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inspires confidence. To be well-dressed is not to be over-dressed, but to be attired in suitable clothing.

THIS is where we specialise. We are practical tailors, who have given years of study to the question of men's clothes. That is why our business is so large to-day. We make friends and customers; which is not very difficult, but we do even more—we keep them.

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OUR CLOTHING to Measure has gained for us a world-wide reputation. This is not altogether surprising, because the value is marvellous. Every garment produced by us is an embodiment of grace. Our garments are really tailored. Apart from the quality of the fabric, the "Curzon" tailoring alone imparts an air of distinction to a man's clothes. It is something to be "CURZON" CLAD.

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Gentlemen requiring Urgent delivery of a London Made Suit can have same despatched in 10 to 14 days after order reaches us, on giving us particulars of shade and kind of cloth desired and enclosing remittance for the value.

READ



THIS

Hotel Griswold, Detroit, Mich. September, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR.—As a subscriber and a close reader of your daily, and noting the title you are having with profusion of many varieties, let me give you an experience in the purchase of clothing. To a London firm on July 3rd I sent a draft for six pounds sterling, for which I paid my bank \$24.50. I sent my measure for clothes in detail as my local tailor would have them, describing about the pattern as best I could, and left the balance to them, realising that for that money I could not lose much at the most. Every clothing expert to whom I have submitted the goods placed the coat at \$25 to \$26. Wife declares I will never wear the suit out, its quality is so good; and for a fit there can be no criticism. The London tailors are CURZON BROS. LTD., and anyone can get their samples and prices on application, and prove what I have stated for themselves.

HENRY VINCENT

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SUIT or OVERCOAT To Measure

CARRIAGE AND DUTY PAID, \$22.50, \$25.50, \$28.00, \$31.00.

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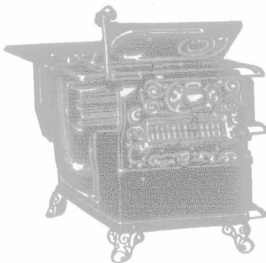
THE life of any Range is no longer than its weakest part, but special attention has been given to the construction of the vital parts of the Corona.

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1. FIRST the large CAST IRON FLUE at the back of the Range. This insures perfect draft and no danger of the flue clogging. Also, it will not rust out at the bottom like ranges equipped with sheet steel flues.
2. OBSERVE the large fire box extension, which gives a 28 inch fire box for burning wood.
3. We also show the "front draft" used on all our ranges built with right hand reservoirs. The damper drops open readily, as shown in illustration, and this makes it so that the ashes and clinkers can be removed from the grates from the front with an ordinary poker without stooping.
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5. This cut shows how the front top section can be raised to any desired height, even though there is no closet on the range.

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Rear and End View

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A Real Election in B. C.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

Having just witnessed an election campaign in the wonderfully grand, but still new Province of British Columbia, I wonder if impressions of a provincial election viewed from the outside might not be of interest to my farmer friends in my own Province. While I dare not boast that Ontario has, by any means, become fully emancipated from the taint of heredity partyism, the extremely bold call made by both the Government candidates and their opponents to the electors in B. C. to rally to the party standard savors strongly of my earliest recollections of election-days in Ontario.

I did not quite understand it all then, any more than too many of the electors understood why they should stand firmly by their hereditary colors—but I can still plainly see the husky "Tory" school boy challenging his "Grit" opponent, or vice-versa, "to knock the chip off". This was the signal for beginning the tussle which would prove which party had really a just claim to virtue. For youth then, even more than now, was a pretty good copy of its elders.

While those days had virtues that might have well been preserved, I like to believe that their political aspect is fast fading. In any case, it gave me a sudden backward jolt to find party feeling so rampant in this Province. For, barring the few Labor candidates and fewer Independents, partyism was the first and last and only rally cry of both the Liberals and the Conservatives here. Great circus-sign boards blazed with "Vote straight for the Liberal Six" and similar conservative notices greeted one at every turn. The leading Government supporter urged that "vote for the man" would breed only discord in the Legislature, while I do not recall that vote for the principle was seriously mentioned. Each party seemed to be quite too busy exploiting the failures of its opponents and trying to convince the electors that it possessed all the virtues that there wasn't time to consider the important issues except as incidental to party victory. To give you an instance, one speaker prefaced her speech with "I'm the wife of a Liberal, I've given four Liberals to the country, and I have a brother a Liberal in an Ontario city." Doubtless the Conservative speakers made equally vain boasts, but I did not chance to pick up anything quite so marked in sentiment.

But the funniest of all the funny things that happened was after the election, when the Liberals met to celebrate their victory in the ball-room of the palatial Vancouver Hotel. The present and re-elected Premier known in this Province as "Honest John" was on the platform in time to await the coming of "Mary Ellen" (Mrs. Ralph Smith), who had polled an overwhelming majority of Liberal votes—the greatest majority ever polled by any candidate in this Province. And—must I tell it—"John greeted "Mary Ellen" with an embrace and a—a—a kiss.

I feel sure that Ontario's farmer Premier has better manners than that! And say, if Mrs. Smith were not a widow, British Columbia might still have a change of premiers.

British Columbia. N. L. MCKNIGHT.

Indians as Plowmen.

While Indians as a rule are not credited with being expert farmers, there are a good many of them who take great pride in their plowing, and not only do they compete in the Provincial Plowing Match, but they have formed a branch of the Ontario Plowmen's Association and hold an annual plowing match. These men are capable of doing exceptionally good work, and have been successful in winning the prizes and trophies in keen competition. A plowing match was held on the Six Nations Reserve in November last, and the following are the names of the winners: High-cut plow, First, Sweepstakes and Cup: J. Capton; 2, E. Green; 3, F. Martin; 4, J. Green. High-cut plow, open to those who have never won in this class: 1, W. Vansickle; 2, P. John; 3, R. Jamieson; 4, P. Smith. Jointer class: 1, M. Vansickle; 2, N. General; 3, H. Anderson; 4, D. Burnham. Those who have never previously won in the jointer class: 1, G. Garlow; 2, E. Miller; 3, H. Styres; 4, G. Green. Sixteen-year-old boys with jointer plows: 1, T. Porter; 2, B. Davis; 3, I. Green.

Best finish: P. John. Best crown: W. Vansickle. Best-groomed team: E. Miller. The officers of the Six Nations Branch of the Ontario Plowmen's Association are: President, W. H. Jamieson; First Vice-President, G. S. Johnson; Second Vice-Pres., T. General; Treasurer, H. Styres; Secretary, G. Garlow.

The Dog on the Sheep Ranch.

BY DAVID H. TALMADGE.

Up in the hills of western Oregon there are many sheep and many dogs, for any sheepman will tell you that the raising of sheep without the assistance of dogs would be a difficult thing to do. Also any sheepman will tell you that there are dogs which kill sheep, as there are men who kill deer and other creatures, for the joy of killing.

Then, if you ask him, he will give you his opinion of so-called wise folk who would legislate the dog out of the world, and his opinion will be forcibly expressed and easy of comprehension. It may be a bit lurid, for his patience with the nerve-strained people of the cities who would annihilate the dog family because some unfortunate member of it buried a bone in a flower-bed and thereby ruined a plant or two, is pretty well exhausted.

"I wouldn't mind if when these injured people write their letters to the papers damning the dogs," he says, "they would hold themselves down to their own grievances. But they don't. Likely they think the indictment would be insufficient. So they cry out that dogs kill sheep—millions of 'em—worth millions of dollars—every year, and this being expressed in dollars takes hold of the American comprehension. But no sheep-raiser ever writes letters of this kind. Personally, I have written several of another kind and flatter myself that I squelched one or two dog-haters pretty effectively in doing it. By the way, look out for the dog-hater. I'd advise you not to trust him any further than you can see him, except perhaps in money matters. He is usually a dollar-worshipper—can't get much out of life beyond that which costs so much per."

And then he will tell you a dog story or two, if you ask him (at least this particular sheepman told me one). The sun was just sinking behind the coast mountains. We stood in shadow, the sheepman, a tawny, loose-jointed Australian, sheep-dog, and myself, and Mount Jefferson loomed behind us white and pure as mercury.

The sheepman said, "Buddy," softly, and the dog cuddled to him and kissed his hand.

"Look at his eyes," said the sheepman. "Human and maybe a bit more, what?"

I nodded honestly. "He does things with sheep I can't do—knows things about 'em I don't know. Listen:

"We had a flock of five or six hundred in the upper pasture last fall. It is a couple of miles from the house. The rains came one night, and I found next day that the river had carried off about twenty feet of fence. I found also that if the dog had depended on us for intelligence those sheep would have been gone.

"When I got up there next day Buddy was watching the break—had been on the job pretty much all night. We never lock him up. He has the run of the ranch at all times. I was a bit worried when he failed to show up at the barn that morning. There are a good many human beings ranging these hills with guns at that time of year, and—well, there he was and there were the sheep. Some dog!"

Pride and affection mingled in the man's voice. One need not be very deep to understand the reason.

I passed by a number of ranches going down the trail to the valley that night, and at each was a dog. They were not all like Buddy, perhaps, but they were of the same general type, and each was taking a visible interest in the affairs of the ranch. And I knew that my sheepman was right.—From Our Dumb Animals.

Owing to the schools being closed, the School Department has been omitted from this week's issue.