

SUCCESS-MANURE-SPREADERS

are made right here in Canada

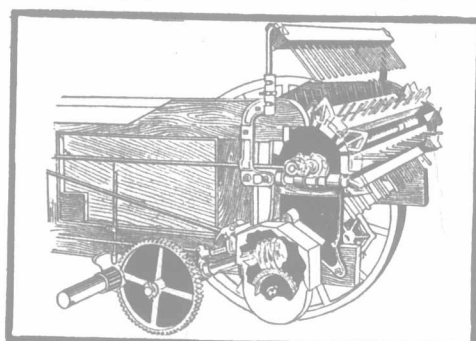
Need you guess twice about the motive?—when anyone tells you that the up-to-date manure spreader—the aptly-named **SUCCESS**—is no longer made in Canada. Just you investigate. Just write the Dain people. Do that before you put a dollar into any manure-spreader investment.

YOU WILL PROFIT.

The Canadian-built, moderate-priced **SUCCESS** is paying dividends to hundreds of progressive farmers. All over Canada it is giving its owners an increase of two to four dollars value a ton on stable manure used as fertilizer. It will do as much for you.

JUST WRITE US.

Quit wondering which make to choose. Write us for **PROOFS**—not mere claims—and then decide wisely.



Here you see the independent (worm and gear) drive that makes the **SUCCESS** distribute evenly uphill or down. No other spreader even claims this. The **SUCCESS** does it.

Ready for prompt
Fall shipments.
No delay.

ASK
FOR
MORE
FACTS

Dain MFG. CO., LIMITED
90 Dain Ave., Welland, Ont.

With the **SUCCESS** you can make one load of manure fertilize more ground than three loads would spread the ordinary way. And the **SUCCESS** will actually save \$4 a day for you. Save that much every day you use it!

MAKE US PROVE.

Tell us to show you why **YOU** would gain, and gain big, with a **SUCCESS** Manure Spreader. Require proof that this spreader adds two dollars actual value to every load it carries—compared with the pitchfork way.

AS TO REPAIRS.

Repair parts—though rarely needed—will be quickly supplied for any **SUCCESS** Spreader ever sold in Canada.

Standard Wire Fence

is all strength. Standard Fence is all No. 9 hard Steel Wire—galvanized to prevent rust—and crimped to allow for contraction and expansion. "The Tie That Binds" is galvanized steel—holds running wires and uprights solid as a wall without injury to either. You've got a fence to be proud of—solid, substantial, attractive, permanent—when you put up a Standard Wire Fence. We make *Gates of Galvanized Tubing*—rustproof and will last much longer than ordinary painted metal gates.

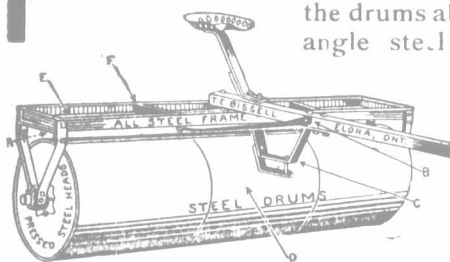
Get our booklet and sample lock, and learn the facts about Wire Fencing. Sent free on request. What's your address?

THE STANDARD WIRE FENCE CO. OF WOODSTOCK LIMITED
Woodstock, Ont. and Brandon, Man.

Here's another "Standard" invention, that saves no end of trouble. Standard Patent Fence Posts are made of 12 gauge steel, bent at right angle to give strength. These posts won't rot or crack—and hold the wires without staples. Cheaper than wood, in the end, and better.

The "BISSELL" is unbeatable for crushing stiff, lumpy soil

The "Bissell" Land Roller will pack your soil better than you've ever had it done before. Its heavy steel plate drums are riveted together every two inches. The pressed steel heads keep the drums absolutely stiff. The angle steel cross braces and the steel plate bottom in the frame make the frame perfectly rigid. It's this



crushing stiff, lumpy soil. It runs easily, too. It has large 1/2-inch roller bearings at ends of the roller. The centre drum, which supports the heavy 2-inch axle, makes the "Bissell" easier to turn at the ends of the field. The Draw Bracket permits a low hitch. There is no neck weight on the "Bissell." Of course, such a superior roller is widely imitated. So, for your protection, be sure and see that the "Bissell" name is stamped on the roller you buy. No other is the genuine "Bissell." You can have the "Bissell" Land Roller in 6, 8, 9 or 12 ft. length, and with Grass Seeder Attachment. Ask Dept W for roller catalogue.

T. E. BISSELL CO'Y, Ltd., Elora, Ont.

SPARE MOMENTS

Are worth MONEY, if you use them properly. You can't do better than take a **HOME STUDY COURSE** with us. We teach Commercial work, Matriculation, Teachers' Courses, Beginners' Course, Engineering, Journalism, Special English, and almost anything you want. Ask about what interests you.

Canadian Correspondence College Limited.
Dept. E. Toronto, Canada.

TRADE TOPIC.

A KITCHEN FRIEND.—A collection of utensils, consisting of one butcher knife, one paring knife, one bread knife, one sharpening steel, one griddle-cake turner, and one cake beater, a kitchen friend indeed, or, rather, a half-dozen kitchen friends, are given to our present subscribers who sent us in one new yearly subscription to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," accompanied by \$1.50.



ABSORBINE

Will reduce inflamed, strained, swollen tendons, ligaments, muscles or bruises. Cures the lameness and stop pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered.

Horse Book 2 E free.

Mr. S. Nixon, Kilbridge, Ont., writes, Jan. 21, 1910: "I have used **ABSORBINE** with success on a curb."

W. F. Young, P.O. Box 258 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Lymans, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Agents.

When writing please mention this paper.

his separate point of view. But, disliking to disturb anything your wish had placed, I let Linnæus keep his shrine, storing the prints close at hand in my office closet, until your return."

Dear father! the buying of the Linnæus portrait had been one of our booksale romances that had culminated in the Dodoen's "Herbal" and Evan. It happened on a dreary February day. Father was browsing along a line of dingy books in the auction room, scanning them closely in the dim light, when his foot struck against a picture-frame that rested on the floor, causing it to tip forward. A hasty glance at the face interested him, and he asked an attendant to move the frame into the light. It was the portrait of a man done in oils, life size, and a little more than waist length. The face was clear-cut and alert, the head covered by a white wig that curled above the ears. A dark-green coat, with red collar, opening slightly over a buff vest, was finished at neck and wrist by lace frills. A glance told that the hands were beautifully painted, the flesh being firm and the color true. The right hand, partly resting on a stand, was half closed over a few flowers, while the left was held palm out and half extended, as if in explanation. The background was quite dark, though a church spire could be distinguished at one side, and a festoon of ivy on the other.

"A fine piece of color, and the face seems strangely familiar," said father, adjusting his "near-by" glasses. "What do they call him?" "A Gentleman in a White Wig," I replied, on referring to the catalogue where half a dozen pictures and some prints were listed with the books.

"A true though certainly not very enlightening title," mused father, still looking at the face with narrowed eyes. "Barbara, I believe this is no less than a portrait of Linnæus. Those are not decorative flowers, but botanical specimens, a wild rose and a spray of agrimony, toward which he is calling attention with his outstretched hand, possibly, in lecturing. That steeple is of the church in whose manse garden he played when a boy. I'll not say that it is an original painting, but probably a copy of some museum picture abroad, of which there may be fifty others floating about unrecognized. Still, it is good, and bears a certain resemblance to prints that I have seen, and I've a mind to buy it."

"Do, for I am simply in love with it," I assented, "and Aunt Lot doesn't squirm so much about pictures as over books. But I won't believe it's a copy. The brush marks are free and without a draggle or stumble. Who knows but it is a masterpiece gone astray? At any rate, we will christen it 'Linnæus' at once, and make a shrine for it over your study mantel, and always keep wild flowers under it."

"First we must buy it, Bab the impetuous," laughed father, "and someone may realize its beauty and easily outbid us, for we have been a week in town, this is the fourth day of the sale, and my purse is pretty thoroughly purged."

But we bought it, there being only two other competitors, one a man of the buy-anything-cheap type, and the other a real lady collecting ancestors, who would doubtless have outbid us if her daughter had not checked her audibly by saying, "Don't, ma; you know we agreed to stick to the military line," and so Linnæus was knocked down to us for the small sum of twenty dollars, when, as the auctioneer patronizingly assured us, "The frame alone is quite worth the money, being hand-carved Dutch oak!"

Now "Linnæus" has fitly come to preside over our garden of books, and I still believe that he is all my fancy imagined, and that one day he will be proved his real self, and it will be explained how he came to be