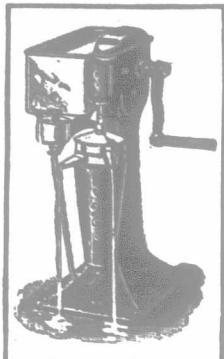


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We make ladies suits. Our leader is a cheviot cloth suit in black, navy, seal brown and myrtle green. The cloth is wool. It is a \$15 tailored suit. We the manufacturers offer it to you at the factory price \$4.50. We sell hundreds of these suits. The mode is the latest style. The jacket has a tight-fitting back with half tight fitting front. It is lined in mercerized saten. The skirt is tailor stitched in silk, faced with canvas and bound with velvet, beautifully trimmed with straps of the goods down the seams. The suit is trimmed with buttons and braid. A tucked skirt may be had if preferred. Skirt or coat alone \$2.50. Any suit may be returned if not entirely satisfactory and money refunded. Sizes 30 to 44 bust. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

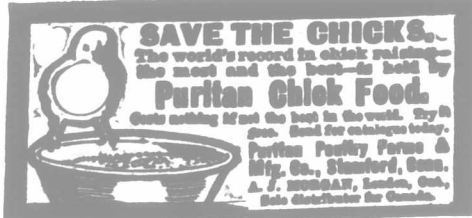
Waists, fall styles any color, China silk, \$2.25. Best taffeta \$3.50. Luster \$1.50. Velvet \$1.95. Jackets, fall styles, tight back, half tight front, cape, any color wool frieze hip length, Rain Coats, (cravenette).

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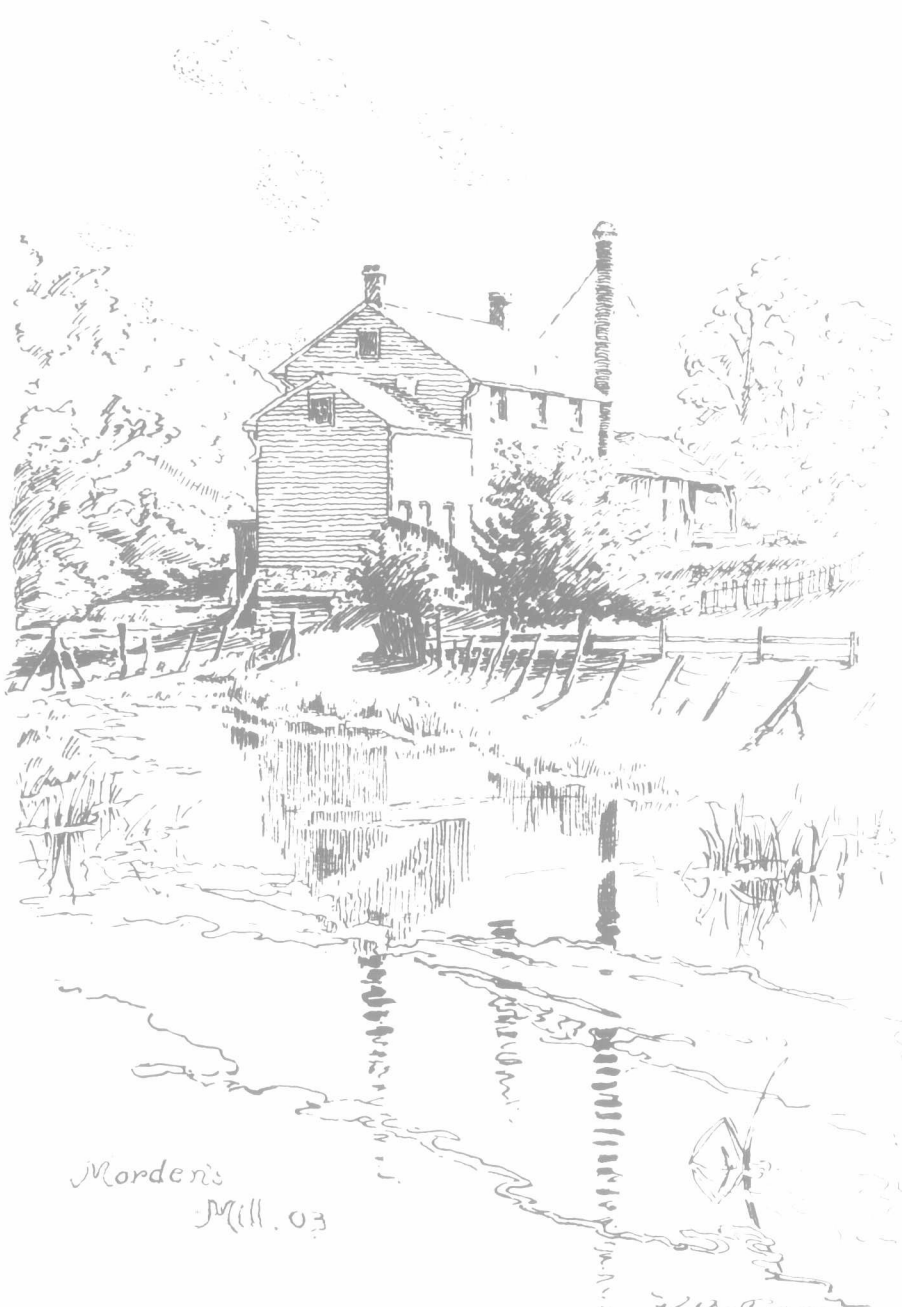
Dear Friends,—

It is with the very greatest pleasure that we are able to give you to-day, facsimiles of the drawings submitted by the winners of the three prizes offered in our recent drawing competition. With the work of James Frise you are already acquainted, as several of his sketches, cartoons, etc., have already appeared from time to time in the "Farmer's Advocate." It may be as surprising as interesting to you, however, as it was to us, to know that our young artist is but thirteen years of age. We are sure you will all join with us in wishing him a long and bril-

The Honor List in the competition, exclusive of the prizewinners, is as follows: Bird designs, Margorie Armour, Marguerite McIntyre, Alice Smith, Sara Smallman; a historical picture entitled "God-speed," by Miss Agnes Hisey; maple leaf design, Harriet Jean Evans, and design of nasturtiums and bookcase, Florence A. Lyons.

With many thanks to all these friends who have done so much toward making our drawing competition a success, Very sincerely yours,
DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.



Second Prize Drawing—Morden's Mill.

Original Drawing by W. A. Begg, West Flamboro, Ont.

The Check-rein.

Loosen the check-rein, master!
See how your poor horse tries
To free himself from the cruel strain,
He tosses his head because of the pain,
And pleads with his beautiful eyes.

Loosen the check-rein, master!
If only a moment you stay
To chat and gossip with friends in town,
Heed the sad pleading of eyes so brown,
And give the tired neck full sway.

Loosen the check-rein, master!
Ah! See what pleasure you bring!
Be careless of check-rein style to-day;
To-morrow, for pity's sake, throw away
The cruel and useless thing.

—Our Animal Friends.

Some Echoes.

MAINLY ABOUT RUSSIA.

No. II.

In the article by Jerome K. Jerome, from which I have already freely quoted, under the heading "Beneath the Surface," he has this to say: "They (the Russians) strike the stranger as a child-like people, but you are possessed with a haunting sense of ugly traits beneath. The workers—slaves it would be almost more just to call them—allow themselves to be driven with the uncomplaining patience of intelligent animals. Yet every educated Russian you talk to on the subject knows that revolution is coming. But he talks to you about it with the door shut, for no man in Russia can be sure that his own servants are not police spies. I was discussing the question with a Russian official one evening in his study when his old housekeeper entered the room—a soft-eyed, gray-haired woman, who had been in his service over eight years, and whose position in the household was almost that of a friend. He stopped abruptly and changed the conversation. So soon as the door was closed behind her again, he explained himself. 'It is better to chat upon such matters when one is quite alone,' he laughed. 'But surely you can trust her,' I said. 'It is safer to trust no one,' he answered. And then he continued from the point where we had been interrupted. 'It is gathering,' he said; 'there are times when I almost smell blood in the air. I am an old man and may escape it, but my children will have to suffer—suffer as children must do for the sins of their fathers. We have made brute beasts of the people, and as brute beasts they will come upon us, cruel, and indiscriminating; right and wrong indifferently going down before them. But it has to be. It is needed.' The future history of Russia will be the history of the French Revolution over again, but with this difference: that the educated classes, the thinkers, who are pushing forward the dumb masses are doing so with their eyes open. There will be no Mirabeau, no Danton, to be appalled at the people's ingratitude. The men who to-day are working for revolution in Russia number among their ranks statesmen, soldiers, delicately-nurtured women, rich landowners, prosperous tradesmen, students familiar with the lessons of history. They have no misconceptions concerning the blind Frankenstein into which they are breathing life. He will crush them, they know it; but with them he will crush the injustice and stupidity they have grown to hate better than they love themselves."

And, again, we are told by the same writer, under the caption of "The Coming Revolution," that "the Russian peasant, when he rises, will prove more terrible, more pitiless than were the men of 1790. He is less intelligent, more brutal. They sing a wild, sad song, these Russian cattle, the while they work. They sing it in chorus on the quays while hauling the cargo, they sing it in the factory, they chant it on the weary, endless steppes, reaping the corn they may not eat. It is about the good time their masters are having, of the feasting and the merrymaking. But the last line of every verse is the same. When you ask a Russian to translate it for you he shrugs his shoulders. 'Oh, it means,' he says, 'that their time will come—some day.' It is a sad, pathetic, haunting refrain. They sing it in the drawing-rooms of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and somehow the light talk and laughter die away, and a hush, like a chill breath, enters by the closed door and passes through. It is a curious song, like the wailing of a tired wind, and one day it will sweep over the land, heralding terror."

After giving an instance of rank injustice and the shameless treatment of a man too poor to bribe, its effect upon the victim crouched in a corner is thus graphically described: "The snarl had died from his face; a dull, listless indifference had taken its place, the look one sees on the face of a beaten dog after the beating is over, when it is lying still, its great eyes staring into nothingness, and one wonders whether it is thinking. . . . The Russian worker reads no newspaper, has no club, and yet all things seem to be known to him. They say such things are done with now, but up till recently there existed in a prison

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