

Hogs Crave For Meat

It is a well-known fact among hog-raisers that hogs have a craving for animal food—meat. The reason for this is because the usual foods, such as corn, clover, alfalfa, skim milk, wheat middlings, are deficient in protein and phosphate of lime, the two most important food elements needed for the development of the hog. On the other hand, animal food is rich in protein and phosphate of lime.

HARAB Digestive Tankage

is an animal food, prepared especially for hogs, from wholesome beef trimmings enriched with pure blood. Eight times as rich in protein and phosphate of lime as an equal weight of corn. Incomparable as a quick developer of firm, sound flesh. Endorsed by experimental farms and big stock-raisers. Write for the Harab booklet.

Agents Wanted

The Harab Line of Animal Foods is high-grade. A great business corporation stand behind the Harab products. Write for our agency proposition.

The HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Makers of The Harab Line of Stock, Hog, Horse and Poultry Foods

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD
THE GREATEST MILK PRODUCER IN THE WORLD



We are going to prove this to you by quoting from letters received from men who have tested this wonderful cattle tonic and know what it will do.

Gave 33 1/3% More Milk. T. O. Stewart, the famous breeder of Jerseys, says: "I fed International Stock Food to my cows all winter, and the milk yield was at least two-thirds greater, and the cows are looking better than ever before."

Extra Gallon Every Day for 10c. a Month. L. J. Koch writes: "A three-year old cow was giving a gallon of milk morning and evening when put on dry feed and one tablespoonful of International Stock Food per day. She is now giving two gallons of milk each milking and the milk is 60% richer."

25% Increase in 10 Days. Woods & Murphy, owners of the "Clifton Herd" of Holsteins, state: "We used International Stock Food for a cow that was run down and a poor feeder. After 10 days the milk yield increased 25%. It also gave grand results with a 2-year-old heifer."

International Stock Food increases milk from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent., increases the butter fat, removes taint from milk, butter and cheese, makes calves grow, keeps the cattle well and vigorous, and saves one-fourth the feed.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere.
Our "25,000 Stock Book" ought to be in the hands of every farmer and stockman. We have a copy for you. Sent free on request.
International Stock Food Co., Limited, Toronto

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FOR QUICK SALE

6 Imported Stallions—4 two-year-olds and 2 yearlings.

Also a number of in-foal mares and fillies, sired by Royal Edward, Hillhead Chief, Farmer's Counsel and Baron Lomond. The stallions are by such sires as Baron of Buchlyvie, Pride of Blacon, Baron Beaulieu, Cimarron and Brigadier General.

IN SHORTHORNS: One young bull fit for service, sired by (Imp.) Rob Roy; also a few heifers. Prices reasonable. Address:

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION

The Farmer's Advocate

saw to-day—lumberjack, trapper, miner, cowboy, and—yes, black sheep. Wish't I thought I'd stand half a chance at the Great Round-up.

But, say, little book! I'll be hanged if I don't burn you to-morrow night when I come back, though its done me a sight of good to write all this, and then—then—I'll turn over a new leaf. By all that's good and true, I swear I will! It'll be the first of the new year, and I'll go home, tell Janet how much I'm loving her, how I've been to blame for all the trouble, and the drink and all that 'll be cut out, now.

Gee! I'm about as happy as a kid. The awful quiet, the snow, the trees, and the cold up here—its done me good. Its made a man of me, and I'm going home to-morrow night to turn over a new leaf.

Ugh! It's pretty cold tonight. Have to sit up to keep fires going. A last hunt to-morrow, way up there back of old Castle—it'll be an elk.

P. S.—I slipped and fell when climbing a ledge to-day—Janet would worry if she knew—but I'll drive more spikes in my boots to-night for fear ———

Alta. "HONOR BRIGHT."

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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CHAPTER XII.

"SEE THE PALE MARTYR."

It was about this time that Rebecca, who had been reading about the Spartan boy, conceived the idea of some mild form of self-punishment to be applied on occasions when she was fully convinced in her own mind that it would be salutary. The immediate cause of the decision was a somewhat sadder accident than was common, even in a career prolific in such things.

Clad in her best, Rebecca had gone to take tea with the Cobbs; while crossing the bridge she was suddenly overcome by the beauty of the river and leaned over the newly painted rail to feast her eyes on the dashing torrent of the fall. Resting her elbows on the topmost board, and inclining her little figure forward in delicious ease, she stood there dreaming.

The river above the dam was a glassy lake with all the loveliness of blue heaven and green shore reflected in its surface; the fall was a swirling wonder of water, ever pouring itself over and over inexhaustibly in luminous golden gushes that lost themselves in snowy depths of foam. Sparkling in the sunshine, gleaming under the summer moon, cold and gray beneath a November sky, trickling over the dam in some burning July drought, swollen with turbulent power in some April freshet, how many young eyes gazed into that mystery and majesty of the falls along that river, and how many young hearts dreamed out their futures leaning over the bridge rail, seeing "the vision splendid" reflected there and often, too, watching it fade into "the light of common day."

Rebecca never went across the bridge without bending over the rail to wonder and to ponder, and at this special moment she was putting the finishing touches on a poem.

Two maidens by a river strayed

Down in the state of Maine.

The one was called Rebecca,

The other Emma Jane.

"I would my life were like the stream,"

Said her named Emma Jane,

"So quiet and so very smooth,

So free from pain."

"I'd rather be a little drop

In the great rushing fall!

I would not choose the glassy lake,

"T would not suit me at all!"

(It was the darker maiden spoke

The words I just have stated,

The maiden twain were simply friends

And not at all related.)

But O! alas! we may not have

The things we hope to gain;

The quiet life may come to me,

The rush to Emma Jane!

"I don't like 'the rush to Emma Jane,' and I can't think of anything else. Oh!

what a smell of paint! Oh! it is on me! Oh! it's all over my best dress! Oh! what will aunt Mirandy say!"

With tears of self-reproach streaming from her eyes, Rebecca flew up the hill, sure of sympathy, and hoping for help of some sort.

Mrs. Cobb took in the situation at a glance, and professed herself able to remove almost any stain from almost any fabric; and in this she was corroborated by uncle Jerry, who vowed that mother could get anything out. Sometimes she took the cloth right along with the spot, but she had a sure hand, mother had!

The damaged garment was removed and partially immersed in turpentine, while Rebecca graced the festal board clad in a blue calico wrapper of Mrs. Cobb's.

"Don't let it take your appetite away," crooned Mrs. Cobb. "I've got cream biscuit and honey for you. If the turpentine don't work, I'll try French chalk, magnesia, and warm suds. If they fail, father shall run over to Strout's and borrow some of the stuff Marthy got in Milltown to take the curant pie out of her wedding' dress."

"I ain't got to understandin' this paintin' accident yet," said uncle Jerry jocosely, as he handed Rebecca the honey. "Bein' as how there's 'Fresh Paint' signs hung all over the bidge, so't a blind asylum couldn't miss 'em, I can't hardly account for your gettin' int' the pesky stuff."

"I didn't notice the signs," Rebecca said dolefully. "I suppose I was looking at the falls."

"The falls has been there sence the beginnin' o' time, an' I cal'late they'll be there till the end on't; so you needn't 'a' been in sech a brash to git a sight of 'em. Children comes turrible high, mother, but I s'pose we must have 'em!" he said, winking at Mrs. Cobb.

When supper was cleared away Rebecca insisted on washing and wiping the dishes, while Mrs. Cobb worked on the dress with an energy that plainly showed the gravity of the task. Rebecca kept leaving her post at the sink to bend anxiously over the basin and watch her progress, while uncle Jerry offered advice from time to time.

"You must 'a' laid all over the breege, deary," said Mrs. Cobb; "for the paint 's not only on your elbows and yoke and waist, but it about covers your front breadth."

As the garment began to look a little better Rebecca's spirits took an upward turn, and at length she left it to dry in the fresh air, and went into the sitting-room.

"Have you a piece of paper, please?" asked Rebecca. "I'll copy out the poetry I was making while I was lying in the paint."

Mrs. Cobb sat by her mending basket, and uncle Jerry took down a gingham bag of strings and occupied himself in taking the snarls out of them,—a favorite evening amusement with him.

Rebecca soon had the lines copied in her round schoolgirl hand, making such improvements as occurred to her on sober second thought.

THE TWO WISHES

By

Rebecca Randall

Two maidens by a river strayed,

'T was in the state of Maine.

Rebecca was the darker one,

The fairer, Emma Jane.

The fairer maiden said, "I would

My life were as the stream;

So peaceful, and so smooth and still,

So pleasant and serene."

"I'd rather be a little drop

In the great rushing fall;

I'd never choose the quiet lake;

"T would not please me at all."

(It was the darker maiden spoke

The words we just have stated;

The maidens twain were simply friends,

Not sisters, or related.)

But O! alas! we may not have

The things we hope to gain,

The quiet life may come to me,

The rush to Emma Jane!

She read it aloud, and the Cobbs thought it not only surpassingly beautiful, but a marvelous production.

"I guess if that writer that lived on Congress Street in Portland could 'a' heard your poetry he'd 'a' been astonished," said Mrs. Cobb. "If you