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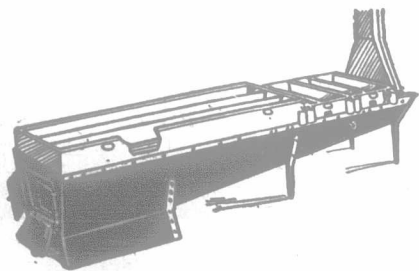
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We are giving away \$500 in gold, cash prizes, to users of the GRIMM "CHAMPION" EVAPORATOR. Full particulars will be mailed on receipt of above coupon.

The competition will take place during the last two weeks of April, and samples of syrup and sugar received will be placed on exhibit in the show windows of the "Montreal Star." Every purchaser and user of the Grimm "Champion" Evaporator may take part in this contest. Now is the time to properly equip yourself to make high-grade syrup and sugar—high priced, and therefore profitable. Do it now, before the sap runs. State number of trees you will tap, and we will give you prices on a suitably sized outfit. Address all enquiries:



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dual purpose that is more wonderful than all else? The depth of the problems, and the underlying mysteries in a tree, or any work of nature, are well summed up in the well-known little verse of Tennyson:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF TREES.

By "Dufferinite," Dufferin Co., Ont.

I have been an interested reader of your paper for several years, and would like to join your F. A. and H. M. Literary Society, and as I am sending you an essay on your opening subject, taking as my subject, "Farm Forestry."

There is no phrase of forestry as essential to the general prosperity of the country, as well as productive of direct influence on the conservation of its great water sources, nothing so practical in its effect on the greatest number of our population, as farm forestry.

The farmer has only, within a comparatively short time, awakened to the value of trees, not only as a source of fuel, especially since coal is becoming so dear, but as a protection and as a source of beauty and comfort, beyond anything else we can name.

Woodlands as a means of protection are of great interest to the agriculturist. Houses on the farm protected by trees require less heat in the winter. Stock in protected barns and barnyards, undoubtedly require less food.

Beneficial effects to field crops are also of great importance. A field of wheat or clover protected by woodlands will have a great advantage over the unprotected field. Snow falling on the protected field gives a mantle which shields from sudden changes, and lessens the danger from frost. In the spring, the snow is taken off by evaporation, caused by wind and sun. If a mantle of snow can be kept on a field of clover or wheat a few days longer in the spring during the sudden changes of temperature, it will be of great benefit to the crop.

Woodlands on the banks, and at the head waters of streams, will better regulate the flow of water, as well as protect the banks from serious erosion. Great quantities of rich soil are annually carried away by spring floods, and those who examine the public accounts will be surprised at the immense sums of money spent each season in digging out this lost land from the harbors of the Dominion.

The wood-lot, beside tempering and protecting the farm, supplies it with useful and valuable material. Once established, the wood-lot, if properly handled, will reproduce itself and supply, not only the fuel, but the timber and lumber required in the upkeep of the farm. The poorest portions of the farm, that unfit for tillage, may thus be made to bring in reasonable returns.

A farm supplied with a wood-lot, a windbreak for the orchard and buildings, and shade trees along the road, will not only benefit the farm as we have been describing, but it will so beautify it as to make life doubly pleasant to those upon it, and also to the community in which it is placed.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—and what is more beautiful than a fine farm, with rows of trees along the roads and up the lanes. The value of that farm, if by any necessity it has to be put on the market, is greatly increased by such adornment, which costs very little to the farmer.

The moral influence of beautiful trees exceeds the pleasure they afford to the eye, and outweighs the consideration of dollars and cents. The sweet impressions made by their beauty and shade on childhood, are often echoed back by the soothing memories of age.

"The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy !

They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild."

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Snow-white; Rose-red

Just before Thanksgiving the affairs of the Simpsons reached what might have been called a crisis, even in their family, which had been born and reared in a state of adventurous poverty and perilous uncertainty.

Riverboro was doing its best to return the entire tribe of Simpsons to the land of its fathers, so to speak, thinking rightly that the town which had given them birth, rather than the town of their adoption, should feed them and keep a roof over their heads until the children were of an age for self-support. There was little to eat in the household and less to wear, though Mrs. Simpson did, as always, her poor best. The children managed to satisfy their appetites by sitting modestly outside their neighbors' kitchen doors when meals were about to be served. They were not exactly popular favorites, but they did receive certain undesirable morsels from the more charitable housewives.

Life was rather dull and dreary, however, and in the chill and gloom of November weather, with the vision of other people's turkeys bursting with fat, and other people's golden pumpkins and squashes and corn being garnered into barns, the young Simpsons groped about for some inexpensive form of excitement, and settled upon the selling of soap for a premium. They had sold enough to their immediate neighbors during the earlier autumn to secure a child's handcart, which, though very weak on its pins, could be trundled over the country roads. With large business sagacity and an executive capacity which must have been inherited from their father, they now proposed to extend their business operations to a larger area and distribute soap to contiguous villages, if these villages could be induced to buy. The Excelsior Soap Company paid a very small return of any kind to its infantile agents, who were scattered through the state, but it inflamed their imaginations by the issue of circulars with highly colored pictures of the premiums to be awarded for the sale of a certain number of cakes. It was at this juncture that Clara Belle and Susan Simpson consulted Rebecca, who threw herself solidly and wholeheartedly into the enterprise, promising her help and that of Emma Jane Perkins. The premiums within their possible grasp were three: a bookcase, a plush reclining chair, and a banquet lamp. Of course the Simpsons had no books, and casting aside, without thought or pang, the plush chair, which might have been of some use in a family of seven persons (not counting Mr. Simpson, who ordinarily sat elsewhere at the town's expense), they warmed themselves rapturously in the vision of the banquet lamp, which speedily became to them more desirable than food, drink, or clothing. Neither Emma Jane nor Rebecca perceived anything incongruous in the idea of the Simpsons striving for a banquet lamp. They looked at the picture daily and knew that if they themselves were free agents they would toil, suffer, ay sweat, for the happy privilege of occupying the same room with that lamp through the coming winter evenings. It looked to be about eight feet tall in the catalogue, and Emma Jane advised Clara Belle to measure the height of the Simpson ceilings; but a note in the margin of the circular informed them that it stood two and a half feet high when set up in all its dignity and splendor on a proper table, three dollars extra. It was only of polished brass, continued the circular, though it was invariably mistaken for solid gold, and the shade that accompanied it (at least it accompanied it if the agent sold a hundred extra cakes) was of crinkled crepe paper printed in a dozen delicate hues, from which the joy-dazzled agent might take his choice.

Seesaw Simpson was not in the syndicate. Clara Belle was rather a successful agent, but Susan, who could only say "thoap," never made large returns, and the twins, who were somewhat young to be thoroughly trustworthy, could be given only a half dozen cakes at a time, and were obliged to carry with them on their business trips a brief document stating the price per cake, dozen, and box. Rebecca and Emma Jane offered to go two or three miles in some one direction and see what

MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS.