




Quicker-Easier More Comfortable

Are you taking advantage of ALL the modern methods of saving time and trouble? Are you up-to-date in your shaving as well as in your work? Are you using a

Gillette Safety Razor

In its own way the Gillette is as quick, efficient and convenient as your milker, your binder or your telephone. It compares with other razors as these modern inventions compare with the things they have replaced.

Without honing, stropping or fussing, the Gillette will give you the easiest and most comfortable shave you ever enjoyed, in five minutes or less! It makes shaving an every-day pleasure instead of an irksome twice-a-week job.

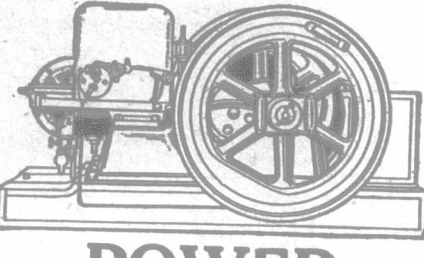
"Bulldog", "Aristocrat" and Standard Gillette Sets cost \$5.—Pocket Editions \$5 and \$6.—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.

You can buy them at Hardware, Drug, Jewelry, Men's Wear and General Stores.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
219

Office and Factory:
**Gillette Building,
MONTREAL.**





POWER PLUS SERVICE

What do you care if it is the lowest-priced farm engine on the market? That is nothing against it so long as it does the work required of it.

There are indeed some farmers afraid to buy a Page because it is so low in price. Others, again, who buy it for that very reason. In either case the Page will surprise. Put to the test of daily service, it

WHAT'S WORK TO OTHER ENGINES IS PLAY TO A PAGE

No matter what your power requirements, you will find in the Page line just the engine you need.

The Page Gasoline Engine has long been famous for its ability to stand the hardest kind of hard use—and many of the first engines sold by us are still chugging merrily along, doing a full day's work every day.

Now we've added to our line The Page Kerosene Oil Engine—specially designed for operating on this cheaper fuel. It has unique and distinctive features about which we would like to tell you fully. Write for our circulars descriptive of both types.

soon makes clear the fact that its price is merely incidental—that the big outstanding feature is its ability to furnish greatest power for least fuel. This is particularly true of our new Kerosene Oil Engine, which has many new and distinctive features that we'll explain if you'll just sign your name to a post card and send it to us.

**THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY
LIMITED**
1143 King St. West, Toronto

ORCHARD LEIGH HOLSTEINS

Offers—several young bulls from 7 to 13 months old, all from officially tested dams with records up as high as 29.20 lbs. of butter in 7 days. These are a good lot, sired by our own herd bulls, King Veeman Ormsby and Sir Midnight Lyons Walker. Could also spare a few females.

JAS. G. CURRIE & SON,
(Electric car stops at the gate)
Ingersoll, Ontario

When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate

put off the task as long as she could, but she really must, she knew, set about applying for a school now.

At least, one afternoon, with a sort of Latimer and Ridley expression, as Ted diagnosed it, on her face, she had collected her courage, some paper, envelopes, and several school clerks' addresses, and was grimly preparing to convince them of the peculiar adaptability of her talents for their several schools, when the postman's whistle came like a welcome summons.

Everybody tumbled out of the house, and somebody seized the budget, and bore it in, in triumph.

"Nan, that's partiality," Ted grumbled, "I believe you're Uncle Sam's favorite niece. Whew—here's a business-like envelope."

"The Homemaker," her mother glanced at the corner of the envelope. "Why—Nan—it's too thin to be—Oh, do you think—"

"Oh, no," said Nan hastily, "it's only

some notice—or other, of course. She pulled out a slender blue slip of paper, then stared at it with a dazed expression in her eyes.

"Mother, take it, and see what it says. I can't be seeing straight. Oh, quick!" her voice shook.

Everybody clambered to look over Mother's shoulder.

"Pay to the order of—" began Ted. "Three hundred dollars," shouted Kenneth.

"Oh, Nan!" Lollipops flew at her. "You've won, dear," her mother was smiling at her, proudly.

Nan's eyes shone. College, college, the check seemed to chant joyously at her.

She opened her lips to speak. But in that instant came a piercing odor from the kitchen, and the check fluttered unnoticed to the floor.

"The beans are burning," cried Nan, and vanished through the door—American Cookery.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

Serial Rights Secured from the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company.

The Brown Mouse

BY HERBERT QUICK.

CHAPTER II.

REVERSED UNANIMITY.

The great blade of the grading machine, running diagonally across the road and pulling the earth toward its median line, had made several trips, and much persiflage about Jim Irwin's forthcoming appearance before the board had been addressed to Jim and exchanged by others for his benefit.

To Newton Bronson was given the task of leveling and distributing the earth rolled into the road by the grader, a labor, which in the interests of fitting a muzzle on his big mongrel dog, he deserted whenever the machine moved away from him. No dog would have seemed less deserving of a muzzle, for he was a friendly animal, always wagging his tail, pressing his nose into people's palms, licking their clothing and otherwise making a nuisance of himself. That there was some mystery about the muzzle was evident from Newton's pains to make a secret of it. Its wires were curled into a ring directly over the dog's nose, and into this ring Newton had fitted a cork, through which he had thrust a large needle which protruded, an inch-long bayonet, in front of Ponto's nose. As the grader swept back, horses straining, harness creaking and a billow of dark earth rolling before the knife, Ponto, fully equipped with this stinger, raced madly alongside, a friend to every man, but not unlike some people, one whose friendship was of all things to be most dreaded.

As the grader moved along one side of the highway, a high-powered automobile approached on the other. It was attempting to rush the swale for the hill opposite, and making rather bad weather of the newly repaired road. A pile of loose soil that Newton had allowed to lie just across the path made a certain maintenance of speed desirable. The knavish Newton planted himself in the path of the laboring car and waved its driver a command to halt. The car came to a standstill with its front wheels in the edge of the loose earth, and the chauffeur fuming at the possibility of stalling—a contingency upon which Newton had confidently reckoned.

"What d'ye want?" he demanded. "What d'ye mean by stopping me in this kind of place?"

"I want to ask you," said Newton with mock politeness, "if you have the correct time."

The chauffeur sought words appropriate to his feelings. Ponto and his muzzle saved him the trouble. A pretty pointer leaped from the car, and attracted by the evident friendliness of Ponto's greeting pricked up its ears, and sought, in a spirit of canine brotherhood, to touch noses with him. The needle in Ponto's muzzle did its work to the agony and horror of the pointer, which leaped back with a yelp, and turned tail. Ponto, in an effort to apologize, followed, and finding itself bayoneted at every contact with this demon dog, the pointer definitely took flight, howling, leaving Ponto in a state of wonder and humiliation

at the sudden end of what had promised to be a very friendly acquaintance. I have known instances not entirely dissimilar among human beings. The pointer's master watched its strange flight, and swore. His eye turned to the boy who had caused all this, and he alighted pale with anger.

"I've got time," said he, remembering Newton's impudent question, "to give you what you deserve."

Newton grinned and dodged, but the bank of loose earth was his undoing, and while he stumbled, the chauffeur caught and held him by the collar. And as he held the boy, the operation of flogging him in the presence of the grading gang grew less to his taste. Again Ponto intervened, for as the chauffeur stood holding Newton, the dog, evidently regarding the stranger as his master's friend, thrust his nose into the chauffeur's palm—the needle necessarily preceding the nose. The chauffeur behaved much as his pointer had done, saving and excepting that the pointer did not swear.

It was funny—even the pain involved could not make it otherwise than funny. The grading gang laughed to a man. Newton grinned even while in the fell clutch of circumstance. Ponto tried to smell the chauffeur's trousers, and what had been a laugh became a roar, quite general save for the fact that the chauffeur did not join in it.

Caution and mercy departed from the chauffeur's mood; and he drew back his fist to strike the boy—and found it caught by the hard hand of Jim Irwin. "You're too angry to punish this boy," said Jim gently, "even if you had the right to punish him at all!"

"Oh, cut it out," said a fat man in the rear of the car, who had hitherto manifested no interest in anything save Ponto. "Get in, and let's be on our way!"

The chauffeur, however, recognized in a man of mature years and full size, and a creature with no mysterious needle in his nose, a relief from his embarrassment. Unhesitatingly, he released Newton, and blindly, furiously and futilely, he delivered a blow meant for Jim's jaw, but which really mis-carried by a foot. In reply, Jim countered with an awkward swinging uppercut, which was superior to the chauffeur's blow in one respect only—it landed fairly on the point of the jaw. The chauffeur staggered and slowly toppled over into the soft earth which had caused so much of the rumpus. Newton Bronson slipped behind a hedge, and took his infernally equipped dog with him. The grader gang formed a ring about the combatants and waited. Colonel Woodruff, driving toward home in his runabout, held up by the traffic blockade, asked what was going on here, and the chauffeur, rising groggily, picked up his goggles, climbed into the car, and the meeting dissolved, leaving Jim Irwin greatly embarrassed by the fact that for the first time in his life he had struck a man in combat.

"Good work Jim," said Cornelius Bonner. "I didn't think 'twas in ye!"