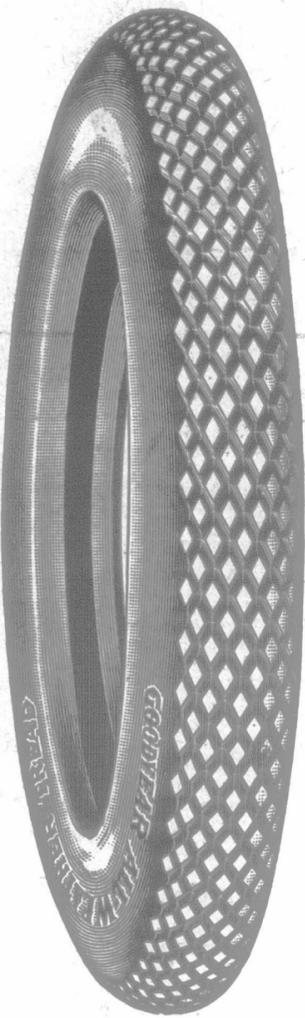


"We Build Better Tires Than Goodyears"

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.

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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 dry 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 myself 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, pouring 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 mid-night, often. From twenty to twenty-five I was entry clerk in a hardware 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 natural 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 living, 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