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Beautiful in Design
Perfect in Construction
Everlasting in Daily Use

THE SWORN ENEMY OF STORE
BILLS AND DAIRY DRUDGERY

Exclusively used in Creameries and Model Dairies and sold
on a guarantee of unqualified superiority.

Cast Over in Your Mind

the families you know that have benefited by Life Insurance—have, perhaps, been saved from actual destitution by the money paid by the Life Insurance Company.

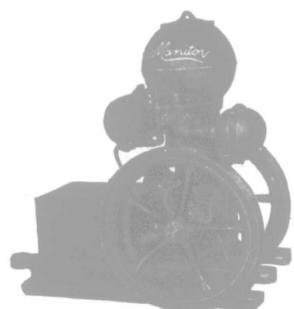
Think of the many families you know that might have been saved from poverty and hardship had the head of the family had foresight and wisdom enough to insure his life.

Then—consider which of the two you wish your family someday to be—the benefited, or the "might have been"!

The Great-West Life Assurance Company's Policies are widely known for their liability and value. Premium rates are low—the conditions of the Policies are liberal and clearly expressed—and the profits being paid to Policyholders are satisfactory in the highest degrees.

Write for information. The Company will be pleased to advise and inform those needing Insurance—without the slightest obligation to insure. State age.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
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GASOLINE ENGINES

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Made in all sizes from 2 to 25 horse-power, Vertical and Horizontal, Stationary and Portable, and Combination Wood Sawing Outfits.

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SHEFFIELD, ENG.

Avoid imitations of our

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By Seeing That This EXACT MARK
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WHERE AN ADVERTISER PATRONIZES A
FARMER'S PAPER HE IS DESERVING OF
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MISCELLANEOUS

"Isn't Jebbs a believer in the faith cure?"
"He is."
"Is it true that he wouldn't have a doctor for his wife the other day when she was ill?"
"It is quite true."
"Well, I saw a doctor go into his house just now."
"Oh, that's all right. He's ill now himself."—*Tit-Bits.*

"What will we do when the trees are destroyed?" asked the forestry experts. "I suppose," answered the serenely solemn statesman, after some thought, "that in such an event we will be obliged to depend for wood entirely on the lumber yards."—*Washington Star.*

Two clergymen in a Southern State were once discussing the process of sermon writing, when one of them remarked that the only hard propositions for him were the introduction and the conclusion.

"You remember," said he, "the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother Morley not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done."

"Yes," responded the other divine, with a faint smile, "but, as I remember, they were awfully far apart."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

SHAKESPEARE AND MUSICAL COMEDY

The latest things in operas in London town these days
Are playful little parodies on Mr. Shakespeare's plays.

They put on "Hamlet" with a ghost who does a song and dance.
And springs a moldy gag or two while all the chorus chants,
And Hamlet, on beholding him, hits up a lively clog
And says, "Is that you, father, dear, or just a London fog?"

When old King Lear goes maundering across the canvas lea,
His graceless daughter winks and says, "Now don't you Lear at me?"
And Kent exclaims when through the storm he hears his monarch shout,
"It's pretty windy, ain't it, king, to take those whiskers out?"
And when his subjects hail the king the old man says, complaining:
"Away with you! How dare you, knave, to hail when I am reigning?"

When dark Othello from the wars comes double shuffling back
Iago says, "I'm scared of him because he looks so black."
And Desdemona's stifled while that villain calmly smokes,
Remarking philosophically the while, "I hope she chokes!"
And when Othello stabs himself, Iago, with a roar,
Shouts out, "There's always room where you are bound for just one Moor!"

When Caesar gets the gleaming knives he's circled by a bunch
Of show girls, while lean Cassius mourns, "Twas too much Roman punch!"
Macbeth beholds the aged crones dance round their bubbling pitch
And asks them with a grin of glee, "Now tell me which is witch?"
They're turning crowds away, they say, and down by Avon's wave,
It's said, the bard is turning, too, turning in his grave.—*Mac*
Star.

An enthusiastic but inexpert golfer invited a friend who had never seen the game played, to follow him round the course. On the first tee the golfer, after many waggles smote mightily and—missed the ball. Again he swung his club and again created only an atmospheric disturbance. After a third attempt, his friend was moved to exclaim: "Man, it's grand exercise, but what do you use the wee ball for?"

THE PEACEMAKER

'Twas just about a year ago that Fanny run away,
Leavin' ma and me alone—eloped with Philip Gray;
He'd come a-shining round her, off an' on, a year or so,
Tho' he seen I didn't like him—I'd took pains to let him know,
For I had a kind of notion that he thought it would be fine
If he helped our girl inherit all this property of mine.

By a lot of good hard workin' and by managin' things right
I have what is called a fortune; oh, of course, it's just a mite
As compared with Rockefeller's. Still, I thought 'twixt me and you
That our Fanny bein' purty and well educated, too,
Had the right to look for some one who was higher up than Phil;
But it's wastin' time to argue when a woman says she will.

So they run off and got married. Ma was anxious from the start
To be kind of easy with 'em—said that Phil was good at heart,
But I sent 'em word to never set their feet inside my door.
I was through with both forever—yes, I said them words and more;
Made my will and left my money, every cent, to charity—
T'other day they had a baby—and they've named him after me.

Gracious! but it did seem lonesome after Fanny'd went away!
Ma she moped and you could nearly see her brown hair turnin' grey,
And the silence used to seem to get so loud I'd want to shout
Or slam doors or pound on something thinkin' I could drive it out—
Little rascal! Everybody says he's got my nose and chin,
And you ought to have saw him smilin' as I stood there peepin' in.

Yes, ma took me up this mornin', and I've just destroyed my will;
Come to think the matter over, there are worse young men than Phil;
He's been doin' splendid lately—I believe that little tike
Must have knew I was his grandpa, for he looked up lovin'-like
When they got the nurse to let me hold him propped up on my knee;
Weighed eight pounds—and—did I mention that they've named him after me?

American Magazine.

A well-known Virginia clergyman, one-time president of William and Mary College, was married three times, and on each occasion the ceremony was performed by his brother, an even more renowned bishop. When the first marriage took place, the bishop had to refuse a tempting invitation from an old friend because—the letter ran—"I am going up to Williamsburg on that date to marry my brother George."

The same friend happened to be on the train with him, years afterward, when he was teaching in the second ceremony. "I was going to marry my brother George," the bishop explained benignly, "but I had a few greetings from my old friend, and they passed, and then I was on my way home once again." By a strange coincidence, the friend who had been married three times, and who had been on the train with him, years afterward, when he was teaching in the second ceremony, was the same friend who had been on the train with him, years afterward, when he was teaching in the second ceremony.

Little Dorothy had been taken to a friend to visit the museum and was very much interested in the stuffed animals in the glass cages, and in the statuary. On returning home she ran eagerly to her mother, saying, "Oh, mamma, we saw some live, stuffed animals and some people people."

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