

TRADE TOPICS.

THE COLUMBIA HAY PRESS CO., of Kingsville, Ontario, advertise a hay press that is claimed to have a record of 50 tons in 10 hours, and is guaranteed good for 4 tons an hour. Write them for prices and particulars.

THE LAMB WIRE FENCE CO., of London, Ont., anticipate having extensive exhibits at the three leading fairs this fall, and extend a hearty invitation to all who are interested in ornamental or utility fences and gates to examine what they have to offer.

BEAUTIFUL PLANTS. — During the summer one has an opportunity to observe where about the grounds an ornamental tree or shrub could be planted to best advantage; but usually the securing of the plant is put off for a more convenient time, which never comes. A better plan would be to write directly to A. G. Hull & Son, St. Catharines, Ont., for the tree, plant, shrub, etc., required, and set it out this fall. This firm has on hand a splendid supply of ornamental and fruit trees, shrubs and vines. They have no agents but their catalogues, which will be sent free. Write them.

THE DOHERTY ORGAN, a high-class musical instrument, has obtained, on the basis of merit, more than a continental, practically a world-wide reputation for superior quality of tone and touch, fine finish and excellence of material used in its construction. In style it has all the appearance of most modern upright pianos, and for church or family purposes is unsurpassed. W. Doherty & Co., of Clinton, Ont., who claim to have the largest reed organ factory under the British flag, announce that they will exhibit at the Toronto, London and Ottawa Exhibitions, and that they have copyrighted a new and beautiful patriotic song to Canada, arranged by Arthur Depeu, Mus. Bach., of Detroit, an up-to-date professional man, a nephew of Mr. W. Doherty, a copy of which will be furnished to anyone mentioning the "Farmer's Advocate" at their stand at either of the exhibitions named, or applying by post card. See their advertisement, and make a note of this liberal offer.

FOREST CITY BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE, of London, whose ad. appears in this issue, has entered upon its twentieth year under the management of its present Principal, Mr. J. W. Westervelt. Scores of young men from the farm enter the college each year for a course in commercial training, and we believe that no boy in these times, intending to pursue farming for profit, should take upon himself the responsibilities of farm management without such a course as this college affords. The practical drill that is given upon notes, drafts and checks may save the lad hundreds of dollars, probably many times more than such a course would originally cost. Principal Westervelt has devoted himself to the training of young men and young women for business pursuits, and the hundreds that pass through the school each year bear testimony to the esteem in which he is held as an educator. The college has a strong hold upon the business community of London, where the work of the school is, probably, best known. Almost every business house of the city has one or more graduates of the college in their employ. The pupils are examined for diplomas and certificates by an independent board of examiners having no connection with the college whatever. By this method a superior class of young people are graduated each month, whose qualifications are assured, and who experience very little difficulty in securing lucrative employment. The principal informs us that the course for 1904-5 has been strengthened so that it is now almost impossible to improve upon it. Seven regular teachers are employed throughout the year, and students are assured of the best attention that faithful and conscientious teachers can give. Mr. Westervelt says that the indications are that the September opening will surpass that of any previous year, and that 1904-5 is expected to be the banner year of the F. C. B. College.

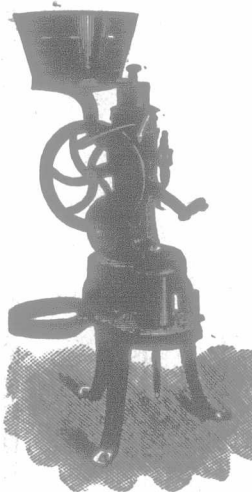
NATIONAL

Cream

"Made in Canada" is the true Canadian's motto. Let us be true to it; and how easy becomes the task when the choice of a Cream Separator is before you, for the

NATIONAL fulfils, in all particulars, your ideal of what a perfect separator should be.

And it is manufactured entirely in Canada. The factories are busy all the year round, and all orders are promptly filled.



Separator

Choose a National Separator, and you will be convinced that you have secured the best in the market.

It skims closely, turns easily, and is quickly cleansed; also the

NATIONAL is graceful in outline, tasty and pretty in design and decoration. In short, it is an ornament to any dairy.

So be true to the Land of the Maple Leaf, and buy a Separator "Made in Canada."

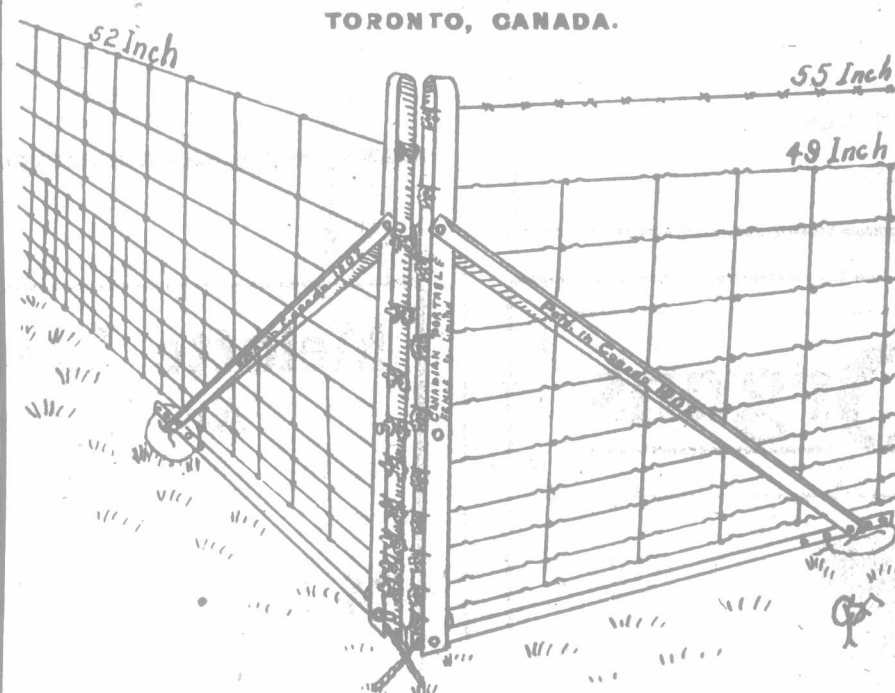
Made in Canada

CAPACITY:
Style B—250 lbs. per hour.
Style No. 1—330 to 350 lbs. per hour.
Style No. 1A—450 to 500 lbs. per hour.

The Raymond Manufacturing Co., of Guelph, Ltd.
GUELPH, ONTARIO, CANADA.

The Canadian Portable Fence Co., Ltd.

TORONTO, CANADA.

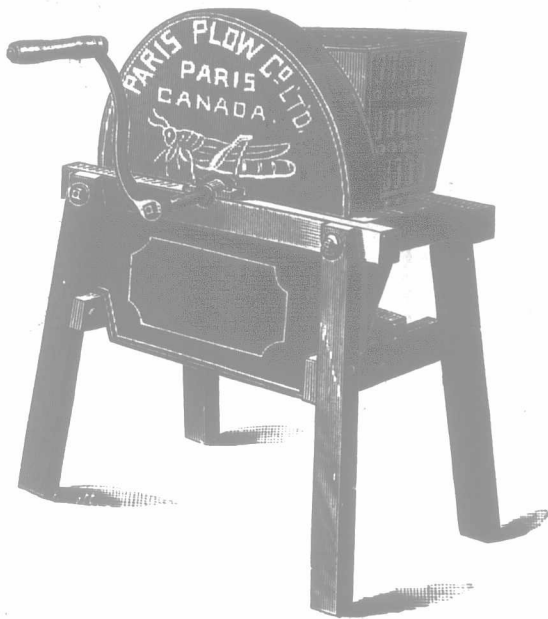


STATIONARY CORNER POST.

Mrs. of PORTABLE FENCE and STEEL FENCE POSTS.

Look out for us at the falling Fall Fairs throughout Ontario, or write us for further particulars.

PARIS ROOT PULPERS



HOPPER RIGHT SHAPE TO PREVENT CHOKING.

Roller Bearings AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. MADE WITH EITHER 4 OR 6 KNIVES.

REVERSIBLE

SEND FOR PRICES.

Paris Plow Co., Ltd.
Paris, Canada.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A company of farm hands, working for a deacon, came in to dinner. One of them fell to at once, and with his mouth full, was taken aback by the deacon's "grace before meat," which ran thus: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."—[Christian Register.]

A Kentucky mountaineer lately travelled near civilization, and saw for the first time a railroad train. Naturally he took to flight down the track. The engineer stopped the train and captured what he supposed was a crazy man. Finding him sane, though breathless, the engineer in anger asked him why he did not get off the track. "Get off the track," roared the mountaineer. "If I'd ever took to plowed land the thing would have caught me sure."

A squire in a certain town had just finished marrying a young couple, and proceeded in a paternal way to give them good, solid advice. Turning to the bridegroom, he said:

"Never spend your money extravagantly, and be saving in every way possible." The bridegroom listened respectfully and then remarked:

"Well, Judge, we might as well begin on you," and he proceeded to give the squire 50 cents for tying the knot.

A Lancashire blacksmith attended a farriery class held by the county council at Preston, England. As he entered, the clerk gave him a note-book and pencil. "Wot's this 'ere book for?" asked the man. "To take notes," replied the clerk. "Notes? Wot sort o' notes?" "Why, anything that the lecturer says that you think important and want to remember you make a note of in the book." The Lancashireman looked scornful. "Oh!" said he. "Anything I want to remember I must make a note of in this 'ere book, must I? Then wot do you think my blooming yed's for?"

A FOOL AND HIS WISDOM.

A story which is credited to Major Pond by the New York Tribune, tells of a weak-minded lad who went to the miller's to have some grain ground. The miller said to him:

"So you are a fool, eh?"

"I guess I am," replied the youth.

"A fool, eh? A natural," mused the miller. "We haven't many natural fools hereabouts. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Oh, no, sir, of course not," the lad answered, politely.

"Well, my boy, since you are a fool," began the miller, "I want you first to tell me what you know, and afterward what you don't know. Now, to begin, what do you know?"

"I know," said the boy, "that the miller's hogs are fat."

"Good! Very good!" said the miller. "That is what you know. Now tell us what you don't know."

"I don't know whose grain fattens 'em," replied the youth.

SAVED HIS BOOKS.

Farmer Dockridge was hastily awakened in the dead of night by Alf, the hired man, who told him the barn was on fire. Instructing Alf to blindfold the horses and lead them out through the back door, if there was time enough, he hurriedly donned his trousers, rushed into the summer kitchen, grabbed up a screw driver, and ran out to the barn.

The roof was burning fiercely, but he dashed into the building and began with frantic haste to unscrew the hinges of the smooth pine door that opened into the corn-bin.

Alf had succeeded in getting the horses out safely, and the sparks were falling around the old man; but he stuck to his task until he finished it, and emerged from the burning barn, carrying the door, just as the roof fell in.

"That's a good deal of a risk to take for the sake of saving a bit of kindling-wood," commented a neighbor who had been awakened by the flames, and had run over to see if he could be of any use.

"Kindling-wood," exclaimed Farmer Dockridge, pointing to the pencil marks that covered the door. "See them figures? There's all my business accounts for the last six years. That door's worth more than the hull barn."