.R. No. 2, Ilderton, Ont.

WHITE WYANDOTTE AND WHITE LEG-
HORN cockerels for sale, from prize-winning stock; Martin and Saunders strain, \$3 each. Eggs in season. Esra Stock, Woodstock, Ont.

WANTED Crate-fed Chickens

(Dressed)
Also LARGE FOWL (Alive)
Write for Price List.
WALLER'S, 702 Spadina Ave., Toronto

DO YOU NEED FURNITURE

Write for our large, photo illustrated Catalogue No. 7—it's free to you.
THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

For Sale: Essex Seed Corn

Grown from native seed, and germination guaranteed—Bailey White Cap Leaming and Wisconsin. Special prices for clubs.
A. G. BILLING, R. R. No. 1, Essex, Ontario

SPRUCEDALE

Shorthorns and Berkshires

Herd headed by Sprucedale Butterfly, whose dam, Orma of Northland 105359 (owned in herd), has a 4-year-old R. O. Period of 10463 lbs. milk, 390 lbs. fat. Shorthorns and Berkshires of different ages and sex for sale. Inspection invited.

Frank Teasdale - Concord, Ont.

HAY

SHIPPERS! Consign your carloads to The E. L. RICHMOND CO., Detroit. The Old Reliable Firm. In business a quarter of a century. References—Any Bank.

Beaver Hill Aberdeen-Angus and Oxfords—Cows with calves at foot. Females all ages. Bulls of serviceable age. Ram lambs and a few shearing ewes.

Alex. McKinney, R.R. No. 1, Erin, Ontario

Smiles.

"What are you crying for, Bobby?"
"Boo, hoo! I've been goin' to the Methodist and the Presbyterian Sunday schools for two months, and now they're going to have their Christmas trees on the same night."—Ottago "Witness."

He had been going from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally on Christmas Eve he stepped into a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

The man dropped into the nearest pew with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've found my crowd at last."

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter "Tell Mr. Williams," he said, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er— Oh, tell him I'll meet him in Albany!"

Little girl (before statue in museum)—

"Mamma, who's this?"

Attendant (after a pause)—"That's Mercury, the messenger of the gods. You have read about him, no doubt?"

Mother—"Of course, she has. But, do you know, my little girl has such a very poor memory for Scripture."—Boston "Transcript."

A Real Connoisseur.

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill-luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence. "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump; it's a cheese."—New York "Globe."

The Art of Receiving Graciously.

BY LEE MCCRAE.

Who does not love to give to a little child? He seizes the present with a rapturous motion and a twinkle of joy in his eyes, while the mother puts the "thank you" words into his mouth or says them for him. Yet we feel amply repaid for whatever the gift has cost us, and realize the beautiful truth that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Besides, the child proceeds at once to enjoy his new possession, whether it be a toy or a stick of candy.

Instead of this happy, natural way, we grown people make studied bows, smile dubiously, pile on words of thanks, and—lay the gift upon the mantel.

Surely the child's way is the best. The joyous outreaching, the look of thanks, the quick caress, and but a few words, are what the giver wants and will cherish as his or her reward.

Few words are best because not many of us have the tact, the quick wit, and the ready tongue to say the right ones on the spur of the moment, and the wrong words spoil it all for both the giver and the receiver. Who of us has not had the very sight of some pretty thing made a trial for years because of the awkward way in which we accepted it? We pile on words because we think they are expected of us, and try to maintain our dignity by showing as little emotion as possible.

Then, alas, that horrible ogre, the "trade last" idea flashes over us, and we instantly think of the present we gave or didn't give this particular friend. Is it a false pride, a sense of commercialism, or a commendable honesty that prompts us grown people to "even up" the gift-making, and thus rob it of its chief glory? Oh that we could "become as little children" in this matter!

To see one's gift put to use, yet with dainty care, is also pleasing, and no more delicate compliment can be paid than to refer to a past gift long since forgotten by the donor. I once had a correspondent say, "This is written with the pen you gave me Christmas two years ago. Ah, the journeys it has made over white paper since then!"

We must all confess that we like to have much made of our gifts, be they costly or ever so inexpensive, but it must be done in a sincere, natural way that shows the heart is really touched.

Some people purposely, and others unconsciously, make it hard for their best friends to give them anything. It is usually a sense of pride, a fear of patronage or obligation that forms the ugly barrier. This is peculiarly common among relatives—near relatives, who know one another's needs and financial conditions far too intimately for mutual comfort.

The only way to overcome this wretched feeling, is to put ourselves in the giver's place, remembering what a joy it is to be able to bestow things upon others. Think how gladly we would do likewise, were we the rich relative! Remember, too, how it hurts to have a gift received reluctantly. Generous receiving is second only to generous giving, and alas, it is far more rare among grown people.

It has been truly said that the way a lady takes a compliment stamps her place in society. A blush of pleasure denotes the schoolgirl; a giggle, the silly or unsophisticated; a brusque protest, the sensible but unpolished; a fleeting smile and a quiet thank you phrase (if reply be necessary at all) show unmistakably the woman of society training, the one really accustomed to compliments.

Many mothers, rightfully anxious to keep their daughters' heads "level," as we say, teach them to have horror of compliments. They quote the harsh, half-true sayings, such as "The man who flatters a woman hopes to find her a fool or to make her one." And with ideas like that in mind, the young girl often resents rudely words that are sincerely meant, and makes awkward situations for herself and her real friends. Instead, let her be taught keen discernment between foolish flattery and well-meant praise, and let her have answering phrases at her tongue's end. Every girl, pretty or ugly, who would hold a place in the social world, must acquire the art of graciously accepting a compliment and of tactfully "turning down" the would be flatterer. A little quiet forethought and preparedness are all that are necessary.

We all need to recognize the fact that kindly deeds and kindly words mean so

much in this old world of ours that they both deserve gracious reception.—Sel.

The House of Christmas.

There fared our mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have the battle and the blazing eyes,

And chance and honor and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and roam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,

But our hearts we lost—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are.
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings

And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
'Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,

To the things that cannot be and are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

—By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

The Dollar Chain

For Relief Work.
Contributions from Dec. 13 to Dec. 20:
"X", \$3; Mrs. W. S. Galbraith, Iona Station, Ont., \$2; "Bill", Elgin Co., Ont., \$5.

Previously acknowledged.....\$5,745.50
Total to Dec. 20.....\$5,755.50

Kindly address contributions to The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, London, Ont.

For S. A. Rescue Home and Orphanage.

Mrs. A. H. Weaver, Chippewa, \$1.
Total received, to date, \$37.75.

"So while nearly all our Christmas ceremonies have originated in heathen festivals, or ancient superstition, they all mean just what Christmas means—love, peace, good-will, forgiveness and joy. It is well to remember these things, and to come to our Christmas in the right spirit. The fact that the ancient people, on whom we look down as barbarians, originated so many beautiful customs, should spur us on to live up to these ideals better than we do. For two thousand years we have been singing "Peace on earth," and still there is no peace. If we would all live up to our Christmas ideals, war would cease automatically, and the evils of the world, industrial, social and political would die a natural death."—Sel.

"A certain picture at the Royal Academy (London) this year shows English fishermen gazing at a long line of American destroyers emerging from a background of mist and rain. I am sure that no American can view that picture without experiencing a swelling in his throat. I should imagine that it might excite equal emotion in an Englishman. For that starry banner, streaming out in the mist, waves over a closed breach; signifies the healing of an old sore; stands for the concord of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, at last full and complete."—Herman Whitaker in *The Independent*.