



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.

FARM FOR SALE—100 acres, Innisfil Township; good grain farm; 1 mile from Cookstown; good buildings. Further particulars apply to Box 31, Cookstown.

FARM FOR SALE—200 acres, in Elma Township, near Listowel; good buildings; land clean and in excellent state of cultivation; in good dairy section; will sell on easy terms, as owner wishes to retire. Apply to Wm. Burnett, Britton, Ontario.

ONTARIO VETERAN GRANTS WANTED—Located or unlocated; state price. Box 35, Brantford.

ONE-QUARTER SECTION, 45 miles north-east of Saskatoon, 8 miles from C. N. R. 95 acres broken, good barn and furnished shack; also implements cheap for cash. For full particulars apply: Henry Hill Hyslop, Teeswater, Ontario.

SEED WHEAT FOR SALE—American Banner, White, Bald, grown on new land; splendid yield; tested 60.8 bushels per acre at Guelph (see last report); strong straw. Send for sample. Price, 90c. per bushel; bags, 25c. each. Prompt shipment. Yorkshire swine. W. T. Davidson & Son, Meadowdale, Ontario.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, British Columbia, offers sunny, mild climate; good profits for men with small capital in fruit-growing, poultry, mixed farming, timber, manufacturing, fisheries, new towns. Good chances for the boys. Investments safe at 6 per cent. For reliable information, free booklets, write Vancouver Island Development League, Room A, 23 Broughton Street, Victoria, British Columbia.

WIRE FENCING FOR SALE—Brand new, at 20 to 50% less than regular price. Write for price-list. The Imperial Wire & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

WANTED—Situation as farm hand; married man; 28 years; life experience; 8 years in Canada; separate cottage, fuel, milk and potatoes; current wages. Arthur Allen, 124 Blong Ave., Toronto.

220 ACRES—Township of Markham, County of York; 1 mile from Locust Hill station, O.P.E., 20 miles from Toronto. 2 good houses, modern outbuildings; silos, windmills, etc. 20 acres bush; stream through farm. One of the best farms in township. Very reasonable price for quick sale. F. E. Reesor, Locust Hill, Ontario.

Notice to Reeve and Councillors

New Patent Snow Plough, can do the work of 50 men; Stone and Stump Puller; Silo for green corn. Come and see me at Sherbrooke, Toronto, Ottawa, and Quebec Fairs.

A. LEMIRE, Proprietor, Wotten, Que.

Registered Seed Wheat for Sale

Dawson Golden Chaff Variety, grown according to the rules of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association for the last 11 years. Scored 97 3/4 out of the possible 100.

C. R. GIES, Heidelberg, Ont.



PURE-BRED Pekin and Rouen Ducks; Wyandotte Rocks; Leghorns, trios, not related, \$2.40. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wade & Son, Sarnia, Ontario.

S.-C. White Leghorns Great layers and prize-winners. Eggs: \$1.00 per 15; a hatch guaranteed. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham Ont.

A Paper of Tacks.

You can't civilize the fellow who doesn't care.

The best advice some of us can give is, "Do as I don't."

The goodness of the untempted is as flat as eggs without salt.

The more brains under the hat the less jewels hanging to the clothes.

Some folks ought to take their consciences out once in awhile for exercise.

Being ahead of time may spoil a minute; being behind time may waste a day.

Silence isn't always golden. The talker with something to say is worth a dozen keep-stills.

The school is the present's birthplace of futures, and when we shorten its usefulness we rob ourselves and we steal from the future.—Hayfield Mower.

heard a muffled trampling of hoofs on the driveway outside the great barn doors, and thought some neighbor had driven in. Addison slid one door back a few feet, and holding up the lantern, looked out into the storm.

There, close to the door, stood the truant Jersey, her back covered with snow, and by her side the precious calf, his little back also coated white and even his ears full.

Addison was so surprised he stepped back—when in marched Little Queen, and went along the barn floor toward the pen where earlier in life she had spent her first winters. With every step the calf snuggled so close to her as to crowd against her side. She had him beautifully trained to heel.

I have no doubt it was maternal solicitude which led her to come back to shelter and food. When that bitter storm came on, she realized that she could no longer care for her calf and keep him from suffering. She had therefore put her pride in her pocket, so to speak, and come home with him.

The boys opened the gate of the pen, and in she went as familiarly and docilely as need be. They fed her there with hay and a ration of meal, then came hastening in to tell us what had happened.

I remember that we all went out to the barn to see the returned prodigal, and there was a good deal of merriment. So far from evincing either wildness or fierceness, Little Queen behaved quite as she had done formerly when at the barn. Apparently she was ready to let bygones be bygones. She had had one glorious summer of liberty; but now, in her little Jersey mind, she had decided that domestication was best, after all, particularly in hard snow-storms.

I never saw the old squire more pleased by any incident of our farm life than over the voluntary return of Little Queen with her calf. Nearly every time he went to the barn he would pat her head over the pen railing and give her an apple or a nubbin of corn.

We thought it likely that when spring came and the cattle were turned out to pasture, Little Queen might attempt to run wild again, but she never did; and really the old squire's forbearance with her in that one escapade of her youth was not only humane and wise, but profitable to him as a farmer. Little Queen made one of the best cows, if not the very best, we ever had in our herd. She was kept at the farm for sixteen years afterward, and over and above all expenses of fodder and care, was worth fully a hundred dollars a year to us. Nothing ever ailed her. Her milk was rich in butter-fat, and the butter itself yellow as gold. Some of her granddaughters are still in our dairy herd; they are all prime cows. Actually, judged by her whole record, that heifer was worth more than a thousand dollars the night she came home in the storm with her calf.—C. A. Stephens, in Youth's Companion.

Peace Treaties Signed.

On August 3rd, in the White House at Washington, occurred one of the most important events in the history of humanity. The simplicity of the ceremony added to its impressiveness. Three great nations, France, Great Britain and the United States, by formal treaties, pledged their faith in the substitution of arbitration for bloodshed in the settlement of all international disputes, including questions of national honor and vital interest hitherto considered excepted in arbitration conventions. The names attached were President Taft, Jas. Bryce, the British Ambassador; U. S. Secretary Knox, and Viscount De Saint Phalle, and Second Secretary, Ovey of the British Embassy. Subjects in dispute are to be submitted to The Hague Tribunal, unless, by special agreement, some other tribunal is created or selected. In connection with this treaty, the Alliance between Great Britain and Japan was some time ago modified to exclude the United States from the possible enemies of Britain, and the life of it was extended nearly six years. This new convention was signed in London by Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Count Kato, Japanese Ambassador. The world is thus moving on in the direction of

peace. These great treaties do honor to the high contracting powers, and make auspicious the early decades of the Twentieth Century.

City Boy: "What makes a horse act naughty when he sees an auto?"

Country Boy: "It is this way: Horses is used to seein' other horses pull wagons, and they don't know what to think of 'em goin' along without a horse. Guess if you saw a pair of pants walkin' down the street without a man in 'em, you'd be scared, too."

Live peaceably with all, so shalt thou lead.
A happy life thyself. —Goethe.



It is most important to use THE BEST SUGAR for

PRESERVING

Make YOUR preserving a certain success by using

The 20 pound bags are convenient—also sold in 100 pound bags and barrels; as well as by the pound.

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The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited, MONTREAL.

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THE WORLD'S BEST Cream Separator

is bound to be simplest and have the greatest skimming force. Simplicity means durability, ease of cleaning, superior cream. Greatest skimming force means cleanest skimming, most butter.

The only simple separator is the

SHARPLES Dairy Tubular

It contains no disks or other contraptions. It has twice the skimming force of others, and therefore skims faster and twice as clean. Wears a lifetime. Guaranteed forever by the oldest separator concern on this continent. These are simple, plain, easily proven facts. If you heed them, you will get a Tubular in the first place. It repeatedly pays for itself by saving what others lose.

Why bother with any complicated or cheap machine? You don't want a separator that the patented Tubular put out of date over ten years ago. The fact that others have finally bought Tubulars means "Finally a Tubular for you."

Our local representative will show you a Tubular. If you do not know him, ask us his name. Write for catalog 193.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.



MAKE YOUR OWN TILE

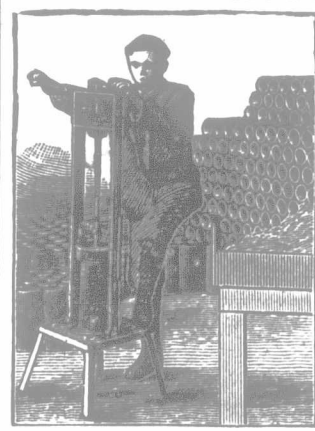
One man can make 300 to 600 perfect tile a day with our

Farmers' Cement Tile Machine

At a cost of \$4 to \$6 per 1,000. CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT? The only farm tile machine that does not require hand tamping; the only farmers' machine operated by either hand or power. Machine makes 3, 4, 5 and 6 inch tile. Our Waterproof FLEXIBLE CASING holds tile in perfect shape till set. NO PALLET.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If after 10 days' trial it does not meet with entire satisfaction, return at our expense. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue.

Farmers' Cement Tile Machine Co.,
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.



The Use of Life.

My life is what I make it. I am I,
A spark of God, to cherish or let die.
I breast no wave, but drift to sea, a weed,
Or shape myself into a tuneful reed.

Or else I lie and grovel in the dust,
For ever murmuring, "What must be, must!"

Or work with every fibre, till I stand
A beacon, shedding light throughout the land.

—Eleanor Gray, from "Eos" and other poems.