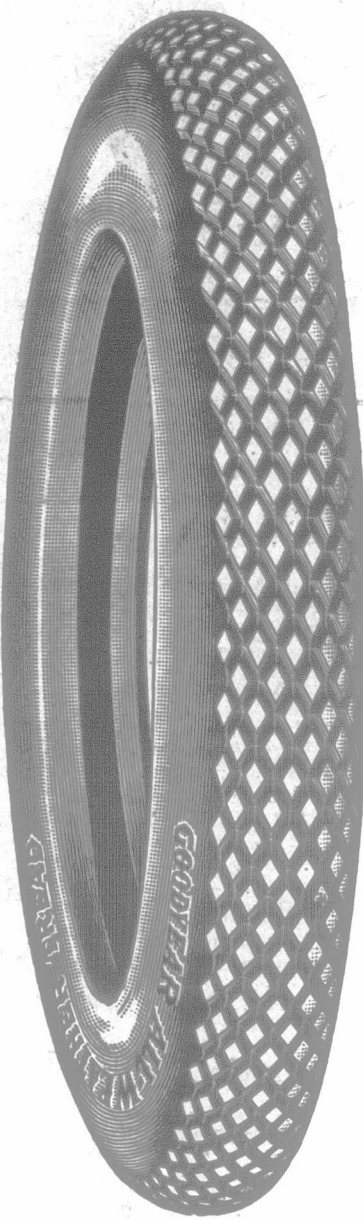


# "We Build Better Tires Than Goodyears"

That—in effect—is what makers say when they charge you higher prices. And 18 makers do that. They are asking for tires up to one-half more than present Goodyear prices. The inference is wrong. Those extra prices are all unjust. The verdict of users—as shown by sales—is that No-Rim-Cut tires are the best in the world. And in four ways they certainly are.



## That Is Impossible

It is utterly impossible, so far as men know, to build a better tire than Goodyears, measured by cost per mile.

For years and years we've employed scores of experts to find out ways to better them. Their efforts have cost us a fortune each year. No-Rim-Cut tires mark the present-day limit, to the best of their belief.

### How They Excel

No-Rim-Cut tires, in at least four ways, excel every other tire.

Our No-Rim-Cut feature—which we control—is found in these tires alone.

Our "On-Air" cure is employed by no other maker. This extra process adds tremendously to our own cost, but it saves many times the amount in blow-outs.

Our rubber rivets—formed to combat tread separation—are a patent feature found in no other tire.

Our All-Weather tread

—the greatest anti-skid—is an exclusive Goodyear feature. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. It is flat and smooth, yet it grasps wet roads in a resistless way with countless deep, sharp-edged grips.

### What We Save

The increased output and modern equipment of our great Bowmanville factory have immensely cut cost of production. They have greatly reduced our overhead and our labor cost.

No-Rim-Cut tire prices dropped 23 per cent last year. They are half what they used to be. But never before was the quality so high as it is today.

Smaller makers can't compete on any high-grade tire. That's another reason for getting Goodyear tires.

Almost any dealer will supply them.

**GOOD YEAR**  
TORONTO  
**No-Rim-Cut Tires**  
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED  
Head Office, Toronto      Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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A few English Berkshire young  
pigs from imported stock.

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"Lynmore Stock Farm"  
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and Trim from our catalogue—the latest patterns and any you  
prefer. Wood such as used in Canada's greatest city, Toronto.

**Webb Lumber Company Ltd.**  
Toronto :: Ontario

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drop into the Magnolia on my way up-  
town and forget to wear a derby hat  
with a sack coat, or a black tie with a  
dinner-jacket, everybody winks and  
nudges his neighbor. Did you ever hear  
of such nonsense in your life?"

The boy paused as if the memory of  
some incident in which he was ridiculed  
was alive in his mind. Peter's eyes  
were still fixed on his face.

"Go on—I'm listening; and what else  
hurts you? Pour it all out. That's  
what I came for. You said last night  
nobody would listen—I will."

"Well, then, I hate the sham of it  
all; the silly social distinctions; the fits  
and starts of hospitality; the dinners  
given for show. Nothing else going on  
between times; even the music is hired.  
I want to hear music that bubbles out  
—old Hannah singing in the kitchen, and  
Tom, my father's old butler, whistling  
to himself—and the dogs barking; and  
the birds singing outside. I'm ashamed  
of myself making comparisons, but that  
was the kind of life I loved, because  
there was sincerity in it."

"No work?" There was a note of  
merriment in the inquiry, but Jack  
never caught it.

"Not much. My father was Judge  
and spent part of the time holding  
court, and his work never lasted but a  
few hours a day, and when I wanted to  
go fishing or shooting, or riding with  
the girls, Mr. Larkin always let me off.  
And I had plenty of time to read, and  
for that matter I do here, if I lock my-  
self up in this room. That low library  
over there is full of my father's books."

Again Peter's voice had a tinge of  
merriment in it.

"And who supported the family?" he  
asked in a lower voice.

"My father."

"And who supported him?"

The question brought Jack to a full  
stop. He had been running on, pour-  
ing out his heart for the first time  
since his sojourn in New York, and to  
a listener whom he knew he could trust.

"Why—his salary, of course," answered  
Jack in astonishment, after a pause.

"Anything else?"

"Yes—the farm."

"And who worked that?"

"My father's negroes—some of them  
his former slaves."

"And have you any money of your  
own—anything your father left you?"

"Only enough to pay taxes on some  
wild lands up in Cumberland County;  
and which I'm going to hold on to for  
his sake."

Peter dropped his shading fingers,  
lifted his body from the depths of the  
easy chair and leaned forward so that  
the light fell full on his face. He had  
all the information he wanted now.

"And now let me tell you my story,  
my lad. It is a very short one. I had the  
same sort of a home, but no father—  
none that I remember—and no mother;

they both died before my sister Felicia  
and I were grown up. At twelve I left  
school; at fifteen I worked in a country  
store—up at daylight and to bed at  
midnight, often. From twenty to

twenty-five I was entry clerk in a hard-  
ware store; then bookkeeper; then  
cashier in a wagon factory; then clerk  
in a village bank—then bookkeeper again  
in my present bank, and there I have  
been ever since. My only advantages  
were a good constitution and the fact  
that I came of gentle people. Here we  
are both alike—you at twenty—how old?

—twenty-two? . . . Well, make it  
twenty-two . . . You at twenty-two  
and I at twenty-two seem to have  
started out in life with the same nat-  
ural advantages, so far as years and  
money go, but with this difference—  
Shall I tell you what it is?

"Yes."

"That I worked and loved it, and  
love it still, and that you are lazy and  
love your ease. Don't be offended."

Here Peter laid his hand on the boy's  
knee. He waited an instant, and not  
getting any reply, kept on: "What you  
want to do is to go to work. It  
wouldn't have been honorable in you to  
let your father support you after you  
were old enough to earn your own liv-  
ing, and it isn't honorable in you, with  
your present opinions, to live on your  
uncle's bounty, and to be discontented  
and rebellious at that, for that's about  
what it all amounts to. You certainly  
couldn't pay for these comforts outside  
of this house on what Breen & Co. can