

We will ship you a Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet subject to your approval. If you are not pleased with it, return it to us at our expense.



HAMILTON KITCHEN CABINET

The HAMILTON INCUBATOR CO., Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

NOTICE-WE WANT DEALERS TO HANDLE OUR GOODS IN SOME LOCALITIES

BOOKS FOR THE HOME

Having made arrangements with one of the largest publishing houses in Toronto, we are able to make this special offer to Farm & Dairy readers. Over 100 Select Volumes, handsomely bound in Cloth, a book that you will be proud to put in your library, or give away as a gift.

Free for One New Subscription to Farm and Dairy at \$1.00

SOME OF THE TITLES TO CHOOSE FROM

Poe (Sir Thomas) *FROM*
 Poe's (Edmund Allan) Tales (Selection).
 Pope (Alexander) *FROM*
 Ruskin *Unto The Last*. The Two
 Paths. The Political Economy
 Scott (Sir Walter) *The Lady of the
 Lake*. *Marmion*. *The Lay of the
 Minstrel*.
 Shakespeare *Any one play*.
 Shelley *Prometheus Unbound*.
 Banquet of *THE*
 Sheridan's *Plays—"The Rivals" and
 The School for Scandal*.
 Socrates, *The Memorabilia*. *Thoughts of*
 Southey's *Life of Nelson*.
 Steele's Addison's *"Sir Roger de
 Coverley"*.
 Steele's *Essays and* *Familiar
 Letters*.
 Swift's *Battle of the Books*.
 Tennyson's *Poems* (Selection).
 Thackeray's *Novels* (Selection).
 Walpole's (Horace) *Letters* (Selection).
 Wordsworth's *Poems* (Complete Angler.
 Addison—Criticism on Milton. *Essays*

Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Essays. Wisdom of the Ancients. Browning's Poems (Selection). Bunyan, John—Grace Abounding. Burns, Robert—Poems (Selection). Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson. Unlabeled. By R. L. Stevenson. Black and White. By R. L. Stevenson. Master of Ballantrae. By R. L. Stevenson. Catriona. By R. L. Stevenson. The Wrecker. By R. L. Stevenson. The Boy in the Bush. By R. L. Stevenson. The Red Rover. By J. M. Barrie. The Iron Pirate. By Max Pemberton. Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. A. D. 1592. The Purgatory and Paradise. Pope's Homer's Iliad. Pope's Homer's Odyssey. Edited by Prof. A. J. Church, M. A. With 20 Illustrations. By W. Agate. Legend of Solomon's Mines. By Alister Haggard. Little Journeys on the Sublime and Beautiful. Burke's Thoughts on the Present Discontents. Poems (Selection). Byron—Lord—Child—Harold's Pilgrimage. Byron—On Heroes and Hero Worship. Byron—On the Sea. Byron—Remarks. Essays on Goethe. Decadent Age and Friendship. Deeds and Days. By J. M. Barrie.

of the largest publishing houses in special-offer to Farm & Dairy readers. bound in Cloth, a book that you will give away as a gift.

Dryden's *Essay of Criticism* at \$4.00.

Eliot (George)— <i>Silas Marner</i> .	
Emerson's <i>Essays</i> (Selection).	
Evans's <i>Diary—The Reign of Charles II.</i>	
Goethe— <i>Sorrows of Werter</i> .	
Goldsmith's <i>History of England</i> .	Wakefield.
Intro. Sir Henry Irving.	
Goldsmith's <i>Plays</i> .	
Everett's <i>Speeches</i> (Catharine) Tales.	
Harriet's <i>Essays</i> .	
Johnson's <i>Rasselas</i> .	
Lea's <i>London</i> .	
Lamb (Charles)— <i>Essays of Elia</i> .	
Locke's <i>Civil Government</i> .	
Macaulay's <i>History of Ancient Rome</i> .	
Warren Hastings— <i>Burleigh</i> .	
Clive— <i>Chatham, &c.</i>	
Mander's <i>Italy and Travels</i> .	
Maunder's <i>Travels</i> .	
Milton's <i>Paradise Lost—P. Paradise Regained—Samson</i> .	

FOR BOYS

Captured by Indians.
 The Daughter of the Chieftain.
 The Boy Hunters of Kentucky.
 Red Feather.
 Wolf Bear the Indian.
 Astray in the Forest.
 Bear Gaveys.
 River, and Forest.
 The Lost River.
 A Princess of the Woods.
 Tad; or "Getting Even With Him."
 Lost in the Navigation: A Tale of Adventure
 in the Mississippi.
 The Path in the Ravine.
 The Young Hunters.
 Ned in the Woods: A Tale of Early
 days in the West.
 Ned on the River: A Tale of Indian
 River Warfare.
 Ned in the Block House.
 The Ruiter Hunters.
 Blazing Arrow.
 Chieftain and Scout.
 Klondike Nugget.
 The Great Cat Trail.
 Down the Mississippi.
 The Lost and the Wild.

FOR GIRLS.

A World of Girls: The Story of a
School.
Red Rose and Tiger Lily.
Beyond the Blue Mountains.
Bashful Fifteen.
A Sweet Girl Graduate.
The Rebellion of Lil Carrington.
Merry Girls of England.
Polly: A New-fashioned Girl.
The Palace Beautiful: A Story for
Girls.
The Little Schoolmothers.
A Madcap.

Often, when I am tired or discouraged and my patience or endurance runs low, I turn to these dear book friends of mine for sympathy and understanding. "Patience! Patience!" says Emerson to me when the way seems difficult "with the shades of all the great and good for company!" And when I fail and am discouraged, Browning says to me comfortingly: "But what if I fail of my purpose here!"

'Tis but to keep the nerves at strain
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall
And, baffled, get up and begin

But before these book friends will come to comfort one at such times, one must have learned them by heart. Try the plan of learning some such sentiment of some cheering or beautiful verse while you are brushing your hair, or taking your bath, or sewing on a loose button. You will be surprised later to find these book friends offering you their human help and sympathy when you most need it. This is a practical thing. I have tried it myself. I know it will repay you a hundredfold.

Be sure to share your book friendships with your friends. Read such things as Emerson's "Essays" or some such poetry as "Hiawatha" by yourself as often as you choose, but do not fail to read them from time to time aloud with some friend.

One thing more. Be your own finest self with your book friends. A book is not fine for us unless we bring fineness to it. It is your seeking, sympathetic mind and your loving heart that must open up its treasures. If you have thought nobly yourself, if you have acted generously, you will be able to be better and closer friends with the writings of great men.

If we lived with such men as Emerson, Thackeray, Browning, as daily friends and companions we would not have been able to live with them. I should hope to visit them and to hope none of you girls who read this are going to think it foolish or over-sensitive of me when I tell you that I have never been able to read a selfish and my glance falls on those red-robed or gay-colored volumes on my book-shelves—those friends who have given me day in, day out, such noble comfort and joy, and are named as though the eyes of these men were on me, and as though their voices spoke to me in gentle rebuke. And to show I am sorry, and by way of apology, I take to my room, and read in them, until the anger and the selfishness are all gone. And it is indeed like putting my hand in theirs. I am so near, how intimate, how close my looks are to theirs, that I wish your books become to you

OUR HOME CLUB

INNOCENCE ABROAD

By gund! I'm tired, right good and mad—man, enough of this boss or anybody that comes within the range of my fins. And I have a right to be. I'm fired. What do you think of that? Fired, bag and baggage. I got because I'm right good, but because the boss wants to save the wages until spring. He says that he can't afford for me and that he can't afford to keep me for the winter. If that isn't right, then I'm fired else, I don't know what is. After that, I won't work for six years and taking an interest in the old farm, I'm told that I must find something else to do until the next year, and just because the old man wants to save the dollars that I need more than he does.

This farm labor problem that we hear and read so much about wouldn't be half the problem that it is if the farmers would give work to their men in winter. I nearly said "and"

work, but that is not the right word. There's lots of work but most farmers won't see it. They are "penny wise and pound foolish." If my boss would follow the teachings of Farm and Home, he would see that he could save money by paying his men wages and putting me to work greasing or fanning the grain that he is going to use for seed next spring, and he would have the kernels from the bad. The floor in the house is in need of repairing, and so does the hog pen and the wood shed. A harness closet needs to be kept in good shape as the driving harnesses are a new team and the harness that he bought last summer. And almost forgot, I'm so mad, about that separator that he bought for me and auction sale last fall. (I don't see why he should buy a new one while he was about it and now he is continually wondering what is the matter with it). Well, now that he has a separator of some kind, it shouldn't be kept in the barn. It should be in the separator room should be built or set up for it and I'm just the laddie that can do it. There are lots of other things that he should do now and that he would pay in the long run, but I'm tired and they won't be done.

His well, I hope that the old man gets his fill of work. Last winter he was too lazy to help me do the chores. Now, he'll have to do them all himself, and I'll let them won't be half done. Isn't it funny how some men are so panicky about having their hired men do work well when they themselves begin to do the same work well themselves? It does beat the Dutch. Well, I let you know when I get a job. I must have to go to the city after all, as it is always steered clear of that, as it is a bad place for innocent fellows like me. But, then, what's a fellow to do when he's out of a job? "The Hired Man."

Only Twelve Years Old

Even the young people are getting interested in our 'pig offer.' We recently shipped a pure bred premium pig to a twelve year old boy, Stanley E. Canfield of Oxford Co., Ont., as a reward for a club of seven new yearly subscribers to Farm and Dairy. The pig was bred by Mr. J. Lawrence of Oxford Centre, and young Stanley writes us as follows:—"I received my pig from Mr. Lawrence and am well satisfied with it. I am very proud to own a pig as I am only twelve years old."

Before working in the garden, polishing, or doing any other rough work, rub your finger nails over a piece of soap. This will prevent particles of dirt from getting underneath the nails and when hands are washed the soap will be found to come off easily, leaving the nails perfectly clean.

Why does Great Britain buy
its oatmeal of us?

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland and yet, every year the Quaker Oats Company sells hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch have for centuries eaten oatmeal in quantities and with a regularity that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture so that he might get that desirable foreign trade.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports on Quaker Oats. This brand is recognized as without a rival in cleanliness and delicious flavor.

**WRITE CIRCULATION
MANAGER**

FARM AND DAIRY

**PETERBORO
ONT**