

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

A FEW HUNDRED BABY CHICKS FOR SALE from heaviest winter-laying S.-C. White Leghorns \$15 per hundred, or in smaller lots. Eggs, \$1 per setting. W. Darlison, Brantford, Ont.

BLACK SPANISH, WHITE LEGHORNS Barred Rocks, Light Brahmas, Hamburgs, Indian Runner Ducks. Eggs only. Free mating list. Fox terrier puppies. John Annesser, Tilbury, Ontario.

BLACK MINORCAS—ROSE AND SINGLE-COMB, one dollar per setting. Prompt delivery. Fred Reikle, Camperdown, Ont.

BRED-TO-LAY SINGLE-COMB WHITE LEGHORNS—Pullets have laid continuously since five months of age. Eggs, \$1.00 per 15; \$2.00 per 40; \$4.50 per 100. Addison H. Baird, R.R. 1, New Hamburg, Ontario.

CANADA'S BEST S.-C. BLACK MINORCA eggs \$2.00 per 15; won at Guelph 1915, 1st, 2nd, 4th and 6th prizes in class of 162, also one pen of Light Brahmas prize winners, \$2.00 per 15. A chance to get prize birds easy. Chas. Gould, R. 1 Glencoe, Ont.

CHOICE S.-C. BROWN LEGHORNS (BECKER strain)—Eggs \$1.00 per 15. William Bunn, Denfield, Ont.

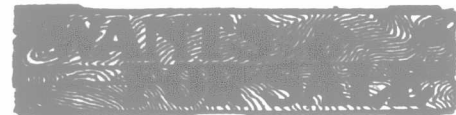
EGGS FOR HATCHING—SINGLE-COMB Brown Leghorns from imported stock, mated with vigorous cockerels; very persistent layers, getting 160 eggs daily from 220 hens. Price, \$1 per 13; \$2.25 per 40, or \$5 per 100. W. C. Shearer, Bright P. O., Ont.

FAWN AND WHITE INDIAN RUNNERS, select matings; wonderful winter layers. Also Rouens. Fertile eggs, \$1.00 per 12. Ernest Howell, St. George, Ont.

MUSCOVY DUCKS, AND EGGS FOR HATCHING. Apply J. A. Tancock, R.R. 1, Hyde Park, Ontario.

"SNOWFLAKE" S.-C. WHITE LEGHORNS; quality; quantity. Eggs, \$2.00 fifteen; \$6 per hundred. E. W. Burt, Paris, Ont.

2,000 BABY CHICKS FOR JUNE AND EARLY July delivery; single-comb White Leghorns \$7.00 per 50, \$13.50 per 100; from choice bred-to-lay stock. Booked complete on Rocks and Wyandottes this season; safe arrival guaranteed. Smithdale Stock Farm, C. E. Smith, Scotland, Ont.



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock.

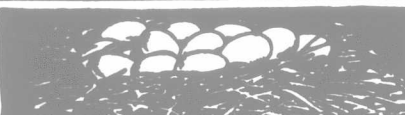
TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

FARM MANAGER (MARRIED) REQUIRES position on an up-to-date farm, thorough knowledge of all farm work and machinery and experienced in handling dairy cows. Must be near English school. State salary offered and full particulars in first letter. Apply Box H, Farmer's Advocate, London.

WANTED—FARM HELP TO WORK AND take shares on a farm in the West, age about sixteen. A good home found. Apply Box 4, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

"1900" Gravity Washer

Sent free for one month's trial. Write for particulars.
"1900" WASHER COMPANY
357 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.
(Factory, 79-81 Portland St., Toronto)



BIG MONEY IN EGGS

Get more eggs by using
Pratt's POULTRY REGULATOR

Tones up the egg-producing organs, prevents disease and keeps the birds healthy.

Write for Free Book "Poultry Wrinkles."

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited
1111 Glenora St., Toronto. P.M.

GOOD LAGER BEER

Make it in your own home with
HOP MALT EXTRACT

Made only of pure hops and malt. Real beer with the good old flavor, conforming to the Temperance Act.

Small Tins \$1.00; Large \$1.50
Prepaid. Full directions with each tin. Agents Wanted.

DEPT. A
Hop Malt Co., Beamsville, Ont.

I did not have it yet. I am fourteen years old and am five feet 2 inches tall and have light hair and blue eyes. This is certainly a terrible war, everything is so expensive. I live about a mile and a quarter from our school; it is just a nice walk in the morning.

Well, as my letter is getting long and news is short I will close with a riddle. "What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?"

Ans.—"The multiplication table."

LUELLA G. WAITE.
Wilmet Valley, P. E. I.

P. S.—I would like to correspond with any girl my own age if she would write first.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember, and we can hardly wait to see it.

I live on a farm of 100 acres. I have a sister called Ella and a brother called Archie. I go to school every day I can, and my teacher's name is Miss McGill. We have started to play baseball since the snow has gone away, and we have great times, there are about fifteen going to our school. Isn't this a terrible war? I haven't any relations fighting and am good and glad I haven't. We got a letter from a fellow in the trenches and he says he thinks it will be over in about two months and I certainly won't be sorry.

Well as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping the w. p. b. has been wounded.

ALICE MILLOY, (age 11), Sr. III Class.
R. R. No. 1, Erin.

Honor Roll: Kenneth Rath, Lorne Moody, Merle Fox.

Riddles.

"What is round on both ends and high in the middle?"

Ans.—Ohio. Sent by Donald Jackson, R. 2, Omenne, Ont.

Why is a pig in the parlor like a house on fire?

Ans.—Because the sooner it's put out the better.

Why is a book like a king?

Ans.—Because it has many pages.

The flour of Canada,
The fruit of Spain,
All mixed up in a shower of rain; put in a bag and tied with a string riddle me this and I'll give you a ring.

Ans.—A plum pudding. Sent by Victor Bell, R. R. 1, Beeton, Ont.

Why do black sheep eat less than white ones?

Ans.—Because there are less of them.

Why ought a greedy man wear a plaid waistcoat?

Ans.—To keep a check on his stomach.

Why isn't it safe to have your lover in the room where corn is?

Ans.—Because it has ears.

Why do old maids go to church early?

Ans.—To be there when the hymns (hymns) are given out.

What is the difference between a turnip and a package of oatmeal?

Ans.—You don't know? Well, I should never want to send you to the store to buy me a turnip then.

Sent by Ellen Hallman, New Dundee, Ontario. R. R. No. 1.

What is it you have and I use more than you do?

Ans.—Your name.
Sent by Fred Hamilton, R. R. 1, Orton, Ont.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming circle. My father has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" for some time, and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I am eleven years old, in the junior third class. I live a mile and a half from school. My teacher's name is Mr. Percy P. McCullan. We like him fine. We play baseball, basket ball and many other

games. As my letter is getting long I will close with some riddles:

Twelve boots were hanging high, twelve men came passing by. Each took a pair and left eleven hanging there.

Ans.—One man's name was Each. I will close wishing you all good luck. Amherstburg, Ont. GRACE KIMBALL.

P. S.—Will some of the Beavers please write to me.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My father has taken the "Advocate" for some time, and so I thought I would pick up courage enough to write to your charming Circle. I have one mile to go to school, but I generally enjoy the walk. My teacher's name is Miss Ethel Kitchen and I like her fine. I go to school nearly every day. Through the very coldest of winter I walked that mile and thought it fun. I have three pet cats who go by the names of Tommy, a yellow kitten, Peter, a black and white cat, and Nanny, a greyish-blue cat. Well I guess I will close with a riddle.

Why is the letter "O" like the equator?

Ans.—Because it is a circle dividing the "gl-o-be" into two equal parts. Hoping the w. p. b. is busy when this arrives.

ELLA FRANCES NUNN, (age 10), Jr. III.
R. R. No. 2, Port Dover, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—As I have never written to this Circle, I thought I would write now. My brother has taken the Advocate for a long time, and I always read the letters and jokes. We keep a flock of Shropshire sheep and we have thirteen little lambs now. I go to school and I am in the Junior Third Class. I have five sisters, one of whom is a nurse, and I have four brothers, and one is training for a doctor.

Well I hope my letter will be in print, I will close.

MOLLIE FISHER, (age 10).
Glenworth, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. I am getting along fine at school. We are having our Easter holidays now. Last year at Easter holidays my sister and brother and I had the measles and my sister had them pretty bad. The snow is nearly all gone here and our tulips are beginning to come up above the ground. I guess spring is here now. We have a lot of little lambs. A lot of people around here are making maple syrup, but papa says he has not time this year. Well I guess I will close.

MARY E. TAYLOR, (age 8), Sr. II.
R. R. 4, Chatsworth, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. My father has taken the Advocate for four years and we all like it fine. I read the Beavers' Letter Box in every paper and like it very much. I have some pet rabbits and two cats. My brother and I go to school every day, and it is a long walk of two miles, but it will soon be good walking now. We like our teacher very much. I have read some books: "Lion, the Mastiff," "Black Beauty," "Two Secrets," and "Cats and Dogs". As my letter is getting long I will close with a riddle: "Why is an engineer like a teacher?" "Because the engineer minds the train and the teacher trains the mind." Hoping the Circle and Advocate will be ever successful, I will close wishing some of the Circle to write to me, and with two "smiles".

"Look here," said Hiram to Pat, when are you going to pay me that eight dollars for pasturin' your heifer? I've had her now about ten weeks." "Why Hiram, that critter ain't worth more than ten dollars." "Well, suppose I keep her for what you owe me," said Hiram. "Not by a jugful, I tell you what I'll do, you keep her two weeks more and you can have her," said Pat.

"John" demanded the wife of her intoxicated husband, "how did you get that gash on your forehead?"

"Guess I must 'a' bit myself".

Bit yourself! "How could you bite yourself way up there?"

Guess I must a stood on a chair.

BERT ADAMS, (age 10).
Sebright, Ont.

The White Comrade.

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFLER in The Outlook.

Under our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clouds,
We charged, to be withered, to reel
And despairingly wheel
When the bugles bade us retire
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbed with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.
I fell, and began to pray,
I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;
Then,—I swooned.

When I woke, it was yet day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound,
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, stanch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted far from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness might haunt;
As if my comrade's eyes,
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,
No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay.
Then in the bursting shells' dim light
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the
smock

Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail;
For the seeker was tall and his robe was
bright;
But he did not flee nor quail.
Instead, with unshrinking stride
He came,
And gathering my tall frame,
Like a child, in his arms.

Again I swooned,
And awoke
From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side,
No pain now was mine, but a wish that I
spoke,—
A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my doom
to revoke,
As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I might
aid him,
And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide;
When I saw he was hurt—
Shot through the hands that were
clasped in prayer!
Then, as the dark drops gathered there
And fell in the dirt,
The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend
All horrors that ever these war-drenched
lands

Had known or would know till the mad
world's end.
Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too;
And, dimming the white of his side,
A dull stain grew.
"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.
His words I already foreknew:
"These are old wounds," said he,
"But of late they have troubled me."

An epoch-making Ayrshire sale will be held in Springfield, Mass., June 14, 1917 in the Coliseum where the 1916 National Dairy Show was staged. Scotland, United States and Canada will be represented in the offering by selections from the best herds of those countries. Anyone desiring to purchase Ayrshire aristocracy will find it at Springfield on June 14. See the advertisement in this issue and correspond with Arthur H. Sagendorph, Box 2, Spencer, Mass., Chairman Sale Committee.