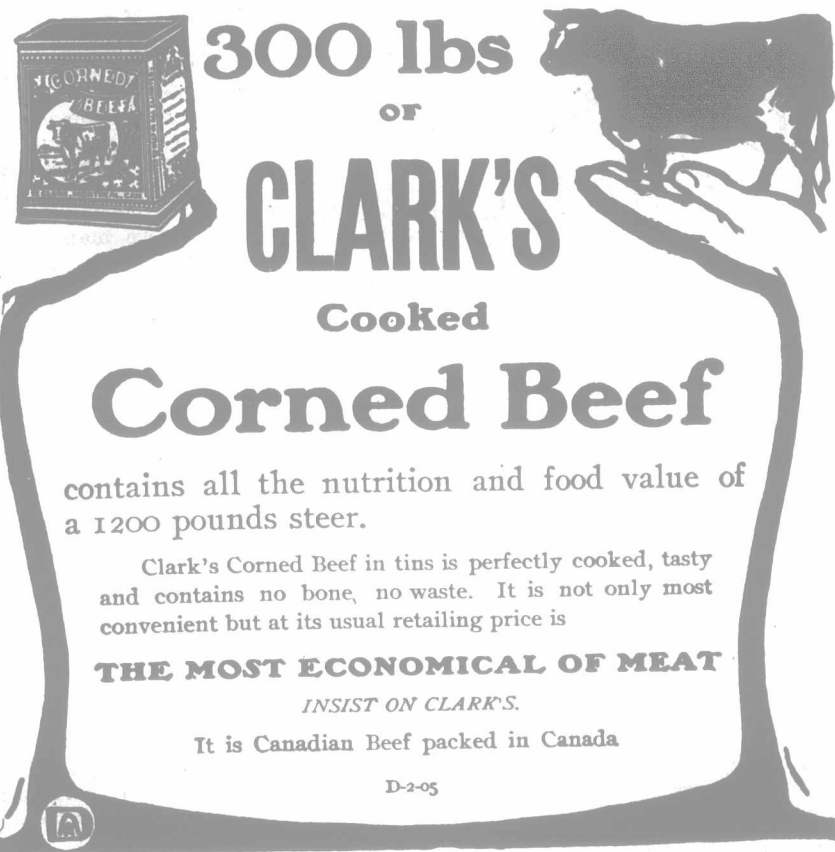




300 lbs
or
CLARK'S
Cooked
Corned Beef

contains all the nutrition and food value of a 1200 pounds steer.

Clark's Corned Beef in tins is perfectly cooked, tasty and contains no bone, no waste. It is not only most convenient but at its usual retailing price is

THE MOST ECONOMICAL OF MEAT

INSIST ON CLARK'S.

It is Canadian Beef packed in Canada

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IF

you do not use "**Five Roses**" Flour, then there is room for improvement in the quality and nutritive value of your bread and pastry. Make sure of good results on Baking Day by using this brand. It is the only one which never fails.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED.

THE BUSINESS

Department

OF THE

FOREST CITY BUSINESS & SHORTHAND COLLEGE
LONDON, ONT.,

Is equipped with Loose Leaf Ledgers, Roller Copier, Filing Cabinets, etc., without which we could not guarantee a thorough and practical drilling.

Every farmer's boy, and daughter too, should have a knowledge of business methods such as we impart.

COLLEGE REOPENS SEPT. 5th.

Booklet free.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

"Can you tell me," said the seeker after knowledge to the showman, "what the hump on the camel's back is for?" "What's it for?" "Yes. Of what value is it?" "Well, it's lots of value. The camel would be no good without it." "Why not?" "Why not? Yer don't suppose people 'ud pay sixpence to see a camel without a hump, do yer?"

Portrait of the Late Bishop Baldwin

11 x 16, on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, together with memoir, the funeral service and sermon on the occasion; price for the two, 25c.; 5 sets, one address, \$1.00; cash with order.

The London Printing & Lithographing Co.,
LONDON, ONTARIO.

In ordering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



The Poor Black Chicken.

Out of the barn one morning
Old Whitey came strutting down;
No common inferior hen was she,
But a Dorking of great renown.

And after her came ten chickens;
Running with all their might;
Nine had their mother's complexion fair,
But one was as black as night.

Old Whitey looked over her shoulder
And clucked to each little pet;
But suddenly, angrily, stretched her neck
And flew at a small brunette.

All day she pecked at the chicken
Whenever she saw it near,
And Dinah, the cook, at the kitchen
door,
Heard its pitiful peeps of fear.

"I'm blessed if that stuck-up Dorkin'
Don't hate yer for bein' black!
But one culled pusson can feel for another—
We'll pay your old mudder back."

So, laughing, good-natured, Dinah
Quick lifted the little wight,
And shaking the dredging-box carefully
o'er him,
Lo! presently black was white.

Then away ran the floury chicken,
Looking like all the rest;
And silly old Whitey contentedly clucked
As he nestled beneath her breast.

Dinah nodded and laughed at the mother;
"Yer fooled, honey, sure, but den
When folks every day take appearance fer
truf,
Why shouldn't a foolish old hen?"

Why Charley Lost the Place.

Whistling a merry tune, Charley
came down the road, with his hands
in his pockets, his cap pushed back
on his head, and a general air of
good-fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for
a position in a stationer's store that
he was very anxious to obtain, and
in his pockets were the best of refer-
ences concerning his character for
willingness and honesty. He felt
sure that there would not be much
doubt about his obtaining the place
when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the
bright sky was overcast with clouds,
and he began to wish that he had
brought an umbrella. From a house
just a little before him two little
children were starting out for school,
and the mother stood in the door
smiling approval as the boy raised
the umbrella and took the little
sister under its shelter in a manly
fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and,
like most boys who indulge in teas-
ing or rough practical jokes, he al-
ways took care to select for his
victim someone weaker or younger
than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those
children," he said to himself; and
before they had gone very far down
the road he crept up behind them,
and snatched the umbrella out of the
boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded
with him to return it. Charley took
a malicious delight in pretending
that he was going to break it or
throw it over the fence; and, as
the rain had stopped, he amused him-
self in this way for some distance,
making the children run after him
and plead with him tearfully for
their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he re-
linquished the umbrella as a carriage
approached, and, leaving the children
to dry their tears, went on towards
the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley
sat down on the steps to wait for
him. An old gray cat was basking
in the sun, and Charley amused him-

self by pinching the poor animal's
tail till she mewed pitifully and
struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport
Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage,
and passed Charley on his way into
the store. The boy released the cat,
and, following the gentleman in, re-
spectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer
said, returning the papers to Char-
ley. "If I had not seen some of
your other references, I might have
engaged you."

"Other references? What do you
mean, sir?" asked Charley in as-
tonishment.

"I drove past you this morning
when you were on your way here,
and saw you diverting yourself by
teasing two little children. A little
later a dog passed you, and you cut
him with a switch you had in your
hand. You shied a stone at a bird,
and just now you were delighting
yourself in tormenting another de-
fenceless animal. These are the
references that have decided me to
have nothing to do with you. I
don't want a cruel boy about me."

As Charley turned away crestfallen
over his disappointment, he deter-
mined that wanton cruelty, even
though it seemed to him to be only
"fun," should not cost him another
good place.

The Little Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly,
To forge and mill and store.
He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can,
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

A Kitchen Slate.

A kitchen slate has proved a very
useful article in my home; in fact,
to me it is worth its weight in gold.
There is no clasp of despairing
hands over a forgotten loaf of cake.
There is no, "Oh, I forgot it,"
when the children find holes in their
stockings and buttons off their cloth-
ing; for there it is on the slate,
"Stockings to darn," "Buttons to
sew on." Such notes can be added
while the ironing is under way or
while one is battling with the dish-
pan. Buy a good slate, take off the
frame, and have the slate framed in
an attractive oak frame. Upon the
back place screw eyes—two for hang-
ing, one for a stout cord for the
pencil, and one for another cord to
hold the sponge. A slate of this
kind is very convenient if one keeps
a servant or kitchen maid, for one
may leave in writing directions for
the day's duties or the menu for the
day. Many other duties may be
entrusted to the slate, which has a
better memory than the housewife.
The slate makes a much appreciated
gift for a bride.—[G. B., Mich.]